

Gardner Family Forum & Gazette

Volume 1, Issue 1

Winter 1998

GFF&G is Off & Running!

We made it! Here is the first issue of the Gardner Family Forum & Gazette. Thanks to each of you for returning the blue set-up sheets that made this first publication possible. You overwhelmingly approved of the name, Gardner Family Forum & Gazette, but there were other suggestions. Here they are: "The Cousins Gardner," "Then and Now in the Gardner Family," "Gardner Gadabout," "Gardner Group News (GGN)," "Gardner Gab," "Gardner Gossip," "The Gardner Gate," and "Gardner Reap & Hoe." All the suggestions show a real interest in the newsletter, so – keep them coming!

Now that GFF&G is a part of your life, let's see what we can do to keep it alive right through and beyond the year 2000. All you have to do is to **SEND MATERIAL** for publication. Remember, what determines how many issues we publish each year is based upon how much material you send! We would like to have a specific theme or a particular subject matter for discussion in each issue (in true

Will Jacobs, Future Olympian?

Will Gardner Jacobs, 12, was selected from a field of 800 to participate in an Olympic luge screening camp in Lake Placid, NY. The Olympic luge team tours the country in the summer conducting luge screening clinics from which the most promising athletes are

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"forum" style), but that isn't etched in stone. In fact, Jay Griffes, (Jgriffes@clinic.net), suggested that we forego having a theme for this first issue just to become reacquainted with everyone. Good idea! What better way to learn about the family than to share articles and photos through the newsletter!

If you would like your contribution to be published, send it to Paul Gardner, 28 Ninth Street, # 404, Medford, MA 02155. Fax: 781-396-6357 (call first!), Phone: 781-396-6357, E-Mail: Clairvoyant@classic.msn.com

"Now that GFF&G is a part of your life, let's see what we can do to keep it alive....."



Here is a great picture of the original "Gang of Ten." Can you name them all?

GFF&G's First In-Depth Interview with Clayton Gardner!

Just how well do you know your aunts and uncles on the Gardner side? (If you're not a cousin, are you really that acquainted with the productive and interesting lives of Will and Olive Gardner's progeny?) Probably not. To help remedy the situation, here is the first of GFF&G's series of in-depth articles with one of the original "Gang of Ten" – Clayton!



GFF&G: *The Gardners are often perceived as being "hearty New Englanders." When you moved to the Pacific Northwest in 1987 you shattered that perception. What EXACTLY*

do you like better about that area of the country and what do you miss about New England, if anything?

Clayton: We like the mild winters. We like the friendly people. We like being near our son. We like the courteous (for the most part) drivers. We like the Puget Sound views. We like the snow capped mountains.

Winters: Much less snow than New England. No below zero days. I do miss the snow as I like cross country skiing, but I don't miss having to drive in it and having to shovel it. During one of our few snow storms, I was thinking how great it was that I did not have to drive in it when my chess friend called and said he and his wife had to get to Lynnwood to catch a tour bus and no taxi would come. He wanted me to take them. I did with no trouble, but saw plenty of inexperienced snow drivers in trouble.

People: We lived for 27 years in New Jersey and hardly knew our neighbors. Here we are friendly with all our neighbors. In New Jersey, I took my dry cleaning to the same place for 25 years and the clerk was still asking me for my name every time. Here I don't have much of any dry cleaning, but the clerks in stores are very friendly.

Son: Probably the biggest reason for moving out here.

Drivers: In New Jersey, when you signal to change lanes, the drivers speed up to keep you out.

Out here, for the most part, when you signal to change lanes, the drivers slow up and let you in and you do so with a courteous thank you wave.

Views: Plenty in both places.

Snow capped mountains: None in New England, but here the Olympics to the west, the Cascades to the east, Mount Rainier to the south, and Mount Adams to the north. Some day they may erupt. That is one of the things there is no need to worry about in New England. Also, we are in an earthquake prone area and have our earthquake supply barrel full of emergency supplies just in case.

GFF&G: *Much has been said about the sorry state of education in America today. As a former teacher and successful educator, do you agree with that perception? What advice would you give to young people who have expressed a desire to enter the teaching profession?*

Clayton: I think that education in America needs much improvement but it is not in as sorry a state as some would like you to believe. Much depends upon the quality of the teacher. One should not go into teaching unless they are willing to work hard and accept the idea that helping young people to grow into healthy and informed adults is more important than earning lots of money. If you want to make lots of money, become a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, or a Bill Gates.

GFF&G: *Tell us about the new multi-level marketing project you're working on.*

Clayton: I love it when someone asks to hear about my "MLM." In just two weeks I have signed up 15 people, all strangers and all by e-mail. This one should really fly. The following is a letter I send to all who ask about this MLM.

[Letter begins here]

"I am soon to be an ex-Streamliner. (Note: My target audience is people in the MLM called Streamline International. I get their e-mail addresses from search engines.) I am bailing out after four months because the hype didn't match reality. I did everything they said, but nobody signed up. The

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famous Online Recruiter didn't sign up one single person. I resent having to buy products every month. It is going to take forever to make any money.

I think you might be interested in this quality business opportunity. There are no fees and no mandatory product purchases. First, a unique but simple system ensures that you are in profit right from the start. Once we have your reservation, we recruit a few people to put under you and start your downline for you. Only then do we ask you to join the program officially. **THERE IS NO COST OR OBLIGATION TO MAKE A RESERVATION.**

Network Trust is in a partnership with two respected blue-ribbon MLM companies. The commissions on the membership fees from your new downline are enough to pay for your monthly membership with our first partner company, with some money left over for you. **YOU NEVER PAY ANY FEES OUT OF YOUR OWN POCKET.**

The big money comes when you have three people under you and you are automatically enrolled with our second partner. They offer a comprehensive line of name-brand consumer products at discount prices. This outstanding line is so good that the products almost sell themselves. As a result, **YOU ARE NEVER REQUIRED TO PURCHASE A THING.** However, you will want to purchase things for yourself and your loved ones, because the discounts are so substantial. Even if you never make a purchase yourself, the commissions from your downline will provide an outstanding income for you.

This program is easy and really solid, and the word is spreading. My sponsor has 40 people in his downline in less than two weeks! That's how good this program is.

Take a look at my web site and see for your self. Then, if you would like more information, send me a personal e-mail."

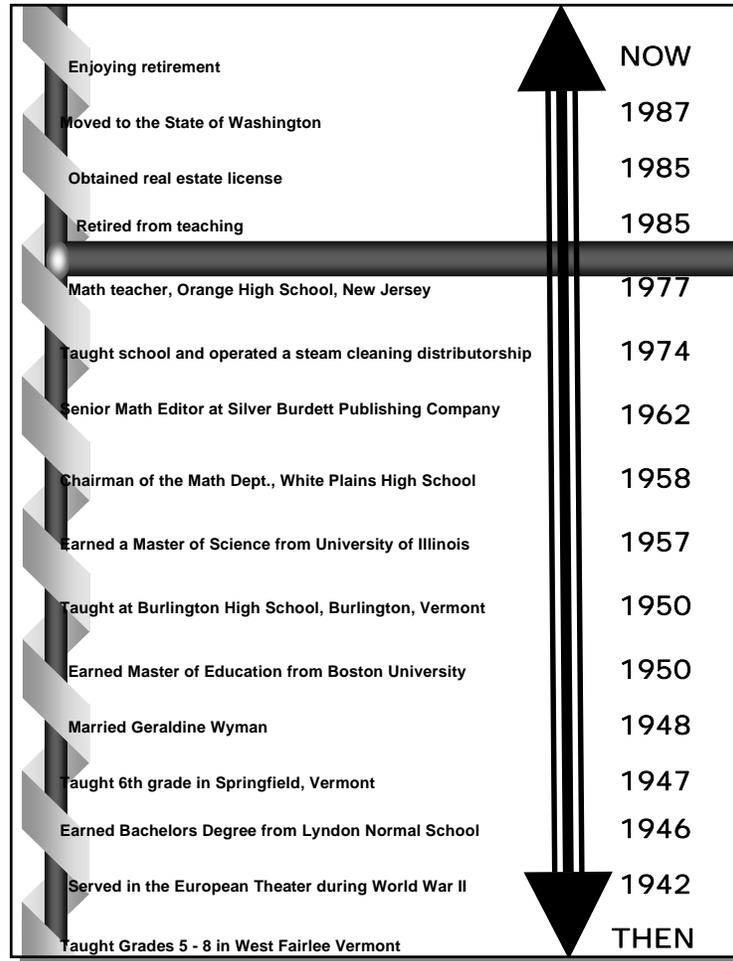
[End of letter]

GFF&G: *In keeping with the theme of our first issue, what do you see ahead for you and your family as the year 2000 approaches?*

Clayton: I don't see much of anything changing for us as the year 2000 approaches, unless this new multilevel marketing project takes off. And it looks like it will. If it should take off and generate somewhere near the \$22,000 per month that is predicted, then the year 2000 will be quite different. We will travel. We will buy an expensive car. We will get the most expensive surround sound system one can buy. We will get a hot tub and in general we will have lots of fun.

Of course, we cannot complain about what we now have. We are much better off than most people. Our children, Ronald and Brenda, are both doing well and I don't see much change for them. Although, if Ron's new law firm progresses next year and the year after as well as it has in its first year, then it is likely that Ron and Pattie will build a new house on the lot where they now live. The new house with frontage on Lake Washington will be worth well over \$1,000,000. The house beside them just sold for around \$1,250,000 to a Microsoft multimillionaire.

Editor: To learn more about Clayton's "MLM," send an e-mail to ClayGard@CompuServe.com.



GFF&G's Portrait Gallery

These pictures convey the promise of the coming millenium in ways that words cannot express.

Do you know these people? The adorable little flower girl is Kelsie Griffes, Jay and Kim's daughter.

The family to the right of Kelsie is Brenda Gardner with her children. Brenda's husband is Stephen Gardner.

Underneath Kelsie and Brenda is Chris Cove with Lisa and their children Alexander, Zachery and Matthew.



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invited to a two week screening camp. Will also participated last winter, attending two screening camps (by invitation) until he was cut because (according to the coach) "he was the youngest, and one-half the participants had to be cut."

Will attended the 1997 screening camp from December 9th to December 22nd. He will learn whether he will be invited back in March. In the meantime, Will has the thrill of staying at the Olympic Training Center and of spending two weeks being challenged athletically ... not to mention being away from Mama and Dad, sister Becca, and brother Natty.

Editor: Will's parents are Sharon & Tom Jacobs. Sharon is one of Raymond (original Gang of Ten) and Margaret Gardner's daughters. Sharon and Tom's e-mail address is TJnSG@aol.com.

Gardner Family Forum & Gazette

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Spring 1998

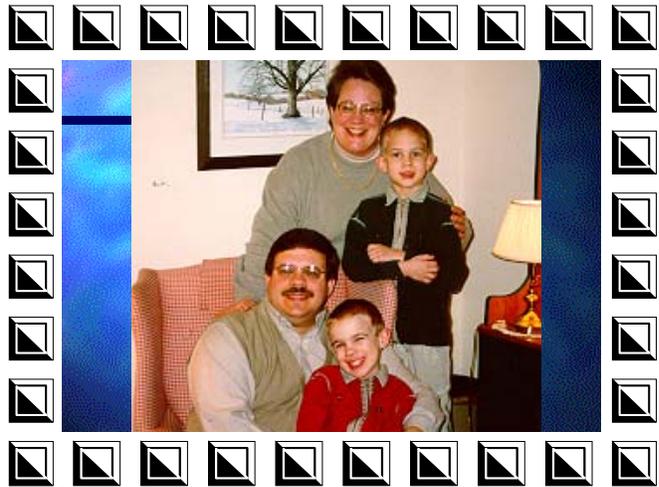
Pastors to Preach in Portuguese Parish

Dan and Nancy Whitney will soon be moving from Plymouth, Michigan to Rumford, RI where they will be the pastors of Bethany Church of the Nazarene in Rumford. This church is a Portuguese church, which means there is a great deal of change in store for the Whitneys. Their last Sunday in Michigan is May 24 and they will start in Rhode Island on May 31st. They are now a part of the New England District Church of the Nazarene.

The Whitney's new address is 15 Chaffee Street, Rumford, RI 02916. Gregory and Jonathan are pictured here (top right) with Dan and Nancy. Gregory will turn five on July 9th and is looking forward to attending kindergarten in the Fall. Jonathan will turn 7 on June 1 and will be entering the second grade, having been home-schooled until now.

Nancy's newest hobby is the French horn and Dan is eagerly waiting to spend more time surf fishing. Portuguese language studies might bite into their time, however!

Editor: Portuguese language studies are great, but don't forget about Portuguese cuisine!



Welcome to New England!



Who are these people? Read on!

Cuzzin Dick - Composer, Producer, & Performer

A Gardner family "off-shoot", Dick Metcalf has performed improvisational/experimental music and spoken-word for over 20 years now. Dick started his musical efforts in earnest in 1989 - right after retiring from a 24-year stint with the U.S. Army. He went to work as a contractor there, and used the next 7 or 8 years to do a great deal of studio work (refining his style and exploring ever-new ways of making music).

After returning to the states in 1995, Dick began to play with various local musicians (in Olympia, Washington and the Puget Sound area). The group he

wound up playing with most was "The Imaginary Band", shown in the picture on the front page. One of his goals (ever since 1989) had been to make a "home-produced" CD. A product performed, recorded & distributed without the interference of those interested (only) in "dollars" (not that there's anything wrong with a little green - it's just that music shouldn't be judged solely on the basis of such).

The picture you see on the front page of this issue of GFF&G was used for the cover of a CD titled "The Imaginary Band - Live on Sonarchy" (Sonarchy is a live radio show in Seattle). The group has just released a

second effort, called "Independent's Day", too. Information on how to order these interesting musical experiences can be found at <http://www.olywa.net/rotcod/CDS.htm> You can also find information about the many tapes Dick has produced (over 70 now) at <http://www.olywa.net/rotcod>

Editor: Good thing the Gardner family has "off-shoots" or there wouldn't be a Gardner family!

Blast from the Past!

MUSKRAT TRAPPING IN VERMONT

(Reprinted from *The Newport Daily Express*, Saturday, November 9, 1968. Story and pictures by Lloyd T. Hayes).

Since early times Vermont's forests and streams have yielded a rich bounty to the hunter, fisherman and trapper.

Today, however, there is more hunting and fishing in the Green Mountains than anything else. But

here and there a flicker of interest can still be found in trapping.

Will Gardner of East Charleston for one enjoys running his muskrat traps along the Clyde River. And when we asked him how long he had been at the game he said, "Ever since I could walk."

Mr. Gardner is 81 years old.

Recently he invited this writer to accompany him around his trap line and we accepted. Moving up the Clyde on a crisp afternoon with paddle and oars, we made the rounds of his 72 traps. In the process we learned a little about how and where to set your traps for

muskrats.

Walking down to the river that day we noticed a stake driven into the river's edge that Will uses as a gauge to tell if the Clyde has risen or dropped since the day before. Muskrat traps have to be placed just under the water's surface where muskrats enter and leave the river. When the water level changes, the traps have to be changed as well.

We learned that it is necessary to place them just so in order to catch the wily muskrat, preferably by the hind leg and not the front.

We were told that years ago it was the practice to bait the traps with pieces of apple and carrot, but of late years muskrats seem to have lost their taste for dining on these items and traps are set without bait.

Rubber boots are a must when you trap for muskrat. These amphibious creatures have no trouble negotiating muddy river banks and swampy terrain, not so the trapper. Sturdy rubber gloves are a must also when plunging your hands into icy water to handle your traps.

Poling our way up the shallow river we visited each trap as the shadows of a fast fading autumn day grew longer. We saw several muskrat houses made of mounds of earth and marsh grass, somewhat like beaver houses, and surrounded by oozing marshland.

Only a half dozen of the traps yielded muskrats. The river had fallen since the day before, exposing most of the traps. Some of them would be placed elsewhere the next day if they did not produce a

fur crop.

The fall muskrat season is a short one since trapping ends as soon as temperatures drop to where ice forms along the river's edge immobilizing the traps.

According to law a trapper must visit his trap line each day and Will Gardner makes his rounds faithfully. On Sunday it calls for rising at 4:30 a.m. and paddling up the twisting waters of the Clyde by flashlight so that Will can be back in time for a hot breakfast before Sunday School and church.

This year's catch came to 56 muskrats for Will. Not as many as last season's 68, but the pelts have been prime ones.

As we moved back along the Clyde in the gathering dusk, a cold wind at your backs, we tried to Match Will's quick short strokes on the oars. He told us that muskrat pelts only bring a few cents each these days.

But it isn't the money that maintains Will Gardner's interest in muskrats. He says that trapping has always been more fun for him than fishing or hunting, and there is plenty of both around him in Vermont.



Editor: GFF&G apologizes for the poor quality of these pictures. They were scanned from an almost 30-year old Newport Daily Express that Ruth Metcalf (the oldest of the original gang of ten) contributed for publication. Does anyone know if the Newport Daily Express still publishes?



Michael Gibbs Fondly Remembers "Papa Garney"

My grandfather's name was Earl Gardner. But I knew him as "Papa Garney."

When I was young, my mom, my brothers, and I would visit him at his house on a hill at the end of a steep driveway. It was a small gray house with ice plant growing all around. There was a huge pine tree growing in the front yard and it was always lighted at Christmas. Walking in the house, I remember bowling trophies arranged all over from their weekly bowling games.

In the morning Papa Garney was usually sitting at his desk with his wife Marie, "Ree-Ree," carefully combing his hair and spraying it into place. He spent the day in his workshop reconditioning pianos which he later sold. His workshop smelled of old pianos. Tools were everywhere along with all sorts of parts and pieces of pianos taken

apart.

Papa Garney encouraged us to help. The shop was crowded with his collections of records, magazines, furniture, and even juke boxes. When he was tuning pianos, he played "Alley Cat" on the piano to test its sound. When he came in at night, he relaxed in front of the television with the grandkids. We ate popcorn and often had vanilla ice cream with Vermont maple syrup.

It's been many years since his death from a heart attack. I am constantly reminded of him each time I see an old piano in need of repair.

Editor: "Papa Garney" was Will and Olive's oldest boy in the original gang of ten. His daughter, Jean, is Michael's mother. Michael lives in San Diego and his e-mail address is mdgibbs@concentric.net.

For those "blueblood wannabes" out there, Raymond Gardner (the youngest boy of the original gang of ten) has discovered through his research that if you are a grandchild of Will and Olive Gardner then

- ◆ You are a 9th cousin to the 30th U.S. President, (John) Calvin Coolidge.
- ◆ You are a 6th cousin four times removed to the 14th U.S. President, Franklin Pierce.
- ◆ You are an 8th cousin three times removed to the 41st U.S. President, George Herbert Walker Bush.

- ◆ You are an 8th cousin twice removed to the 31st U.S. President, Herbert Clark Hoover.
- ◆ You are a 6th cousin three times removed to the 13th U.S. President, Millard Fillmore.

Having family ties to five U.S. presidents may not get you invited to the Inaugural Ball, but doesn't it make you feel important?!

Editor: Raymond Gardner has been interested in the field of genealogy for some time. He has done extensive and comprehensive research into the origins and history of the Gardner family and uses computer technology in his efforts to find out more about us. Without his assistance, the GFF&G subscription list database would be incomplete. If you have any

Did you know that Irene Ames has her own web page advertising her wares as a basket maker? To find out the web page address (URL) and inquire about her products, e-mail her at imabsk@together.net!

Did you know that Greg Rosser, (Geri's husband) has a Masters degree in Choral Conducting and is an associate pastor as well? He can be reached at rosser.6@osu.edu.

Did you know Jay Griffes completed his MBA? You can congratulate him by sending an e-mail to jggriffes@clinic.net.

Did you know that Homer Johnson has an extensive coin collection of which he is quite proud? If you would like to like to talk "numismatics" with him, send an e-mail to Homer's daughter, Teresa, at tvasklts@pop.k12.vt.us or drop him a line at RR #1, Box 58, Lyndonville, VT 05851.

Did you know that Ruth Anne Metcalf is affiliated with the American Library Association and is a champion in the important cause for family literacy? If you can help in any way, contact her at metcalf@winslo.state.oh.us.

Did you know that Tom Gardner, Adelbert and Lilla's son, is a well-known AIDS activist? Find out more about his agenda by contacting him at tknocker@sover.net.

Did you know that Don Griffes is the Republican Chairman for Orleans County, Vermont? To find out more about his politics write him a letter and send it to Box 85, East Charleston, VT 05833.

Did you know that Terry Ames is a webmaster and can rent you space on the worldwide web at a very reasonable price? Be sure to contact him at patery@mpinet.net. He and Patty's mailing address is 5700 South Sylvan Lake Drive, Sanford, FL 32771.



Gardner Newsletter

Volume 1, Issue 3

Summer 1998

Do you know these two love birds?

Family Members Gather in Boston Area

Bye, Gramps!
By Dick Metcalf

I had grown
Accustomed, to the
Waffling, of your
Feet over breakfast floors...

As sunshine examples
Etched in your eyes
Made clear to me
The true meaning, of
Ministry...

...so, many times
Along this road
I chose so long ago
When trouble came...

It was
Your peace, and gentle
warmth
That helped me
Carry on...

And, though morning's made
These tears, so bittersweet
because, in my return
To the moment
Of your
Final passage...

I see the
Spirit's flown
Your soul, a-wing/a-smile
To joy
As you meet in the beauty
Of sweet
Reunion!

Imagine our joy to attend New England District Assembly, only to meet relatives we haven't seen in several years. Nita and Lois, Len and Donna, Beulah and Don, Sharon and C. J., what a wonderful encouragement it was to see all of you. When we moved back to New England, we assumed we were moving far away from family into a culture very different from our own. We were right about the culture, but wrong about the family!

But there was more in-store for us. Many of the Gardner clan made the long trip down to Salem, Massachusetts for Dick Cove's (Elinor's husband) 75th birthday party.

Your presence at the party was more than we could ever have asked for. Dick felt deeply honored that you would travel all that way to be with him. And, of course, we were delighted to see each of you.

For many of us, there were first time meetings, as Dan met many of my cousins he had never known before. The entire day was delightful, and we want you to know how deeply grateful we are that you came. We realize that some of you drove eight hours for a three-hour party! Above and beyond the call of duty! Thanks again for making Dick's day so special. You are truly a wonderful family!

Love, Nancy and Dan Whitney, Jonathan and Gregory



Dick Cove and his twin sister, Nancy, at their 75th Birthday Party!

SPECIAL POINT OF INTEREST:

Have you noticed the new look of this issue? Some family members have expressed constructive criticism about the name *Gardner Family Forum & Gazette*. They want to keep it simple, like *Gardner Newsletter*, as we have done this issue. The question remains: What do you think?!

Let's hear from you!

District Assembly Reunites the Gardners

The Church of the Nazarene's District Assembly brought many of the Gardner family members together. (See the article on Uncle Dick's 75th birthday party!) Aunt Lois and Aunt Nita stayed overnight with Paul Gardner.

The next day everyone went to visit the Rose Garden in the Boston Fenway area. The roses are from all over the world. They were in full bloom and at their peak. Because the pictures shown in this issue are not in color, they do not do justice to the incredible beauty of the flow-

ers.

Gerri and Greg Rosser also paid a visit to Paul. They were on their way to a "music camp" in Vermont to participate as faculty members. Everyone enjoyed a nice breakfast and

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Blast From the Past - Gardner Kids Hi-Jinks! (By Clayton Gardner)

It was a beautiful early June Vermont day in the year 1930. As usual, the weeds in the garden behind our house were ahead of the vegetables. Papa was on the road selling stockings, cosmetics, shoes, suits – anything that he could sell in this depression year. It was essential to the family's welfare that he sell and that the garden be weeded. Mama had Earl and I, two of her ten children, in the garden weeding. Earl was 12 and I was 10. We were members of the local 4-H Club and had to sing *America the Beautiful* at the next meeting. As we weeded, we practiced our singing. We were barefoot, our shirts and pants were patched so that even the patches had patches, underwear was unknown to us. But in our pockets we had matches – matches that we needed for starting fires in the wood-burning kitchen cook stove.

During the long cold winter just ended, it was Earl and I who rolled from under our warm patchwork quilts and grain sack sheets into the ice cold room, pulled on our ragged clothes, and rushed to get the fires going – Earl to the furnace and me to the cook stove. When the fires were burning brightly, we went to the barn to attend the eight cows, the twelve chickens, and the two horses. Papa returned only on weekends when he helped loosen up the hay and gave us instructions for the next week. We returned from doing chores to a hot breakfast of cream of wheat with plenty of milk (but little sugar), eggs fried in the fat of the recently butchered hog, toasted home made bread with home made wild strawberry jam. From the breakfast table, we walked the long cold mile to our one-room red school house where we were paid one dollar a month by the town to be the janitors. Being janitors meant we

had to arrive early, start the wood fire in the circulating heater, sweep the floor, clean the blackboards, and walk to the spring to bring back the school's drinking water.

Now that winter was over, Papa had taken a week to plant the garden. The fields were still brown from last year's second crop of hay that had not been cut. Earl and I still had matches in our pockets while we weeded and sang.

We also knew that punishment would be swift, sure and painful if Mama and Papa learned the truth — that we had set it!

Earl was a boy's boy. It was he who put the white angora cat through the sooty black stove pipe. It was he who put the water in Papa's new gasoline engine and left it to freeze and break. It was he who caused a cow to lose its tail. Earl tied the cow's tail to another cow's tail and the inevitable happened in the resulting tug-of-cows. In the school room, to the amusement of all the pupils and the dismay of the teacher, an occasional large fly would leave Earl's desk with a tiny pin-wheel attached. I earned the As while Earl earned both the wrath and the love of his teachers.

On this day while we weeded and sang, Earl kept thinking of the matches in his pocket. Finally he said "come" as he darted out of the garden over the hill at the end of the barn and

into the brown field that was just beginning to show a little green. With no coaxing I followed. Earl knelt by a large rock, scratched a match and soon had a little hay fire. We watched fascinated at the way it spread from one brown blade to the next and the next. Gradually it spread into a small semi-circle at the base of the rock. I began to stamp it out. I could easily have put it all out. But Earl wanted more excitement. He pushed me away. The semi-circle grew bigger. I struggled to get at it, but Earl insisted that it was not yet big enough. The semi-circle reached a small gully. Unknown to Earl and I, there was a strong breeze down the gully. Suddenly, the fire whooshed down the gully and began burning up both sides – up one side towards the farm buildings and up the other side toward the woods. Now it was impossible for two small boys to put it out. What were we to do? Should we run fast to Mama, confess, and ask her to get help?

"Yes," I thought, "Let's do that quickly!" But not Earl. He had a way out. "Come with me," Earl said as he rushed back to the garden. He began weeding and singing *America the Beautiful*. I joined him in the weeding and singing. Soon Earl stopped, looked over the hill, saw the smoke and yelled "Fire! Fire!" Mama came rushing out, saw the fire and rushed back in to call for help.

Our town of Charleston, Vermont had no fire department. But the sheriff lived there. He rushed to the country store where a few idle men were swapping the usual stories. He filled his Model A Ford with men and drove the one mile to our farm.

In the meantime, Earl, Mama, and all the children filled milk pails,

Blast From the Past - Gardner Kids Hi-Jinks! (continued)

(Continued from page 2)

mop pails, pots and pans with water from the barnyard watering trough and headed over the hill toward the fast spreading fire. Papa had two axes – one dull for splitting wood, the other sharp as a razor for cutting wood and lumber. Earl and I had to use the dull axe daily to split wood for the kitchen cook stove and to split kindling for the furnace. We were forbidden to use the sharp axe. But on this day, I grabbed the sharp axe and rushed toward the fire.

Earl, Mama, and the children dumped their water on the fire. It had very little effect. Of course, the fire went out where they dumped the water, but there was no way that water could be used to put out more than a few feet of the 100 or more yard frontage of the fire. The fire kept spreading in spite of the water.

Papa and a neighbor had put out a grass fire the summer before. That fire had burned over several acres. I asked Papa how he and one other man could put out such a large fire. He told me that, fortunately, they had their axes with them which they used to cut branches from a fir tree. The branches were used to extinguish the fire. I remembered this. Also, I knew that near the fire there was a large fir tree with many low branches. With the sharp axe I chopped off enough low branches that each of us had one. With these we were able to beat out the fire. When the sheriff and his load of men arrived, the fire was out. There remained one black field.

The fire had approached dangerously close to our barn and to the woods. Earl and I knew we had escaped disaster by minutes. We also knew that punishment would be swift, sure and painful if Mama and Papa learned the truth – that we had set it.

Earl, with my concurrence, reinforced the lie he had begun earlier. He told Mama that while we were in the garden weeding and singing, he saw the fire and gave the alarm. Then he said, "I ran to the top of the hill and I saw the LaFoe boys running down that way." He pointed in the direction

away from our farm house.

Mama had cataracts on her eyes. Because of this and because of her thick glasses, she could not see far. On the hill a short way from the burned field there were some cows moving slowly. Earl saw the cows. He knew Mama could see their movement. He hoped she could not recognize them as cows. He continued, ..." and there they are up on that hill watching us."

Earl's lie worked beautifully. Even our older sister, Lois, swore that the cows were the LaFoe boys. At the time, even though I was proclaimed a hero for thinking of the axe and branches, I was secretly jealous of Earl for his swift sure lie that kept us out of trouble.

When Papa came home, we heard Mama telling him the story. She said, "The LaFoe boys set a fire in our field. It surely would have spread to the barn and the woods if Clayton had not chopped branches off the tree for us to beat it out."

Papa said, "How do you know the LaFoe boys set it?"

"Earl saw them running away and I saw them up on the hill watching us," Mama replied.

Papa knew Mama could not recognize the LaFoe boys away on that hill. But he never questioned Mama's story. He did ask further questions. "How can you be sure it was not Earl and Clayton who set that fire?"

Mama replied, "I know it was not Earl and Clayton. When the fire broke out they were weeding the garden and singing *America the Beautiful*. I heard them singing."

Papa always knew it was Earl and I who set the fire. We escaped punishment because he would not humiliate Mama. I learned from this his deep conviction that it is better to believe a story you know to be untrue than to humiliate someone you love dearly.

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Geri and Greg talked about their church and their music. The "Scholastic Update" inset on the last page of this issue is about their education achievements. Geri played Paul's new electronic keyboard and everyone went away happy with the knowledge that the newsletter is accomplishing exactly what it was designed to do ---- *to bring people together!*

Jean and Miguel Gonzalo
(Paul's sister and brother-in-law) vaca-

tioned at 28 Ninth Street in Medford for two weeks. They spent one week with Paul touring Boston, attending a Red Sox game, eating out in Boston's fine restaurants, and sailing to Provincetown. (You guessed it! Jean and Miguel are the two "love birds" in the picture at the beginning of this issue!) They went to Vermont the second week and visited Aunt Nita and other family members.

Jean and Miguel on the steps of Copley Place in Boston's Back Bay.



Scholastic Update!



Aunt Nita and Aunt Lois with Paul Gardner in The Fenway's Rose Garden



Gerri Rosser, Ruth Gardner's youngest, took her general (some would call them comprehensive) exams for her Ph.D. in Music Theory on April 20, 1998. By the grace of God ... and that of her advisor, she passed! All that's left to complete the degree is a dissertation, which, according to Ohio State University policy, she has five years to complete. Her goal is to finish the project and have it approved within a year, so that she will be eligible for some jobs that will become available in the Music Theory Department at OSU at that time.

Gerri's husband, Greg, completed his Master's degree in Choral Conducting in June 1997. They continue to work together in music and worship at Shepherd Church of the Nazarene in Gahanna, Ohio where Greg is employed.

"On the Road Again" - An E-Mail Adventure Odyssey (By Teresa Vasko)

Hi, Paul! An e-mail from me ... strange, huh? At home I don't do this much because I think of all the other things I need to be doing. I'm on vacation, up early, and there is nothing much to do. You will have to read around the mistakes, for this program is different from mine and I can't make corrections or do spell check, which is my favorite thing on the computer.

I am able to get away from home since my father's sister, Madeline Teachout, drove alone from North Carolina to stay with him, get out of the heat, and give me a break. She is 80, so I decided I could travel alone too. This is the first summer in 23 years that I have not had children at home. Not knowing exactly to do with myself, I decided to visit them. I drove out to Mike & Raylene Ludgate's to visit JJ who is working in the family store. That trip went OK, so now I am at my

daughter's at Princeton University. This trip has gone well also. I pray as I'm driving.

I really enjoy the "cousin's newsletter." You sure do a lot of work on that. The Johnson side of my family has a family net for the cousins, but I do not get on it. I think it is very time consuming. Many of them are retired and they enjoy it. My evenings during the school year are pretty filled up correcting papers. I did have a neat experience on the computer one day. I was e-mailing and a message came in from Dick Metcalf. We went back and forth a few times. I have not had contact with him since we were teenagers.

You asked for Glenn and Joan's address. They move around a lot. I don't know their address by heart and I can't get through to them on e-mail. They do, however, have a toll free number that I use if I need to be in touch

with them (1-800-626-5342). It is their old number from home. They moved so much that Glenn was having trouble remembering his phone number. They will be home in August. I'll try to have them e-mail themselves to find out why their e-mail does not work.

I know you are always looking for news for the newsletter. My daughter is working for a chemist on campus this summer. There is a web page that explains what she is doing. She gave me a tour of the lab; I still don't really understand, but someone in the family might. The web address is: http://www.princeton.edu/~aerosol/lmr_gm.html. (Check this out.... You think you have a hard job!.... Editor)

It's been nice talking at you. For someone like me who loves to talk, this is great! No one interrupts me. Ha Ha! I hear Uncle Dick's 75 birthday party was nice. I expect we will hear

Gardner Newsletter

Volume 1, Issue 4

Fall 1998



THE HIGHLAND LODGE

**Congratulations, Clayton
and Gerry!**

What a great 50th wedding anniversary we had! I met cousins that I had not seen in 50 years and, of course, visited with all of you. Ron and Brenda did a great job and Pattie helped in many ways, especially by using the Internet to find a place in Vermont. The Highland Lodge was great and the food and service were excellent. Our trip to Maine with Nita, Dawnita, Ron, Brenda, Pattie and Pattie's folks was expensive but worth it. On our way back from Nita's to Brenda's we stopped at Friendlys in Southington, Connecticut. To our great surprise, Sandra and Dick Baraw were in the booth next to us. We did not

(Continued on page 3)

A Holiday Message from Pastors Dan & Nancy

On October 3, 1789, George Washington wrote a national proclamation stating "... I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States, to the Service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; ..."

What does Thanksgiving mean to you? Feasting on turkey, mashed potatoes, and all the trimmings? Visiting with friends and relations? A special football game? Or how about this novel idea: to just be thankful for all that we have.

How easy it is to fill our heart with bitterness over things that go wrong. We often focus on what is missing, what we don't have, and how others may not have lived up to our expectations. To be truly thankful, we must fill our hearts with gratitude for the things that are right in our life. This takes a conscious effort, but it is one that is worthwhile.

On Thanksgiving and during the holiday season as well, I challenge you to focus on the good, what you already have, not what you desire to have. Set aside the hurts of the past and remember those who have helped you. Lastly, remember the words of this wise unknown author, "Thanksgiving, to be truly Thanksgiving, is first thanks, then giving."

Thank God for all that you have ... food, shelter, loved ones, employment, and all good things. Then, give of your self to as many people as you can possible reach. Living by this creed will make every day Thanksgiving Day!

Gardners Cited As Examples of Goodness and Decency

By Kathleen Fuhrman

Reprinted from the July 22, 1971 Caledonian-Record, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

ISLAND POND – Will and Olive Gardner have been married 59 years. Their then children have left home now, to settle in other states and raise families of their own. The pleasant farm home here is filled with pictures of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

When asked their advice for a happy marriage, Mrs. Gardner replies, "If you love each other, don't forget to tell each other so every night."



OLIVE

WILL

Olive And Will Gardner, Humanitarians and Community Leaders

Gardner says, "Make sure you agree on religion. Otherwise, there can be a lot of trouble. Other things come up between you, too, but not as much as religion."

Religion has been important to this couple. Placed among the family photographs are religious plaques and pictures.

When they felt that the Congregational Church no longer gave them "enough food for thought," the Gardners and their children left the congregation. "And the twelve of us made up about a third of it!" Mrs. Gardner laughs.

Two of their daughters attended Eastern Nazarene College in Quincy, MA. Through this contact, the

Gardners became interested in the Church of the Nazarene. When they joined, in 1941, they and three other families made up the congregation. Prayer meetings were held in the Gardner home.

They have seen the congregation grow from these gatherings to a 94-member group now making plans for a new home for the minister.

Besides family and religious pictures, the walls of the home display a number of recognition certificates which Gardner received during his 25 years as an agent for Nationwide Insurance Company. The certificates and two trophies were won in sales contests.

Explains Success. Gardner, who laughs easily, explains his success this way: While attending the com-

(Continued from page 2)

pany's training school, he did so poorly that the instructors would not even grade some of his papers. "But then I treated all my customers as if they had as hard a time understanding insurance as I did. One boy even told me: 'I'll buy my insurance from you. You're the only salesman who explained to me how insurance works.'"

He also found that when his customers, many of them neighbors, knew he was competing in sales contests, they were apt to want to help him win.

Later, Gardner found a way to return the favor.

When his children were all at home, he had kept a large garden, as much a hobby as a necessity. After they had left, he still wanted the garden.

"I like to work outside. I like to see things grow. And I'm too Scotch to watch anything go to waste!"

Then he remembered his old customers; some, now with disabled husbands, some, now widows.

Returns Favor. "I didn't think I owed them anything on the insurance. But I did think I owed them something for helping me in the sales contests."

So seven ago, he began distributing fresh, canned and frozen vegetables to these women. Now he also supplies families with many children, and the minister's family. The one large built-in kitchen freezer can no longer hold all the produce;

he rents two freezer lockers in Orleans.

This system was recently the subject of an article in Guideposts magazine. Later, Senator George Aiken read the article into the Congressional Record, and cited the Gardners as a quiet example of goodness and decency still operating in the world.

The healthy (after his retirement from the insurance business at 75, he worked cutting lumber for two years) 84-year old spends most of his day working in the garden, and canning and freezing the vegetables.

"And he takes care of me," his wife, partially crippled by a stroke and arthritis, says.

Each evening, Gardner fishes in the near-by Clyde River. And he gives away his catches.

Will and Olive Gardner sit in their living room and look out over their view of the Green Mountains.

Best Place on Earth. "I think the Lord put us in the best place on earth," Gardner says. "There's the river for fishing, and the woods for trapping and hunting. The scenery is beautiful. And of course, there are the people. By now, everybody knows us, and they all wave as they go by. Our eyes aren't very good anymore, so we can't always tell who they are. But it doesn't make any difference. We wave back at them all."

(Continued from page 1)

see them until Sandra spoke to us. That was some coincidence. They were on their way back from Pennsylvania.

Brenda took us to Penn Station to catch the train back to Washington. It was a good trip except that on the trip from Chicago to Washington the heat came on and our compartment got very hot – possibly around 90 degrees. All the deluxe compartments on our sleeper got very hot. The porter turned the heat off for the deluxe compartments and then the smaller compartments got very cold, so he turned the heat back on. At about 1:30 a.m. we called the porter again. He got the heat to go down for an hour or so and then it

came back on again as hot as ever. All the people in the deluxe compartments moved to the empty dining car where it was cool, but not a good place to sleep. A gal who seemed to be in charge of the train found us empty small compartments; and after awhile she said that she removed a circuit board from the temperature controller somewhere in our sleeper. The result was that our deluxe compartments became habitable so we moved back in around 5:00 a.m. and got a bit of sleep before arriving in Washington around 9:30 a.m. and Carol picked us up. The gal in charge of the train said she would do her best to get substantial refunds for us. We shall see.

I had over 500 e-mails waiting and

about a bushel of regular mail. It has taken a long time to catch up. In the bushel of mail, I found the round robin. I will make this short as I still have many letters to answer (or throw away).

Love to all,
*Clayton and
Gerry*

Raylene Revives Remembrances and Reminisces Reverently in Retrospect!

Great memories were made while vacationing at the old homestead on Gardner Road in Island Pond, Vermont. Dad (Raymond Gardner) and Mom (Margaret) undertook every summer the then seven hour trek from Massachusetts to Vermont driving an older car with two, three, and up to six children (depending on who was born) all without seatbelts. After talking to my brother and sisters, I have compiled some of our fun recollections and a few bad memories from summer vacations at Grandpa and Grandma Gardners.

Set loose from the house or kicked out by the cleaning women-as Ellen now 39 remembers-we explored the barns and outbuildings, and roamed the fields, woods, and creeks. There was so much to do that we never wanted to leave and it wasn't until many years later that I realized there was an actual village of Island Pond complete with stores and an island. The hay barn is a prominent memory for all of us with exception of Cheryl, now 32, the baby in the family. We would climb up into the loft, walk across on the beams and jump into piles of hay-never giving a second thought to any danger. We ventured into the darker, lower level onto mucky damp footing searching for puffballs (a type of mushroom) to poof into each other's faces. Dad tells me now that the lower level was the original cow stalls before the connecting addition was built.

We all remember (except Cheryl again) bouncing up and down on the branches of a lone white pine in the middle of field behind the house and rolling down the west hill inside of barrels. We played in the numerous small outbuildings but our favorite for sure was the fancy old milk house. We were told that cousins Linda and Jean were the ones who fixed up the milk house with the pink-flowered wallpaper. Steve, now 47, remembers a scale complete with weights sitting on a counter inside. Was that used to weigh the milk? Long abandoned as a milk house, the space was dry storage for Grandpa's beans still on the vines. Sharon, now 41, remembers the speckled beans that we found inside the pods.

We older children have glimpses of Grandma playing the piano, showing us her coat made from pelts that Grandpa caught,

shelling peas and doing dishes, and relaxing in her great green chair with her cane nearby. Gloria, now 46 years old, remembers Grandma writing in her diary and watering her geraniums and other indoor plants. Some of her plants, we had never seen before like the fern with fuzzy projections (rabbit's-foot fern) or the gorgeous Christmas cactus. We all remember Grandma passing out a posy(Gloria says it was sweet peas and Ellen says pansies)



from the rectangle garden just outside the west porch. I am almost sure this memory is so vivid to all of us because Dad captured this small snapshot of Grandma with his movie camera.

We often hiked with Grandpa to go fishing, investigate the new gravel pits, or to check on the origin of the pipe feeding the water to the house. I remember hearing the story of Grandpa's successful venture with selling insurance and all the Nationwide awards lining the dining room wall. The mention of Grandpa's name bring the association of slide shows and gardens. The sideshows didn't leave vivid impressions, except that on his trips he took pictures of almost anything, but gardening and putting food away brings many recollections. We remember Grandpa supplying food for the widows and the mincemeat pie fiasco. Steve remembers Grandpa drilling holes down the center of each corn-on-the-cob before freezing it so it would cook up faster and not get soggy. Cabbages would be hanging in the cold basement along with preserved bottles of canned beets And before fiber was an in thing, Grandpa would eat prunes soaked in hot water.

Bad food memories were unanimous among us younger picky eaters We dreaded suppertime. Cheryl, Ellen, Sharon and I remember the ordeal of trying to eat

mushy soups that had weird vegetables, split pea soup that didn't taste anything like the can kind we had at home and milk-based chowders. We laugh about it now, but then we sustained ourselves, until breakfast the next day, on oyster crackers that grandpa always had. Gloria's bad moment was getting not only her foot but also her hand caught in Grandpa's raccoon trap. And Steve didn't have any bad memories maybe because he was the one that got to sleep in the old feather bed. Then one year, to everyone's disappointment, the feather bed became lots of pillows.

As the old farmhouse passes to a different family, we all have memories that can never be passed away. And as time moves on, little things that you didn't much think about or were rather insignificant when they happened move into another realm as you recall them today. So lets hear from other cousins on what they did when they spent time at the old Gardner homestead and lets keep this newsletter well supplied with bits and pieces of our past and current lives.

Congratulations, to Cheryl and Peter O'Toole!



Born November 24, 1998

Gardner Newsletter

Send in your articles for the
next issue NOW!

Winter 1999

Volume 2, Issue 5

Y2K: Media Hype – or – ARMAGEDDON!

From the Editor: *Much has been said and written about the Y2K Millennium Bug. Yet most of us think that it's something that only concerns computer "geeks" and network professionals. Most people don't know (or care) how it will directly affect every individual and what we can do about it. That's why the book, Y2K: The Millennium Bug – A Balanced Christian Response by Shaunti Feldhahn, is so important. Here are some excerpts from Chapter 11 as well as an excerpt from Don Griffes' Family Christmas Newsletter in which he tells how he is addressing the problem in his usual "hands-on" manner. For lots more information on the individual, community, and Christian approaches to the Y2K problem, surf the web at <http://www.josephproject2000.org/preparation.htm>.*

During Y2K disruptions, most profit-seeking businesses face the risk that demand for their products and services will decrease. Every church pastor, ministry director and charity manager, on the other hand, must recognize the fact that the demands on their organization are *highly* likely to *increase* as the year 2000 begins to impact our society. However, at the moment, these organizations – and, more importantly, the people that they serve – are among the *least* prepared for Y2K, and the most vulnerable to the types of disruptions Y2K might bring.

Fundamentally, no matter what your specific Y2K concern – whether it is the potential impact on the members of your church, your industry, the elderly, the residents of inner cities, or the poor – the best way to respond is through energizing the body of Christ as a whole. As Larry Burkett notes:

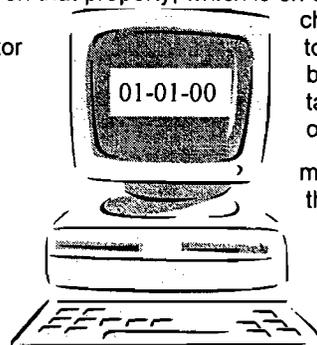
"What we can't do individually, we *can* do collectively ... what we *can* do within the churches is far more than what we can do individually. We *can* store more food, we *can* store more water, we *can* buy a generator for the church. And you *can* have a

place to sleep if your power's off. Because, in the Northern hemisphere, if this happens, it's in the middle of winter. If you have a wood stove, and extra wood outside, it won't be a problem, but if you live in a small apartment somewhere, having no heat could really be a problem. So you've got to have an alternative. Our alternative is collective. We need to do it together, as a body of Christ, within the local church."

Here is a good practical example of what one church in Georgia is doing to address the Y2K issue:

The church found out which member lived on the highest hill in the area. They erected a tower on that property, which is on 5 acres on the crest of a mountain. And the church banded together to generate power for that tower, and they all bought cell phones that talkies, so they can communicate with each other, no matter what.

They also found a grain business and wheat, etc. They are tributing it, and they stuff to prepare. The screened all the out what's the world to run that's affordable. And they're making this information available to everyone, and as a church now they're got their tanks and their generators.



member who is in a raw they bought soy beans, grinding it up and dis- are doing all this other mechanic in the church generators and found best generator in the

But most importantly, they are holding classes to train everybody in the church on how to witness and renewing them on the scriptures, because they believe they're going to be the only people who are ready with lights, food, and communication. They said, 'people are going to come knocking on your door when you've got lights, and no one else does.' They think that people are going to come to them for help, and ask 'how did you know about this?' And they're going to have an opportunity to witness like they've never had in their life.

On a personal level, here is what you can do

- Offer to organize a general awareness meeting for the members of your church (or other organization). Bring in a speaker or an instructional video on the subject, such as Jim Lord's video, or the 700 Club specials on Y2K, to help the average church or group member understand the issues, learn how to prepare themselves, and become invested in the

(Continued on page 4)

So You Think Sledding is a Fun Winter Sport Or “Teenagers and the Telephone *er* Poles!”

By Clayton Gardner

Papa's farm consists of about 500 acres. Most of it on the north side of the Clyde River – the rest on the south side. The land near the river is bog land. It is too soft to support a horse. A horse would sink into the mud clear to its belly. But in winter, when everything is frozen, horses and even cars can travel to and across the bog and river. Grass, cranberries, bushes, pitcher plants, and other small vegetation grow on some of the bog land. But on less muddy parts of the bog, there are trees – spruce, fir, pine, hemlock, cedar and others.

One summer during the depression, the electric light company gave Papa an order for electric light poles. He had plenty of suitable tall cedars in the bog near the eastern end of his farm. But how could these long, unwieldy cedars be removed from land where horses could not go? Those cedars near enough to the river could be felled into the river and floated two miles down river to Buck's flat where the banks of the Clyde were firm right to the low water mark. But most of the cedars were several hundred feet from the river. In the winter time, the horses could skid the cedars to firm ground where they could be loaded onto a sled. Naturally, Papa could not wait for winter – his

“One day after we had a few hundred electric light poles ready ...”

market was now – winter would be too late!

Papa, Earl, and I began cutting and peeling the cedars. Papa had a plan, but he did not tell Earl and I what it was. We worked in the hot, muggy, fly-infested bog day after day cutting, limbing, and peeling forty foot long cedars.

One day after we had a few hundred electric light poles ready, Papa said, “We are not going into the woods today. We are going to North Troy.” He did not say why. We, of course, were glad not to be in the awful bog and

did not need any reason to go for a ride.

In North Troy, Papa took us into a veneer mill. I was amazed at the way a hardwood log was peeled into a long thin sheet of veneer by rolling it across a sharp four-foot long knife. Before being peeled into sheets, the logs were twelve or more inches in diameter and four feet long. When the log had been peeled so that its diameter was down to six inches, the log was removed and a new log begun,

Papa bought two dozen of the six-inch diameter

“Papa took the round logs to the blacksmith”

waste logs. These logs were perfectly round, all the same size, and excellent quality. Papa still did not tell us why he wanted these logs. I think perhaps he was not sure his idea would work. We didn't mind. It was a relief not to be swatting flies while trying to cut cedar poles.

Papa took the round logs to the blacksmith in Island Pond. He asked the blacksmith to drill a pipe-sized hole exactly in the center of each log's ends. Then he had the smith drive a pipe into each hole. When we returned home, Papa made four dozen small wooden saw horses.

Each saw horse was about 18 inches high with a V notch cut in the center of its horizontal bar.

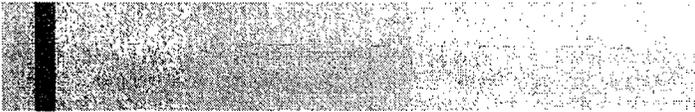
We loaded all this stuff into the Model A and drove as close to the bog as possible. Then, after numerous back and forth trips, we had it in the area where our telephone poles were. We set up a string of rollers on saw horses from the rivers edge to our telephone poles.

With our special tool called a peavey, Papa, Earl and I could lift one end of a telephone pole – Papa on one

“The Clyde River freezes solid every winter.”

side of the pole with his peavey – Earl and I on the other side with our peaveys. We would adjust our roller-road to be near a telephone pole. After a lot of struggling, we managed to get the pole onto the rollers. Then it was easy. With Papa on one side and Earl and I on the other, we could use our peaveys to guide a pole along the rollers right into the river.

The rollers worked quite well. But it was slower than skidding with a horse. Therefore, during the summer, we removed only enough poles to fill the electric light company's order. We placed the remaining poles high on skids and left them until winter. We planned on skidding these poles to firm ground during the freezing winter.



The Clyde River freezes solid every winter. Usually, however, the freezing occurs in such a way that the ice is rough. Almost always the ice is covered with snow. This particular winter the river froze smoothly before any snow fell. It was one long expanse of glare ice. Not only was the main river a sheet of glare ice, but all the meadowlands right up to the firm fields were covered with glare ice.

Our telephone poles were at the eastern end of Papa's farm, about one mile from the nearest convenient place to yard the poles. It would take a lot of time to haul those poles by horse and sled. Papa decided to use his Model A Ford. He said to Earl and me, "I don't often keep

“Anyway we sold them all!”

you out of school, but by working you here today and tomorrow we can get all those poles into the yard.”

Earl and I used the horse to skid the poles to the icy meadow. Papa hitched the logging sled to his Model A, drove the one mile up the glare ice of the river to our poles, and loaded the sled. He could haul a huge load on the nearly level surface of the river. Also, the Model A traveled much faster than horses could. We did have a little problem at the end of his trip. The field at the edge of the meadow was bare of snow. It was not a good place to haul a sled-load of poles. Papa solved this problem in his

usual unusual way.

The distance across the meadow from the river to the bare field was about 500 feet. In that 500 feet, the Model A would accelerate to around forty miles per hour. It is surprising how far a sled will travel on bare ground if the sled hits the bare ground at forty miles an hour.

Anyway, in two days we removed all the poles from the bog. The next summer, between the telephone company, the highway department, and the electric light company, we sold them all!

Dick Metcalf's Zzaj Productions Can Make CDs for YOU!

By Dick Metcalf

Zzaj Productions is now in full PRODUCTION mode! Not only can we make our OWN CD's, we are also ready, willing and able to make CD's for OTHERS! This applies to musicians who want to preserve an analog tape to CD format, as well as "ordinary" folks who want to take tapes they have treasured for years and put them on CD. Much more information on this service can be found at <http://www.olywa.net/rotcod/prodz.htm>.

Additionally, selected artists will be carried (now) in my on-line CATALOG... I'm hoping to really expand this

distribution service over the next couple of years, so the catalog has players in it from all walks of (musical) life! There's an agreement posted at <http://www.olywa.net/rotcod/CDS.htm>. Of course, I've already converted the BEST of my own efforts, and they can be found on that same page!

If all this doesn't get you, as a further incentive for you to visit the web page, my son, Andy, has some water-color PAINTINGS for sale on that CD page. **Go get 'em!**

Send in your articles for the next issue NOW!

Down Memory Lane



Isn't this a great picture of Uncle Homer and Aunt Elizabeth?

(Continued from page 1)

vision of the church for Y2K.

- Offer to develop and lead one part of your church's internal Y2K project, such as storing food or water, researching and purchasing a generator, acquiring alternate sources of heat, etc.
- Plan how to spiritually and physically reach out to your own physical neighborhood and your church's neighborhood, in the event gasoline distribution is disrupted and people must walk or bike to their destinations. Offer to help your local pastors develop a 'neighborhood church' concept, whereby churches are ready to welcome those who are unable to get to their regular houses of worship.
- Provide important articles and factual material on the subject to your church newsletter, to keep the congregation up-to-date.
- Offer to help your church hold sessions to renew members on how to witness and serve.
- Develop a strategy for partnering 'sister churches' in different neighborhoods NOW, whereby communities that eventually encounter problems can 'lean on' those who are less affected. This can be particularly useful if a wealthier church already has a 'sister church' relationship in a less well-off community.
- Similarly, develop a strategy to partner higher-risk households within or even outside your church (such as the elderly, a family with many children, or a family in a higher-risk neighborhood) with those who might be at lower risk, so that these families can receive help and even safe shelter in the event of an emergency.

The Year 2000 doesn't have to be 'doom and gloom!' While it

A Message From the Editor

Each individual who is a member of the Gardner family is very different from any other individual and is certainly unique in his or her own way. We should appreciate our differences because they are responsible for the many contributions the Family has made to society in the past; and these differences continue to shape our current contributions and achievements, as well as the ones to be made in the future.

In the same fashion, our similarities bind us together as a family and give us a greater sense of identity because we're part of that wonderful singular entity – the Gardner Family! Yes, whether you're one of the original Gang of Ten, their offspring, and their offspring's offspring (and down the line) or whether you're part of the Family through marriage or other important relationships – there are a lot of similarities! Some similarities I've noticed include "love of driving" (remember Earl?), a "sense of adventure," "loyalty to family and friends", and "thrift." Let me comment on the last attribute mentioned.

It's amazing how many of you have mentioned the fact that I send everyone a copy of the newsletter, even if there is more than one to a household. Everyone thinks that I should save myself a

stamp and send just one copy per family. Gardner thriftiness at it's best! And a great source of pride it is too! How refreshing in this age of "instant gratification" and massive credit card debt that there are still people who are practical enough to appreciate the value of unnecessary spending. Thanks for your advice.

For my part, I do have good reasons for sending everyone their own copy. I especially want family members who do not share the name "Gardner" to feel as much a part of the Gardners as those who do. I feel that a personalized copy of the newsletter may somehow contribute to this feeling. Practically speaking, should a copy be misplaced, there is another one around the house. Also, you may decide to pass the newsletter onto others who may be interested in developing their own newsletter and your extra copy could help them to generate ideas. All good reasons, don't you think?

Anyway, thanks for your suggestion – and keep them coming! That said, with the new postage increase now in effect, I've had to cancel my vacation to Cancún and Outer Mongolia via the Concorde. But I think it's all worth it!

seems likely that most organizations will encounter some type of difficulty, some well-prepared organizations are nevertheless expected to *thrive* in a Y2K environment. It has been estimated that 35% of Global 2000 companies will be prepared for the potential disruptions, and therefore have a competitive advantage that translates into actual increases in sales, profits, etc.

It is not unreasonable to expect that your church or organization will thrive as well. If you are a small business, a church, a ministry, a charity or other nonprofit organization, look for ways that God might seek to bless your organization through this event, whether through an increase in impact, an increase in donations or revenues, or even an increase in efficiency and effectiveness. And if the Lord blesses you during this time, plan to be an even greater blessing to others!

And now, from the Griffes Family Christmas Newsletter

"It is scary, so we are making plans to be ready for whatever happens. We are installing a hydroelectric generating plant on our brook. We will be working with our friends, family and church to raise food this summer to preserve in order to feed up to 50 people for up to 6 months. We will keep warm with wood and have plenty to eat, but a lot of people won't be as well off. Everyone should get prepared for the worst and hope and pray or the best. Stocking up on food and medicine and finding a way to keep warm without electricity is the least all should do."

Gardner Newsletter

Thank you,
Aunt Ruth
& Uncle
Henry, for
your
invitation!

COME TO YE OLDE HOMESTEAD'S LAST HURRAH!!

Aunt Ruth and Uncle Henry have asked everyone in the family to gather together for the last time at the old family homestead in East Charleston on June 12, 1999.

for a celebration however, it *definitely* will be the *last* opportunity for a reunion at the old homestead where so many of us have such great memories!



Ye Olde Homestead

Please bring these memories along with potluck to this outstanding event.

event to memory, pictures and print, as it will be the end of an era, so to speak.

Don't forget to bring your cameras, take pictures, tell stories or anything else you think will pique family members' interest, because this will be a great time for you to contribute to the newsletter! We certainly want to commit this

Mark your calendar! – JUNE 12th – Gardner Homestead's Last Hurrah!!



REUNION

"THINGS-TO-DO"

- Bring your camera!
- Bring articles and pictures for the newsletter!
- Bring potluck!
- Make sure to talk to EVERYONE!
- Stay for church on Sunday!
- Problems or questions? Call Aunt Ruth, Aunt Nita, Aunt Lois or Aunt Beulah!

June 12th will be a great opportunity for the whole Gardner clan to get together

A Swimmer's Story

By Tom Jacobs

When I was thirteen, I started attending the YMCA in my hometown of Beverly Hills, California. I spent a lot of time in the pool and got to know the Aquatics Director. He taught a junior lifesaving

course in which I enrolled. After that, my involvement at the "Y" mushroomed. I started working as a volunteer assistant lifeguard, joined the "Junior Frogmen" skin diving club and could be found at the pool almost every day that summer. I continued with the YMCA

swimming program though the next couple of years, progressing to the Shark and finally the Porpoise levels. Later I took the training for Leader-Examiner offered at the nearby Hollywood YMCA and completed that program as the youngest graduate

(Continued on page 2)



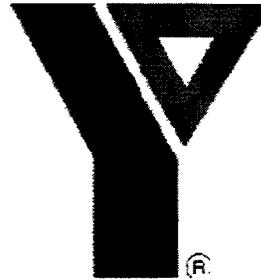
A Swimmer's Story (continued)

ever (at the time). I had to wait almost six months before I could receive my certification on my sixteenth birthday.

Then I began to teach swimming. I taught Minnow and Fish classes at the "Y", and worked with younger children in a local, private program. I still remember very clearly the afternoons and evenings I spent at that YMCA working on the deck of the pool and meeting with the Aquatics Director, Bob Brooks, in the pool office to plan events for the Junior Frogmen. I joined the YMCA swim team and found an athletic ability I had not

known I possessed.

Now I was something of a nerd in those days (I still am, but now I'm proud of it) and doing well in the physical competition of the swimming league did wonders for my self-esteem. Still, I was reluctant when Bob suggested that I join the high school swim team. He persisted with steady pressure and I finally agreed to try out for



water polo. (It was still too early in the season for the swim team to begin.) I made the water polo team, but did not have a very successful personal season in that year. I stuck with it, however, and continued on with the high school swim team that followed.

Swimming at the high school was much more demanding than the swimming I was used to at the YMCA. The workouts were extremely arduous with an hour in the morning before school and

Tom Becomes a Champion ...

weight training and cross-country before the afternoon swimming session. The level of competition was much fiercer than I had previously experienced. I spent less time at the "Y", but Bob continued to support me in my efforts at the high school. This was all during my junior year in high school. I was determined that I would do well on that swim team. Then, during the first meet of the year, it happened.

I was swimming with the junior varsity and completed the 100-yard butterfly. I won that race with a time better than

that of our own varsity butterfly. From then on, for two seasons, I was the varsity butterfly. I graduated from high school with three varsity letters (one from my senior water polo season), and found that I was respected by my peers, as a nerd AND as a jock.

Bob Brooks went on from the YMCA to coach another local high school team, one we competed against. We used to sit together during meets, to the amazement of my teammates and of his team.

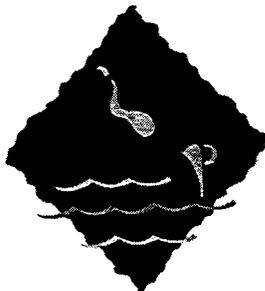
This big change in my life

"... I want to give back to the "Y" at least a little of what I received!"

all started because of what the YMCA was able to offer me and what one

... and Role Model for Others!

YMCA director saw in an awkward, nerdy youth. I continued to play water polo and compete in swimming meets throughout my college years at MIT. I worked as a lifeguard and swimming instructor during those summers. Eventually I became interested in scuba



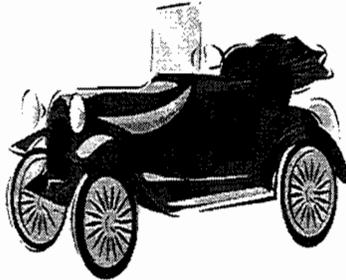
diving and became a NAUI assistant instructor. And I still have my love and joy for swimming from just being in the water!

My three children have all begun swimming at the Salem YMCA, each within the first six months of their lives. I

have taught swimming for their school, the Phoenix School in Salem, for nine years now and look forward to another nine years. I am a regular participant in the annual Swim-A-Thon at the Salem YMCA and work there as a volunteer lifeguard because I want to give back to the "Y" at least a little of what I received.

Grandpa Gardner Buys a Model-T ...

Any 16-year old will tell you that the most important thing in life is learning how to drive a car and to acquire a drivers license! Most all of us remember with fondness our first car and our early driving experiences. Imagine what it would have been like in the early days of the automobile, approximately 85



or so years ago, to buy a car and learn how to drive!

Here, in Grandpa Gardner's own words, are a few of his experiences. Grandpa's comments were committed to tape and, thanks to Aunt Nita,

are here for all of us to relive.

"Back then we didn't have to have any lessons. You didn't have to get any license or anything. You went to a dealer and bought a car and he'd take you out on a back street somewhere and he'd show you how to drive and then you'd take the car home."

"I bought this Model T in 1916.

... And Goes to Canada ...

It had been driven one year and it had been abused. They hadn't greased it and it was an awful mess. The dealer took me up on Derby Street and I drove it back and forth a few time. Then I came home. Lavillet lived next door. We took the washing over there as they did it for us. Ruth was a baby, about a year old, and when we came down out of the yard (it was steep and the road was

narrow) - at the foot of the hill there was a mud puddle with ruts through it, you know. I was being awful careful to get down out of the yard, not to go too fast. The Model T stalled - and, you know, when you let your foot back - do you

know how to put it into gear again? When I got down to make the turn, I let my foot off and started the engine. When I

"Back then we didn't have to have any lessons. You didn't have to get any license or anything."

... With a Bunch of Kids ...

made the turn I hit the gas handle and opened it wide open and I couldn't think of anything but to keep the thing straight. I didn't think of the brakes and went right down that road just as fast as we could go through this mud puddle. Down in there and all along there were

rocks everywhere, except for one little place about as wide as this room."

"If we had gone off anywhere else, we would have gone into the rocks just as fast



as we could. But in there were little trees, a whole lot of them, and we went in so fast, we took the little trees down and the hind wheels got stuck in the ditch and the trees came back up. Here

A Short History of the Model T



Aunt Lois and Aunt Nita standing in front of an antique automobile. Does anyone have a clue what kind it is?

After 20 years of experimentation, Henry Ford finally saw the fruits of his labor on October of 1908 with the Model T. This was the vehicle he had wanted to build since his first Model A in 1903. The Model T changed the world. It was a powerful car with a possible speed of 45 mph, and ran 13 to 21 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It carried a 20-horsepower, side-valve, four-cylinder engine and two-speed "planetary" transmission on a 100-inch wheelbase. Important to the long-term success of the Model T was Childe Harold Wills' experimentation with the properties of vanadium steel, which resulted in the lightness and durability that was an important trademark of the Model T.

In October of 1913, mass production of the automobile began. Ford had previously organized workers and components to enhance the production of the Model T, but the moving assembly line quickly improved the speed of chassis assembly from 12 hours and eight minutes to one hour and 33 minutes. In 1914 Ford produced 308,162 cars, which was more than all 299 other auto manufacturers combined. In the interest of streamlining production, the colors red, blue, green and gray were dropped; it was now available in "any color so long as it is black."

Mass production did allow for flexibility in the price tag, however. Henry Ford introduced the Model T at \$850 for the Touring Car, but by October of 1924, he was able to offer the Runabout for as low as \$260. Few things other than the price ever changed on the Model T: Electric lights were introduced in 1915, the radiator shell went from brass to black in 1917, and in 1919 an electric starter became an option on the closed cars. These would be the only major modifications until the mid-1920s, when Henry Ford gave in to pressures to modernize the car and began experimenting with changes.

The changes were not enough to keep the Model T competitive, and Henry Ford finally decided it was time to cease production. After more than 15 million Model Ts had been made, a ceremony marked the formal end of the line in May 1927. On October 27, 1927, Ford Motor Company entered a new era as the first Model A came off the Rouge assembly line.

(Continued from page 3)

was the car way up in the air with the back end in the ditch! Well, I didn't want anyone to see us in there, so I got ahold of that thing and I lifted. Every time I lifted, the trees would come up. I don't know how many times I lifted that car before I got it back into the road again. I got it back in the road and got a rail and pulled it up and down the road to cover the tracks and then went home. That was my first trip with a car!"

On another outing with the car, Grandpa recalls: "We went to the fair and I bought a balloon for each one of the kids and was walking back with my balloons. Somebody stopped me and wanted to buy one. They thought I was selling balloons!"

"When we went to Canada, we went in a Model T with 8 kids. Someone asked us if these were all our kids, or was it a picnic. I said they were all our kids - *and it ain't no picnic!* When we went there, there were no maps and we had to find the way with the "Blue Book."

"We would go so many miles to a school house, and so many miles from a church, so many miles from a graveyard, -- then turn, etc. So, in Bangor we got mixed up. There were ten of us in that Model T and there were more people in the front seat than there should have been."

"We saw a policeman on the sidewalk and stopped to inquire. He was a nervous man. He came and stuck his head in the window and asked a

whole lot of questions. I guess we were there as much as 15 minutes. There weren't many cars on the road then, but we were there long enough so there was a whole line of cars behind us. That didn't seem to bother him and he explained to us how to get out of the city. We went to Nova Scotia and back and bought our meals and gas for \$50.00. We slept two nights in the tent on the way."

Thanks again to Aunt Nita for this great bit of nostalgia!

**See you
this
Summer!**

Gardner Newsletter

Send in your articles for the next issue NOW

Summer 1999

Original Gang of 10 Member Speaks Out!

Volume 2, Issue 7

GN: During your lifetime there have been many social changes. Women today do not necessarily have to marry, rear children, be domestic or even have a man in their life. What are your feelings about this and should there be more or fewer changes?

AUNT LOIS: I feel that family life is very important. God instituted marriage with a mother and father to bring up children. I think that this is still the right way.

GN: For many years now, you have been a member of the Church of the Nazarene. In your opinion, what makes this

denomination better than any other? Why do you prefer it to over, let's say, Presbyterian or Baptist?

AUNT LOIS: When I first went to Massachusetts, I went to the Park Street Congregational

"It was during the Depression, so my parents had a struggle....."

Church. There was a good preacher there, but I found that the congregation weren't very friendly. My oldest sister, Ruth, came to Massachusetts and she started to go to the Nazarene Church, so I

went there. I found a friendly church whose message was from the Bible. They seemed to be very well organized and you knew where your money went.

GN: When you were growing up with so many brothers and sisters, did you ever feel you were "lost in the shuffle?" Can you remember anything your parents did or didn't do to make you feel special or unique? Tell us about some of the advantages and disadvantages of growing up in such a large family.

AUNT LOIS: I never felt
(Continued on page 2)

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SEE YOU IN THE FALL!	

Family Reunion Attracts "Surprise" Guests

In addition to being a great success, the family reunion held at the old homestead this past June held some pleasant surprises for all Gardner family members. Two great surprises are pictured here in this issue of the Gardner Newsletter.

First, here are Art and Suzanne Metcalf of Saratoga Springs, New York. Art is Cousin Dick's son and Aunt Ruth and Uncle Henry's oldest grandchild. I don't know about you, but some of us didn't even know that Dick had a son Art's age! This is great news, isn't

it? And we're proud to welcome to Suzanne into the family as well! Art and Suzanne's e-mail address is: amet-call@nvcap.rr.com.

Pictured here too are Sandra and Richard Baraw. The Baraws are
(Continued on page 2)

Here are some great truths children learn about life (from Reader's Digest).

- No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.
- When your mom is mad at your dad, don't let her brush your hair.
- You can't trust dogs to watch your food.

Gardner Newsletter's Exclusive Interview Continues!

(Continued from page 1)

neglected or deprived of anything. It was during the Depression, so my parents had a struggle, but I never felt that we were deprived. One thing about a big family – we had plenty of playmates and didn't have to look elsewhere for entertainment.

Of course, we didn't have television, or even a radio. One year, when we were in Lyndonville, we gave up giving Christmas Gifts to each other and the folks bought a radio that stood up on the floor. That was a real treat! They always gave me a birthday party. My birthday is in November and all of my brothers' birthdays arrived during the winter months. My sister Nita's birthday is in May and then there are no more birthdays until mine in November. They were ready to have one by then.

GN: With the millennium fast approaching, can you name one major event in this century that profoundly affected you and why?

AUNT LOIS: One of the major events in my life was getting married. I was 53 and my husband was 49. I wish I had been able to

marry earlier in my life and have children. They would be a lot company for me now that I am older.

GN: Who is your favorite "celebrity?" What is it about him/her that you like?

AUNT LOIS: I don't know whether or not Billy Graham is a "celebrity," but I think he has done a lot of good for the world. A celebrity in



We all love Aunt Lois' friendly smile and pleasant demeanor. BUT THERE'S SO MUCH MORE! Be sure to read this interview!

the comic world to me would be Red Skelton. He was really funny

and always had clean jokes.

GN: Looking back over your life, can you think of anything you would have done differently or wished you could have changed?

AUNT LOIS: As I have already mentioned, I wish I could have married earlier and had children, although I wouldn't want to be married to the wrong man. I went with a man who was a "mama's boy" off and on for 30 or so years. I thought he was the one for me; but, looking back, I am glad I didn't marry him.

GN: Young people today face many challenges as they assume leadership in the 21st century. Drawing on your many experiences, can you give them some good advice on how to succeed in life?

AUNT LOIS: I think the best thing is to live by the Bible. I believe it to be the inspired Word of God. If you live a good life and do the things you know are right and have a clear conscience, you will be happy. Children should be taught to respect their parents and grown-ups.

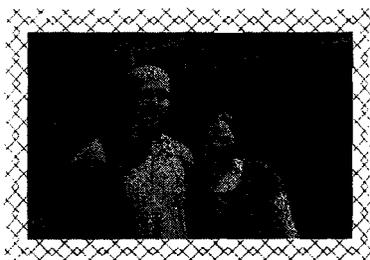
Family Reunion Attracts "Surprise" Guests (continued)

(Continued from page 1)

interested in all things "Gardner" because Sandra's mother, Edith Johnson, was Grandpa Gardner's half-sister.

To delve further into these relationships, contact Uncle Raymond whose knowledge of the family history is legendary, and he can pinpoint Sandra's place in the family tree.

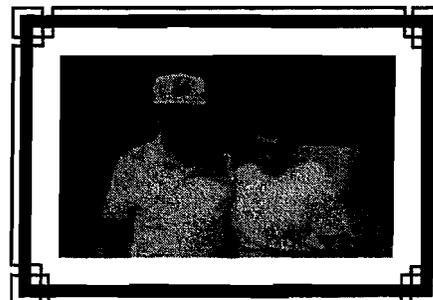
Sandra is a highly respected member of the Newport educational community and she is currently teaching there. Everyone who at-



Art and Suzanne Metcalf of Saratoga Springs, New York

tended was pleased and thankful that Sandra and Richard chose to attend. You can renew your acquaintance with them by writing to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Baraw, 103

Winter Street, Newport VT
05855.



*Richard and Sandra Baraw of
Newport, Vermont*

The R-U-4 Real Department?!!

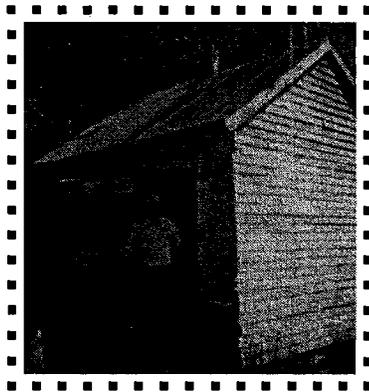
(A Ye Olde Homestead Family Reunion Anecdote)

Uncle Raymond is pictured here at the old homestead standing in front of the milk house he helped to construct.

According to Uncle Raymond, near or during his senior year in high school, his father, Grandpa Gardner, assigned him to help the man Grandpa had contracted with to build the milk house.

Dutifully, Uncle Raymond began to build a prototype of the building and showed it to the contractor, expecting kudos and feeling confident that he had done a good job.

When the man saw Uncle Raymond's work he said, "You've done



it all wrong! You didn't follow the plan specifications." Whereupon he gave Uncle Raymond the building plans to follow.

Undaunted, Uncle Raymond scrapped his previous work and meticulously followed the plans given to him. After a lot of work and perseverance, again he was pleased and confident about the results.

This time when he showed the man his work the man replied, "It's still all wrong! It's going to have to be done all over again!"

Stunned, Uncle Raymond retorted, "But I followed the plans EXACTLY as you showed them to me!" The man shot back, "You'll have to do it all again. Those plans are no good anyway!"

Grandpa Gardner "Takes the Bull by the Horns!"

From Grandpa Gardner's Diary

A lot of the work done on the farm was done with oxen. In 1907, when I was 20, I kept a diary. Looking it over brings back the happiest days when I drove four oxen on my father's farm. I used to drive them into the woods to go to his sawmill and then haul sawed lumber to the market.

The first thing I remember was my father buying his first pair of oxen from a neighbor. He sent me after them. He told me when I got home to hitch onto a sled and haul out "dressing" - I didn't know anything about driving oxen and I had a hard time keeping them between fences.

When I got home, I wanted to get them over the pole so I could hitch them to the sled. It was lucky for me that we had an old man who knew how to drive oxen and he hitched them on for me.

My diary shows we got the first pair on February 4, 1907 and we spent the rest of the winter hauling manure and pulling up ice.

My father had a pair of three-year old steers. After I got used to driving the oxen, I liked it so well I decided to break the steers. So,

"It wasn't a very good place to be, up on his horns, but that was what was happening!"

with the help of my brother (eight years younger) I tackled the steers. We only worked on them when the men were all away.

My father also had a pair of bulls (three-year olds). They were real big fellas, with big horns! We had such good luck with the steers, we took on the bulls. When you start breaking them, you yoke them together and tie their tails

together. If they pull their tails apart, they are apt to do what we call "turn the yoke" - one head one way, and the other the other way. When this happens, there isn't much that can be done, only to let them go and start over. About the first time we took them out this happened. It was time for the men to come home so we called it a day.

The next chance came when the men were all away at a town meeting. So we tackled the bulls. We didn't intend to let them out of the barnyard, but they somehow knocked the gate down and got out. I had a rope on the near one and he ran me into a telephone pole. I had to let them go. They ran down the road into a snow bank and "turned the yoke" as the steers had done before. I decided to pull the bull pins and let them go as we had done before.

As soon as they were loose, one of them ran with the yoke sticking
(Continued on page 4)



(Continued from page 3)

right out. But the other one, instead of leaving, by golly, he knocked me down and he got me with my head and shoulders on the ground and my feet up in the air! He had me on his horns by the small of my back and he'd take me first one way and then the other, acting as though he were playing with me. All the time he was shoving me towards this fence about six feet away. Well, it wasn't a very good place to be, up on his horns. But that was what was happening!

Well, my brother, a little fellow, was up by the gate. That was where the bulls ran away from me. He came running down there hollering, probably to get the bulls' attention or something. Well, anyway, the bull stopped for just a second or two and I got off his horns and grabbed the bow off his neck and I hit him in the mouth knocking a tooth out. He didn't seem to mind it at all and he was kind of docile. We finally got him up to the barn. That was when we decided we wouldn't break any more bulls.

Congratulations to Ellen Gardner & Jim McCarthy!

Devlin Gardner McCarthy
Born 07/18/99

Adam Forrest, our own Katrina Parsons and Rob Pawle

FUTURE LEADERS TO BE RECKONED WITH!



Trio to Attend National Young Leaders Conference in Washington, D.C.

Excerpted from the North Reading Transcript, July 15, 1999

Adham Forrest, **Katrina Parsons** and Rob Pawle of North Reading have been selected to attend The National Young Leaders Conference this summer in Washington, DC.

The National Young Leaders Conference is a unique leadership development program for high school students who have demonstrated leadership potential and scholastic merit. They will be among 700 outstanding

national scholars attending the conference from across the country.

The theme of the NYLC is *The Leaders of Tomorrow Meeting the Leaders of Today*. Throughout the 11-day conference, they will interact with key leaders and newsmakers from the three branches of government, the media and the diplomatic corp.

Highlights of the program include welcoming remarks from the Floor of the United States House of Representatives and a

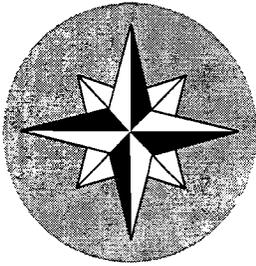
panel discussion with prominent journalists at the National Press Club. Scholars will visit the U.S. Department of State and receive policy briefings from senior government officials.

Katrina Parsons is the granddaughter of Margaret and Raymond Gardner. Raymond is the youngest boy in the Original Gang of Ten, and Katrina is the daughter of Cousins Gloria and Bob Parsons of North Reading, MA.

SEND IN YOUR ARTICLES FOR THE NEXT ISSUE NOW

Fall 1999

Volume 2, Issue 8



MAINE
GRIFFES
FAMILY
PREPARE
FOR LIFE
CHANGES

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

A HOLIDAY MESSAGE FROM
YOUR EDITOR

Jay and Kim Griffes sent this e-mail message to me on October 7, 1999. I thought everyone would be interested in what the Griffes are up to these days. The Editor.

Sure have appreciated the newsletters. Sorry we could not make it to the "last hurrah" this summer at Aunt Ruth and Uncle Henry's. We are in the process of some major life transitions here in Brunswick, Maine.

I am getting out of the navy by February 1st, so I will be making a career change. It's hard to believe it has been 11 years. I'm trying to get back to the Burlington, Vermont area, if possible, maybe to IBM.

Kim and I are in the process

(Continued on page 4)

This is the last issue of the Gardner Newsletter for 1999. Now comes the Holiday Season and the once in a lifetime event – the year 2000! Will this be a grateful Thanksgiving? Will everyone have a Joyous Noelle? Will sweeping new changes and beginnings be made in the year 2000? I certainly wish that for all of you!

When I was thinking about the content for this article, I wanted to be sure that it conveyed something meaningful for everyone; something that each of us could reflect upon through the holidays to remind us of what they really mean. I searched the Internet for inspirational stories. I solicited heart warming stories from friends and acquaintances. I looked through newspapers and watched television shows. I even looked through the Bible trying to find appropriate verses and chapters (and there are many).

Then it dawned on me. The best Christmas story of 1999 is right here in this issue of the Gardner Newsletter! It's in Jay and Kim's e-mail message to me printed alongside this article. To quote: "*Kim and I are in the process of adopting a little boy from Cambodia. We expect to travel to Phnom Penh sometime between December 1999 and February 2000. We'll have to write an article for the newsletter when it is finalized. Exciting times!*"

Exciting times indeed! It can't be an accident that both Thanksgiving and Christmas are about sharing. To live for the sake of someone else, to transform a stranger into family, to make whole new worlds possible for a little child, - this is Thanksgiving, Christmas and the New Year all rolled into one!

Thank you, Jay and Kim, for sharing your story with us. We can't wait to welcome your new son into the family and we are holding you to your promise about writing an article recalling your experiences (pictures too, please).

Happy Holidays, everyone. See you in February 2000!

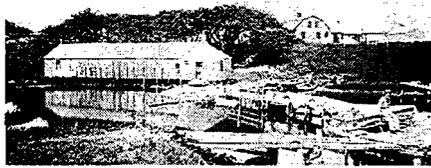
As usual,

Paul

“MERRY MAIDS” IN THE ‘30S BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Weekapaug Inn is a summer resort that my wife, Jan, and I visit once a year when we go to the Rhode Island shore. Actually, we stay in another much less expensive place a short distance away, but we always drive over to the Inn for old time’s sake.

The reason is that my mother, Edith (Lang) Johnson, and her sister, my Aunt Edna, stayed and worked at the inn as maids for at least two summers when they were in their teens. (Just to keep the genealogy straight, the Lang girls were Will’s half sisters.)



A picture of the Weekapaug area during the 1930s

For the girls, it was probably their first time away from home, but they both enjoyed the experience and had many stories to tell about the place. I think I remember some tales about a few romantic encounters. In any case, it must have been a great summer job with time off for the beach and also some partying from what my mother said. However, I suspect the partying doesn’t compare with the spring breaks of today.

The fact that a couple of young farm girls were working at a Rhode Island resort brings up some questions. I wonder



“The fact that a couple of young farm girls were working at a Rhode Island resort brings up some questions”

THE LANG GIRLS GO TO WORK ...

if it was common practice for the resorts to go all the way to northern Vermont to recruit summer help. It probably was. For example, thousands of girls were recruited from rural areas to work in the woolen and cotton mills of Lowell and other cities in New England during that era.

Our visits to Rhode Island are usually close to the date of our wedding anniversary. One of the things I thought of this year was that my

mother could never have imagined, as she cavorted with Edna on the beach at the Inn, that 80+ years later her son and his wife would be celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary just five miles up the road. Such is life.

By the way, the Weekapaug Inn we visit each year is not the original one. The original, the one the girls worked for, was blown down during the infamous hurricane of 1938.

INFORMATION ON THE HURRICANE OF ‘38

A major hurricane reached the New England coast on the morning of September 21, 1938, and before it had abated over 500 lives had been lost, 100 persons were missing, and the damage, including the destruction



An old inn of the 1930 era, much like the Weekapaug Inn where Aunt Edith and Aunt Edna worked.

of 16,740 structures and 2,605 boats, amounted to \$300,000,000.

The hurricane was first reported by the Brazilian vessel S.S. Alegrete, on September 16, off the Leeward Islands in the Atlantic Ocean. In its early stages the storm center traveled about fifteen to

MORE INFORMATION

twenty miles an hour in such a direction that it was expected to hit the southeast coast of the United States. Later, however, it veered northward, gaining velocity until the center was moving about 50 miles (80 kilometers) per hour. The storm struck the New England coast just at high tide, with the result that the added rise in water from the low barometric pressure and the terrific wind blowing on-shore caused a major storm wave along the coast. The situation was further aggravated inland because



Here's a familiar face to everyone! Actress Katharine Hepburn sorts through the rubble caused by the Hurricane of 1938.

the rivers were already bank-full and torrential rain caused additional flooding.

The highest wind velocity at any one moment was 183 miles (294 kilometers) per hour, at the Blue Hill Observatory, Milton, Mass., where a sustained five-minute velocity of 121 miles (195 kilometers) per hour also was recorded. Velocities considerably over 100 miles (161 kilometers) per hour were reported at many stations in the path of the hurricane.

This information is taken from *WorldBook™*

FIRST MEMORIES BY CLAYTON GARDNER

One cold winter day in 1923 when I was 3, Mama bundled me into warm clothing – coat, boots, mittens, scarf – and sent me outdoors, probably to get me out from under her feet for a few minutes. In those days of horse and sleigh, our road was rolled, not plowed. The roller, drawn by two or four horses,

packed the snow making it easy for horse and man to travel.

When I got outdoors, I saw Papa's team of horses a short way up the snow-packed road. I walked to the team. Our hired man was there. His sled load of logs had slipped off the packed snow into a soft drift. I watched him as he urged the horses to pull the sled from the drift. The horses strained, the harness creaked, the whiffletrees moved back and forth, but the sled



"But somehow I recognized the danger. I turned and ran"

CLAYTON'S CLOSE CALL CONTINUES ...

would not move. Finally, the hired man said to me, "Go down to the woods and tell your dad that I am stuck and need help."

I said, "But I don't know the way to the woods." "Just follow the sled tracks down through the field and you will find him," he said.

I set out all alone. The sled road led more than a mile down through a field, through a line of trees forming a border between field and



meadow, across the meadow, over the frozen Clyde River and into the woods. I had never been alone in the woods before. I gazed upward at the tall trees. Suddenly, I saw a tree top moving, first slowly then faster and faster. It was coming directly at me. A falling tree was a completely new experience for me. But somehow I recognized the danger. I turned and ran. The tree fell across the sled road a few inches from my running feet.

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 1)

of adopting a little boy from Cambodia. We expect to travel to Phnom Penh sometime between December 1999 and February 2000. We'll have to write an article for the newsletter when it is finalized. Exciting times!

Speaking of exciting times, I have started my own e-commerce venture that you might want to look at. It's called J & K Enterprises. Check out my cool web site at www.universal-e.com. You will have to put in my site code/IBO # 1327904 to enter. When you get to the page with J & K Enterprises on the upper left corner, click on the "QUIXTAR" side bar to launch into an unbelievable site with some great benefits! Quixtar is a site that launched 09/01/99 and in just a few short weeks has become # 5 in the world as far as the number of page views it has daily. In its first few days, Quixtar averaged 20,000,000 plus hits per day (twice that of Amazon.com, which has been recognized as the largest e-commerce site out there).

When you get to the Quixtar page, log in as a client to look around. It is free, but you will need to use IBO # 1327904; or for \$19.95, you can log on as a member and receive member benefits/savings/wholesale prices, allowing you to recuperate your \$19.95 in savings. Let me know what you think.

(Continued from page 3)

Ivan Buck was helping Papa. When the tree began to fall, he walked away from it into the sled road. He saw me running. He saw the tree falling toward me. He saw the tree miss me. He hollered to Papa in an alarmed voice, "It's a good thing that young fella has good legs." I remember hearing his voice clearly. Papa rushed out, picked me up and said, "What in the world are you doing here alone?"

I relayed the hired man's message. Papa was angry with the hired man, first for sending me, a three-year-old, into the woods, and second for not having sense enough to roll a few logs off the sled. Papa said, "You go back and tell that hired man to roll a few logs off the sled, and don't you ever come into the woods alone again."

I did not need his last advice. If you have ever seen a big tree suddenly start falling directly at you, you will understand why.

**The Gardner Newsletter
now has a web page. We're
on the Net! Stay tuned for
details!**

Editor: Gloria and Bob Parson's son, Eddie, composed this poem and sketched the picture. Come on, all you wannabe writers, take a lesson from Eddie and submit some original work!

If Shoelaces Come Undone

By Eddie Parsons

If shoelaces come undone

If shoelaces come undone when you
go for a run

If shoelaces come undone when you
go for a run in the sun

If shoelaces come undone when you go
for a run in the sun, -

CRASH-BOOM-BANG.....

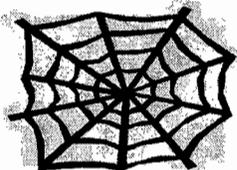
You won't have very much fun!



Gardner Newsletter

IN THIS ISSUE

- Aunt Nita's Candid and Fortright Interview
- Art Johnson Remembers Will Gardner's Wit
- Gardnernews.org Has New IP Address
- A Great Picture of Will & Olive's 50th Wedding Anniversary



WEB SPIN-OFFS

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR MORE ABOUT

Clayton's laser revascularization. Did he get the placebo?

Vichet, - Jay and Kim Griffes' new son!

Utah. Pictures of Jim, Ellen and Devlin. What do you do and where do you live?

Happenings in Rochester, New York. Dr. Cove and family; Dick, are you there?

Tom Gardner.... Entrepreneur and businessman.... Tell us more!

Dick Metcalf New Job, New House, New Life!

Don Griffes ... Life after Y2K!

Here is The Gardner Newsletter's *EXCLUSIVE* Interview with Aunt Nita

Gardner Newsletter: It appears that you have been designated as the unofficial "hostess" of the Gardner family. We all know you love and enjoy it, but do you sometimes feel overwhelmed? Are there some occasions when you could use some help? Is there anything we can do to make things easier when we plan to visit?

Aunt Nita: I guess the reason I'm designated the unofficial hostess to the Gardner family is because I've always lived in the area, except for two years when I worked in Massachusetts before I married Lyndol.

I feel it's a privilege and I always want everyone to feel welcome any time. There has always been plenty of room – indoors and out – in our home and I have such love for everyone in our family. I wouldn't want it any other way. I feel it's so important to get together, to keep in touch with each other. How else would we get to know the new spouses and precious babies who join our family?

There is never a lack of help or food. I guess the Gardners are famous for both!

Gardner Newsletter: Lyndol's passing was a devastating loss for you, but you certainly have managed to go



Pictured: Annt Nita in her kitchen as the "perfect hostess!"

on. In spite of what may or may not have been said in the book Men are From Mars, Women are From Venus, from your life's

(Continued on page 2)

Will's Wry Wit Enlivens Dinner Conversations ... a True-to-Life Remembrance by *Arthur Johnson*

One thing people should remember about Will Gardner is that he was a great conversationalist and storyteller. He also had an interesting sense of humor. One story I remember vividly illus-

trates his sense of humor. Will and Olive were down for Sunday dinner at Sandra's and I think Will had "accidents" on his mind that particular day. He had just had a bad encounter with a new ro-

totiller he bought. (As I recall, the infernal machine took off at high speed with him hanging on for awhile and then eventually taking a bad spill.) Anyway, while we were eating, he told a

(Continued on page 4)

Are women stronger than men?

(Continued from page 1)
perspective, do you think women are stronger than men physically and/or emotionally?

Aunt Nita: Statistics show that women generally outlive men. I don't



Nita's son and daughter-in-law, David and Ann Ames

feel I was stronger than Lyndol, as he was a rugged man and worked hard all his life to support his family. He had deep love and emotion, but I feel it is more difficult for men to express their feelings than it is for women. He was always healthy until cancer hit him and I guess it doesn't matter if you are a man or a woman when that happens.

The strength to carry on comes from necessity, with God's help; and it sure helps a lot to have the hope and assurance of being together again in

Heaven.

Gardner Newsletter: Like several others in the family, you belong to the Church of the Nazarene. It looks like they are relaxing some of their strict prohibitions regarding dancing, wearing make-up, and other lifestyle issues. Do you find this to be a good thing? How can these things be wrong at one point in time and o.k. in another? What are your feelings on this?

Aunt Nita: You sure ask some difficult questions!

"You sure ask some difficult questions! I've been thinking about how to answer for several weeks."

Aunt Nita talks about "lifestyles"

I've been thinking about how to answer for several weeks.

I don't want to preach, but "salvation" is not the church or its rules and regulations; salvation gives us the confidence that we will spend eternity in Heaven with Jesus and

our loved ones. Salvation is the free gift of God given to all who accept Jesus as their Savior. Life styles change when Jesus is first in our life. I look to Him as my example. He is the true example of love. His love in my heart gives me the strength and motivation to

follow in His steps. I don't always succeed in doing that and I'm so grateful I can claim 1st John 1:9 – "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The church is not made

Aunt Nita recalls "hard times"

up of prohibitions, but is a very positive and rewarding life lived by putting God first in everything we do, say, and think.

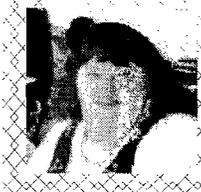
Gardner Newsletter: Other than your religious faith, who or what gave you the most inspiration to carry on through low points in your life and helped you to overcome difficult

and trying times?

Aunt Nita: Growing up during Depression days equipped us for hard financial times. To this day I have a hard time throwing away worn out things; back in the 30s we might still have been

able to use them!

We had some difficult times in our lives, like all of you. We never had an over abundance of money, but living on a farm we always had plenty to eat and to share with oth-



Dawnita Ames, helping to sustain home and hearth.

(Continued on page 3)

MORE About Aunt Nita's Life

(Continued from page 2)

ers.

Rod had a two year bout with rheumatic fever when he was 8 and 9. We were so grateful for new medication that had just been discovered which prevented heart damage.



Nita's daughter-in-law, Irene, cutting wood for one of her baskets. Alas, we couldn't find a picture of Nita's son, Rod. Where are you?

David developed diabetes when he was 13. And what a blessing insulin is! If it had been Grandpa Gardner who had contracted it at age 13 he would have died, as insulin wasn't discovered until 1922.

Then, of course, Dawnita was born with Down's Syndrome, which was certainly devastating at the time. But what a blessing she has been to the whole family! I would be pretty lonesome without her. She gives me the motivation to get regular meals and keeps our home a safe and

happy place. Terry had all of childhood the illnesses - his tonsils out, for one. While it was going on I remember wishing it was me instead of him.

Low points in our lives sure make us appreciate the good times - and we have had many!

Gardner Newsletter:
Can you think of any advice that your mother gave you about rearing children that you would alter or amend before passing it along to today's young mothers?

Aunt Nita: I think Mama's

Aunt Nita recalls her mother's discipline ...

advice was more by example than words. If we weren't truthful we got our mouths washed out with soap (yuk)! If we fought we had to spend time sitting on the cellar stairs in the dark. If we did something really bad we got our legs switched. I know today that would be

called "child abuse" but it wasn't done to abuse us - but to get a message across - and it sure did! I cant see that it damaged us in any way. I'm sure I needed punishment more than any of the rest as I was a spitfire! I blame that on being a girl sandwiched between two older

brothers and two younger brothers. I had to stand up for myself, didn't I?!

Mama was always there for us and there was much love, fun, and music in our home. We never missed Sunday School and church except for the three years we

"We certainly should appreciate the prosperity of our times and not take it for granted."

Fond memories of "home"

lived in Lyndonville. And even then (I don't know where he got the material - I think he sent away for it), but Papa always had Sunday School lessons for us on Sunday at home.

Times and circumstances are much different today for the family, but love and security are still es-

sential in bringing up children.



Aunt Nita, with her older sisters, Lois and Ruth. We looked for pictures of Terry and Patty but could not find any. All the more reason to post pictures to gardnernews.org!

Gardner Newsletter:
Your generation has been hailed as the "backbone" of America because you survived World War II , and the Depression. For the most part, generations following have experienced unparalleled prosperity, often being labeled as

(Continued on page 4)

We've Moved!
Log onto the "new"
gardnernews.org

Gardner Newsletter Moves to New Site

Gardnernews.org has moved to a different location on the Internet. You probably realized this when you tried to log on and the web site could not be accessed or when you noticed that the counter had been reset. We have a different address because the site has been moved to a "Windows" server so that it will support various features found in Microsoft Front Page, a software program that creates web pages. So, if you are having trouble finding gardnernews.org, just retype "gardnernews.org" in the address bar of your browser and re-save it to

your "favorites" folder. Now, on to content. During the Christmas season every "Family and Friends" page had a posting – if only through a card. But as you can see from the front panel of this newsletter, there are definitely some parts of the family we have not heard from and Greta Gardner (the family's cyber-cuzzin) is most anxious that everyone participate. You can post a story or article directly to the web site by surfing to Greta's page and typing right there online. We hope you'll take advantage of this feature for stories, interesting articles, suggestions – or for

(Continued from page 1)

story about an accident that almost happened when he was working alone in the woods.

It seems he was driving a wagon and, as I said, all by himself (except for the horses) when somehow a heavy plank on the wagon worked loose, caught on something, pivoted, and one end slammed down with tremendous force on the seat right next to him. If it had hit him on the head, it would have killed him. The plank then flopped back to its original position in the wagon as if nothing had happened.

Now this made a great story, as Will told it. But to illustrate his unique (maybe, his Vermont) sense of humor, he posed this question. What if the plank had not missed him and later, when we was found dead in the woods, what would people think? There would be no obvious cause of death except a bad head wound, if that. It would be a true mystery. There might even be a murder investigation. In all probability, no one would ever know what really happened to poor Will!

I realize that some may not see the irony in this story. But, to my mind, it does put a humorous spin on a possibly tragic accident and is a typical "Will Gardner" observation. Are there any other Will Gardner stories someone may remember that typify his brand of humor?

whatever else you'd like to see posted to the web site.

Communicating with family members and staying in touch has never been easier – and everyone can take advantage of this great technology. Let's do it!

Aunt Nita recalls her parents' 50th wedding anniversary

(Continued from page 3)

the "Me-Too Generation" or "yuppies" and other such monikers, implying that they are materialistic and shallow. Do you agree with this assessment? Can we truly be "good" if we haven't survived some kind of "trial by fire?" Please discuss your feelings on this issue.

Aunt Nita: I know plenty of "good" people who didn't go through the Depression or World War II. I know those times did help keep us from being materialistic and shallow.



**Will and Olive's
50th Wedding Anniversary**

My feeling is that there have always been these tendencies in human nature and maybe that's why troubles and tribulations come – to help us define our values.

We certainly should appreciate the prosperity of our times and not take it for granted.

Gardner Newsletter:
Please recall one of your favorite anecdotes regarding your father and mother that took place in their later years.

Aunt Nita: One of the nicest events in their later years was their 50th wedding anniversary. The celebration was held in their home – open house – people came all day to offer congratulations. This picture will show the love they had for each other – even after 50 years of marriage and raising ten children!

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

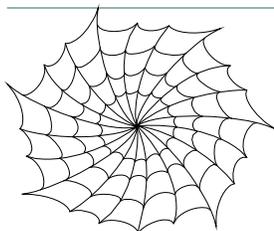
Enter the Picture Contest Today! See Greta's Message on Page 4.

Volume 3, Issue 10

Spring 2000

Inside this issue:

Four Years That Made a Difference	1
The Most Important Event in My Life!	3
Bathroom Humor – Gardner Style	4



WEB SPIN-OFFS

- Cheryl O'Toole, *Did you ever find your rings during unpacking upon your arrival in England? Let us know!*
- *Welcome to the family, Stephen Gardner Jacobs!*
- Alicia Ames, *How about some more literary work?*
- Dick Cove, *We want to hear from you and take advantage of your writing skills!*

Four Years That Made A Difference

By: Paul Gardner

In this age of alternative families, absentee fathers, and single moms, I read somewhere that children reared by grandparents tend to adjust to life easier and are generally happier than those parented by their mother and father. If this is true, then Jean, Linda and I certainly had a head-start. While we were not always with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner throughout our childhood, they did assume responsibility for us from sometime in 1955 through approximately July 1959. I'm sure that Jean and Linda (were she alive)

would agree with me that those four years certainly made a difference in our lives!

One of the best things I remember about that period is attending Buck School. I was enrolled there from Grade 3 through Grade 7. (I think I still have some report cards from that era.) I shall not regale you with stories about walking five miles to school in sub-zero temperatures with snow



Although the quality of this picture is not very good, here is Buck School as it appeared just before it was moved to become part of someone's house.

drifts piled as high as telephone poles, for we did not do that. Mabel Johnson used to pick us up in a car and drive us. (I'm sure some of the Original Gang of Ten will remember Mabel.)

She used to get rather irritated because often-times she would have to wait for us to come out due to the fact that Grandma and Grandpa were still on their knees praying. Nothing could interfere with morning devotions and the school bus would just have to wait!

After we were deposited in front of Buck School,

we entered the one room facility containing all eight grades. Before arriving at the main classroom one first entered a foyer which contained a 5-gallon porcelain jug that served as the water fountain. To the right of that was the dreaded woodshed where the wood was stored to heat the little building. It doubled as a place where discipline

was meted out in any way our teacher, Mrs. Damon (who lived in a farmhouse next door), deemed appropriate. No hearings on corporal punishment in that school district!

The classroom consisted of about 5 rows of the old fashioned desks with inkwells. They did not open up, but there

(Continued on page 2)



Here is Buck School in the process of becoming someone's house about a mile from its original location. It's been completed for several years now.

(Continued from page 1) was a shelf underneath to place your books and supplies. The teacher's desk was in front of the room along with a semi-circle of chairs where the pupils in the grade that currently "had the focus" gathered to recite their lessons. The "rest rooms"

were to the right of the teacher's desk. There was no plumbing in the building, so the toilet was just the classic wooden privy, much like the one my father had hot-wired years earlier. (See the accompanying article written by Uncle Clayton.) In the back of the room was a large wood-burning stove on the left, and a reed organ on the right. There was an alcove behind

the stove to hang coats, scarves, and mittens. The room was bordered with blackboards and windows.

We started our day by saying the Pledge of Allegiance and then Mrs. Damon read a short passage from the Bible. As each grade recited their lessons during their allotted time in the semi-circle, the other students completed as-



"Mrs. Damon always encouraged this interaction between the grades, instinctively realizing this was the education process at work."

signments and projects at their desks. If Grade 7 was embroiled in a heated discussion, it often overflowed into the classroom as a whole. Mrs. Damon always encouraged this interaction between the grades, instinctively realizing this was the education process at work. This was occurring long be-

fore "learning at your own pace" became a highly touted education theory.

Believe it or not, Buck School even had its own hot lunch program! At about 11:30 a.m. Mrs. Damon would assign two students to walk about ½ mile up the road to the Brooks'

house where Mrs. Brooks prepared a hot meal for everyone during the winter. One time Lance Clark and I were assigned to fetch lunch. I remember the menu that day was American chop suey. Lance carried the large pan filled with hot, red macaroni. Unfortunately, he slipped on the



Linda, Paul and Jean Gardner Christmas, December 1957, at the Old Homestead.

ice that was covered with newly fallen snow and the pan went flying. Not to worry. We just picked up everything from the clean white snow and continued on our way. Needless to say, the hot lunch wasn't quite so "hot" that day!

What about organized sports? Well, of course, there weren't any. We never played baseball, soccer, football or basketball. We played "sticks" and "annie-over." In sticks, the whole school would divide into two teams and

a line was drawn in the sand. Each team had a pile of sticks on their side of the line. All we did was try to steal the other side's pile of sticks by running across their territory without getting caught. When one side had no more sticks left

(Continued on page 3)



(Continued from page 2)
 in its pile, the game was over. During annie-over a large ball was thrown over the roof of the building. One team was on the front side of the building and the other team was on the back side of the building. If the ball was caught after being thrown over, that team would run around to the other side of the building and try to tag the opposing team

members. If they were tagged, they would automatically become members of the team that caught the ball. Those who escaped being tagged would continue as members of the opposing team. If the ball was not caught, it was thrown again over to the other side.

Is there a lesson in these types of games? Probably not. Rather

primitive in fact. But I never felt I had to “compete” to be an important part of a group. There were no “stars” to emulate, only to find out later on your idol had feet of clay. It was a real feeling of connection. Most importantly, we simply had fun!

I could be accused of looking back at these times through rose-colored glasses. And it’s



Jean, Paul, and Linda Gardner upon arrival at Grandma and Grandpa Gardner’s some time in 1955.



probably true. That’s one of the great things about nostalgia; it’s not supposed to be about bad memories! I’m sure the Original Gang of Ten can relate to this story because some of them attended Blake School which was (and perhaps still is) just up the road from the family farmhouse. When we lived with Grandma and

Grandpa it was all boarded up and the woods had taken over. It was barely visible. One day Jean and I decided we wanted a blackboard to write on. We knew there had to be one in that school. She made me climb up through the old privy ... Wait! That’s a story to be told at another time when a fresh wave of

nostalgia sweeps over me and I wear those wonderful rose colored glasses.



“That’s one of the great things about nostalgia; it’s not supposed to be about bad memories?”

“Let Me Tell You About the Most Important Event in My Life!”

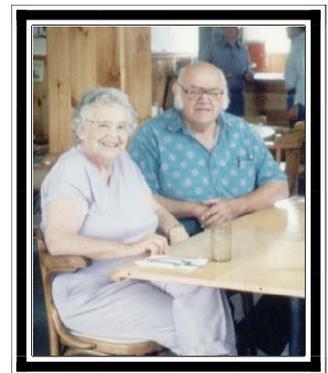
By: Ruth Metcalf

I’m going to tell you about the most important incident in my life. It happened when I was 12 in the living room of the home place (one reason why I hated to leave there)! Anyway, a traveling evangelist came to our house. He told us

about what the Lord had done for us and how we needed to accept Him into our lives. I couldn’t understand this. Anyway, after he stayed at our house he went to visit other people and later came back to say “goodbye” before he left the area. He

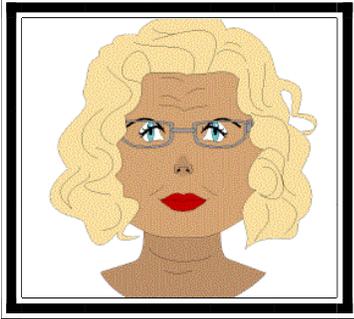
said, “I’m sorry, Ruth, you haven’t found Jesus. It’s just as though you had done some terrible thing and went to be punished for it. Just as you were ready to be guillotined, Jesus stepped in front of you and said, ‘I’ll take your

(Continued on page 4)



Aunt Ruth & Uncle Henry

WIN \$100!



Hi there, Cuzzin'Kids!

Want to win \$100? Send a picture to me with a caption underneath it. If it's chosen the winner, I'll send you \$100. Send the picture to me, Greta Gardner, c/o The Gardner Newsletter, 28 Ninth Street, # 404, Medford, MA 02155

COMING IN AUGUST!
JAY GRIFFES' "AMAZING
JOURNEY" ARTICLE

The Hot Seat By: Clayton Gardner

Earl and I discovered an unusual use for a Model T Ford coil. We, of course, were experts at making a coil work. We knew how to adjust the points so hot sparks were available. We also learned the coil would operate from a 6-volt dry cell. We discovered we could make the spark jump across the ends to two long wires appropriately connected to the coil. Putting all this together, we developed a fiendish idea.

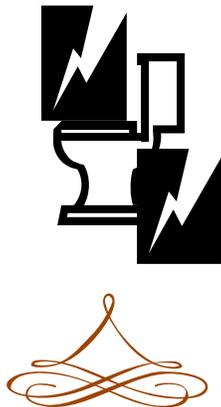
In those days of no bathrooms, our family used an outhouse. Our outhouse was better than some. It was connected to the back kitchen by a walkway through the wood shed. We did not have to go outdoors to get there. We did have to walk thirty feet through the unheated shed. During cold weather, no one wasted any time getting or staying there. Our idea made their stay even shorter.

We fastened two contacts to the most popular three holes. Then we ran two long wires underneath the seat, under the floor of the outhouse, under the walkway to a hiding place behind a wood pile. There we connected the wire appropriately to the coil. We connected a dry cell through a

switch to the coil. We waited behind the pile of wood until Lois came to use the outhouse. When we thought Lois was well seated, we threw the switch. You can image Lois' screams and discomfort! Yet she was a good sport. Her discomfort had been only temporary; no permanent damage was done. Earl explained to her what we had done. Then Lois waited with us behind the wood pile until the next family member had to use the outhouse. We got them all, including Mama and Papa.

We were a bit

scared that Mama or Papa, or both, would not think this a good joke. If not, our punishment would have been severe. Our fears were groundless. In later years, we all joked about the hot seat.

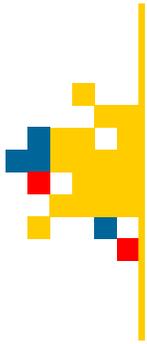


(Continued from page 3)
place.”

Immediately I knew what Jesus had done for me. I went around the house singing “Blessed Assur-

Uncle Henry says ...

This is Ruthie's strongest testimony! She always has very positive comments about our Lord Jesus and our Lord God, and the Holy Spirit ... but this testimony of her spiritual walk with God has been her most clear, simple, and vibrant. Her life, ever since I first met her, has typified this first claim!



Gardner Newsletter

The Family's Sharing and Caring Connection!!

The Amazing Journey

(The story of Alexander Vichettra Griffes)

By: Jay Griffes, Proud Father

Volume 3, Issue 11

Summer 2000

This is an amazing journey that actually started in December 1998 while we were living in Brunswick, Maine. As many of you know, it was around this time that we found out Kim was pregnant. As is the case with many prospective parents, we were extremely excited! We were thrilled, to say the least, as this was an answer to prayer. It had barely been a year since Kim had miraculously survived a near fatal infection brought on by a failed 5 month pregnancy, in which our second child, Adam, went on to heaven ahead of us. (I thank God for sparing Kim's life as the doctors that cared for her marveled that Kim survived. I know that it was God touching her life and allowing her to continue to be my helpmate here on earth.) That was a traumatic time indeed, and still was fresh on our minds

over a year later when we got this wonderful news of a third child on the way. We were trusting God that if this pregnancy happened, God



Jay, Kim and Alexander Griffes

would see it through. Well, as many of you know, God had other plans.

Throughout this third pregnancy, Kim was monitored closely by two high-risk obstetricians. We made frequent visits to the doctor, and each time we would see ultra-sound pictures of a healthy infant bouncing with activity and who, we later found

out, was another boy. In 1994, we were blessed with our now 6-year-old daughter, Kelsie, who was born on Guam. I count myself truly blessed to have our daughter, but being a guy, I wanted a son that I could do "guy" things with like fishing, hiking, going to baseball games, etc. while Kelsie and Kim were off doing "girl" things. I was sure that this child would be the one who I could do these things with. However, around the beginning of the second trimester, complications in the pregnancy began to arise and Kim was put on extensive bed rest. It was nerve racking for all of us. Then somewhere around 4½ to 5 months of pregnancy, Kim was taken to the hospital where she would likely have to stay until the baby was far enough along to survive outside the womb. In spite of the great odds against us, we were still trusting God to work His will in this situation and still believed that our second son

(Continued on page 2)

Tails .. er ..Tales of the Tamarack

By: Bob Parsons

The grass had grown quite tall. It's hard to mow, but the paintbrush grow blossoming with other wild friends. I decided not to mow where the paintbrush grow, thick and orange in a clump. They deserve a life just like the iris and the daylily

and the rose.

It's July 4th weekend. I push the mower back and forth across the yard. It's warm and hard going in the thick green of a Vermont lawn left to reach for the warm sun. It is hard work, but there is joy in it. There are memories to fill

my head and heart. They are as deep-rooted as a maple tree and as sweet and rich as syrup.

It goes like this, my memories. I mow along the hedge. Twenty-some years ago I planted them. I think they need trimming.

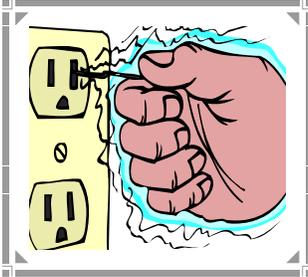
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Don't let this happen to YOU!

Baby Beulah Survives “Shocking” Incident in Lyndonville

By: Lois Cardwell

This happened when we were all living in Lyndonville between 1933 and 1935. Beulah was about two years old at the time. Mama had an old washing machine on the porch. Evidently the machine needed an electric cord as someone had improvised by using a cord that was intended for a flat iron. It had a metal coil on it about two inches wide.

Its purpose was to keep the cord from touching the hot iron. Somehow the cord had been left in water and was very wet.

Beulah grabbed hold of the metal coil on the cord and couldn't let go of it. Even though the machine wasn't turned on, there was enough electricity left in the cord to cause a harmful shock. Beulah started to cry and somebody thought

the electricity was on. (I think it was Earl.) So he ran to the outlet to pull the chain. Just before he pulled the chain, somebody else went to the wall and unplugged the cord. But for that speedy action, Beulah probably would have been electrocuted. God was looking out for her!

“At this point Kim and I were faced with a gut-wrenching decision.”

(Continued from page 1)
would be born strong and healthy. Much to our shock about one week later, I received a disturbing phone call from the hospital at 5:30 AM on a Friday morning saying that Kim's water had broken and that I should hurry to the hospital. After I hung up the phone, anger swept over me as I cried out to God, WHY!, WHY!, WHY!, while the tears flowed and I sat there numb. I then re-

gained my composure enough to call mom and dad in Vermont, asking them to come down to watch Kelsie while I was in the hospital with Kim. Then I called a friend who took Kelsie for the day until my folks could get down to our house in Maine.

Shortly after arriving at the hospital in Portland, Maine, we found out that there was still a slight possibility that the baby would

survive. We spoke at length with one of the doctor's and a neonatologist about the possibilities and none were very favorable. Still we did not want to give up hope because we knew God could perform a miracle. At this point Kim and I were faced with a gut-wrenching decision. There was the real possibility that if we continued on, I could end up losing my wife to complications from the pregnancy and there was



At the orphanage: the children, their nannies, and us in the background

no guarantee if this child survived that he would be healthy. I did not know which way to turn because I loved my wife dearly and was being forced into considering a decision I never wanted to make. Essentially I was faced with

choosing the life of my wife or the life of my child. It was about this time that our pastor and one of Kim's dear friends arrived at the hospital and I know God was in that timing. This was when I was at my lowest and God brought Pastor Ron to the hospital in my time of need. We talked, prayed and cried together in a separate room while Kim was in her hospital bed, also being

ministered to by her friend. While I was talking to Ron, God mercifully took that decision from us. When Pastor Ron and I arrived back in the hospital room, the nurses were tending to Kim at an increased pace because Kim had started spiking a temperature, signaling the onset of another potentially fatal infection like the one that almost ended her life the previous

(Continued on page 3)

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year. Additional antibiotics were ordered in an attempt to keep her temperature down. Most of the time they seemed to work, but for a while it was touch and go. Kim was then induced, and after what seemed like an eternity, gave birth to our son Kyle. He was born at about 4:00 AM on a Saturday morning. He was perfectly formed, fearfully and wonderfully created by God and I had the privilege of holding him for that one short hour that he was here on earth. I talked to him and prayed for him until he went to heaven to join his brother, Adam. I, indeed count it a privilege that I was able to usher this little soul into the arms of Jesus and look forward to the day when we will see him again in heaven. It was a very bittersweet time and I regret that Kim was not able to share in it because she was still quite sedated.

Flashing back briefly, I feel it is important to tell you about my dad's dream. If you wonder if there is a God, then this dream that my father had early Friday morning and the circumstances surrounding it, will leave you wondering no longer. Unbeknownst to me, when I called my mom and dad that Friday morning to tell them about Kim's complications, I had awakened my father from a dream that he later shared with me. In the dream, he was somewhere at a gathering of people. This gathering, which I believe he said was under a tent in a field, seemed to be purposeless. Everything and everyone was in a state of chaos. My father then told me he left this chaotic, noisy gathering and went elsewhere. Sometime later, he returned to the same field and tent. Much to his surprise, the once chaotic gathering was very peaceful and perfectly organized. Not a blade of grass was out of kilter, nor was there a bit of disarray or confusion. My dad also told me that he noticed that the people under the tent in this peaceful and organized gathering, were Christian relatives and friends that had died and gone to heaven. And then, right before my call interrupted this incredible dream, my dad looked up to the top of the tent and there was a banner stretched across it that said in big bold letters, GOD IS IN CONTROL. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that this banner in dad's dream was a clear message

from God that I especially needed to hear. My father actually told me this dream when they were at the hospital with us before Kyle was born. In spite of all that was going on and the chaotic circumstances that surrounded us, this was a clear message that I should not doubt God and that His will was taking place. Being human, I still questioned God and had some anger, but I also kept going back to the fact that God was in control.

In retrospect, it is amazing to look back at those events and the events of the past few months. As the title of this article states, this is an amazing story about our new son, Alexander Vichettra, who we adopted from Cambodia in January 2000. So continuing the story, it was April 1999 when we lost Kyle and realized that we would not be able to have any more biological children. In the midst of our grief came a ray of sunshine. I had worked in the past with a gentleman who I remembered had adopted a little boy from Cambodia, a couple of year's prior. In May 1999, I happened to see him and struck up a conversation about his adoption experience. He told me of this adoption agency that only served people in New England and that only adopted kids out of Cambodia called "Adopt Cambodia". After talking it over with Kim, we decided to at least look into it. I contacted the agency and arranged a meeting for the evening of June 24, 1999. At the conclusion of the meeting, Kim and I both looked at each other and without hesitation decided to go forward with this "adventure." We began the process on June 28th, 1999 filling out tons of paperwork and answering many questions in the pursuit of this international adoption. By the end of September, we had finished our paperwork and now we had to wait. We asked that the adoption agency adhere to only one criterion, that the child be a boy 6 months old or less. We wanted a boy, not as a replacement for Kyle, but to help with the ache of losing two boys in two years. We also wanted Kelsie to have a sibling she could grow up with. We already knew that God had a particular boy chosen for us in Cambodia and we prayed daily for him. Kelsie would pray for him every night during her bedtime prayers. Many churches were also praying as well as our families

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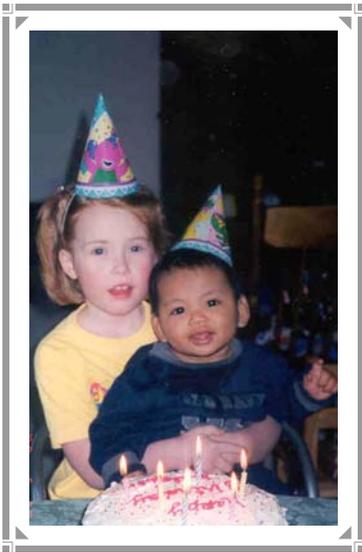


Alexander Vichettra with his nanny, Sok Chea, at the orphanage

"Being human, I still questioned God and had some anger, but I also kept going back to the fact that God was in control."

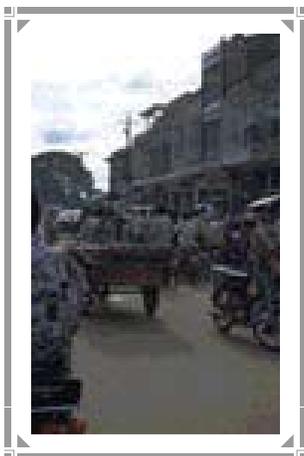


Here is a group of small children at the orphanage



Kelsie and Alexander at his birthday party.

*“As the day of departure
drew closer, we became
more excited and anxious as
we prepared to go on this
“Amazing Journey.”*



Traffic — SE Phnom Pehn

(Continued from page 3)

in the U.S. and Canada. We literally had people around the world praying for this little boy. Having been in the military, we knew people from all over and asked for prayer on his behalf. Prayers were not only coming from this side of the globe, but also from Guam, Australia and American Samoa, where we have friends.

These prayers were not in vain for in a few short weeks we received word that a child had been found for us. On October 23, 1999, Judy Jones, one of the ladies at the adoption agency, called to tell us that there was a little boy waiting for us in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. His Cambodian name was Vichettra and he was described by Nancy Hendrie, a retired pediatrician who runs Adopt Cambodia, as “a keeper.” One other bit of information that Judy gave us left us truly speechless. It did not hit me right away, but Judy told us on the phone that Vichettra was born on August 25th. I later asked Kim to confirm that August 25th was to have been the due date for Kyle, the son we lost in April. When we realized that the due date and birth-date coincided, we knew that God had picked this boy for us and that he was part of God’s plan (remember my dad’s dream...GOD HAS A PLAN). I still get a tear in my eye when I think of this miracle and how it confirmed that God was still in control. Four days later, Judy called to say she had pictures of Vichettra. That same day after I got out of work, Kim, Kelsie and I rushed over to retrieve the first glimpse of our son. As we drove to the agency, the butterflies danced in our stomachs as many questions filled our minds: what would he look like, would we love him like our own, etc? Finally arriving at the agency, we were presented with the pictures and were so taken with this little boy. We were so excited and a little scared still, but could hardly contain our joy! After arriving home and after staring at the pictures for quite some time, we scanned Vichettra’s picture into the computer and sent the good news off by e-mail to our family and friends throughout the world. They too were awestruck at the August 25th birth-date and knew that this was another indication of the handprint of God on this boy.

Now the most difficult part of the adoption began, waiting for the red tape to clear through Cambodia, all the while knowing that our son was waiting to come home with us. There had been a slow down in the adoption process with the Cambodian government and at the time it was uncertain how long it would take. The process, which normally had taken 5 or 6 months, would now take longer which meant that we would not have our little boy by November or December, before I left the Navy. I got out of the Navy in December and moved my family in temporarily with my parents in Vermont. We still had no word as to when we would be traveling to pick up Vichettra. Then one day in late December, we received the best Christmas present that we could have that year. We were told that we would be leaving for Cambodia on January 15, 2000. WOW, we were finally going and there would be no more wait!

As the day of departure drew closer, we became more excited and anxious as we prepared to go on this “Amazing Journey.” Prior to our departure, we took Kelsie to my sister Sharon and her family’s to stay while we traveled. It was hard to go without Kelsie, but we knew when we saw her again, she would be able to give her new baby brother a big hug.

We began the first leg of our journey to Cambodia on January 15th on a trip that normally should have taken about 38 hours. Our journey would take us from Boston to San Francisco, to Seoul, South Korea and then to Singapore where we would spend about 7 hours in a transient hotel awaiting our final leg to Phnom Penh, Cambodia. Well, the journey over did not go as planned, in fact it stretched into almost 3 days. Our plane from Boston left late and so we thought we might miss our connecting flight in San Francisco with Singapore Airlines (A side note: if you ever get a chance to fly on this airlines, jump at it because their service is second to none!). We did not miss it however, because we arrived to find out that our flight was cancelled

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due to airplane brake problems and that there would not be another one until the morning. The airlines put us up in a hotel and we left the next morning. This leg of our flight took us over Alaska, Japan and then over the eastern portion of Russia. I remarked to Kim as we were flying over, "If we had done this 10 years earlier, we might have been shot down by the Russians. (I guess that was my military thinking.) Then we stopped at Seoul, South Korea for a one-hour layover. After leaving Seoul, we arrived at Singapore, thinking that we would be going on from there. However, we arrived in Singapore to find out we would be delayed overnight due to the San Francisco flight cancellation, causing us to miss the last flight to Cambodia. We were again put up in a hotel in downtown Singapore. We enjoyed a ½ hour bus ride through the city. It was immaculately clean. For some reason I did not see any gum on the sidewalks or trash on the streets. I guess there was no gum because it is illegal to chew it there. (Kim and I had some gum on the plane and left it there before we got off in Singapore. We did not want to get caught, thinking we might get caned! Ha, Ha!). The next morning, January 18th, (January 17th PM Eastern Standard time) we finally boarded the plane that would take us to Cambodia. After a short 2-hour flight, we arrived at the Pochentong Airport in Phnom Penh, somewhat exhausted, but exhilarated knowing that within the hour, we would be handed our son. In retrospect, the airline delays were a help to us because we arrived more rested than if we had come straight through.

Upon disembarking the plane and being herded down an assembly line to get our visitor visas, we were met by Nancy Hendrie, who had arrived ahead of us. She helped us gather our things and we were on our way... or so we thought. As we approached the security gate to exit the airport, we each had to pass through and show Cambodian officials our passport, visitor visa, etc. Nancy gave us strict instructions not to look the officials in the eyes and avoid talking to them. I was the last one to go through the gate. I was carrying my own suitcase as well as two boxes that I had brought for Nancy. They were filled with donated medicines for the orphanages in Phnom Penh. When the security officials saw these, they started asking questions. I tried to answer their questions, saying they were medicines for the orphanage or children's hospital. They then wanted to open up the boxes and ordered me to do so. In the meantime Kim and the rest of the folks traveling with us had gone around the corner, out of sight. I was getting a little nervous when Nancy came to my rescue. She quickly took over the conversation and told the officials that they were for a particular hospital that she named. She was rather forceful in answering them and they finally let us go without further interrogation. As we left the security gate, she said "sometimes you just can't take no for an answer." I was glad Nancy had come back to rescue me.

We then left the airport and headed straight to the orphanage. We were very anxious to see Vichettra. The short ride was very exciting and sobering at the same time as we caught our first glimpses of Cambodia. It was difficult to imagine living in such poverty. Finally we arrived at the orphanage and stepped out of the car. Nancy hollered to some of the ladies at the orphanage that Vichettra's parents were here. Then out came a young Cambodian woman with a little boy in her arms. Her name was Sok Chea. This woman was his nanny. She had cared for him for the last 4 months in the orphanage. (In this particular orphanage, each child was paired up with their own assigned nanny and that nanny only cared for one child at a time.) Kim talked to Vichettra for a moment and then carefully took him from Sok Chea. He didn't cry at all! We were in awe at what was happening! This woman had just given us our new son. Amazing! After a few minutes we headed to our hotel, exhausted, but exhilarated. Vichettra was very content, sitting on Kim's lap, just looking around at all the sights as we rode in the car.

We all arrived at the hotel, got settled in and gave Vichettra his first bath in the sink. Since sanitary conditions at the orphanage were not up to Western standards (The children there did not wear diapers...so you can imagine) we wanted to clean him up. A note on sanitation, Nancy had warned us to not chew our nails, lick our fingers, nor eat

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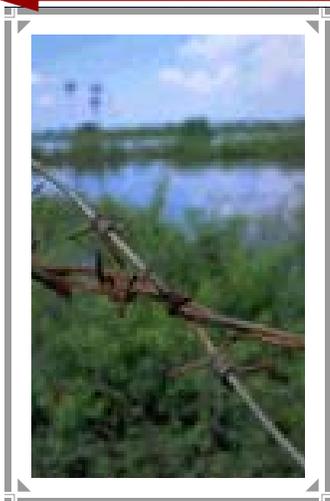


Cambodian House on Tonle Sap River

"The short ride was very exciting and sobering at the same time as we caught our first glimpses of Cambodia."



KHMER ROUGE LEGACY: Courtyard of Prison, Phnom Penh



KHMER ROUGE LEGACY: Barb wire in front of open mass graves

“We felt that it was important to visit the Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum and get a sense of what Vichettra’s people had been through with the Khmer Rouge regime.”



Cambodian Flag

(Continued from page 5)

anything that was not cooked (raw fruit, vegetables, etc.) as this could put us in contact with some nasty germs, making any travel very miserable. We actually practiced keeping our hands and fingers away from our mouths prior to our trip. Fortunately our practice paid off because we did not get sick. One of the others that traveled with us did get a bug and it was not a pleasant experience for her!

We were in Phnom Penh for four days and one morning, from January 18th until Saturday, January 22nd. Although the weather there was warm, 85 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit, it was probably the best time of year to be there. I am told that in the summer months it is hot, sticky and sometimes very rainy. While we were in Cambodia (in between visits to the U.S. embassy to secure Vichettra’s paperwork, the Pasteur Institute to get his final blood work done, and a little western style grocery store to get bottled water, formula and other groceries to tie us over until we departed) we were able to take in a little sight seeing. We visited the Royal Palace, which is adjacent to the Mekong River, where the King and his family live. It was amazingly ornate, with gold and silver all over the place. In one building there called the Silver Pagoda (Pagoda means temple), all the floor tiles were made of very pure silver. It was amazing to think that all this wealth was here and right outside the gates to the palaces was extreme poverty. We got our first exposure to it when we arrived at the palace. As we left the car, we were approached by the first of many beggars seen in Cambodia, many with limbs missing from land mine accidents.

We also ate lunch at the FCC or Foreign Correspondents Club that overlooked the Mekong River. It was kind of a unique place and I imagined that Charles Kuralt, Dan Rather and other Vietnam War correspondents had spent time here during the war. There were pictures on the walls of some of these reporters who had been there.

The most sobering place we visited was the Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum. We felt that it was important to visit this and

get a sense of what Vichettra’s people had been through, with the Pol Pot, Khmer Rouge regime in the 1970’s. This particular museum had actually been one of Pol Pot’s torture prisons in the city. It was actually the largest one and had been a high school prior to this evil man’s reign of terror. We were told that about 10,000 to 20,000 people had been imprisoned here at one time or another... and only 7 had survived to tell about it. All the others were tortured and killed here or sent out to the killing fields where they were slaughtered. Our guide was a young woman who had been a child during this treacherous time in Cambodia’s history. She said she lost her father, three brothers, two sisters and several uncles. She remarked how this regime separated her from her family, interning her in a camp for kids, in terrible conditions. The whole thing was very sad and gut wrenching to think that someone would do such awful things to his own people. On our way back to the hotel after visiting this museum, I asked our driver, Rotha, about Pol Pot. Rotha got very emotional and shook his head in disgust, saying “Cambodians killing Cambodians.” He said that he was four when Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge came to power and that the only way he and his family survived was because his parents had pretended to be farmers. If you were educated, held government positions, etc at this time period you were sent to prison camps and most likely killed.

Lastly, we visited some tourist traps to pick up some Cambodian souvenirs. The first souvenir shop we visited was called Tabitha’s and was started by a Canadian woman to aid the poor and landmine victims. This store contained many interesting handicrafts. We also visited the National Center for the Disabled, which also sold similar items made by mine victims.

On our last full day in Cambodia, Friday, January 21, 2000 we made the trip back to the orphanage for what would be the highlight of our trip. Nancy had arranged for us to return and spend some time there with the nannies, other children and the orphanage director. Here we could possibly find out more about Vichettra and how he came to this orphanage. We were

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“I could tell he thought I was full of cow pies.”

(Continued from page 1)

My, how they have grown! I pulled them from the banks of the Clyde. Old Will Gardner comes to mind.

“Cedar’s good for making things that last, like fence posts. Did I tell you my tamarack story,” he asked?

“No,” I said. “Well, you see, when I was a boy, I went on the wagon with my father to the lumber mill. I stayed in the wagon, but the men were all talking about the big tamarack in the forest. When father

returned, I asked him if tamarack would eat a boy. You see, I thought it was an animal.” His eyes twinkled as he laughed out loud. I laughed with him because if he hadn’t told me it was a tree, who knows?? What does a city boy know after all?

“I hate to cut down a tree,” he said. “They take so long to grow, don’t you know. There is a value standing there uncut.”

“I agree,” I said. “That’s why I have three thousand acres of them in my back

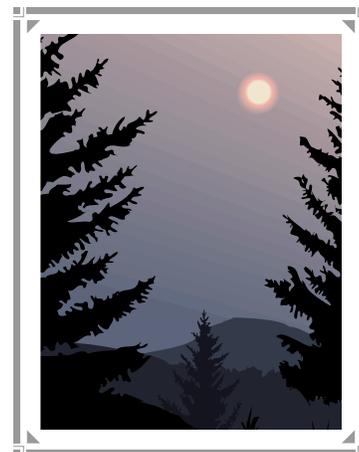
yard.”

He looked at me and squinted up his eyes. He said nothing and looked away. I let it sit for a minute. He glanced at me again. I could tell he thought I was full of cow pies.

“State forest,” I said. “My back yard abuts the state forest. Three thousand acres of trees. I like ‘em.”

“Oh,” he chuckled.

That was MY tamarack story!



The lofty tamaracks

(Continued from page 6)

given a tour of the orphanage and shown how adoption funds were used to improve conditions there. We were enthralled at all the little children still awaiting adoption. We took many pictures and just tried to take it all in as it was very emotional to think that this was where our son had lived. The orphanage basically consisted of one big, screened in room, with weaved baskets hanging from the ceiling for infant beds. It was quite a humbling sight. We spent some time with Vichettra’s nanny and expressed our gratitude to her by giving her a gift. She could not speak English nor could we speak Khmer, but the universal language of smiles, tears and hugs were exchanged.

While at the orphanage, our hearts were touched by one precious little girl (about three plus years

old). She approached us as soon as we got inside the orphanage compound and just looked at us and smiled. Then she said something in Khmer. We turned to our driver to ask him what she said. The interpretation brought tears to our eyes, because she was saying with a sad face, “When am I going home?” Happily, we later found out from Nancy, that a family in Washington state would soon adopt her.

After our tour, we were taken to a reception area of the orphanage where the director would share with us details about our son’s background. We were handed a picture of a young Cambodian woman holding a three week old, mildly malnourished baby. It was Vichettra being held by his birth mother on the day that she brought him to this orphanage. We had not expected a picture and up to this point did not

know if we would get any information. We had been told that sometimes babies were abandoned near the orphanage with no history. We were happy to find out some of our son’s background.

The orphanage director opened her notebook and began to read from it, telling us what this young mother had told her. Vichettra’s birth mother was only 31, but was already the mother of 7 children and a widow. When Vichettra’s birth mother was three months pregnant with him, his father, a farmer, came down with malaria and died. No doubt she had difficulty feeding Vichettra as well as the rest of her family and so decided to take him to the orphanage for adoption. We know that she loved him because she traveled by herself over 172 kilometers on a taxi (taxis there are usually

(Continued on page 8)

“We had been told that sometimes babies were abandoned near the orphanage with no history.”



*Cambodia’s most precious resource:
A Cambodian child*



**Send in your articles
for the Fall Issue
NOW!**

The Family's Sharing and
Caring Connection!!



LOG ONTO
GARDNERNEWS.ORG TO SEE
PICTURES OF THE GRIFFES
FAMILY AND THEIR
"AMAZING JOURNEY!"

(Continued from page 7)

mopeds) from her province to Phnom Penh. I'm sure it was a hardship for her to do this. I'm not sure what it would have cost her for the taxi, but Nancy had told us that the average salary in Cambodia was only about \$200 a year, so she must have sacrificed to get him to the orphanage. We were very happy to know that he had not been abandoned, and were very grateful for her sacrifice, but were also very saddened by her great losses. There was no doubt that Vichettra was loved by his family. We were also given a note in Khmer, which might have been written by his birth mother, that listed the names of his mother, father, sisters and brothers. Our only disappointment was that we did not know what village she had come from, only the province. We had hoped to have this information so we could give our driver a disposable camera and some money for traveling to Vichettra's village to take pictures of his birth family. Knowing only the province is like knowing the state that she was from and finding them would be difficult because no birth records or other record keeping trail exists in Cambodia as in the U.S.

After finding out Vichettra's history, we took one last look around the orphanage, picturing the details in our minds. We said our final good byes, the hardest being to Vichettra's nanny who tearfully watched as she saw and held him for the last time. I cannot imagine the emotional roller coaster these women go through each time they give up a child that they have cared for over several months. We are very grateful for the love and care these women have given Vichettra!

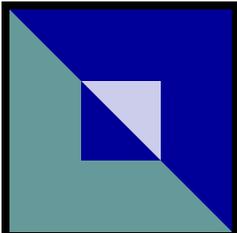
The next morning, we arose early and headed to the airport on the return leg of our "Amazing Journey." This time, our passage through the airport went smoothly. We boarded the plane and breathed a huge sigh of relief to have reached this point. Although the journey back was long, we could not wait to get home and show everyone our new son. Our return would be faster, with no delays. We again went to Singapore, but then from there had a layover in Taipei, Taiwan and then flew to Los Angeles. After a two-hour layover in LA (where we almost ran into Wynonna Judd), we departed for the final leg of our journey to Boston. Vichettra fared well on the flights back even though he had double ear infections and a chest cold. We know that he did well on the trip because of the many prayers that accompanied us. We arrived in Boston at about 6:20 AM Sunday morning, January 22nd, to a crowd of relatives

that had come to meet us. When we stepped out into the terminal, Kelsie, embraced us and practically smothered her new little brother with hugs and kisses. It was a joyous event for all that were there and I am so thankful that so many of our family were able to meet us and share in this special time.

Now it is the end of August 2000 when I am finishing up this story. After getting out of the Navy in December, 1999, we have finally settled in Dover, New Hampshire, where I am working as Customer Services Manager in a business-to-business e-commerce company in Portsmouth, called eVelocity Corporation. Alexander (as we now call him) is almost one year old and is thriving. He is almost walking, likes to get into everything and is a joy for our family! Kelsie is still smothering him with hugs and kisses and is an excellent big sister for him, except when he gets into her toys. We are

so blessed to have been on this "Amazing Journey." We have seen God's plan unfold right before our eyes and are thrilled at how it has turned out thus far. We hope to someday take a far-eastern journey to show our two kids where they were born, Kelsie to Guam and Alexander Vichettra to Cambodia. We do not believe this story is over yet and believe God still is working His plan and is still in control. Someday, maybe Alexander can find his birth family and tell them about Jesus. We will keep them in our prayers and ask that you also remember them in yours.

SEE YOU IN THE FALL!



Gardner Newsletter

Send in your articles for
the Winter 2001 Issue!

Volume 3, Issue 12
Fall 2000

Teresa Vasko does it all — wife, mother, dedicated teacher! Here are her responses to an exclusive Gardner Newsletter interview about education!

Gardner Newsletter: George Bush touted “education reform” as a major theme during his candidacy for the presidency. His father, ex-President Bush, was known as the “Education President.” Do you think the politicizing of education really makes for better schools and has any impact on the quality of education our young people receive? Please state your case, yes or no.

Teresa: I’m not politically active ... too busy correcting papers.

IKE monies have paid for several trips to math conferences where I have felt very professional and received wonderful new ideas for teaching.

Locally, the Vermont legislature instituted portfolios. It’s a good idea that is extremely expensive and time consuming.

The bottom line is what happens in the homes and classroom. Politics does not directly affect these things.

Gardner Newsletter: Please make a “wish list” of five (5) things you would like to happen that would make for better schools and students. You may start each sentence with, “I wish”

Teresa: I WISH ... parents who give birth would really want and love their children.

I WISH ... teachers got more respect.

I WISH ... class sizes were smaller. (I have classes of 16 this year. It’s much easier than the normal 25+.)

I WISH ... All people knew how much God loves them.

I WISH ... and, of course, we could use more money.



Teresa Vasko has devoted her life to being a dedicated teacher.

Gardner Newsletter: What do you think are some of the most disturbing developments in the field of education that plague teachers in this modern era? How can we fix them?

(Continued on page 4)

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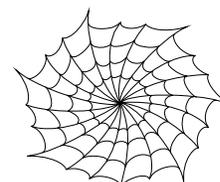
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WEB SPINOFFS

- C'mon Kids! The \$100 prize money for a captioned picture is still in effect!
- Check out Teresa Gonzalo's ALL THROUGH THE YEARS page and then submit one of your own!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from the Gardner Newsletter!

This is the last issue of the newsletter before the hustle and bustle of the Holiday Sea-

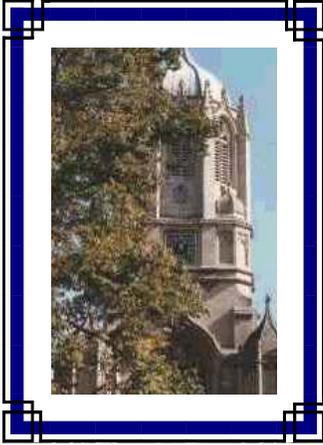
son. When the February 2001 issue is published, we will be starting our fourth year. Hard to believe, isn't it? Thanks to everyone (readers and contributors); you made it all possible!

What do I wish for you this Christmas and for 2001 (the

real millennium)? “Joy” comes to mind. I always associate this word with a Vacation Bible School we attended one year when the three of us were living with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner. The teacher used the letters J-O-Y to form the acronym Jesus

(Continued on page 4)

Christmas Day at Oxford University in 1773



Tom Tower, Christ Church, Oxford University, England

If you are a college or university student, or are connected in other ways with academia, it is likely that you anticipate the approaching holidays with great enthusiasm and excitement. After all, there is a brief respite from studying and classes and more time for friends and family. Was this true in “merry olde England” in the 18th cen-

ture? Here is Sub-Warden James Woodforde’s account of his Christmas day at Oxford University in 1773.

“I dined in the Hall, and fourteen senior fellows with me. I invited the Warden to dine with us as is usual on this day, but his sister being here, could not. We had a very handsome dinner of my ordering, as I order dinner every day being Sub-Warden.

We had for dinner two fine cods boiled, with fresh soles round them, and oyster sauce, a fine sirloin of beef roasted, some pease soup and an orange pudding, for the first course; for the second we had a lease of wild ducks roasted, a fore-quarter of lamb, and salad, and mince pies. We had a grace cup before the second course brought by the butler to the steward of the Hall who was Mr. Ad-

“Prayers this evening did not begin till 6 o’clock, at which I attended as did the Warden.”

ams a Senior Fellow, who got out of his place and came to my chair and then drank to me out of it, wishing me a merry Christmas. I then took it of him and drank, wishing him the same, and then it went round, three standing up all the time. From the high table the grace cup goes to the bachelors and scholars.

After the second course there was a fine plum cake brought to the senior table as is usual on this day, which also goes to the bachelors after. After grace is said there is another grace cup to drink *omnibus Wickhamisis* [to all Wickhamists] which is drunk as the first, only the steward of hall does not attend the

second grace cup. We dined at three o’clock and were an hour and a half at it. We all then went into the senior common room, where the Warden came to us and sat with us till prayers. The wine drunk by the senior fellows, domus pays for. Prayers this evening did not begin till 6 o’clock, at which I attended



The New College Choir as it appears today. The Choir has a rich music tradition dating back to the 14th century.

Some Biographical Data on James Woodforde

as did the Warden. I supped etc. in the Chequer. We had rabbits for supper roasted as is usual on this day. The Sub-Warden has one to himself; the bursars each one apiece; the senior fellows half a one each. The junior fellows a rabbit between three. N.B. Put on this day a new coat and

waistcoat for the first time.”

James Woodforde was born in Somerset in 1740, the son of the Rector of Ansford and Castle Cary. He was an undergraduate at New College, Oxford, and after taking his degree, returned to Somerset where he held various curacies.

On his father’s death, he failed to succeed to the Somerset livings, and he returned to Oxford as a Fellow and Sub-warden of New College. In 1774, he obtained a college living at Weston Longeville in Norfolk, where he lived, with occasional visits to his Som-

(Continued on page 3)

Learn About The Parson Woodforde Society

(Continued from page 2)
erset family and friends, until his death in 1802. He never married, and, in Norfolk, his niece, Nancy, acted as his housekeeper.

His life would be considered totally unremarkable and uneventful, but for one thing: for over 40 years he kept a diary, with entries for almost every day. The diary, which gives a unique insight into life in rural 18th century England, first be-

came widely known when, in the 1920s, John Beresford published a 5-volume abridgement.

The Parson Woodforde Society exists to promote the study of James Woodforde, and to provide opportunities for people who share this interest to communicate and meet. The Society publishes a quarterly journal, and, to date, seven volumes of their own, unabridged, and fully anno-

tated edition of the diary. These cover, in particular, the Somerset and Oxford years, which are least well represented in the Beresford edition.

To request more information about James Woodforde and the Parson Woodforde Society, send an e-mail to Will Stevens at wstevens@cix.co.uk.



New College, Oxford University, where James Woodforde was Sub-Warden in 1773. New College was founded in the 14th Century. ... And we think Harvard is old!

Three Nostalgic Vignettes

By: Clayton Gardner

Papa, Mama, Earl and Me

Papa was born in Nova Scotia. Grandma brought him to our farm in northern Vermont when he was two years old. He says he remembers crossing the Clyde River on that trip. Well he might. For while crossing on the ice, the horse broke through taking sleigh, Grandma, and Papa into the icy water. Being a resourceful woman, Grandma tossed Papa onto the firm ice, somehow managed to get horse and sleigh out of the water,

picked up Papa and continued the short way to the house where Earl, I, our two brothers and six sisters grew up.

Mama was born in Chicago to parents temporarily there from near Boston. Her parents soon returned to the Boston area where a horse is a "hoss."

Mama became a teacher and taught for a couple of years. She met Papa while on a trip to attend Boston Fair in Boston, Vermont.

Papa's family was truly religious – Mama's was not. In later years, Mama and Papa often told the joke that Mama married the man who called her a sinner rather than the man who said she was an angel.

Papa's schooling ended with the eighth grade. As far as I am concerned, his eighth grade class was one of the most famous in history. When Papa was 93, he and only one other member of that class was still living.

"Papa's schooling ended with the eighth grade. As far as I am concerned, his eighth grade class was one of the most famous in history."

Sliding on Blake Hill

Our one-room school house was located near the top of Blake Hill. The gravel road went straight down to a ninety-degree turn, leveled out a bit just before another ninety-degree turn, then sloped gradually down to a bridge over a small brook.

After a snow storm, Carl Gray, who was our teacher's husband, would roll the road packing the snow solidly. During recesses and noon hours, all the pupils would

get their sleds and slide merrily down Blake Hill. Of course, not everyone had a sled. So we doubled-up. The first slider would like with his or her stomach on the sled – the second slider would lie on his or her stomach on the first slider's back. Sometimes a third slider would get on top.

The ninety-degree turn at the end of the steepest part posed a problem. If the sled went too fast, it would fail to negotiate the turn. Then, if we were lucky, we ended in deep snow at the side of the road. If not lucky, we would hit

one of the many trees beside the road.

We learned how to roll off a sled headed toward a tree. We would be in the snow beside the tree when the sled hit.

First Days in School

When I was four, Adelbert was a baby, and Nita was two. Ruth, Elizabeth, Lois, and Earl went to our one-room red school house each school day. Maybe I do Mama an injustice, but I believe she felt her life would be better if there were

one less child at home. So in September Mama packed my lunch and sent me to school with the others. Our teacher, Mrs. Gray, was Mama's good friend and neighbor. She accepted me as her pupil and for awhile I attended regularly and was doing fine.

Mrs. Gray's immediate supervisor was Mr. Stone, our district's superintendent of schools. Mr. Stone had a wooden leg. Yet he often walked the three miles from his home in Island Pond to our school.

(Continued on page 4)

Teresa Vasko talks about the family.

(Continued from page 1)

Teresa: The lack of parenting has such an effect on the student's ability to learn. Many of my students are so undisciplined and unfocused that educating them is almost impossible.

We need to, somehow, strengthen the American family.

Gardner Newsletter: *If you had just one piece of advice you could pass on to one who has just received his/her teaching credential, what would it be?*

Teresa: Be honest, with yourself and with your students. Kids spot phonies quicker than we adults do. Love the unlovable.

If you go into education for the financial rewards, you will be disappointed.

(Editor's Note: *Remember Uncle Clayton's words in the very first issue of the newsletter? "One should not go into teaching unless they are willing to work hard and accept the idea that helping young people to grow into healthy and informed adults is more important than earning lots of money. If you want to make lots of money, become a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, or a Bill Gates.")*

Years ago, I went to a chain store to buy a certain doll. My daughter wanted one. They were on sale and I rushed right after school on the first day of the sale to purchase it. The dolls were all sold out and the sales girl laughed when she told me they had all been sold by 10:00 a.m. I wanted to speak to the manager, but they gave me a phone number to call with my complaint.

All the way home, I prepared my speech to give to this person. She was the nicest person I have ever spoken with on the phone and she diffused my anger. When she finished I

said, "I can't be the only person who is upset by the unavailability of this sale item." Her response was, "For every irate phone call we get, we know there are 100 dissatisfied customers."

Well, I have turned that around; and I say, for every positive comment I receive about my professional life, I feel there are 100 others who feel the same way, but don't bother to say so. It's helped me a lot!

Gardner Newsletter: *How about a few tips on how parents can become involved in their children's education without becoming adversaries? Should parents treat school administrative personnel differently than teachers? If yes, why? If no, why not?*

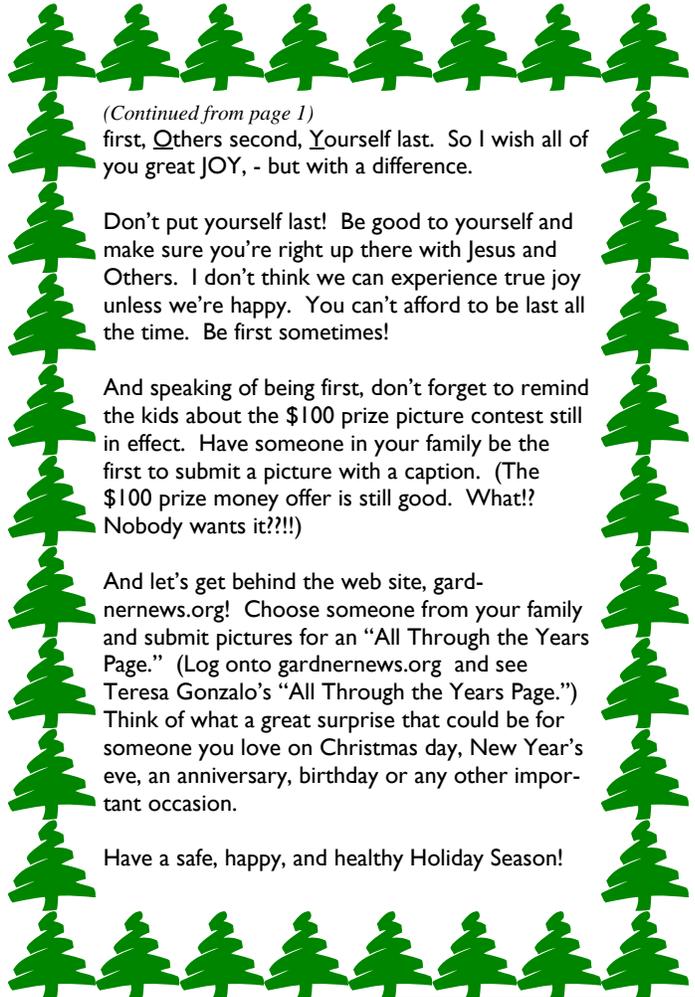
Teresa: Second part first All people should be treated with respect (easier said than done). We all do our best; at times it may not be good enough, but it is the best we can do at that time.

My favorite saying on this topic is ... "Instant availability without continuous presence is probably the best role a parent can play."

Gardner Newsletter: *Please recall one of your favorite classroom anecdotes that you regard as a "highlight" of your career. It would be nice if it could be something that happened during the "Holiday Season."*

Teresa: I taught our minister's son in the 7th and 8th grade. It was during Christmas vacation that he took an IQ test in the Reader's Digest and he scored really well. He told his mom, "Mrs. Vasko taught me to look for the tricks in things." I think it's the best compliment I have received on my teaching.

Gardner Newsletter: *Please list your background and teaching experience and anything else you*



(Continued from page 1)

first, Others second, Yourself last. So I wish all of you great JOY, - but with a difference.

Don't put yourself last! Be good to yourself and make sure you're right up there with Jesus and Others. I don't think we can experience true joy unless we're happy. You can't afford to be last all the time. Be first sometimes!

And speaking of being first, don't forget to remind the kids about the \$100 prize picture contest still in effect. Have someone in your family be the first to submit a picture with a caption. (The \$100 prize money offer is still good. What!! Nobody wants it?!!)

And let's get behind the web site, gardnernews.org! Choose someone from your family and submit pictures for an "All Through the Years Page." (Log onto gardnernews.org and see Teresa Gonzalo's "All Through the Years Page.") Think of what a great surprise that could be for someone you love on Christmas day, New Year's eve, an anniversary, birthday or any other important occasion.

Have a safe, happy, and healthy Holiday Season!

may wish to pass on.

Teresa: Lyndon Institute,
Vermont – 1959 – 1963

Hanover High School, Hanover, MA – 1967-1969

Turtle Creek Middle School, PA – 1969-1971

Lyndon Schools – 1973 – Present.

Teaching has been a wonderful career. My best years were when I had my own son and daughter in class. I knew all of the kids.

(Continued from page 3)

One day after I had been in school for about two weeks, Mr. Stone walked in. He sat in back of our school room for a while. Then he asked Mrs. Gray to come outside for a conference. Shortly, they returned to the room. I remember this next part as though it happened yesterday. Mr. Stone came to my desk, balanced himself carefully on his wooden leg, bent over and whispered, "How old are you?" I said, "four." I did not know why, but the next day and thereafter until the following September, Mama kept me home.

See you in 2001!

Gardner Newsletter

Gardner
Newsletter

Margaret Gardner Wins \$100 Prize

Margaret Gardner wins the Gardner Newsletter picture contest with her submission of this picture of Raymond and Margaret Gardner and their 15 grandchildren! The picture is dated June 10, 2000. *From left to right, starting from the back: Will Jacobs holding Cailin O'Toole, Deanna Gardner, Raymond Gardner, Margaret Gardner, Katrina Parsons holding Megan Ludgate, Robyn Parsons holding Stephen Jacobs, Kayla Gardner, Bryan Ludgate, Nathaniel Jacobs, Andrew Gardner, Edwin Parsons,*

Angela Gardner, Margaret Jacobs holding Devlin McCarthy.

This picture can also be seen on the Gardner Newsletter web site at www.gardnernews.org. Thanks to Margaret for participating and we hope others will follow her example by supporting the web site and this publication with pictures, articles, original works of art, writings, or anything else of interest.



Margaret Gardner wins the \$100 prize.

How about gathering together a series pictures of someone in your family and honor them with an "All Through the Years" page!

Please, let's make a special effort to get this endeavor off the

(Continued on page 4)

Volume 4, Issue 13

Winter 2001

Special points of interest:

- Study Margaret Gardner's winning picture and realize how fast time goes by!
- Send in anything you know about the Lang Round Barn!
- Learn all the secrets about the old "old homestead."



**It's time YOU
contributed
something to the
newsletter or web
site. Don't put it off!**

The “Old Homestead” Before it was the “Old Homestead”

By Clayton Gardner

This house was remodeled in 1946 or 1947. Before remodeling, the main part of the house had five rooms. Downstairs there was a kitchen, small living room, and a small bedroom. Upstairs there were two slant ceilinged bedrooms. As shown in the picture, there were three windows on the west end. The upstairs window was for the four boy’s bedroom. One of the two downstairs windows was for the folk’s bedroom – a very small bedroom just barely large enough to hold a double bed flush against the south and west walls with a small walkway north of the bed. There was a bureau at the foot of the bed and room enough between the

bureau and the entry door to hold a wash tub in which we had our Saturday night baths. Usually, quite a few of us used the same bath water so that we did not have to fill the tub many times. The other downstairs window was for a small living room. The remodeled house combined the old living room and the downstairs bedroom to make the present day living room.

The six girls slept in the upstairs bedroom that had the dormer. We boys felt that they had a better room than we did because of the dormer and because our room did not provide any privacy. The stairway was open. Everyone coming up the stairs could see both boys’ double beds. The girls’ room had a door that they could close.

The “Old Homestead” as we know it and the “Old Homestead” described by Clayton!



“This shed chamber contained many interesting things.”

The structure between the main house and the barn contained the ice cream factory, the ice cream parlor (these were converted to a stable during World War II), a garage, a woodshed, the outhouse and two rooms that sometimes served as a kitchen and dining room. Above these was the space that we called the shed chamber. This shed chamber contained many interesting things – Papa’s old checkbooks, a cider press, the frame of a bicycle, old bureaus, a bear’s head rug, (Papa shot that bear

long before I was born), cream separators, and a host of other things. We boys often crawled up onto the roof of the ice cream parlor and walked along the ridge pole to the very west-most end of the house. We did not need a ladder as the distance from the ground to the roof of the barn end was easy to navigate.

“Not exactly the pyramids, but still a great structure!”

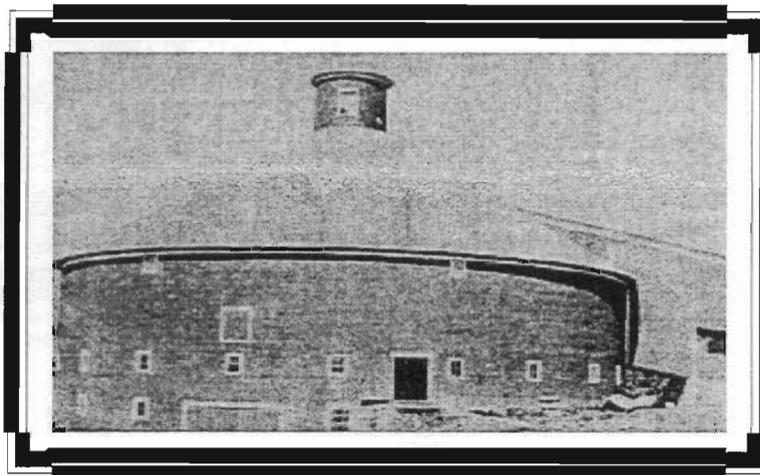
By: *Paul Gardner*

You could call this issue of the newsletter our “architectural issue.” Clayton has given us a wonderful description of how the old family homestead looked prior to World War II. This article is about another structure that was once located just up the road from the old homestead, - the “largest round barn in New England!” When Jean, Linda and I lived with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner in the early fifties, we used to play at this very location. The round barn had been reduced to its foundation stones by then and we would play and run around on them, sometimes falling into the lush grass that grew within the large circum-

ference.

Raymond thoughtfully provided the picture you see below. Although the quality is not too good, you can see how much the structure resembles the first true round barn built by the Shakers in Hancock, Massachusetts. According to the information Raymond provided, the Lang Round Barn, located on the “Ten Mile Square Road” in Each Charleston, Vermont, was built in 1908 and burned down in 1918. It was purported to be the largest round barn in New England. Earl Lang (*was my father named after him? – perhaps...*) was in the army serving in France at the time it was destroyed. He learned about the fire in February, 1919 from a letter written in December 1918.

According to Raymond, the Charleston Historical Association has a picture of the round barn under construction and Nita has a slide from which the picture included here was made. Those newsletter subscribers who are descendants of the Langs probably know a lot more about this barn and we would, of course, like to receive any information about this fascinating building. In the meantime, I have written to the Charleston Historical Association and have yet to hear from them. Stay tuned for further updates to this interesting story.



The Lang Round Barn on “Ten Mile Square Road” circa 1917.

More About Round Barns

George Washington’s sixteen sided barn built in 1793 is the earliest recorded barn of this type. However, the most famous and perhaps the first true round barn was the Shaker Barn in Hancock, Massachusetts built in 1825. It was 90 feet in diameter with 30 inch stone walls. After it burned down, the Shakers built another on the same site in 1865.

Not until the late 1800’s did round barns really catch on and even then they were only located on the farms of wealthy farmers who had the resources to indulge in architectural styles. Octagonal or sixteen sided barns were the first to gain early popularity. In Lowell Soikes book “Without Right Angles” Soikes conjectures that round barns with silos contained within were considered ideal feeding facilities and contributed to “the good nature of the

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inhabitants.”

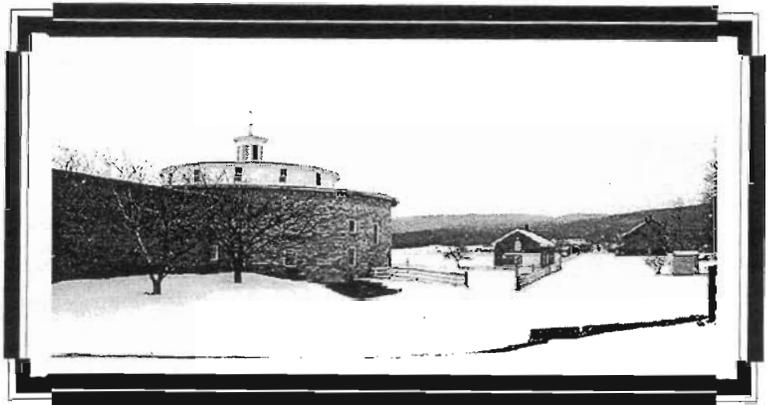
With the establishment of Iowa State University as one of the earliest land grant colleges, they were encouraging farmers and contractors via teaching and publications to build round or octagonal barns. These octagon barns were erected and built generally of heavy timbers on stone foundations while later barns were built on cement foundations. One octagonal barn near Ames, Iowa was constructed from wood collected from the remains of a devastating tornado in 1881 in Story County. However, by the early 1890's the octagonal barn was waning in popularity and the true round barns came into vogue. The final round barn innovation came around 1908-1910 when hollow clay tile replaced wood in the building of the round barns. But by the early 1920's the round barn era was over.

Today these emblems of past architectural and agricultural innovation stand ravaged by weather, time and abandonment. They are mere shrines to a vanishing way of life. With a few exceptions these barns have outlived their usefulness and it's simply too impractical and too expensive to maintain and/or repair.

(Continued from page 1)

ground. Think of what a tribute this could be to someone in your family who has passed on or for someone who holds a special place in your heart. All you have to do is send in the pictures (with a little caption); or, if you are computer savvy, e-mail a page of your own to Greta Gardner and it will be included on the web site.

Congratulations to Margaret Gardner - and her check for \$100 has been enclosed with this issue of the newsletter!



The Shaker Barn in Hancock, Massachusetts built in 1825. Notice how much the structure of the Lang Round Barn resembles this most famous and probably first one.

Round Barns: Why are they loved?

By Brenda Hyde

Reprinted from the worldwide web

Some treasured antiques can't be placed on a shelf to be admired. Some antiques must be gazed upon from a distance and then from inside to be fully appreciated. Round barns, also known as barrel, centric or polygonal barns, are one of these treasures.

Vermont Life magazine in the summer of 1949, featured a four page spread devoted to the "Barrel Barns" of New England. They wrote "Like the old covered bridge, the remaining barrel barns are eventually headed for oblivion." 50 years later we can still visit many of these structures and admire

the quaint beauty and the unique style of these barns. It must have taken a strong personality and will to build a barn that was not conventional. It's been said they were built round to ward off evil spirits. Vermont Life quotes owners of the barns at the time that claim they were easier to clean and maintain.

Note: From Richmond, Vermont

Vermont has a round barn which is actually used as a church now. It is located in Richmond, Vermont, on Bridge Street which is just off Route 2. They feature daily tours of the structure throughout the summer which include quite a bit of history. On weekends, it is used for weddings and other special events. (Brigitte A. Thompson)



GARDNER NEWSLETTER

HENRY FORD TIMELINE

- 1863** Born July 30 in Greenfield Township, Michigan
- 1879** Leaves family farm for Detroit to work in machine shops.
- 1888** Marries Clara Bryant of Greenfield Township and moves to 80-acre farm in what is today Dearborn.
- 1891** Secures position as engineer with the Edison Illuminating Company; returns to Detroit.
- 1893** Edsel Bryant Ford, only child of Henry and Clara Ford, born.
- 1896** Completes his first automobile, the Quadricycle, and drives it through the streets of Detroit.
- 1899** Ends eight years of employment with the Edison Illuminating Company to devote full attention to the manufacture of automobiles. Made chief engineer and partner in the newly formed "Detroit Automobile Company" which produced only a few cars.
- 1901** Henry Ford Company organized with Ford as engineer. Ford resigns over dispute with bankers in 1902 and the company becomes the Cadillac Motor Car Co.
- 1903** Ford Motor Company is officially incorporated. Ford's first Model A appears on the market in Detroit.
- 1908** Ford begins manufacturing
(Continued on page 4)

THE WAYSIDE INN

This National Historic Site has important connections to Grandma Gardner and her family!

What do Grandma Gardner, the Wayside Inn of Sudbury, Massachusetts, and the legendary tycoon, Henry Ford, all have in common? As it turns out, quite a lot. Olive Lucy French was born in Chicago, December 30, 1886. (By the way, that was the same year the French made a gift of the Statute of Liberty to the United States.) The family moved to Sudbury, Massachusetts in 1888. They lived in the Solomon Dutton House, which is now 182 Dutton Road in Sudbury.



Entrance to the famed Wayside Inn of Sudbury, Massachusetts

By all accounts Grandma had fond childhood memories of the Wayside Inn. Uncle Raymond recalls, "The Inn played a big part in Mother's upbringing. She often mentioned it to us children when we were growing up." And no wonder, - her aunt and uncle, Horace Seymour and Elizabeth Josephine Noyes, were caretakers of the Inn during the 1890's. Grandma and her brother and sisters (Arthur, Marion and Laura) must have helped their uncle and aunt there and probably roamed and played on the grounds of the historic site as well.

(Continued on page 3)

Long Line of Lang Links By Sandra Baraw

@s you know, Edith and Edna Lang were half sisters of Will Gardner. Arthur and Sandra Johnson (Baraw) are children of Edith Lang (Johnson).

One of their ancestors, Captain John Lang

(of what is now Portsmouth, New Hampshire) took the minutes of a meeting conducted by Lieutenant Governor Partridge, who was under a commission signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury dated "26 June 8th year of our Reigne." The State Papers (of New Hampshire) 2.272 show the scribe's memorandum, June 13, 1698:

(Continued on page 2)

“Robert Lang is the direct ancestor of Sandra and Arthur.”

(Continued from page 1)

“So far from the beginning of Lt. Gov. Partridge taking upon him ye Government are the Minutes of Council sent for England by Captain Jno Lang.”

It may well be that Captain Lang was charged with the transport of those minutes back to England via the only transportation available – ship.

Another entry in the State Papers during this period reads, “Captain John Lang took the minutes.”

Robert Lang, another ancestor, was known to have been a fisherman on the Isle of Shoals on March 16, 1670. The Isle of Shoals is a few miles out of Portsmouth Harbor and contained a colony of fisherman with crude homes. In the 1600’s it was not safe to live inland because of the Indian menace.

Eventually the Lang family moved on shore to the Sagamore Creek area which is between the ocean and the main part of Portsmouth. Robert Lang, brother of John, is the direct ancestor of

Sandra and Arthur. Robert was the first of the family to move inland.

Conditions around Sagamore Creek were not very secure. In 1689 the Indians killed 20 settlers at Oyster River (Durham) and four years later 93 were killed or captured. Robert Lang and others were threatened at Sagamore Creek on June 26, 1696. The Indians came from York, Maine and landed at Rye Beach, very close to Sagamore Creek. 14 people were killed.

If anyone is interested, a 3-mile drive directly westward from Rye Beach will bring you to the Town of Lang Corners. In the “Point of Graves” historic cemetery in Prescott Park beside the waterfront in Portsmouth is an interesting gravestone. The epitaph reads,

“Here lies buried the body of Capt. Daniel Lang who departed this life July 24th, 1757 in the 36th year of his age.”



“A 3-mile drive directly westward from Rye Beach will bring you to the Town of Lang Corners.”

... about the author of “Mary Had a Little lamb”

Sarah Josepha Hale (1788-1879) was born in Newport, New Hampshire, daughter of a tavern keeper, and educated by her mother and brother. She ran a school from 1806 to 1813, then married a lawyer, David Hale, who gave her the equivalent of a college education. Widowed with five children in 1822, she turned to literary activity for income. The



SARAJ JOSEPHA HALE

success of her novel *Northwood* (1827) led to her becoming editor of *Ladies' Magazine* of Boston in 1828. In 1837, this journal merged into *Godey's Lady's Book* of Philadelphia. Hale's editorship (1837-1877) made her one of the most influential American women of the mid-nineteenth century, an arbiter of taste in dress, architecture, and literature, and a publicist for women's education, women's property rights, professions for women, early childhood educa-

(Continued on page 4)

Who employed Uncle Horace and Aunt Elizabeth? Was it descendants of the Adam How family, or was it Mr. and Mrs. Lemon?

(Continued from page 1)

It is unclear who exactly employed Grandma's uncle and aunt as caretakers. Perhaps it was Edward R. Lemon, a Malden wool merchant and antique collector who purchased the property in 1897. He and his wife refurbished and re-opened the Wayside Inn and ran it for more than two decades, making many changes to the house. They added guest rooms and dormer windows to the third floor, as well as some Victorian modernizations. After Lemon died in 1919, the aging Mrs. Lemon tried to keep up the Inn, but the task proved too great a challenge for her.

The first owners of the Inn were the Hows. The Inn was originally called How's Tavern or the Red Horse Tavern, but after the publication of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in 1863, the Inn became popularly known as the Wayside Inn. David How deeded the Inn to his son, Ezekiel (a Lt. Colonel in the colonial Middlesex Militia) and Ezekiel, in turn, bestowed the title "Innkeeper" to his son, Adam, who was in charge from 1793 to 1830. Perhaps the descendants of Adam How employed Horace and Elizabeth just before Mr. and Mrs. Lemon took over. It would be intriguing to find out for sure, wouldn't it?

Well, we've established a direct link between Grandma Gardner and the old Wayside Inn, but where does Henry Ford come into the mix? Mr. Ford blew into Sudbury like a major force forever changing the town and its landscape. In 1923, within a few days of the initial transaction with Mrs. Lemon for \$60,000 for the Inn and 60 acres of land, his agents had options on 1,300 more acres. By the time he was through, Ford owned nearly 2,000 acres worth some \$170,855 making him one of the town's leading taxpayers. By this time, of course, Grandma had long since met



The Redstone School on the grounds of the Wayside Inn

Will Gardner, and was creating a legendary assembly line of her own, - the Original Gang of Ten!

One of the many changes Henry Ford brought to Sudbury was the Wayside Inn Boys School founded in 1928 when 31 underprivileged boys between the ages of 16 and 18, all wards of the state who had been carefully screened for aptitude and intelligence, began to gather at the Old Calvin Howe House. Ironically, the Solomon Dutton House (where the French's lived when they first

emigrated from Chicago) was renovated to allow the expansion of the student body to 50 boys in 1931. Later the enrollment was increased again to 75. The school closed shortly after Ford's death in 1947.

Uncle Raymond fondly remembers, "Another often mentioned saying of Mother's was 'Mary had a little lamb.'" This nursery rhyme has a direct link to Laura Christensen, Olive's sister, and her family. Henry Ford discovered portions of the "Little Red Schoolhouse" of Mary had a Little Lamb fame in Sterling, Massachusetts. He purchased the structure, disassembled and reassembled it, with additions, on the grounds of the Wayside Inn in 1926.

Research shows that this Redstone School was, indeed, the school to which a young girl named Mary had a lamb follow her. Mary Sawyer, a young student at the school, had nursed a sickly lamb back to health, and it had become her loyal pet; so loyal, in fact, that it came to school with her one day early in the 1800s. Mary remembered being handed a poem written by John Roulstone about the lamb's following her. There is no evidence, however, that this poem was ever seen by Sarah Hale, the author of Mary's Lamb. We do know, however, that Sarah Josepha Hale, one of the most influential American writers and editors of the 19th century, actually wrote the much beloved

(Continued on page 4)



The old sign that welcomes visitors to the Wayside Inn

"We've established a direct link between Grandma Gardner and the old Wayside Inn, but where does Henry Ford come into the mix?"

(Continued from page 2)

tion, public health, and other progressive causes. Yet she opposed suffrage and women's public speaking. Hale promoted American women writers through Godey's and other channels. Her writings include Poems for Our Children (1830); Flora's Interpreter, or, The American Book of Flowers and Sentiments, which ran to fourteen editions; Three Hours; or, The Vigil of Love: and Other Poems (1848); and Woman's Record (1854), an encyclopedia of distinguished women throughout history, with the largest part devoted to living American women writers. Hale also published etiquette books and cookbooks and edited the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Madame de Sévigné.

(Continued from page 3)

children's poem. She first published it in 1830 in a book of verses "Poems for our Children."

It is extremely interesting to note that when the Redstone School was re-assembled at the Wayside Inn in 1926 that the Original Gang of Ten's cousins, Alice Cowen and Fred Christensen, were in the very first class ever convened there. This was such a momentous occasion that they even had their pictures taken with Henry Ford! We certainly would like to get our hands on that picture for everyone to see. (Perhaps those newsletter subscribers who belong to this sector of the family can help us locate this great photo.)

Why not plan a visit to the Wayside Inn? While you are eating dinner in that venerable dining room where George Washington once partook of colonial fare, you can talk to those with you about how, many years ago, a national shrine, a famous magnate, a little red schoolhouse, and a beloved nursery rhyme all converged to profoundly affect the lives of some of your ancestors - and now - your life too!.

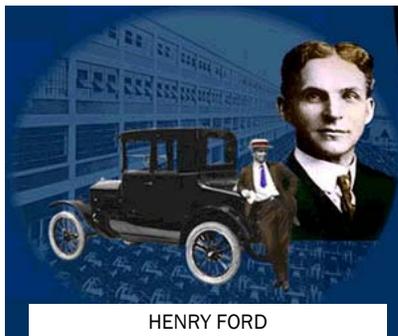
Don't forget to log onto gardnernews.org!

Sources:

Wayside Inn Web Site
Sudbury, 1890-1989, 100 years in the Life of a Town (Chapter 7), Curt Garfield, Town Historian

(Continued from page 1)

- ing the famous Model T.
- 1910** Begins operations at factory in Highland Park, Michigan.
- 1913** Introduces first moving automobile as-
- 1914** Announces his plan to share the Ford them \$5.00 for an eight hour day.
- 1915** The Oscar II, Ford's "Peace Ship," sets World War I.
- 1917** Begins construction of industrial facility
- 1918** Loses his bid for the U.S. Senate.
- 1919** Edsel B. Ford, son of Henry Ford, is
- 1921** Ford Motor Company dominates auto
- 1926** Focus on air transportation and devel-
- 1927** Transfers final assembly line from High-Model T ends, and the Model A is intro-
- 1929** Dedicates his Edison Institute of Tech- of 50 years of the electric light.
- 1932** Builds first V-8 Ford car.
- 1933** Successfully resists first efforts to unionize workers at Ford plants.
- 1937** "Battle of the Overpass" occurs between Ford security staff and United Auto Workers union organizers. As a result, the court orders Ford not to interfere with union activity.
- 1941** Ford Motor Company signs a contract with UAW.
- 1943** Edsel B. Ford dies at age 49.
- 1947** Henry Ford dies at age 83, at Fair Lane, his Dearborn home.



HENRY FORD

sembly line at Highland Park.
 Motor Company's profits with workers, paying
 sail for Norway on a pacifist expedition to end
 on the Rouge River in Dearborn, Michigan.
 named president of Ford Motor Company.
 production with 55% of industry's total output.
 ops the Tri-Motor airplane
 land Park plant to the Rouge. Production of the
 duced.
 nology and Greenfield Village with a celebration



PLEASE SEND IN YOUR ARTICLES TODAY!

Gardner Newsletter

E. Charleston Reunites Through Worship *By: Nita Ames*

We often sing the old hymn “Rescue the Perishing.” The third verse of the old song, however, is rarely heard. Here are the words: *“Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, feelings lie buried that grace can restore. Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness, chords that are broken will vibrate once more.”* The Town of East Charleston has just recently experienced how much God’s grace can restore buried feelings and the extent to which He can restore broken chords. Let me recount the story for you.

My brothers and sisters, the Original Gang of Ten, grew up attending the East Charleston Plymouth Church. Most of you probably know this church to be the big white Congregational church in the heart of East Charleston. We attended Sunday School every week. Young people attended weekly “Christian

Endeavor” meetings. In the early 1940s Gordon Whitcomb was the pastor of the church. He sure made the Bible come alive – clearly preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ! It was during his pastorate that the church began to divide into separate factions. There were those who favored Gordon Whitcomb’s homilies and the conservative doctrines they represented; and then there was another group of families who preferred to hear a more liberal, non-biblical message. This precipitated an unfortunate crisis which resulted in the end of Gordon Whitcomb’s stay as pastor there.

Naturally, this divided the town and caused lots of hard feelings. Several



Nita Ames

(Continued on page 2)

U.S. History Comes Alive in Boston *By: Ron Gibbs*

When I left Bakersfield for my two week vacation to Boston, I knew that there would be a few good times. I really had anticipated a slow-paced vacation with a lot of sight seeing that I felt probably wouldn’t interest me. I was

wrong by the second hour of our trip! Flying over the Grand Canyon was a spectacular view. Even on the way home, I couldn’t help but marvel at the size and beauty of it.

There were so many “firsts” during my visit to Boston. Riding the subway was a little uncomfortable for the first few

times. But after a few days, Mom and I were veterans. After seeing the way people drive in Boston, I am convinced that the subway is the best way to commute. I have driven in Los Angeles and the streets are not as narrow or confusing as the ones in Boston.

I wish I had visited Boston before taking U.S. History in high school. It certainly

would have made the course more interesting. I am going to try to take my boys before they enter high school. I think they would really enjoy it,

(Continued on page 2)



Ron Gibbs

“Our Timetable is not God’s Timetable!”

(Continued from page 1)

families left the church over these doctrinal differences and my mother and father (Will and Olive) opened their home to these families so that Gordon Whitcomb could hold services there every Sunday. And so it was that on Sunday, October 27, 1946, *(according to their 50th Anniversary newsletter)* the Church of the Nazarene of East Charleston was organized by District Superintendent Rev. J. C. Albright, with 10 members and Merrill Ladd as their pastor. The original families of the church included the Gene Davis family, the Herbert Carr family, Mrs. Sheldon Carr, the Gardner Family, the Ames family and the Westover family.

The Town of East Charleston now had two churches – each following a different path – one conservative and one liberal. Sixty years passed and this seemingly unfathomable chasm still yawned between the two congregations. East Charleston was approaching the 21st century a divided town, still wearing the scars of that unfortunate rift which occurred over a half century before.

But our timetable is not God’s timetable. Gradually the hard feelings began to dissipate. The two churches began to hold joint Christmas Eve services and came together more often for meals and fellowship. For several years afterwards the

members of the Plymouth Church had a minister whose views were so liberal that even they couldn’t embrace her theology! Then it happened. The minister left and the Plymouth Church’s trustees approached our Nazarene pastor, Gary Blowers, to see if the possibility existed for him to be their pastor too. Our church board was thrilled with the opportunity! And so it has come to pass that both churches now have the same pastor. The two roads are now one – and what an exciting journey it’s going to be! I can’t wait to see where this road will take the two congregations. It can only be to a better place. Stay tuned!

“The two roads are now one—and what an exciting journey it’s going to be!”

I know my parents, Will and Olive, would be ecstatic to see everything finally come full circle and to realize that the impossible most certainly has happened. Their one desire was to make sure everyone in East Charleston be given the opportunity of hearing the gospel and that all come to know Jesus Christ as their Savior. The next time you hear the strains of “Rescue the Perishing,” don’t forget to include the third verse. While you’re singing, reflect on what God’s grace and loving hearts awakened by kindness did for one of our favorite towns in the Northeast Kingdom!

More On Ron’s Trip to Boston

(Continued from page 1)

especially the duck tour around Boston and the Charles River. Paul bought me a couple of books about Boston. I couldn’t wait to get home and read through them to find out more about the places I had seen and the places I would like to tour next time.

The first thing Mom and I did was the duck tour in Boston on the World War II amphibious vehicle.

““Realizing that there had been an important battle fought on the hill was an overwhelming feeling.”

grave site.

The U.S.S. Constitution was a very interesting adventure in itself, even though we did not do the tour of the ship. I look forward to touring it on my next Boston adventure. The Bunker Hill monument was really awesome! It was amazing. There are 294 steps to the top. I really had a workout! Realizing that there had been an important battle fought on the hill was an overwhelming feeling and I felt the eerie presence of dead and fighting soldiers.

The next day we started our two-day journey on the Freedom Trail. We saw the Boston Public Garden and the Common. I was impressed with the Massachusetts State House and the architecture of the old churches. I really enjoyed visiting Paul Revere’s home and the history that lies there. It was very interesting to see the granary burial site where he was buried along with the victims of the Boston Massacre, as well as John Hancock and his slave, Frank. I also visited Samuel Adams’

I’m not a Boston Celtics fan, but one of the restaurants where Mom and I had lunch was across from the Fleet Center. It has memorabilia from the old Boston Garden where they used to play when the Lakers (Los Angeles) dominated them! Ha! Ha! We also went to Fenway Park and watched a Red Sox game. They lost 3-2, but it was still nice to be in the oldest baseball park in major league baseball.

One of the last things I saw in Boston was the Boston Tea

(Continued on page 3)

“There are 294 steps to the top of Bunker Hill Monument.”

(Continued from page 2)

Party memorial. I will have to come back to Boston another time to see the Big Dig when it is completed. Since the whole country is paying for it to be built, I feel that I should get some benefit from it even though I don't live in the area. Another thing I especially liked in the city is the food gallery at Faneuil Hall.

I would like to thank my uncle, Paul, and Bob for putting up with Mom and me during the two weeks that I was there and the three weeks that she was there. It was also great meeting all my grandfather's (*Earl, from the Original Gang of Ten*) sisters, their children and grandchildren. Judging from where my grandfather lived in Prunedale, California, I can see why he picked the spot he did for his home because it is similar to Vermont. The view from the back of the property at the old Gardner homestead is spectacular and breathtaking. I'm really looking forward to meeting more of the Gardner Family, hearing more stories about them, and learning more about

Accessing the Archives A WINDOW TO THE PAST

In the newsletter's last issue (Spring 2001), we talked about how Sudbury's historic Wayside Inn helped to shape the lives of Grandma Gardner and her siblings. The Original Gang of Ten heard Grandma reminisce fondly about the Inn and her childhood. Moving ahead a couple of generations, when Jean, Linda and Paul Gardner lived with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner in the 1950s, they often heard Grandma talk about how she attended "normal" school before she was married. Being children at the time, they didn't think about it very much. But in light of the importance of education in today's society and Sudbury's prominent place in American history, this biographical piece of Grandma

my grandfather.



Jean Gonzalo standing in front of the Christa McAuliffe exhibit in the Henry Whittimore Library at Framingham State College

Gardner's life might indeed prove very interesting to explore.

Perhaps we should set the stage with a short history lesson. Just what is "normal" school? The first thing that comes to mind is its opposite – "abnormal" school. Many would argue that today's climate in the public school systems across the country is just that, - "abnormal." Nevertheless the idea of "normal" schools is an idea that came to the United States from France. One of the first schools so named, the École Normale Supérieure ("Normal Superior School"), was established in Paris in 1794. It was founded as an institution for the training of teachers and was intended to serve as a model for other teacher-training schools. It later became affiliated

“The idea of normal schools came to the United States from France”

with the University of Paris.

The first public normal school in the United States was founded in Lexington, Massachusetts in 1839. These schools were commonly state-supported and offered a two-year course beyond the secondary level. In the 20th century the tendency has been to extend teacher-training requirements to at least four years and, especially after World War II, for the schools to broaden their programs. Thus, by the 1960s most former normal schools had been absorbed into colleges or universities as departments or schools of education.

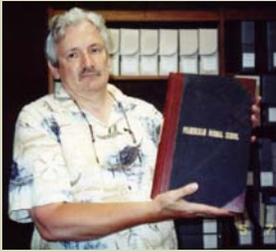
One of the greatest proponents for public education in the

United States was Horace Mann (1796-1859). As a lawyer, Massachusetts State senator, and the first secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, he worked continuously on behalf of the public to achieve support for public education. Many different groups such as private school owners, taxpayers, rural residents and members of the upper and wealthy classes opposed him because they felt public schools were not in their best interests.



Horace Mann Hall at Framingham State College

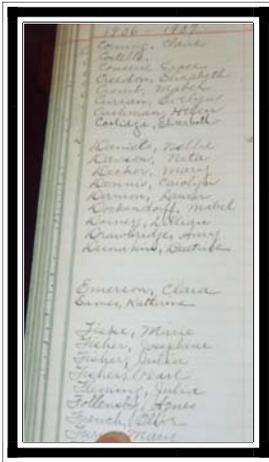
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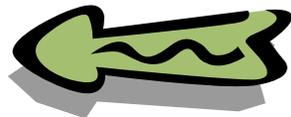
Paul holds the ledger book which records Grandma Gardner's attendance at Normal School..



Jean holds the ledger book listing the Normal School graduates from the 1920s..



Paul points to the entry "French, Olive" in the Normal School attendance book.



(Continued from page 3)

Mann was actually able to improve the quality of the schools in Massachusetts. He published annual reports on the state of schools in Massachusetts and through this vehicle was able to make his views known and influence others. Mann felt strongly about the need for professional training for teachers. Prior to Mann, people with a rudimentary education could call themselves teachers if they so desired. Mann saw the need for setting standards and for teachers to be trained. In the first "normal school" for teacher training in Lexington, Massachusetts, prospective teachers were given courses in content knowledge, and pedagogy or instructional methods. In addition, they were required to practice teach in a model school that was associated with the normal school. Thanks to Horace Mann, Massachusetts developed a strong system of state supported common schools which in turn became a model for the rest of the United States.

Fast forward to July of this year! Paul Gardner and his sister, Jean, who is visiting from California, have decided to do a little "investigative journalism." Research on the internet reveals that in the 1850s the Lexington Normal School was moved to Framingham, Massachusetts and, much later, became incorporated into Framingham State College. As everyone knows, Framingham is right next to Sudbury! So, Jean and Paul jump in the car and head for the campus of Framingham State to see what they can dig up!

Framingham State College is located on Edgell Road in

Framingham, Massachusetts right at the edge of Route 9. It is a beautiful, quaint, and small campus comprised of brick buildings surrounded by lots of greenery. As you can see from the picture, one of Framingham's most illustrious alumna is Christa McAuliffe, the "teacher" astronaut who died in the "Challenger" tragedy. Jean and Paul make their way to the most prominent building on campus, the Henry Whittemore Library. There they are directed to the office of Jason T. Larson, the Special Collections Librarian.

Jason is in his office busily working on his computer. The safe is open and one can see two or three ledger books on the shelf that look like they belong to a bygone era. As it turns out, these books are just about all that remain from the old "normal school" days of the early 1900s. Jason is extremely professional and polite and lets Jean and Paul handle the old ledger books. The book Jean gets to look through is a list of graduates from the early 1920s. Nothing there of significance to us. (We know Aunt Ruth went to normal school too; but we don't know where or when. She wasn't listed in the ledger book Jean looked through. Fodder for a future newsletter issue?) However, in the book Paul peruses, (which is a ledger of attendance records), lo and behold, there appears the attendance record of one, Olive French, - our own Grandma Gardner!

Olive French's attendance is recorded in the Framingham Normal School class of 1906-1907 and again in the class of 1907-1908. Attendance is recorded weekly in a very neat, extremely legible hand writing. (Grandma was probably not permitted to see these administrative records.) In 1907 she was absent from May 1-3 and again from June 3-7. These absences are duly marked with an "a" that is circled. In 1908 she was absent during the week of May 25-29. Grandma Gardner was born in 1886; so, when we do the math, we can see that she attended Framingham Normal School when she was 20 and 21. Aunt Nita has her graduation picture from Normal School and it certainly would complement this article nicely. (Perhaps we can publish it in a future issue.)

Jean and Paul felt that their excursion into the past was well worth the effort. Looking at and handling the actual records of the events in Grandma Gardner's past life made them feel very "connected" and gave them a greater realization of what an extraordinary woman she was. Her early life, whether strolling on the grounds of the historic Wayside Inn or attending the first normal school established in the country, seems to somehow mirror the history of her day and time in a way that goes beyond nostalgia. Her life clearly shows the decent and virtuous character traits that most people from that era seemed to possess. And, like Grandma Gardner herself, history is a great teacher!

BYE 'TIL THE FALL!



Gardner Newsletter

Here is an Exclusive Interview with the Eldest "Original Gang of Ten" Member, Ruth Metcalf

Inside this issue:

Interview with Ruth Metcalf	1
Richard Colburn Clarifies Article	1
God Shows His Face At Christmas	2
Reflections From Afar	2
Cars I have Owned	4

Special points of interest:

- See the September 11th tragedy from the perspective of a prominent Australian cleric.
- Learn why Jean and Paul Gardner couldn't find out anything about Ruth's Normal School attendance when they visited Framingham State this past summer.
- Are you in the market for a Claymobile?

Gardner Newsletter: In the Summer 2001 issue of the newsletter, we talked about your mother's (Grandma Gardner's) attendance at Normal School. You also attended Normal School. Can you tell us where and when and what it was like?

Aunt Ruth: The normal school I attended was Lyndon Normal School in Lyndon Center, Vermont in 1933. To get my diploma to teach in elementary school, I was supposed to attend two years; but because I had attended Massachusetts State Agricultural College in Amherst, Massachusetts, they allowed me to attend normal school only one year. Then I taught elementary rural schools in Vermont for six years. By then I needed more training, but had no money.

Before coming to Lyndon Normal, I had a rather mixed-up schooling. My mother taught me to read by the phonics method. When I was seven, I entered East Charleston Elementary for the spring term. The teacher, or principal, then put me in the fourth grade because of my reading ability, I think. I graduated from the eighth grade when I was 12. Because I skipped grades, I

never learned my math facts (8+9=17 16-8=8 5x6=30) until I went to Normal School.

Then I went to West Charleston High School for one year. The school was not standard, so after that one year I went to Newport High School and graduated from there in 1930.



Ruth Metcalf

Gardner Newsletter: The institution of marriage and the definition of "the family" have changed a lot since you were a young woman. Do you think a woman (or a man for that matter) should remain in a "loveless" marriage for the sake for the children or for whatever reason? Is commitment more important than love?

Aunt Ruth: I think commitment is very important in a marriage. I believe the Lord will help both the wife and husband to keep the promises

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Richard Colburn Clarifies Last Issue's Article About The Plymouth Church in East Charleston

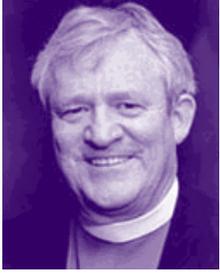
I talked with Nita at our combined Plymouth and Nazarene church service. We talked about the article she wrote for the "Gardner Newsletter." The article was well done, but perhaps it might lead some people to think that we were for the 50 or more years between 1946 and 2001 having liberal preachers the whole time. That was not the case.

We had Rev. Paul Willard, Rev. Robert MacKay, lay preacher Forrest Lasnier, Rev. George Kern, and lastly, Rev. Anne Squire. Rev. Squire was

here seven years and she always preached from the Bible and was well liked.

In 2000 when the State of Vermont and its liberal administration decided to push the civil union issue and the legislature, being made up of out-of-state liberals, passed the law, that is when people took sides. Rev. Squire, in her sermons at the time came out in favor of civil rights and particularly civil unions. The congregation was upset and a few were on her side.

(Continued on page 4)



Dr. Paul Barnett, Anglican Bishop of North Sydney, Australia

"God offers himself, he does not force, he does not coerce"

God Shows His Face at Christmas

A Christmas Message from Dr. Paul Barnett, Bishop of North Sydney, Australia

At one time or other everyone has asked, "Who are you, God?" At one time or other everyone has thought that God is distant, perhaps unknowable. There are some who look at the expanse of the universe and cannot see God within it. There are some who look at the planets and the stars and see them put in place by chance.

If, like me, you find it too hard to believe that it all "just happened," that there is a mind behind it all, a someone bigger than the sum of the parts, the question remains. "Who are you, God?" Christmas answers that question. Christmas is when God says, "This is who I am." God has come here. He did not hide himself in the far reaches of space but chose to visit our tiny planet. He was born in Bethlehem, as the firstborn of two poor and devout Jews. He was born into a people under occupation by an aggressive foreign power. He was born among the stink of animals. And like his birth, his life and death are woven from the same fabric of poverty, lowliness and meekness.

This is impossibly contrary to expectations. Pomp and circumstance, surely, would accom-

pany the coming of God, here. Kings live in palaces, presidents travel in motorcades. But not the King of Kings. With the coming of God we see a total reversal, a subversion of human power plays.

God offers himself, he does not force, he does not coerce. Now we know who is there, who the unseen God is and what he is like. We could never have guessed it. Our kings and lords always gravitate upwards, look after themselves, appoint their sons as successors. But the true King, the true Lord came to serve, to show us how to live as servants, to bring forgiveness, strength and hope. Not least, he has been where the lowest and most pain-ridden are. God has become one of us, ahead of us.

A myth of a reversed idealism? Not at all. This is history and geography and a point in time. In short, fact. "The Word became flesh. And lived among us." God has shown his face for us to see, to believe and hope. It is the face of one who loves. This is the message of Christmas."

(Reprinted from the Worldwide Web)

Reflections From Afar

By: Dr. Paul Barnett

(Dr Paul Barnett, who was in Athens leading a "Biblelands" tour of the Middle East on September 11, traveled to the Muslim nation of Turkey soon after the terrorist attacks and has recently returned to Sydney. Here, he shares his reflections on the disaster, on what the Middle Eastern world is making of the situation, and on how September 11, 2001 may serve as "a 'wake up call' to our sick western, formerly Christian culture.)

September 11th 2001 will remain etched in human history, not only by the fiery cinematic images but more particularly in the pain of a nation and of those who mourn loved ones from many nations including our own. The US Leader declared that we - the US and the freedom loving nations - are "at war." But against whom or what are we at war? Against terrorism and a 'prime suspect.' True, but not precisely true. Not all terrorism is incarnated in those four suicide bomber pilots and their murderous colleagues. Neither the terrorist IRA, for example, nor the terrorist Kurds of Turkey were involved. "Terrorism" as a category is too broad.

Then was it Middle East terrorism, Islamic terrorism? Again not precisely. Most leaders from the Middle East nations have united in condemning these acts. Likewise many, many Muslims, whether in the US

or worldwide. Then surely this terrorism was inspired by poverty in the greater part of the Middle East. As I heard left wing commentator Tony Wedgwood-Benn say., "Poverty may be the recruiting ground but the perpetrators were educated, used to western ways and were flush with cash." So who were they and why did they do it? As for me, I don't think we yet know enough to say who they were or are.

Biblelands Tour in the Middle East. I was in Athens killing time waiting for our tour bus when the first horrific pictures burst on to the TV screen in the hotel room. Our friends and family in Australia were asleep as this unimaginable news awaited their early mornings. We rang, of course. They were extremely worried as the next country for our Biblelands 2001 group to visit was Muslim Turkey. "Probably safer than Australia," I reassured them. Not empty words; I meant it. From past experience of visits in Turkey I knew that these people who love Australians would not regard me or our group as enemies. And so it proved as we journeyed up the western coast from Ephesus to Istanbul. As we stood in Shrapnel Valley on the Gallipoli peninsula reflecting on the quarter million Turks and allied invaders buried around us in those sandy hills, we prayed that our world would not again be plunged into another bout of senseless killing. We read and took comfort

(Continued on page 4)

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they made to each other when they married.

Henry and I have been married to each other for 56 years November 22, 2001. We have surely had our ups and downs, but I believe we are both glad that we stayed together!

Gardner Newsletter: What do you think is the greatest gift your mother and father gave you?

I believe the greatest gift my mother and father gave me was to point me to Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior. They both knew Jesus as their savior and sanctifier.

I found Jesus when a Canadian man came to our home. This man visited our home for a few days and then went to some of our friends' and neighbors' houses. He did come back to our house to say "goodbye." I was walking home from Blake Hill School that evening. The sun

was setting in the west with a very rosy red glow and I wondered if the world was ending. When I got home the man said to me, "I'm sorry, Ruth, that you don't know Jesus yet. It's just as though you had done some terrible thing and were going to be hanged for it. Just as you were going to be hung, Jesus stepped in front of you and said, 'I'll take your place.'"

I knew then that Jesus was my Savior – that He who knew no sin had taken my place on the cross. I then went around the house singing "Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine."

Gardner Newsletter: Being in the ministry allows you to counsel many people in connection with all kinds of problems. What have you found to be one of the most common problems for women? And for men?

Aunt Ruth: Men and women both have problems in finding the right spouse. They each have



Merry Christmas to all from The Gardner Newsletter! See you in February, 2002.

to know how to treat each other and how to make a home for each other and their children.

It is so easy for either a man or a woman to each think of self and their rights. Jesus can help each one of us to think of the partner's rights and their wishes, rather than just their own rights and wishes.

Gardner Newsletter: Do you think young people today are "spoiled" because of the rampant materialism and high technology? If so, what can we do about it?

Aunt Ruth: I believe the best thing young people can do is to find the Lord as their Savior. We can help by living for Christ.

This world is not nearly as real as the heavenly or spiritual world. It is true that young people are not usually thinking of the heavenly or spiritual world, but we can help them by our example in living for Christ.

Gardner Newsletter: What is your favorite Bible verse? – and expound upon it a little bit, please.

My favorite Bible verse is Phil. 4:19. *And God will fully satisfy every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus.*

Aunt Ruth: A note about what this verse says. We can trust that God will always meet our needs. Whatever we need on earth He will always supply, even if it is the courage to face death, as Paul did. Whatever we need in Heaven

"Men and women both have problems in finding the right spouse"

He will supply. We must remember, however, the difference between our "wants" and our "needs." Most people want to feel good and avoid discomfort or pain. We may not get all that we want. By trusting Christ, our attitudes and appetites can change from wanting everything to accepting His provision and power to live for Him. (From *Life Application Study Bible, New International Version*)

Gardner Newsletter: As you approach your 90th year, have you found that there is a secret to happiness? Just what are your feelings on being happy? Does it take a lifetime to achieve?

Aunt Ruth: I have something wonderful to look forward to. No matter what happens here in this old world, with its wickedness and troubles, I know there is a better place to be. My name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life; and in the next life (in the

spiritual world) I will see my blessed Savior and have wonderful fellowship with others who know the Lord.

Since I found Jesus as my Savior when I was 12, I've had this glorious hope. Praise the Lord! From now until the time I go to my heavenly Home I can please my Lord by helping others to receive Jesus in their lives and really have wonderful hope.

Be sure to check everybody's "Price of Liberty" Page at www.gardnernews.org



Cars I Have OwnedClayton Gardner

Earl and I drove a 1923 Model T Ford like this one to Brighton High School during the school year 1933 and 1936. We seldom got to school on time during cold winter days, as this Ford was mighty hard to start when it was below zero. We had to wipe the frost out of the timer, pour warm oil into the crankcase, wrap the carburetor with towels and pour on hot water, and jack up one rear wheel. Then I would work the crank while Earl ran the starter and worked the choke and adjusted the spark. Sometimes it would not start even then and we would have to hitch up our horse and tow the Ford to the top of a high hill.

(Continued from page 2)

from the Apocalyptic's promise of a New Heaven and New Earth when there would be no more pain or tears.

What did our Turkish Muslim guide make of it all? A young, learned and sensitive man he lamented the shocking loss of life in New York and Washington. He was immediately affected, of course. Six month's tour groups - his only livelihood - were cancelled overnight. The tourist ships moored in the Aegean would send nobody ashore to see the wonders of Ephesus, Priene, Miletus or Didyma. He would wait in vain on the docks of Kusadasi. Did we feel unsafe in the streets of Istanbul or the Spice Market or the Grand Bazaar? Not for a moment. Were we hissed or stared at? Not once. Just the same noisy vendors selling cheap postcards and transistor batteries. Pushy as ever as they battled for a few Lira to stay alive. Half a million of them in this old city where east meets west. But unfriendly or menacing? In no way. I would happily go back tomorrow. I asked our guide for further comment. He was reticent. "You know," he said, "we have lost tens of thousands of our people in Kurdish terrorism." He spoke of close friends and relatives. "No one has spared a thought for us," he said. "Don't misunderstand me. I am appalled at what happened September 11th. But terrorism didn't begin then." True enough, I thought, but this hasn't been a one way street either.

Reflections from Afar. In our hotel rooms at night we watched CNN and BBC World televise these events around the clock. So what were my thoughts as I watched all this unfold a long way from home in the Middle East, that part of the world from which the rest of the world thinks this evil originated? I felt profound sympathy for those who mourned lost loved ones and immense regard for those brave passengers who attempted to re-take the aircraft destined to bomb itself into the White House. How unspeakably wicked that innocent office workers in the Pentagon or the Trade Center and holidaying sightseers should be brutalized in this way, with no warning and no declaration of war. I regretted that G.W. Bush used the word "Crusade" in his televised address. I cannot believe his advisers and speech writers could have been so unwise as to foreshadow a new "Crusade." In all the years since the first crusades we Christians have been trying to "live down" those quixotic follies of the middle ages. As often as not those "Christian" crusaders were plunderous murderers. I thought of the brilliant Saladin and his victories over European knights in clanking armor at the battle of Hattin just a few miles from Nazareth. No one fights so fiercely as those who defend home and hearth. And those "Christian" Crusaders were invaders as the New Crusaders will be invaders of home and hearth.

I prayed that these events would at last force all parties in the Land of Israel to come to their senses and forge a peace based on justice and equity rather than who happen to have the tanks, helicopters and F16's. I am convinced that the perception of injustice suffered by Palestinians lies at the root of this present distress. So long as the nation of Israel remains locked in this unequal conflict, the terrorists will feel morally justified in engaging in violent acts against those who perpetrate perceived injustice towards Arabs in West Bank and Gaza. The martyr-pilots appear to be driven by the same fury as the martyr-car bombers in Tel Aviv and for the same reasons. One scary scenario is that moral outrage will drive them to new martyrdoms buoyed by their sense of righteous justification. New martyrdoms, that is, against us. Us here in Australia.

I prayed, too, that the US Administration gets its response right, especially that it refrains from overkill and an excess of force. That must involve some kind of "due process" in regard to the prime suspect. The President's declared intention to bring him in "dead or alive" was understandable in the heat of the moment, but inappropriate. All that the US stands for in terms of justice, freedom and democracy must not be lost or the terrorists will have had their way. I hoped profoundly that the military response would be clinical

and effective and few casualties - like Desert Storm. But we all know that will not be possible. Rugged Afghanistan has been the graveyard for all who have attempted to conquer it, whether Alexander, the British or the Russians. For if the pending campaign fails, the televised body bags will quickly force our politicians to cut losses and yet again get out with tails between legs.

Such defeat would raise the stakes terrifyingly and tell wicked men that they have won and that the world is theirs for the taking. We will be at war but we will not know against whom or why. Nothing and nobody will be safe anywhere. I sensed profound contrast between these martyrs and their (wickedly wrongheaded) seriousness and the shallow triviality of our modern entertainment culture. It was weird to flick TV channels. On CNN was the image of the jet plane boring into the high rise tower inspired by the mad martyr zeal of the hijackers. On another was an utterly unserious, silly game show flanked by coiffed models. On another was grinning Bruce Willis saving the world from some terrorists. Where are you Bruce Willis? Harrison Ford, we need you. Where are you Hollywood in our hour of need? The celluloid world is dangerous illusion not reality. The collapse of the World Trade Center is not illusion, but all too true reality. Maybe September 11 showed up illusion for what it is and that Bruce Willis and Harrison Ford are only actors and that the world of make believe can't ever help anybody against anything that is out there. Maybe September 11 is a "wake up call" to our sick western, formerly Christian culture that is now committed to nothing much except greed and pleasure to get serious about life, just behavior and about God the just judge?

(Continued from page 1)

We took a vote forbidding homosexuals or lesbians from being married in the church. It passed 14-3. Things went down hill after this; and without much of a warning, (two weeks) she wrote in the church bulletin that she was leaving. Not even a verbal announcement!

I hope you keep up the "Newsletter" and also I would like to meet you when you come up this way. We are having a history of Charleston written and it should be done by 2003. The Town will be celebrating its 200th anniversary then. I hope you and your family will contribute some of the Gardner family history.

Richard Colburn

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

Volume 5, Issue 17

Beginning our Fifth Year!

Will Gardner's Stellar Career at Nationwide

By: *Paul Gardner*

Not many people begin a new career at age 51. But Grandpa

Gardner did. In 1938 he became an agent for the Farm Bureau Mutual Insurance Company. This happened only 12 years after the company was founded in Ohio and was in response to the company's attempt in 1928 to expand into other states, of which West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina and Vermont were



William Henry Gardner, Agent—
Nationwide Insurance Company

among the first. Grandpa was in the right place at the right time; and, he quickly became a top-notch salesman

in the Northeast and was recognized and rewarded by the company many times through the years. Farm Bureau Mutual Insurance later became Nationwide Insurance and it was at Nationwide that

Grandpa achieved his greatest successes.

Grandpa retired from Nationwide in 1962 at age 75. He had been with the com-

pany for 24 years and had been a top multi-line producer for 19 consecutive years, which was one year short of the national record as of 1961. More about this later.

When Jean, Linda and I lived with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner in the early 1950s, Grandpa was well into his career with Farm Bureau Mutual and its eventual metamorphosis into Nationwide Insurance. Of course, children don't understand much about insurance, but they are great observers. I'm sure many of you remember the dining room in the old homestead. It served as Grandpa's office. In addition to the dining room table,

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A Special Note About This Issue ...

Who says large Fortune 500 corporations are cold and impersonal?! The folks at Nationwide are anything but!

Many thanks to Chuck Lopez, editor of The Challenger at Nationwide, and Glenn Stephenson of Nationwide's Customer Relations Department for their help in researching William H. Gardner's career at Farm Bureau Mutual and Nationwide Insurance.

Their optimistic and eager attitude was infectious and made us want to find out more. Without their enthusiastic help, this article would not have been possible.



Glancing Back.... By: *Lois Cardwell*

....*Winter Wonderland!*

We never stayed at home because of snow storms. I can remember Papa hitching the horse to the sleigh and taking us to school when the

snow was up to the horse's stomach. More often than not, by lunch time the snow roller had come by and packed the snow down. The snow roller was a big thing, as I remember it. It was about twice as tall as a car, but it made wonderful slid-

ing. We had a sled that could hold five or six people. Blake Hill was closer to the school than it is now and had a sharp corner down at the bottom. The road then proceeded a little way up another hill. Even our teacher,

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“There were no home computers or word processors in those days.”

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there was an old-fashioned roll-top desk crammed full of papers as well as another long table which served as Grandma and Grandpa’s “work” area. Grandpa would sit with his back to the window. Outside the Clyde River flowed gently past the panorama of Ball Mountain rising in the distance. (One of his legendary gardens was growing in the back yard.) Grandma, facing him, would sit on the other side of the table diligently processing the avalanche of policies, riders, endorsements and other paperwork which the insurance industry generates.

There were, of course, no home computers or word processors in those days. So Grandma completed most of the mountains of paperwork and correspondence using her unique flowery and artistic penmanship.



While Grandpa possessed highly developed verbal skills that made him a narrator and storyteller unequalled anywhere (undoubtedly a great asset for a salesman), he did not have the writing,

The Challenger Newsletter's Logo—1950

grammar, or language expertise that Grandma used in her correspondence. His uncanny ability to convince people they needed different lines of insurance coverage and then sell it to them coupled with Grandma’s writing and organizational skills made them an unbeatable team destined for success.

Sometimes Grandpa and Grandma placed the insurance business on hold. This was during Christmas, Thanksgiving and other great family gatherings. During these times the dining room stopped being an office and returned to its true function

“The sheet covering the papers looked somewhat like a corpse!”

as a place to devour great feasts. The roll top desk was secured tightly and the work table with its huge stacks of papers was covered with a sheet. We used to laugh and comment that it looked like someone was being “waked” because the configuration of the sheet covering the papers looked somewhat like a corpse.

Returning to Grandpa’s career, insurance agent performance in those days was measured by a Farm Bureau innovation called “The Challenger Club.” In the beginning the company only sold

auto insurance. But as the company grew and expanded, other lines of coverage were offered. To become a member of the Challenger Club, an agent had to sell a minimum amount of ALL the lines of coverage the company offered. These records were kept by region and were measured in points by coverage; i.e. life points, casualty points, fire points, etc. These records were published in the company newsletter called appropriately, The Challenger. (See the picture of The Challenger logo.)

“To become a member of the Challenger Club, an agent had to sell a minimum amount of ALL the lines of coverage the company offered.”

Here is a quote from the February, 1950 issue of The Challenger.

“The Challenger Club, the highest

“The Challenger Club is the Highest Honor in our Sales Organization.”

honor club in our sales organization, is now in its twelfth year. Founded as a means of honoring agents who show a minimum full-line activity, it has steadily increased its yearly membership.

As in the past years, the club members will be guests of the Board of Directors at a special dinner dur-

ing the annual meeting in April in Columbus. In addition to this recognition, club members are furnished by the company with a supply of personalized stationery. Those who have repeated membership requirements have the option of selecting a merchandise gift in preference to the stationery.

Challenger Club membership requirements will remain the same during this year, namely: 150 points in life production; 250 points in casualty; and 150 points in fire.”

One year before retiring in 1962, Grandpa Gardner was recognized as

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 one of three agents poised to receive the 20-year Challenger Club Award. This news article (see picture) is straight from the company's archives and is interesting because of the aging yellowed tape and the incorrect spelling of Island Pond as Island "Park." Apparently Grandpa retired before achieving the 20-year Challenger Club award. But, as we all know, he achieved even a greater goal by living more than twenty years



News article from Nationwide's archives listing "Island Park" instead of the correct "Island Pond."

after his association with Nationwide. Perhaps they should have kept him on as a consultant!

Here is another interesting note. Chuck Lopez, the current editor of The Challenger at Nationwide, searched through the archives and found a 1951 listing of the Challenger Club members. Howard S. Gere, from the Syracuse region, is listed among that year's members. He, along with his brother, Homer, were agents of the

Farm Bureau Mutual Insurance Company during the time Grandpa Gardner was. Homer's son, Richard, was born in 1946. I wonder if Nationwide writes the policy for Richard's life insurance!



Glancing Back (continued)

(Continued from page 1)

Carrie Gray, used to slide with us.

We couldn't afford skis, but we had sleds. I remember when the snow was just right (some snow and then it rained and froze), it made a crust that we could walk on. I remember going in the field in front of our house, way up to the corner where our fence met the neighbor's, and sliding down and across the road and down further into the meadow. We really couldn't do that very often, but it was a lot of fun.

.... "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching!"

We used to have tramps come along the road. I remember the first time we saw Wesley Hinton. We were afraid of him. One tramp wanted me to kiss him, so I did. But one of my brothers or sisters told Mama and she punished me by making me stand in the closet for five minutes. I couldn't see why that was wrong!

... Chewing the Fat

At one time Papa hired a man to work for him who had just got out of jail. They had a disagreement about his pay. While Papa's back was turned, the hired man jumped on him and got him down on the floor and started to chew his ear. I couldn't have been more than 4 or 5, and I ran down to the house and said to Mama, "Man pighting Papa!" Mama finally realized what I was saying. She was giving Clayton a bath and she wrapped him in a blanket and took a tea kettle of hot water to the barn. I guess that worked as he got off Papa. I don't think he got any pay.

... Road Rage

During the 1927 flood, we didn't even realize there was a flood because we were high enough so that it didn't affect us. But I remember going to Grandpa's house in Lyndonville, and we had to take a detour in East Burke as the river had changed its course and was running down the road.

"At one time Papa hired a man to work for him who had just got out of jail."



Pictured: Aunt Lois, Grandpa Gardner's third daughter, at a recent family gathering.

Cars I have Owned ...

By: Clayton Gardner

1930 Model A Ford

Papa had a 1930 Model A Ford somewhat similar to the one shown. I learned to drive on it and took my road test on it when it was nearly worn out. The examining officer said he was glad he did not have to drive it. Probably this car had more than one hundred thousand miles on it when Papa turned it in for a 1938 Ford. The garage man said he had never seen a car so nearly worn out. Earl once raced the worn out Model A against Junior Yeaton's new 1937 Ford. Earl put the A in second and floored the gas pedal. He won the race and Junior never knew why.



Topsy Turvey Model A Ford

Sometime in 1937 or 1938, while in Lyndonville, Papa rolled the Model A over. He says a car cut in front of him. To avoid the car, he cut sharply left. But his right wheels ran up the offending car causing his Model A to roll left almost all the way. Then it rolled back to the right where the momentum completed the roll until the A was bottom side up as shown in the picture. Fortunately, he was not hurt and onlookers helped him roll the car to the upright position and he was able to drive away.

1932 Ford V8

My first car was a 1932 Ford V8, which I purchased from the garage where I was working. It was one of Ford's first V8s and Ford had lots of problems with it. The garage completely rebuilt the engine and it gave me lots of good service until I ran into a tree and demolished the right side of the body. Fortunately, a nearby junk yard had an identical auto with a perfect body. So I purchased that body for \$10 and a friend and I spent the day removing the damaged body from my chassis, removing the good body from the junk yard chassis, and installing the good body on my chassis. The car ran well until I was called into the service. When I returned from the service, my brothers had ruined the engine so I purchased another car. Later, Earl rebuilt the engine and ran the 1932 Ford for quite some time. At the left is the only picture I have of my actual car and all that is shown is part of the left rear. Earl had installed larger tires, so the tires shown in the picture are not like the ones on this car while I was driving it. I believe the young lady in the picture with her own means of transportation is Teresa Johnson.





Gardner Newsletter

SPRING 2002

The “Elder Griffes’ ” Make Vermont Their Home

The summer of 1970 was a blast for the Don Griffes family. We had sold our business the end of April 1970, and my teaching job and school directors’ responsibilities would wait till after Labor Day. We had a two week garage sale to finance our big 10 week vacation. And our daughter, Shirley, was expecting in late September. She was living at home on Indian Trail in Jackson, MI because her husband was in the service. We got underway early morning June 18th, my 39th birthday.

We spent that first day at a Lake Michigan beach, then on to Omaha Nebraska where I was to be best man at my brother’s wedding. Then on to Kansas City for a week with the Luginslands, Sharon and Len’s Grandparents, then North to Canada where we camped and fished from Winnipeg, Manitoba to Sault Saint Marie, Ontario. We caught lots of fish and encountered all kinds of animals and birds. Then back to Jackson to get our Toyota truck, tools, and some clean clothes and supplies before going on to Vermont.

We arrived at Will and Olive Gardner’s on Ten Mile Square Road a little after 9:00 p.m. Saturday evening, July 18th. The next day, being Sunday, we all attended church in the Village that morning. The Ames family had big news! Their Dachshund had had

pups early that morning. This became significant because we ended up with one of those pups which we called Lassie. She had the neighbor’s Collie’s body with her mother’s short legs. Lassie was a part of our family for the next 14 years!

Our time in Vermont was to include tearing down the old barn; and being one to save everything that might come in handy someday, my son, Len, and I carefully stacked all the good barn boards in the stable. Those boards were cut

“Our time in Vermont was to include tearing down the old barn”

from virgin Charleston timber, probably at the Lang sawmill at the bottom of Mad Brook, and they might be worth something someday. Those boards, 19 years later, ended up on the side of our home in East Charleston Village. You can still see some of the whitewash in a few places. Whitewash, which is basically lime and water, has been used to tidy up cow barns for over a century.

While we were there, we attended Ithiel Falls Church Camp, near Johnson, with the folks one Sunday; and that was when our daughter first met CJ Manchester, who has been her husband now for over 19 years. We did some sight-seeing, camping, and fishing. Early

one Monday morning, I was fishing on Lang Brook, east of the house, and I got chased by an angry mother black bear. All that had happened up until the third week of August was fun, and we truly were having a blast. But we knew that we had to be back before Labor Day to get the kids started in school, and I would need to get back to work doing something. Our vacation would soon be over. It was our last Sunday to attend the little Nazarene Church that was started in the Gardner’s house some 25 years earlier. Reverend Ray Blachly was a little old preacher and perhaps he could have delivered a more inspiring homily; but something happened in that Sunday morning service, an encounter with God that changed all our families’ lives.

I have no idea what the preacher was saying, and I probably was thinking about going home to Michigan, which was planned for the next Friday. Back then we traveled at night so the kids could sleep much of the way. All I know is that all of a sudden I began to weep quietly and I couldn’t stop. Finally, I said something like a prayer, “Lord, what is this all about?” Then all of a sudden, as clear as a bell, the Lord said, “I want you to move to Vermont”. I answered with another silent prayer – like, I can’t do that because of so many

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Nude Gramps Stars in Hot Bedroom Scene *By: Don Griffes*

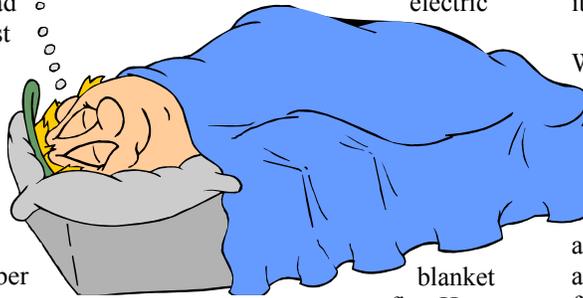
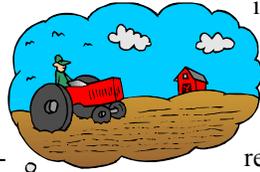
In the mid-nineteen seventies, Will Gardner was living alone at home. We would always talk on the phone every morning between 8:00 a.m. and 9:00 a.m. to make sure all was well. This particular morning Dad Gardner said "I had a little trouble early this morning". An event had happened that would have done most people in, especially those in their mid eighties!

It went like this:

At about 3:00 a.m., Will was awakened and needed to go to the bathroom. It was a cool night in September and, as was his habit, he had the windows open and his electric blanket turned on. He also had a practice of sleeping in the nude when he was

alone, he confessed.

He went to the bathroom without turning on the lights, and only a night light illuminated the floor enough to show him the way. But when he returned to his bed, his electric



blanket was on fire. He quickly attempted to pull the cord out of the wall plug, but grabbed the clock plug instead.

Thinking the blanket was unplugged, he grabbed it and headed to the bathtub. He came to a halt when the still plugged-in cord got stretched to its limit. Realizing it was still hooked up, he gave a yank and continued on to the bathtub where he gave the smoldering blanket a shower to put it out, - which it did. But that wasn't the end of it!

When he got back to his bed, he could see that there was a small fire on the underside of his mattress. The fuzz that was trapped between the mattress and the cloth on the underside was burning. So, again he went into action by reaching under the mattress and ripping off the cloth, smoldering fuzz and all, and proceeded to take it to the bath tub and give it a shower. But *still* that wasn't the end of it!

Returning to the bed, he discovered that the pesky fire was now in the mattress and he pondered what to do next. His hand had been burned by the underliner fire. But he ignored it and took the next step to end this dilemma. He picked up the mattress from the bed and dragged it down the stairs and out into the front yard where he proceeded to dump several buckets of water on it until he finally had it out.

Then he got to thinking about what had just happened. And he decided that it

could have been much worse if he had been wearing his night shirt and it had caught fire. With this thought in mind, as to how blessed he was to have been

"Most of us would have given up and called for help, - but not Will Gardner!"

nude, he got a drink of water, got some blankets, and proceeded to lie down on the couch in the living room. He was

soon fast to sleep until it was time to get up. Most of us would have given up and called for help, - but not Will Gardner!

**Don't forget to log onto
www.gardnernews.org**

Holiness Camps Shape Church History

(Editor's Note: Don's article mentions "Ithiel Falls." We attended many church services, revivals, and "camps" there during the years we lived with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner. Some of you probably still attend services there at certain times of the year. Here is a brief history of camps like Ithiel Falls taken from the Internet. The Johnson, Vermont

and Ithiel Falls area is one of the premier foliage sites in Vermont as well as a hiking and canoeing mecca.)

The camp meeting is a North American contribution to church history. Begun as frontier wilderness evangelistic

meetings, they were not the original invention of the Methodists, who were among the leaders in the "holiness" movement. However, they fit so well with the Wesleyan message and itinerant methods of ministry that holiness groups came to play a prominent role in the

(Continued on page 3)

“The rise of holiness denominations was significantly tied to the camp meeting tradition.”

(Continued from page 2)

camp meeting phenomena across America. Attempts to introduce camp meetings to the settled church life in Europe had only short-lived and modest success, though they did lead to the establishment of the Primitive Methodist denomination in England. They had greater success in the countries outside Europe and North America where Wesleyan groups established missionary work.

The rise of holiness denominations in the last half of the 19th century was significantly tied to the camp meeting tradition. It was felt that the older Methodist churches were neglecting John Wesley's doctrine of entire sanctification. Holiness

advocates in the Methodist churches joined hands with the newer Wesleyan denominations to make the camp meetings the major platform for holiness teaching. Thus, the National Camp-Meeting Association for the Promotion of Holiness, the parent body of what became the Christian Holiness Association, was born in 1867.

The central purpose of the camp meetings was to promote the doctrine and the experience of entire sanctification. No other structure of these churches, except possibly the annual congregational revival meetings, has proved as effective as camp meetings in leading church members to experience the more extensive work of the Holy Spirit in their lives.

Initially the camps enjoyed extensive evangelistic influence in the communities where they were held. While the evening evangelistic service is a regular feature of most camps, it now ministers more to the church constituency than it does the community. Home and foreign missions have been enthusiastically supported by the camp meetings, with special emphasis days devoted to missions promotion. Along the way, the special needs of children and youth have given rise to separate facilities and programming for them.

The camp meetings through the years have been a unique family experience, both in terms of the nuclear family and

the church family. They have brought together more members of the churches in something of a family union atmosphere than any other church structure. Consequently, they have helped to shape a denominational identity through intimate association and focused teaching regarding the distinctive doctrinal emphases of the respective denominations. While some aspects of the camp meeting histories are difficult to appreciate today,

this positive benefit can not be overlooked. It is one reason why the camp meetings remain a vital force today though different in style than they were in past generations.



“The camp meetings through the years have been a unique family experience, both in terms of the nuclear family and the church family.”

Primitive Methodist Camp Meeting—1907

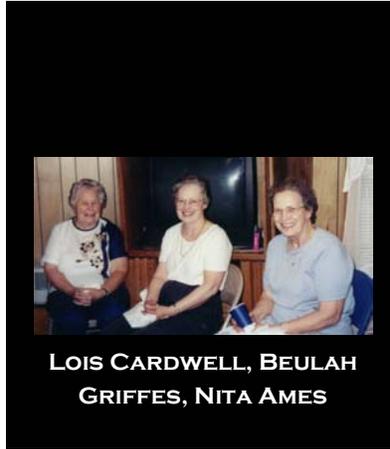


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reasons, and went on to list them. That awesome voice came back with, "I want you to move to Vermont".

After this went on for some time, I said in a somewhat sharp response, "Alright, if you want me to move to Vermont, then you will have to provide me a job and a place for us to live. We are heading back to Michigan in just five days." Then all of a sudden my tears stopped, and I probably shook my head and wondered what had just happened. I was to find out in less than the five days!

On Monday, we decided to go for a ride up Dad Gardner's logging road, across to Trip Hill on the old town road, and down to Echo Lake's fishing access. I drove our 4-wheel drive truck. Dad and Mother Gardner were in the seat beside me, and Beulah and the kids sat in the back. We encountered only one tree that we had to cut and move out of the way. We pulled in to the fishing access and stopped just as a lady came out of the old Parlin house. She had a small dog under her arm. Before she got to our truck, mother said "I think I saw that the Parlin place is for sale or rent or something." We found out later that the woman with the dog was Mrs. Vincent Engles and she was going to wash her dog at the fishing access because she didn't want to get their private beach dirty.



LOIS CARDWELL, BEULAH
GRIFFES, NITA AMES

So when the lady was going by our truck I said "Ma'am, is your place for sale or rent?" And after a resounding "NO!" she caught her breath and said, "We did think some about renting this winter though." She went on to say her husband was in Labrador fishing and I would have to talk to him. "When will he be back?" I asked, and she said late Wednesday. I asked if I could call him on Thursday? She said yes and gave me her phone number. 723-5906.

The next day Rod Ames called me out of the blue and told me that if I was interested in finding a job here I should call Dobeay and Lilley Sheet Metal in Barre, as they had the new St Johnsburry Hospital job and needed workers. Out of curiosity, I did make the call and told Mr. Lilly of my qualifications and he hired me over the phone if I wanted a job. After hanging up the phone, I gulped and bowed my head and said something like this, "Lord, that's fine, but we would have to have a place to live and that is not too likely".

Beulah and I did look in the paper under "For Rent" and we did look at a couple of places, but they were not for us. We planned on leaving Thursday evening for Michigan and we had extra passengers, as Beulah's sister, Ruth, and her daughter, Geri, needed a ride back home to Michigan. We were packing and saying goodbyes to all when I was prompted to call Mr. Engles who owned the big 21-room Parlin place. He said to come over at 7:30. So, just be-

fore leaving for Michigan, all eight of us went to see Vincent Engles.

When we entered we were greeted pleasantly by Mrs. Engles who said that Vince was in the family room and she led us through the house to where he was seated by a roaring fire in the big stone fireplace. As we passed through the several rooms, I noticed that there were many antiques, books, old furniture, and a lifetime of special knick-knacks in every room. After all eight of us were seated, I began by asking about his fishing trip and some other small talk.

I told him some about our family and that we were possibly considering spending the winter in Vermont. He responded with, "You know this furniture is quite old and it would do more harm to it to store it than to use it. So, if we did rent this house, we would have to rent it furnished". I could just imagine the rental price of a furnished 21-room house on Echo Lake for the winter as being out of the question. So I said, "Just how much would you have to have per month to rent your house?"

Vincent tugged at his chin, and in a very

slow soft voice he said, "Could you pay 85 dollars a month?" Not sure that I heard right, but knowing that I had, I looked up and said a silent prayer of surrender, "OK, Lord, I give up". After confirming the details, we piled back in the Ford Van and went back to the Gardners and informed them that we were leaving for Michigan, but that we would be back the next week to stay through the winter. I think they were quite happy about it. In fact, I would not be surprised that, when we get to Heaven and check the records, that Mom Gardner was praying and talking to the Lord about it all along.

Oh yes, we went back and borrowed a big trailer, loaded it up, and had my brother Dan tow it to Vermont. We had a Buick, which we gave to him after he had towed the trailer with our belongings to Charleston. We were back on Tuesday after Labor Day and had the kids in school Wednesday. We have been here now for over thirty two years and have made it our permanent home ever since. In fact, we probably will be buried here, in the cemetery up on the hill behind our home, here in East Charleston.

Was it just coincidence that Mrs. Engles decided to wash her dog at the public access at the same time of our ride over Tripp hill and down to Echo Lake? I don't think so. Was it coincidence that Rod Ames called about that job and Ken Lilley gave me a job over the phone? I don't think so. Were the tears, the clear impression to move to Vermont, and the five day bargain just my imagination? I don't think so. It all happened. It was all planned and expedited by God. And we thank Him everyday for His plan for our lives.

Moving to Vermont and all the wonderful and unusual events that have occurred in the last 32 years with our family would fill a book. It was Providential that we were nearby as Dad and Mom Gardner concluded there stay here on earth. I cherish the times we had together and I'm thankful for our children being able to get to know their Gardner grandparents and their roots. God had a plan that was made possible only because we were on good speaking terms then - and still are today.

By: Don Griffes

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

Volume 5, Issue 19

Summer, 2002

PLEASE SEND IN YOUR ARTICLES!

Jean Gonzalo Celebrates 60 Years!

On June 23, 2002 Jean Gonzalo, surrounded by family and friends, celebrated her 60th birthday. The passage of 60 years is a milestone in anyone's life! By then we are able to reflect on the events and ideas that helped to shape and make us who we are today. The picture below left shows Jean dressed for her First Communion in the Roman Catholic Church. She is pictured here with her maternal grandmother, Fannie Costa. To the right of that, approximately 50 years later, is Jean with her family at the Woolgrower's Café in Bakersfield, California attending a dinner held in her honor. These pictures make us all think, "Ah, a life well lived." But what roads were traveled to bring that little girl, pictured with her grandmother, to here – her 60th birthday dinner - in a hot, dusty city in central California?"

Jean Dorothy Gardner was born on June 23, 1942 in Marlborough, Massachusetts. Her father was Earl Gardner, the eldest boy in the Original Gang of Ten. Jean became the second grandchild of William and Olive Gardner, Earl's parents. (Glen Johnson, Elizabeth (Gardner) and Homer Johnson's son, was the first grandchild.) Earl was married to Dorothy Costa of Hudson, Massachusetts.

Jean attended grammar school in Lyndonville, Vermont during the time Earl and Dorothy lived in that town. But marital discord brought that chapter in her life to an end and she was brought to Hudson, Massachusetts where she attended the Linden Street Elementary School and the Packard Street Elementary School. It was during this time that her mother became gravely ill; and so it was arranged that Jean and

her brother and sister would move to Vermont to be provided for by their paternal grandparents, William and Olive Gardner. Jean attended Buck School in East Charleston and went to Derby Academy for her freshman year in high school.

It was during this time that Earl Gardner, Jean's father, met Marie B. Brown of Chattanooga, Tennessee. They married and drove to Vermont to pick up Earl's children. The new family moved across country to King City, California. Earl was a mechanic and had his own business of repairing diesel vehicles at a local truck stop. Marie worked as a waitress in the adjoining restaurant.

Jean finished her high school years at King City High School. There she excelled

(Continued on page 2)



← FROM HERE TO HERE! →



Jean's First Holy Communion

Jean and her family celebrating her 60th birthday



Jean and Miguel Gonzalo in San Francisco—June 2002

“As fate would have it, Jean met Miguel Gonzalo. He emigrated from Spain as a young man.”

(Continued from page 1)

in mathematics and music. Marie, being from Tennessee, was a Southern Baptist, and through her influence everyone became involved in the fledgling Baptist church that was just starting up. Later on the church embarked upon a building program and Jean became the first pianist to play in the new auditorium and took on those duties officially.

During these years Jean met Charles Gibbs. Charles and his family were transplants from Arkansas and they lived in the town of Greenfield, California – right next to King City. Charles often said that all his girl friends had been church pianists. Jean and Charles were married in Carmel, California and they had four boys – Richard, Michael, Thomas, and

Ronald. Over time Charles had various jobs serving as a ranch foreman and the family moved to several locations as Charles worked for different landowners.

Unfortunately for Jean, Charles, and the children, this marriage could not be sustained and Jean was set adrift with four small boys in tow. As fate would have it, Jean met Miguel Gonzalo. He emigrated from Spain as a young man and was working as a sheepherder for one of the local landowners. These two struck up a romance and have been together ever since. Miguel is presently a foreman for a large dairy in Bakersfield, California, but the couple have lived in a variety of locations in California during their time together. Miguel and Jean’s daughter, Teresa, was born in

Oxnard, California in 1976.

Today Jean divides her time between her family, the extended family, and school. She is a teacher’s aid in the local school district of Lamont and receives glowing performance appraisals from teachers and staff alike. Her stellar reputation has led to the creation of a full-time job for her, with benefits, staffing the Reading Lab, the school district’s remedial reading program for bi-lingual children and for those with under-par reading skills.

You can see even more pictures of Jean and her family, the grandchildren, and the big birthday bash if you log onto www.gardnernews.org.

Raymond and Clayton, The Chess Experts

For those of us who attend Gardner Family reunions where Uncle Clayton and Uncle Raymond are present, we can count on seeing the two brothers pull out their portable chess board and chess pieces and begin playing a game that has fascinated human beings since recorded history began. Their friendly rivalry has escalated into matches between them being played via e-mail. (Clayton lives in the state of Washington and Raymond is in Massachusetts.) By all accounts

they seem to be evenly matched with Raymond winning some matches and Clayton winning others. The brothers’ interest in the game extends beyond themselves and they attend various national chess matches and tournaments and have joined interest groups where they share their expertise and learn from others who enjoy

the game.

What is it about this game that is so fascinating? According to many, chess provides a sense of continuity with the past – of belonging to a great chess-playing family extending through thousands of years and embracing all nations from the time of the

(Continued on page 3)

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Egyptian kings to the present day (and probably before as well). It is a game that involves the mind completely. Chess combines elements of both art and science. Analyzing a Chess game is primarily an exercise in logic, yet arriving at a beautiful checkmating attack or a profound strategical position can bring a genuine sense of creative satisfaction. There is also the competitive aspect of the game. Chess is not a solitary exercise, like solving a crossword puzzle, but a battle between two individuals, a struggle of mind and will.

The first mention of chess is found in a Persian poem according to which the advent of the game took place in India. Chess migrated to Persia (Iran) around 531-579. A Persian book of this period lists chess terminology and the names and function of the pieces in some detail. Although the names of pieces are different in various countries today, their movements are strikingly similar.

In the 8th century the Moors invaded Spain and chess spread to Europe. The game found its way to the

western world after the Moslems conquered lands from India and Persia to the East, and Spain to the West. Europe's first big contribution to chess came about AD1000, - a checkered board to assist the eye. (Before this time, the board had been uncheckered.)

The first international chess tournament was held in London in 1851. The fantastic advance of chess in the 20th century is best shown by figures. Before 1923 there were rarely more than four international tournaments in a year. Between 1923 and 1939, the average was six. After World War II this quadrupled. In 1974 it jumped to 60, in 1975 to 75, in 1976 to 100. By the end of 1990 the number had increased to well over 1,000 registered tournaments.

Until the present century, traditional chess was regarded as a game for the wealthy and leisured classes in society. Today, however, it is the national sport in Russia, where it is more popular than football. Indeed, Russian chess players have dominated world chess since the 1940s, although their superiority is fast being challenged by Britain, which is now estab-

lished as a strong chess playing nation.

Traditional chess is one of the world's most played board games. It has an old and distinguished pedigree, developed for over five centuries. The wisdom of antiquity has bequeathed it to succeeding generations. Of the various western board games, chess is the king! It is the one practiced most widely and has the most-documented and carefully written theory to back it up. Goethe called chess "the touchstone of the intellect." The story of chess is about one of the most extraordinary inventions in our history, which draws extensively on legend, mythology and symbolism, and ranks as one of the greatest stories ever told.

So the next time you attend a family reunion and see Uncle Raymond or Uncle Clayton why not challenge them to a game! (If you don't know how to play, who better to learn from?) When you hear one of them say, "Checkmate," you won't feel so bad knowing that they have tapped into a reservoir of knowledge that spans hundreds of years and shows no signs of stopping.



Carved 18th century French chess pieces

"Goethe called chess 'the touchstone of the intellect'."



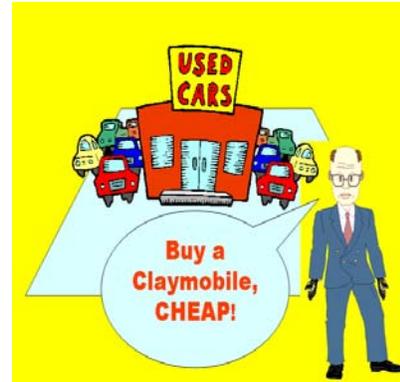
Egyptian "chess" pieces circa 730 BC



A great car.
The 1935 Ford!



The 1927 Essex



My 1935 Ford and 1927 Essex

Soon after I got out of the service in 1945, I purchased a 1935 Ford somewhat like the one pictured at the top of the page. It had a rumble seat and I enjoyed taking girls from normal school for a ride and they enjoyed the rumble seat. I purchased and installed a rebuilt motor. It ran great and had great pickup. The mechanical brakes were a problem. The brake rods stretched and the bushings for the spindle on which the brake pedal rotated wore out. For a while I had no brakes at all. Then I replaced the bushings (a tough job) and the brakes worked quite well for awhile. One winter the Ford sat outside when it was 40 degrees below

zero. The starter would just barely turn the engine over. But it went” put-put-put-put, prrrrr-prrrrr” and finally ran normally. Adelbert and I took a trip to New Jersey with this car and I ran into the back of a car that had stopped suddenly in front of me (those brakes again). It damaged the grill and punctured the radiator. We were able to get the radiator repaired and drove the rest of the way with a damaged grill. Later I repaired the grill. I lost my pocket book and had to sell this great car to get a bit of money. Then I made a big mistake and purchased this Essex.

I also owned an undamaged Essex, similar to the one shown

for only a few weeks. I drove it from Springfield to Charleston and back to Springfield. On the way back, the vacuum operated fuel pump failed. I could operate the fuel pump manually by sitting on the right front fender with the hood up. Adelbert drove and I sat outside operating the fuel pump. It was much more pleasant outside than inside because the smoke from the engine filled the inside so that Adelbert had to stick his head out the window while driving. We got to Springfield and the guy who had agreed to buy the Essex gave us a big surprise and kept his word. I was glad to get rid of this car.



“Chess Chat,” by Raymond Gardner

I often hear it said, “You must be good,” when I mention that I play chess. One does not have to be good at playing chess to enjoy the game. The thing to do is get an opponent with equal skill. I have been playing with my brother Clayton for nearly 30 years by “snail mail” and now by e-mail. We always have at least one game going. We have just about split our wins and losses.

I don’t know who said it first (it wasn’t me), but it is said that the winner of a chess game is the one who made the next-to-last mistake. An interesting position in chess is when you have your opponent in *zugzwang*. *Zugzwang* is a German word meaning “move compulsion.” It occurs when a player has to move, but any move he makes puts him in jeopardy.

I also play with two postal chess clubs. Postal chess has gradually given over to e-mail. E-mail speeds up the game, but it is easy to get too many games going.

One club gets together every year. The numbers have been getting smaller, so maybe none this year. We have met in Orlando, FL, Ft. Myers, FL, Williamsburg, VA, St. Louis, MO, Sparks, NV, Laughlin, NV, Portland, OR, Toronto, CANADA, Framingham, MA, Salt Lake City, UT, Syracuse, NY, Corning, NY, and Codova, AK, and maybe one more.

I met Clayton in Ft. Myers, FL. We usually play a simultaneous game with a master at these get-togethers. That is, the Master has 15 or 20 opponents at the same time. I managed a draw with one. In Salt Lake City the Master was the former U.S. champion, Larry Evans. I got an autographed copy of a chess book that he wrote. I also found a chess playing group at the Senior Center here in Reading. We play every Thursday. There are only four of us right now, but we hope to grow.

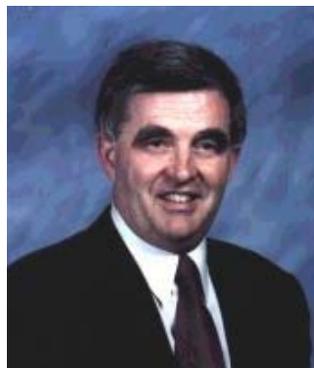
Gardner Newsletter

Special Holiday Greetings from Dr. David W. Reid

What a treat it is for me to be invited to write this holiday greeting to all of you. I'm especially pleased because, as their pastor, I've known and loved Ray and Margaret and children for nearly twenty five years. I've had a hand in family weddings and in Ray and Margaret's 50th anniversary celebration. And what I've observed is that the Gardner family is a good family, one that appears, from all I can see, to exercise a terrific level of love and loyalty for all...admirable in a family-disintegrated time like ours.

So what do I say in this one-shot writing opportunity? How about this? I remind you about perspective. I remind you about just how easy it is to get distracted by the occupations and preoccupations of the season of Thanksgiving and Christmas. Distracted, that is, from the only thing that in the end really deserves the best of our time and energy, our worship of the One who gives these holidays their

grounding, the One in whom and through whom life reaches its zenith of meaning, namely, Jesus Christ. Some of you may be thinking, "So, what else would we



expect him to say?"

You're right. Pointing you in the direction of Christ is what one would expect me to do. But let me say this...I do it not out of professional compulsion, but out of personal commitment. This will be my 56th Thanksgiving and Christmas here on earth and I've learned a few things along the way. Not only from

my own life experience, but also from my broad associations with other persons during 30 years of ministry. I've learned that achievement is terrific, acquisition is wonderful and accomplishment is exciting, but nothing is as important as our focus on Jesus Christ. He alone has the power to enter our soul, re-tool it for eternity, and breathe into our here-and-now existence a richness of purpose beyond all measure. So...I repeat, don't get distracted this holiday season. Take the time to pray to, reflect on, and worship Christ. Do this and when this year's time of turkey and treats is done, you'll be gladdened by the knowledge that you experienced the season rightly. My prayers and best wishes to you all, and especially to Aunt Nita!

David Reid
Senior Pastor
First Baptist Church
Reading, Massachusetts

Swimming With Dolphins

By: Kathleen Aragon

My friend, Jackie, always had entertaining stories to tell about her vacations in Mexico. So, I “offered” to go with her every time I saw her. This was my lucky year and I was invited – along with her 82-year old mother, 7-year old granddaughter, and three cousins.

The timeshare in Cancún was beautiful, with an ocean view from the 8th floor. The adventure started that night when we helped carry baby turtles to the sea by moonlight, protecting them from their daytime predators. The baby turtles fit easily into the palms of our hands, their little legs already making swimming motions. We released them into the waves wishing each one a safe journey. It was very rewarding to be a part of this environmental endeavor.

The highlight of the trip was a visit to the national park of Xcaret. It had birds, turtles, butterflies and ... dolphins! Jackie had told us about the program where people could actually swim with the dolphins, so we all signed up for it. We were very excited (and a little nervous) and we donned our life jackets and entered the water.

Suddenly the dolphins appeared, rising out of the water and smiling at all of us. Jus as suddenly they disappeared, only to rise again in a different location.

We were all amazed at their speed. Then they slowed down and circled us slowly allowing us to touch them. The minutes passed quickly and it was time for the grand finale.

I volunteered to go first and floated on

my stomach in the middle of the area with my feet flexed and my arms out in front, waiting. Then two dolphins pushed their noses into my feet, propelling me so rapidly that I rose out of the water and spread my arms – I felt like the figurehead on the prow of a ship. A whistle blew and my trip was over. The dolphins stopped pushing and I sank bank into the water, a mortal woman once again.



www.classmates.com Creates Heartwarming Reunions

Everyone knows the Internet is a wonderful invention. It has made the world a smaller place and has great potential for both good and evil. One “good” thing it does is to make heart warming reunions happen.

Kathleen Cleary (Aragon) and I were very good friends in high school. Another friend of hers is a member of www.classmates.com and she asked him to go on line to try and contact me. The connection succeeded; and after the passage of over forty years, Kathleen and I are friends again! And now Kathleen has contributed her article “Swimming With Dolphins” to our publication. We know everyone will enjoy it.

The previous issue of The Gardner Newsletter celebrated Jean Gonzalo’s 60th birthday. Since Jean knew I was planning to attend the festivities, she called Kathleen and invited her to the

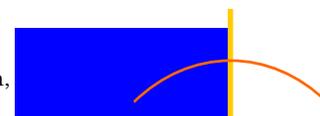
big birthday bash dinner. Here is a picture of us together.

In Kathleen’s own words, “I have known Paul Gardner since we were students at King City High. He helped me earn a “Bicycling Badge” when we rode from King City to Greenfield and back. Jean offered to give us a ride in her car from Greenfield back to King City, but we refused.”

If you can think of somebody back in your high school days that you really liked and would like to re-connect with, go on line to www.classmates.com and see what can happen to you. Of course, it would be nice if you would share your story with all of us at The Gardner Newsletter.



Paul Gardner and Kathleen Aragon reunited after 40 years through www.classmates.com Kathleen also authored the article above this one.



Please send in your articles as we begin our 6th year. Don't forget the newsletter and the web site at www.gardnernews.org.



The Parable of “The Good Samaritan” Revisited

Not long ago I re-read Jesus’ parable of “The Good Samaritan” recorded in Luke’s gospel. It is well known the parable demonstrates that Jesus’ concern extended to “outsiders.” Samaritans had long been regarded with hostility by Jews, in part because of their mixed blood: many were descended from foreigners introduced into Israel by the Assyrians after the fall of Samaria around 722 BC. (How very like the Palestinian-Jewish stand-off today!)

I’m going to print the whole story here within this article, without the verse structure of the Bible, and with a more up-to-date translation because the text flows better and because (sadly, I must admit) it helps to fill up the space in this issue.

it is a test. A lawyer asks Jesus how he can inherit eternal life. Jesus answers the question with a question and the lawyer responds with the right answer. But like all lawyers, he couldn’t leave it at that. He had to ask that “other” question. Who is my neighbor? Hence, we have the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Here is the Christian dogma in a nutshell attested to by Jesus himself when he said to the lawyer, “You have answered right.” To inherit eternal life you must love the Lord your God, with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, with all your mind, and your neighbor as yourself. How many ways can that be interpreted? How many different translations, versions, and paraphrasings does it take to distort this mes-

asleep. For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, shall not precede those who have fallen asleep. For the Lord himself will descend from heaven with a cry of command, with the archangel’s call, and with the sound of the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ will rise first; then we who are alive, who are left, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so we shall always be with the Lord. Therefore comfort one another with these words.”

So, here we are on the brink of this holi-

According to the Gospel of Luke

Another time a lawyer stood up to put him [Jesus] to the test. “Teacher,” he said, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

“What is written in the law?” Jesus asked. “How do you read?”

“You shall love the Lord your God,” the lawyer answered, “with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbor as yourself.”

“You have answered right,” Jesus said; “do this, and you will live.” But the lawyer, desiring to justify himself, said, “And who is my neighbor?”

“A man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho,” Jesus replied, “and he fell among robbers, who stripped him and

beat him and left him half dead. Now a priest was going down that road; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. So likewise a Levite, when he saw him, passed by. But a Samaritan came to where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion, and bound up his wounds, pouring on oil and wine. Then he brought him to an inn, and he gave two denarii to the innkeeper, saying, ‘Take care of him; and whatever more you spend, I will repay you when I come back’ Which of these three, do you think, proved neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers?”

“The one who showed mercy on him,” the lawyer said.

“Go and do likewise,” said Jesus.

What struck me about this passage is that

sage?

Another hotly disputed tenet of Christianity is the concept of the “Kingdom of God.” If we follow our lawyer friend’s advice we will enter into the Kingdom of God. But is it in the here and now? Is it somewhere far off in space? Is it even real? Here is Jesus’ answer regarding his kingdom just before he was crucified.

To Pilate: “My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were from this world, my followers would be fighting to keep me from being handed over to the Jews.

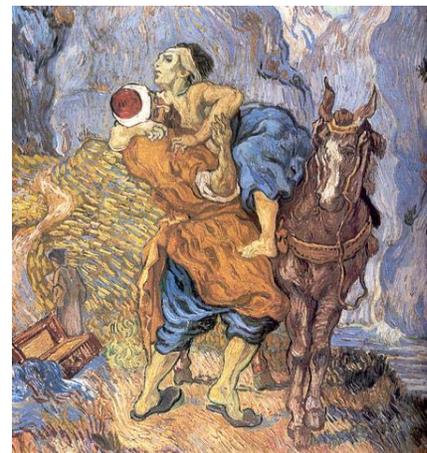
But as it is, my kingdom is not from here.”

When Jesus faced his accusers and completed his mission on earth he became Christ and created the most sacred princi-

ple of all in Christianity – the believer’s triumph over death made possible by Jesus’ suffering, death and resurrection. When the Apostle Paul wrote to the Thesalonians, he speaks of the great comfort this principle affords when he talks about those who have died. He is talking about the dead in the context of the future coming of God’s Kingdom to which we are all heirs. Everyone can derive great comfort from this passage.

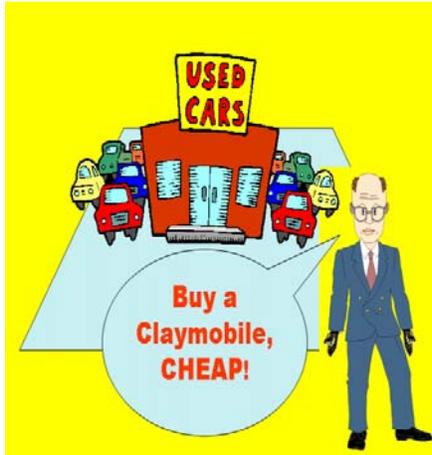
“But we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning those who are asleep, that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have fallen

day season in the 21st century right in the midst of all this pandemonium. Our “enemies” even worship the same God we do! We have the secret of eternal life. We have the keys to enter a new kingdom by conquering death. The lawyer knew instinctively that the best “neighbor” was the man who showed mercy. And so why is God doing all this stuff to us? You be the judge.



Van Gogh’s
“Good Samaritan”

“Cars I Have Owned” (a Gardner Newsletter serial)... By: Clayton Gardner



The 1936 Chevrolet and the 1949 Renault

I bought a 1936 Chevrolet similar to the one shown, from the filling station owner from whom I worked. The fenders were completely rusted out and the running boards were dilapidated. The engine ran, but barely. I drove it to Chicago where Adelbert and I were taking courses from the Automotive Trade Institute. On the way back, a rod bearing burned out. (We had forgotten to put a dip cup on this bearing where we were tightening the bearings.) We drove home while listening to a tremendous knock. On our way to Charleston, we bought a rebuilt engine and installed it. Later while working at the Springfield Garage, Norm Eastman told me that his brother, Bob, had fenders and running boards for my Chevy. I purchased them, sanded down the

body, installed the new fenders and running boards, and painted the car black. It was now a pretty good looking car and ran really well. Gerry and I took this car on our honeymoon to New York City and Lake Placid. We had a bit of trouble when the oil began to leak around the valve cover, but I purchased and installed a gasket and we continued along on our honeymoon. I sold this car to Harold Miller in 1949 and purchased my first new car, - the 1949 Renault.



This Renault was a tiny little thing. It got 50 miles to the gallon, but its valves were not tough enough to withstand American gasoline. While taking courses at Boston University, I had to remove the valve-in-head and take it by trolley car to the Charles Street Garage. They refinished the head and installed new tougher valves. After that the car ran quite well. However, its generator was too small to handle the things I installed – sealed beam lights, over-sized under seat heater, and defroster. One cold winter night Gerry and I started for Charleston from Springfield. Because of the below zero weather, after a few miles we turned around and headed for Boston where we hoped it would be warmer. Before we got there the battery was so nearly flat that when I tried to blow the horn the engine stalled. Our

momentum allowed the engine to start again. One slippery winter day I was in an accident with this car on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. The car in front stopped suddenly. I was just breathing a sigh of relief for being able to stop without hitting him when I was struck from behind and crushed between the two cars. There was not much damage and the car was repaired, probably at the Charles Street Garage. Later I installed a Chevrolet generator and regulator. That solved the small generator problem, but the new generator was almost as large as the Renault's engine! I sold this Renault and purchased a 1946 Mercury Coupe.

Special points of interest:

- Ron Gardner weds Monique, a native of Vietnam
- Two "dry wit" Will Gardner stories
- Irene Fernandez, Malaysian Human Rights Activist

Volume 6, Issue 21

Winter 2003

A Thanksgiving Letter From Vietnam**By: Clayton Gardner and Ron Gardner**

Here is a picture of Ron and his wife, Monique. Monique arrived in the US about 15 years ago when she was only 16. She escaped from Viet Nam on an overloaded boat and spent a year in a UN camp on Malaysia where she learned to speak English and other subjects.

She is very intelligent and a lovely person. To the right of this column is a picture of Ron and Monique dancing together at their wedding on November 23, 2002.

Please read and enjoy this Thanksgiving letter to me and Gerry from my son, Ron.

Hello Mom and Dad,
Monique and I are writing to wish you a Happy

Thanksgiving. I think it is turkey day now where you are.

It is Friday in Saigon and the time is 10:30 AM. We are having a wonderful time. This place is very exciting and adventurous.

We have met with Monique's auntie, Di Hanh, and her uncle, Cau Phat, and their



Ron and Monique Gardner dancing together at their wedding.

families, as well as auntie number 3 and 4, and Monique's 93 year old grandmother. Monique also located her very best friend, Tien; and yesterday we spent the day with her and went to dinner with her and her husband, Hoang, and their 8 year old boy, David. David speaks almost perfect English and enjoyed practicing on us.

We had a very special seafood dinner last night, including snails, shrimp, octopus, raw oysters and an assortment of seafood hot pot. We did not like the snails too much. The whole dinner for the five of us cost about \$35 including coffee and everything (also live music). That is quite expensive for Saigon.

Saigon is very dirty and crowded and the traffic is unlike anything you

(Continued on page 2)

Two Typical "Will Gardner Stories"**By: Don Griffes**

Oftentimes an event, person, or place will remind me of some "Will Gardner stories."

As I write this I notice that a cluster of crimson maple leaves have appeared on the tree in our yard. "A sign of what's to come" would be the retort of Will Gardner. He has gone to his eternal

reward now for almost 20 years. I think of him often.

There is a lady, Juliet Huddy, on the FOX TV; and nearly every time her name is mentioned, I think of the story that Dad Gardner used to tell about a neighbor they called "Old Huddy".

"Old Huddy" was somewhat lacking. Dad said that "he was a little odd". This event

(Continued on page 2)



DON GRIFFES

95% of the vehicles in Saigon are motorbikes!

(Continued from page 1)

have ever seen before. 95% of the vehicles are motorbikes. There are essentially no traffic lights and crossing the street requires putting your life in the hands of these crazy motorists. They drive just the opposite of the way we do. Instead of driving defensively and assuming the other guy may not see you, they drive under the assumption that the other guy will see you and alter course or speed to avoid the collision.

I do not feel safe traveling other than in a taxi, which is the primary mode of transportation we use. Walking is not too bad, so long as you don't have to cross the street. There is no way I would attempt to drive here and it is illegal for foreigners, al-

though we are allowed to drive motorbikes. But it would be too dangerous to do so in Saigon.

We are staying in the finest hotel in Saigon. Tien helped us get the room. It costs \$85 per night including a buffet breakfast. That is quite expensive for Saigon. We have a beautiful room, roof top swimming pool (21st floor overlooking the city), fitness center and fine restaurants.

The prices at the hotel are decidedly American. \$2 for a cup of coffee (although we get snacks and coffees all day long for free with our room.) Outside of the fancy downtown hotels, the prices are much better. A typical coffee is 4000 dong which is roughly 28 cents. A large bowl of soup is 10,000 dong which is 66 cents. The dollar is worth

15,377 dong.

Counting the money is a challenge. I frequently have over 1 million dong in my pocket, instant millionaires. We are taking lots of pictures and will show you when we return.

Love, *Ron and Monique*



Don't forget
www.gardnernews.org

"Country people would go to bed soon after dark and get up at first dawn."

This story was told to Will by his grandfather, Andrew Lang!

(Continued from page 1)

happened many years ago, even before Dad was born. It was told to him by his Grandfather Andrew Lang, who was Bert Lang's father. It took place one night in the mid 1800s at the home place.

Back then, seldom did anyone lock their doors. There were no lights at night once the oil lamps were blown out, when everyone was settled in bed for the night. Country people would go to bed soon after dark and get up at first dawn. Everyone owned horses, as it was their only means of transportation.

Before I go any further, it is necessary to review some of the anatomy of a horse. A horse has four legs. Each leg has a hoof. And just behind and a little

above the hoof is a tuft of hair that is called the "fetlock." Remember that a horse's hooves and the "fetlocks" are the part of the horses' anatomy closest to the ground.

Now on with the story.

It seems that Andrew had gone to bed and was just dozing off when he heard a stir beside his bed. In the moonlight he thought he could make out the form of old Huddy standing beside his bed.

Andrew raised up a little and said, "Is that you Huddy?" Huddy said, "Yup" and the conversation went like this:

Andrew: What's the trouble?

Huddy: My hoss is in the bog and I need hep to get him out.

Andrew: How bad is he in?

Huddy: He's clear in to his "fetlocks".

Andrew: No worse than that. It seems you could walk him out.

Huddy: I cain't.

Andrew: Why can't you?

Huddy: Cause my hoss is t'other side up!

Here is another "Will Gardner" story.

Will Gardner told me this story about a Mr. Hinton who was hard of hearing and lived on Westmore Mountain.

One day Will was working at the Lang Saw Mill when Mr. Hinton came by the mill with his horse and wagon. After their greeting the conversation went like this"

Will: I hear your wife's been

(Continued on page 3)

The black arrow points to the horse's fetlock!

(Continued from page 2)

ailing. How she doin'?

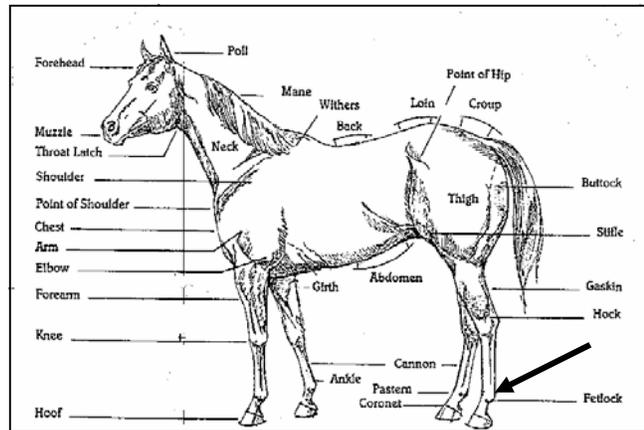
Hinton: "Got problems with ha."

Will: "Is she bad off? What's wrong?"

Hinton: "Got a problem. Ha bottom fell out. Takin ha ta the Pond to git a new bottom put in."

All the time Hinton was thinking that Will was asking about the wooden tub in the back of his wagon.

Will did not say how that conversation ended. We can only guess.



Anatomy of a Horse

"Amnesty International's campaigning has helped to raise consciousness of human rights violations in Malaysia."

The Irene Fernandez Story, A Malaysian Human Rights Activist

Ron's letter to his parents tells about Monique spending a year at a UN camp in Malaysia. *We must emphasize that Monique was in a UN camp and not a detention camp.* (Perhaps Monique will submit an article to the Gardner Newsletter telling us about her experiences at the UN camp.) Nevertheless, Amnesty International, the international human rights activist organization, has had its eye on Malaysia for several years because of that country's denial of basic human rights and the deplorable conditions in its detention camps. This brings us to the story of Irene Fernandez and Tenaganita.

Irene Fernandez is a prominent Malaysian human rights activist, director and co-founder of

Tenaganita, a non-governmental organization campaigning for the rights of women and migrant workers. She is married with three teenage children. She has been on trial since 1996 for "maliciously publishing false news" in a report about conditions in immigration detention camps in Malaysia. Although currently free on bail, she faces a prison sentence of up to three years. If she is convicted and imprisoned, Amnesty International would consider her to be a prisoner of conscience. The organization believes she is being prosecuted solely on account of her peaceful activities as a human rights activist. Irene Fernandez was arrested in 1996 after Tenaganita published a report entitled "Abuse, torture and dehumanized treatment of migrant workers in detention

camps." The report details allegations of ill-treatment, sexual abuse and denial of adequate medical care to migrant workers, held as alleged illegal immigrants in a number of detention camps throughout Malaysia.

During 1994-5, in the course of a research project into health and the incidence of HIV/AIDS among migrants workers in detention camps, Tenaganita staff interviewed over 300 foreign nationals following their release. Most of the migrant workers interviewed were of Bangladeshi, Indonesian or Filipino nationality. Patterns of alleged ill-treatment, abuse and official corruption emerged. The allegations included reports of a series of deaths caused by malnutrition, beri-beri and other

(Continued on page 4)

Irene Fernandez's trial is Malaysia's longest-ever trial!

(Continued from page 3)

treatable illnesses. In August 1995 Tenaganita issued its report and called on the authorities to open the detention camps for inspection and to set up an independent Commission of Inquiry to investigate the various allegations that had emerged.

In September that year the Deputy Minister of Home Affairs stated that 42 deaths due to "natural causes" had occurred in the detention camps and announced the appointment of an independent Visitors' Panel to study conditions in the camps. The Panel's findings have never been made public. In the same month a senior Police Field Force officer filed a complaint of criminal defamation against Irene Fernandez, and she volunteers in were repeatedly injured at police station, Irene Fernandez subjected to about witnesses violation of in-fair trial. publication of nandez was under Section Presses and legislation makes Malice was defined by whether or not the accused took "reasonable measures" to verify the truth of the news.



tion against Irene Fernandez and other Tenaganita involved in the research called in for question-headquarters. In addition, nandez's lawyers were police questioning related to the case, in international standards Seven months after the report Irene Fernandez arrested and charged 8A(1) of the Printing Publications Act. This it an offense to maliciously publish "false news".

Malice was defined by whether or not the accused took "reasonable measures" to verify the truth of the news. Amnesty International remains concerned at threats by the authorities to use the Printing Presses and Publications Act to silence public discussion of other issues of legitimate concern. Since Irene Fernandez was charged, there are known to have been three other instances in which NGOs criticizing police conduct have been threatened with prosecution under Section 8A(1) of the Printing Presses and Publications Act. The trial of Irene Fernandez - the longest running in Malaysia's legal history - may continue for at least two more years. It has been debilitating in terms of the time, energy and resources required both from Irene and the human rights lawyers who defend her. Although free on bail, she must appear in court for every hearing and so far has had to make well over 150 court appearances. Not only has her health suffered, but the work entailed in attending and preparing for numerous court appearances has prevented Tenaganita from devoting time to the advocacy work they provide for migrant and other workers.

Amnesty International has long-standing concerns about conditions in the immigration detention camps and has repeatedly called on the Malaysian authorities to allow access for independent monitors. The organization is gravely concerned that instead of conducting a full, public inquiry into the conditions in the camps, the authorities chose to prosecute the human rights defender doing something about those conditions, Irene Fernandez.

So far Irene has made more than 250 court appearances in what is now Malaysia's longest-ever trial. She sent this message in October 2000 to AI members who campaigned on her behalf: "I would like to express my deepest thanks to Amnesty International and want you to know how much your work makes a difference. Even though the charges against me have not been dropped, your efforts have given me strength to continue. You have also given strength to the migrant workers and victims of abuse, some of whom have opened the many letters and cards received at Tenaganita's office. Even the witnesses testifying at my trial express their appreciation when they see the letters in my office. I also received many bracelets

from children in Canada; I have given some of them to the families of ex-detainees in Bangladesh. They were so excited to receive them.

"Amnesty International's campaigning has helped to raise consciousness of human rights violations in Malaysia. It has created awareness and brought changes



Map of Malaysia

within ourselves, among migrant workers and the wider community. Since my trial began, more and more Malaysians have started talking about freedom of expression, something which never happened before. Global support is so important, especially now during Amnesty International's campaign against torture. Please keep up the good work."

**See you in
the Spring!**

**Thanks for sending
in your "promise"
postcards!**



GARDNER NEWSLETTER

Island Pond, VT: The Same, But Different

For many years, Will and Olive Gardner's official address was Island Pond, Vermont. Even today the little town nestled in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom is much the same as it was when many from the Original Gang of Ten attended Brighton High School. Back in the early 1950s, I remember walking from the old homestead to Island Pond to get a haircut for 25¢. Then I would go to the Ben Franklin store and spend my allowance on some treats before walking back home.

Who would have thought that this northern Mayberry USA



World Locations of the Twelve Tribes, Commonwealth of Israel

would be catapulted into the national news under the glaring spotlight of the media, and that the consequences of those events would shake the foundations of our most cherished institutions – family, religion and the law. That's exactly

what happened on June 22, 1984! Members of the Gardner family who still live in the area (and other long-time residents) certainly remember this period and, I'm sure, have strong opinions about this story. Be sure to ask them when you visit.

On June 22, 1984, 90 Vermont state troopers and 50 social workers took 112 children into custody amid allegations of child abuse. The children were taken from the community known as the Northeast Kingdom Community Church. This organization took root in Island Pond in the summer of

1978. A resident, Andre Masse, had invited church leader Elbert Eugene Spriggs, Jr. to the village to help found a religious community. Spriggs came from Tennessee, where he had already founded a church group. Almost immediately, the Island Pond group tripled in size from its 20 original members to 60. From the beginning, the relationship between the church's bearded men and kerchieved women and the rest of the townspeople was uneasy.

After all the hoopla and uproar, Judge Frank Mahady

(Continued on page 2)

Celebrate a Bicentennial and a Golden Wedding!

The month of July, 2003 has some great events for members of the Gardner Family.

On July 12, 2003, the Town of Charleston, Vermont celebrates its bicentennial. It will be held at the Charleston Elementary School. Some of the events include: a parade, antique car and tractor ex-

hibit, flea market/tag sale, craft table, face painting, petting zoo, plant sale, raffles and door prizes, speakers and dignitaries, entertainment, alumni chorus, old fashioned sing-along, lunch and refreshments, demonstration of "old skills," arm wrestling, tug-of-war, sack race/three-legged race, baby parade, and food judging.

Sounds like a full venue to me! If you are in the area, bring someone along. There's something for everyone. Plan to be there.

Congratulations to Bunny and Tony Maria!

They are celebrating 50 years of marriage this July! Bunny is a cousin of the Original Gang of Ten on Grandma Gardner's side.

Bunny and Tony have reached a great milestone and are planning to renew their vows! We applaud them as they go forward to their diamond anniversary. Maybe we'll have some pictures for our Summer issue.

(Continued from page 1)

dismissed the state's request to hold the children so they could be examined for evidence of abuse. The state dropped its case and the church proclaimed victory.

But who are these people? The Northeast Kingdom Community Church is now called the Twelve Tribes, The Commonwealth of Israel, and they are flourishing in Island Pond as well as in many other places in the nation and around the world (see the map on page 1). They actually share many of the same biblical beliefs as mainstream, conservative Protestant churches. What makes them different is their communal life style and their "spare the rod, spoil the child" belief regarding child rearing. (This latter belief caused the trouble in Island Pond, as well as in Chattanooga, Tennessee where the church's history began.)

The "tribal" concept of their organization is an interesting aspect of their belief system and each of the group's locations is named after one of the 12 sons of Jacob (the original 12-tribes of Israel). To digress a bit, the book of Genesis records Jacob's final blessing of his sons. Jacob not only established their characters and foretold the future fortunes of their twelve tribes, but he also handed on to them God's promise to give the land of Canaan to the descendants of Abraham.

The church addresses this on their web site where one of the FAQ questions is: "Why are you called Twelve Tribes?"

Answer: "The fact that we are called the Twelve Tribes has nothing to do with mystical tribalism, as in the beliefs of the Mormons, the Rastafarians, or British Israelism. Rather, we are speaking of people actually dwelling together in unity, living a tribal life in twelve different geographical areas on the earth,

so as to be a demonstration of how God has always wanted his people to live."

Mark Starr, a reporter for Newsweek, wrote this insightful article about the church on November 29, 1982 almost two years before the fateful raid. Here it is in its entirety.

The Kingdom at Island Pond

Newsweek/November 29, 1982

By Mark Starr

Folks in the tiny village of Island Pond (population 1,542), nestled in rugged mountains near the Canadian border, like to say they live in "Gods country." But lately residents have begun to fear that some of their neighbors may be confusing God with Elbert Eugene Spriggs. A Chattanooga carnival barker turned self proclaimed Christian apostle, Spriggs has established a fundamentalist Christian community, the Northeast Kingdom Community Church [known as the "Twelve Tribes"], in Island Pond and settled 300 devoted followers there. And although the town originally welcomed the kingdom, a bitter child custody dispute between an ex-Spriggs follower and his wife, still a group member, has unleashed charges of widespread child abuse among members of the kingdom and triggered a boycott of half a dozen church owned business by some locals.

Outwardly, subjects of the kingdom are a tranquil lot, quiet young men and modest women with kerchiefs on their heads. The charges against them became public at a hearing in which a former church member was excommunicated for questioning the gospel according to Spriggs. Witnesses testified that all the kingdom's children, from tots to teens, received frequent and lengthy bare bottom thrash-

ings with wooden rods, during which they were supposed to smile and thank their elders. The beatings so upset Charles and Tommye Brown, a couple recruited personally by Spriggs in Wyoming, that they quit the kingdom only a few months after hitchhiking for two weeks to reach it. "I couldn't stand what they were doing to their children," said Tommye. "or couldn't stand listening to them cry."

The kingdom defends its "spare the rod spoil the child" philosophy as Old Testament discipline that drives out the devil and renders the youngsters pure of heart. We're just trying to live a quiet, godly life, says Bill Hinchcliffe, a cheerful, young deacon. Local authorities have not been able to confirm child abuse charges because the kingdom is virtually a closed society that shuns contact with the outside world. Vermont state trooper Kathy Cunningham has followed the case closely, but says the police cannot do much. "They've taken away all our normal ways to detect child abuse," she says. "There are no teachers to report scars, no doctors to report anything funny."

There are also no doctors to save lives. Local officials say that the kingdoms reliance on paramedics and a makeshift health facility may have led to the deaths of three infants, including one whose spinal meningitis was misdiagnosed as an ear infection. Cunningham says one of the dead babies weighed only 13 pounds at eight months but had never been brought to a hospital. Elbert Spriggs could have hardly imagined such problems in 1972 when he founded a shelter for runaways, drug abusers and other alienated youths in Chattanooga. But when he discovered that his troubled flock was unwelcome in a local church, he simply began one of his own and it soon became a potent

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"They actually share many of the same biblical beliefs as mainstream, conservative Protestant churches."

(Continued from page 2)

force. "Gene started feeling his oats, and we were working so hard toward the kingdom of God that we started to feel like a superior people," recalls Cliff Daniels, who joined the church at 17 after a long talking session with Spriggs and later became his right hand man. Daniels, who quit the church in 1976 before it left Tennessee, charges that Spriggs "is a father in the truest meaning of the word...he has manipulated people's emotions, lifestyle and thoughts, and used the Bible to do this."

If Spriggs is manipulating his flock in Island Pond, he is doing it mostly from afar these days. Seldom seen in Vermont, he is reportedly camping with his fourth wife and a former member's child in Portugal, where followers say he contemplates establishing another kingdom. Back in Vermont the kingdom appears to be thriving despite the boycott, thanks in part to two traditional New England virtues: a reluctance to interfere in the affairs of neighbors, and good, old fashioned Yankee thrift. "They do fine work," says one local, "and they charge a whole lot less than most folks around here." Others believe that in any case, the controversy is overblown. "I think the whole disadvantage for the group is that the Jonestown incident has sort of influenced townsmen," says Beverly Pepin, a local hairdresser. "The only comparison between Jim Jones and Gene Spriggs is that when Jones started, he felt he was the disciple of Christ too." Says one of the church's members: "we really trust in the Lord to vindicate us."

Moving towards present day, Boston Globe reporter, Brian McGrory, wrote this tongue-in-cheek article on November 20, 2001 about a restaurant run by the church right here in Dorchester, Massachusetts.

One bite, I'm hooked

Boston Globe/November 20, 2001

By Brian McGrory

The first thing I notice coming through the heavy wooden doors of the Common Ground Cafe is the smell - not of food, but of incense, or maybe it's scented candles.

Then there's the music, an eclectic collection of hypnotic instrumentals and chanting vocals drifting from the sound system and congregating at the base of my brain. Almost makes me want to don a flowing robe and slap a tambourine against my thigh.

Wait a minute - the waitresses already have. Well, not the tambourines, but there they are in sexless robes carrying chili and turkey burritos across the dimly lit room.

And they seem to fit right in. The atmosphere is embracing, soothing, even caressing. The walls are brick, the floors a dark knotty wood, the ceiling a rich painted tile. And above some of the dozen or so tables are tiki hut-style drop ceilings, giving the whole place an exotic, if not mysterious, feel.

I start humming "Kumbaya." I quell the temptation to announce that I've changed my name from Brian to Meadow.

Mysterious it is, this little outpost on Dorchester Avenue, situated next to the Four Provinces Market and across the street from Daisy's Nails - mysterious enough, that is, to be careful, which I'm trying to be.

The Common Ground Cafe and the neighboring Common Sense Wholesome Food Market are anything but common. In fact, they are owned and operated by what they call a "spiritual brotherhood," what you and I might

label a religious sect, and what the less charitable refer to as a cult.

The reviews aren't all good - on the sect, not the food. The Twelve Tribes brotherhood that owns the restaurant has been fined in the past by authorities in New York for violating child labor laws. The Boston Herald reported earlier this year that group members admitted disciplining children by whipping them with resin-dipped rods.

Indeed, Robert Redford pulled furniture made by the group from his Sundance mail order catalog. The sect leader, Elbert Eugene Spriggs, a former guidance counselor and carnival barker, is known to shuttle between homes on Cape Cod, the south of France, and Sao Paulo, Brazil. Religion pays.

But they make a fine turkey and cheddar sandwich, served warm on a homemade roll with plump slices of fresh tomato and a small mountain of gourmet potato chips.

Two bites and I'm ready to shed any and all worldly possessions and sign my condominium over to the talented Mr. Spriggs. My dining companion wisely advises caution.

Still, I could if I would. Twelve Tribes has group houses in Dorchester, Plymouth, and Hyannis, as well as in New York and Vermont - more than 30 compounds worldwide, places where inhabitants "voluntarily share all they possess," according to the Web site.

And the restaurant, if not the religion, seemingly has its devoted followers. A pair of women at a corner table gab on cell phones. A young woman fires up her laptop computer as she awaits her meal.

The food goes heavy on the butter, but the staff is light on the

(Continued on page 4)

"Robert Redford pulled furniture made by the group from his Sundance mail order catalog."

Cars I Have Owned, A Gardner Newsletter Serial

By: Clayton Gardner



Top Left: 1946 Mercury Coupe
Bottom Left: 1955 Ford
Bottom Right: 1953 Mercury

See you this Summer!

1946 Mercury Coupe

I had a Mercury, like the one pictured, for a little over a year. I purchased it just before Willy, Arza, and I bought the Burlington Auto School. I installed dual controls and used this car to give driving lessons. During the time that I had it, nothing went wrong with it. I traded it in for a new 1953 Mercury.

1953 Mercury Two-Door

Our 1953 Mercury was light green and very pretty. I installed dual controls and used this car to give driving lessons. Once, on our way from Burlington to Charleston, I scared Gerry half to death. As I started to pass a slow car, he speeded up and tried to keep me from passing. I floored it and easily out ran the fool, but Gerry was screaming and carrying on. It was foolish for me to race like that, especially with children in the car. I traded this car for a 1955 Ford.

1955 Ford Two-Door

After installing dual controls on this car, I also used it to give driving lessons. My students wore out a couple of clutches, but otherwise no problems.

(Continued from page 3)

proselytizing. The menu makes mention that “Common Ground represents our desire to stand together with you in that place where men’s hearts can finally have peace.”

What I want is to stand in a place that makes a blueberry muffin this good. I nibble a corner and want to shout my lifelong devotion to their cause.

That’s when Yaqarah, the waitress, stops by the table with that faraway look in her deep-set eyes. Her lips move, and I think she’s saying, “Follow me to a place where the turkey is always sliced thin and the muffins are always warm.” Alas, I’m hearing things. She says, “Our vanilla ice cream is even better than homemade.”

I don’t wait around to find out, not here, not now. The dessert course in this joint could spell the end of me.

Final Thoughts

We have to stop and think. Is this a cautionary

tale? Should we get involved? Why don’t we just exercise the great American principle of “live and let live?”

Well, we do. This group has 25 communities around the world: 15 in the United States; six in Europe; two in South America; and one each in Canada and Australia. They are, by all accounts, doing quite well. But society must protect the children. Usually, if child abuse is even suspected in a single family, great pressure is brought to bear on that family by society and its institutions. When abuse occurs in these types of groups, apathy is their greatest ally. We must be ever vigilant to protect the rights of those who cannot defend themselves. That is what those hearty New Englanders in Island Pond were trying to do back in 1984. Whether the legal system succeeded or failed is moot. They did something. And at least now, people know and are watching.

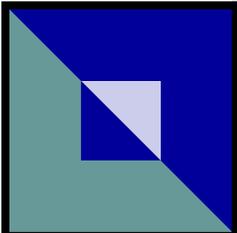
Island Pond today is just as picturesque and beautiful as it was when Grandpa Gardner took his car in for servicing at the Texaco station, did his banking, or grocery shopped at the IGA. But the town is not the same.



Bunny Maria (right) and her daughter Charlene
(See Page 1)



Tony Maria, celebrating 50 years of Marriage



Gardner Newsletter

A publication for family
and friends of the
Gardner's

Volume 6, Issue 23
Summer 2003

Cousins of the Original Gang of Ten Share Their Secrets to a Happy 50-Year Marriage

A Gardner Newsletter Exclusive Interview

Gardner Newsletter: Congratulations on your 50th Wedding Anniversary! I am sure all of our readers would like to know how you two met. Please tell us about that.

Bunny and Tony: Tony and I met in 1949. He drove a taxi for Marty's Taxi. I was the last person to get picked up, as I lived the closest. At the time I worked in Marlboro, Massachusetts.

Gardner Newsletter: Tell us about your children. What are their names? How old are they? What are they doing today?

Bunny and Tony: Our children are the greatest! Charlene is 46. She has been married for four years to Amr Baker. She works at Middlesex Savings Bank as a Senior Customer Representative. Jim is 44. Last Christmas

he became engaged to Paula Friedman, a lovely girl. He works for the City of Marlboro as a custodian. Charles is 42. He is our entrepreneur. He is learning to design and create glass Christmas ornaments. He is also a part-time hair dresser (one day a week). He has a full-time position as a Senior Accounting Aide at General Dynamics in the Government Systems Department.

Gardner Newsletter: True love is very romanticized in the movies. Our younger readers would be very interested in hearing the answer to this question: "How do you know when you 'love' someone?"

Bunny and Tony: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." During the years of 1951 – 1953, Tony was in the service, stationed in Germany. During this time period we wrote to each

other every day – missing each other very much. Even though we had different religions, we managed to talk and work things out. Over these many years our minds now run in the same chan-



Bunny and Tony Maria—50 years together and counting!

nels. For instance, I may think it would be nice for us to go out for dinner, not mentioning a word to Tony about it. Then, a half-hour or so later, Tony will say, "Bunny, how would you like to go out for dinner?" This is a

(Continued on page 2)

Charleston's Rich Tradition of Worship By Don Griffes

It is evident that our earliest settlers were people of a strong Christian faith, even though there was no church edifice to worship in for the first forty years. The first church edifice was the Stone Church in West Charleston Village built in 1843. Before this it was a common practice for families to assemble in designated homes each Sabbath to worship, study the Bible, and listen to what the Lord had to say through his servants.

It is recorded that the first sermon to be preached in town was a funeral service in October 1803, for a Mrs. McGaffey, by Rev. Luther Leland, a Congregational minister from Derby. As evidence of the faith of those early settlers, the Baptists and the Congregationalists both met each Sabbath at the dwelling house of Abner Allyn until 1806.

About 1806, Methodist circuit rider ministers began ministering in town. They were active in most all of Orleans County. Methodist meetings were held until 1812, in the Abner Allyn and Robert H. Hunkins dwellings. In 1810 some Sabbath meetings were held at the homes of Stephen Cole and Jonathon Richard.

About 1811 Jonas Allen and Stephen Cole met in the area of the falls on Echo Stream to determine a site to build the first mill in East Navy. History records that they "knowing that their success depended on the blessings of God, they bowed themselves before the ever present Savior and implored His blessings on their labors, after which they went to work with

(Continued on page 6)

www.gardnernews.org Showcases the Town of Charleston's Bicentennial and Other "Happenings"

The web is a perfect place to showcase the Town of Charleston's Bicentennial celebration which took place on July 12, 2003. Cyber Cousin Greta and Cousin Paul of gardnernews.org have been very busy organizing the pictures and placing them on the web site for everyone to see. Be sure to log on and share in this wonderful

event.

Peggy Gray and Richard Colburn, Sr. (pictured on the next page) are two people from East Charleston, Vermont largely responsible for the success of this event. Peggy, the Chairman of the Bicentennial Committee, worked tirelessly to make sure

everything went off without a hitch. (She is also a great Sunday School teacher at the East Charleston Nazarene Church.) Richard is the curator of the Charleston Historical Society which sponsored the Bicentennial celebration. (Richard attends the Plymouth Congregational Church in East Charles-

(Continued on page 2)



Nita's Dawnita and Bunny's Charles
"tripping the light fantastic"



Peggy Gray, Chairman of the
Charleston Bicentennial Committee



Richard Colburn, Sr., Curator, The
Charleston Historical Society

(Continued from page 1)

common occurrence in our house.

Gardner Newsletter: You have always been close to your cousins who make up "The Original Gang of Ten." Why do you think this is so?

Bunny and Tony: My first trip to Vermont, when I was in my teens, was with my mother, brother, and Aunt Marion. This was really my first experience meeting "The Original Gang of Ten." This was right after World War II. Raymond, Adelbert, Beulah, and Elinor were all living at home. I was struck by the closeness of the family. The fact that they said grace before meals and went to church twice on Sunday made a lasting impression on me, as my family never went to church.

(Continued from page 1)

ton.) The Charleston Historical Society, located in West Charleston, is charged with the preservation of the Town's artifacts, memorabilia and history. Richard has accomplished this with aplomb. He was honored for his continuing efforts during the closing ceremonies of the Bicentennial.

gardnernews.org has recently posted other things of interest to the Gardner family. There are lots of great pictures of Bunny and Tony Maria's 50th Wedding Anniversary party held in Maynard, Massachusetts. These cousins of the original Gang of Ten have a special bond with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner, as you will see when you read the exclusive *Gardner Newsletter* interview in this issue.

Gardner Newsletter: What are the qualities you admired most in Grandpa Gardner? You can illustrate them with a story about him, if you wish.

Bunny and Tony: The qualities I admired the most about Uncle Will – his garden, how he shared the vegetables with his customers, and his activities in the church. Tony and I were always welcome and we stayed with them during our visits to Vermont.

Gardner Newsletter: What are the qualities you admired the most in Grandma Gardner. You can illustrate them with a story about her, if you wish.

Bunny and Tony: The qualities I admired the most about her are her church activities and the concern for her children. Also, she dedicated many hours helping Uncle Will with his insurance

business. We were always welcome and enjoyed our visits with them. I like the institution of the round robin letter. I remember when she explained the concept to us and how her children (who, by this time, were scattered in different states) could keep in contact with each other by writing in it.

Gardner Newsletter: Is there a secret to being married so long? What advice about achieving a successful marriage can you offer to a "just married" couple?

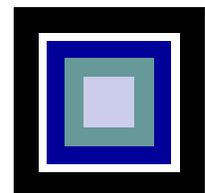
Bunny and Tony: The key? Communication and respect for each other. Marriage is a two-way street. It has its ups and downs. My early church experiences in Vermont over the years made a lasting memory in my life. To have a successful marriage, each one has to have respect, talk things out, cooperate with each other, and devote 100% to each other in every walk of life.

Thanks to Aunt Lois the web site posted articles from the *Newport Express* and the *Barton Chronicle* reporting on Charleston's Bicentennial. In addition, there are articles from the newspapers about the beaver dam that burst and damaged Vermont Route 111. These are very interesting articles. Thanks again to Lois for taking the time to send these pieces to gardnernews.org.

Beulah's page on gardnernews.org has received a lot of attention recently. There you will find an especially interesting article about her son, Len Griffes and his family. Len, Donna, Emily, Becky, and Josh went to Hawaii recently. Their story made the *Barton Chronicle* and (thanks again to Aunt Lois) that article appears on Beulah's page. Beulah and Don's grandson, Cole William Griffes, celebrated his

first birthday and you can see those pictures by logging onto gardnernews.org. Follow the link to Cole's special page set up for this event.

From these stories and articles you can see how the *Gardner Newsletter* and gardnernews.org complement each other. The web is subtly but inexorably changing everyone's lives. Be a part of it and log onto gardnernews.org today. Better yet, contribute a story or article for both mediums – the newsletter and the web site. You'll be glad you did!



Bog Shoes and the Meadows, by Don Griffes



Bog Shoes

The Leadership Center, which is located on the upper-side of the road above the old round barn foundation, has had an interest in my "bog shoe" given to me by Dad Gardner. They are showing it to students on tours to see what they think it is. They have guessed all sorts of things, but almost no one gets it correct.

"Bog shoes" are devices that were made by a few farmers and blacksmiths before the advent of tractors. They seem to have their origin in the bog areas of Ireland. They were devices which fastened to horses' or oxen's hooves that enabled farmers to drive these animals on soft wet ground to cut, rake and haul bog hay without sinking

into the muck. I found some interesting comments on an Internet search for "Bog Shoes".

When I was a boy on our farm in Michigan we put up "marsh hay," as we called it. My Internet search brought back many memories of my own personal experiences, as well as comments Dad Gardner had said on the subject. In 1946 my father, Eddie Griffes, and I harvested many tons of marsh hay with horses. We sold it and used some to feed our live stock. We did not use the marsh hay for bedding because it packed so tight when it was wet that it was very difficult to pitch. We only used oat straw for bedding. The marsh hay we sold was baled and shipped by railroad to a glass

factory where they used it for packing for shipping glass items. Our marsh was quite dry so we had little trouble with sinking into the muck.

One web site stated that, *"In the early days there were many sloughs or wet places on the western prairie and the ground was often wet and boggy. When horses pulled a load in the soft earth they would sink up to their fetlocks. In Old Ireland they had made some (bog shoes) for their own use. They were wooden squares about 10 by 10 inches with an iron strap in front and two holes in the rear for the calks. They are now collector items."* When I read that the horses *"would sink up to their fetlocks"* I had a good laugh thinking about Dad's "t'other side up" story. (See the Winter

"I remember Will telling about mowing the bog hay with a scythe."

2003 issue.)

Evidently there are several different types of bog shoes, but the type that Will Gardner used was much like the ones used in Ireland.

I found this comment on the Internet, *"The hay was cut by hand with scythes, by mowing machines pulled by horses or oxen, and later by tractors. To keep from sinking into the marsh, the animals wore bog shoes, blocks of wood attached*

to each hoof by leather straps. A good haying horse was one that wore the cumbersome bog shoes without attempting to kick them off." I remember Dad telling me that if one of his horse's "bog shoe" would come loose the horse would stop and wait until he fastened it back in place. Evidently he had real good haying horses.

I remember Will telling about mowing the bog hay with a

scythe. He said that when he first started mowing as a boy, he had trouble keeping up with the men. He was very competitive and would not be out-done by anyone if he could help it. So in just a short few hours he got the hang of it. Then he could mow as fast as any of the men.

The net said that *"Harvesting marsh hay was easier than clearing the forest and planting a hay field to harvest hay later"*. This makes



Don Griffes sitting on the front of his float at the Town of Charleston's 200th Birthday Party

sense. Back a hundred years ago there were few trees on the bog along the Clyde River. It was mostly meadow grass. Now there are trees and brush everywhere and very few acres of bog hay are still being harvested. Every tillable acre of a Vermont hill farm is considered premium land because land consisting of many steep slopes, ledges and trees is considered NOT tillable. Incidentally, there is more forested land and less tillable acres in Vermont today than when Will Gardner was a boy.

A few weeks ago I was on the seacoast of New Hampshire and drove by some salt marshes. It reminded me of comments I found on the Internet as follows: *"For hundreds of years, New Hampshire's salt marshes played an important role in local culture. As abundant sources of salt hay, the marshes were highly prized because of the many practical ways in which the hay could be used. For example, the hay could be used as stuffing for mattresses; and during the cold New England winters, it provided insulation when banked*

against the foundations of houses. While these uses of salt hay made life easier for the people living near the marshland, those who were probably the most grateful for salt hay were the farm animals. The hay made up a large part of the diets of horses and cows, and it could be used as bedding. For the early settlers, harvesting salt marsh hay was easier than clearing the forest and planting a hay field to harvest later.

The process of harvesting salt hay

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

involved several steps. The men and boys cut the grass with scythes. Eventually, the scythe was replaced by a mowing machine that could be pulled by horses or oxen. At one time, horses were considered to be too expensive to work out on the marsh. These were the days when oxen helped the men to harvest the hay; but as hard-working as these animals were, they were also slow. So, as horses became more affordable, they quickly replaced the oxen. The animals were very helpful, but they required special equipment when working on the marsh. For example, "bog shoes" made walking easier for the oxen and horses, who would otherwise sink into the soft, wet ground. Most bog shoes and other special equipment, like yokes for oxen, were made by the farmers themselves.

After the grass was cut, it was allowed to dry. Then, the hay was raked. With either hand tools or a horse-drawn device, the hay was

raked into piles called "haycocks." Next, the hay was stacked. The haycocks were carried on haypoles over to a structure called a "staddle" whose purpose was to provide a dry storage place for the hay. Each circular staddle was made up of at least a dozen wooden posts that were driven into the ground. On top of these posts, the hay was stacked. (Sometimes the stacks were up to twelve feet tall.) By keeping the hay elevated above the rising and falling tides, the staddles prevented the hay from rotting.

As hay was added to the stack, a haystack comb was used to weave the outer layer of the hay into a tight pattern, which would allow rain to run off the side. Then, the stacks were securely tied down with ropes. Protected from the rain, wind, and tidewater, the hay would remain on the staddles until winter. Winter was the time for hay to be transported from the staddles to the farmers' barns."

I was wondering if Will's stacks of hay on the bog were elevated on poles, or staddles, like they did in the salt marshes of NH. It would seem that they would need to be in case of a rain storm. The Clyde River is subject to flooding anytime there is a heavy rain up-river. If the hay remained in stacks until winter it would have to be up on poles to avoid being spoiled. I was talking to Nita about this subject and she said that she could just remember the stacks of hay on the meadow by the river when she was very small.

Will must have had eight or more bog shoes at one time. We have only one and Nita has one. Does anyone know if there are any others in the family? Also perhaps someone would like to add more to these comments.



Picture Potpourri



Ruth Winn and her cousin, Lois, at Bunny and Tony's 50th anniversary



Dining out with Barbara Moulton, Dawnita and Aunt Lois



Aunt Lois, Dawnita and Paul in front of St. Bridget Church in Maynard, MA



A visit to Uncle Raymond's in Reading, MA



Dawnita, Barbara Moulton, and Aunt Lois



Bears in Charleston, by Don Griffes

Bears are often sighted nowadays in Charleston. It is always a thrill when one is so blessed to observe these black, shaggy-furred critters in the wild. It is not a pleasant experience when a disgruntled mother bear is following you. That happened to me in August 1970. I'll tell you about it before I'm done. Also we are seeing a lot of wild turkeys now, and we had 11 deer that were feeding in our yard last winter - but back to the bears.

In my old office there is a bear head that is in tough shape. It is just a dried skin of the bear's head mounted to a carved wooden form. When I see it there on the shelf, I think of the stories it could tell and all the fun the Gang of Ten had with it. Back when this bruin made his debut into the Gardner family, bears were almost extinct, but were not protected. The term "endangered species" had not been coined yet. That was almost 100 years ago before any of the "Gang of Ten" were on the scene.

This well worn head is just a remnant of what used to be a bear skin rug with head. I would not be surprised if each member of the "Gang of Ten" would have

a story or two about this bear. As I understand it, this remnant of Will Gardner's youth provided much fun as a prop to scare newcomers, friends, and each other. Beulah does not remember the rug, but had her turns of being frightened and scaring others with the head.

As I recall the story told to me by Will, it all started when he was a teen and was working for his step father, Bert

Lang,
on the
farm.

**Did you send in a "promise postcard?"
Only one (1) more issue to go!**

Will wanted to hunt and trap instead of milking the cows and cleaning stables. Bert had told him he could have a week off at the beginning of trapping season just to keep him happy. But Will wanted more than just a week. As an avid trapper and hunter myself, I know exactly where he was coming from.

Will wondered how he was going to get more time off. That was a dilemma. He asked Bert, "If I make good on my week of trapping, can I continue to trap the rest of the season?" Will

was getting room and board and probably was being paid a couple of dollars a day. Bert thinking that there was no way Will could make much by trapping and hunting agreed to the challenge.

Will had a 16-gauge, single-barrel shot gun, a boat, and some traps. Early in the week Will was in the boat on the Clyde River in back of the old homestead when it happened. There was a bear swimming across the river just ahead of him. At first he thought he would shoot it in the head as it was swimming, but immediately thought that would not be a good idea. "If I do hit it and it sinks to the bottom of the river I will lose it," he thought to himself. Then he thought again, "If I wound it, the bear might head for the boat and I might end up in the river myself with a very angry bear!"

The Will Gardner I knew was not one to act on impulse. His mind would process all the things that were known about a situation and then he would make his decision. He was considering all the possibilities with his gun loaded and cocked, held to his shoulder, and aimed at the head of the swimming bear which was nearing the shore. As the bear pulled himself from the water and on the bank, Will pulled the trigger. The shotgun hit the mark and the bear was now Will's trophy.

Will dressed out the bear and was able to sell the bear meat, the feet, and some of the "bear grease" for over \$100.00 dollars. That's how he met the challenge to Bert and was able to hunt and trap the entire season. The bear was very fat and there was a lot of grease. Will was able to render out the grease and put in small bottles. To make it go further and be more useful, Will diluted it with alcohol and marketed it for a number of years. Beulah said she remembers her Mother using the bear grease on her knees for arthritis. I guess a lot of people used WHG's bear grease for all kinds of ailments, - even as a hair tonic.

Now to tell you about my experience with a big mother bear and her three cubs. Will and Olive, along with our family of six, had been to the Ithiel Falls Camp Meeting on the second Sunday of August. We had come home in a heavy rain storm. Len and I were in the process of

tearing down the old barn and building a garage out of the old wood shed. We had to begin work right after breakfast.

The Lang Brook just down the road seemed to me to have some brook trout in it. Being a person who loved brook fishing, I had got up very early (about 5:00 am) and headed down the road to the Lang Brook with my pole and some lively worms that I had dug the previous Saturday. The brook was much higher because of the rain the evening before. As I started fishing at the road, I caught a nice trout in

the first hole. The brook was in a cedar thicket and it was necessary to work my way carefully to keep from getting my line tangled.

I had several trout in my creel when I came to an opening that was thick with ferns. I looked up and three bears were coming right at me. There was one large bear and two smaller ones. I was certain that it was a mother bear and her cubs. Wanting to fish the rest of the brook, I yelled at them and made some noise. They turned and ran away from me. Wow! That

was exciting! I had never seen bear in the woods before. I had a story to tell at the breakfast table later on and it looked like we were going to have trout for lunch. Back to fishing.

I caught several more trout. During all the time I was there I kept hearing what seemed to be a raven squawking in the trees behind me. I thought that perhaps the big black bird had a nest in the area and that it considered me a threat. I was concentrating on getting fish for dinner, so I was keeping my eyes on the brook. But by then the critter seemed to be right behind me. I said to myself that as soon as I caught that fish I had spotted in that next hole, I'll investigate that loud squawking.

When I turned around I saw that what I thought was a squawking raven was instead an angry bear that was just a few yards behind me. I then realized that probably Mama bear did not know where her cub were that I had scared off. I knew well that mothers bears can be very ugly over their cubs, so I yelled at the bear as loud as I could, "Get out of

(Continued on page 6)

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

A Holiday Message from the Rev. John D. Scott, Sr.
(Pastor of the East Charleston, Vermont Nazarene Church from 1953–1955)

Volume 6, Issue 24

Fall 2003



RECEIVING GOD'S GIFTS

As we enter into this holy season on the Christian calendar, it may be that we need to re-think, or think for the first time, just what we can anticipate during these four weeks leading up to the day on which we celebrate the coming of the Christ-child in Bethlehem's stable.

Some of us have been a part of the Church of the Nazarene and we did not grow up hearing much about the Church Calendar Seasons. We limited our thinking to Christmas Day and Holy Week that began with Palm Sunday and included Good Friday, concluding with Easter Sunday. On occasions the church did highlight the Ascension some 40 days after Easter.

If we could pause a moment and give thought to what we might gain by anticipating Christmas and Christ's first coming, we might also take note that among our Lord's instructions to His first century followers was the information that He was going to return, and that it was vital that they be ready. In Luke 12:40 Jesus said, "You also must be ready, because the Son of Man will come at an hour when you do not expect

him." (NIV)

Perhaps you would be willing to take some additional time this year to give thought to your spiritual well being, as you move toward Christmas 2003.

For many of us, we have grown used to singing the words, "Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your blessings; See what God hath done. Count your blessings; Name them one by one. Count your many blessings; See what God hath done."

Could we this year, take a few moments to inventory some of the blessings that have come our way because Jesus was born in a manger so many years ago?

Four gifts, one for each Sunday during Advent, would serve to prepare us for celebrating His first coming, and allow us to look for His soon Second Coming by accepting each of these gifts as being our own.

On the first Sunday, be prepared to receive the **Gift of God's Grace**. Paul reminds the Ephesians that "it is by grace you have been saved, through faith - and this is not from your selves, it is the gift of God." (2:8 NIV)



Rev. John D. Scott, Sr.

Take some time to meditate on the very thought that it is His grace that sustains us in our everyday existence. Someone has suggested that His grace is undeserved, unconditional, unending and unfathomable. A lot to think about this first week of Advent.

On the second Sunday, be prepared to receive the **Gift of His Care**. To the Philippians Paul reminded them, and us, that "my God will supply all your needs according to his glorious riches in Christ Jesus." (4:19 NIV)

Along with this same thought comes the words of the very familiar Psalm 23:(KJV):

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
2. He maketh me to lie

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)



Rev. John D. Scott, Sr. with Rheal Major, Selectman, Town of Charleston—October 1954

- down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
 4. Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
 5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou

anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

On the third Sunday, focus your thinking on the **Gift of God's Son**. The verse most of us memorized in Sunday School was John 3:16 KJV which says, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Isaiah predicted "for unto us a child is born, to us a son is given, and the government will be on his shoulders. And he will be called wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there will be no end, lie will reign on David's throne and over his kingdom, establishing and upholding it with justice and righteousness from that time on and forever. The zeal of the Lord Almighty will accomplish this." (6-7 NIV)

What was promised in that prophecy was fulfilled with



Mrs. Doris Scott

the birth in Bethlehem... and we can understand what has been called "the focal point of the world." It is Jesus Christ who is still the focal point of all that believers call important.

On the fourth Sunday, allow the emphasis to be on the **Gift of God's Way for My Life**. Once again it is Isaiah who related his encounter with the Lord. Hear these words again..." were calling to one another, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord Al mighty; the whole earth is full of his glory. ' At the sound of their voices the

doorposts and thresholds shook and the Temple was filled with smoke. 'Woe is me!' I cried. 'I am ruined! For I am a man of unclean lips, and I live among a people of unclean lips, and my eyes have seen the King, the Lord Almighty.'" (3-5 NIV) When Isaiah heard the Lord ask who would go for him, Isaiah cried, "Here am I. Send me! and the Lord said, Got" (8b-9a NIV)

Allow me to summarize what can result from following God's way in one's life. It can be a way of peace. It can be a

way of hope. It can be a way of life. It can be a way of holiness. It can be a way of victory.

Nothing will be more satisfying to each follower of the Savior than to receive these four gifts during this Advent Season. Those gifts are... His grace, His care, His Son and His way for your life.

John D. Scott, Sr.
252 Sand Castle Blvd.
Fruitland, MD 21826-0502
phone 410-742-8685



**East Charleston's First Volunteer Fire Department
October, 1954**

Pictured on Truck: Jack Sloan

Pictured on the ground left to right:

Herb Hinton, Dick Jensen, Gerald Moulton, John Scott, Rheal Major





Advent marks the start of the Christmas season. It begins on the Sunday nearest November 30, the feast day of St. Andrew the Apostle, and covers four Sundays. Because the day it begins changes from year to year, so does the length of each Advent season.

DECEMBER 2003

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
Gift of God's Grace						
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Gift of His Care						
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Gift of God's Son						
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
Gift of God's Way for My Life						
28	29	30	31			

Learn about Rev. John D. Scott, Sr. and Family as they are TODAY

All Rev. and Mrs. Scott's grandchildren are graduates of Nazarene colleges!

Dear Paul and all the Gardner family and friends,

Your letter and "Gardner Newsletter" copies arrived several days ago.

So many memories came rushing back as we thought of those days in East Charleston when you and your sisters were with the Gardners.

After our arrival in July 1953, one of the very first events was the wedding of Elinor and Dick Cove. (*Editor's Note: Linda Lou Gardner served as flower girl at the Cove wedding.*) We stayed with you on one occasion while the Gardners attended a trip won by selling insurance policies in his territory.

You suggested that I send along a brief update of our family. We had four sons, #4 being born in Newport VT in 1955. Alan is a pastor in the Church of the Nazarene in Colorado Springs, CO. He pastored in Johnson, VT before going west. Rod Ames was one of his building contractors when he relocated that church. He and Beth have three sons, the oldest a 2003 graduate of ENC.

Stephen, #3, lives two miles from us here on the eastern shore of Maryland. He and his wife, Judy, have two sons. Christopher is now in Iraq and his wife is in Kansas at his last US base. Randy graduated from MANU in 2003 and is working in broadcasting.

Peter, #2, lives in Ohio and is a finance officer with Cogun Industries, builders of churches. He and Amy have 3 children. Mark, an ENC graduate, works in the Quincy, MA area. David and his wife, Betsy, are in Pasadena, CA where he is enrolled in Fuller Theological Seminary. Angela and her Husband, Jon Austen, live in the Quincy area. She was a 2003 graduate of ENC

John, #1, and Marcia now live in Florida where he works in the Social Services area dealing with delinquent students and their families. He concluded 24 years of pastoral ministry before moving south. Their son, Jeffery, and his wife, Stephanie, live in the area of northern VA. They have our

only great grandson, Aiden Christian, born 9/11/03. Both parents are graduates of ONU in Illinois. Jeremy lives in Nashville, TN and is interested in music. He is also an ONU graduate

I failed to mention that Chris and Mindy, his wife, are both ONU graduates - Chris in 2002 and Mindy in 2003. All eight of our grand children are graduates of Nazarene colleges We are proud of that record!

After leaving Vermont in 1955, we served Nazarene pastorates in Ohio, New York, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Maine, and Massachu-

setts. We moved here in 1986 and served a United Methodist Charge for 6 years - as a temporary position. Following that, we served on the Pastoral Care Department of our local hospital. We now enjoy a bit more free time.

I trust that this may fill in several areas about our family. Both Doris and I have enjoyed good health with some recent ailments that accompany we who are in the aging group, as we are now. ***We would be interested in learning about any of "The Gang of Ten" who may also remember us.***

Here are several photos with names and dates on some

from the first Volunteer Fire Company in East Charleston. The engine was purchased from a New York company and was housed in the underground area of Jack Sloan's store in East Charleston.

Again, thank you for remembering us and sending along the family newsletters.

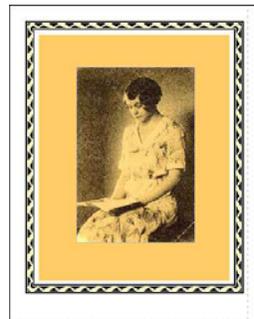
Sincerely,

John D. Scott, Sr.

Happy 90th Birthday!



Ruth Amy Metcalf



What a wonderful and special day!
Please come and share with us!
The CELEBRATION of
Ruth Metcalf's 90th birthday!

December 17th, 2003
7:30pm

Midland Bethel Church of the Nazarene
Fellowship Hall
5490 E. Baker Road
Midland, MI 48462

Please RSVP to: ranmmetcalf@netzero.net
no later than November 30th
or send cards and/or memories to:

Ruth A. Metcalf
353 Macintosh Way, Westerville, OH 43081

Gardner Newsletter

B E G I N N I N G O U R 7 T H Y E A R

RUTH AMY AND RUTH ANNE METCALF TALK ABOUT HENRY METCALF

Gardner Newsletter:

2003 was certainly a pivotal year for you. You celebrated your 90th birthday and then, tragically, lost your husband, Henry, right after that. We'd like to conduct this interview as a tribute to Henry Metcalf. Can you tell us about the very first time you saw him? When and where was it?

He was getting ready to go to work on the bus. He worked for my friend, Bette Higgins' Father. It was in Lincolnville, PA in the early 1940's. Mom says she thought he was "quite a guy". She thought he was different and he had a wonderful personality. Mom says he made her laugh.

Bette Higgins, Mom's girlfriend, and Bette's boyfriend, Al Kuhns, and Henry and Ruth had many good times together.

have any brothers or sisters? Tell us about them.

Henry's father, Ralph Metcalf, came from a large family. Before he was married he served in the Navy. Ralph drove as a mail carrier; and later in his life, he had a calling to the ministry. He served for many years as a Methodist minister in Northwest, Pennsylvania and he had a great influence on Henry. They did revival meetings together and his Dad was probably the biggest reason why my Dad wanted to preach.

Henry's Mother, Lois Peterson Metcalf, was of Swedish descent. Lois worked raising Henry and his younger sister,

(Continued on page 2)

Gardner Newsletter:

Talk about Henry's immediate family. Who were his mother and father, where did they live, and what did they do? Did he

DON GRIFFES RECALLS THE UNFOLDING EVENTS IN MICHIGAN

On Wednesday morning December 17th, Henry e-mailed Nita and told her, " I hope you are doing what I do every day... listening for the trumpet ... watching for the angels ... Won't it be great? ... any moment." Nita said that Henry

was referring to the "Rapture" of the Christians which begins with a "trumpet" sound. Henry believed, as we do, that if the "Rapture" didn't happen before it was our time to go, that the angels would come for us. In just four days, after he said this, I'm certain that he saw

the angels come to take him to Heaven to be with Jesus, and also to be with his mom and dad, Lyndol, Will and Olive, and a host of others who have already made the trip.

The passing of Henry was a

(Continued on page 3)



The Metcalfs-1945



Pastoring in Michigan over 20 years ago!

HENRY METCALF

(Continued from page 1)

Marjorie, and at one time, Mother says, she worked in a dry goods store.

Lois was a very gifted seamstress and she made many taffeta dresses for her granddaughters.

Lois was also a very social person with a big heart. She loved to give parties. At one point, Ralph served at the Henderson United Methodist

church in Erie, PA. We have home movies of Grandma Metcalf giving a ladies luncheon party at this church.

Dad's sister, Marge, was eight years younger than him. She loved children and eventually she went on to get her Masters' Degree in Social Work. Marge never married, but filled her life with children and friends and worked tirelessly in her local United Methodist church wherever

she lived.

The Metcalfs hailed from Titusville, PA, home of the Drake Oil Well.

Gardner Newsletter:

Henry was extremely multi-talented. He was well known for his public speaking ability. This served him well in his ministry. Can you think of a time when his words visibly moved an audience or congregation? Tell us about that.

Mom says that everywhere he went to preach the Gospel, people were visibly moved to come to the Lord.

One song that Ruth Anne remembers well as a youngster, was "I'M TOO YOUNG TO MARCH IN THE INFANTRY". She loved the motions and the action of the song, and she can attest to the fact that many other

"Dad's strength of conviction, and his love of the Lord won many young souls."

youngsters also loved this. These lively songs with a message of truth were a hallmark of Dad's years of ministry.

One specific time that his God-given talents served him well was when he worked with children at the Nazarene Campground in New England. The music, chalk talks, his sense of fun, Dad's strength of conviction, and his love of the Lord won many young souls.

Gardner Newsletter:

What was Henry's "pet peeve". What really bothered him?

One of his main pet peeves, especially with those he was closest to, was not doing things right - RIGHT— by his standard. Henry set a high standard and he had his own ideas about how things should be done. When he saw that a family member wasn't doing something to his standard he would, usually in a kind way, point this out.

Gardner Newsletter:

What do you consider to be Henry's greatest achievement in life?

Showing his love for the Lord through his life and helping many people to do the same.

Gardner Newsletter:

What do you think was the greatest strength that Henry possessed?

Henry was an endless and persistent tinkerer. He loved

tools and was fascinated with how things worked and inventions. He was always trying to "make it better" himself. In going through his puppet and chalk talk ministry materials, we found a "custom-designed" stage and a stand that Henry built.

Henry applied this same inventiveness to everything that he did. In his artistic work, his puppet and magic

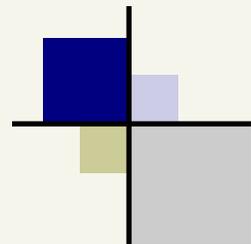
ministry, and in his life's work, he was always looking over the horizon for better ideas.

He loved people and understood them. He knew how to really listen to them and show them he cared; and, through his compassion, he showed them God's love. His main purpose in life was to use all these things as a gift to God.

Gardner Newsletter:

How would you like the Gardner family and friends to remember Henry?

As a man who loved the Lord with all his heart and soul and mind and as one who loved people - especially his family and friends.



(Continued from page 1)

shock to us all. Beulah and I were so privileged to be with him just four days earlier, in his home, at his regular mid-week prayer meeting and at Ruth's birthday celebration. We were with them less than five hours that Wednesday evening. Our schedule was tight as we were expected back in Vermont on Friday. What a great privilege it was to be with the Metcalf family on this joyous occasion. I want to share several highlights.

Arriving at their parsonage/home a little after five PM, on the 17th, we had a great time visiting and taking a few pictures and then off to the prayer

meeting and the party. As Ruth's birthday party was scheduled to be held in the fellowship hall following the prayer meeting, we, unfortunately, had little prayer time. Henry made a few comments and asked if there were any requests for prayer and there were a number of them. Several prayed and then Henry concluded with prayer and we then went down stairs to Ruth's party.

Ruth Anne, Geri and Greg did a great job with everything. There were more pictures, music, stories, and, of course, a big birthday cake with all the "fixins." Henry was to sing a special, a favorite of Ruthie's, but said he was

not up to doing it. When the party was over and we were leaving Henry asked Beulah for a hug before she left. I believe that he had an idea of what was ahead.

We arrived back in Vermont about noon on Friday. That Sunday morning I felt heavy. I couldn't get Henry and Ruth off my mind. Thinking back to our time with Henry a few days earlier, I remembered that he was very tired and somewhat pale. In discussing his health, he had told me that his heart was pumping only a fraction of what it should be. Thinking on these things, I made a special request for prayer for him in that morning's church service.

Little did we know that he already had made the trip. Henry is OK now, but we need to continue to pray for Ruth and her family as they make this major transition.

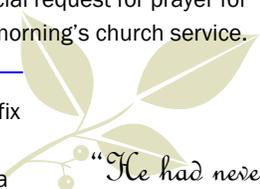
Henry's funeral, the Saturday after Christmas, was in East Charleston. There will be an internment in the Spring, here in the cemetery where Dad and Mom Gardner are buried. I hope we can have another time of celebration of Henry's

life then; for that is what his funeral was, a celebration of a very successful life. There were at least nine ministers in attendance and most of them spoke. There were many others who also told of how Henry had blessed their lives. He truly was a servant of our Lord.

I spoke about how Henry and Ruth ended up in Michigan and worked for us for awhile and I alluded to his many talents. I know of no one else as

talented as Henry. He could fix a car or truck or TV, paint a picture, or design and paint a sign, build a beautiful church, or boost some hurting person's spirit. Henry knew the Bible and could preach and teach its truths to all ages. He could tune a piano, play a saw, as well as many other instruments, and he had a great singing voice.

Uncle Henry, as the kids all called him, used sleight-of-



"He had never attended a funeral that was such a celebration as this one was."

hand demonstrations in his children's sermons. (He didn't like to call them "magic tricks.") The kids were captivated by his illustrated children's sermons. When my six year old granddaughter heard that Uncle Henry had died she ask her dad, "Do you know how Uncle Henry did those tricks?" He answered, "No I don't." She was quiet for a short time while she thought about it, and then said, "I guess then we will never know, will we?". She was only three when she attended

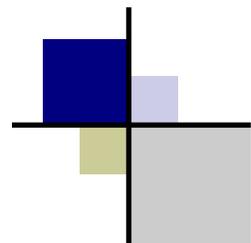
a Bible School conducted by Uncle Henry.

One prominent minister in the area commented to me that he had never attended a funeral that was such a celebration as this one was. The time of food and fellowship following the funeral was a great opportunity for family and friends to share their remembrances of Henry. I hope we can all be together again in the Spring and celebrate Henry's life once again.

This one more thing: Henry was a man of prayer and he knew

that prayer made the difference in the outcome of any situation. Ruth and her family have a lot of adjusting and work to do. The most important thing to do is to pray for them. Also, keep in touch with them often. We all have benefited immensely over the years from the prayers of the Gardner Clan.

Let us all keep it going for the generations to come, or until we hear that trumpet, or make our trip with the angels.



THE LENGTHENED SILHOUETTE

BY: ELIZABETH GRIFFES
(AUGUST 1974)

Emerson said, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of a man." Today I saw an institution and the man whose shadow of influence has created it. It was promotion Sunday in the Church of the Nazarene in East Charleston, Vermont.

This was the first church service I had attended in months as I had been busy caring for my terminally ill preacher husband. The funeral three weeks before had been another promotion service—a faithful worker had been graduated to that better land above. The ministers and our two sons tried to tell several hundred relatives and friends some of the things I had known so well about my dedicated companion of forty-six years.

As I sat in the small New England church that morning, I realized again what being faithful really means. I know something of the history of this vibrant church for my daughter-in-law was one of its first members. Thirty years (1946) ago her parents, Will and Olive Gardner, became alarmed at the teachings of the liberal old line church they attended as a family. They decided to withdraw and start a Sunday school in their own home,.

There number was small, perhaps a dozen or so. But they studied the Bible, sang, prayed and worshiped God; and most of all, witnessed by daily living what it meant to be real Christians. The attendance grew, as they were faithful, and now there is a healthy, flourishing Church of the Nazarene, - a vital institution in the community of East Charleston, Vermont

This Sunday morning, the Lord willing, more than thirty teens and juniors will climb into the yellow Sunday School bus, driven by the pastor, and head for church. Before the Sunday School hour, I had seen Will Gardner heading toward the church with a car full of boys and girls. Yesterday Will had done the same thing for the Sunday School picnic. I happen to know that he declined an invitation to a more elaborate function yesterday afternoon with the words, "I think I had better go to the picnic. There may not be too many adults there." Faithfulness again!

Will Gardner now lives alone since Mother Gardner died two years (1972) ago, keeping house, raising a garden, canning and freezing large quantities of vegetables to be given away during the winter. His daughter said that in the course of one spring he gave parsnips to fifty-seven families. Each week during the growing season he distributes bags of fresh vegetables to fifteen or twenty homes of widows, invalids, and those who for one reason or another don't grow a garden.

His garden is a sight to behold and he never sells even one vegetable. They are all given away in Jesus' name—a real "inasmuch" garden. Down through the years Mr. Gardner has sold everything from socks to insurance to make a living for his family of ten children. In fact, when someone asks what things he sold, he often says that it would be easier to recount the things he hasn't sold. He is known for many miles around, and people always (even those who are not Christians) talk about his witness for Christ.

Busy as Dad Gardner is, he never misses a church service or a board meeting, and he attended the last General Assembly (1972) with two of his daughters and a son-in-law.

As I mentioned earlier, tomorrow morning more than thirty teens and juniors will climb into the yellow Sunday School bus driven by their pastor, Rev. Ron Wencel, and head for five days of Christian study, fun and fellowship at the District junior and young peoples' camps. All this because one man and his family, like Abraham of old, stepped out on the promises of God and were faithful.

With a Sunday school average over seventy five last year, those thirty young people must be something of a record. Over a third of the Sunday average going to camp! I'm sure there aren't very many churches in our denomination that could match this. Besides this, at least a dozen teens had attended all or most of the services of an inter-denominational holiness camp two weeks before, and one of the girls was a delegate to the International Institute this summer in Switzerland.

Later on this week the children who were too young for camp, and some others who will not be able to go with the group tomorrow, are being taken to Granby Zoo for a day of fun. Something is planned for every child of this growing Sunday school this week.

Now let me tell you about the man whose shadow has lengthened in such a wonderful way. I looked over at him this morning—and how he was enjoying the service! That man, Will Gardner, is eighty-seven years young!

Note: This is one of the many stories, poems and writings by Elizabeth Griffes, the mother of Don Griffes, who went to be with the Lord November 1994, following a 6 month struggle with cancer.

Gardner Newsletter



Raymond Gardner

Raymond Gardner Searches for His Grandfather

"Genealogy is Fun , But it can be Frustrating!"

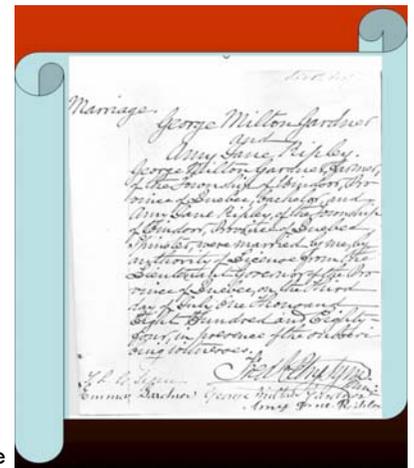
By: Raymond Gardner

When trying to find information on Grandfather Milton Gardner, I ran into some interesting situations. I never heard my father say anything about his father. Of course, he never knew his father. I asked Mother one time, "What happened to Grandfather?" Her answer: " He left for a hunting trip and never returned."

I discovered that there were vital records in Montpelier, VT that should help in finding information

about my grandfather's divorce. I journeyed to Montpelier only to find that the records were moved to Middlesex, VT. In Middlesex, I found the divorce records for the period. There was no record of Amy Jane Gardner or Milton Gardner.

There weren't many Gardner divorces in the 1890s. So looking at them all, I found a Mary Jane Gardner who divorced George Milton Gardner. That was the first time I knew my grandfather's first name, as he used his middle name. The name Amy, if the top of the written "A" isn't closed, can look like Mary. This



Marriage Certificate of George Milton Gardner and Amy Jane Ripley

record gave me a date, book number, and a page number, - the book to be found in the county seat of Irasburg, VT. That didn't mislead me, because I al-

(Continued on page 2)



Nita Ames



Don Griffes

Sugaring-Off With Nita and Lyndol Ames

By Nita Ames and Don Griffes

Early each year we enjoy our "fifth season" in Vermont. It's a few special weeks every Spring, when the days are a little longer and warmer. The warmer daytime tem-

perature thaws the ground around the maple trees and then the cold nights freeze it again. That's when the maple sap begins to flow and sugaring, the "fifth season," begins. Sugaring is unique to Northeastern America.

The native American Indians first taught the early settlers how to make maple syrup. Over the years, maple production methods have evolved, as technology has advanced. Occasionally you will find someone still collecting sap in buckets hung on

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 1)

ready knew that the Orleans County seat, at some time, had been changed to Newport, VT.

Two years later I made a trip to the courthouse in Newport, VT. The clerk in the courthouse got the book and page, but there was nothing there to interest me. The clerk knew where to look by the date, which I had. So I got a copy of the divorce. On looking over the divorce record, it states that more information could be found in the Petition for Divorce.

Another two years went by before I returned to get the petition. When I

asked at the courthouse for the petition, I was taken down stairs to a fire-proof vault. The vault was full of records with just one small aisle down the middle. It was illuminated with just one light bulb and it was impossible to read the dates on the boxes. The clerk was very polite, but said she was busy and asked if could I come back in the afternoon. That gave me an opportunity and time to sponge a meal off Nita.

While at Nita's, I found out that Ann's (Nita's daughter-in-law) mother was a clerk in the courthouse. I brought a flashlight and went back to the courthouse. Now I could be a namedrop-

per! The clerk found the right box. It was on the floor with several boxes on top of it. She had me lift the boxes and pile them in the aisle. I boxed myself in, handed her the box, and then had to repile the boxes before I could exit the vault.

Now I have learned that Amy Jane Ripley married George Milton Gardner, of Windsor Mills PQ, on the third of July, 1884 in Melbourne, PQ. George deserted Amy on 31 March 1888. That is a year and a day after their child William Henry Gardner was born. The Petition for Divorce was dated 29 June 1893, and granted 14 Mar 1894. The divorced stated that George Mil-

ton Gardner was in parts unknown, and that it was willful desertion.

I had learned from a census report of Windsor Mills, PQ that a Gardner family living there had a Milton. This was interesting since Milton's father's name was "James" and his Mother's name was "Julia." I sponged an overnight and more meals from Nita and made a trip to Windsor, PQ. When I arrived in Windsor I walked by the "Hotel de Ville". I asked someone where the town hall was. He directed me back to the Hotel de Ville. I went in the town hall, but did not find much

information. Sometimes you wonder if they just can't be bothered. I did learn that the name "Windsor Mills" had been changed to "Windsor." They also directed me to the Richmond County Land Office in Melbourne, PQ. English is not spoken at this office. Nevertheless, a cute little French girl showed me an index. With the name and date I was able to find a book and page number. I needed help finding the book. From the book I learned that James Gardner sold land to the St Lawrence & Atlantic Railroad in 1852 for 8 pounds, 14 shil-

"George Milton Gardner and Amy Jane Ripley were married in the Melbourne PQ Presbyterian church on the third day of July 1884."

lings and nine pence. On 25 May 1875, James Gardner sold land, cattle, stock, and farm tools to John E Hicks. John E Hicks was to maintain and support the said vender (James Gardner) for the remainder of his natural life. I learned later that John E Hicks was James Gardner's son-in-law.

I decided that it was time to get help. I employed a genealogist from Sher-

brook, PQ to do some research for me. She retrieved a lot of documentation, including the marriage of George Milton Gardner and Amy Jane Ripley. They got married in the Melbourne PQ Presbyterian church on the third day of July 1884. They both gave their residences as Windsor, PQ.

George Milton was major (in other words he wasn't a minor) age 34, and

Amy Jane was 20 years old, a spinster. You have to wonder why Amy was in Windsor. That is quite a ways from Nova Scotia. I have been told that Amy Jane was a cook in a lumber camp in Gallop Mills, VT before she was married. Could she have met George Milton in a lumber camp?

Our Great Grandfather James Gardner

(Continued on page 5)



Jean Gonzalo

Jean Gonzalo Talks About Family, Work, Gumption, and College!

Whether of great or small significance, life is full of decision-making. When you are very young, small decisions such as obeying or disobeying parents are some things of which you are confronted. As you mature into young adults, you begin to make more serious decisions about life such as going on to higher education or choosing a career. When you reach adulthood, you have had many years to perfect decision-making. By the time a person reaches senior citizen status, decision-making has grown into a science.

About one year ago, I made a life altering decision. I decided to attend college and obtain an Associate of Arts degree. There were many pros and cons that had to be weighed carefully. On the con side was the change in life

style. No longer could I go on summer vacations. No longer would I be free every weekend. Time spent with beautiful (I'm biased) and growing grandchildren would be limited. My family would not have a home-cooked meal every night. The house would not be as well kept as it had been. Would I have the energy and the fortitude to keep up with my younger classmates? Would my brain be able to function and absorb all the information? There were many doubts about whether I could follow through with this plan.

But then the pro reasoning took over. The biggest motivator was that I needed an "AA" degree to keep my teacher's aide position. The United States government mandated the states to dictate to the schools that their aides obtain an "AA" degree. I had been working at the same job for fifteen years and it was so enjoyable that it didn't take long for me to make the decision to go on to higher education. Even as a

young child, I loved reading and learning new things, and this reasoning played a big part in my decision.

Another reason the pros outweighed the cons was that I needed to keep my job in order to receive retirement benefits. Having only a few more years to qualify, it didn't seem wise to give up all those years of working, when I only needed three more years. Of course, the increase in pay when I receive the "AA" would be well received. My passion for seeing children progress daily in their schooling and their eagerness for learning, cannot be measured in monetary terms.

If I have helped only one child in his scholastic journey, the decision to attend college has been well worth it all!

Call it Yankee resourcefulness or an enterprising spirit, but I have enough gumption for several people. Born and reared in New England, I can look back at my ancestry and see how gumption has played a role in my life. Rural Vermont in the early fifties was undeveloped and wild. Modern conveniences were not prevalent, so people had to make do with what they had. That was when my siblings and I went to live with our paternal grandparents. I was nine years old, my brother was seven and my sister was two. My grandparents lived on a farm northern Vermont surrounded by pristine wilderness.

I loved the outdoors and Grandpa and I would spend a lot of time together gardening, fixing fence or hunting and fishing. He owned a big white draft horse which he used to do the farm work. I was always by his side trying to be helpful. The stud horse was high strung and spirited, but I thought he

was the greatest animal there ever was. Grandpa taught me how to navigate the horse while they were plowing the garden.

But one day, I wanted to help on my own. There was a ten-acre alfalfa field across the road from the homestead place. The hay had been cut and it was ready to be raked. I asked Grandpa if I could rake the hay with the "spirited horse" and the old-fashioned rake. He said, "No!" But I kept begging him and he told me, "Next year when the snow melts from Ball Mountain, I'll consider it." I'm sure he thought that a nine year old would forget about the request, but when next year rolled around and I was ten, I again asked him if I could rake the hay. Seeing how persistent I was, he hitched the horse to the rake and proceeded to show me how to begin.

In the middle of this field was an electric light pole. Grandpa warned me to be

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

very careful when going around the pole so as not to spook the horse. He instructed me to stop close to the pole; then proceed slowly. I began raking the field and feeling so proud of myself. "What a little girl can accomplish alone these days!" Everything was going well as I approached the pole. I got as close as I could, then stopped, just as Grandpa had instructed. I pulled the right rein ever so slightly to go around but the left wheel of the rake bumped the pole. This spooked the horse and he started running away across the field with the rake and me holding on for dear life. Consequently, I fell off and could feel the sensation of tumbling across the field. I blacked out and the next thing I remembered I was running for dear life toward the house. Two of my uncles, Grandpa's sons, were working in a nearby field and saw the runaway horse and me running toward the house. I remembered being so frightened and Grandpa trying to calm me down and telling the "Lord, thank

you." for sparing my life. If the shaft on the rake had not broken and its teeth had not raised up and gone over by back, I might not be here today.

But did this incident stop my enterprising spirit? I think not. Fifty-one years later, I'm still going at it. It takes gumption to attend college and try to attain an "A" in all subjects. Gumption is something that comes naturally and is inbred into my genes. Don't you think gumption has fared me well?



Lyndol Ames washing maple syrup buckets



Sugar-On-Snow party at the Ames'

Full Text of Marriage License Pictured on Page 1

Marriage Record of
George Milton Gardner
Amy Jane Ripley
Melbourne, Quebec
Presbyterian Church
1884

Sixth Day of _____

MARRIAGE

George Milton Gardner
and
Amy Jane Ripley

George Milton Gardner, farmer, of the Township of Windsor, Province of Quebec, bachelor, and Amy Jane Ripley, of the Township of Windsor, Province of Quebec, spinster, were married by me by authority of License from the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, on the Third day of July, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-four, in presence of the subscribing witnesses.

T. L. _____ Fred _____
Emma Gardner George Milton Gardner
Amy Jane Ripley

Tara Le Gardner

Here is Tara Le Gardner at six months.

Congratulations to Ron and Monique Gardner.

New grandparents, Clayton and Gerry, sure are proud!



(Continued from page 2)

(father of George Milton) was married twice, first to Mercy Glaughlin on 19 Aug 1837. They had two children- George Ezro Gardner and Mary Mercy Gardner. George Ezro died young. Mary Mercy Gardner was born on 16 November 1839 in Shipton, PQ. Her Mother, Mercy Glaughlin, died on 29th of Nov 1839. I don't know any thing more about Mary Mercy Gardner. She could have married and had descendents who would be our distant cousins.

James Gardner married for the second time on 31 Jan 1844, in Melbourne PQ Congregational Church. The bride

has written an article in which he thinks this line of Caswells have Francis Eaton of the Mayflower as an ancestor. It is ironic that most of Mother's ancestors come from Massachusetts and we have to go on Father's side to get a Mayflower connection!

You have to wonder if George Milton Gardner, who disappeared in 1888, was in contact with his sister, Emma Matilda (Gardner) Hicks, after 1888. Emma Matilda, apparently, was living on the home farm until she died in 1898.

needed to evaporate the sap.

It takes about 40 gallons of clear sweet sap to make a gallon of rich thick syrup. Boiling the sap creates great billowing clouds of steam that makes the spring air smell so sweet. Once the water is evaporated away into the air it leaves only the syrup in the pan. That final product is pure Maple Syrup, the most natural and delicious sweet-

was Julia Ann Caswell. They had three children; Emma Matilda Gardner, born 25 Nov 1847, Sarah Ann Gardner, born 1 May 1849-died 19 Aug 1863, and George Milton Gardner, born 26 Oct 1850. All three children's birth records were found in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Melbourne PQ.

Emma Matilda Gardner married John E Hicks. They had three children, Emory Edward Hicks, born 3 Mar 1869, Julia Ann Hicks, born 1 Sep 1875, and Arthur Howard, born 21 June 1880. The three children born in Windsor, - probably at the home farm that John E Hicks was deeded. Emory Edward Hicks and Arthur Howard Hicks could have married and left us

with even more cousins. Julia Ann Hicks, born 1 Sept 1875-died 7 July 1922, married Clarence B Vogt. So we could have some Vogt cousins!

James Gardner's death notice says he was from Lancashire, England. Julia Ann Caswell's ancestors are easier to trace. One of Julia's ancestors was Nathan Caswell, who was the first inhabitant of Littleton NH. He was Julia Ann Caswell's great grandfather, and he moved to Compton, PQ in 1824. He married Hannah Bingham. So it is possible that we are distant cousins to the Bingham of Island Pond. VT.

George F Sanborn, of the New England Historic & Genealogy Society,

Sugaring-Off (continued)

(Continued from page 1)

the trees. Most serious sugaring operations now use a network of plastic tubing which delivers the clear sap to the sugar house or to a central location where it can be trucked to the boiling operation.

Sugaring really begins long before the weather starts the sap running. It takes a lot of hard work the rest of the year to put up enough wood

to boil the sap. The wood had to be cut and stacked in a dry place so it could be drying for months prior to sugaring. We used about 40 cords of wood each season. Lyndol had a saw mill and we hauled the slabs to the sugar house to burn along with other wood and even sometimes we burned used motor oil. Lyndol installed a pipe that would drip the old oil in to the heart of the fire. A hot fire was

ener as ever can be. For generations in Northeast America, Maple sugar and syrup was the most common sweetener available for every day use. Back then maple sugar cost less than white or brown sugar. Now maple sugar is very expensive.

To write this I contacted Raymond and Clayton for memories of our making syrup when we were kids.

We didn't have a sugar place but we did have some big maples along the road near our house. The boys tapped the trees and Raymond remembered using the two foot high wooden tubs that our dad had used for making ice-cream in years gone by. They would set them on the ground and some times they would find them tipped

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

over. Raymond remembered suspecting the men that hauled gravel did it. But it probably was a coon or some other wild animal that really did it.

Clayton remembers finding dead mice in the sap and having to dump the sap on the ground. We would gather the sap in pails and take it to the house. When there was snow we would haul it on our sleds. We put the sap in a copper boiler and boiled it for hours on the wood stove. I remember all the steam loosening the ceiling paper in the kitchen, a big price to pay for some wonderful syrup.

Now to our sugaring operation: Lyndol grew up sugaring with his dad. Soon after Lyndol and I married they bought our farm in Holland and it had a great sugar place with fairly young trees. Our original sugar house had been the back shed of our house - it had been moved to the sugar orchard just before we bought the place. We used it until the 70's when Lyndol built a new one on the other end of

the sugar place - it was more central there and easier to set up pipelines.

We used buckets to collect the sap and hauled it to the sugar house in a large gathering tank on a sled with two horses. The sap was gathered by carrying pails to the trees, filling them, and carrying them back to the gathering tank. When the snow was deep they would sometimes use a wooden yoke across their shoulders. A yoke would hold two big bucket of sap, one on each end. You had to be rugged to carry up to 10 gallons of sap

After a few years our horses were replaced with a tractor. This helped some but with the tractor you had to mount it every time you wanted to move. With the horses all that was necessary to move the sled was to say "gid-up" and they would go until you said whoa and they would stop. About 1970 Lyndol built a sap pump that would pump the sap from the buckets, hanging on the trees, to the gathering tank behind the tractor. No more lugging the heavy buckets of sap, through the snow.

All our buckets, 2000 or more, had to be washed before they were hung on the taps on the trees. This was a big job so Lyndol made a bucket washer out of a steel oil barrel, a big brush, an electric motor and some pulleys and other parts. This sure made washing buckets a lot quicker and a whole lot easier. Then there was the marathon to tap the trees and hang the buckets in time for that first big sap run. You never did know just when that would happen. Anytime from late February to early April.

The new methods of gathering sap with plastic pipe lines and pumps came in the early seventies. If the sugar house was lower than the trees, the sap would run through the tubing to the sugar house storage tanks. But not all the trees were high enough so that gravity could do the job, so a vacuum pump was installed. This made the sap run up hill and made sugaring easier but it still was a lot of very hard work.

The lines had to be all marked so that the next year the lines could be attached to the same trees as the

previous year. The lines all had to be cleaned before they were taken down and stored. This was done by reversing the pump and pumping chlorinated water through them while they were still up.

During their first (sugaring) "fifth season" when Don and Beulah came to live in Vermont, 1971, they tapped a lot of roadside trees and hauled the sap to our place in their 4x4 Toyota pick-up. We installed a plastic pipe from our house to the sugar house which was used to get the sap to the storage tanks. That winter we had a record amount of snow. Don said that some of their buckets on the trees were over his head after the snow melted.

There are so many memories of our years of sugaring. Our families and friends often came - sometimes to go to the sugar house and sometimes to enjoy sugar-on-snow, raised doughnuts, and sour pickles. As I am writing this, I think of all the hard work through the years and all the good times involved. God knew what He was doing when He gave young people

strength and ambition, as it sure takes both to make maple syrup. Over the years we made lots of it.

Sometimes we had to boil all night to keep up. At times I would take over firing the arch to give Lyndol a break. It was a constant job to keep the fire going hot enough. As I stood in front of the open door of the arch, feeding wood into the hot, hot fire, I remember thinking - "I'm so glad God has made a way for me to go to Heaven" - as the heat from that fire was so in-



Nita "taste'-testing" the boiled maple syrup.

tensely hot. The Bible tells us that Hell is a place that burns with fire and brimstone, and we sure don't want any part of that place!

Gardner Newsletter

Summer, 2004

Volume 7, Issue 27



Clayton Gardner



Prince



Maude (aka Beatrice Arthur)

What do “Prince” and “Maude” have in common with Uncle Clayton? Read on!

While we were growing up on the farm, Papa had two gray horses, “Prince” and “Maude.” Both were work horses. In summer they pulled the mowing machine, rake, and hay wagon. In the winter, they skidded logs and pulled huge loads out of the woods. Although big and powerful, they were gentle well-disciplined animals. We children could ride them without fear. We could walk up to them in the pasture, lead them close to a big stone, use the stone to get one, and then ride around. We had no saddle and did not need a bridle or halter.

To cause Maude to go where we wished, it was only necessary to lean down and press on her

neck – a press on the left side caused her to go right – and a press on the right side meant to go left. Maude would also respond to “Gee” and “Haw.” “Gee” meant go right; “Haw” meant go left. Of course, “Whoa” meant stop and “Git Up” meant go.

Maude would walk carefully unless we wished to gallop. She would respond with a gallop after a few gentle slaps on her flanks and some vocal urging.

When Prince died of natural causes, Papa got another horse. It was experiences with this other horse that made us appreciate Prince and Maude. He was balky. He kicked. He tried to bite and was next to impossible to catch when he was loose

in the pasture. And he would not tolerate anyone on his back. Papa got rid of him fast. I do not remember his name.

But now Papa had only Maude. He rigged ropes so that Maude could be hitched alone to a sled meant for a team. I remember well Maude's struggle to pull a too-heavily loaded sled across a small brook. Maude got across. The sled got to the far bank. But in spite of Maude's most strenuous efforts, she could not move the sled any further. However, she would not give up. Every time Papa urged her to try again, she would give her best effort. Papa knew what a good horse Maude was. After a strenuous, futile and exhausting effort he said,

(Continued on page 2)

Uncle Clayton Remembers Prince and Maude

(Continued from page 1)

“Whoa.” He talked to Maude, patted her and encouraged her. I’m sure that if he’d had a lump of sugar or bit of grain, he would have given it to her.

While letting Maude rest, Papa said to me, “A horse can be discouraged from ever trying again if you ask for the impossible too many times. I should take off a few logs; but it is nearly dark, and we don’t have time to get back here today. I’ll try to help Maude with a peavie.”

Papa drove the peavie point under the sled runner. He put his shoulder under the handle. He was prepared to heave mightily, however, his heave had to come simultaneously with Maude’s best effort. Most horses will put forth their best effort only under a whip or under the threat of a whip in the form of violently dancing reins. Maude would give Papa her best effort at the sound of “Heave,” after preparatory talk.

I watched Maude get into position as Papa talked to her. She positioned herself so that the harness was taut

against her shoulders. She seemed to bend at the knees as though she were getting ready to jump. Then Papa shouted, “Heave!” He and Maude both heaved simultaneously and mightily. The sled moved a foot. He continued to talk to Maude while they both rested. Papa explained, “Maude knows the sled moved. She is now encouraged. After a rest, we’ll try again.” It took three mighty heaves to get the sled up the far bank of the brook. The rest of the way was all down-hill.

As with all living things, Maude grew old. She got a cough and her breathing, after the least bit of exertion, was wheezy and labored. Papa said she had the “heaves.” He put her in his best pasture and vowed never to work her again. He told me to take grain and a specially brewed tea to her each day.

I had to make the tea from a weed that grew in our barnyard. It took a lot of time to get boiling water for the tea to make it. Then I had to walk with it and the grain to the best pasture which was a half-mile from the farm house. For one

week I performed this task faithfully. Then I began doing it only twice a week. Finally, I quit completely. Papa was busy and didn’t know I was not performing my duties.

Two weeks after I had quit Papa asked, “How is Maude?” I responded, “She was fine last time I saw her.” “When did you see her last?,” he asked. I was ashamed of myself, but I answered truthfully, “Two weeks ago.” “TWO WEEKS!,” he asked angrily. “Go see her NOW with grain and tea.” I made the tea, got the grain, and walked to the pasture. But, alas, when I found Maude, she was dead. She had been dead for more than a week.

Papa, of course, was angry with me. He said very little. My punishment came when next I asked to drive the Model A. Papa said, “No. You didn’t do right by Maude. You are not going to drive for awhile.”

Although I felt this was insufficient punishment for my unfaithfulness to a valiant horse, Papa knew I was punishing myself lots more than he could.

“A horse can be discouraged from every trying again if you ask for the impossible too many times.”



Editor’s Note: Here is what a peavie looks like. The one in the shed chamber at the old homestead had a much thicker handle than this one.

The Gardner Newsletter needs your articles!

Logging Horses vs. Farming Horses

Volume 7, Issue 27

By Glenn French

(Editor's Note: This article reinforces many of the concepts about horses that Grandpa Gardner told to Uncle Clayton those many years ago.)

Can you use your logging horses for farming and vice versa? When you hook a team to various pieces of equipment that rattle and clang and go bang in the night, you need horses that aren't bothered by noises and commotions. Such horses are usually docile and not easily frightened by anything. They don't often have to move heavy loads, although at times they might be called on to pull some extra weight. As a result of not caring much about anything, they may not care if a heavy load comes or not.

Logging horses, on the other hand, are often asked to pull all they are capable of pulling. Every horse has its limit, and if one can't pull a particular load you will have to go do something time-consuming to get the load to the landing.

Time is money in any production job such as logging. A horse with a good deal of determination to go ahead on a load may be more difficult to handle and keep headed in the right direction. The animal may not

make a good farming horse if it is a sizzling mover and always wants to go faster.

For farming you need a gentle team that doesn't much care what happens. For logging you need a team with determination to go ahead. Some horses are good all-around horses that will do well in either situation. If you need to do both farming and logging, they are the kind to have. Otherwise you may need two separate teams, one for farming and one for logging.

As your logging skills improve, you may appreciate a team that's a little hard to handle. A beginning logger, however, is better off with a quieter team that is 10 or so years old, doesn't have much juvenile foolishness, and knows what logging is all about. Such a team is usually not among the cheapest on the market and will cost around \$5,000 bare naked. Save your pennies, because this is the team you need and well worth the price. You would make a serious mistake to buy a young untrained team that costs less up front than an experienced team. In the long run it could cost you your future logging career.

Beginners tend to make one of two mistakes when it comes to working their

horses:

- asking too little
- asking too much

In both cases the logger won't get enough done, not to mention the damage done to the horses, although asking too little isn't as damaging as asking too much. Unfortunately beginners aren't the only ones who make these mistakes. Developing good judgment takes time and study. The key is to form a mental image of what horses look like when they're trying hard. It won't just happen as you wallow around in the brush—you have to be thinking and observing.

To assess whether or not your team is trying, see what they look like when they are pulling hard. Go watch several pulling contests to see what the final teams look like as they pull the heavier loads. If your team is trying hard, learn how to hang a block, use an arch, or add more horses to your team so you don't ruin them by asking too much.

The bottom line is that a good farm team may not make a good logging team and a good logging team may not make a good farm team. Although you may find horses that do both, you are more likely to find a team that excels in one or the other. Wisdom dictates that you not make too many assumptions until you have tried a team at the job you expect them to do.

Editor's Note: Glenn French is former president of the North American Horse & Mule Loggers Association. This article appeared in The Evener 2000 issue of Rural Heritage.

“Beginners tend to make one of two mistakes when it comes to working their horses: asking too little or asking too much.”

See you in the Fall



**1963 Chevy II Nova
SS Convertible**



1957 Mercury Wagon



**1967 Ford Galaxy
500**



Cars I have Owned *By: Clayton Gardner* (A Gardner Newsletter Serial)

1957 Mercury Wagon

Here is a picture of a 1957 Mercury wagon like the one we loaded up and took off from Gerry's folks in Springfield Vermont for Champaign, Illinois where I went for a year to study teaching of mathematics under a grant from the National Science Foundation. We had very few problems with this car except for rusting out from all the salt on the New Jersey and Vermont highways. I repaired the rocker panels several times. From about 1963 until 1987, when we moved to Edmonds, Washington, we had two cars. I believe it was in 1967 that we gave this Mercury to Adelbert. He ran it off to somewhere on his farm and never used it. It was in need of extensive front-end repair and had numerous rust areas.

1963 Chevy II Nova SS Convertible

Soon after we moved to New Jersey, we needed a second car so Gerry could do errands for our children and so she could go to work. This Chevy was a fun car, but it always had a gasoline odor. We took it to the Chevrolet garage many times about this odor, but it seems they could not correct it. We took this car on a trip to Gettysburg. We never had any problems with it other than the gasoline odor. Our car was white with red upholstery. The picture shown here is from the Internet. I traded this Chevy for a 1967 Ford.

1967 Ford Galaxy 500 Convertible

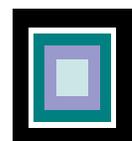
The picture show here is also from the Internet and is not a convertible. But you can get a good idea of what an elegant car it was. We ran our Ford Convertible for about 160,000 miles. It was still running good when we had to sell it in 1975. New Jersey's salty winter roads had rusted out the frame so that it seemed that the rear wheels were about to leave the frame. Probably the best trip we had was a cross-country trip with our travel trailer to see Earl in the summer of 1967. We

spent time in Yellowstone and Glacier Parks. At Yellowstone, we were told that there were no spaces for us to camp. We drove around the campgrounds and a kind camper said we could camp along with him in his space, which we did. We had our Pomeranian, Shelly, with us. She traveled well, but due to lack of exercise, she had trouble walking when we visited the Oregon coast.

I had one accident with this car. One winter morning during a sleet storm, I was about to make a left turn out of a filling station. Very close to the filling station exit and to my left there was a bridge across the Passaic River. The guard rails of the bridge blocked my view so that I could see only about 50 feet of the street I was entering. I knew before entering the filling station that I should not leave by that exit, but the filling station attendant would not let me back up to the

pumps – if I could back in, I could drive out the other much safer exit. I looked left, then right, and then left again. No cars were within sight so I accelerated out of the exit and to the other side of the street. However, a very nice lady saw me attempting the exit. She told me that she thought I was going to stop, so she swerved to her left to try and dodge me. She hit the left front corner of my Ford – damaging the grill and left fender. The police agreed that, because of the slippery conditions, neither of us was at fault.

In a junk yard, I found a 1967 Ford (the same white as my Ford) with an undamaged grill and left fender. For a few dollars and a lot of work, I put this Ford back into good condition.



A newsletter for the Gardner's friends and family

Gardner Newsletter

Special Points of Interest:

- Rev. John D. Scott, Sr., former pastor of the East Charleston Nazarene Church, has a new Christmas message for the Gardner Family and their friends.
- The Gardner Newsletter somehow got the Magi to sit down for an exclusive interview. Read it in this issue.
- Relive Rev. Phil and Margie Chatto's pastorate at the East Charleston Nazarene Church back in the 50s.
- You can feel like you attended Nita's moving memorial service by reading a first-hand account of the day family and friends gathered together to say goodbye.

I have enjoyed reading the material provided by GARDNER family members.... many of whom we have memories.

Our family seems to continue to expand with our grandchildren marrying and moving on with life. This last summer Ryan (Alan's oldest son) was married in Wareham, Mass. to Katelynn Shaw. They are in the Kansas/Missouri area. He enrolled in Seminary and she in Mid-America Nazarene University. This month Chris got back to Ft. Riley in Kansas after a year in Iraq... and we give God our thanks and praise!!!

Doris and I remain active - walking most mornings at our enclosed mall. We are able to attend most of our local church services and I teach Sunday School classes and supply pulpits as the need arises.

Again, thanks for allowing me to interject an item from time to time.

Rev. John D. Scott, Sr.

Rev. John D. Scott's 2004 Christmas Message to the Gardeners

LISTENING TO AND HEARING FROM GOD

One of the most important aspects of a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ is a willingness to listen for, and an anticipation of, hearing His voice. In a study of the lives of Mary and Joseph, one notices their willingness to listen for - and to - the messages received from God. The Gospel of Luke tells of Mary's experience. The Gospel of Matthew gives us Joseph's initial contact with an angel of the Lord. While modern day experiences may not be quite as spectacular, yet, God still has His ways of com-

municating with us. He demands our attention and submission as well, as He did for Mary and Joseph.

While most of us are familiar with the details of the birth of Jesus, allow me to review some of that information. Probably through the grapevine of gossip, Joseph heard that Mary, his beloved, "was with child" and he knew he was not the father. In Matthew 1:19 we learn that he was considering a divorce, privately, as was allowed by Jewish Law. Then comes this message from God by way of an angel. Mary's condition had nothing to do with unfaithfulness on her part. He



Mrs. Doris Scott and Rev. John D. Scott, Sr.

then *immediately* took her home with him as his wife. "but had no union with her until she gave birth to a son." (Matt. 1:25a)

Mary's encounter with the angel, Gabriel, allowed her to question His message. Yet, in her questioning, there is no indication that she

(Continued on page 2)

The Gardner Newsletter's Exclusive Interview with the Magi

Gardner Newsletter:

Thank you for agreeing to this interview. You three kings show up every year around Christmas time. Who are you people?

Gaspar:

Well, we aren't really "kings" but more accurately "wise men" be-

cause ancient rulers valued and sought our advice. Our ancestors were Zoroastrian priests. Zoroastrianism is an ancient religion founded by the Persian prophet, Zoroaster.

Melchior:

Zoroaster believed that there is a

supreme deity as well as a cosmic contest between two spirits, one good and one evil. When Rome ruled the world we were recognized as physicians and astrologers. In those days medicine and astrology were almost always linked together.

(Continued on page 2)

“Both Mary and Joseph had their lives transformed because of their willingness to hear and obey God’s instructions.”



(Continued from page 1)

planned to object or refuse. Her question was simply, “How can this be since I am a virgin?” Gabriel simply replied, “The Holy Spirit will come upon you...” nothing is impossible with God! (Luke 1: 34-37) Later, a tax was levied and this couple were required to register in Bethlehem. There Jesus was born in a stable and laid to rest in a manger. Here the shepherds found the one about whom the angels sang.

After the Magi’s visit an angel awoke Joseph with words of urgency... “GO TO EGYPT!”

Slipping away by night, they made their way to Egypt where they stayed until, again, an angel appeared to Joseph. This time the message was “GO TO ISRAEL!”

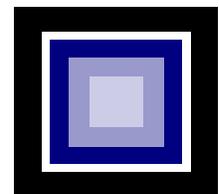
Again, *immediately*, Joseph arose and took his family to Israel. On the way, he heard again from God and turned aside into Galilee to the city of Nazareth. The Old Testament prophet had said, “He will be called a Nazarene.” (Matthew 2:23b)

I would challenge you to open your heart to God’s voice and respond as did Mary when she said ... “I am the Lord’s servant.

May it be to me as you have said.” (Luke 1:38)

Both Mary and Joseph had their lives transformed because of their willingness to hear and obey God’s instructions. Obedience to God allows His will to become your will.

John D. Scott, Sr.
P. O. Box 502
Fruitland MD 21826-0502
(410) 742-8685



*Happy
Holidays*

*See you this
winter in 2005!*

“The Bible records that we brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.”

(Continued from page 1)

Balthasar:
That’s right. We were very well known throughout the ancient world including Mesopotamia, Syria and Persia. Some of us were from Parthia, which encompassed a large area to the east of the eastern frontier of the Roman Empire. In fact, Roman art depicts us wearing Parthian garments.

Gardner Newsletter:
Tell us about the gifts you presented to the Christ Child.

Gaspar:
Well, the Bible records that we brought gifts of gold, frankin-

cense and myrrh.

Melchior:
But what most people don’t know is that, according to a book written by Marco Polo in 1298, we brought the gold so that we might know if he were an earthly king.

Balthasar:
Yes indeed. We brought frankincense so that we might know if he were God, and we brought myrrh so that we might know if he were a mortal man.

Gardner Newsletter:
How did you know that the supernatural star you observed referred to the King of the Jews?

Gaspar:
Good question. God communicated to us in dreams. Don’t forget, after our visitation He warned us to return home another way in a dream. Furthermore, we (as well as those magi before us) have been around Jews for many generations.

Melchior:
Yes, when the Babylonians conquered Judah and Jerusalem, they deported the vast majority of the population to Babylon where they lived as exiles for 70 years.

(Continued on page 5)



The Magi: Gapar, Melchior, and Balthasar



Rev. Philip and Margie Chatto

The Chatto's Share Some Stories about Their Very First Pastorate at The East Charleston, VT Church of the Nazarene

Thank you for letting us share some stories about our very first ministry in East Charleston, Vermont. I had just graduated from Eastern Nazarene College in May, 1950. So when we were called to East Charleston we were thrilled – even at the salary of \$15.00 a week! We were both very excited. Before graduation, we went up ahead of time and Nita, Lyndol, and Terry Ames helped us dig up a space in back of the church for a garden. As I remember, it didn't do much.

We developed a close relationship with all the people, especially Will and Olive Gardner. They were the foundation of the church and the church was a large part of their life. When we were there, the church grew. We helped the church grow too, as our first daughter, Rebecca, was born during that time.

As the church grew, we felt the need of having a real church building. The Church Board responded to our challenge to give lumber for a new building. Rev. Cyril Palmer of the Newport church and I went into the woods to cut and harvest it. The

wood was contributed to the church by Will Gardner, Lyndol Ames, and Herbert Carr. We borrowed Brother Gardner's mare to bring it out. When we returned the horse to the farm, she stumbled, throwing me off – and then she turned a somersault. I was more worried about the horse than about me. I walked the rest of the way and she returned unharmed!

We finally settled on a block building; and after using the lumber for the roof, they sold the rest of it. The building was finally completed at a cost of around \$7,000. It was a lot of



ATTN READERS:

Lois Cardwell no longer spends the winter in Florida. Here is her new contact information:

Lois Cardwell
426 Farrant Street
Newport, VT 05855
(802) 334-6637



Lois Cardwell

“Nita’s Special Commitment to Christ has Lasted Through the Years”

hard work, prayer, and volunteer help. Brother Gardner purchased a special fiber board for finishing the walls. We purchased some stained glass windows from an old Methodist church.

While it has never been a large congregation, it still continues today and has been a blessing to the Gardner, Ames, and Davis families as well as many others. Only eternity will reveal how many lives that have been

touched by that church. Brother Gardner wanted to be sure the church continued and left money to represent his tithe for ten years. It was used just about three years ago to pay off the mortgage for the church parsonage.

Some of the Gardner girls and their families continue to worship there regularly. Nita Ames' husband, Lyndol, was converted while we pastored there. They were very faithful and deeply

committed. We were very close to Nita and Lyndol as we worked in their sugar bush when we were short of money and spent time at their farm when the road was impassable. They introduced us to “sugar on snow” for the first run of sap in the Spring.

Nita's family have always had a special place with Margie and me as they are like our own family. Dawnita and the boys have

(Continued on page 4)

“We Went on to Build Four More Churches!”

(Continued from page 3)

always been very precious to us. Nita’s special commitment to Christ has lasted through the years.

We could relate so many wonderful memories about our pastorate in East Charleston. The church people showed such patience in their dealings with a “green” pastor and his wife. But they loved us, and we loved them.

We went on to pastor churches in Maine, Prince Edward Island, Toronto, Waltham, Massachusetts, Allentown, Pennsylvania

and then we retired from Manchester, Connecticut in 1992.

We went on to build four more churches.

In recent months, we have gone through two severe hurricanes.

We were without electricity for 19 days and then we had to get to work repairing all the damage.

You might be interested to know that we have two other daughters, in addition to Rebecca, - Lynnette and Martha.

We now have three grandsons, one granddaughter, and one great granddaughter. They are all serving the Lord for which

we are thankful.

May God continue to bless the Gardner family and all its descendants. You have a great heritage!

Sincerely,

Philip R. Chatto
Margie M. Chatto
620 S. W. Cynthia Street
Port St. Lucie, FL 34983-8773
(772) 879-0191



Raymond Gardner

All About Surnames – Especially “Gardner”

By: *Raymond Gardner*

For many years one name was sufficient to identify a person. When things became more crowded, there was a need to add a second name. For instance, the son of John might be called “Johnson.” If John had more than one son, they might be called “Paul Johnson” and “Arthur Johnson.” Another way to acquire a surname was by the person’s occupation, such as Baker, Smith, etc. A person could acquire a surname by where he lived, such as “Hill,” “River,” etc.

Another way was by the characteristics of the person, such as “Brown,” “Smart,” etc. This is oversimplifying it, but you get the idea. Sometimes the word usage has changed. The name *Farmer* mean collector of taxes. The name *Banker* was one who lived on a hillside or bank. The name *Gardner* seems to fall into this category. It has nothing to do with a garden. The Anglo-Saxons had no gardens; they had orchards.

Surnames would change from one generation to another. If the names were written down, it would be written down as the clerk thought is should be.

In the book British Surnames by John Kennedy, he writes: “The broad range of ethnic and linguistic roots for British surnames reflects the history of Britain as an oft-invaded land. These roots include, but are not limited to, Old English, Middle English, Old French, Old Norse, Irish, Gaelic, Celtic, Pictish, Welsh, Gaulish, Latin, Greek and Hebrew.”

The French name “*Garnier*” (alternate spellings: Garner, Garnar, Gerner, Garneau, Guernier) means:

(1) Keeper of the grainery. This

is from the old French “*gerner*” or “*gernier*” meaning storehouse for corn.

(2) Variation of the French surname “*Varner*” and German surnames “*Warner*” and “*Werner*” from the German elements “*warin*” meaning guard and “*heri*” meaning army.

This name could have been every easily corrupted into the name “*Gardner*.” The German word “*warden*” is interchangeable with “*guardian*” and both have roots in the archaic meaning of “*gatekeeper*.”

The definition of “*Garnier*” as a storehouse for corn had me baffled. How could the name *Gardner* have anything to do with corn when the earliest Europeans could have had corn was in the

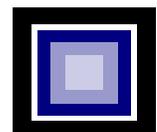
late 1400s? We know that the *Gardner* surname was used in England long before that date.

Raylene set me straight on that. She writes, “Yes corn, known as ‘maize,’ is indigenous to the Americas. But the meaning of the word ‘corn’ has changed too (just like the words ‘farmer’ and ‘banker’ as we talked about earlier)”

An older definition of corn is the kernel of a grain crop, more specifically, the most important grain a country grows. So, wheat was the “corn” of Britain and rice would be the “corn” of China. The Pilgrims called maize “Indian corn” (meaning the most important Indian grain); and for some reason, Americans corrupted the word and maize became commonly called “corn.”

There was a Richard Gardner on the Mayflower. He survived the first tough winter and then went back to England. I think he was a sailor. We also have the Gardner name on Mother’s side. Thomas Gardner, who arrived in Salem, Massachusetts in 1623, was our ancestor. But we don’t get our Gardner name from him. His daughter, Sara, (who is our ancestor) married Benjamin Balch.

We get the Gardner name through our Great Grandfather James Gardner, who lived in Windsor Mills, Quebec. The census records there show that James Gardner was from Lancashire England.



“The Child had been revealed as the Messiah and the King of the Jews. That was our great epiphany.”

(Continued from page 2)

Balthasar:

The Persian kings, most notably, King Cyrus, let the Jews return to Israel to build the temple, but many continued to live in the Persian empire, or in the “east” as the Bible refers to it. All this is recorded in that book and is corroborated by the historical record. We had lots of exposure to the Hebrew scriptures which foretold the coming of the Messiah. The prophet, Daniel, was a famous man in Babylon and

among the Medes, and he had many key Messianic prophecies in his book.

Gardner Newsletter:

What do you think is the significance of your visit to the Christ Child?

Gaspar:

The modern church refers to our visit as “The Holy Epiphany.”

Melchior:

I’m sure everyone at one time or another has experienced an

“epiphany” – that is to say, when something is suddenly revealed to you wonderfully and clearly!

Balthasar:

Yes, when we experienced the dreams from God and followed the supernatural star, we knew that the Child had been revealed as the Messiah and the King of the Jews. That was our great epiphany. The Jewish prophet, Simeon, had prophesied that Jesus would be “a light of revelation to the Gentiles.” And that’s what we are, Gentiles! So Jesus is truly the light of the



“I hope that from now on you won’t think of us just as three kings on camels following a star.”

world, - for Jews and Gentiles alike!

Gardner Newsletter:

Well, thank you for your insights. You’ve given our readers a lot to think about.

Gaspar:

You’re very welcome.

Melchior:

I hope that from now on you won’t think of us just as three

kings on camels following a star.

Balthasar:

Our hope for your readers is that each one of them experiences his or her own personal epiphany about the Christ Child.

Gardner Newsletter:

Here is a short compendium of what is known about our three guests gathered from historical fact and mythical lore.

While oftentimes conflicting lore muddles the story of the Magi, those bearing gifts for the Christ Child are Gaspar of Tarsus, Melchior of Persia and Balthasar of Saba. Weary from desert travel, the Magi humbly offer their gifts.

Gaspar is young, European and offers gold. Gold finances the Holy Family’s coming flight to Egypt and also symbolizes Christ’s immortality and purity.

Don’t forget to log onto The Gardner Newsletter online at www.gardnernews.org

“Christ is the light that forever burns in the darkness.”

For his generosity, Gaspar receives the gifts of charity and spiritual wealth.

Melchior is middle-aged, Persian, and offers myrrh. Myrrh is a fragrant gum, which the ancient Israelites believed to strengthen children. This symbol of Christ’s mortality was

blended with wine and offered to Him on the cross, and also mixed with aloe to wrap His body for the tomb. Melchior receives the gifts of humility and truth.

Balthasar is elderly, Ethiopian, and offers frankincense. Frankincense is a resin used in incense

for worship and also symbolizes prayer and sacrifice. Balthasar receives the gift of Faith. And Christ, humbling himself to become man, offers us the greatest gift of all, the light that forever burns in the darkness.



In Memoriam — Nita Alice Ames

October 6, 2004 dawned bright and beautiful. It was one of those crisp, crackling Vermont autumn days that makes the residents of the Northeast Kingdom thankful they live there and the visitors and tourists wish they did. For the Ames and Gardner families and their friends, though, it was a day they would never forget. They gathered together (and filled) the United Church in Derby, Vermont to mourn the passing and to celebrate the life of Nita Ames.

The pastor of the East Charleston Nazarene Church, Rick Smith, began the tribute to her life by reading the newspaper obituary which reported on Nita's death and listed the basic facts of her life. He elaborated on that by going to the main theme of his moving eulogy - "love." He touched upon Nita's love of life, laughter, family, friends, cooking, gardening, church, children - all this deeply rooted in her unwavering faith and in her personal relationship with Jesus Christ. She loved the Lord most of all and this was the source of her fountain of love that constantly erupted like an inexhaustible geyser.

When Pastor Smith finished speaking, the congregation was asked to share their thoughts and memories about Nita. As if to validate and to corroborate everything that had just been said about her, people began (spontaneously and without rehearsal) to share their heart-felt remembrances of how Nita had touched and changed their lives. There was

one for whom Nita had gone out of her way to pick up and take to church. This was a life changing event for this woman (who was a little girl at the time) and led to a new life of church attendance and service to others. There was the neighbor who suffered from depression, another lady who learned to pray from Nita's example, and then there was the



constant friend of over 18 years working together with Nita to conduct and promote Bible study. From the family, Dawnita Ames, daughter, and Teresa Vasko, niece, expressed their love for Nita and reaffirmed her urgent wish that the family remain close and together. One of Nita's final caregivers recounted how she knew immediately when she entered Nita's hospital room that she was in the presence of someone very special and deeply spiritual, even though Nita couldn't utter a word!

After the service a long procession of cars moved slowly, almost thoughtfully, through the pastoral countryside to the Mead Hill Cemetery where Nita would be buried next to her beloved Lyndol. As the prayers were being said and as the immediate family placed the last bouquets of flowers on Nita's casket, the sun became obscured by clouds and a cold

wind blew across that panoramic view of Jay Peak and its surrounding area. This was a powerful portent of the unforgiving Vermont winter just ahead and a symbolic reminder that the world is now a colder place because of Nita's absence.

The funeral procession snaked its way out of the cemetery and back to United Church's fellowship hall. Everyone enjoyed a wonderful meal, reminiscent of those Nita used to prepare, and renewed acquaintances, reconnected with family members, and simply enjoyed one another's company. Perhaps there were

those who resolved to stay in touch more often and to become a better extended family, as Nita fervently wished.

All-in-all, everyone agreed it was a day of ... - yes - "love." L-O-V-E, - that four-letter word we bandy about and so often trivialize. Nita Ames raised the bar. She dignified and brought a new dimension of meaning to the word. Nita lived her life on a higher plateau of caring and understanding. Let's hope we all can learn to do the same.

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

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A NEWSLETTER FOR THE GARDNER'S FRIENDS AND FAMILY

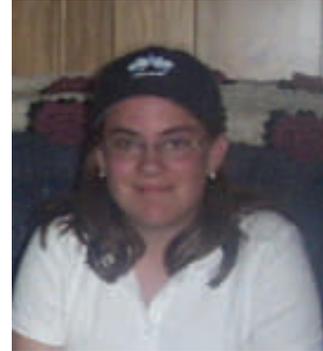
An Example to Live By—A Tribute to my Great Aunt Nita

By: **Becky Griffes**

My Great Aunt Nita was a person who, it seemed, everyone knew. She had strong faith in God, she was very loving, and she had an impact on everyone. She once said, "I am so blessed with good health, I have hardly had to even ever take an aspirin." She was one of those people who you would expect to live to be over 100. Then she started having some problems. The doctor said she had had several mini-strokes. For quite some time, they weren't completely sure what was wrong. Finally, after many tests, she was diagnosed with Lou Gherig's disease (ALS). This was quite a shock to us because she had always been so healthy. As the disease progressed, she couldn't talk; then she couldn't eat and had to have a feeding tube put in. She lost a

lot of weight, and about a month before she died, she was admitted into a nursing home. Death could have come in several different, horrible ways; she could have choked or suffocated, or she could have even starved. Thankfully, Aunt Nita died peacefully — she just fell asleep. Still, we all grieved, first when she was diagnosed, and again when she died.

Aunt Nita's death didn't necessarily change my life, but I saw the impact she left on so many people's lives. She inspired me to live a life full of love and kindness towards others, as well as to have strong faith in God. Before she died, I knew that Aunt Nita was an amazing person. There were always huge family gatherings at her house, she loved to cook for other people, and she was always smiling. But I don't think I knew just how much she meant to a lot of people until they spoke at her fu-



Becky Griffes at her cousin's, Cole Hosford's, 1st birthday party in July, 2003. Her Great Aunt Nita was there that day too.

neral. "She's the reason I'm a Christian and I'm here today," said one person. One of her caretakers, who had only known her for a couple of weeks, said that even though she only knew her for a short time, Aunt Nita had left an impression on her. "She was an amazing person. What a *legacy*." Another person said that even after she witnessed siblings, children, grand-

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Special points of interest:

- Becky Griffes writes a moving tribute to Aunt Nita and enters a writing contest at the same time.
- See your editor caught in a pose of total surprise captured on his birthday.
- Whatever happened to the Miss Newport Diner on East Main Street in Newport, VT?

An Example to live by *(continued)*

(Continued from page 1)



Beulah and Don Griffes, Becky's Great Aunt Nita, Gloria Parsons and Raymond Gardner at Cole Hosford's 1st birthday party

"It's good to know people are turning to God. He is our only hope."



Cole Hosford at his first birthday party in July, 2003. Many of the pictures used in this issue were taken at his party. Cole's parents are Sheryl and Gary Hosford. Grandparents are Beulah and Don Griffes.

children, and many other people she knew die -- and even after she couldn't talk, eat, or be at home -- she was *still* smiling. Only faith in God and love for everyone (even those who get on one's nerves) can keep someone smiling through all that.

Another thing people noted about Aunt Nita was that children ran to her and loved her. She was kind, she loved them, and she *was fun*. When we were little, she babysat me, my sister, and my brother a few times, and she babysat my cousins as well. I don't remember most of that, but pictures show just how much fun we had at her house. On the day of her funeral, as we went up to the cemetery past her house, everything I saw brought back so many memories from childhood — the Christmas tree on top of the silo at the farm by her house, family reunions, her dog "Pepper," the exercise bike in her basement (to a little kid, an exercise bike is fun), and so many other things that seem small, but mean something to me. Many people will remember her for a long time because of things like these.

Something that helped

me to see part of Aunt Nita that I had never seen before was a bunch of "Round Robin" letters she had written. My grandfather put a pamphlet of these letters together. They start while she was still healthy and go until she could no longer talk. In the first two letters, dated September 7, 2000, and March 26, 2001, Aunt Nita didn't talk of her health. Nothing was wrong with her. She mainly talked about family and other basic happenings. Even on October 5, 2001, there was no hint of her illness. In this letter, she talks of the events of September 11, 2001. "What a tragedy. Our country has always been so safe. We haven't appreciated it. It's good to know people are turning to God. He is our only hope." About her health, she says, "I am really healthy and able to take care of this place. I am grateful because I'm nearly 80 years old, and it doesn't seem possible, as I used to think 80 was really old." The next letter in the pamphlet, dated April 23, 2002, shows a change. "The doctor discovered I had real high blood pressure, so he sent me for a cat scan because I was having problems with my throat. That didn't show a stroke. Then he sent me for a

MRI, which showed I did have several mini-strokes. I feel great, but still have problems talking. Maybe the Lord has decided that I talk too much!" (She still had a sense of humor!) Less than a year later, on November 20, 2002, things had gotten worse. She had been diagnosed with Lou Gherig's disease. She said, "what I have is Bulbar Palsy, as it affects my speech and swallowing. I can still talk, but it is getting more slurred all the time, and I have a hard time eating. The doctor says eventually it probably will progress to the rest of my body. There has been no help for this disease; but when I went to see the specialist...the first thing he said...was, "There's hope." They think they have a medication that helps it. It sure helps to have the support you give me, and finally I can say I want to stay here as long as the Lord wants me to. But what a hope it is to know there is a wonderful eternity to look forward to!" By August 25, 2003, she said that she can no longer speak. She said she was doing very well physically and had a machine to type "her thoughts" into and it would say what she

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A Happy Birthday Surprise! By: Paul Gardner

They say a picture is worth a thousand words! As you can see from this cartoonish picture of me, I was indeed caught by surprise on my sixtieth birthday! That's because Jean Gonzalo, my sister, and my lady friends, Joyce, Carol and Hilda, did a great job of keeping me unaware that Jean had flown in from Bakersfield, California to help me celebrate. She stayed right through the Thanksgiving holiday which helped to make it the best birthday and Thanksgiving I've had in many a year.

After Jean had flown home, I thought about beginning the journey through my sixth decade. After all, Grandma and Grandpa Gardner were just five or six years older than I am now when my sisters and I went to live with them back in the early 1950s. We thought age 30 was really old then! Now, "old" is incrementally moved up five or more years from my current age.

First of all, I feel really lucky to have lived even this long! Many people in the world have died at a much younger age; never realizing their potential, their life's light snuffed out by disease, disaster, accidents, war, or violence. How fortunate for me, and for all of you reading this, that we have escaped these fates so far! The recent Tsunami tragedy dramatically shows how little control we really have over how long we live.

Next, I thought, "Well, here I am at age 60. I don't have to pursue a career path or study to



A very surprised Paul!

earn scholarly degrees. I don't need to impress anyone with special skills I may possess. I can look forward to retirement



From left to right: Hilda, Jean, Carol, Paul and Joyce

fairly secure in the fact that I'll have enough wherewithal to live comfortably." Even better, I have good friends and all of you, loyal readers, are a wonderful family, - literally and figuratively. So, where am I going? What's next? As the famous Peggy Lee song wails plaintively, "Is that all there is?"

Have you heard of the book entitled When Bad Things Happen to Good People? I haven't read it myself, but I've often thought about that universal theme - (as I'm sure

you have too) about how people are able to rise above adversity and go on without rancor or bitterness in spite of everything, - "Job style." (Remember him in the Bible?) The tribute to Aunt Nita written by Becky here in this issue is another example of this remarkable ability.

So, at age 60, I guess what I wanted to know was an answer to that question, "Is that all there is?" As if by magic I came across the answer when I stumbled upon some writings by Rosa Luxemburg. She was a

pacifist and revolutionary socialist repeatedly imprisoned and eventually murdered by forces of the German Right on January 15, 1919. This is what she wrote from her cell in Breslau Prison on December 17, 1918.

"I lie here alone and in silence, enveloped in the manifold black wrappings of darkness, tedium, unfreedom, and winter - and yet my heart beats with an immeasurable and incomprehensible inner joy, just as if I were moving in the brilliant sunshine across a flow-

ery meadow. And in the darkness I smile at life, as if I were the possessor of a charm which would enable me to transform all that is evil and tragical into serenity and happiness. But when I search my mind for the cause of this joy, I find there is no cause, and can only laugh at myself - *I believe that the key to the riddle is simply life itself*, this deep darkness of night is soft and beautiful as velvet, if only one looks at it in the right way. The grinding of the damp gravel beneath the slow and heavy tread of the prison guard is likewise a lovely little song of life - for one who has ears to hear."

So, to the Original Gang of Ten and their families and friends, to the Gardner cousins and their families and friends, and to all the Gardner in-laws and their families and friends, I make a toast - "to life" - no matter what decade we are beginning or ending!



Six candles for every ten years!

The Miss Newport Diner Heads South to Massachusetts

By: **Scott Wheeler**

Reprinted from
The Kingdom Historical, December 2003

She was only a little girl when her father helped bring something to town that over several decades would become somewhat of a historic landmark in Newport – the Miss Newport Diner. Winsom Hamilton of Derby Line remembers the diner arriving in the area, and more than 50 years later, on October 16, 2003, she was there to see it go.

“It’s very nostalgic, I don’t like to see it go,” Hamilton said as she watched the diner lifted aboard a flatbed truck on a rainy, windy day. “It’s like saying goodbye to a bygone era.” The diner had been located on East Main Street since it rolled into town.

Thinking back more than 50 years to when she was about four years old, Hamilton said that it was Noble Craft who originally brought the diner to Newport. Craft, along with Hamilton’s father, David Allen, decided Newport needed a new diner to feed the people of the then bustling railroad community. The two men didn’t want just any type of diner; they wanted one that would stand out from the rest of the diners in the Newport area. Once could easily speculate that in their planning, the two men decided on such a diner as the Miss Newport because it, as well as other similar diners, were fashioned to look like old railroad cars – and what better type of diner to have in a railroad community? With the march of time, memories of a four-year-old child have been dimmed with time, making it difficult for her to remember the exact year that the diner arrived in town. She seems to recall the year as 1947.

“My dad thought it would be a good idea,” Hamilton said. It was at a period in time when similar diners were springing up around Vermont and the rest of the United States. Most diners of this style were able to hold only about 30 people, but they proved popular gathering spots for the average person.

Over the years, the Miss Newport had many loyal customers. Some enjoyed a full meal, while others popped in each morning just to enjoy a cup of coffee and to catch up on the day’s news.



The Miss Newport Diner in happier times.

Thinking back to her early years, Hamilton reminisced about the many good times that the diner held for her. “It was a special place for me to spend time with my dad,” she said. “We’d go there and have breakfast together.” It was a place you could go where you were more than a customer; you were also a friend. Many of the workers not only remembered you by name, but they also knew what you would likely order.

The diner passed through several hands since the day it rolled into Newport half a century ago. Until recently it was owned by Francine Cotnoir. Over the years, the diner had its loyal customers, some who remained loyal to the end. Hamilton said she hadn’t been in the diner for about five years.

Throughout the United States, small diners continue to struggle to survive. They face stiff competition from larger, newer eateries. Many of these diners have fallen victim to time and progress. When Mark Hayes, owner of Hayes Ford, recently bought the Miss Newport – which sat next to his auto dealership on East Main Street – he decided to sell the old diner to make room for additional parking space for his sales lot. He sold the trailer to Dave Pritchard of Salisbury, Massachusetts. Pritchard buys and sells diners.

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An Example to live by *(continued)*

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wrote. She could no longer swallow and had a feeding tube. On March 29, 2004, she said the letter would be short because she didn't have enough energy to write. "My health has sure changed since my last letter. I am confined to home health carers with me all the time, day and night. My mind doesn't work that great and, physically, I don't do anything." She also talks about Jesus being her only hope and strength. For at least a year before she died, there were many times we thought she would die, many hospital stays, and eventually, she was brought to a nursing home, where she died. These letters made me realize just how much she suffered. I didn't really see her enough while she was sick to know just how much she

was suffering.

Aunt Nita is someone I will always look up to. She set a wonderful example, and I hope that I, as well as everyone who reads this, will always remember and follow it. That's how you'll have the best life possible. Aunt Nita lived her life to the fullest. She lived for God first, then others, then herself. That is why she enjoyed life so much — even through the hard times — and why she left such an impression on so many people. In the pamphlet for the funeral, there was a poem that explains just what happened.

*"God saw she was getting tired,
And a cure was not to be;
So he put His arms around her,
And whispered "Come with me."
With tearful eyes we watched her suffer,*

*And saw her fade away;
Although we loved her dearly,
We could not make her stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands to rest;
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
He only takes the best."*

When I read that, I thought (as I cried), "Wow. That is so true!" None of us wanted to see her suffer anymore, but we didn't want her to go either. She was wonderful, and I guess that just proves "He only takes the best."



Don't forget to support Becky as she goes to Panama this summer!

Log onto www.gardnernews.org and surf over to Beulah's page to learn more!

"Aunt Nita is someone I will always look up to. She set a wonderful example."

"I had mixed feelings about selling it."

(Continued from page 4)

"I had mixed feelings about selling it," said Hayes, a man who loves history. But considering that his dealership needed room to expand, and it being difficult to make a profit from such a small

diner, he saw selling it to somebody such as Pritchard who would take good care of it, the best solution.

Many onlookers turned out on that October day to watch the Miss Newport roll out of town, carrying with it years of memories

from an earlier era when Newport was a busy railroad community. Doubtless it'll create 50 more years of memories for the people in the community in which it settles.



Another picture of The Miss Newport Diner on East Main Street in Newport, VT.

Family News from Len and Donna Griffes



Len and Donna Griffes and Family

We hope the Griffes' keep us posted on the outcome of the contest!

11-13-04

Paul,

Becky and many of her classmates were asked to write an essay for Guideposts Magazine's Young Writer's Contest. We didn't know until today that Becky chose to write about Aunt Nita. She gave us permission to send this to you for the newsletter.

There are thousands of entries in the contest for 20 prizes ranging from \$250 to \$10,000. It would be so awesome if she won one of them.

Also, effective the middle of December, our address will change to: 227 Lane Road
Newport, VT 05855

Our new house should be ready by then.

Sincerely,
Len & Donna

And ... from Roadside On-line at www.btwmagazine.com

Diners

Hail New England's new diner king!

A New Years Day call from Dave Pritchard brought us some pretty amazing news. Pritchard, a Salisbury, Massachusetts truck dealer who also owns three diners, just added two more to his collection. Already the owner of Chubby's, an O'Mahony in operation next to his dealership, he had also acquired the long-wandering **Englewood Diner** and the **Miss Newport Diner** in 2003.

In the past few months, he's added a former **Monarch Diner**, long closed and in storage in Sanford, Maine and the **Olympian Diner** which last operated in Braintree, Massachusetts.

If you ask Pritchard what he plans to do with all these diners, you won't likely get a solid answer. He's not yet sure. A self-proclaimed collector of stuff, he got bit by the bug a few years ago after buying Chubby's and leasing the operation to someone with real restaurant experience. In his purchase of the Monarch, Pritchard finally pried free a diner sought after by several prospective own-

ers. Owned by Phylis Neal who had planned to open it when she bought it eighteen years ago, she apparently relented to Pritchard's offer. Though he won't disclose the exact sum he paid, he tells us that the diner retains most of its original fixtures and furniture.

Pritchard tells Roadside, however, that he does plan to find a good home for at least one of his prizes. In the meantime, all four sit safely stored on his property.

GARDNER NEWSLETTER



DIVORCE, THE INTERNET, AND THE ORPHANAGE—A STORY IN PROGRESS

By: Paul Gardner

Remember when “divorce” was an ugly word? Well, the days of Tammy Wynette singing “Stand By Your Man” and “D-I-V-O-R-C-E” are well behind us and society as a whole now seems to regard divorce almost as a minor inconvenience. Some say this is progress and illustrates a more enlightened view of the interaction between men and women. Others disagree and say our society is flawed and needs to return to a time when love and commitment were the cornerstones of marriage.

Almost everyone is familiar with the sad statistic that half of all marriages fail. But the question is why? In their book, *The Day America Told The Truth*, James Patterson and Peter Kim have a section called “What Men and Women Really Believe About Marriage.” In it, they write: “Marriage just doesn’t mean what it always used to mean. This is true across America in every single region.

The picture we got is that the majority of men and women aren’t sure why they got married or whether they did the right thing. They’re skeptical about the future of their marriages and even more so about the marriages of other people they know.



Entrance to the Home for Destitute Catholic Children
788 Harrison Avenue in Boston, MA

The majority of men and women now believe in their hearts that it’s a good idea to live together before marriage.

Almost half of all Americans take that thought one step further: nearly half of us say that there is no reason to ever get married. And even when children are involved, only 32 percent of us believe that we should try to stick out a bad marriage for the sake of the kids.

Divorce, in fact, is what will happen to most marriages: Forty-four percent of us agree that most marriages will end in divorce.

And this fact may gladden the hearts of some lawyers: A thumping 59% of all Americans believe that it’s a smart idea to draw up a prenuptial agreement, just in case.

Americans used to have the reputation of marrying for love, whereas people in other lands married for family connections, dowries, or other more worldly reasons. Not any more: Only one in three Americans gave love as their primary reason for marrying.”

It certainly is your prerogative to assent to, or take exception to, Mr. Patterson’s and Mr. Kim’s research, but one thing is abundantly clear – especially when you take into ac-

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“During 85 years of operation over 45,000 children were served by the Home.”



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count the marriages of the Original Gang of Ten – we can do better! They had a success rate of 90% - a good mark by any standard of measure! In fact, the only marriage that ended in divorce from that group was that of my father's, Earl Gardner (eldest son in the Original



The Dining Hall at The Home for Destitute Catholic Children

lic Children was an orphanage at 788 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts. The Home was staffed by the Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul.

“In operation from 1864 until 1954, admissions ranged from 94 children the first year to a peak of 912 children in 1914. In 1951 (this is about the time Jean and I were residents) there were about 200

administrator of the Diocese of Boston. At the beginning of the establishment, the care of the children was under the supervision of a Superintendent and a Matron. On January 24, 1866, the Sisters were placed in charge.

One of the prominent sources of income during the first twenty years of its existence was the Grand Catholic Ball which was held in Mechanics Building. Probably the most well-known activity connected with the Home was the fa-

Gang of Ten), marriage to my mother.

But this article is not about that marriage's failure or a discussion of the reasons why, or even about what happened. This is a story about a historic place and about an important landmark in the history of the Catholic Archdiocese of Boston.

After my mother separated from my father, she became sick and she could no longer care for us. Jean and I were placed in the “Home for Destitute Catholic Children.” My sister Linda, perhaps around two at the time, was given to a married

couple with whom we were not acquainted.

What's so interesting about this story is that I simply stumbled upon a web site dedicated to the former residents of the home and I'm now in the process of establishing relationships with some of those people. Furthermore, a records search is in progress in order to learn more about the time that Jean and I spent in that institution. So, isn't the Internet wonderful? It is changing our lives ever so slowly, but inexorably. Bringing together such a diverse crowd of people such as these former residents is something the Internet does best. But on with our story.

The Home for Destitute Catho-

children in residence at the home. During its 85 years of operation over 45,000 children were served by the Home.

When the Home for Catholic Children was closed in 1954, the original building was torn down and a new facility called Nazareth was established in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

amous “May Festival” held annually on May thirtieth at Mechanics Building. The Home was maintained to a great extent on the proceeds from the Festivals which continued until 1923.

Since 1923, the Home depended entirely for its support on voluntary contributions of the charitable,

Here are some excerpts from *A Historical Sketch – The Home for Destitute Catholic Children*, Boston MA, written by Sr. Delphine Steele around 1951.

In May, 1864, the institution was established as the result of a meeting composed mainly of the Superintendents of the various Catholic Sunday Schools, headed by Very Rev. John J. Williams,

consisting of donations, bequests; and from the Mother Seton Guild, a group of Catholic women who take a deep interest in the work of the Home.



Dormitory at the Home for Destitute Catholic Children

The . . . Staff consists of thirteen Sisters; a Superintendent; a dentist; a medical doctor; four social service workers; one lay teacher; a secretary and an engineer. There are

also four seamstresses who are not included in the above numbers.

A very thorough examination is given each child on entering the Home and a daily visit from the physician insures the continued health of the little ones. The City Hospital is ever ready to provide hospitalization when the children require it.

At the Home, there are no vocational advantages offered other than the simple household duties which are assigned to the children when out of school.

In the first days of the history of the Home, it is believed that the children received

were for such temporary care, that there was little or no training along this line. However, in later days, it is known that those of pre-school age were supervised by kindergarten teachers; one for the boys and one for the girls. In the morning, the boys from Grade 1 through Grade 8 assembled in one room and had instructions in Religion. However, the girls attended school in the morning, receiving one-half hour in religion and then proceeding with their regular studies. In the afternoon, the boys again assembled in one room and were instructed in "Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic", while the girls were employed in domestic duties, usually sewing, mending or cleaning.

School was held within the institution.



Sisters of Charity with Cardinal Richard Cushing of the Boston Archdiocese

At the present time (1944), the children attend regular classes, following the Diocesan Course of Studies. The older children are permitted

to make their own choice of courses.

From September 1942 the Home basked in the gentle, maternal, understanding influence of Sister Euphemia Kieran."

Jean and I vividly remember Sister Euphemia, not so much as a "gentle understanding influence," but rather as a

strict disciplinarian who meted out swift penalties should one genuflect at the altar on the wrong knee; and I fondly remember Sister Imelda, who taught first and second grade, as a very sympathetic character.

The huge laundry at the Home had a door which opened onto the cement playground on the boy's side of the

Home. I can still smell the pungent aromas of detergent as they wafted out of the laundry. To this day, whenever I pass a commercial laundromat, I think of the sisters washing all those clothes in that huge room. Another thing I remember is the awful tasting plain white rice they would serve with meals sometimes. I actually hated the taste of it; it was so sticky and mushy! The small

details we remember are truly amazing!

What's great about this story is that it's still in progress, even after over 50 years! So, stay tuned, and perhaps I'll be able to tell you even more. The records search takes time and will not be ready by the time this publication goes to press. And there's lots more to come. I've established contact with Janet Byrne, a former resident, who manages the web site. She has a lot of photos and more de-

tails. Hopefully, I will be getting together with her soon.

The records search took me from the Archdiocese of Boston's Archives, to The Catholic Charities which reside in a building on Kneeland Street (not too far from where I work) to the Labouré Center in South Boston where the records are



A Sister working in the laundry room at the Home.

actually housed.

It's probably safe to say that if my parents had not divorced, you, dear reader, would not be reading this article today. Maybe it just goes to show that even good things can come from a divorce that hap-

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"What's great about this story is that it's still in progress, even after over 50 years!"

The Bug Years

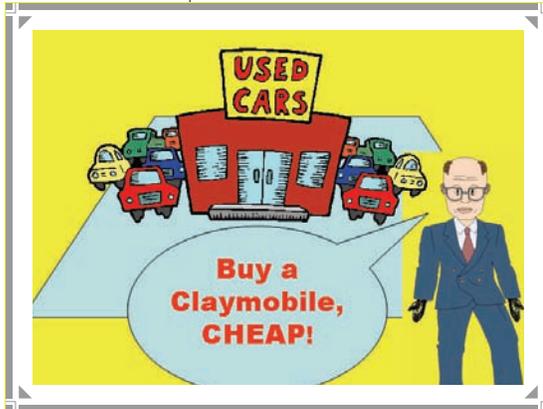
SIMCA

Somewhere around 1964 or 1965, we paid Bruce Vogel \$100 for the Simca pictured at right. It ran quite well until the gas tank got rusty. Then, the gasoline filter would clog and the engine would stall. When Brenda was using it, quite often I got a call at Silver Burdett (where I was a senior editor for mathematics texts) to come and rescue her. It was not difficult to clean the gas filter, but it was an awful nuisance, especially so when Brenda was driving it. Eventually, I found a junk Simca with a good gasoline tank. The problem was that to remove and replace the tank, one had to pull the engine. Although the engine was small, it was still a chore. We did not keep the Simca for long – drove it to the junk yard where they would not give me a cent for it.

1963 VW BUG (Rebuilt 3 Times)

I don't remember when we purchased this VW or why. It was the one that quit on Ron while he was driving back to Bethany. I towed it home, rebuilt the motor, and painted it a bright yellow. Sometime later, a New York miscreant ran into the back pushing the hood into the engine compartment. This New Yorker gave me false information and left. So I was unable to collect anything from him. I was able to repair the things broken—at least I thought I had repaired everything. However, it soon developed a strange noise that a mechanic from the Volkswagen factory in Germany said was unlike anything he had ever heard. When it finally quit and I took the engine apart, I found

that the accident had broken the crankshaft completely in two. I discovered that when I rebuilt the engine, somehow I had put one of the main bearings in wrong, causing the bearing to turn with the crankshaft. This wore out the part of the aluminum block that was supposed to keep the bearing



steady. Because of the excess play in this bearing, the blow from the rear had caused the crankshaft to break. Fortunately, it was a kind of diagonal break and both parts of the broken shaft turned in unison. The peculiar noise was caused by the one part hitting the other after the other part had gotten a bit ahead. This happened repeatedly making the noise.

Ron started to Bethany College in our 1963 Bug, but somewhere in Pennsylvania, the engine quit. I drove there in my 1967 Ford with a tow bar and brought the VW back to New Jersey. Gerry's cohort at Atlantic Mutual Insurance told her that they had a VW that had been in an accident and was not repairable, but it had a good engine. We purchased this "unrepairable" VW thinking we could put its engine in the 1963 VW. When we got it home, I found that there was only tin damage – the frame and engine were all OK.

I purchased new fenders and hood, straightened out the bumper and front, and had an excellent car (although the

front was a bit crooked and Brenda said it was smiling at us). Ron drove it to Bethany and a few weeks later he had an accident. He rolled down a steep slope on a mountain. A good Samaritan came along who had a winch on his vehicle. He winched the VW back onto the mountain road and Ron drove it for quite some time with the left side and top quite damaged. When he came home, I again repaired it and made it look fairly good.

One day when I was driving on a freeway, a Corvette passed a car on the entrance ramp and slammed into the right front side of this VW. It sent me into a 270-degree spin down the freeway at about 60 miles per hour. I did not have on a seat belt and fell into the space where the passenger seat would have been if it had not been removed. I was greatly relieved when the VW backed into a guardrail and stopped. I was relatively unhurt – just a bruised ankle when my feet were pulled away from the pedals. The car, however, was severely damaged. The right side was bashed in and the rear bumper and hood were pushed towards the engine. The Corvette's insurer agreed that this car was beyond repair. I asked to be allowed to keep the car and, for a \$50 reduction in my claim, I was allowed to keep it. Now, for the third time, I rebuilt this car and made it quite presentable.



Brenda used to drive this Simca.



This 1963 VW was rebuilt 3 times!



Pretty professional-looking body job for an amateur, don't you think?

(Continued from page 3)

opened so many years ago. Many thanks to Janet Byrne for maintaining her web site about the Home and to the sisters at the Labouré Center for doing the research for me.

If you have strong feelings about divorce and would like to express them, please contribute an article to The Gardner Newsletter and we will publish it.

We can and should use the newsletter as an outlet for our opinions and feelings. Please feel free to do so.

Don't forget to support Becky Griffes as she goes to Panama this June.

See you this Summer!

We need your input. Send in your articles NOW!



Becky Griffes has lots of FUAGNEM in Panama

I recently went to Panama with *Brio* magazine (Focus on the Family). It was an incredible experience. On June 27, I left for Boston. I met the only other person from Vermont going on the trip at Logan airport. (See the picture on the left. I'm pictured to the right of my friend.) We flew from Boston to Miami, where we met up with some other people going on the trip and found a few leaders who were there to pick us up. We then drove to Ft. Lauderdale, which would be our home for the next two-and-a-half days. When we got to the hotel, the *Brio* staff had several stations set up. We received our name tags, a schedule for that night and the next two days, handed

in our passports and domestic flight tickets for the way home, and received our room keys and devo (devotional) books. They also split us into our teams. That night, we had our first FUAGNEM (Fired Up And Going Nuts Every Minute). This was a sort of youth rally that we had every night. We had worship with Amy Stroup and a speaker every night. We also had announcements and prizes. After FUAGNEM the first night, we had a sort of fun time where the leaders decided who would be what part in the drama. There were several drama trainers, and they each took a few teams into separate rooms. Each set of team leaders watched as we did some crazy things: slow motion fight-

ing, imaginative, abstract games, etc. They also asked us if we had ever had dance classes, if we could do cartwheels, and other things like that. They then sorted us into each of our parts. I was one of many mimes. We learned the drama over the next two days.



The Gamboa Resort

The drama lasted about 15 minutes. It was set to music, and there was narration

(Continued on page 2)

FOCs Help Us Learn About the World!

You may or may not know that Jean Gonzalo, oldest daughter of Earl Gardner (a member of the Original Gang of Ten) has a daughter-in-law who is from Panama. Her name is Hilda, but most people call her "Liz." She is pictured here in this issue. Liz is married to Jean's oldest son, Rick Gibbs, and they have two daughters, Cristina and Emily.

Jean is studying for her AA degree as a requirement to keep her teaching assistant job with the Bakersfield, CA school system. (See

the Gardner Newsletter, Spring 2004, Issue No. 26.) She decided to use a story about Liz and her family to complete an assignment for her sociology class.

Sociology is a very pertinent subject in this day and age because the world is much smaller now. One can reach out to almost any person in virtually any location throughout the world for real time conversations or video hookups due to the internet, GPS, and other sophisticated technologies.

This issue seems to be about acronyms,

"FUAGNEM" in our cover story, and now "FOC" used in sociology. FOC stands for **F**ield **O**bservation in the **C**ommunity. A FOC is comprised of four parts: *Observation, Assumptions, Validation, and Application*. Here is Jean's FOC about a party Liz gave in typical Panamanian fashion.

Observations: (1) People are dressed in colorful clothes; (2) the party has a tropical theme; (3) the hostess personally serves food (which is on trays) to the guests; (4) the guests are singing and dancing;

(Continued on page 2)

“Sunday was a free day; we had FUAGNEM.”

(Continued from page 1)

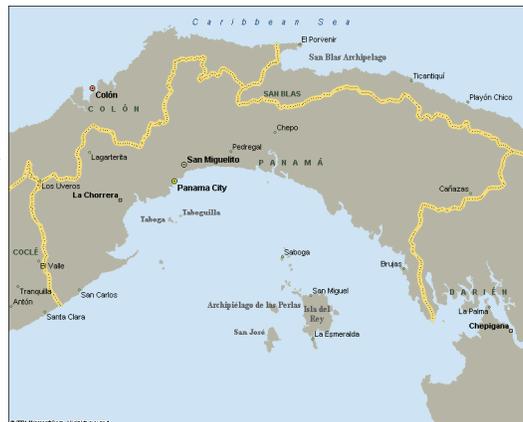
in the background. We learned it at first in English, and then we switched to Spanish. The story was about God creating Adam and Eve, them sinning, and Jesus coming into the world to save us from that sin and dying on the cross.

The drama was called Spellbound, and it was done with people playing toys. The Toy-maker played God, and the Toy-maker's son was Jesus. A princess was Eve and a prince was Adam. The mimes were some of the first toys the Toy-maker created, and after Adam and Eve sinned, the mimes were the barrier of sin between God and man. A Spanish dancer represented Mary, and there were other toys that represented the people of the world: a soldier, a nurse, a baseball player, a clown, a china doll, and photographer. Also, the Evil Magician was Satan, and there were kats who killed Jesus and brought trouble to the other toys.

The Toy-maker and His Son created the prince, and decided he needed a companion, so they brought out the princess. They went around looking at all the toys (mimes) and playing with them. Then the Evil Magician came in and tempted them to eat from the one tree the Toy-maker had told them not to. The toys “die” and then come back and become the barrier of sin. In this time, the kats break toys and tease them and Jesus comes into the world (the Toy-maker gives the Spanish dancer a baby). All the toys love Him,

but then the kats come after Him and kill Him. The Evil Magician comes back, and just then, the Toy-maker's son comes alive again and throws the Magician out. Many of the toys accept Him and go past the barrier into heaven. The Queen kat is one who does this, but the rest don't. The drama ends with the toys rejoicing.

After learning the drama, it was time to go to Panama. My team left around noon on the 30th. We didn't arrive in Panama



(the Gamboa Resort) until about 3:00 a.m. the next morning. That morning, we got up for breakfast at 7:00 just like all the others, and on this day, we went out to one of the Indian tribes. It was the Embera Indian tribe. We did the drama here, but it was more of a tourist attraction. They had seen the drama before (*Brio* went to Panama last year too), and they saw it more as entertainment.

They also did a tribal dance for us, ex-

plained many of their plants to us, and showed us their school (no one was present at the time). We ate a lunch of fish and plantains; it was very good. When we got back to the resort, we had time to clean up and maybe go for a swim before supper. We had a little time after that, and we had FUAGNEM. The FUAGNEMs were an awesome part of the trip. God taught me a lot, and we had a lot of fun. We also had several concerts after

FUAGNEM: in Ft. Lauderdale, we saw Bethany Dillon, and Monk and Neagle. We all thought Bethany was very good; she is 17 years old or so, and she was very personal. She didn't just sing and be professional. She was one of us. In Panama, Amy Stroup, our worship leader, did a concert, as well as Hawk Nelson and Kimberly Perry.

The next day, Saturday, was a workday for our team. We went to a school and did some cleaning and painting. I helped paint the principal's office and swept out a classroom. Some had to clean the bathroom, which was not a fun job. They had to spray the whole thing with strong bleach and wipe it down. When this site was done, we went to a church and did similar work. We were able to have pizza there. I believe a leader from Panama (some sort of higher figure) bought it for us because he appreciated all we were doing for the country. I never really figured out who he was though. We didn't do the drama that day.

Sunday was a free day; we had FUAG-

(Continued on page 3)

Jean received 19 out of a possible 20 for her FOCs!

(Continued from page 1)

(5) people are throwing water at each other.

Assumption No. 1: Some of the guests made their own costumes. The clothes are native to Panama. The guests are celebrating “Carnavales” which is equivalent to our Mardi Gras.

Assumption No. 2: A tropical theme

reminds the guests of their homeland. There must be many colorful flowers and birds in Panama. The party-goers are longing for their homeland.

Assumption No. 3: It is a tradition that the host family serves its guests. All guests enjoy the same typical Panamanian food. All the food prepared is “home-made.”

(Continued on page 3)



Hilda “Liz” Gibbs, Jean's Daughter-in-Law

“The last day that we did the drama was a treat for my team.”

(Continued from page 2)

NEM in the morning as a church service, and we were free to swim or rest or get on the Internet until that afternoon. We had two sessions we had to go to (we had to choose from several), and we had a concert and movie night that night. For the rest of the week, we did the drama three times a day at different schools. We had two free days. On Wednesday, there was a Survivor challenge. I'm not exactly sure of what they did, because I didn't participate.

There was also a trip to Monkey Island and a ride on the tram. I didn't do either of these. People who had done them before said that there wasn't much to see. The trip to Monkey Island was just a boat ride, and you might not even see any monkeys—you had to be in the right spot. I was also tired, so I decided to just rest. Saturday, our last day there was also a

free day. We went shopping at the market and the mall (there is one mall the Americans built). Later that day, we also went to the Panama Canal. We saw two ships coming into the locks at the same time.

The last day that we did the drama was a treat for my team. We had been looking for a park or some place different to do the drama all week long, but there didn't seem to be very many parks, and it was hard to get permission. On the last day, one of the schools cancelled us, and we were able to find a place on the street to do the drama. This was definitely an experience. We did it twice. There were police cars driving through because there was a group gathered; a crippled man pushed himself through the drama on a little cart. We just moved accordingly and made use of what we had. It was definitely harder to do on cobblestone and in a public place.

In the end, the total number of salvations (from all teams) was 18,444 people. We can't be sure that all of these people actually did accept the Lord, but we know we planted seeds. Also, last year in Panama, they only recorded around 6,000 salvations, so the Lord was working.

Our trip home was long and sad. Our team left the Gamboa Resort around 1:30 a.m. Sunday morning (we never went to bed on Saturday night). We landed in Costa Rica at about 6:00 a.m. and had a three or four hour layover. We then flew to Miami where we had to say our good-byes. Most of us were crying a lot and none of us really wanted to leave. We still all miss each other a lot and we email each other. I got home around 3:00 a.m. Monday morning, not having truly slept since I got up at 7:00 a.m. Saturday morning. It was long, but it was definitely worth it and I had a lot of fun.

Becky Griffes

You and your family can make FOCs and compare them.

(Continued from page 2)

Assumption No. 4: Dancers are dancing to Panamanian folk songs. The guests will dance throughout the night until the early hours of the morning. The musical instruments played for this folkloric event are typical Panamanian instruments.

Assumption No. 5: Throwing water at each other is a custom that is a ritual that happens during Carnavales. People are in a festive mood because the holy holiday of Lent is approaching. Guests are throwing water because it reminds them of Carnavales in Panama.

Validation: “My daughter-in-law, Hilda, served food typical of Panama to me and to other guests.”

Application: “Attending this festival is another way to better understand my daughter-in-law and her culture.”

Here is another FOC Jean developed for her class. This one is about Teresa (Jean's daughter) and Teresa's best friend, Angie Kimura. Angie is Japanese. The Gonzalo family and the Kimura family have known each other for over 20

years. This FOC describes a dinner party the Kimuras hosted over 15 years ago.

Observations: (1) This Japanese family greets its visitors at the door; (2) a display of dolls is the first thing you see when you enter the living room; (3) the family explains to the guests the significance of the altar of dolls; (4) family and guests are served dinner; (5) this family has two daughters who are present.

Assumption No. 1: Japanese people cherish the special day of March 3rd and want to share its meaning with their friends. This family is very well thought of in the community. This family has adapted to the American lifestyle.

Assumption No. 2: The two dolls at the very top of the altar have the most significance. The displaying of the dolls is a tradition that goes back hundreds of years. The dolls are family heirlooms and are very expensive.

Assumption No. 3: The Doll Festival is a harbinger of the Peach Blossom Festival.

“Attending this festival is another way to better understand my daughter-in-law and her culture.”

The dolls represent Japanese royalty. Long hair on the female dolls is very important.

Assumption No. 4: Food served to family and friends has special tradi-

tional meaning. Pastel colored food served to the guests and placed beside the dolls ensures their daughters' happiness. This celebration is eagerly looked forward to, since it's held only once a year.

Assumption No. 5: The family is thankful for their children and honor them on this day. This week-long celebration is a time to reflect on springtime and the renewal of life. The daughters feel very special on this day.

Validation: “My family and the Kimura family have known each other for over 20 years. We have mutual respect and love for each other. We try to get together as much as possible; and when we do, we have great fellowship.”

Application: “What a wonderful event –

(Continued on page 4)

BE THE FIRST TO SHOWCASE YOUR FAMILY IN THE GARDNER NEWSLETTER!

We want YOU to devote a whole issue to YOUR family! Simply fill out the questionnaire to the right and commit to a publication date. You can format the whole issue yourself, or send Paul e-mails of pictures and text, or mail him hardcopies of everything. Whichever method (or combination of methods) you choose, Paul will take care of mailing the final product to all our subscribers!

Paul E. Gardner
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Showcase My Family in The Gardner Newsletter!

I will be responsible for the following issue:

- The Winter 2006 Issue
- The Spring 2006 Issue
- The Summer 2006 Issue
- The Fall 2006 Issue
- The Winter 2007 Issue
- The Spring 2007 Issue
- The Summer 2007 Issue
- The Fall 2007 Issue



Name _____
 Address _____
 Comments _____

Cut out this section and mail it to The Gardner Newsletter!



(Continued from page 3)

to honor children! To have a special day for girls and a special day for boys is a good way to give thanks to God for our children.”

You will be happy to know that Jean received 19 out of a possible 20 points for these FOCs.

It might be fun for you to try to develop FOCs about people, places, and events connected with you and your family. You could have each member of your family develop their own FOC about a special person or event and then compare them. This can be a learning experience for the whole family and well illustrates how all of us are indeed one global family!

See you
 this Fall!

Gardner Newsletter

The Person of the King By: Paul George Matthew 1:1—4:25

Volume 8, Issue 32
Fall, 2005

This year's Christmas
message is taken from
www.spreadinglight.com

Matthew answers the questions, was Jesus the Messiah predicted in the Old Testament. If He was the Messiah why did He fail to establish the promised kingdom? Will it ever be established? What is God's purpose in the meantime?

If Matthew's claim Jesus is the Messiah he must prove it. He must prove the promise to Abraham, "in you all the families of the earth shall be blessed" and "in your seed all the nations shall be blessed" (Genesis 12:3; 22:18) is fulfilled in Jesus. He must prove the promise to King David "your house and your kingdom shall endure before Me forever; your throne shall be established forever" (2 Samuel 7:16) is fulfilled in Jesus. He must prove Jesus, in the flesh, is a descendant of Abraham through Isaac, Jacob, and Judah. He must prove Jesus is a descendant of David. Matthew offers as evidence Jesus is the Messiah, in Him the promise to Abraham and David Jesus' genealogy.

There is something in Jesus' genealogy that is not found in Luke's genealogy, four women's names, Rahab, a Canaanite, and Ruth, a Moabite, Tamar and Bathsheba who were adulteresses. Why is Matthew including these names in Jesus' genealogy? There is a reason. In verse 16 Matthew makes an interesting statement. He said, "Jacob was the father of Joseph the husband of Mary, by whom Jesus was born, who is called the Messiah." The usage of the word "whom" implies Jesus was born of Mary only and not of Mary and Joseph. This is the strongest evidence for the doctrine of the virgin birth of Jesus.

Matthew's genealogy establishes Jesus' legal right to the throne of David. He is a descendant of David. Jesus is called the Messiah that is the Anointed. Aaron the priest was anointed (Leviticus 8:12), Elisha the prophet was

anointed (1 Kings 19:16) and David the king was anointed (1 Samuel 16:13). Jesus will fill all three of these offices.

Matthew offers the birth of Jesus as evidence He is the Messiah. "Now the birth of Jesus Christ was as follows: when his mother Mary had been betrothed to Joseph, before they came to-

learned of her pregnancy Mary was told by the angel Gabriel, "you will conceive in your womb, and bring forth a son, and you shall name Him Jesus. He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High: and the Lord God will give Him the throne of His father David; and He will reign

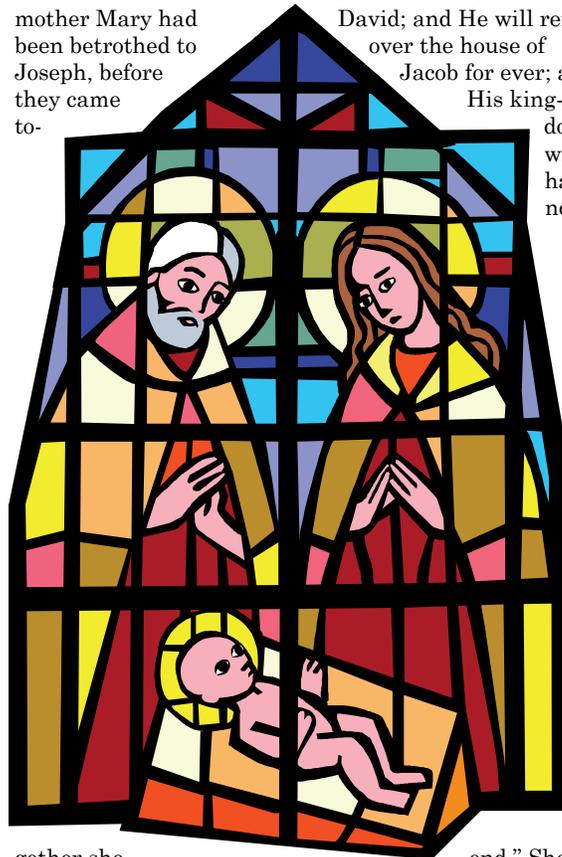
over the house of Jacob for ever; and His kingdom will have no

end. But God has other plans for Joseph. He is going to give Joseph an honor that will far exceed any honor bestowed upon man. He will be called the father of Jesus, the Messiah.

Joseph was a man whose heart and will were in tune with God's will. The heavenly Father sends a message to the earthly father. The messenger calls Joseph the son of David that he might realize the relationship he will have with the Messiah and great honor that is being bestowed upon him. He is delivered from his worst fears. He is told "son of David, do not be afraid to take Mary as your wife: for the Child who has been conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit. She will bear a Son; and you shall call His name Jesus, for He will save His people from their sins." It is a great blessing to be delivered from our fears and doubts. Joseph has nothing to fear. He can take Mary to be his wife. Everything happening is according to God's plan.

His name is Jesus. His name is Joshua. He is called Jesus for the sake of conforming it to the Greek. In the Old Testament there were two men name Joshua. Joshua was the name of the name who led Israel into the Promised Land after the death of Moses. Joshua was the name of the high priest in Jerusalem during the rebuilding of the city (Zechariah 6:11-12). Jesus is our Joshua, the Captain of our salvation and the High Priest of our confession. He is our Savior who comes as Moses did when he led Israel out of oppression and enslavement in Egypt. He does for us what the Law of Moses could not do in that it was weak. He is able to save to the uttermost and there is salvation in no other. He came not only to save His people, Jews, but all who will accept Him as their Savior and Lord. We are saved from our sins not in our sins, from the guilt of sin by the merit of His death, from the dominion of sin by His grace. Jesus is the Messiah, His genealogy proves He is

(Continued on page 2)



gether she was found with child by the Holy Spirit."

Mary and Joseph were not married. We would say today they were engaged. They were under a contract to be married, arranged by the parents of Mary. Before the time came, which was a year after the arrangements were made for the marriage of Mary, Joseph learned Mary was pregnant. Before Joseph

end." She knew the divine original of her conception, but can she prove, how can she explain to Joseph what has happened. Who will believe her?

What about Joseph? What a great disappointment this was to him. He was a just man, a good man, a merciful man and a strict observer of the law. He was going to give Mary a bill of divorce but he was going to do it pri-





Memories of Cold Hands

By: *Raymond Gardner*

One of my earliest childhood memories is having cold hands as I worked along side with my Papa and three older brothers securing our wood supply. We needed the wood to cook our food on the wood stove in the kitchen and to heat the big farmhouse. Our wood furnace was in the basement with one register opening into the living room.

Christmas vacation was traditionally the time we worked on our wood supply for the next winter. Papa and the older boys, Clayton and Earl, would fell the trees—maple, birch, and beech—with an axe and saw. There was no such thing as a chain saw. After the limbs were cut off, the tree was cut into 12 foot lengths. Adelbert & I (12 and 10 years respectively) had to pile back the limbs to get them out of the way. I remember my hands would get so cold that I would whine to my Papa. Sometimes I would be allowed to go home early and I would get a game of monopoly going with Elinor & Beulah. The game of

monopoly came out in 1935.

I remember the fun we had hauling out the logs because we got to ride on them when horses pulled them out of the woods. The logs were loaded on two sleds, which were held together by the logs themselves. The front sled had a pole, which went between the horses. It had a swivel which would let the turns be made. The back sled also had chains to help it stay in line.

The Lang brook (we called it the big brook) presented a problem. It was small where we had to cross it, but big enough so the horses with a load of logs would have difficulty. My father solved this problem by building a snow bridge. Poles, they didn't have to be strong, were laid over the brook. Spruce or fir boughs would be put on them. Then snow on top of that. We dipped water out of the brook to wet the snow. After that we would pack it down. After a good nights freeze, a very nice snow

bridge existed and the logs could be hauled home. In the spring a sawing crew would be hired, and the logs cut into 16 inch lengths. They would be slabbed before being put into the woodshed. It would be a daily chore to split the slabs into pieces to fit in the kitchen stove. Some of the hard to split would be fodder for the furnace.

Today when I get cold hands, I am reminded of working in the woods with Father. Eventually as the older boys left the farm, Adelbert and I did the felling and limbing. As time progressed, my three older brothers were in the service and it was just Papa and I left to work in the woods. We were doing the same work, and wore the same hand gear--gloves inside mittens. After about a half-hour my Father's hands would get too hot, mine too cold. Easy solution: we would just swap hand gear!

(Continued from page 1)

the Messiah, the announcement of His birth provides He is the Messiah. Matthew now moves to another source of evidence to prove Jesus is the Messiah

“Now all this took place to fulfill what was spoken by the Lord through the prophet, saying, ‘Behold, the virgin shall be with child and shall bear a Son, and they shall call His name Immanuel; which translated means, God with us.’”

The word “behold” is a command to pay attention. It was predicted the Messiah shall be of a virgin. The word “almah” means a virgin in the strictest sense, just as Mary told the angel, “I know not a man” (Luke 1:34). It was intended before the foundation of the earth was cast the Messiah will be born of a virgin; He will be the Seed of the woman and not the seed of any man. He was born of virgin not because His birth was to be supernatural and extraordinary, but because He is to be spotless,

pure, without any stain of sin. He will appear without pomp or splendor. He will be born of virgin so that He can teach us spiritual purity.

Who is this Child who will be born of a virgin? He is the Son of God and the Mediator between God and man. He shall be called “Immanuel, God with us.” The people of Israel had God with them in types and shadows, dwelling between the cherubim, but never more than when the “Word was made flesh.”

What a beautiful lesson can be learned from verse 24. Joseph did as he was told to do. It was contrary to his former intentions, what he believed was the right thing to do. He took Mary as his wife. He did it without delay and cheerfully. There were no doubts he was doing the right thing, no second guessing. No debating or seeking advice from family or friends. Joseph didn't know what the future would be all he was determined to do was the directions of God for his life.

If only we could learn to do that. We often forfeit blessings because we are determined to things our way and don't heed the stop signs the Lord places in our path. While we are to strive to be like Jesus, being like Joseph and Mary wouldn't do us any harm. Joseph solemnized the marriage with Mary, his espoused wife but he kept his distance, he “kept her a virgin until she gave birth to a Son; and he called His name Jesus.”

The Child born of a virgin had His eyes focus on one thing. It was not a throne or a castle. It was a rough cut Roman cross. It was on this cross the Lamp of God will shed His blood that we might be redeemed and our fellowship with God renewed.

He is the Messiah and He returning. We need to be ready to meet Him.





The Whitneys Share Their Lives with the Gardner Newsletter's Family and Friends

Nancy Joyce Cove was born on October 21, 1956, to J. Richard Cove (Dick) and Elinor Joyce Gardner in Auburn, New York. Nancy was joined by a brother, Christopher Jack, not quite three years later. Dick worked for Carrier in Syracuse, and Elinor was a mathematics teacher in the Auburn School District. Nancy grew up in the town of Auburn, NY, where family life centered around the Auburn Church of the Nazarene

While much of her childhood was like that of most kids in Upstate New York during the sixties and seventies, times spent with friends from church were perhaps the most exciting part of childhood. Stories of the Laudermilks, the Richeys, the Robinsons, and their many trips fill their reminiscences.

Family vacations seemed to have a way of weaving it all together. In addition to the trips to Hampton Beach, the trips to visit relatives in Vermont always got top billing. How many times have we heard about the skiing trips and all the excitement around the farm? And, of course, it wasn't just the family trips we heard about. It was the courting trips between Dick and Elinor that always came up.

Like the one where, down at the barn, Grandpa Will shouted out, "Dick, stand up there!"

Dick, of course, immediately stood very tall. Grandpa snickered. "Well," he laughed, "I was talking to the horse!" Guess the horse was named Dick, too.

And we heard about the little cat that Grandpa brought into the house in his pocket, so that Nancy could take a kitty home to New York with her. (Terrified, the cat's eventual name.)

And we heard stories of maple syrup, as if it were liquid gold, and raspberries that grew as large as plums, and skiing in bitterest Alaskan-type conditions. No vegetable could ever compare to the ones from Nita's garden. No lake as

clear as Seymour Lake. No place in the whole of God's creation as beautiful as the Northern Kingdom!

And by and large, the stories were true.

Nancy attended Eastern Nazarene College where she pursued a degree in Elementary Education. She met Dan Whitney in the A Cappella choir, and began dating him after negotiating a cease and desist contract. Dan had become enamored of the lovely alto sitting down the row from him in the choir. He began pursuit, however. Dan was an impulsive, outgoing, sometimes a little "over the top" kind of guy. And, worst of all, Dan was two years younger than Nancy. But, Dan was persistent.

After several months of annoying behavior from Dan, culminating in a gift of flowers sent to a dorm room, Nancy demanded a meeting. She told Dan why this relationship probably couldn't work, careful to include everything she found annoying about Dan. Dan replied with all the reasons he thought the relationship could work, including all the reasons why he thought Nancy was the best thing breathing on the planet. Then he proposed a one-month trial period, where the two would go on some real dates together. If, after a month, Nancy's opinion hadn't changed, Dan would cease and desist. The meeting took place on October 31, 1977. November would be the crucial month.

November saw a variety of dates, some very nice, some awful. We went to eat at 33 1/3 Dunster Street in Harvard. We saw "Chicago" play in the Boston Gardens. That was, perhaps, the worst night of the month. After a miserable concert together (for a variety of reasons too complex to spell out) we merged from the Gardens with the other two couples that had joined us. Outside it was pouring rain. And the car we came in had broken windshield wipers. The drive home from Boston to Quincy was accomplished with the

driver sticking her head out of the window in order to see (Southeastern Expressway!) and Dan had his head out of the other window to make sure we didn't drive off the road. How romantic!

In any event, Thanksgiving vacation intruded before the trial period was over. Dan went home to spend Thanksgiving with his family; Nancy had to stay at school due to her job requirements. It was an interesting vacation. The two maxims faced one another squarely. Would it be "Out of sight, out of mind" or "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"?

In this case, A.M.T.H.G.F. After the short break, it seemed that minds were resolved. The trial period was over, and both Dan and Nancy knew that their fates were sealed. The two dated from that time until their marriage in July of 1981.

After graduation, Nancy returned to Auburn for a few years where she taught elementary school, waiting for Dan to graduate. Once Dan graduated, the Whitneys moved to Port Huron, Michigan, where they helped start a parochial school. Nancy taught grades 4,5,6 all in one classroom the first year. Dan taught various junior and senior high classes. The years in Port Huron were marked by hard work, good friends, lots of canasta, with life centered around the North Hills Nazarene Church. It was during these years that a serious boating accident left Nancy with a broken neck.

Without going into too much detail, a late night boating trip to see fireworks out on Lake Huron ended up in a hospital emergency room, after the boat Dan and Nancy and some other friends were riding in crashed into a city drainage pipe. Although the injuries were serious, life-threatening for Nancy, God was present and saw us through the ordeal. Within seven weeks, Nancy was backing the classroom at the start of the school year. When her orthope-

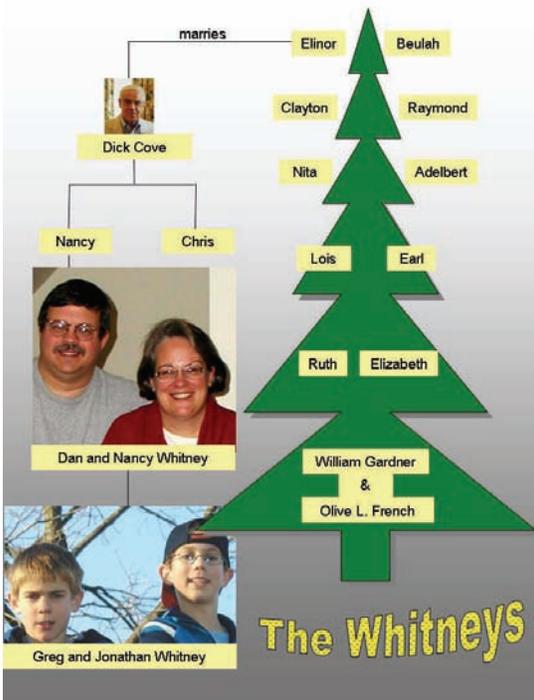
(Continued on page 4)



“Life in New Hampshire is grand. We love our small home and enjoy our 230 acres of campground during the summer months.”



(Continued from page 3)



dic surgeon looked at the x-rays six weeks after the accident, he was amazed at the results. When Dan asked him what part “prayer” had to do with this miraculous recovery, the doctor responded, “I don’t know, but whatever you did, it worked.”

The Whitneys (still childless) moved to Virginia Beach in response to a sense of God’s calling into Pastoral Ministry. In Virginia, Nancy taught at “Independence Christian School” and Dan served as Associate Pastor at Virginia Beach First Church. The youth and the choir were Dan’s primary responsibilities. Nancy joined Dan as they tackled the production of the first operetta they ever attempted. It was a great success, except for the part where the power blew out in the church during the performance. Fortunately, there were a few real candles on stage at the moment, so the show went on! From Virginia, the Whitneys moved to Kansa City, MO to attend Nazarene Theological Seminary.

Elinor drove with Nancy out to KC on an advance trip to look fort apartments and jobs. They found neither. But after praying, Elinor believed that Nancy should look for a substitute teaching job. Dan would only be able to work part time while studying, so Nancy would be the main breadwinner during those years. That became the plan. During the following winter, an amazing chain of events took place to confirm Elinor’s answer.

One day while Nancy was teaching, the word came back to the school that the teacher she was teaching for had been killed in a car accident that very day. It was a terrible tragedy, but who better than Nancy to help a group of kids through such an ordeal? Nancy was able to love those kids as they struggled; and even when her provisional teaching certificate expired, the parents lobbied the administration to give her an unprecedented extension . . . which they did. And for us? It led to a full time job. We don’t, for a second, believe God causes accidents like that. But we do believe that he

helps us through tragedy, and places us in positions where we can be of help.

Seminary Graduation – crossing the 30 year milestones – still childless – and we ended up in LaFargeville, NY as senior pastors of a new church plant. LaFargeville is in the Thousand Islands region of NY. While we were there, many relatives came to visit us, including Uncle Henry and Aunt Ruth. They led vacation Bible School for us . . . tuned our piano. I remember going for a long hike out in the woods with Aunt Ruth, climbing over a barbed wire fence(!), looking for the ruins of the start of Fordham University, which we found. She was a young chicken at 80 back then!

Of course, by then, Elinor had died, leaving a huge hole in our lives and lots of unanswered questions. Two years to the day after Elinor’s death, Jonathan Richard Raymond Whitney was born. The birth was complicated, but not as complicated as life would soon get! Gregory Daniel Whitney followed about two years later, and the wonderful worlds of parenting and pastoring merged.

We lived in New York for seven and a half years altogether, and enjoyed good friends and a wonderful church during that time. Plymouth, MI was our next destination, followed by Rumford, RI.

The Rumford Church was a Portuguese/Cape Verdian Church. This was our first exposure to cross-cultural ministry, and it was deeply enjoyable. We ate fish like we never had before, and learned all kinds of new words, new tastes and new ways. Unfortunately, most of the Portuguese we learned has since been forgotten.

Today we live in Henniker, NH, where Dan runs Windsor Hills Camp and Retreat Center and Nancy teaches at Washing Elementary School. Life is full. Jonathan enters ninth grade in just a few days. He is playing soccer, likes math (takes after his maternal grandmother), and is growing like an annoying weed. He is a great “500” player and is fiercely competitive.

Gregory enters seventh grade in an-

other minute. Like his brother, he is a great math student, but likes baseball better than soccer. He has been on the town all-star baseball team four years running. The biggest baseball fan of all, however, is . . . Nancy! Somehow, during our years in Rhode Island, Nancy developed a passion for the Boston Red Sox – and see where it got us?!?!

Life in New Hampshire is grand. We love our small home and enjoy our 230 acres of campground during the summer months. We’d love to have visitors, but since Dan travels on weekends a good bit, it is best to call first, just to make sure someone is home. If you do manage to arrive while we are out, there’s a chance that our huge cat, Ras-cal, will find a way to let you in.

See you in February
2006 for the beginning
of our 9th year!



Gardner Newsletter

Things We'd Like to Hear About in Future Issues

- Jay and Kim Griffes: A follow-up article on Alexander.
- Aunt Lois: Do you miss going to Florida in the winter?
- Gloria Parsons: How do Montessori schools differ from regular schools?

Gardner Newsletter Begins its Ninth Year

It's hard to believe, but this issue marks the beginning of the ninth year for publication of The Gardner Newsletter. All of you, loyal readers, have made this possible and we hope that you will continue to support the newsletter with your articles, pictures, and any other thought-provoking contribution you would like to make.

If you have visited the web site lately, www.gardnernews.org, you will see that a new page has been added for "The Lang/Johnson Connection." Edith (Grandpa Gardner's half sister) and her husband, Arthur Johnson, have long been a part of the Gardner family.

I remember a time, in the early 1950s when Jean, Linda and I were living with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner, that, for some reason or another, they had scheduled a trip some-

where. Aunt Edith and Uncle Arthur agreed to "babysit" us at their apartment in Newport. It was quite an adventure for us to leave the farm house and stay overnight far away in the big city. (Fourteen miles was considered quite a trip in those days.) I think it was during the Democratic National Convention, because I vividly remember Uncle Arthur watching the black and white TV from his easy chair, contentedly smoking his pipe, while all the delegates were shouting and waving their signs. I also recall Aunt Edith tucking me into bed; and I remember thinking how clean and crisp everything was!

Well, those days are long behind us, but it's interesting to note that Aunt Edith's daughter, Sandra, and her son, Arthur, are subscribers to the newsletter as are Sandra's and Arthur's chil-

dren. If that's not a great connection, I don't know what is! We hope that everyone in that family will decide to make written contributions to the newsletter so all of us can stay on top of what is happening in that branch of the family. In fact, if you log onto the Gardner Newsletter's web site, you can see Aidan Johnson's Christmas pictures of 2004 and 2005. He is Aunt Edith's great grandson - living proof that the Gardner-Lang/Johnson connection is alive and well!

And don't forget your place in the family! Please send in as many articles and pictures as you can during this coming year. It's great reading for everyone!

Thanks a lot.

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Grandpa Gardner Talks About "Oxen" and the Dispute With His Hired Man	2
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Grandpa Gardner Tells Two of His Favorite Stories

Editor's Note: The following narrative is in Grandpa Gardner's own words. At the time, he was being recorded on an old fashioned reel-to-reel tape recorder. Aunt Nita gave me the typed copies of these two stories that were tran-

scribed from the tape on a manual typewriter. I'm not sure who did it (probably Nita herself) but here they are for everyone to enjoy. At Nita's funeral, I spoke to Cousin Jay Griffes who told me that he has a copy of the reel-to-reel tape which

records Grandpa recalling his favorite stories. If you would like to hear other stories, please contact Jay. (Wouldn't it be nice if there were other copies of this tape floating around somewhere!)

(Continued on page 2)

“We had such good luck with the steers, we took on the bulls.”

off the mark by Mark Parisi
www.offthemark.com



(Continued from page 1)

Oxen

A lot of the work done on the farm was done with oxen. In 1907, when I was 20, I kept a diary; and looking it over brings back the happiest days when I drove four oxen on my father's farm. I drove them in the woods, at this sawmill and I hauled the sawed lumber to the market. The first thing I remember was when my father bought his first pair of oxen from a neighbor and sent me after them. He told me when I got home to hitch them onto a sled and haul out dressing. I didn't know anything about

driving oxen. On the way home, it was hard work to keep them between the fences. When I got home I tried to get them over the pole so I could hitch the sled to them. It was lucky for me that there was an old man around who knew how to drive oxen and he hitched them on for me. My diary shows that we got the first pair of oxen on February 4, 1907 and we spent the rest of the winter hauling manure and pulling up ice.

My father had a pair of three year old steers after I got used to driving the oxen. I liked it so well I decided to break the steers. So with the help of my brother (eight years younger) I tackled the steers. I only worked on them when the men were all

away. We got them to be real handy and no one knew what we had been doing.

My father also had a pair of bulls, three-year olds, really big fellows with big horns. We had such good luck with the steers, we took on the bulls. When you start breaking them you yoke them together and tie their tails together. If they pull their tails apart, they are apt to do what we call "turn the yoke, - one head one way, and the other the other way. When this happens, there isn't much that can be done only to let them go and start over. About the first time we took them out, this happened. It was time for the men to come home, so we called it a day.

The next chance the men

were all away was town meeting day, so we tackled the bulls. We didn't intend to let them out of the barnyard, but they somehow knocked the gate down and got out. I had a rope on the nearest one and he ran me into a telephone pole and I had to let them go. They ran down the road into a snow bank and turned the yoke as the steers had done before.

I decided to pull the bull pins and let them go as we had done before. As soon as they were loose, one of them ran with the yoke sticking right out; but the other one, instead of leaving, by golly, he knocked me down and he got me with my head and shoulders on the ground and my feet up in the air. He had me by the small of my back and he'd take me first one

way and then the other, just acting as though he was playing with me and all the time he was shoving me towards this fence. It was only about six feet to the fence.

Well, it wasn't a very good place to be upon on his horns, but that was what was happening. My brother - he was a little fellow - he was up by the gate, because

that's where the bulls ran away from me. Well then, he comes running down there and hollering, you know, and he probably caught that bull's attention or something. Well, anyway, he (the bull) stopped for just a minute - not a minute - but a second or two - and I got off his horns and grabbed the bow off his neck, you know, and I hit him in the mouth and knocked a tooth out. He didn't seem to mind it at all. He was kind of docile. Funny, - we got him up to the barn and we decided we

wouldn't break any more bulls.

The Outlaw

This man was working for me and he was kind of an outlaw. So this morning he decided he was going to quit and he ordered me to come down to the house and write him a check. I told him, I says, "I will write you a check when I go down to breakfast, but I'm not going now to write you a check." So he squared off and wanted to know if I

wanted any part of him and I said, "No. I don't want any part of you, but I want you to understand I run my own business - you don't run it." He was out in the barn floor and I was getting some pails to grain the cows and he stepped back. I stooped over to pick up one of those pails and he jumped on my back.

I felt him coming, you know, and I tried to get back. He caught me off balance and,

(Continued on page 3)



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of course, put me down on the floor. He put his knee on one arm and he held the other one with his hand and he choked me. He kept choking me and I put my head down. But, you know, after your breath is shut off just a few seconds you lose consciousness. So I was trying to get my breath, but I couldn't. The next thing I knew I could hear sounds way off and they kept coming a little closer. Finally, I could make out what he was saying. It was him and he was saying, "Now will you write me a check!?"

Well, I suppose it was kind of foolish to be down there in the shape I was in; but when

I got my breath I said, "I will never write you a check." I don't know how, but I got up on my feet again. Well, anyway, I got a hold of him so to hold him off, and he chewed the top of my ear off, and, of course, I didn't feel that. Everything seemed to go against me. We went around the barn floor, back and forth and back and forth, just holding off.

Well, there was a logging chain hanging down from a beam, hung double, and I came around just right and I stepped through that chain. It went right up between my legs and right around my neck. He was twisting it on me and I had to let go of him to get that chain off because it was killing me, you know,

and then he threw me down on the floor and he said, "Now will you write me a check" and I said "I'll never write you a check." But he wasn't doing anything and I was getting my breath, so I laid there. Lois, she was just a little bit of a tot, you know, she could hardly talk and she was there and she came down and told my wife. She said, "Man piting Papa." She made my wife know that something was going on and she came up and here he had me on the floor. So, she came down and got a teakettle of hot water; but by the time she got back up there, he left. He got his old coat and he left over the road.

See you this Spring!

Matched - a team that is of the same breed, color pattern, size and bone structure and also work well together.

Mated - a team placed together based on working capabilities. Do not have to be of the same breed or color, but should be relatively close in size and work well together

Nigh - steer closest to teamster when yoked.

Off - steer farthest from teamster when yoked.

Polled - animals bred and born without horns. Do not make a desirable team.

Roan - body color that consists of a mix of white and other color hair, giving the steer a mottled color.

Step in - command preceding or following steer's name, used to make steer step in closer to the pole or chain. Usually used before starting to pull a load to ensure the safety of team. (May also use "put in" or "stand in").

Step out - command preceding or following steers' name, used to make steer step away from pole or chain. Usually used while hitching or turning a load. (May also use "put out" or "stand out").

Stone Boat - a small, flat sled developed for moving stones. Usually 3-3 1/2 feet wide and 6-8 feet long and made of 2-inch hardwood planks.

Umbilical

Hernia - a muscle tear in the abdomen at the site of the umbilical cord, just under the skin, allowing part of the stomach or intestines to bulge out of the abdomen. A serious problem that requires surgery

OX-Dictionary

Teamster Terminology

(Source: UNH Cooperative Extension's 4-H Working Steer Manual)

Backchain - backchaining occurs when a steer backs over the chain or drag during a workout. This is a bad habit, which should be corrected immediately.

Back-Gee - much like "Gee off", but teamster moves in a circle with team. Team's back feet remain in same place while moving front end to the right.

Back-Haw - much like "Haw to", but teamster moves in a circle with team. Team's back feet remain in same place while moving front end to the left.

Back up step - command used in conjunction with steer name to back him up one step. Helpful in hitching/unhitching to cart or drag.

Bloated - animals' belly swells up. May result from increased water intake or illness. Contact veterinarian

if condition persists.

Castration - surgical procedure to remove or render useless the testicles of a male animal.

Come up step - command to make team move forward one step. Helpful unhitching/hitching to cart or drag. (May be used instead of "giddup step".)

Draft - many New England teamsters refer to draft as the angle of the chain from the bottom of a yoke to the stone boat.

Drag - anything that you can pull behind your team, typically attached to yoke with a chain.

Easy - command used to slow team from walking/pulling too fast. Used much like the "whoa" command, without actually stopping.

Fitting - term used to describe how a show-person has prepared animals for show. Fitting refers to condition (weight) of animal, cleanliness, properly trimmed hooves, clipping, etc

Gaunt - thin appearance of animal resulting from decreased feed/water intake. May occur in new environments (such as fairs), but veterinarian should be contacted if condition persists.

Gee off - command where team sidesteps away from teamster. Helpful in working with cart or drag to reduce rubbing against pole or chain.

Goat Stick - wooden stick (less than 4' long) used to gently tap/touch steer to encourage proper movement.

Haw to - command where team sidesteps towards teamster. Helpful in working with cart or drag to reduce rubbing against chain or pole.

Head up - command used to make steers pick their heads up if they are eating grass or otherwise. Tap the underside of their chin while saying the command.

Heartwood - usually a dark circle of wood from the middle of the tree, weaker than white wood and unsatisfactory for neckpiece wood.



The Ford convertible we traveled in to visit Earl in California in 1967

Cars I have Owned

By: Clayton Gardner *(A Gardner Newsletter Serial)*

Ford Convertible

We ran this Ford Convertible for about 160,000 miles. It was still running good when we had to sell it in 1975. New Jersey's salty winter roads had rusted out the frame so that it seemed that the rear wheels were about to leave the frame. Probably the best trip we had was a cross country trip with our travel trailer to see Earl in the summer of 1967. We spent time in Yellowstone and Glacier Parks. At Yellowstone, we were told that there were spaces for us to camp. We drove around the campgrounds and a kind camper said we could camp along with him in his space, which we did. We had our Pomeranian, Shelly, with us. She traveled

very well but, due to lack of exercise, she had trouble walking when we visited the Oregon coast.

Ford Club Wagon

This is my second van – the first one I purchased from Rod Ames. I used the vans in my steam cleaner business. I sold the steam cleaners primarily to restaurants. They were excellent for cleaning hoods of the stoves. Although purchased second hand, this was a great vehicle – never a bit of trouble – except one winter the fuel line froze while I was on my way to school. Gerry came from Martindale Hubble in the Corolla (pictured below) to take me to school. I was only a little late.

Toyota Corolla

We purchased this Toyota

second hand from a friend of Gerry's at Martindale Hubble. I have forgotten what year it was, but we took it on a cross country trip in 1980. Ron flew to Calgary from Seattle and finished the trip with us. We visited the Canadian Rockies where I had a most delicious Black Forest cake at the chateau on Lake Louise.

We never had a problem with this car until the frame rusted out and the front wheels were about to fall off. We sold it to a carefree fellow who knew about the rusted frame, but drove it away with no license or registration.

1929 Model A Ford

Sometime during the late sixties or early seventies, I purchased this Model A with

the idea of restoring it. I took it all apart, cleaned everything as much as possible, and never did get around to putting it back together. I bought a great 1929 Cabriolet body with windshield and cowlings. If I could have afforded it and had the time, I could have had a great 1929 Model A convertible. However, it appeared that I would never get the job done, so I sold the whole mess for just about what I had paid for it.



The Ford Club Wagon



The 1976 Toyota Corolla that we traveled in on our cross country trip in 1980



A 1929 Model A Ford like the one I purchased and was going to restore

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

<i>Memories of the Clyde River</i>	1
<i>Special Offer from the Lang / Johnson / Eggleston Connection</i>	2
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Did you know

- Did you know the Clyde River is a 30-mile waterway that runs into Lake Memphremagog?
- Did you know that an environmental miracle happened in Newport, Vermont?
- Did you know that you can get a free CD of Aunt Edith's poems?

MEMORIES OF THE CLYDE RIVER

BY: PAUL GARDNER

One of the nice things about going to Vermont is that whenever you visit, it's highly likely that it will be pretty much the same as you remember it. That's not to say that Vermonters don't believe in progress. They do. They just don't let progress and high technology run amuck the way the rest of the country does.

When my sisters and I lived with Grandma and Grandpa Gardner at the old homestead back in the early 1950s, the view from my bedroom window was that of the Clyde River flowing peacefully under the watchful gaze of Ball Mountain rising above it. (See the photo alongside this article.) Should you ever visit the old homestead, it looks much the same today.

Around that time, one of Grandpa's most prized possessions was a new rowboat that he bought to use for fish-



Ball Mountain and the Clyde River from bedroom window at the Old Homestead

ing on the Clyde River. Many times he would have me (or my sister, Jean) do the rowing while he happily fished for "hornpout" from the Clyde. We would bring the catch home and Grandma (under protest) would clean the fish and fry them up for dinner.

Each year during late autumn Grandpa would go down to the riverbank where the rowboat was moored to prepare it for the long winter ahead. He would anchor it to a tree to protect it from the strong winter blasts of wind and then he would turn the boat upside down. If he failed to do this,

(Continued on page 2)

SPECIAL OFFER FROM THE LANG / JOHNSON / EGGLESTON CONNECTION

Sandra Baraw of the Lang / Johnson / Eggleston Connection recently contributed her mother's book of poems to the Gardner Newsletter. Here are two of my favorites from that collection. Aunt Edith wrote this poem to celebrate

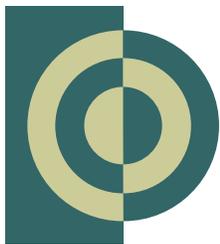
Grandpa Gardner's 90th birthday, which was a huge event for the family when it happened.

MY BROTHER WILL

*DID YOU SAY NINETY, YES, WE
HOPE FOR MORE ... JUST CAN'T
BELIEVE IT, SO STRONG OF HEART*

*AND STRONG OF LIMB ... SO VERY
ALERT AND FULL OF VIM! HIS
BODILY FRAME FROM YOUTH TO
AGE, IS OF UNUSUAL STRENGTH ...
HIS MIND IS KEEN, HE'S REALLY A
SAGE! INTENSE AND FRUGAL, APT
FOR THE TRIALS OF LIFE ... HE WAS
GREATLY HELPED BY A GOOD*

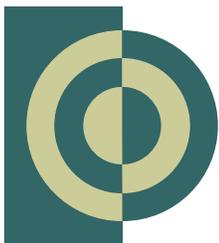
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Here is Laurie Ann Gibbs born on April 1, 2006. The proud parents are Rick and Liz Gibbs, Jean Gonzalo's oldest son and daughter-in-law. CONGRATULATION!

"Aunt Edith continually searched for the answer to the rhetorical question 'Why do bad things happen to good people?'"



(Continued from page 1)

when he arrived the following spring to go fishing for the first time, he would find the rowboat filled with hundreds of slithering, writhing garter snakes. Believe me, seeing this sight as an impressionable youngster is the stuff of which nightmares are made!

One year, for some reason, Grandpa had left the boat upstream after a fishing excursion and hadn't returned it to its mooring spot before winter's barrage. And that year had been a doozy of a winter! I am fully convinced of global warming when I remember that winter. The wind had piled the snow into drifts which actually covered the tops of the telephone poles across the street from the old homestead. Temperatures had fallen into numbers way below zero.

It seems that Grandpa had called Uncle Adelbert to help him find the boat where he

had left it that previous fall. The plan was that Grandpa and Adelbert would pull the boat to its proper mooring spot while walking on the frozen waters of the Clyde River.

Unfortunately, Uncle Adelbert did not show up in Grandpa's designated time frame. So he had Jean and me go with him to find the boat and bring it back. Even though it was dangerously cold outside we did not hesitate. We bundled up and walked on the frozen Clyde River until we found the boat. Being the "do-it-yourself-er" that he was, Grandpa cut a small tree trunk and made a makeshift pull bar. So there we were, all lined up in a row, pulling the boat as best we could on the frozen waters of the Clyde. Grandpa was the strongest of the three of us, of course, and I'm afraid Jean and I, being children, weren't very much help. But we did the best we could. Needless to say, because of the bitter cold and the heaviness of the boat, we

made little progress.

We were just about to give up when we spotted Uncle Adelbert in the distance. He had come to rescue us and he chided Grandpa for bringing Jean and me out into the bitter cold weather. With Uncle Adelbert's strong arms to help Grandpa with the pull bar, we made it to the mooring spot in no time and the boat was secured. Grandma's kitchen sure looked good to everyone that day when we returned triumphantly from our mission!

The Clyde River has made news in more recent times too, as you will learn from reading more about the river in the next article taken from the "American Rivers" web site.

(Continued from page 1)

CHRISTIAN HOME, BROUGHT TO MATURITY A FAMILY OF TEN ... HE HONORS GOD NOW, AS HE DID THEN ... HE LOVES THE GREEN VALLEYS, THE HILLS AND THE ROCKS ... THE MAKER OF ALL THIS, IS UTTERMOST IN HIS THOUGHTS ... HE KNOWS GOD HAS PREPARED A HOME UP ABOVE ... SO HE'S HAPPY IN THE PROMISE OF HIS LOVE ... A HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO A WONDERFUL BROTHER. BUT REMEMBER, WE HAD A DEAR CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Your sister,
Edith

Aunt Edith, like many of us, continually searched for the answer to the rhetorical question "Why do bad things happen to good people?" Using the imagery of a weaver, Edith's Muse provided her

with the answer in the following poem.

MY LIFE

MY LIFE IS BUT A WEAVING BETWEEN MY LORD AND ME.
I CANNOT CHOOSE THE COLORS,
HE WEAVETH STEADILY.
OFT TIMES, HE WEAVETH SORROW,
AND I, IN FOOLISH PRIDE,
FORGET HE SEES THE UPPER, AND I, THE UNDERSIDE.

NOT 'TILL THE LOOM IS SILENT AND THE SHUTTLES CEASE TO FLY,
SHALL GOD UNROLL THE CANVAS AND REVEAL THE REASONS WHY.

THE DARK THREADS MAY BE NEEDFUL IN THE SKILLFUL WEAVER'S HAND,

AS THE THREAD OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE PATTERN HE HAS PLANNED.

Edith Johnson

Sandra wants to remind us of the illustrious heritage of her family because she recently sent me the following e-mail message:

"When Edith (Lang) Johnson passed away, I found a complete Genealogy of the Lang family in New England published in 1935 by the Tuttle Press. The author was Howard Parker Moore, a person who was married into the family. It traces the family and it's many branches all over New England, including



Grandpa Gardner on his ninth birthday with his sisters, Aunt Edna and Aunt Edith

"Bert" Lang who was

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued from page 2)

the Father of Edith and Edna.

Edith and Edna are half sisters of Will Gardner. Sandra Johnson (Baraw) and Arthur Johnson are the children of Edith Lang.

One of the ancestors, Captain John Lang of Portsmouth, N.H. took the minutes of a meeting conducted by Lieutenant Governor Partridge, who was under a commission signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury- "dated 26 June 8th year of our Reigne."

The State (N.H.) papers (2.272) show the scribes memorandum, June 13, 1698:

'So far from the beginning of Lt. Governor Partridge taking upon him ye Government are the minutes of Council sent for England by Captain Jon Lang.'

Another entry in the State papers of this period shows 'Captain John Lang took the minutes.'

Another ancestor was Robert Lang who was known to have been a fisherman on the Isle of Shoals on March 16, 1670. The Isle of Shoals is a few miles out in Portsmouth Harbor. At that time it was not safe to live inland because of the threat of Indian attack.

Eventually the Lang family moved inland to the Sagamore Creek area which is south of Portsmouth. In fact, there is presently a town about four miles inland from Rye Beach called Lang Corners."

Sandra first brought this interesting story to our attention in the Spring, 2001 issue of the newsletter in an article entitled "Long Line of Lang Links By Sandra Baraw." That particular issue was a very interesting one which focused on the historic

Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Massachusetts which played such a prominent role in Grandma Gardner's life and also featured a story about Henry Ford and his huge impact on the area. If you saved all the prior issues, be sure to retrieve that one and re-read it. Of course, you can also request any back issues you want by contacting the Gardner Newsletter.

Aunt Edith's special book of poems has been transferred to a CD containing a Power-Point slide show. All the background scenes are of lakes and ponds in Vermont as well as some scenes from the Lake Champlain area. If you would like a free copy of the CD, please cut out the coupon next to this article and send it to the newsletter and your CD will be mailed to you. While you're at it, why not enclose an article of your own to be published in the newsletter?

YES! SEND THE FREE CD OF AUNT EDITH'S POEMS TO:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

(Cut out this coupon and mail it back to the Gardner Newsletter to get your free CD.)

ENVIRONMENTAL MIRACLE!

The Newport No. 11 Dam will hold a place in history as the first time that Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) staff recommended dam removal as the preferred alternative in an environmental impact document against the wishes of the dam owner. The dam was built in 1957 by Citizens Utility to produce electricity. The dam quickly and thoroughly devastated the Clyde River's famed runs of six- to 10-pound landlocked Atlantic salmon. In 1994 the dam breached, rejuvenating long-standing local efforts by Trout Unlimited (TU) and others to remove the dam. Relief came in 1995, when FERC staff,

who were considering relicensing the dam, made a landmark recommendation in a draft Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) to require removal of the Newport No. 11 Dam.

Following a settlement with the dam owner, in 1996, a controlled explosion shattered the structure, which reconnected the river and allowed fish to move freely for the first time in 40 years.

THE RIVER
The Clyde River rises in the heart of Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, and flows north into Lake



The Clyde River

Memphremagog-a 30-mile long waterway. Before construction of Newport No. 11, the Clyde's runs of landlocked Atlantic salmon earned the river a place in the annals of fishing. Anglers once traveled from all over the world to witness first-hand the salmon that saturated the Clyde's waters. Images of anglers standing elbow-to-elbow to test their angling skills can be seen only in black-and-white photographs. "Detroit may boast of its autos, Pittsburgh of its steel mills, and Boston of its beans," bragged a 1950 Vermont Life story, "but up Newport way [along the Clyde], it's the fabulous salmon which busts vest

(Continued on page 4)

"A controlled explosion shattered the structure, which reconnected the river and allowed fish to move freely for the first time in 40 years."



(Continued from page 3)

buttons and makes local chests puff out.”

THE IMPACT PRIOR TO REMOVAL

Unfortunately, the Newport No. 11 Dam, and the others owned and operated by Citizens Utility along the river, proved too much for the fish, putting a rather abrupt end to the Clyde's legendary salmon migratory runs between

Lake Memphremagog and the Clyde River. The No. 11 Dam had been a source of controversy since it was constructed hurriedly and with no permits in 1957. The 19-foot high, 90-foot long dam, one of three Citizens Utility dams in one hydro-power project, had a capacity of only 1.8 megawatts. It was the most downstream of Citizens Utility's four dams (a fifth upstream dam is owned by the Town of Barton).

The Atlantic salmon fishery had held its own against the other dams until the No. 11 was built, when damages to the river and fisheries were quickly recognized. The banks had been undercut too much during construction, leading to a perennially unstable situation that caused yearly erosion around the end of the dam and at adjoining properties during spring run-off.

The prevention of fish passage and inadequate flows—the dam dewatered one-half mile of river—soon caused the fishery to virtually disappear. “The spawning beds went dry and these fish couldn't reproduce,” reported a long-time angler of the Clyde River. “There were times the river was so low—and it caused such fish kills—that the county health officer was greatly concerned.”

The state of Vermont, in a report submitted to FERC, confirmed that the dam and the low flows it caused had killed all hope of maintaining or reestablishing a self-sustaining fishery. “Under present conditions,” the state concluded, “the net effective habitat is effectively zero.”

THE REMOVAL AND DECISION PROCESS

In the late 1980s, the required federal relicensing of Newport No. 11 and the other Citizens Utility dams upstream provided a new opportunity for conservationists to press for removal. Non-governmental organizations, including TU, and federal and state agencies entered as formal parties to the relicensing in order to protect the interests of the Clyde River and ensure an equitable final licensing deci-

sion. In 1994, spring rains and snowmelt run-off, coupled with long-term erosion from construction errors, blew out the riverbank at one end of the dam. Following the breach, FERC approved Citizens' plan to repair and reinforce the dam. Conservationists and the state appealed FERC's decision, which was ultimately stopped through action by the US Environmental Protection Agency. The rebuild order eventually became moot due to FERC staff's later recommendation for removal.

In June 1996, FERC issued its final EIS; its “recommended alternative” was the removal of the defunct No. 11 Dam. The EIS found that dam removal would have significant benefits to local resources and the public, including greatly enhanced salmon, steelhead, and walleye habitat, and would dramatically improve fishing opportunities. The report, taking into consideration that there were other dams in the project that could still make a profit, noted that the recommended alternative “would provide the necessary balance between the hydro-power use and environmental benefits and enhancements,” as required by law.

Following FERC's EIS, all parties involved in the relicensing—including the dam owner—agreed to a settlement that provided for removal of the dam. Under this settlement, all dam removal work requiring activity in the river was to be completed before the salmon's fall spawning migration from Lake Memphremagog up the Clyde. On August 28, 1996, a controlled explosion blew out the concrete of the dam and the remainder of the dam was removed mechanically.

RESTORATION OF THE RIVER

Although unplanned, restoration of the Clyde River actually began when floodwaters breached the dam in 1994. FERC staff followed nature's course in 1996 when they issued the final EIS recommending removal of the structure. In August 1996, the dam was removed from the river. Shortly after flows were restored, an electrofishing survey revealed 17 landlocked Atlantic salmon in a 170-foot section of the Clyde that had been dry since 1957. Landlocked Atlantic salmon continue to be spotted above the former dam site, and fishing opportunities for trout, salmon, and smallmouth bass have been increased.

FUTURE EFFORTS TO RESTORE THE RIVER

The FERC relicensing process for the other dams on the Clyde is currently before the state, which must certify that the dam operations will not violate state water quality standards.

Negotiations are continuing around issues including land conservation and potential removal of the next dam upstream (other upstream dams are not under consideration for removal). Because the relicensing is not complete, improved flows in the river are not yet required at other dam sites, and fish passage at dams above the former No. 11 site remains a concern.

Instream flows have improved since removal of the No. 11 Dam, but removal of the structure alone is not sufficient to reverse the damage of 40 years of inadequate flows and continuing degradation of the aquatic habitat. Although fishing has improved in the river, local anglers are urging stocking as a temporary measure to help the wild salmon fishery recover. TU and other concerned non-governmental organizations, and state and federal agencies, including the US Fish and Wildlife Service and the US Environmental Protection Agency, continue to work to reverse the damage and restore the river.

In addition, stream banks at the former dam site recently became dangerously unstable and threatened to cover spawning grounds with sediment. This problem was averted and the river's banks have been stabilized.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS REMOVAL

The Clyde's historic runs of landlocked Atlantic salmon were of epic proportions until they were devastated by the construction and operation of Newport No. 11 Dam. **Importantly, for the first time, the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission conceded that sometimes the best thing—both economically and environmentally—for the public and everyone involved is to remove the dam and restore the river.** Newport No. 11 marked the first time in history that FERC staff recommended dam removal against the wishes of the dam owner in an environmental impact document.



Please contribute an article to the Gardner Newsletter!



Paul Gardner, Jean Gonzalo and Eleanor Warren on vacation in Branson, Missouri

Gardner Newsletter

Branson, Missouri: A Trip That Has Something for Everyone

There's a good place to meet relatives on vacation when one of the parties lives on the east coast and the other two parties live on the west coast? Why, "Middle America" of course! That's why Jean Gonzalo, her cousin Eleanor, and Eleanor's husband, Warren, (who live on the west coast) and Jean's brother, Paul Gardner, who lives on the east coast, decided to meet in the middle of the country, Branson, Missouri, to spend their vacations together.

Branson perhaps can be described as the "poor man's Las Vegas" (without the gambling and drinking). It is a family-friendly place, very reasonably

priced, with lots of things to do. The "strip" is a three-lane road with very few traffic lights, making it somewhat difficult to make left hand turns. However, the people are friendly and the drivers courteous, so they go out of their way to let you navigate left.

The "cousins" and Warren were very impressed with the quality of the performances in the theatres there. Jean commented that the shows were every bit as good as the Las Vegas shows. And they are priced very reasonably too. You can see a top-notch show at the Andy Williams Theatre for around \$45-\$50 dollars. They do not disappoint and there are many shows of all types from which to choose.



Eleanor and Warren Strong at Table Rock Lake in Branson, Missouri

Here is a brief history of Branson, Missouri:

1837: Taney County was established with Forsyth, a popular and important river town, named as county seat.

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Special points of interest:

- Can a trip to Branson, Missouri be in your future? Read about it here.
- Are today's flea markets like those of the '70s? Find out in this article.
- Learn even more about the Clyde River from this newspaper clipping.
- Help fight breast cancer by logging onto Raylene Ludgate's blog.

Earl Gardner Has Shop in Pirate's Cove Flea Market During the 1970s

(Editors Note: With all the interest shown today in nostalgia, memorabilia, and antiques, it may be of interest to learn that way back in the early 1970s, Earl Gardner, the oldest son of the Original Gang of Ten, had a shop in The Pirate's Cove Flea Market in Moss

Landing, California. The following article from a local magazine describes some of the "goings-on" at the newly opened flea market circa 1971.)

Special thanks go to Aunt Lois who found the publication, GAMES AND GOSSIP while she was housecleaning.

A NEW AND OLD WORLD UNDER ONE ROOF

Reprinted from *GAMES & GOSSIP*, January 10, 1972.

The European Flea Mart opened last winter (1971) in an abandoned warehouse over on

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A New and Old World Under One Roof (cont'd)



The Shop Owners at Pirate Cove's Flea Market (January, 1972)

(Continued from page 1)

the island and, depending on the turnover, it is a weekend home for about 20 different shops specializing in everything from restored sewing machines, leather work, candles and imports to model trains, feather creations, stereo tapes and pianos. Because it is open only the last three days of the week, most shop owners follow other pursuits during the week. The rent is so low that most people are satisfied being open

just 10 to 12 days a month.

Several places deserve special mention, like 1897 Or Thereabouts, a little shop run by Larry and Janet Henderson. Larry takes old sewing machines and completely refinishes them inside and out, motors and frames. He's working on several now; most of them will look like the 1887 Home Sewing machine on display in the shop. He's a gardener during the week, and he strikes you as an outdoorsy person. The shop has a pioneer look of

an old farm kitchen with the wood burning stove, old tables, lamps and the sewing machine.

Lillian Ribera is a hairdresser during the week in San Jose. On weekends, she loses herself in a hobby she can take lightly – feathers. She's owner of one of the more unusual shops in the flea market, Feather Creations.

Using feathers from the guinea, peacock, stork and pheasant, she creates custom designs for clothing and accessories. They work up beautifully in ties,

leather vests, headbands and shoes. How can such a delicate thing stand up under constant use?

“Sure, a feather is fragile, but treated well like you would treat your clothes, they're good indefinitely, especially as decoration,” she says.

Koosje (pronounced Kosha) Selman, a portrait painter, does quick pastels and charcoals every weekend. The very talented lady who lives in Davenport, 30 miles from Moss Landing, has had a very interesting

background in the arts. She studied under Toyra of Finland and Peter Katz of Germany. So, it's no wonder that she gets marvelous likenesses in her portraits. Her prices range from \$3.00 to \$15.00

Koosje had a wild and exciting childhood. She told how after her mother's death, her father, John Tuin, who played the sax, took all six of his children on a tour of the USA for four years. “We traveled in what was the first 'house-truck' – our family was the Dutch Family Band.”

“The youngest was five, he led the band. I played the drums, the others the trumpet, bass horn, trombone and mel-laphone. In each place we stopped we'd find an empty building, unpack our instruments, then played the wonderful band marches. Usually the music would attract a few people, then there would be crowds. After it was over we passed the hat and moved on,” she told.

Once when in the heart of New York, the family stopped traffic

in all direction, crowds gathered, so did the police. “People screamed when the police arrived, money rained into our hats even as we were being put into the paddy wagon. Charges weren't pressed, we went on our merry way to another spot.”

Koosje has been a serious painter for the past 20 years – the last eight doing portraits in places like Grey Reid's in Reno. Her character studies are full of life and well worth the

very modest price. Remember, they are NOT caricatures.

We must say something about Lucille Hodel of Salinas. She is the co-owner of the Purple Pillar with Maggie Upton. Lucille has spent the better part of her life “at home.” This is her first business venture. She's in ecstasy, so much so, that she has dreamed up a very practical yet very perky jerkin type apron that is selling like hot cakes, if I may use that

expression, - ideal for the cook, housekeeper, gardener, painter and teacher.

The Purple Pillar is a bright shop – all the wares seem to be so colorful like the gay patchwork shoulder bags from Thailand, they're quilted and fringed. They carry lots of things nobody else does. How about a tiny succulent garden in a tea cup!

Maggie Upton of Salinas is a

(Continued on page 5)



“The rent is so low that most people are satisfied being open just 10 to 12 days a month.”



The elegant Moon River Theatre in Branson, Missouri

(Continued from page 1)

1882: Rueben Branson opened a general store which became the post office and was listed as Branson, Missouri - obviously named after Rueben. During the 1880's & 90's one of the largest industries in the area was tomato canning.

1884: Settlers began to move to the Ozarks for the promise of free land and the area was homesteaded on 160 acre lots.

1894: William Henry Lynch bought a cave 6 miles outside of Branson. Later, the Marvel Cave would become a tourist attraction in the heart of Silver Dollar City.

1903: The men who founded Branson were planning an industrial center that would generate trainload after trainload of logs, lumber, and manufactured products for the world outside the Ozarks.

1904: A new bank, livery stable and hotel, and resorts began to spring up to accommodate travelers and fisherman.

1907: "The Shepherd of the Hills," a book written by Harold Bell Wright about this area of the Ozarks, was published and became a nationwide best seller. Overnight, tourists from across the country began coming to "Shepherd of the Hills Country" and tourism was born.

1912: This was a banner year for Branson with incorporation on April 1 with 1200 residents, and the idea of Branson as a resort began to take root. Major industry came to Branson in the form of The Winch Spoke Company, which built spokes and wagon parts, and American Pencil Company of New York established a logging factory in Branson. The business section of Branson burned in August of 1912 and was rebuilt. The Powersite Dam at Ozark Beach created Lake Taneycomo with its construction in 1912 and 1913.

1914: The women of Branson, many of whom were employed or helped operate family businesses, organized a Civic League. They began a decades long effort to beautify the streets, establish parks, and make life better in their com-

munity. This included a well-equipped municipal bathing beach and picnic grounds on Lake Taneycomo.

Post World War II: Many artists, craftsmen and retirees came to the area, along with returning servicemen and war industry workers. Branson proved to be the perfect spot for a growing hand-craft community.

1949: Hugo and Mary Herschend bought the Marvel Cave from Mr. Lynch's daughters and began square dances in the cave. Artist Steve Miller and businessman Joe Todd, with the help of local carpenters, created and constructed a huge lighted Adoration Scene on the bluff of Mount Branson overlooking the downtown and Lake Taneycomo. The crèche's figures, up to 28 feet tall, were lighted on the first day of December in front of thousands of awe-struck visitors, beginning a Branson tradition.

1953: With more people coming for the lighting of the Adoration Scene each year, the Chamber of Commerce included with the lighting of the scene the Adoration Parade, adding to the long history of other Branson parades. Today it draws crowds as large as 30,000 people.

1959: The first show in Branson, The Baldknobbers Hillbilly Jamboree Show, opened, taking the name of their show from a vigilante group of the Civil War Era which roamed the area making their own justice.

1960: "Shepherd of the Hills" opened its Old Mill Theater and Silver Dollar City opened its doors for the first time as a theme park. The Presley Family began a music show in the Underground Theatre, now known as Talking Rocks Cavern near Branson West. Just as tourism began to increase rapidly in the area, the Missouri Pacific canceled its service on the White River Line. With so many visitors now arriving by automobile travel often slowed to a crawl on the 75 mile winding route between Springfield and Branson. So, dynamite crews and massive earth moving equipment blasted a new road through our limestone hills, shortening the route to 40 miles.

1963: Table Rock Dam was completed and the area's largest man-made lake, Table Rock Lake, was formed.

1964: The Baldknobbers music show moves into a downtown Branson theater.

1967: The Presley family opened the first theater on "the Strip," Hwy. 76.

1968: The Baldknobbers moved to a theater on Hwy. 76. The movement to Hwy. 76 had begun and the first two shows were followed closely by the Plummer Family Music Show on West Hwy. 76.

1974: The Foggy River Boys, who had been performing since 1971 at a theater in Kimberling City, moved to Hwy. 76. Mutton Hollow Entertainment Park opens. A four lane by-pass was completed in the mid-1970's routing traffic away from Branson's congested downtown district, creating interchanges at Hwy. 76 and Hwy. 248, and a new bridge across Lake Taneycomo. At that time, businesses were just beginning to develop along W. Hwy. 76 with only a few scattered shops and music shows. Today the number of theaters top 40 and there are over 70 live theater shows.

1981: The Wilkerson Brothers Theater, Hee Haw Theater and Starlite Theater are completed.

1983: While tourism remained steady throughout the 1970's and 1980's, 1983 marked the start of a tremendous boom. The Swiss Villa with 7,500 seats opens. The Lowe Family moves to "The Strip." The Roy Clark Celebrity Theater, The Thunderbird Theater, and the Echo Hollow Amphitheater at Silver Dollar City open.

1984: The Braschlers Music Show opens in the old Lowe's Theater. Musicland USA opens with the Lester Family and The Sons of the Pioneers opens at Lowe's theater

1985: The Braschlers Music Show moves to Musicland USA, The Hee Haw Theater becomes Country Music World and the Sons of the Pioneers join the Foggy River Boys.

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1986: The Texans join Bob Mabe and open the Texans/Bob-O-Links Music Show. The Ozark Mountain Amphitheater opens with 8,500 seats.

1987: "Box Car Willie" becomes the first celebrity entertainer to perform on a permanent schedule in his own theater. Campbell's Ozark Country Jubilee and the 76 Music Hall open their doors.

1988: The first Ozark Mountain Christmas is held and The Factory Merchants Mall opens.

1989: Inspiration Tower opens at Shepherd of the Hills. Shoji Tabuchi opens a music show. Christy Lane buys the Starlite Theater and Danny Davis & the Nashville Brass perform at Country Music World.

1990: Shoji Tabuchi moves to Shepherd of the Hills Expressway. Mel Tillis moves to Branson and starts a music show. Mickey Gilley starts a new theater.

1991: National news organizations "discover" Branson. In August of 1991

"Time" magazine published a story about their "discovery" of Branson and the interest by that media giant was followed closely by coverage in "People," "The Los Angeles Times" and the "Wall Street Journal." "60 Minutes" put the television spotlight on this small town in the Ozarks that had more theater seats than Broadway and a host of impressive names headlining its then 22 theaters.

1991: Shepherd of the Hills and Ray Stevens start the Ray Stevens Theater. Moe Bandy opens the American Theater and Buck Trent opens a dinner theater.

1992: Mel Tillis and Andy Williams each open their own theaters. Willie Nelson plays at the Ozark Theater and Jim Stafford starts performing at Stars of the Ozark Theater. Kenny Rogers and Silver Dollar City start the Grand Palace. The Osmonds and Jennifer Wilson come to town.

1993: Pump Boys and Dinettes, John Davidson, Tony Orlando, Bobby Vinton, Five Star Theater, Yakov Smirnoff, IMAX, Branson Scenic Railways and Wayne Newton all start shows and open venues in Branson.

1994: The Polynesian Princess sets sail on Table Rock Lake. Charley Pride, The Welk Resort & Champagne Theater, \$25,000 Game Show, Will Rogers Follies, Radio City Rockettes and Country Tonite all open shows.

1995: The Dixie Stampede and The Showboat Branson Belle open their new dinner theaters.

1997: Shepherd of the Hills becomes America's most performed outdoor drama with its 5,000th show.

1999: Grand Palace opened its doors to feature a host of legendary stars appearing for select dates. The Oak Ridge Boys, Tony Bennett, Charlie Pride, LeeAnn Rymes and more.

Since the coming of the millennium, Branson has exploded into a major tourist attraction. So, pile all the kids in a van (be sure to include grandma and grandpa as well) and head out to Ozark country! Branson has something for everyone!

Here are Some Photos From Some of the Great Shows in Branson, Missouri



Ladies from the Fabulous Fifties show singing "My Guy" to a member of the audience



Shoji Tabuchi playing the violin in his show with lots of special effects



Merrill Osmond, of the Osmond Brothers, star of the Broadway Show

A New and Old World Under One Roof (cont'd)

(Continued from page 2)

great gal too! She also owns and operates George and Maggie's Antiques and Collectables just across the way from the Purple Pillar in the mart. Here you'll find the most wonderful conglomeration of things like: a Murphy bed, old phonographs, cane bottom rockers, a low, round Chinese table, cloisonné, Imari ware, primitive kitchen utensils, and lots of glass.

"Too bad it's not art glass," Maggie remarked. "I'd be rich." She's rich anyway as she has a most wonderful disposition, she laughs as she talks, laughs as she works, and she could lick the world with her marvelous attitude.

Earl Gardner likes the sound of music. Especially when it comes from an old organ he's brought back to life. Earl has several in his shop, all of them 100 or more years old. He does most of the work at home, then

stops in at the flea market on weekends to sell the result. The shop also carries pianos he's redone. Earl has devoted most of his adult life to repairing these old machines, and he can boast a fairly complete knowledge of all makes and models.

Rita Kayton of Seaside maintains a studio workshop at the mart. Here she sells hand-crafted leather creations: women's handbags, attaché cases, bowling bags, phone-



Earl Gardner in his shop at the Pirate's Cove Flea Market.

book covers, wallets, etc. that she designs and makes.

Rita who has lived in Africa two years and many cities from the east coast to the west coast in the USA learned her craft in a navy hobby shop. The fabulous workmanship is something to rave about.

"I've been at this for 16 years," she said. "While my husband was busy with his navy duties, I whiled away my time making things. I can make anything of leather if leather is a suitable

material."

This statement is a fact – one should see the clock. The base is a miniature saddle made to exact scale.

If you're not interested in jewelry, coasters, barrettes, or a three-legged stool, order yourself a quiver for your arrows, or a golf bag.

There's a long list of shops in the marketplace, including a second shop for Potter Palmer where someone interested in World War II items can find

two pieces of silver service from Adolf Hitler's table. Other shops are the Lotus, The Coin Shop, The Bad Apple, Dunn's Scott's Tapes, The Unique Spot and Harwood Imports. There's even a palmist on the premises.

This wide selection of people and places offers a study in weekend contrasts, especially between the good and bad in merchandise, old and young, long hair and short, artistic and not so artistic. For the weekends, at least, everyone seems

"Earl has devoted most of his adult life to repairing these old machines, and he can boast a fairly complete knowledge of all makes and models."

Even More About The Clyde River (See the Spring, 2006 issue of The Gardner Newsletter)

(Editor's Note: Thanks to Cousin Teresa Vasko for sending in this clipping that fits in so well with the article in our last issue about The Clyde River.)

Reprinted From The Caledonian-Record - Tuesday, May 23, 2006

**The Land of Salmon
Clyde River Has Industrial Past**

Story by Robin Smith, Staff Writer

NEWPORT CITY - The Clyde River in Newport City has been known for its huge salmon runs of the last century.

And hydroelectric dams on the Clyde have been known for killing off the salmon runs that made the Clyde famous.

But history paints a different story about the Clyde, says historian Scott Wheeler.

The Clyde River should be known for its industrial past and the many mills that tapped

the cascading falls above Lake Memphremagog beginning almost 200 years ago.

"The Clyde River was the industrial center of the region," Wheeler said during a trip in early May to the point where the river emerges from Clyde Pond dam above the city and falls through cascades down to the lake.

A pond and dam were built in 1818-1819. Mills churning out pulp, lumber and linens

sprouted along what is now Clyde Street.

The river keeps the names of some of those who came to make their fortune. Arnold Falls below the pond is named for Kelvin Arnold, an industrialist who built dams and mills on the Clyde in the early 1800s, Wheeler said. In 1824, Arnold built a house near the Clyde that stands to this day next to

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the pond dam on Crawford Farm Road.

Those dams and mills tamed the Clyde River and hindered fish runs long before power companies came in the 1890s to tap the hydroelectric potential, Wheeler said.

True, the river was rightly known for fishing.

"There's no disputing that during the late 1920s, '30s, and '40s the Clyde River was a first class salmon river," Wheeler said. "People caught salmon here bigger than we'll ever see."

But blaming the dams for the loss of a native salmon run isn't entirely right, Wheeler said.

Wheeler said his research shows that the massive salmon runs that spawned the river's fame were from stocked salmon, not native salmon.

There probably were some land-locked "native" salmon, which came up from the St. Lawrence in Quebec to Lake Memphremagog to be fished by the Native Americans, Wheeler said.

Newspaper articles from 70 years ago talk of stocking the river for local prosperity, Wheeler said.

The salmon run was a huge tourist attraction to the city, filling hotels and the bellies of locals at the same time," Wheeler said.

"People still alive today say the only way they survived the Depression was salmon," he said.

The state also had a hand in the end of the salmon runs, he said. The state used to trap salmon in Before Hole on the Clyde and strip out the eggs for hatcheries, he said.

Locals also fished heavily, he said. "Some photos show people with 10 salmon each."

By the time that Citizens constructed its big dam in 1956, the salmon population was very low, he said. The dam's mas-

ters dropped the water so low in the summer that fish and spawn died, killing off the runs, he said.

Since then, the big No. 11 dam was removed, after it failed. And in the last 10 years, Wheeler said Citizens and now current owner Great Bay Hydro have been much better at managing the river's flow at the remaining dams.

Wheeler's interest in the Clyde is personal. He grew up on the Clyde River in Newport City, in what was Arnold's Mills Schoolhouse, built in 1826. He played in Arnold's Forest.

As a journalist during the debates about the dams on the Clyde in the 1990s, Wheeler said he unknowingly perpetuated some of its myths. Now,

he is researching the Clyde for a book, his second about the area. The first was on border smugglers during Prohibition.

Wheeler said he has spoken to locals such as octogenarian Freddy Carter, former game warden Normand Moreau, who strictly enforced the rules in the 1960s-1980s during a more modern run of walleye on the river, and Al Flory, who ran the dams for Citizens years ago.

Wheeler hopes to contact others who have other tales to tell about the Clyde.

"Environmental groups told stories that didn't jive with what I know and what older fishermen knew about the Clyde from the Clyde Pond on down," Wheeler said.

"The myth of the Clyde River has become far bigger than the fish that ever swam here," Wheeler said.

Please Support Raylene Ludgate and Her Family as they Battle Breast Cancer.

As many of you are aware, Cousin Raylene Ludgate has made public the fact that she has breast cancer. You can read about her treatment and progress by going on the web and clicking on this link: <http://www.canaaninstitute.org/RayleneNews.html>. Michael Ludgate, Raylene's husband, set up this blog so that everyone in the family can monitor Raylene's progress as well as to raise awareness about the disease.

In a recent blog message, Raylene writes: "Definitely reached a milestone! I am half-way through my chemotherapy and completely finished with the adriamycin/cytoxan poison. Good riddance to nausea. I'll have my first dose of taxol from the western yew tree on July 27th and wonder if I will get any of the numbness and tingling side effects. I was so proud of my son Bryan, who worked all day Friday, with his friends Josh and Nick, preparing for Relay for Life [July 14 in Lansing NY]. Bryan hauled sand and filled all the luminaries that spelled out the word HOPE on the bleaches. It was still very hot for the cancer survivors walk at 6 so I decided to go without head covering (even though I didn't see any other bald head.)

I headed out with a throng of people all adorned with purple American Cancer Society T-shirt and I started crying. I couldn't believe how emotional it was. I quickly decided to talk to another walker and saw this young teenager ahead of me. Her name was Cassie and she had retinal cancer when she was 18 months old and now had one functioning eye. Mike and Megan then joined us for the caretaker lap and I thought of all my caretakers. Also emotional and impressive was all the organizations and groups cheering us on that would be walking all night because cancer doesn't sleep. Jean Reilly from Plantations walked all night totaling 26 miles in a similar event in Watkins Glen. I will be going to Roswell Park Cancer Institute in Buffalo on August 7th to start dialogue and get second opinion on all the decisions I will have to make."

Let's all be a part of Raylene's extended support group.

See you in the Fall!





GARDNER NEWSLETTER

A Newsletter for the Gardner's Family and Friends

Volume 9, Issue 36

Fall, 2006

Welcome to the 2006 End-of-Year Thanksgiving and Christmas Issue

Christmas 2006 Message From Rev. Phil Chatto

Discovering our "Lostness"

It is in Mathew's account of the birth of Jesus (Matt: 2:1-12) where we find recorded that Christ came not only to His own people but to all mankind. He came to "seek and to save that which was lost". The Wisemen came asking the question: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" As Magi from Persia, skilled in philosophy and science, interpreters of dreams, and students of the stars, astrologers and, most likely, teachers to the Persian Kings, - as gentiles, why should they be seeking the King of the Jews?



Rev. Phil Chatto

On the other hand, we find them seeking in Herod's courts for the Star that had led them to Jerusalem. It was only natural that they would think that Herod, who ruled over the Jewish people in Jerusalem and his surrounding kingdom, would know. He was well acquainted with Jewish prophecy and the promised Messiah as he lived within five miles of Beth-

lehem where Jesus was to be born. Yet their very reference to Jesus becoming King of the Jews filled him with fear, jealousy, and hatred; and, in a pretense of worship, he formulated a plot to kill baby Jesus.

I read, some years ago, about a mother who took her four year old son to the fair. She instructed him to hold tightly onto her finger so he would not get lost. In the excitement of the merry-go-round, ferris wheel, and so many animals, while his mother was distracted, he let go of her finger and was soon lost. His mother called the attendants of the grounds and they hunted until they found her little boy, lost and crying. They brought him and placed him in his mother's arms. The first question he asked his mother was,

(Continued on page 2)

Memories of an "Insecure" Pastor's Wife

By: Margie Chatto

In 1950 my husband, Philip Chatto, graduated from Eastern Nazarene College. We were anxious and ready to pastor a church. We "tried out" in a couple of places - one in northern Maine; but when we got there, they had already called a pas-

tor. The other place was in Waterville, Vermont, but they wanted a seminary graduate. Rev. J. C. Albright, District Superintendent, told us about East Charleston, Vermont and we drove up to "try out" and meet the people. We stayed with Olive and Will

Gardner while we were there. They were a real dedicated couple and were largely responsible for the church there. (By the way, I had fresh asparagus for the first time but didn't recognize it for I had only had canned before!)

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Inside this issue:

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“May we worship Him with our gifts: our love, our service, and our devotion.”

(Continued from page 1)

"Mother where were you lost?"

Christmas is a revelation of our "lostness" - like the Wisemen lost in an environment of false Gods, worshipping the stars, and no prophetic guidance. Where is He who is born King of the Jews? The God of Grace and Love had broken into their world of "lostness" through His prevenient grace by a star, a token of their lostness, and they journeyed for two years to find the Christ child. Or, like Herod, so consumed with power, pride, and selfish fear, that even with the knowledge of prophecy and the influence of God's chosen people, he sought to destroy Jesus and thousands of innocent two year old boys.

This was in spite of all the influence of God's prevenient Grace!

"Lostness" confronts us again this Christmas with the question: "Who really is lost?" Do we thank Him often enough for how He sought us through prevenient Grace and Love? He was searching for me three years before I was even born when my Mom and Dad were saved on a Sunday afternoon in the one room school house at the corner of our farm. Through the influence of Christian parents and the Church of the Nazarene, I found Him at the age of fourteen. Christ was searching for my wife while she was still in her mother's womb. Because of her father's unfaithfulness, her mother was tempted, due to feelings of hope-

lessness, to take her own life. God, in His love and prevenient grace, sent a Christian lady to knock on her door and invited her to the Nazarene church - and there she found Christ. Through the influence of a Godly praying mother, my wife, Margie, found Christ as a teen-ager.

Is it any wonder that, like the Wisemen, when we found Him, we fell down and worshiped Him; and after He saved us, that we wanted to give Him the gift of our lives?

As we celebrate this Christmas, may we thank Him for finding us and worship Him with our gifts: our love, our service, and our devotion.

“The church grew, - and we did too as we learned how to become pastors.”

(Continued from page 1)

The Gardners showed us the church and the parsonage over the church. The entryway into the church was through the kitchen that had an old iron sink. The church and parsonage were heated by a stove in the church with pipes going up through the ceiling. It really was pretty bad, but we were excited. They gave us a call and we went back to E.N.C. to get ready.

We drove up another time and Lyndol and Nita Ames met us in back of the church to start a garden. I can't remember if it ever produced much, but we tried. My husband said that we did raise some veggies. You see, we were paid \$15.00 a week so we needed to grow some food. We moved there in June after graduation. Phil and I got

to work right off in calling on the people and reaching out to new people. While we were there, we moved the kitchen upstairs, put a new ceiling up and painted. We had a nice bathroom but no hot water. Our running water came from up on the hill. When there would be a break, Will Gardner would come and wind inner tube around it. In the winter, we had to let our water run all the time to keep it from freezing as most of the pipe was on top of the ground.

While there, the government was getting rid of old furnaces, so the church purchased one and Phil installed it so we had heat in the parsonage and church - I remember helping him with the pipes! As for

hot water, we had a coil in the kitchen stove and that provided us enough for a small bath.

We had our first baby on June 30th.

Rebecca Mae was born in Newport.



Margie Chatto

The church grew, - and we did too as we learned how to become pastors. We loved the people. All the pastors and wives in the Vermont Zone came to our house to start a Nazarene Church in Newport. We had a tent in the park. It was a tall order for this new pastor's wife to

have so many of the other pastors and their wives in the parsonage. We did start a church though. Cyril and Fran

(Continued on page 5)

“The Original Gang of Ten’s lineage can be traced back to early colonial times.”

Everyone knows the story about the Pilgrims’ landing at Plymouth Rock and the story of the first Thanksgiving. By searching the Massachusetts Archives, Uncle Raymond has found a direct link to Grandma Gardner and her offspring, the Original Gang of Ten, to that most important time in American history. As you take your first bite of turkey this year, if you are a member of the Gardner family, you can take special pride knowing that your lineage can be traced all the way back to colonial times. As Uncle Raymond recently wrote in a letter to the Gardner Newsletter:

“There would have been no Gang of 10 if our Great, Great, Great, Great Grandfather, Thomas Dutton, hadn’t escaped from the Indians. Thomas Dutton, Jr. was the first child of Thomas Dutton and Susan Palmer. On January 11, 1678 he married Rebecca Brabrook, the widow of Adam Draper. They had five children.” (See the ac-

companying chart in this issue to see the direct link to the Original Gang of Ten.)

Thanksgiving is a special holiday for those of us with a New England background. It is a time when we give thanks for the many blessings that life has bestowed on us, just as it was for our ancestors. It is also an appropriate time to remember those who came before. The trials of Thomas Dutton, an early New Englander and an Original Gang of Ten direct ancestor, are very revealing of what they suffered and of what we have to be thankful for.

King Philip’s War, June 20, 1675 - April 12, 1678, was fought between the English and the Indians who felt oppressed by English law and the missionary efforts. By 1660 the English had begun to produce their own food and to develop commerce and fishing. Between 1675 and 1678

about 500 settlers were captured or killed, and about 10 and 20 towns were completely destroyed or abandoned.

Thomas served during this war. And while fighting against the Narragansetts, he was wounded in a swamp attack. He left a letter describing it:

(This letter has been paraphrased from the original to help clarify the narrative.)

Petition to the General Court for Relief by Thomas Dutton

Bilerikey,
this first day of August, 1678:

To the Honored Governor and the rest of the Honored Members of the General Court now sitting in Boston this first day of August, 1678.

The petition of Thomas Dutton, Jr. most humbly shows that sometime in June, 1677, I was impressed into the country services from Bilerikey and was sent with some others eastward under the command of the Honored Major Clarks. Under the wise providence of almighty God, it was so ordered that I was in the fateful skirmish in which Captain Swett, the worthy Commander, was slain along with almost all of his officers and about fifty men besides. 28 more were wounded (to the best of my remembrance). I myself was one. I was shot through the side of my belt and through my left knee.

So I fell down wounded among the rest and was not able to help myself. As I chide I was already lame on my right thigh as my hip bone was put out of joint and had never been set again. Now I was lame on both sides, besides the shell which went through

my side as well. I therefore hid among the bushes, not being able to stand or go. Since the battle was over, the Indians came out of the swamp and one of them saw me in the bushes. He saw the gun in my hand and assumed that there was more danger than there actually was. He spoke to the rest of them and they all ran away. I then crept into the swamp and covered myself with mud and dirt.

The Indians quickly returned to look for me and fired into the bushes where they thought they saw me. They searched diligently for me, but, thanks to the Lord, they did not find me. Then, in the night, after all was still, I crept out of the swamp towards the garrison, which was about a mile and a half away. I was bleeding and in great pain. I was not able to go one rod farther. It was even more difficult for me to creep because I was shot

through one of my knees. So I lay down and thought that I would die before morning; but the Lord, who orders all things according to the counsel of His own will, so ordered that another wounded soldier should come by me just before daybreak. He informed the captain of the garrison of my condition who immediately dispatched men who found me and brought me into the garrison. I was nearly lifeless and they worked hard to keep me alive.

I was sent first to Salem and upon the second of July until the 28th of January I remained under doctor’s care, as evidenced by his certificate which I gave to this honored Counsel. Since then I have spent 40 shillings with other surgeons and it is not yet thoroughly cured. I would like to have the perfect use of my knee during the rest of my life, and so I have been able to

(Continued on page 4)

“Uncle Raymond searched the Massachusetts Archives for this article!”

(Continued from page 3)

do little these fifteen months. My friends are very poor and not able to help me at all. I was brought up to do husbandry and my father and his family have rent to pay and they are sick and riddled with lameness. He has spent all that he has.

And so, Honored Members of this Honored Court, know these things to be true: I speak in reference to my father's poverty and my lameness, I am in a difficult spot to earn a living, but I intend, if it please God, to learn the art of shoemaking in order to earn an honest living.

Although I am now over 28 years of age, I have never received any money all this time for those few days before I was wounded. Now

I beseech your Honors to consider my case. I don't know what to do, but I wish to trust in God and also hope your Honors will bestow upon me a small sum, as you have been pleased to do so upon others in like cases, although their cases were not as bad as mine. Furthermore, if your Honors would please free me from training watching, and warding (poor Mephibosheth lame man that I am). Much more could be said about the miserableness of my condition.

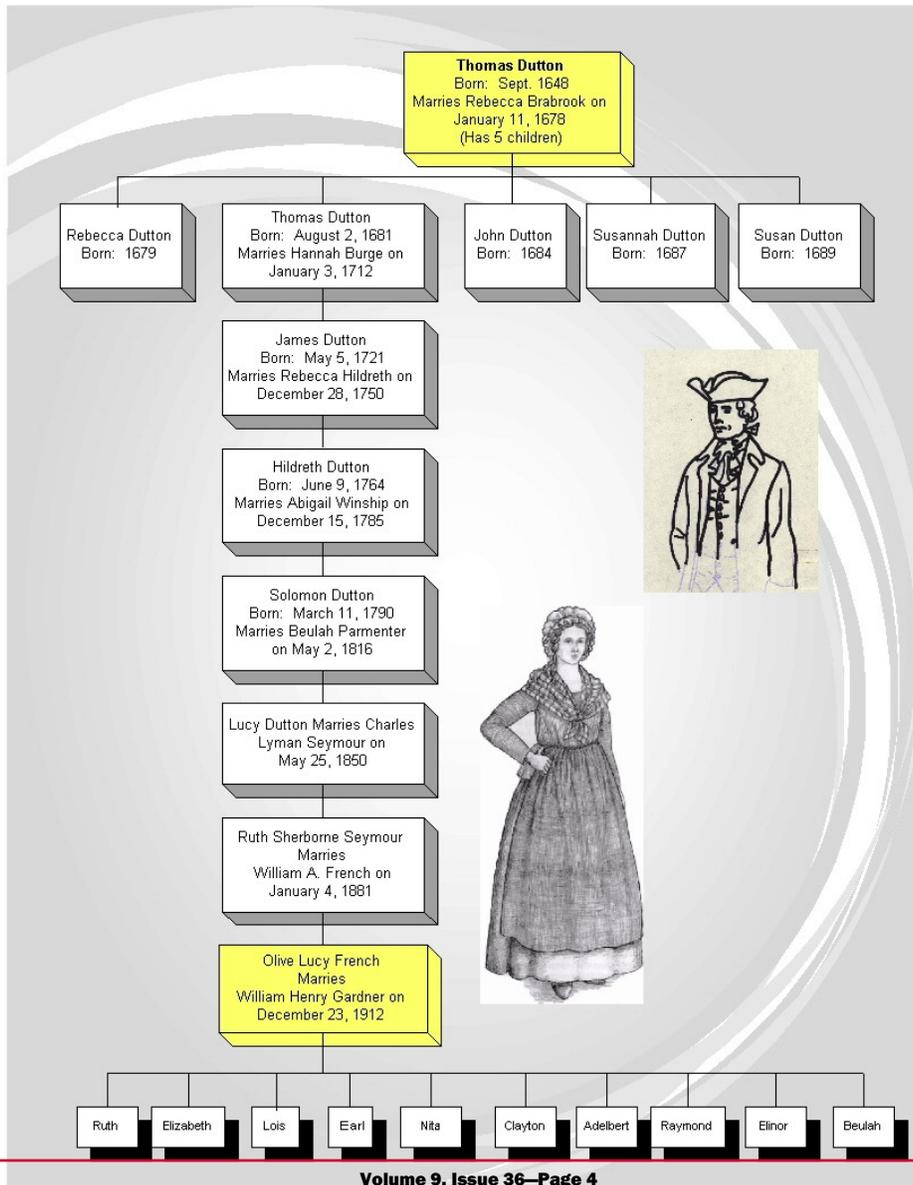
However, I trouble your Honors with more words than I need. I rest hoping to find a comfortable answer. If so, your servant shall be doubly obliged. I pray for your Honors' health and happiness as your dutiful servant and most humble suppliant,

Thomas H. Dutton, Jr.

From the notation at the end of the letter, it appears that the court allowed Thomas “Fifteene pounds in Country pay...” He was also relieved of further military service.

The reference to “Mephibosheth” is an interesting story in itself. The word means “a shameful thing”; i.e., Thomas Dutton was ashamed of being lame. The word is a biblical reference to one of King Saul's sons who was lame. You can read about King Saul, his sons, and David's struggle for the throne of Israel by reading the book of II Samuel in the Bible.

The picture of Thomas Dutton's actual letter to the court is from the Massachusetts Archives, LXXIX:209-210.





“The church building cost \$7,000. The last church that we built cost \$3 million!”

(Continued from page 2)

Palmer came to pastor there.

When we needed money in the spring, Phil worked for Lyndol Ames in the sugar bush. The road to their place was usually muddy, so we would stay with them for a few days. Nita made wonderful doughnuts. In fact, she was a great cook. I learned some things from her about good meals!

The church voted to sell the church / parsonage and build a new church. Mr. Gardner, Mr. Carr, and Lyndol donated some lumber and Phil helped

get it out. At Mr. Gardner's, he used his horses. One time, coming back from the woods - on the horse's back - the horse tripped and went head-over-heels and my husband with it. Amazingly, neither the horse nor my husband was hurt! Phil also learned how to lay building blocks. The guy in charge said he would teach him, but he could only do the ones at the back of the church. I'll bet you can figure out why! So his work wouldn't show!

After our first year, Phil was ordained - when Becky was a year old. During the building program, Phil raised money to build the church. The

church building cost \$7,000. Unbelievable! (The last church that we built cost \$3 million!)

My husband called for a work day one Saturday and no one showed up, so Phil carried each board up to the roof and nailed it on. On Sunday, he told the congregation they probably only had one opportunity to be building a church in their life time. Well, the next day there was a board meeting and they called him to task for it. I know, because I was lying on the floor of the bathroom and listened to them through the register! We were young and probably had a lot to learn! But

the people were good to us and we had a good relationship with them.

One thought I forgot to mention: one time the Gardners were to be away and they asked us to stay at the house and help their farm worker with the chores and I would do the cooking. One day I made a soup of some kind and was looking for some pasta, but only found some barley in the cupboard. So I put it in the soup and shortly discovered that there were a lot of little bugs in it. The bugs all came to the top. I didn't want to throw

out the soup so I scooped them all out and everyone ate up all the soup. By the way - I didn't eat any! They never knew the difference! Wasn't I awful!?

The church was finished and we had the dedication. We were there for three years and we kept in contact with some members of the congregation over the years, most especially with Lyndol and Nita and with Mr. Gardner as well when he was staying with them.

It was at our second church in Maine

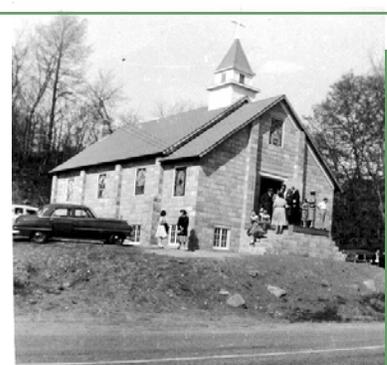
where we had our second girl, Lynnette. And it was at Prince Edward Island where we had our third girl, Martha. Today, Rebecca and her husband, Roger, live in Maine and are active in the Augusta church. They have a daughter and she is married and they have a little girl, Payton. Lynnette and Dan live in Massachusetts and are active in the Uxbridge church and they have three sons, Jason, Ryan, and Aaron. Jason is married to Mena and are now in Bulgaria with the Sunburgs teaching and performing guidance counseling. Ryan is

married to Christine and she is an RN and he is working on his masters degree. Aaron went to Bulgaria with Jason and Mena last year and taught. But he is back now and working on his masters degree. Martha lives in Connecticut where we had our last church and attends the Manchester church. She was a CNA; but due to bad health, is not able to work.

God has been good!



The Chattos at East Charleston Nazarene Church's dedication.



East Charleston, Vermont Nazarene Church newly built.

GOD'S UNSPEAKABLE GIFT

By: Rev. Phil Chatto

Christmas as I remember it! Christmas - more than a memory!

Remember the slogan, – “Put Christ back into Christmas!?” Thanks to my parents, I never knew a Christmas where Christ was not at the center. When I was really young, I remember the excitement when my Mom and Dad had all the young people out to the farm during an evening to fill candy bags for the Sunday School program and to make molasses corn balls to give every child. I was too young to help much, but not too young to sneak the goodies.

I was young enough to learn a recitation to recite with the other children. I also remember the disappointment when I wanted to go up on the stage to sing with the other boys and girls when an old maid in charge of the music, said "Why are you and Bob (my brother) going up there? You can't sing!" (Humbug!)

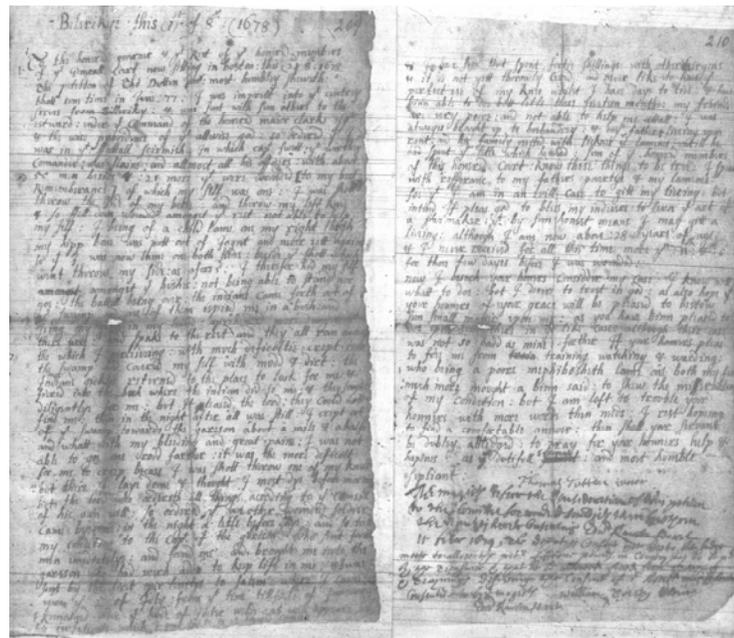
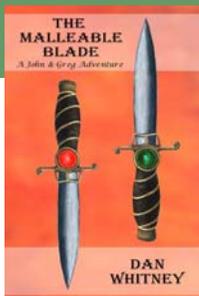
I remember being out in the wood lot with Dad hunting for the perfect Christmas tree - that was a fun and exciting time.

... A disappointment I will never forget! My brother and I were looking forward to receiving our first twenty-two rifle. When we unwrapped it, it was only a single shot rifle and we had seen the four shot at the store. It put a damper on our Christmas for a short while until we saw our Dad's face and realized that he had had to trade in his own father's shot gun in order to buy our new one. You see, we were too young to realize that we were poor because our folks never made us feel that way. We never doubted their love and often experienced the benefits of their sacrificial caring.

Little did I realize, during those growing up days, the example they were setting and that my Dad was mentoring my strongest ideals and moral convictions.

Christmas in East Charleston found me charged with the responsibility of scouring Mr. Gardner's wood lot for the ideal Christmas tree for the Community Church, as our Nazarene church joined with them in a community Christmas program. This was a big occasion for our small community! Then we would head home to Maine for a family Christmas.

Would you like to give a teenager a great gift this Christmas? Then buy Dan Whitney's book "The Malleable Blade." Log onto www.gardnernews.org. Navigate to Elinor's page to find out how to order.



Here is a picture of the original letter written by Thomas Dutton to the Court in Boston on August 1, 1678. Uncle Raymond found it in the Massachusetts Archives.



Winter, 2007

A Newsletter for the Gardners' Families and Friends

Volume 10, Issue 37

Special points of interest:

- This is our BIG 10th Anniversary issue!
- Learn about Iraq from those who are and have been there.
- Read Raymond Gardner's review of Dan Whitney's book, *The Malleable Blade*. Order it on-line by going to the newsletter's web site and surfing over to Elinor's page. *(Dan is already writing a sequel.)*
- See a great picture of Newport City's former Mayor and First Lady.

Inside this issue:

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Begins its Tenth Year
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- E-Mails from Cousin **1**
Jay Griffes
- Richard and Sandra **3**
Baraw, Mayor and
First Lady of Newport
- Review of "The **6**
Malleable Blade"

Gardner Newsletter Begins its Tenth Year

This issue is a landmark one! It is the beginning of our tenth year of publication. Hard to believe, isn't it? A lot has happened over this last decade, from Y2K in 2000, to 9/11 in 2001; and more recently, the war in Iraq, Hurricane Katrina, the Tsunami, the first woman Speaker of the House; we've lost loved ones and we've gained new loved ones. I could go on and on. What is somewhat disappointing, though, is that the Gardner Newsletter has chronicled very little of your own families' lives and times. Let's hope that during this year and going forward everyone who subscribes to the Gardner Newsletter will share with us their personal stories, pictures, anecdotes, opinions and thoughts about anything and everything.

To that end, we are starting off this year with - not one - but TWO - Gardner Newsletter "in-depth" interviews. Cousin Dick Metcalf was in Iraq and he has answered some very tough

questions about what's going on over there. You may or may not agree with him. In fact, Cousin Jay Griffes, who is in Iraq as a soldier, as this is being written, does NOT agree! (Read some of his e-mails incorporated in this issue.) Send in your reaction to Dick's article (or any other article) by logging onto www.gardnernews.org and navigating to Greta's Interactive Page. On that page you can send a message to the Gardner Newsletter by writing your thoughts in the field provided.

In addition, Dick Baraw of the Lang/Johnson/Eggleston connection and former mayor of Newport, Vermont, has made some thought provoking comments about the effectiveness of the federal government and comments on other issues as well in his special interview.

Please enjoy this anniversary issue and plan to participate in this our tenth year. Thanks.

Interview with Cousin Dick Metcalf

Gardner Newsletter:

We know you recently returned from Iraq. Tell us when you were there and your first impressions of the country when you arrived.

And Dick's response is

I flew into Kuwait City on 1/16/2006. It was about 85 degrees, which is "balmy", especially when compared to the 125 degrees I encountered on my departure. I was 59 years old, dragging a huge suitcase and two duffle bags packed to the gills. It took two days to get out of Kuwait and on my way up to Mosul (northern Iraq). The temperature up there was about 70 degrees, only slightly higher than Washington state. After four days in Mosul, I took my first "major" ride in a STRYKER; a 30 mile trek from

(Continued on page 2)

E-Mails from Cousin Jay Griffes

January 12, 2007

Hi Mom and Dad,
Below is the email I sent out the other day that never got to you.

Today we had convoy practice with an 11 truck convoy, helicopters flying overhead and simulated situations with blanks in our guns. We were pretending to surround a village, establish contact with the tribal chief, and conduct civil

affairs like assessing what needs the village people had like structural, sewage, electricity, etc. Made for an interesting day.

Tomorrow we leave for Kuwait, unless they run out of room for some of our luggage. If that is the case, it will be later in the weekend when we leave. Either way, I will give you a call to let you know my status.

Can you forward this to Len also. I don't think I have his email address. I will keep you posted. Love you both,
Jay

January, 2007

Hello all,
Just sending a quick picture and updating all on my deployment to Iraq. Currently I am in
(Continued on page 4)



Cousin Richard Metcalf at his award ceremony

“The ‘surge’ will simply increase the number of casualties on our side. It will not bring any level of control over the insurgents.”



The mountainous terrain of Iraq; home of the Kurds

Interview with Cousin Dick Metcalf (continued)

(Continued from page 1)

the Forward Operating Base (FOB) I was on to FOB Courage. There is nothing more invigorating (or foolhardy) than riding around in an armored vehicle that has NO armor-plating on the floor (that’s why the terrorists are able to “hit” so many of our troops); scary as all get-out! As we moved into May, the temperature began to rise to 115 degrees (from 7:00am to 7:00pm). Very, VERY hot, dusty and quite uncomfortable. On the other hand, the living quarters we had were fully air-conditioned, and quite roomy. Had no complaints on that score at ALL! The FOB I lived on was about 12 miles by five miles, so the occasional mortar or rockets that were lobbed at us had about a 50-50 chance of hitting us... several folks (both military and civilian) were injured. This is probably the biggest concern any of us had – whether any of those rounds had our “names” on them. In the overall, my time there wasn’t (nearly) as perilous as one might think. The most poignant fact (that came from reading the daily threat briefs) was that the Iraqis were in far more danger than we were... at least two people killed every day, including very young children. We were in a protected environment, but they were all “on their own”.

Gardner Newsletter:

Most people agree that we should support our military personnel abroad, but do you get the sense that we are really accomplishing anything over there? Have you seen any tangible evidence that we are actually doing good things for the Iraqi people?

And Dick’s response is

We were doing MANY good things for the Iraqi people... the stories of schools being built (or rebuilt) were all true... water and electricity projects

abounded, and many were very successful. Our folks out there on STRYKER patrol did prevent more Iraqis from getting killed (than not), but that still didn’t prevent several murders a day. The sense that I had (during my whole time there) is that we had stepped into a war based on centuries of religious hatred – and NO ONE can “win” such a war. In these situations, only “the light” (when revealed to, or experienced by INDIVIDUALS), can change anything... and as strongly as I support the (good) motives of our soldiers, they are not “bringers of light”... they are trained to weed out “bad guys” and shoot them, with the least amount of damage to themselves... the whole effort feels like it was (and is) sponsored and expanded by Americans (I’m speaking of politicians here) who have NO concept of other cultures – and as long as that’s what drives our efforts there, the answer must be that despite any “good acts” we have made happen; if we continue the way we are right now, we will ultimately be hated by some very serious people (who have no concept of our culture, either).

Gardner Newsletter:

In your opinion, do you think the administration’s latest plan to send more troops to Iraq is a good one? Why or why not?

And Dick’s response is

The “surge” will simply increase the number of casualties on our side. It will not bring any level of control over the insurgents. The only “solution” to this problem is diplomacy... and under our current administration, I’m afraid that talent is non-existent, because none of them appear to have the faintest inkling of the fact that other cultures have every right to be “different” from ours.

Gardner Newsletter:

In your opinion, is Iraq in the middle of a civil war? Tell us

your feelings about this.

And Dick’s response is

It’s more than just a “civil war”, because of the involvement of so many other extremist groups; Hezbollah, (to some degree) Al Qaeda, Iran’s nutcase president and so many other factors. Once again, this whole thing is much larger than (just) Iraq... it has escalated so far (and so dangerously) because it is based on religion. Even in our own prisons, religious fanatics are not troubled by the other convicts... probably because the other inmates know that (when it comes to religion), you “can’t tell nuthin’ to nobody”. Our major problem with our involvement in this whole mess is that we can NOT be perceived as anything other than “Crusaders”, can we? Which will bring a whole new generation of haters into the process (against us). I don’t blame George Bush nearly as much as I do folks like Paul Wolfowitz, who has been advocating this nonsensical notion of “spreading” (i.e., FORCING) democracy for many more years than most of us know about. What is different from that posture and the “original” CRUSADES?

Gardner Newsletter:

We all realize there are no “easy fixes” to such a complicated problem as this. However, what, in your opinion, could the administration do better than what they have been doing?

And Dick’s response is.....

This administration (probably) can’t do anything. We (and our Senators) could initiate impeachment actions; that would certainly slow the war effort down. If such a drastic action were taken, it should be concurrent with an ACTUAL withdrawal of US forces from the entire region. Short of that, we will just muddle along spending

(Continued on page 3)

Interview with Cousin Dick Metcalf (continued)

(Continued from page 2)

billions of our (sons and daughters) dollars in a continuing effort to deny that we (i.e., the current administration, and their backers) went down a wrong road. What “we” (as a people) should do is initiate a campaign to establish a NATIONAL DRAFT for ALL political offices in the land... and use stem cell research to identify any person who might “want office” (they would be automatically eliminated from the draft). We need to get the millionaires OUT OF OFFICE, and some folks “just like us” back in there. The current political system is FULL of forked-tongued devils! WILL we do something like this? Very doubtful... most folks are too content with status quo!

Gardner Newsletter:

If you were in charge of notifying a fallen soldier’s parents that their son or daughter had

died in Iraq, what would you tell them?

And Dick’s response is

That their son/daughter (if it was true) had served valiantly and carried out their orders with dignity and pride. Soldiers (like computers) only do what they’re told (though they still DO retain the right to their own opinions). No one (soldier) I met in Iraq was in the category of “dishonorable”; they are there doing their duty!

Gardner Newsletter:

In your opinion, do you see any light at the end of the tunnel in this situation? Should the United States withdraw its troops; how could we “save face?”

And Dick’s response is

We shouldn’t be concerned about “saving face”; that’s what got us mired in so deeply right

now... the only “light” I see is the SPIRIT. If we all band together and refuse to “honor” politicians (who are, after all, paid liars) with our “yessir, yessir, three bags full” allegiance, and begin to (on a NATIONAL scale) examine their motives, we may change (back) to a nation full of those who believe in the true freedom that belief in the higher powers provides. We need a total revamp of the political system that includes making sure that anyone who “desires” office never get one. As far as Iraq goes, there is no “light” shining. We need to withdraw with the least amount of damage to our soldiers and citizens and never pursue such a war again!



Street violence in Baghdad

“I feel that my most significant contribution was to guide a harmonious group of council members to make good decisions.”

Richard and Sandra Baraw, Mayor and First Lady of Newport City

Gardner Newsletter:

How long were you the mayor of Newport, Vermont – from when to when? Did you have a campaign slogan?

And Dick’s response is

After retiring from U.S. Customs, I ran for a seat on the Newport City Council. Starting in 1997, I served three terms as alderman and decided to run for mayor in March, 2005. I served one two-year term as mayor and ran once more for the city council. I am now in my fifth term of local government.

When I ran for mayor, it was on my record as a previous council member. We had kept our growth of government spending at a very low rate for about six years, and I think people appreciated that fact. I had another

advantage. I have lived in Newport since 1940, which is a much longer time than the other candidates. Name recognition can be helpful. Whenever anyone asked me about taxes, I would tell them that I would do my best to keep taxes down.

Gardner Newsletter:

What do you think was your most significant contribution to Newport while you were mayor?

And Dick’s response is

While I was mayor of Newport City, I feel that my most significant contribution was to guide a harmonious group of council members to make good decisions.

I did feel that compromise on local issues would lead to har-

mony and excellent results for our residents. We were a “happy bunch!” We were attentive to others’ needs and respected all opinions. The new mayor has continued that approach.

Gardner Newsletter:

Do you have a favorite anecdote about anything that happened or any conversation you had while you were mayor?

And Dick’s response is

On occasion, exciting events occur at our city council meetings. One time a Mrs. “so and so” complained about our city snow plows turning around on her private road and she made it plain that it was not to happen again. Her private road was an extension of our public

(Continued on page 6)



A brief respite from war—petting a cat

(Continued from page 1)

combat skills training in South Carolina until the end of the week. The attached picture shows me dressed in "full battle rattle" (Kevlar helmet, body armor, M-16 rifle, combat boots, etc.). This is stuff I have to wear when or if I travel on convoy between bases in theatre. The days here are long and training is hectic, but am learning lots and enjoying the training.

Today we shot the 50 MM Machine gun, the MK 19 Grenade Launcher and the M249 machine gun otherwise known as the Saw. Powerful equipment which I hope I never have to use, but good to know how to just in case. Have a few more days of training including convoy training, land navigation training and a field exercise that incorporates all we have learned since arriving. At the end of the week we head for Kuwait and then eventually Baghdad. I'll keep you posted on how things are progressing. Until then, take care and drop me a line when you have time. If you know of someone who I did not send this email to, please pass it on to them.

January 23, 2007

Mom, Dad & Mike,
Am safely in Baghdad inside the base. Arrived on Sunday PM. Working long hours each day (about 12+ hours each day). Thought you might like to read this info from a Medic who is here in country and is out and about with the locals. Kind of gives you a different perspective than what you get on the news and confirms that Bush is doing the right thing.

Love from your son/brother,
Jay

(Editor's Note: Jay included the following in his e-mail to his parents and brother. This same message was forwarded to me by another source—and it has been around on the Internet. While you may not agree with the politics of the author, the message gives you a sampling of the complex issues faced by the U.S. and Iraq. It's a really good history lesson as well.)

Subject: From a medic in Iraq
Date: Mon, 22 Jan 2007

Following the article I sent about Bush's national address and troop increase, I thought it was a good idea to let you all know what the perspective is over here. I'm tired of hearing the media's skewed

version, the politicians squabbling over what they read in a report, and the average ill-informed American ranting about things he knows NOTHING about.

I've been over here a couple of months now, and I've learned more about this country than a year's worth of watching CNN. I've sat in mission briefs with colonels, talked with village elders, had tea with sheiks, played with the kids. And I agree with the President. We need more troops and we need to take greater action.

There are three major factions here: the Sunnis, Shiites, and Kurds. The Shiites are in the majority; but Saddam was a Sunni, so he kept the Shiites in check.



Cousin Jay
Griffes in full
battle regalia

Everyone hates the Kurds, who are Christian and in the vast minority. The Kurds received the brunt of Saddam's murderous tyranny. Now that Saddam is gone, the Shiites have taken control of Baghdad. The largely peaceful Sunnis are now the victims of radical Shiite terrorism. So the young Sunni men, who can no longer go to work and support their families, do what all young men would do. They join the Sunni militia and battle the Shiites. And thus the country sits on the brink of civil war.

But this war is between them. They largely do not concern themselves with the U.S. troops. The insurgents who battle the coalition forces are from outside the country. And the biggest problem down here isn't the insurgents. It's the politicians - the local politicians. Even though the country is controlled by Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki, downtown Baghdad is controlled by radical Shiite cleric, Muqtada al-Sadr. The Shiites follow al-Sadr; and thus the Prime Minister does what al-Sadr says. Think of it as

if a warlord controlled New York and blackmailed the President into diplomatic immunity.

When 1st Cav (mainly 2/5 Cav) came here in 2004, they took downtown Baghdad (known as Sadr City) by force. It cost many lives; but after a year we held an iron grip on the largest insurgent breeding ground in Iraq. The insurgents were afraid of the Horse People, and rightfully so. But when 1st Cav left, al-Sadr influenced the Prime Minister to kick out the coalition forces from that area of Baghdad. He said the Iraqi military forces could hold the city. But all that happened was al-Sadr regained control of his city, and it is now a heavily guarded fortress - a place where insurgents and terrorists can train and stockpile arms. And we cannot go back in because the Prime Minister won't let us. Our hands are tied.

So where does al-Sadr get his backing? From Iran and Syria. Iran supplies him with money and Syria supplies the terrorists. The insurgents that battle the coalition forces are from Syria, Somalia and dozens of other places outside of Iraq. Iraq is literally a terrorist breeding ground. They have terrorist and sniper schools here. Why not? They train by teaching them to attack the military forces here. And they have an endless supply of these training tools. They have factories setup in Sadr City to build bombs. Both Iran and Syria have openly proclaimed their number one goal in life is to destroy the great Western Devil and the little Western Devil (America and Britain). Iran wants to control Iraq to further this purpose. Al-Sadr will get to "run" the country and live like a king; but in reality, Iran will pull the puppet strings. Iran will have access to thousands of radical Shiites who will do whatever al-Sadr tells them to. And Iraq will be used as a breeding ground for terrorism. Terrorism that will be targeted directly at America and Britain. The Iraq Study Group advised we should let Iran and Syria help with rebuilding. Bravo to President Bush for striking that idea down and vowing to keep those two countries out of Iraq!

So how do the Iraqi people feel about everything? Of course they don't want the Americans here. But they would far rather have us here than the Iranians. My platoon visited an average Sunni village on a patrol a few days ago. Their

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

only source of income was to farm, as they could not go to the city to work for fear of violence. Many of the young men had already run off to join the militia for no other reason than to feed their families. They had no school or hospital near them and the community was dying. The village elder's granddaughter was very sick and I was able to treat her. Afterwards he invited me and my platoon leader to sit in his house and have tea with him, and we talked about the situation. The people want peace. The Shi-ites kill the Sunnis because al-Sadr tells them to do so. The Sunnis fight back because they have no choice. They are glad Saddam is dead (Sunni or not), but do not want to replace him with another dictator in a politician's clothes (which is what al-Sadr will become). And they especially don't want Iran in charge. Many innocent Iraqis will die if this happens. These are the words that came out of the elder's mouth: "We do not want America here, and America does not want to be here. But you cannot leave because the militias control the country. America must use the might of its giant army and sweep through, root out and destroy the militias. Then Iraq can be free and you can leave."

What appears to have happened within our diplomatic community is that the Prime Minister finally realizes that his days are numbered. If al-Sadr remains, he will be kicked to the curb. So, hopefully, he is about to allow us to reenter Sadr City to root out and destroy the enemy. A dramatic troop increase will allow us to do this. And the Horse People are back and ready to finish what they started over two years ago. If we leave now, it will be a failure for democracy. Iran will control Iraq and the end result will be more terrorist attacks on America. The American people don't want soldiers dying over here, but its better than American civilians dying over there.

Do NOT forget 9/11! They will do it again. The moment we loosen our grip on the noose, they will do it again. And the only way to root out the evil here is to stop beating around the bush, - increase troops and destroy the insurgents once and for all. The Iraqi government cannot do this on their own. The Iraqi security forces are inadequate for this task. We are the only ones who can stop al-Sadr.

Feel free to share this with whomever wants a real soldier's opinion about the war.

* * * *

Hi Jay:

I had the best wake-up call this morning; you can call any time of day and it will be very welcome. I also enjoyed the few hours that you spent with us here today. Of course it was only a dream. After you called this morning I went back to sleep and had a wonderful dream. I dreamed that you flew into Boston, came here and then we took you to Montreal to fly back to Kuwait.

I think Dad and I will subscribe to "The Stars and Stripes," the Mideast Edition. It sounds like it would give us some news that we don't get here.

We think of you many times a day and pray for you and your family each time we think of you.

We love you very much,
Mom

January 20, 2007

Mom,

Thanks for the note and glad you had the good dream. I am looking forward to the time that I can come home, but am anxious to get in theatre to start working on my mission. I am still in Kuwait awaiting a hop to Iraq.

Got back from the desert last night. On one of our training missions, we saw some nomads herding sheep and also a pack of camels. As it was getting dark, I could see the silhouette of the camels against the clear night sky and it reminded me of when Jesus was born and the wise men following the star to Bethlehem.

For a brief moment, I imagined that I was one of those wise men looking up at the stars and wondering what it would have been like. Anyway, I will call again, but this time from Iraq to let you know I have arrived.

Thanks again for the note, the encouragement and especially the prayers. God has put me here for a reason and I am ready to go forward and do what I am supposed to do.
Love,
Jay

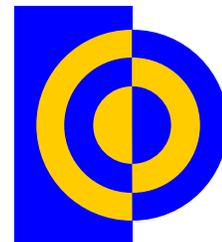


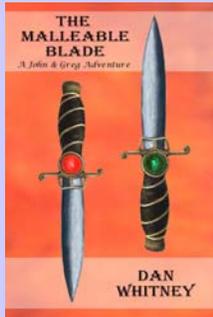
Paul Dundes Wolfowitz

Cousin Dick Metcalf's article mentions Paul Wolfowitz: He is an American academic and political figure. He is currently the President of the World Bank, but may be most famous as a prominent architect of the foreign policy of the George W. Bush administration known as the Bush Doctrine, which resulted in the 2003 invasion of Iraq.

A former aide to neoconservative Democratic Senator Henry M. Jackson in the 1970s, Wolfowitz also served in the U.S. Defense Department, as Director of Policy Planning and Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs at the U.S. State Department, as U.S. Ambassador to Indonesia, and as Deputy Secretary of Defense in the Administration of George W. Bush.

From: the worldwide web, Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia





Order Today!

"I received a book from Dan Whitney (Nancy's husband) which he wrote. It is not my favorite subject, being full of magic and spells. Sort of like Harry Potter books, I think. I never read Harry Potter, **but I did read and enjoyed Dan's book.** I was amazed that we had such a talented author in our family. The story included a chess match between the good guys and the bad guys. The winner of the match was to win the dispute. The bad guys lost, but wouldn't accept the loss, so war ensued."

Raymond Gardner



Mayor and
First Lady of
Newport City

Richard and
Sandra Baraw

2005—2007

Richard and Sandra Baraw, Mayor and First Lady of Newport City (continued)

(Continued from page 3)

street. The issue was on the agenda for our next meeting. We were forewarned that she was an angry and unstable lady. She, along with her husband, was at that meeting.

When I brought the item up for discussion, she immediately started screaming at everyone in the room - including the council members. It was awful! I couldn't calm her down and this went on for about five minutes. Finally, when it seemed that she was going to execute a physical attack on the council, her husband leaped up and wrapped his arms around her. He pushed her into the adjoining hallway.

She later calmed down and we breathed a sigh of relief.

Gardner Newsletter:
Do you think most people are disillusioned with government? Why or why not?

And Dick's response is
I believe most of our local citizens are disillusioned with our federal government. I listen to, and discuss issues with a large number of our local residents. The common theme seems to be:

"They are all crooks!"

Most of them are disgusted with the partisan bickering going on between Democrats and Republicans.

"Why can't they compromise?"

"Why can't they get anything done?"

Gardner Newsletter:
What good or bad things do you see down the road for Newport, Vermont?

And Dick's response is
I see Newport as a thriving community in the future. We have advantages that most communities in Vermont do not have.

We have a wonderful lake, the nearby Jay Peak ski resort, a modern upgraded wastewater treatment plant, an almost unlimited clean water supply, and a beautiful surrounding environment. What more could you ask?

We have and will continue to support our retail businesses. We support small clean light industry, such as Vermont Teddy Bear. We will soon have a new technical training center for training the work-

force in new skills.

I believe the coming Walmart in Derby will actually help most of our Main Street Businesses. It should increase the traffic flow through Newport. Foot traffic on our main street should increase also.

Gardner Newsletter:
Do you think local government is more responsible and effective than the federal government? Why or why not?

And Dick's response is
Our local government is more effective than our federal government. We do not run for office as a Republican, Democrat, liberal or conservative. We run for office because we have a sincere desire to help our fellow citizens. We address those large and small issues that become day-to-day problems for everyone.

Local complaints have our attention. Our citizens are our friends and neighbors and our philosophy is to serve our brothers and sisters.

Gardner Newsletter:
In your opinion, tell us some ways how the average citizen

can participate in government and feel that he or she is actually making a difference.

And Dick's response is
Most citizens are able to participate in Newport City government by attending our meetings and speaking their minds. We do listen to everyone. When people have a problem they often call the mayor or members of the city council. We always act on their requests.

Today, an elderly resident complained to me about cigarette butts being thrown on the sidewalk outside of a local bar. An hour later, I called the City Manager and he said he would take care of the problem. The person who made that complaint was a participant in our local government.

When I was mayor, I believe that the citizens' opinions about all issues helped in our mission to provide good local government.

See you this
Spring!

Gardner Newsletter



A NEWSLETTER FOR THE GARDNERS' FAMILIES AND FRIENDS

Volume 10, Issue 38

Spring, 2007

Letters from a World War I Soldier



Earl Harold Lang
Vermont National Guard—1916

It always amazes me how everything in life seems somehow to connect to everything else. For instance, last quarter's issue of the newsletter focused on the war in Iraq and the Gardner fam-

ily members serving over there and featured e-mails sent home written by Cousin Jay Griffes. Several other earlier issues talked about the Lang-Johnson-Eggleston connection to the Gardner family. When you tie this all together with an earlier war – World War I (to be specific) - you end up with the story of Earl Harold Lang! Let's explore how we can connect all these pieces of the puzzle by examining some of the letters Earl Lang wrote to his family (via "snail mail" of course). First of all, who was Earl Lang? He was Grandpa Gardner's half brother. We have already mentioned Aunt Edith and Aunt Edna in several other issues. Well, the ladies had a brother - Earl Harold Lang! (If you recall the story about "Richard and

Sandra Baraw, Mayor and First Lady of Newport City" in our last issue, you will be pleased to know that Earl H. Lang was Sandra's uncle. See what I mean about things connecting?!)

Thanks to our own Uncle Raymond, (who sent me some of Earl Lang's correspondence) we are able to learn more about him. According to Uncle Raymond, "Earl H. Lang was born in 1895 and brought up on the Farm (just up the road from where the old homestead is now). He was a member of the National Guard in 1916 when he was called up. He spent the summer of 1916 in Eagle Pass, Texas. General Pershing and the National Guard were sent to Texas to

(Continued on page 2)

World War I and Technology *(from the Worldwide Web)*

World War I was one of the defining events of the 20th century. From 1914 to 1918 conflict raged in much of the world and involved most of Europe, the United States, and much of the Middle East. In terms of

technological history, World War I is significant because it marked the debut of many new types of weapons and was the first major war to "benefit" from technological advances in radio, electrical power, and other technologies. World War I grew out of a variety of factors that

had been building up throughout Europe in the preceding decades. During the later 1800s many European countries experienced a rise in nationalism. Nationalism, combined with growing industrial capabilities, led to military buildups and an in-

(Continued on page 6)

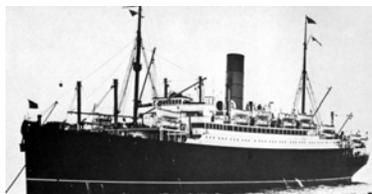
Did you know:

- Earl Harold Lang was the youngest captain in World War I?
- That, for the Gardner cousins, Earl Harold Lang is our half-great uncle?
- That Earl Harold Lang died in a construction accident?
- That Earl Gardner, of the Original Gang of Ten, was named after Earl Lang?

Inside this issue:

LETTERS FROM A WORLD WAR I SOLDIER	1
WORLD WAR I AND TECHNOLOGY	1
EARL HAROLD LANG'S MILITARY TIMELINE	3
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Gardner Newsletter



The Aurania. Earl Lang was aboard this ship sailing from New York to Halifax, Nova Scotia where he boarded another ship bound for Liverpool, England to serve in The Great War.

**"I AM STILL
HOLDING
DOWN A
CAPTAIN'S JOB
AND I HAVE A
LOT OF
RESPONSIBILITY
FOR A KID."**



Source: Dr. F.X. O'Connor Fonds, Queen's University Archives

This is picture of a British Mark IV tank that had been captured and used by the Germans during World War I. The tank was an integral part of the modern style of warfare that evolved during World War I. The tank did not play a major role in the early fighting of World War I, but its effectiveness increased as the war went on.

(Continued from page 1)

punish Pancho Villa for mounting an attack on Columbus, New Mexico. They never did get Pancho Villa, but declared victory and went home. Earl worked for a time with the Boston & Maine Railroad and he also worked in construction. The National Guard called him up again on April 2, 1917 for service during World War I. Earl died in a construction accident in 1929. Earl H. Lang was listed in the famous "Ripley's Believe It or Not!" as the youngest captain in World War I." Here is an interesting letter Earl Lang sent to his sister Edith (Sandra Baraw's mother) from "somewhere in France" on June 14, 1918 (around Edith's birthday).

June 14, 1918

"Dear Edith,
Just a line this morning while I'm waiting for my car. I probably will not have time to finish this letter this morning; but, if not, I'll finish it tonight. I believe this is your birthday, is it not? I wish you all the happiness and good luck that is possible for you to have and that you may have many of them. I received your very welcome letter where you said that you had made a resolution to write to me at least once a week. And I still do hope you will keep it, for letters are worth their weight in gold over here. Some of the other letters I get are not bad either, especially like the one I got a few days ago. I was informed that on June 3rd I was given a first lieutenant's commission and now I have a nice little silver bar to wear on each shoulder and an extra dollar a day

added to my paycheck, which is the best part of it all, don't you think? I received a very nice letter from Father and Mother and one from Verna (*Earl's fiancé*) in the same mail that brought yours, so it wasn't half bad.

You mentioned the snapshot that I sent Verna and said that I looked all tired out. Well, that wasn't the case exactly. I had just finished a 100 mile trip on a motorcycle solo and I hadn't been to bed for a couple of nights. Naturally I looked a little tired, but I had to have a picture card as I could not get by the guards after a certain time without one. But I intend to have some more taken soon and I will send you one.

I am still holding down a captain's job and I have a lot of responsibility for a kid. Too much for me. But I have got the job so I must make the best of it.

Well, Edith, my car has arrived so I'll close for this time. Heaps of love to all as ever. Your ever loving brother, Earl"

Now let's read a letter sent by Earl to Grandpa Gardner (his half-brother) again from "somewhere in France" in which he recounts some of the horrors of war more than likely similar to what is happening in present day Iraq. This letter evokes universal feelings that connect to every soldier in every war that has ever been fought.

July 18, 1918

"Dear Will,
Just a line tonight to let you know that I am still living and have been mighty fortunate for the last few days. The Boche (*slang for the German adversary*)

in World War I) have been shelling us for three days and nights. And, up until this morning, they were putting them just a little bit high. We lost three mules at first, but no men. This morning about 5:30 a.m. they got us right. They killed 12 horses and one man. I think we silenced the gun that was doing the shooting this afternoon, for they haven't fired on us for about three hours. This morning I was standing in the window and one "old big baby" burst about 50 feet in the air and it showered the whole place. Two pieces of shell or shrapnel came through the roof of my billet. I didn't get a scratch and I'm feeling fine, so why worry. Don't tell mother anything about this as she will be worrying her head off. I have been through some mighty narrow places and come through alright, so I am foolish enough to believe that they can't get me. I was in one place this morning and I heard a "baby" whistle, and I did the most natural thing in the world. I just dropped on my belly and hugged the ground (even though it was in a mud puddle) and the pieces of bursting shell went over me (instead of hitting me as it would have done if I had been standing up). The Boche are getting what's coming to them now, though. You watch the papers from yesterday and you'll see what I tell you. I'd like to tell you where I am, but, of course, that would never do and I guess I've told you more already than I should have.

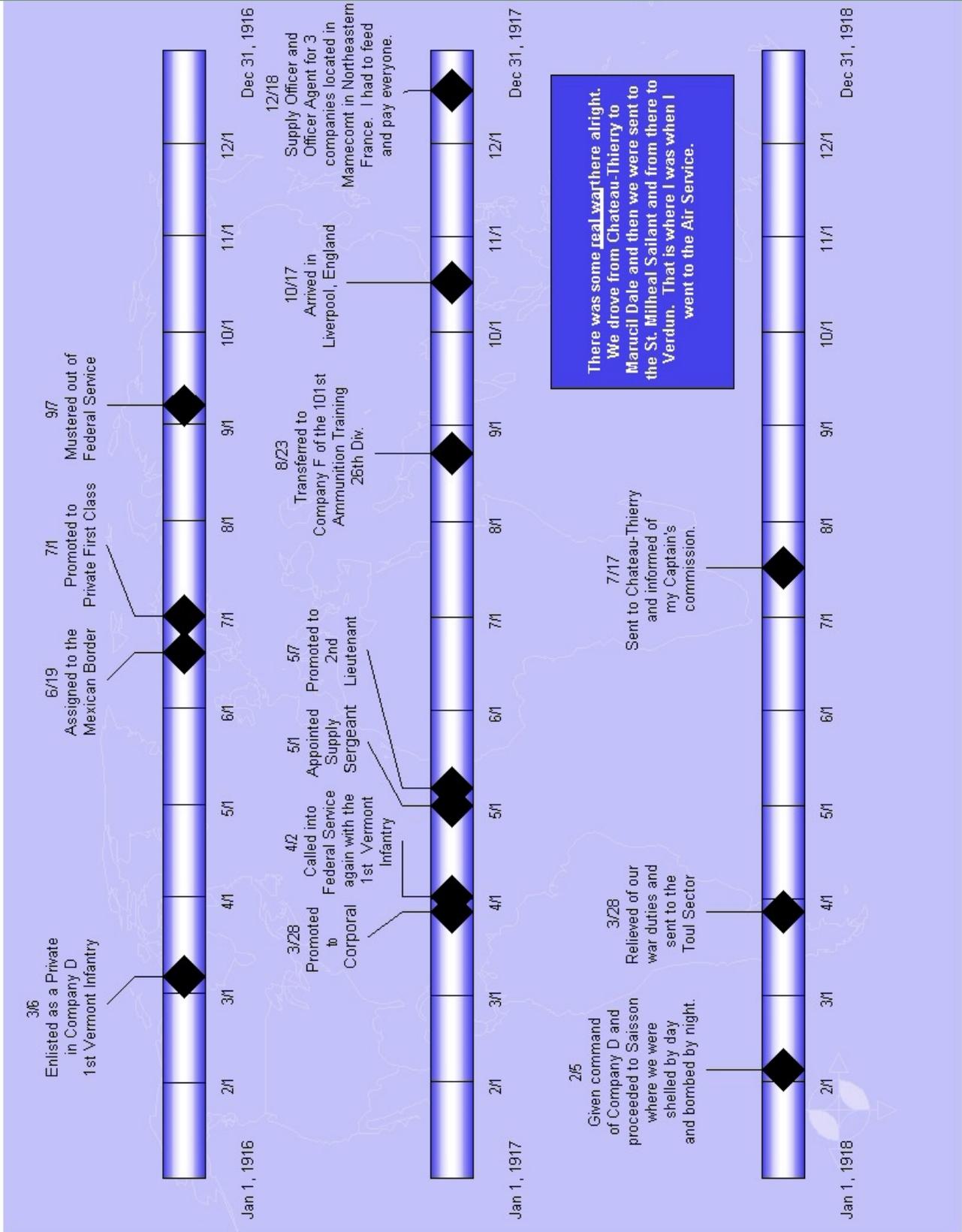
Well, let's talk about the weather. It has been a beautiful day here and from my window I have a wonderful view. I can look out over a certain river that has been famous ever since the war began and across

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Gardner Newsletter

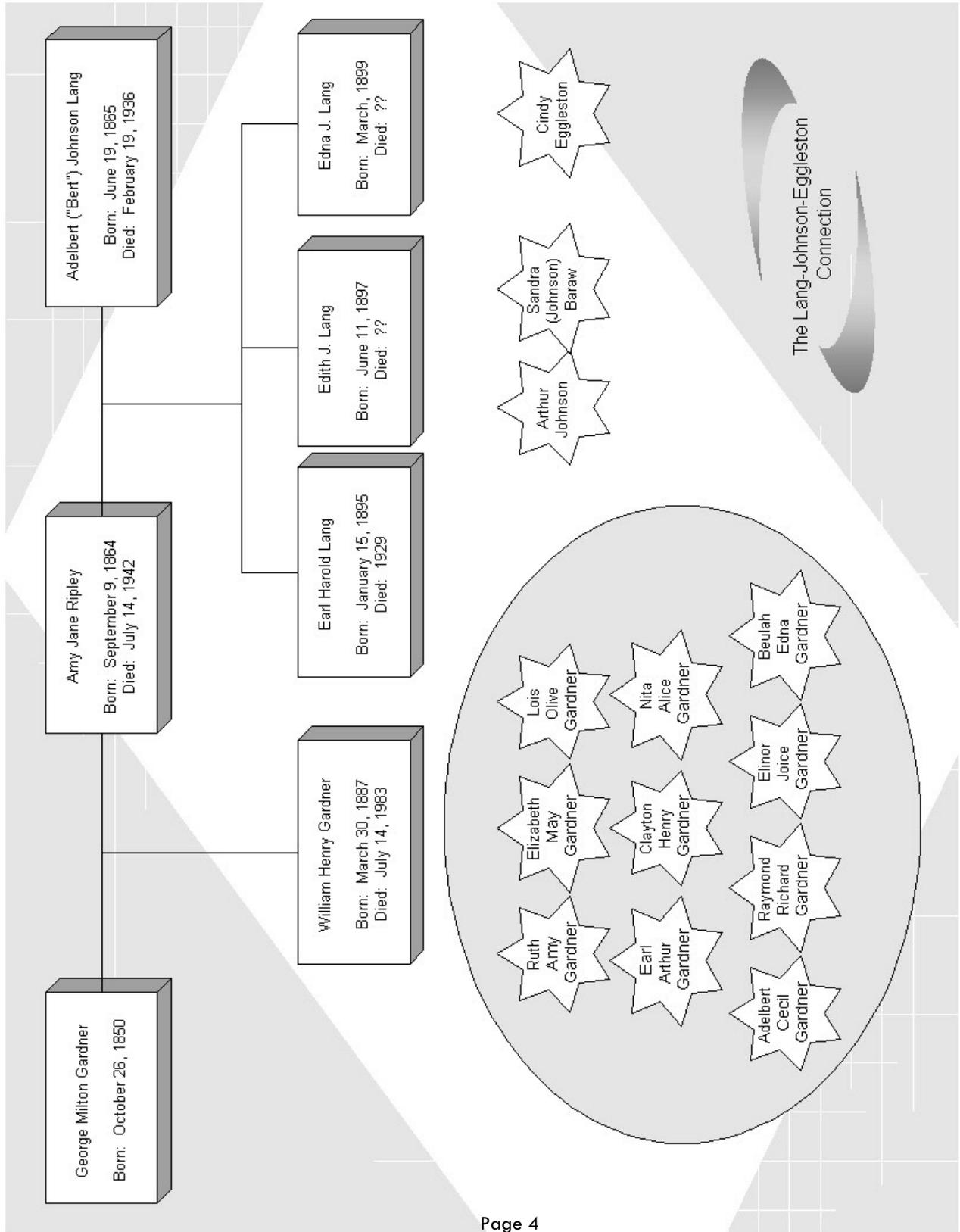
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Gardner Newsletter

We need your articles NOW!



(Continued from page 2)

a wonderful field of grain, most of which has been abandoned by the civilians. Beyond this is a little village sheltered only by a little grove of oak. Around the whole is a beautiful range of mountains; and at sunset, it is the most beautiful picture that I have ever seen. No artist could begin to do justice to some of the natural scenery of France. Sometime after the war is over, I want to come back to France and see what it is like in peacetime. I really think it must be wonderful. It is not nearly so far advanced as America, but the quietness and simplicity of everything would be so restful after a war like this that I think I would enjoy it much more than I would the hustle and bustle of the States. I haven't been to Paris yet, although I've been near enough so that I could see the city very plainly. I want to go if I can ever get a leave. Our division hasn't had a rest since January. We have been in the line continually ever since that time and the bunch is still as good as ever and doing some scrapping that "Bill" will have to take his hat off to at that.

I had another nice letter from Mother and two from Verna a few days ago, and we are getting our mail quite regularly now. I will have to admit that I am receiving more letters than I am writing, but the reason is that I'm too blooming busy to write and not because I don't want to.

Well, I've got a lot ahead of me tonight that I know of (and perhaps some that I don't know of - ha, ha). I'll say good-night anyhow. Heaps of love to you all, including the kiddies, and wishing you all the health and prosperity possible. I am, as ever,

Your loving brother, Earl"

On February 3, 1919, Will and Olive Gardner brought a son into the world and named him, - you guessed it, "Earl." Earl Lang was in Clotten, Germany at this time and wrote a letter dated March 6, 1919 to his "brother and sister" (Will and Olive) about the good news.

March 6, 1919

"Dear Brother and Sister, Just received the good news of the birth of a son, and I certainly wish to congratulate you. I see you have named him Earl. For your sake and for his sake, I hope he doesn't prove to be all the name implies. Get me? Well, this is the third anniversary of my enlistment in Uncle Sam's Army; and, as there isn't much else to write except that I am in the best of health, I will bore you by reviewing my military career....."

Here Earl launches into a recitation of his entire military career hopefully depicted accurately in the timeline accompanying this article. He concludes this letter by saying:

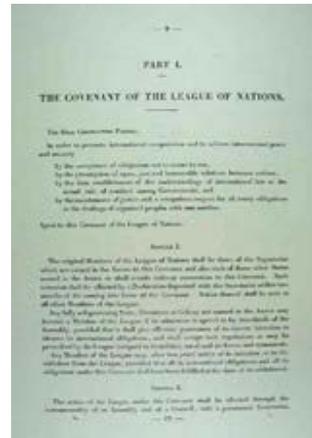
"I could write a book on what happened if I was to go into detail. But that is too much to write, so I'll wait until I can tell you. Pardon me for writing nothing else, but reveille is at 5:30 and all officers have to be there, so I'll say goodnight. Heaps of love to you all and wishing you the best of health and prosperity, I am, as ever, Your loving brother, Earl."

While Earl was overseas, things were happening in East

Charleston too. It was during this time that the big round barn burned to the ground. Grandpa Gardner also went into the ice cream business while Earl was abroad.

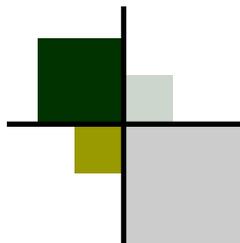
These three letters are only a sample of many letters that Earl H. Lang wrote during his military career to his family at home in East Charleston, VT. I hope we've connected all the dots for you - dots that show how important the Lang-Johnson-Eggleston connection is to the Gardner family, dots that point to the futility of war - no matter which one - no matter which generation, dots that illustrate how loving families at home contribute to the survival of every soldier on the battlefield.

If you liked this story, we can explore some of Earl Lang's other letters in future issues. Please write and let me know if you would be interested in hearing more.



A picture of the actual "Treaty of Versailles" that ended World War I, but set the stage for World War II.

"JUST RECEIVED THE GOOD NEWS OF THE BIRTH OF A SON, AND I CERTAINLY WISH TO CONGRATULATE YOU. I SEE YOU HAVE NAMED HIM EARL."



The UC-97—A World War I German Submarine



Gardner Newsletter

We need your articles NOW!

(Continued from page 1)

creasingly tense political situation throughout the continent. Nations were increasingly nervous about what their neighbors might be planning. In response to this tension, England, France, and Russia (Italy would join in 1915 after the war was underway) formed the “Triple Entente” and aligned against Germany and Austria-Hungary. This was one of numerous alliances that divided Europe and made world war virtually impossible to avoid if one nation took action against another. The flash-point of the war is generally regarded as the 1914 assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, during a state visit to Sarajevo. Austria-Hungary turned its anger towards Serbia, who, they believed, encouraged and abetted the assassination. In retaliation, Austria-Hungary invaded Serbia. On July 29th, in defense of Serbia, Tsar Nicholas II mobilized Russia’s armed forces to pressure Austria-Hungary. Three days later, on August 1st, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany honored its alliance with Austria-Hungary, and declared war on Russia. That same day, France, following its alliance with Russia, mobilized. Two days later, on August 3rd, Germany declared war on France. Great Britain, as an ally of France, declared war on Germany on August 4th. Less than a month and a half after the assassination of the Archduke and within a week of the first military mobilizations the peoples of Europe were engulfed in war. From the onset, those involved in the war were aware that technology would make a critical impact on the outcome. In 1915 British Admiral Jacky Fisher wrote, “The war is going to be won by inventions.” New weapons, such as tanks, the zeppelin, poison gas, the airplane, the submarine, and the machine gun, increased casualties, and brought the war to civilian populations. The Germans shelled Paris with long-range

(60 miles or 100 kilometers) guns; London was bombed from the air for the first time by zeppelins. World War I was also the first major war that was able to draw upon electrical technologies that had been in development at the turn of the century. Radio, for example, became essential for communications. The most important advance in radio was the transmission of voice rather than code, something the electron tube, as oscillator and amplifier, made possible. Electricity also made a huge impact on the war. Battleships, for example, might have electric signaling lamps, an electric helm indicator, electric fire alarms, remote control—from the bridge—of bulkhead doors, electrically controlled whistles, and remote reading of water level in the boilers. Electric power turned guns and turrets and raised ammunition from the magazines up to the guns. Searchlights—both incandescent and carbon-arc—became vital for nighttime navigation, for long-range daytime signaling, and for illuminating enemy ships in night engagements. Submarines also became potent weapons. Although they had been around for years, it was during WWI that they began fulfilling their potential as a major threat. Unrestricted submarine warfare, in which German submarines torpedoed ships without warning—even civilian ships belonging to non-combatant nations such as the United States—resulted in the sinking of the Lusitania on May 7, 1915, killing 1,195 people. Outrage over the Lusitania and other sinkings, coupled with other factors, brought the United States out of its isolationism to declare war on Germany in April 6, 1917. Finding ways to outfit ships to detect submarines became a major goal for the allies. Researchers determined that allied ships and submarines could be outfitted with sensitive microphones that could detect engine noise from enemy submarines. These underwater microphones played an important part in combating the sub-

marine threat. The Allies also developed sonar, but it came too close to the end of the war to offer much help. The war, especially the brutality of trench warfare, brought death and disease on a scale people had never before experienced. During the 10-month-long Battle of Verdun in 1916, for example, as many as 1,000,000 people were killed. As the war dragged on, casualties increased, and the war became unpopular with ordinary people. Revolution in 1917 led to the end of Russian participation in the war and precipitated the Bolshevik regime. Just over a year later, a worker’s revolution in Germany forced the abdication of Kaiser Wilhelm II on 9 November 1918. With the militaristic Kaiser out of the way, Germany requested an armistice. Two days later, it took effect on the “Eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month.” On June 28, 1919 German delegates signed the Treaty of Versailles and the war was officially over. Although the war was over, its ramifications were far reaching. Technologically, great strides had been made in just about every area that might come into play during war. But the costs had been dear, and the end only temporary. Deaths from “The Great War” have been estimated at 10,000,000, and the end of the war itself, the Treaty of Versailles and its humiliating terms for Germany, laid the groundwork for World War II. The war was called “the war to end all wars,” and at the time that seemed possible. Unfortunately, it would prove untrue in less than a generation.

“SEE YOU THIS SUMMER!”



Gardner Newsletter

A newsletter for the Gardner Family and Friends

The Metcalfs and Gardners Mourn the Loss of Ruth Amy Metcalf—Eldest of The Original Gang of Ten

Volume 10, Issue 39

Summer, 2007

Family and friends of Ruth Amy Metcalf gathered together at the East Charleston Church of the Nazarene on August 18, 2007 to mourn her passing.

Here is Ruth's obituary published by Pearons Funeral Home in Lyndonville, Vermont where people visited Ruth the previous Friday.

Ruth Amy Metcalf
*(December 4, 1913—
August 5, 2007)*

"Beloved wife and mother, Ruth Amy Metcalf, age 93, of Westerville, Ohio, went to

be with the Lord August 5, 2007 at Mt. Carmel East Hospital.

She was a member of the Shepherd Church of the Nazarene of Gahanna, Ohio.

Preceded in death by her husband, Henry D. Metcalf, parents Will and Olive Gardner, and sisters, Elinor Cove, Nita Ames, Elizabeth Johnson; and brothers Adelbert and Earl Gardner.

Survivors include her three children, Richard L. Metcalf, Ruth Anne Metcalf, and Geri Rosser, sisters Beulah Griffes, Lois Cardwell; broth-



RUTH AMY METCALF

ers Raymond and Clayton Gardner, and grandchildren Andy and Arthur Metcalf."

When Aunt Ruth reached 90 years of age in 2003, her friend, Alice Burnham, wrote a poem about her. What better tribute to a life well lived than to have some-

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Fighting Pancho Villa: Letters Home

In the last issue of The Gardner Newsletter, we published some letters from Earl Lang, Grandpa Gardner's half brother, while he was serving in France during World War I. When Earl joined the Vermont National Guard in 1916 he was first sent to Eagle Pass, Texas to participate in the

U.S. effort to crush the Pancho Villa uprising.

Company D, 1st Vermont Infantry, Eagle Pass, TX, July 12, 1916

Dear Father and Mother, *(Bert and Amy Lang)*

Just a line to say that we move tonight. We don't know where

we are going, but have an idea we will go across the border to block a raid planned by a bunch of Villa's bandits. I understand that Washington has been notified that they were going to make a raid on a place called Big Bend. Of course, we don't know anything for sure, - just that the first battalion of our regiment moves tonight. That's Companies A, B, C and D. I guess it is not over fifty miles from here

if that is the place. It is quite evident that it was a surprise to all of our officers because they just bought a lot of lumber to make a floor in our kitchen tent.

Have you got any of my pictures? If you have, will you send one to Beatrice? I don't know if you knew it, but I gave her my ring to keep until I come back. I thought

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Remembering Ruth Amy Metcalf

(Continued from page 1)

one write a poem about it! It seems most appropriate to publish the poem here.

An Ode to Ruth

By Alice B. Burnham
December 17, 2003

A very special lady that I was privileged to know
Came to our local church
More than a decade ago --

Born in the Northeast Kingdom
In East Charleston on a farm,
The oldest of ten siblings;
God sheltered her from harm.

In spite of a distance to school
She aimed to get more knowledge -
Moved about to complete High School
And even went to college.

Teaching school became her life:
Successful and influential
However, after a very few years
God's plans were consequential.

He gave to her a Godly man,
Who taught and preached God's Word.
Three children blessed this union
As Ruthie served the Lord.

She sang and played the piano
In services at the church.
She loved to read and study -
And often did research.

A lady of integrity; truly a friend to all,
A dedicated Mother, and a devoted wife.

--

As we review her virtues we learn
We've been truly blessed by her life!

* * * *

Uncle Clayton has a great early remembrance of Aunt Ruth, his older sister.

A Memory of Ruth:

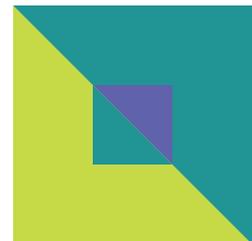
When I was about 10, I was taking my Saturday night bath in a round washtub that was placed near the furnace register.

"This register was in the small living room and Mama had asked everyone to stay away so that I might have some privacy. It was winter time and the only really warm place was near that register.

Ruth wanted the warmth of that register. So she pretended not to have heard Mama's request. She walked into that living room saying 'Don't worry, I won't look'.

So she took a chair on the other side of the room, read a book, and did not look."

Perhaps it would be comforting to the family if you sent your own personal remembrance of Ruth to Dick, Geri or Ruth Anne.



(Continued from page 1)

you might miss it and not know where it was. I had a letter from Leon and he said he helped you move. Please write and tell me where you moved to and all about it. You may write to me at this same address and it will be forwarded to me. I will send you my new address as soon as I can after I get to our new location. We expect to be on the jump all night and have a lot to do now, so I will close. Remember me to all the folks there.

Lots of love, Earl

P.S. Now don't worry a bit because there may be no trouble at all. It may be some time before I can write again, but will write when I have a chance.

The following is a letter that Grandma Gardner wrote to Earl Lang while he was in Texas. It apparently accompanied a letter written by Grandpa Gardner to him.

August 7, 1916

Dear Earl,

As Will is writing a few lines to you, I guess I will put in a few too. Probably I will tell you the same things he does. It is quite warm here tonight, but I suppose it is warmer down there. I don't believe I would want any part of that country.

We were glad to get your letter and know you are well and wish the time would not be very long before we would see you back again safe and sound. I suppose the girls will be back soon, and I bet they will be glad too. I guess you all fare quite slim as far as the eats go. Would you get a little box of sweets if we

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In Pursuit of Pancho Villa 1916-1917

By Joe Griffith

(Taken from the Worldwide Web)

(Editor's Note: Although this is a very long article, it is extremely pertinent to the story of Earl Lang's service in the Vermont National Guard. Today, the story of Pancho Villa is largely overlooked and not even mentioned in many history books. This article rectifies that omission and places a historical perspective on Earl Lang's military service in Texas and on his subsequent deployment to France during World War I.)

Doroteo Arango, alias Francisco "Pancho" Villa, was born in 1877 (1879 according to some sources) in San Juan del Rio, State of Durango, Mexico. During his lifetime, he was a ruthless killer (killing his first man at age sixteen), a notorious bandit (including cattle rustling and bank robbery), a revolutionary (a general commanding a division in the resistance against the 1913-14 Victoriano Huerta dictatorship), and despite his bloodthirsty nature, an enduring hero to the poor people of Mexico. In their minds, Villa was afraid of no one, not the Mexican government or the gringos from the United States. He was their one true friend and avenger for decades of Yankee oppression.

In late 1915 Pancho Villa had counted on American support to obtain the presidency of Mexico. Instead the U.S. Government recognized the new government of Venustiano Carranza. An irate Villa swore revenge against the United States and began by murdering Americans in hopes of provok-

ing President Woodrow Wilson's intervention into Mexico. Villa believed that American intervention would discredit the Carranza government with the people of Mexico and reaffirm his own popularity. Villa and his "pistoleros" launched raids along the U.S.- Mexico boundary to frighten the Americans living in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona border towns.

Concerned for the safety of Americans,



Brigadier General John J. Pershing in 1917

President Wilson ordered the War Department to begin deploying troops to Texas and New Mexico. In April, 1915, Brigadier General John J. Pershing and his 8th Infantry Brigade were sent to Fort Bliss, Texas with the mission of guarding the U.S.- Mexico border from Arizona to a bleak outpost in the Sierra Blanca mountains ninety miles southeast of El Paso. While the presence of American troops served to deter Villa on the north of the Rio Grande, the murder of U.S. citizens in Mexico continued.

One of the most heinous atrocities occurred January 11, 1916, when Villa's bandits stopped a train at Santa Ysabel. The bandits removed a group of 17 Texas businessmen (mining engineers) invited by the Mexican govern-

ment to reopen the Cusihiuriachic mines below Chihuahua City and executed them in cold blood. However, one of those shot feigned death and rolled down the side of the embankment and, crawling away into a patch of brown mesquite bushes, escaped. The train moved on, leaving the corpses at the mercy of the slayers, who stripped and mutilated them.

After the escapee arrived back at Chihuahua City, a special train sped to Santa Ysabel to reclaim the bodies. When the people of El Paso heard of the massacre, they went wild with anger. El Paso was immediately placed under martial law to prevent irate Texans from crossing into Mexico at Juarez to wreak vengeance on innocent Mexicans. Despite outrage in the United States and Washington over the Santa Ysabel massacre, President Wilson refused to intervene and send troops into Mexico.

Two months later, Villa decided to strike again. This time he would invade the United States. At 2:30 a.m., on the morning of March 9, 1916, he and 500 "Villistas" attacked the 13th U.S. Cavalry at Camp Furlong near Columbus, New Mexico. Despite prior knowledge that Villa and his men were pillaging, raping, and murdering their way toward the border, the cavalry was caught completely by surprise. One reason for the cavalry's sluggishness was because some of the troops had been drinking; but perhaps more importantly, all of the troops' rifles were chained and locked in gun racks. Still, the cavalry managed to get organized and fought off the "Villistas" killing many of them in the process. During their retreat, however, the "Villistas" stopped at Columbus, New Mexico for a looting and window-shooting spree that left several U.S. civilians dead. For three hours, bullets struck houses and shouts of "Viva Villa! Viva Mexico! Muerte a los

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Americanos!” (death to Americans) were heard in the streets. The town was set afire, though Villa’s men realized nothing beyond a few dollars and perhaps some merchandise from the burnt out stores. The terror continued until about 7 a.m.; and when Villa finally rode off, the smoke-filled streets of Columbus were littered with the dead and wounded. Fourteen American soldiers and ten civilians were killed in the raid.

Although Villa’s losses from his American incursion were high, he had achieved his aim of arousing the United States. Now, he and his men headed due south from Palomas seeking the safety of the mountains of the Sierra Madre. However, the 13th U.S. Cavalry was now in hot pursuit. Colonel Frank Tompkins had managed to gather 32 cavalrymen and was nipping at the heels of the fleeing Mexicans. His troops sighted Villa’s rear guard and killed over thirty men and horses. Colonel Tompkins kept up the chase for eight hours and killed a number of stragglers as well as more of Villa’s rear guard. Lacking supplies, Tompkins and his cavalrymen were forced to return to Camp Furlong. On their way back, they counted 75 to 100 “Villistas” killed during their hastily organized pursuit.

The populace of Columbus was in a state of hysteria. The American cavalry troops collected the bodies of the “Villistas” that had been shot in the streets and on the outskirts of town and piled them on funeral pyres and cremated them. For a day or more the fires smoldered and the odor of burning flesh permeated the air. Columbus lay virtually demolished, so completely burned and pillaged that it never recovered its former vitality. To prevent repetitions of the Columbus outrage, President Wilson called out 15,000 militia and stationed them

along the U.S. - Mexico border. Wilson also informed President Carranza that he intended to send a military expedition into northern Mexico to capture Pancho Villa, and Carranza reluctantly agreed. President Wilson then appointed Brigadier General John J. Pershing to lead 4,800 troops (mostly cavalry), supported by aircraft and motorized military vehicles (the first time either were used in U.S. warfare) on a punitive expedition into Mexico to capture Villa.

However, there was a catch to Per-



*The Curtiss J-2 “Jennie” aircraft
“deathtrap.”*

shing’s mission orders from Wilson that would be decisive in the end. Pershing was to pursue and punish Villa, but not to upset the Carranza government by firing on any of his troops. The futility of Wilson’s orders was plain even before the expedition began, when the local Carranzista commander at nearby Palomas threatened to attack the Americans. Pershing was only able to stave off an incident by hiring the man as a guide for his troops. Carranza would take advantage of Wilson’s restrictions to make life miserable for the Punitive Expedition throughout their mission.

In 1916, the Signal Corps Aviation Service only had a few crude aircraft.

The 1st Aero Squadron which was assigned to support Pershing was equipped with six Curtiss JN-2 “Jennies” which had a reputation of being unstable deathtraps. In addition, the aerservice was handicapped by inexperienced pilots. Pershing was barely a month into the expedition when he lost all six of his aircraft. Two crashed within the first week of the expedition. Pershing’s expedition also provided an opportunity for one of the Army’s more headstrong members - George S. Patton - then a young lieutenant. Fearing he would be left behind on mundane border patrol with his unit, Patton pleaded with Pershing to take him along as a replacement for one of his two aides that was absent when the expedition was ordered into Mexico. Pershing agreed at the last moment and took him. The thirty year old Patton was convinced that he would now be able to fulfill his destiny as a great warrior.

Villa had a nine days head start before Pershing’s Expedition crossed into Mexico at noon on March 15, 1916. By that time, Villa and his men were well hidden in the mountains. To cover the uncharted terrain, Pershing divided his force into East and West columns and proceeded methodically into the unfamiliar Mexican interior. Basically, the two American columns of the expedition got nowhere in their pursuit of Villa. Northern Mexico was a vast wasteland with few towns and dominated by the barren and rugged Sierra Madre Mountains with peaks averaging ten to twelve thousand feet and honeycombed with deep canyons providing excellent hiding places for Villa and his men. The few roads were little more than dirt trails, dusty in dry weather and muddy quagmires in the rain. Villa’s men were on their home ground while Pershing was moving into unfamiliar and largely unmapped territory depending on Mexican guides whose loyalty was always questionable.

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Pershing's soldiers, mostly raw recruits, encountered every imaginable mishap during their eleven months in Mexico. President Carranza had promised assistance, but when, for example, Pershing's men were on the verge of capturing Villa, the "Carranzistas" attacked them. Another time, Pershing's Indian scouts misinformed him about the location of Villa's lair. On other occasions, the scouts brought in blood-filled boots and bullet-riddled shirts as "proof" that he had been killed. Pershing's East column fanned out from Columbus through cactus and desert, pueblos and small settlements, Ascension and Corralitos. The West column meandered about among hills and plains to Culbertson's Ranch, one hundred miles west of El Paso, near the New Mexico - Arizona - Mexico border, and the Ojitos to the south. After some months, both columns converged at Casas Grandes only to split again a little later, with one heading south for Pearson, Cumbre, and Madera, and the other marching southeastwardly for Guerrero, Agua Caliente, Ojos Azules, and Carrizal.

At Colonia Dublan, Pershing established his permanent command post where he began to plan how he would snare Villa. Everywhere U.S. troops went, men, women, and children cheerfully provided them with misinformation about his (Villa's) whereabouts. As in past American invasions (e.g., the Mexican War of 1846-1848), the Pershing Expedition was a financial "boon" to Mexico. The American soldiers' wants were catered to and satisfied everywhere they went. Prices skyrocketed. If they so desired, soldiers could submerge themselves in Mexican beer. Cantinas were open all night. In many restaurants soldiers devoured "deer" meat that once ran in the streets barking. Life was hard only when the Americans marched or

rode along the dirt roads and were eating their dry ration crackers and looking for water. Dublan was transformed into an enormous military encampment complete with a railhead where tons of supplies were unloaded by a thousand civilian workers. The soldiers and civilians worked by day and brawled by night in the saloons and bordellos that had sprung up in the once sleepy town. Villa's men mingled with the populace at will by simply removing the cartridge belts they normally strapped across their chests.



General Patton in France in 1917.

They even mixed with the Americans and attended Western "cowboy" movies with Pershing's officers.

In May, 1916, Lieutenant Patton saw combat for the first time. Based on information about the location of Julio Cardenas, one of Villa's most trusted subordinates and commander of his personal bodyguard; Patton, accompanied by ten soldiers from the 6th Infantry Regiment, and two civilian guides traveling in three Dodge open top touring automobiles, conducted a surprise raid on a ranch house at San Miguelito near Rubio. During the ensuing fire-fight, Patton and his men killed three men. One was identified as Cardenas. The other two dead Mexicans were an unnamed Villista captain

and a private. Patton's men tied the bodies to the hoods of the cars, while Patton put Cardenas' silver-studded saddle and sword into his vehicle. The spectacle of the three cars with the bodies tied on the hoods caused a great commotion along the road, but Patton and his party sped through the countryside to their headquarters at Dublan without incident. At around 4 p.m., Patton arrived at Dublan with the three bloody corpses strapped across the blistering-hot hoods of the automobiles. War correspondents crowded around to get a firsthand account of his adventure. The stories they filed made Patton a national hero for several weeks. His photograph appeared in newspapers around the United States.

Pershing was pleased that someone had enlivened the hunt for Villa and actually taken out a key member of his band. He even permitted Patton to keep Cardenas' sword and silver saddle as trophies of his first fight. In June, Pershing was informed that Villa could be taken at the small village of Carrizal, northwest of his command center at Dublan. When the Pershing's troops assaulted the village on June 21, they quickly realized they had been hoodwinked for they found themselves fighting "Carranzistas," not Villistas. Scores of "Carranzistas" were killed or wounded. Villa was reported to have watched with much delight — from a safe distance — as his two enemies battled each other in total confusion. The unfortunate American attack on Mexican government troops became known as the "Carrizal Affair" and created such a row that war with Mexico seemed possible. The situation led President Wilson to call 75,000 National Guardsmen into Federal service to help police the U.S. - Mexico border. In fact, hostilities with Mexico probably would have erupted then and there, but for the bitter war raging in Europe. Wilson, anxious not to be-

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come involved in Mexico at a time when relations with Germany were deteriorating, agreed to submit Mexican complaints arising out of the punitive expedition to a joint commission for settlement. Sometime later the commission ruled that, among other things, the debacle at Carrizal was the fault of the American unit commander. For the remainder of 1916, the intensity of the hunt for Villa waned and was replaced by the tedious routine of life in a temporary bivouac. Boredom spawned drunken shoot-outs between troops and local Mexicans. In an attempt to keep his men busy, Pershing initiated a tough new training program that included cavalry maneuvers. It was clear by this time, however, that given President Wilson's restrictive orders and the growing intransigence of the Carranza regime that the Pershing led Mexican incursion was doomed to failure.

Meanwhile, back in the United States, National Guard units were being called out to secure the U.S. - Mexico border. Units of the Georgia National Guard were mobilized at Camp Harris, Macon, Georgia during July, 1916 and sent to Camp Cotton, Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas in October. Company H, 3rd Separate Infantry Battalion and 2nd Company, Coast Artillery were mustered into Federal service on August 10 and September 26 respectively, but remained at home station and were not sent to Texas. The aggregate strength of the Georgia units that were sent to Camp Cotton, Texas was 3,892. The units were mobilized on June 18, 1916 and mustered into Federal service, most between July 2-31 and one as late as September 26.

In January, 1917, the ill-fated attempt to capture Pancho Villa ended with the recall of the Punitive Expedition from Mexico. On January 27, the first of 10,690 men and 9,307 horses em-

barked for Columbus. It took over a week to assemble the full expeditionary force back at Fort Bliss, where, on February 7, 1917, with General Pershing at the head, they marched into El Paso to the acclaim of cheering crowds. That officially ended Pershing's campaign. The expedition had gone as far south as Parral, but Pershing had not captured Pancho Villa. Therefore, the expedition was only notable as the last U.S. Cavalry expedition in U.S. military history.

Although Villa had once been nicked in the knee cap by a Carranzistas bullet, he was now completely mended and feeling well. However, many of his best men had either died or deserted him. But, with the gringos gone, he was now free to continue his struggle with his arch foe Venustiano Carranza. Unabashed by his failure to capture Villa, General Pershing claimed the expedition was successful as a learning experience. However, in the minds of Mexicans, Pancho Villa was the clear winner. He had emerged triumphant from battle with the United States led by the great General Pershing. No doubt, in the eyes of the Mexican people, Pershing's withdrawal from Mexico added to Villa's myth of invincibility. But, a few years later, on Friday, July 20, 1923, Villa's luck ran out.

Accompanied by his entourage of Dorades ("Golden Ones"), which was what he called his bodyguards, Pancho Villa frequently made trips to Parral for banking and other errands. This day, Villa had picked up a consignment of gold with which to pay his Canutillo ranch staff and was driving through the city in his black 1919 Dodge roadster when a group of seven riflemen fired 150 shots in just two minutes into his car. In the fusillade of shots, 16 bullets lodged in his body and four more in his head. Villa was reported to have killed one of the assassins before he died. Truly, Pancho

Villa had lived by the gun and died by the gun. It was never determined who ordered the killing. However, the assassins were given light prison terms leading to general speculation that someone in the Mexican government must have given the order simply because Villa had become an embarrassment to post-revolutionary Mexico. But even in death, Pancho Villa was not at rest and still stirred controversy.

Three years after he was buried in the Cemeterio Municipal at Parral, it was alleged that an ex-Villista officer, Captain Emil L. Holmdahl, had opened the tomb and removed Villa's head to sell to an eccentric Chicago millionaire who collected the skulls of historic figures. Despite the rumors of a headless Villa, his sons prevented examination of the remains to see if the head was still attached. Three years later, the Federal government ordered Villa's body, reported to be headless, moved to Mexico City to be interred in the Tomb of Illustrious Men. However, local residents of Parral insist to this day that their mayor had Villa's body shifted in the graveyard a meter or so to the right of the marked grave and replaced with another body to prevent any more of Villa's remains from being taken. It was the headless decoy body, they insist, that was later taken to Mexico City.

Whether Villa's body is still in the ground at Parral or not, his tall, stately tombstone remains in place and people still come to place flowers on the grave. So, even in death, Pancho Villa remains elusive. On April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany. Pershing received orders to organize a division with himself in command and to take the formation to France as the first American unit to fight alongside the Allies. He submitted a list of officers whom he wanted on his staff and included Lieutenant

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Patton's name. However, several days later, Pershing was appointed the commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Force, which included all troops to be sent to France. Therefore, with a small headquarters party, Pershing went overseas at once as a symbol of reassurance and promise to the war-weary Allies, who had fought immense battles of attrition for the past three years.

Although the Americans entrance into the war was a great psychological boost to them, the United States was unprepared to join in the massive clash of arms on the Western Front. Positioning units along the Mexican border and pursuing Villa had been a small start toward mobilization, but now the U.S. Army had to raise, equip, and train a much larger force. The War Department planned to ship Pershing 2,000,000 partially trained troops. He was tasked to bring them to combat readiness over there.

As for the Georgia units that had gone to the Mexican Border, some were retained in Federal Service; others returned to Georgia. Nevertheless, on July 3, 1917, the entire National Guard of the United States was mobilized for World War I. In August, 1917, the Georgia National Guard units were reorganized with most of the units being

assigned to the 31st Infantry Division with the exception of the Coast Artillery units which were assigned to Savannah Coastal Defense. However, there was one special new battalion to be organized from Georgia. Requests from National Guard officers and Governors for early acceptance of their state units to go to war against Germany poured into the War Department. The clamor became so general and so insistent that the Secretary of War conceived the idea of forming a composite Division to include troops from every State in the Union. That was the origin of the famous 42d (Rainbow) Division, which was later to distinguish itself in many important engagements of World War I. In August, 1917, companies B, C, and F of the 2nd Georgia Infantry were reorganized as the 151st Machine Gun Battalion and assigned to the 42d Division. When the 42d Infantry Division arrived in France in November, 1917, there were National Guard units from 26 States and from the District of Columbia in its ranks.

Almost a year later, on September 16, 1918, the 31st Infantry Division consisting of National Guard units from Georgia, Alabama, and Florida departed for France and joined the American Expeditionary Force on October 3 1918.

As for the legend or myth of Poncho Villa today, conservative Mexicans may insist he was nothing more than a self-serving bloodthirsty bandit. However,

to most Mexicans his memory has been embellished through songs and stories and he is now generally remembered as a Mexican "Robin Hood" figure. Of all the Mexican revolutionary leaders, he is probably the best known and remembered for his victories in the constitutional revolution and for being the only foreign military leader to have "successfully" invaded continental U.S. territory.

As for Americans, the massive mobilization of U.S. forces in 1916 and the pursuit of Pancho Villa in Mexico are scarcely noted in our history books and thus, not read about in school. However, it is important to Georgians because it was the first mobilization and deployment of National Guard Units for Federal service and an end to the old militia system of recruiting volunteer units of rank amateurs for Federal service as it was done for the Mexican War of 1846-1848. It was also the forerunner of the total force policy so important to our defense preparedness today. If alive today, Pancho Villa would probably claim credit for teaching General Pershing and the gringos from the north how to organize for a fight.



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should send it to you? I didn't know whether it would reach you or not. I wish I could send you some stuff from the garden. We have a fine garden.

We drove to Holland yesterday and took Bert Wallace and his folks up to his brother's house. It was a great ride. Has anyone told you that Ed Moore has a Ford? It was new when he got it this spring, but now it is banged up worse than ours. The windshield is broken. The tail light is gone. The top is off and there is a big dent in the back of the

body, but nobody's neck is broken yet. Ed drives pretty fast. Lettie drives too and she drives at a good clip.

I don't know what the Moores are going to do now that Mrs. Moore has gone. She wanted one of the girls to stay home and keep house for Edwin and their father, but I don't believe they will.

Write when you can. We are always glad to hear from you.

With love, Olive

Here is a letter from Earl Lang addressed to Grandpa and Grandma Gardner dated September 12, 1916 while Earl was still in Eagle Pass, Texas. If you refer to the timeline printed in our last issue, you will see that Earl was promoted to Private First Class on July 1, 1916.

Company D, 1st Vermont Infantry, Eagle Pass, TX, September 12, 1916

(Continued on page 8)





Michael Gibbs and his Brussels Griffon, Sara.



.....

Hi, My name is Michael Gibbs. I'm the grandson of Earl Gardner, one of the sons of Jean Gonzalo, and nephew of Paul, who so kindly does this newsletter for the family. This is a recent picture of me and my new dog, Sara. She is a six month old Brussels Griffon. This dog was originally imported from the U.K. where it was imported from Brussels, hence the name. She has a smooth coat and will weigh between 10-12 pounds when fully grown. They are not a delicate toy breed. They have sturdy legs and are very muscular. They are typically one person dogs; but if socialized well as a puppy, they love everybody. Not typically a barking dog, they will let you know when someone is at your front door. They are great apartment dogs because they do not require a great deal of exercise, although they love long walks. They have few medical problems. They do, however, get overheated easily because of their short noses. They are best known for their "monkey faces" and wide set eyes with almost human-like expressions. In general, the griffon is a happy, affectionate, and adaptable little dog who always loves his master or mistress most. Of all the dogs I've owned, this is by far the sweetest. I can't walk down the street without people telling me how cute she is. And I agree! So, Sara is my pet. I think everyone should write Paul and tell the newsletter about his or her pet. I'm sure we'd all like to see a picture. Thanks for your time,

Michael Gibbs

(Continued from page 7)

Dear Will and Olive,

Just a line this morning to say that I am all right again. I am not doing much today as we have our carpenter work practically done and today is election day. I just went down and voted. Something to talk about, - voting in Texas. Our company started in shooting on the range yesterday. No special duty men have shot yet, but I expect that we will shoot soon. I shot a course with the .22 caliber rifle a few days ago, and I got 130 out of a possible 150. Of course, I had just been sick and was rather shaky, but I qualified to use the big rifle, caliber .30. To qualify you have to make a score of 90 out of a possible 150.

There has been a great deal of talk and speculation in regard to the time we shall start for home. I thought last week that we might break camp last Sunday; but the way things look now, we may be here all winter. It almost makes me homesick to see the troop trains leaving while we have to stay.

We are scheduled for a three day hike this week. We leave Thursday morning and hike to Leyman's ranch, a distance of about twenty miles, and then pitch tents and rest Friday. Then march back on Saturday.

I wish that I could be home in time to go hunting this fall. I think I shall get me a new rifle this fall if I come home. If you want to buy mine, make me an offer; and, if not, sell it for what you think it is worth. Is it spotted very badly? I kind of hate to part with it because I have killed eleven deer with it and it never failed me once. I have often thought about the time when you and I were hunting in the Cole place swamps and the old gun did double duty digging beet greens. That was certainly some lucky shot alright.

Did I tell you that I have been made a first class private? That pays me \$3.00 more per month. My duties are just the same as before, but you get that rank by always performing your duties faithfully and keeping your clothes and equipment in good shape and coming up to the standard at dill. There can only be 21 in the company, so you see I feel pretty good because there are some fellows that have been in the service for three years that have never been a first class private.

I worked nearly all night two nights before inspection helping the company clerk get the books ready for inspection. I did this of my

own accord, in addition to my carpenter work during the day.

I sent home for a half dozen Conklin fountain pens. The night they came, I sold them all in about 10 minutes. I have sent for two dozen more and I am taking orders for them. I now have orders for six more and I haven't been out of my own street yet.

How is Olive? I'm sure she'll be all right without an operation. I suppose that the girls are growing like little weeds, aren't they? "Ruth, remember me?" How I wish that I could see you all again, but it helps some to be able to write and receive letters from you. So don't forget to write real often. The knife is a dandy. Thank you.

With lots of love to you all and wishing you the best of health and happiness, your loving brother, Earl.

See you in the

Fall for our

holiday issue!



Gardner Newsletter

Fall 2007

Volume 10, Issue 40

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Dan Whitney Delivers 2007's Holiday Message



Dan and Nancy Whitney

Incursion by Dan Whitney

Disclaimer: You've heard the old adage, "The pen is mightier than the sword." I think it is only fair to tell you in advance that I am attempting to foment rebellion by this piece.

I've said the words myself—maybe you have too.

My kids are playing on their Playstation in the basement; I am upstairs quietly reading, enjoying the evening. I don't know how the argument started, neither do I care. I hear loud voices from down there and the volume level is increasing. Soon there are shouts, and I think I hear things being thrown. The voices are unmistakably angry. I rouse myself from my chair, stumble over to the basement stairs and shout down into the cellar, "**Don't make me come down there!**"

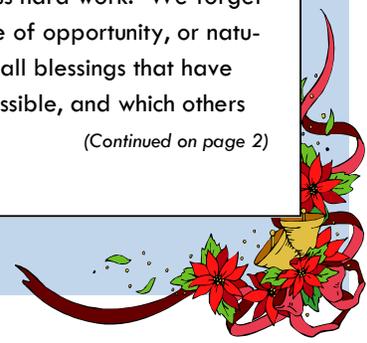
In the back of my head I already know that the words are likely useless. The noise will subside for a moment based on my threat, but it will be back. I haven't convinced them to

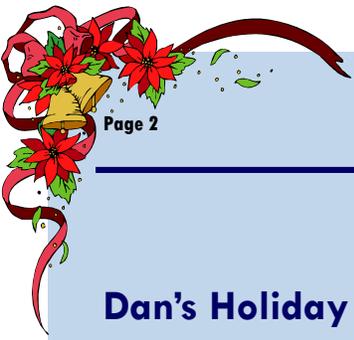
alter their course. Nothing has really changed. If I go back and sit down in my chair, I will be up again in fifteen minutes. I'm probably going to have to go down there eventually. Unless I show up and back up my words with a willingness to get involved, not much will change.

You and I are incredibly blessed people. We live in an area of the world, which, for all of its faults, enjoys privileges unrivaled geographically or historically. We have become comfortable; and at times, our long term comfort has caused us to believe that we deserve this level of comfort. We feel we should be immune to hardship or difficulty, and we resent the times when frustrating circumstances invade our tranquility. As we get older, the ravages of time, the intrusion of poor health, the approach of our reckoning with our own mortality - all conspire to convince us that the level of comfort we once enjoyed is fleeting. Perhaps we weren't created to be comfortable after all. In times like these, we forget about being thankful. We focus on what we have lost. We strive to get back what we once had.

At the same time, not many of us get to the place of really considering the situation of other, less fortunate people all around us. We want to believe that we are enjoying the fruits of our own labor, and that the less fortunate are simply doing the same—less fruit being the result of less hard work. We forget about the significance of opportunity, or natural ability, or health, all blessings that have made our comfort possible, and which others

(Continued on page 2)





Dan's Holiday Message Continues

(Continued from page 1)

may have missed – accidents of birth. It might make us uncomfortable to dwell on all of that for very long. Maybe comfort is overrated.

But if we weren't created simply for joy and comfort, what were we created for?

What if God's purpose in creation was to place us in loving communities together so that we could increase our joy by caring for one an-

other? What if, all along, he hoped we would all get together-- leave no child behind-- without the need for any crazy federal mandate?

We tend to fight, exclude, judge, harm. Jesus had other ideas. He hoped for better from us, but we didn't measure up. He could hear us arguing in the basement.

Jesus didn't bother to say, **"Don't make me come**

down there!" He simply came.

Eugene Peterson's translation of the Bible (The Message, John 1:14) talks about Jesus' birth like this:

The Word (Jesus) became flesh and blood, and moved into the neighborhood.

We saw the glory with our own eyes,

the one-of-a-kind glory,



"My kids expect that I will carry the righteous arm of judgment when I descend the basement stairs."

*like Father, like Son,
Generous inside and out,
true from start to finish.*

Jesus walked down the steps, all the way to the basement, but he wasn't shouting as he descended. He came differently than expected.

My kids expect that I will carry the righteous arm of judgment when I descend the basement stairs.

Jesus startles us by saying – **I didn't come to condemn the world, I came to save it.**

I came to establish a real change. I came to change

the climate, to change the society. I came to show you how to do it, how to live it.

But just because Jesus isn't shouting when he arrives, that doesn't mean that conflict isn't on the agenda.

Don't think of Jesus' invasion of earth as "O little town of

Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie." Think of it as Normandy. In Bethlehem, Jesus establishes a beachhead which he exploits for the next 33 years. But his style of warfare is radically different from anything we expect.

We expect bazookas; he changes water into wine.

We expect casualties; he takes broken people and heals them.

We expect him to link up with the ground forces that were already there. He seems to chafe at the religious establishment of his day. Why? They've lost sight of the mission.

I heard the story of a man and woman who were driving to town to see grandma, with their two daughters in the back seat. In the course of the short trip, a squirrel

(Continued on page 6)





Raymond Gardner's Tribute to His Sister, Lois

When we were growing up on the farm in East Charleston, the village would give a person a night on the town if they married, or if they were leaving the town to seek employment. There would be a program in the vestry of the church. Some people would put on skits. There would be a poem written by Mrs. Spiller to fit the occasion. The farmer would show up with his fiddle. He wasn't on the

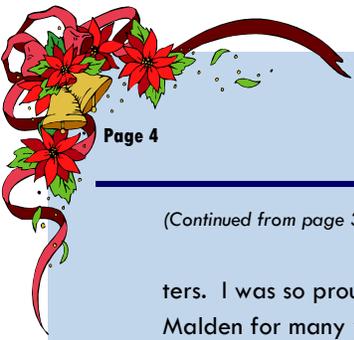
program, but he would be asked to give us a tune on his fiddle. A fiddle is what a pawn shop would buy. They would sell a violin. Also, there would be singing. Did you, Lois, ever participate in this singing? There would be sandwiches and cold drinks (kool-aid, I think). There would be a few gifts. Then the groom (if that was the case) would be asked to make a speech. I liked the first remark one man gave. It not only made a point, but

proved it. His remark was: "I am not much of a 'speecher'." Well, I am not much of a "speecher" either.

Here is one of my first recollections of Lois. We all liked to ride in Father's Model A Ford. Some trips would be made special by Lois' singing along with my other sis-

(Continued on page 4)





(Continued from page 3)

ters. I was so proud to have such talented sisters. Lois later would become a choir member of the Nazarene Church in Malden for many years.

I lived with Lois before I was married. Ah, Lois' famous apartment! She had a bed that folded up in a closet. It would swing out for sleeping. She also had a couch and floor space. It seems as if she could always make room for one more to sleep. What is the record, Lois, for the number of people who slept over – 12?

Lois babysat for Margaret and me many times. I think she was the only babysitter to wash floors, vacuum the rugs, do dishes, and many other things which needed doing.

Lois was always helping someone.

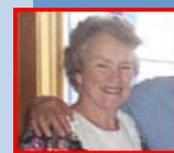
She wired me money once when the car broke in Portland, ME. I hope I repaid her.

She helped Nita and Lyndol by selling maple syrup. Lois had different prices for the syrup – one for her fellow bank employees and one for her friends and relatives. She would sell to friends and relatives at her cost. She didn't make much money, if any, for she had too many friends. Sometimes Lois would pick up the syrup in Holland, Vermont and take it to Malden, Massachusetts. Sometimes Nita and Lyndol would deliver it to Malden. Once it happened to be my turn. I think I am the only one to deliver syrup to the First National Bank of Malden. I got someone from the bank to help me unload the syrup. He got a kick out of putting syrup in the vault.

My daughter, Cheryl, says she remember a sugaring off party held in Lois' Ipswich home. She also remembers Lois pulling down the attic ladder and getting crayons for Cheryl to use. Lois made a red and black poncho for Cheryl when she was in the first grade. It is probably in the closet at home. Cheryl's kids, Connor and Cailin, play with the game "Perfection" which Lois gave Cheryl many years ago. Cheryl also remembers going to visit Aunt Lois and Uncle Brooks when Lois got her new big organ.

When I entered the Railway Mail Service in 1948, I had a week's orientation in Boston. Where to stay was not a problem – Lois' famous apartment of course! When Saturday came around, Lois told me that they are were having a beach party for bank employees and asked if I would like to go. I said "sure" and I didn't find out until I went that the party was all girls, except for me. We had a ball! I don't mean that in the sense of having a good time. We did have a good time. But we also had a "ball." I ended up throwing the ball to a pretty girl named Margaret. One thing led to another, and I married Margaret two years later. We have six children and 17 grandchildren. How different things would be if I hadn't gone to the beach party! One this is for sure – I couldn't have asked for a better bunch of children and grandchildren!

I think it's time to say "Thank you, Lois," for inviting me to that beach party.



Teresa Vasko's Tribute to her Aunt Lois

My earliest memory of Lois is at Christmas time years ago. She used to ride the train from Malden to Lyndonville on Christmas Eve. Then she would ride with our family to East Charleston for Christmas Day festivities.

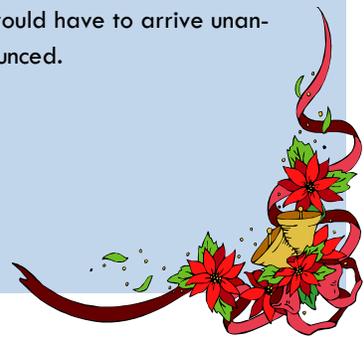
What I remember about this time is that I thought she was Santa Claus!. In a way, she has been like Santa Claus for many Gardner families.

While I was gathering the pictures for the collage, I no-

ticed that Lois is seldom in a picture alone. She is always with friends or family and often she is holding a child.

I visited Lois for many years. Whenever I told her I was coming, she would invite other

relatives and have a meal ready. If I wanted to visit Lois by myself, I would have to arrive unannounced.





Clayton Gardner's Tribute to His Sister, Lois

When I was in the sixth grade, our folks decided to send Elizabeth and Lois to Lyndonville to live with Grandma and Grandpa Lang while attending Lyndon Institute where Lois was a freshman. They often came home on weekends. Lois usually took me aside and told me about some not very nice things that had happened during the preceding week. (Lois was always nice and did no bad things.) I was greatly pleased to think that my older sister would confide in me.

Later, our folks moved the whole family to Lyndonville because the schools were much better than those in

Charleston and our folks no longer had to pay tuition for Elizabeth and Lois. Lois was now a sophomore and she would often bring a friend from school to stay overnight. Several times she brought a beautiful girl named Margaret Sutton. I played checkers with her. When I entered Lyndon Institute as a freshman, Lois and Margaret were seniors. I would quite often meet Margaret in the corridors during the changing of classes. She would always give me a great big smile and I was very much appreciative to Lois for making me acquainted with the beautiful Margaret.

One time, during my freshman year, I told some male

friends that the pretty girl sitting in the back of the outside row was my sister, Lois. They said, "No way. She is too pretty to be your sister." I said that I could prove it by walking back there and talking to her. They knew that I was shy about speaking to older girls and they figured that if I talked to her, she must indeed be my sister. I walked back and told Lois that my friends said she was too pretty to be my sister. Lois smiled and waved to my friends and thanked me for the compliment.

Doug and Betty Baraw's Tribute to Lois

When Doug and I first moved to our home in Melrose, Massachusetts, we had the pleasure of a visit from Lois and Nita. They had been attending a conference at the Nazarene Church in Quincy, MA and were nice enough to stop in at our new home. We were surprised to learn that Lois was already familiar with

the area. She told me that she had lived in Malden, the next town over from us. She worked at the First National Bank in Malden Square.

Having grown up near Malden, my first job as a waitress was at a lunch counter across the street from that bank. We determined that I worked at the lunch counter during Lois' years at the

bank and that we had surely "crossed paths." Lois said that she ate at my lunch counter many times. So I am happy to say that many years ago, I served to lunch to a lovely lady named Loss Cardwell!

Happy birthday, Lois, from all of us – *Doug, Betty, Meghan and Katey Baraw.*

The Gardner Newsletter extends its deepest sympathy to Michael Ludgate and his family on the recent loss of his father "The Squire".

You can learn more about Michael's father by following this photo album link that Bryan (Michael and Raylene's son) put together for a history project: <http://picasaweb.google.com/michael.ludgate>



Raylene Ludgate's Tribute to her Aunt Lois

My Aunt Lois is my favorite aunt. During my childhood, the Raymond Gardner family spent many weekend days visiting Aunt Lois in Ipswich, Mass. We loved Ipswich because it was so different from our hometown with very old houses next to the roads, tidal marshes and flats right in her front yard, as well as plants that we had never encountered in the woods near us. Many good memories and much active learning were made at her little house with the sumac yard behind and the tidal flats across the street.

Even though Aunt Lois never had kids, she intuitively knew what would be fun for kids--all six of us! She had a cabinet full of crafts and always pulled something new out for us to try. I now think she might have belonged to a craft-of-the-month club, but we all had lots of fun and were very impressed with the cool variety of projects she had in the bottom cabinets - or maybe they were drawers. And today many of us Gardners still dabble in crafty projects.

Also I remember Thanksgivings at Aunt Lois! Sweets were always so good at Aunt Lois', but I had my first taste of what I have since coined as "Aunt Lois' dates!" She served dates stuffed with a walnut then rolled in confectionery sugar.. Oh soooo good! I am glad that Thanksgiving is approaching soon so I can keep up the tradition and make Aunt Lois' dates.

The tidal flats were fascinating to all of us! Every time you visited them they were different. Plants tasted like salt and some were under water for part of their day. We spent many hours of active exploration and usually all came back with driftwood, treasures, and mucky feet. And no one seemed to mind! I remember playing in the wild shrubbery

area just beyond the small part of her yard that was mowed and making houses and playing games. Was it sumac we played in? I assume not the poisonous species. I have to think that this influenced what I am today, a plant educator at Cornell University in Ithaca, NY.



We all have a lot to thank Aunt Lois for, including routine household duties like ironing; but also for the bigger world she exposed us to, and the freedom to explore the beauty that abounded in the tidal flats.

Thank you, Aunt Lois. Congratulations for 90 wonderful involved years and I sure hope to see you this coming summer!

Love, your niece,
Raylene Gardner Ludgate
 Raylene Gardner Ludgate Judy's Day
 Youth Education Program Coordinator
 (607) 255-2407
 Fax (607) 255-0187
<http://www.plantations.cornell.edu>

Dan's Holiday Message Continues

(Continued from page 2)

ran into the road, and although the man avoided it, it jumped into the side of his car, injuring itself in the process. The girls, seeing the squirrel still moving, howled for their dad to stop.

Carefully, the man pulled to the side of the road. The girls were right. The squirrel was still breathing. So the wise father grabbed a stick from the side of the road and approached the squirrel to slide it off to safety on the road bed.

As the man gently touched the squirrel with the tip of the

branch, the squirrel squirmed, rolled over, and bit him hard on the hand! The man was furious, and before he could think, he swung the branch and smacked the squirrel in the head! It was killed instantly.

(Continued on page 7)



Gloria Parsons' Tribute to her Aunt Lois



Aunt Lois was a major part of my young life and she is responsible, in part, for who I am today.

Aunt Lois often picked me up for special events or to attend events at Eastern Nazarene College Church. Sometimes I had a Saturday night sleepover with Aunt Lois and then I went to church with her on Sunday. I knew the song "Jesus Loves Me" from my own

Sunday School, but I know I learned the song "This little light of mine. I'm gonna let it shine" from those visits. Aunt Lois sang in the choir, so I usually sat with another family. After church we remained behind because Aunt Lois counted the money from the church offering.

Aunt Lois, it seemed, had many apartments in Malden; or at least in my mind she did. Whenever she got a new apartment Dad helped her paint the walls. Maybe we helped her move in, - I don't remember. What I do remember is Dad making a smiley face or writing our names in paint before he applied an even coat on the wall.

When we visited, we often asked Aunt Lois for the crayons. They were in a tin and most of the time we colored on her napkins. We colored in the dots and the fleur de lis making each napkin more beautiful than the last. I wonder how many napkins we used! Aunt Lois had coasters, maple leaf ones, and the veining was raised. We liked to do rubbings with those and I can remember asking for those leaves when we visited. I'm sure we shared all our creations with her. Aunt Lois had an awesome rocking chair, A Boston Rocker, I believe. I think my siblings and I took turns rocking on it; we probably sometimes fought over it. We enjoyed looking at her latest afghan, as she was an avid knitter.

We shared almost every Thanksgiving dinner at Aunt Lois'. My job was to stuff the dates with 1/2 walnuts and roll them in confectionary sugar. Many times Aunt Lois had her friends,

Bill and Esther McMackin, over for the holiday. Bill was a jokester and lived to tease as I remember it. One of the things they did was to hide pennies for us to find then tell us if were "hot" or "cold." We got to keep the pennies when we found them.

When Aunt Lois bought her new home in Ipswich, Dad assisted with the furnace and built a low shed out back. He helped with painting and other jobs as well. In exchange, Aunt Lois helped Mom, cared for us, and helped with the housework. We like it best when we visited Aunt Lois. She had a TV and we didn't own one. We watched Shirley Temple and caught up with Lassie, Rin-Tin-Tin and whatever else we could watch. Yes - we even watched Lawrence Welk!

Aunt Lois was a sun worshipper and liked to sun herself in the backyard. Sometimes we would find her there when we arrived. I guess we must have spoiled her solitude at those times, but I never remember her complaining. When we were not glued to her TV, we were playing Rook or exploring. The mud banks and the wharf across the street - the river in general - would keep our interest for hours, - not to mention the sunsets or the geese flying overhead. I even got poison sumac in Aunt Lois' back yard.

To this day, it brings back memories of Aunt Lois when we drive down the old Route One. As a child, I would look up at the trees on top of a certain hill as the branches arched over the highway and realize that we were almost there. Next we would go through some marshy areas and then we would catch sight of the water tower.

Bob and I often walk the beach on Plum Island and we always glance over to where she used to live.

"Aunt Lois, you were a huge part of my life and we missed you immensely when you moved to Vermont. Thank you for all that you have been for me."

(Continued from page 6)

Three pairs of eyes watched from the car . . . He had lost sight of the mission.

Jesus wants to remind us of the mission again this year. . .

Love others.

Care for them.

Invest in community . . . or invest in the creation of one.

This will only happens if there is a real change in our lives. Something is going to have to be different. We will need to get over ourselves. We will

need to look outside of ourselves. The Bible talks about this kind of transition as heart surgery - the replacement of a stone heart with a living heart that beats for God and others.

(Continued on page 8)



Sharon Gardner's Tribute to her Aunt Lois

When I was little, Aunt Lois used to do some of the laundry. She would come in with baskets of clean clothes and take away baskets of dirty clothes. When Ellen and I



spent a weekend at her house in Ipswich, we would beg her to sleep with us on the fold-out double-bed. She would agree and we would go to sleep; Ellen and I sleeping on either side of Aunt Lois. Every morning, without fail, Ellen and I would wake up to see only each other. Aunt Lois would be sleeping peacefully in her own bed in another room.

During these weekends, sometimes a mouse would get caught in one of Aunt Lois' mousetraps. She always insisted that we have a funeral for the mouse, - complete with words and a burial.

Ellen and I used to wait for aunt Lois at the Malden Church. She counted the money in the collection plate every week. Once I asked Aunt Lois in a very serious tone if she was al-

lowed to count the collection money because she sang so well (Aunt Lois was a choir member) or if she got to count it because she was so pretty, or if it was because she worked in a bank. Aunt Lois laughed and laughed. I can't remember her ever giving me an answer.

Aunt Lois had rubber leaves that she used to let us trace. Those leaves were a favorite!

At that time she had no phone in the house in Ipswich. The occasional phone call to her would come via the house next door. The neighbors would kindly come over to tell her that she had a phone call and she would go next door to talk.

We used to always watch "The Lawrence Welk Show" with Aunt Lois on Saturday nights. That's how I know the "Lennon Sisters!"

Dear Folks,

I am regretting that I didn't at least say thank you for all the work and effort you put into the party and also for thanking everybody for coming. But I will say a big "THANK YOU" now.

Love you all,

Lois

Dan's Holiday Message Continues

(Continued from page 7)

Ezekiel 36:26 (NIV) -- I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you; I will remove from you your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh.

A new heart will beat in sync with the heart of God. It will love what God loves. And what God loves is . . . you . . . and me . . . and **all** of us.

I. L. Peretz tells a story that helps me understand:

Early every Friday morning, at the time of the Penitential Prayers, the Rabbi of Nemi-rov would vanish. He was nowhere to be seen, and he

was certainly not at home. His door stood open; whoever wished could go in and out; no one would steal from the rabbi. But not a living creature was within.

Where could the rabbi be? In heaven, no doubt. That is what the people thought.

But once a Foreigner came, and he laughed. "Where can the rabbi be," the people asked? "That's not my business," said the Foreigner, shrugging. Yet all the while he was scheming to find out.

That same night, right after the evening prayers, the Foreigner steals into the rabbi's room, slides under the rabbi's bed, and waits. He'll watch

all night and discover where the rabbi vanishes and what he does during the Penitential Prayers.

At dawn he hears the call to prayers. The rabbi has already been awake for a long time. Finally the rabbi arises. First he does what befits a Jew. Then he goes to the

(Continued on page 11)



Gardner Siblings Remember Their Oldest Sister, Ruth

In our last issue, Uncle Clayton remembered a time when his sister, Aunt Ruth, was trying to read a book near the heating register while he was taking a bath. Here are some more recollections of Ruth Amy Metcalf that some of her siblings have sent to us.

Aunt Beulah, the youngest of the Original Gang of Ten, writes:

“This is a remembrance of Ruth Amy. Since Ruth was the oldest of ten children and I was the youngest, she had left home before I was old enough to be aware of things going on. Therefore, I don’t have many childhood memories. I do recall, however, an occasion when Ruth had come home for awhile. She was starting to do some house cleaning but got sidetracked to reading a book. She was an avid reader. Clayton’s story in the previous newsletter about reading a book beside the warm heat register underscores that she was an avid reader.

Ruth attended Eastern Nazarene College and was influential in starting the East Charleston Nazarene Church. Also, because Ruth attended ENC, I believe Elinor and I were influenced to attend the college also. I recall Ruth visiting home after she left and listening to her interesting stories. I remember sitting in the living room with the family and talking about the different experiences we had. Ruth, Earl and Papa seemed to have the most stories to tell.

I respected Ruth’s spiritual life and her closeness to God. She was always ready to tell how God had blessed her and had given her salvation. Not only did she tell about her conversion, but she lived it on a daily basis.”

Aunt Lois recently wrote a short note to the newsletter and in it she talks about Ruth.

“I don’t know too much about Ruth. She grew up a lot faster than Elizabeth and I did. The only thing I heard about Ruth was this. It must have been the first time she went to Sunday School. There they passed the offering plate to accept offerings and when it finally came to her, she said: “No thanks, I have plenty at home.”

The story in the last issue about Clayton taking a bath in the living room by the stove brings to mind another story. One time, when Elizabeth was taking her bath, she got too close to the stove and got the imprint of the register on her backside!

I enjoyed the newsletter a lot. I always look forward to reading it.

Sorry you couldn’t get to Ruth’s funeral. Your flowers were beautiful. They had the visiting hours in Lyndonville Friday night. The casket was open there; but the next day, at our church, the casket was closed. You probably know that Dan Whitney officiated at the service. We came back to the church for refreshments after the service at the cemetery.

Love you, Lois”.



Ruth Amy Metcalf in a contemplative mood.

“Ruth was always ready to tell how God had blessed her and had given her salvation”



Rev. John and Mrs. Doris Scott Pass Away

The Gardner Newsletter has the sad duty to report that both Reverend John and Mrs. Doris Scott have passed away. Rev. John Scott was the pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in East Charleston, Vermont from 1953 to 1955. See The Gardner Newsletter, Volume 6, Issue 24. Stephen Scott, one of the Scott's four sons, reported the news to the newsletter in an e-mail dated October 9, 2007. It is recorded here in its entirety.

"I am not sure if this is the correct address to respond to; but, if not, I trust you can forward it to the appropriate family member.

My name is Steve Scott, the son of Rev. John and Doris Scott. I just wanted to pass the news to whoever knows and to whoever sends the newsletter faithfully to them that both Mom and Dad have passed away this year – within a span of six months of each other. Doris passed away due to cancer on March 4, 2007 and John just passed away on September 17, 2007. Please inform anyone who may have known them of their passing.

I am the third son of four and was only weeks old when Mom and Dad moved to East Charleston. I have heard much about their friendships over the years and so I wanted to let everyone know of their deaths.

Thank you to each who was a part of John's and Doris' life."

Steve Scott

*"I have heard much
about their friendships over
the years and so I
wanted to let everyone
know of their deaths"*

Baby Geth by Teresa Vasko

As a kindergarten child, I saved my pennies to buy a doll from a mail order catalogue for \$3.99.

After waiting for what seemed like months, the doll arrived. Naming the doll became a family project. We settled on "Geth" as the doll's name. G for Glenn; E for Elizabeth; I for Teresa; H for Homer.

I was so excited to take my doll to kindergarten and show her off. I still remember the day I climbed onto the bus with my new doll. Charlie Lang (not of the Gardner-Lang connection), the bus driver, asked me my doll's name.

I said, "Geth."

He said, "Susie?"

"No," I replied, "Geth!"

"Amy?," he guessed.

"NO!", frustratedly I answered. "GETH!!"

And he kept right on guessing.

Some of you may remember seeing the doll at Uncle Clayton's and Aunt Gerry's 50th wedding anniversary party. I dressed her in the flower girl dress I wore at their wedding.



Baby Geth



Dan's Holiday Message Continues

(Continued from page 8)

clothes closet and takes out a bundle of peasant clothes: linen trousers, high boots, a coat, a big felt hat, and a long wide leather belt studded with brass nails. The rabbi gets dressed. From his coat pocket dangles the end of a heavy peasant rope. The rabbi goes out, and the Foreigner follows him.

On the way the rabbi stops in the kitchen, bends down,

takes an ax from under the bed, puts it in his belt, and leaves the house. The Foreigner trembles but continues to follow. The rabbi hugs the sides of the streets, keeping to the shade of the houses. He glides from house to house, and the Foreigner follows after him. The Foreigner hears the sound of his heartbeats mingling with the sound of the rabbi's heavy steps. But he keeps on going and follows the rabbi to the outskirts of the town.

A small wood stands behind the town. The rabbi enters the wood. He takes thirty or forty steps and stops by a small tree. The Foreigner, overcome with amazement, watches the rabbi take the ax out of his belt and strike the tree. He hears the tree creak and fall. The rabbi chops the tree into logs and the logs into sticks. Then he makes a bundle of the wood and ties it with the rope in his pocket. He puts the bundle of wood on his back,



"As the rabbi put the wood into the oven he recited the first portion of the Penitential Prayers."

shoves the ax back into his belt, and returns to the town.

He stops at a back street beside a small broken-down shack and knocks at the window.

"Who is there?" asks a frightened voice. The Foreigner recognizes it as the

voice of a sick Jewish woman.

"I," answers the rabbi in the accent of a peasant.

"Who is I?"

Again the rabbi answers in Russian. "Vassil."

"Who is Vassil, and what do you want?"

"I have wood." And, not waiting for the woman's reply, he goes into the house.

The Foreigner steals in after him. In the gray light of the early morning he sees a poor room with broken, mis-

erable furnishings. A sick woman, wrapped in rags, lies on the bed. She complains bitterly, "How can I buy wood? Where will a poor widow get money?"

"Don't worry, I'll trust you. I'll kindle the fire," answers the rabbi.

As the rabbi put the wood into the oven he recited the first portion of the Penitential Prayers.

The Foreigner who saw all of this became a disciple of the rabbi. And ever after, when another disciple tells how the Rabbi of Nemirov ascends to heaven at the time of the Penitential Prayers, the Foreigner does not laugh. He only adds quietly, "If not higher."

Christians sometimes fixate on the belief that Jesus came to suffer on a cross to die for their sins. This year, I pray we will value His life as much as his death. In life, he

(Continued on page 12)





Cynthia Vasko Weds Will Clark

Cynthia Vasko of Lyndonville, VT and Will Clark of San Antonio, both graduated from Princeton University in 1999. Knowing that, one might assume that they met there. But if they did, they don't remember it.

After graduation, they each headed independently for California. For Cynthia the attraction was the wine industry. Will was drawn by the dot-com boom.

They met at a party hosted by a mutual friend in San Francisco in 1999. Over the next few years, their paths crossed several times, and they even dated briefly in 2001. Then after reconnecting at the fifth reunion of their class in 2004, they began dating seriously.

So, on a trip to Europe in August 2006, Will picked a romantic spot to propose: on the Charles Bridge in Prague.

They were married on July 7, 2007, at The Depot Hotel in Sonoma, California. The wedding was officiated by their friend Rob Waring, a commissioner of civil marriages in California.

Cynthia is the daughter of John and Teresa Vasko of Lyndonville. She graduated from Lyndon Institute in 1995.

Will, the son of Bill and Rosemary Clark of San Antonio, graduated from Alamo Heights High School, also in 1995.

The bride wore an ivory satin dress with aubergine-colored lace insets in the skirt. She made the dress herself. She learned to sew from her mother and other women in Lyndonville, she said, and she got a lot of help with this project from another sewing friend in California.

The bride's mother crocheted white and lavender roses to decorate the setting.

The couple's brothers were their attendants. John Vasko Jr. was man of honor, and Andrew Clark was best man. A reception followed at the hotel.

Cynthia works for Pacific Gas & Electric in energy procurement; Will does software programming at Cisco Systems.

They live in San Leandro in a house they bought that satisfied two principal criteria: it has a wonderful kitchen, because Cynthia loves to cook, and it has two-car garage to hold their cars and motorcycles (one apiece of each). "Both of his are faster than both of mine," she said.



Mr. and Mrs. Will Clark

Dan's Holiday Message Continues

(Continued from page 11)

is a model for us, inciting us to rebellion. "Rise above selfishness! Forsake trivial comforts! Make a difference in the world! Swim upstream! Strike out from Normandy until the whole world knows that love conquers evil, light outshines the darkness, mercy triumphs over harsh judgment!

This holiday season, I am grateful that when Jesus moves into my neighborhood, he doesn't come carrying a big stick. In fact, it looks to me like he has a sack on his back full of invitations. One of them has my name on it. One of them has yours. He reaches a hand out to me to see if I'll take what he has to offer.

When I open the envelope, I read, "Come, follow me. You're included. We'll make a difference in the world, you and me together. This will make your life important, meaningful, rich."

I smile. I don't know about you, but I couldn't ask for a better present.



SEE YOU IN 2008!



GARDNER NEWSLETTER

WINTER 2008

A newsletter for the "Original Gang of Ten," their families and friends

Special Points of Interest:

- *Go back thirty years or so to Grandpa Gardner's 90th birthday party*
- *Learn more about the cars that Uncle Clayton used to own*
- *Read how Nita's granddaughter, Sarah, delves into family history*
- *Journey back to the time of the first convenience stores*

WHEN GRANDPA GARDNER TURNED 90

The Gardner Newsletter's last issue had lots of articles about Aunt Lois' big 90th birthday splash held in Newport, Vermont last October. Everyone who attended that celebration had a wonderful time.

Cousin Teresa Vasko hosted the event and, luckily for us, she gave the newsletter an old cassette tape she found at her home buried among her many other treasures. It turned out to be a recording of Aunt Lois' father's (Grandpa Gardner) 90th birthday party held at the church in Derby, Vermont back in 1977.

So, in this article, let's revisit that celebration. The follow-

ing is a verbatim transcription of Grandpa Gardner's thank-you speech after all the festivities had been completed. By the way, Uncle Dick Cove hosted that event. Here is Grandpa's speech.

If I get all mixed up in my talk, you'll know it was because I didn't know this was going happen. *(Laughter)* So my talk will be kind of random, I guess. But, I certainly appreciate all the work that's been done and all the friends, children, and grandchildren, great grandchildren and so on – all that's here. I thank you so much.

Somebody asked me one time what I attribute my long life to. And what I told them was that I thought it was from the lack of worry – because there's a verse in the Bible that says that all things work together for those that love God and are called according to His commandments. And there's another verse that says if you love God, you'll keep His commandments. So, all of my life – since 20 – (I won't tell you what I did before that) ---

Daughter Elinor's voice (interrupting): "We know some of it!" - *(Laughter)* –

(Continued on page 2)



Grandpa Gardner on his 90th birthday with his sisters, Aunt Edna and Aunt Edith

SARAH AMES (LIKE UNCLE RAYMOND) STUDIES GENEALOGY

When I was younger, I loved looking through my grandmother Nita's genealogy papers, which she, of course, received from her brother Raymond. I always thought, "that would be a wonderful hobby to pick up." Well, that

thought was always abstract... I never believed that I would actually start finding anything. But in fact I have! Now that I am out of college, I've been spending most of my free time on the website Ancestry.com, which brags that nearly 9 million names are added to search-

able family trees every week, as well as the entire U.S. Census Collection available online. The information on that website is enormous. And I find myself constantly drawn to it.

(Continued on page 5)

Inside this issue:

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Have Grocery Store, Will Travel	3
Cars I Have Owned	4

“I USED TO SING ‘WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER’ WHILE I WAS MILKING OUT IN THE BARN.”

(Continued from page 1)



“Now the old gray hawk with his eagle eye had spied the brood as he was passing by.”

Grandpa Gardner replies: You know that I wasn’t sitting in the parlor very much, that’s for sure.

Well, I’ve tried all these years, since I was 20, to follow the Bible and do God’s will and to read my Bible every day (most every day – *laughs*) and pray and try to please God, my Savior. So that is the principal reason why I’ve lived so long, I’m sure.

I know that my wife would like to be here to see all these young people - and all these people here that are gathered in our behalf. But I’m sure she’s in a better land. And so I have so many, many things to thank you for. Somebody said that here they were going to have me sing a song.

(Laughs) But I used to sing. I used to sing “When the Roll is Called up Yonder” when I was milking out in the barn.

And – but my voice kind of cracks now, - so it’s just as well I don’t try that.

But perhaps - because there’s so many young people here - and hearing all the things I cut up when I was young, there may be a piece that I learned long ago – it’s been around a good while – because I learned it when I was I a boy – and some of you may have heard it. And so, I don’t know if I can speak it, but I’ll make a try anyway. And the



“I’ve tried all these years, since I was 20, to follow the Bible and do God’s will and to read my Bible every day ...”

idea is that it shows that young people should mind their mother.

And it goes like this. (I hope I don’t get mixed up.) (Laughter) It goes like this It’s been a long time since I was a boy, so you see ... (laughs) ... it’s pretty hard to remember it all. But it goes something like this...

Old Mother Hen and her chickens nine
Were resting under a black-berry vine,
When an old gray hawk went sailing by
Far overhead in the dark blue sky.

“Hush, keep very quiet babies mine,

Don’t make a noise nor show any sign.”

Now the old hen .. dozed

I’m getting mixed up now. I guess I’d better begin again. (Laughs) Long time, you know!

Old Mother Hen and her chickens nine
Were resting under a black-berry vine,

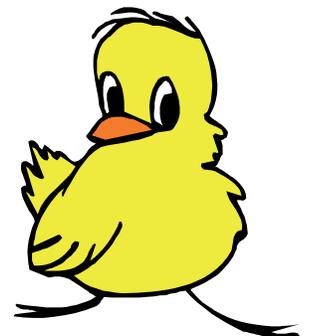


When an old gray hawk went sailing by
Far overhead in the dark blue sky.
“Hush, keep very quiet babies mine,
Don’t make a noise nor show any sign.”
Now the old gray hawk with his eagle eye

Had spied the brood as he was passing by.
He said, “I’ll wait around here where I can see.”
And he perched far up in a chestnut tree.
Now the old hen dozed and as sure as fate
She dreamed of her babes; there were only eight.

She woke with a start and looked around.
It was too true, only eight could be found.
The ninth little chicken had left the eight
And strayed away to the garden gate.
And said, “Ah, me, mother doesn’t know.”

(Continued on page 6)



“The ninth little chicken had left the eight and strayed away to the garden gate.”

HAVE GROCERY STORE, WILL TRAVEL

By: Harriet F. Fisher (Reprinted from *Vermont's Northland Journal*, November 2007; Volume 6, Number 8, Issue 68)

This grocery flyer says, "Oysters, 39 cents a pint; 20 pounds sugar, 59 cents with each dollar cash order or over; fresh ground Supreme coffee, 2 pounds, 29 cents; fresh western corned beef, 29 cents a pound; oranges, 2 cents; lemons, extra large, 5 cents."

Whoops! Sorry folks, this flyer is from sometime in the 1930s. A lot of people expressed interest in Homer and Betty Johnson's (*Aunt Elizabeth-Original Gang of Ten*) display of grocery flyers, the miniature grocery truck, and other memorabilia displayed at the Lyndon Historical Society tent in 1933 at the Stars and Stripes Festival on Bandstand Park.

In 1931 Glenn Johnson, who had a store in North Danville, set up a store on wheels and took it to 150 customers. A year or so later the family, including sons Noyle, David, and Homer and daughters Madeline and Rebecca, moved to Lyndon Corner, making this new home their business headquarters.

Eventually, with six trucks and as many as 11 other hired workers, the Traveling Grocery covered a territory as far north as the Canadian border, south to Wells River, to Greensboro and vicinity, and east to the Connecticut River.

Every morning these "grocers" donned their white suits freshly washed and ironed by Mrs. Johnson. It was a true family enterprise. Rebecca was the bookkeeper, but she and Madeline would go on trucks if needed.

Some customers on back roads couldn't always get out in mud season or through winter drifts. They got their groceries though. The trucks would go until the drifts were so deep they could go no farther. Then the grocers would snowshoe to the customer's house, take the order, then go back to the truck, load a toboggan and draw it to the house.

If going out, customers could leave an order and money on the kitchen table and find their groceries when they returned. Each week a flyer with the list of groceries and specials for the next week was left with the customer. John Ladd in Lyndonville printed the new batch of flyers each week. If a customer had a telephone, an order could be called in to Johnsons and arrangements made to have it left at a designated place.

The Johnsons had a friendly, homey way of advertising their groceries: "Gulf Lusterlite kerosene—14 cents a gallon—

does not sputter and spit; Silver Leaf lard—makes cakes, pies, cookies so good—14 cents a pound; pure cider vinegar, not to drink—it's too sour—plan your pickling budget and buy accordingly."

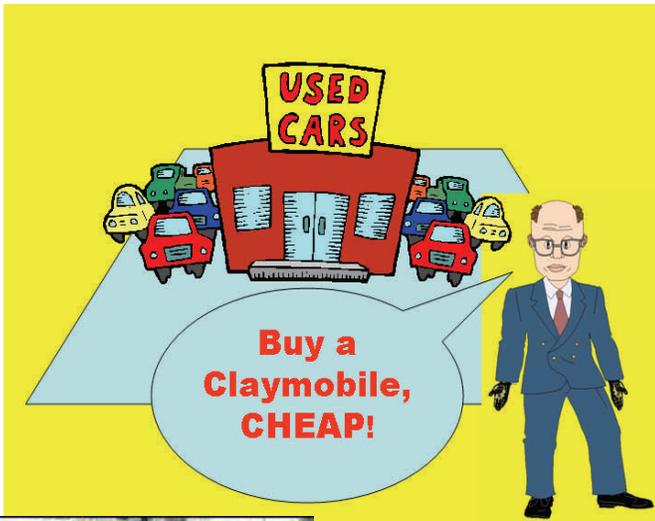
Homer recalled many Saturday mornings when he had to leave extra early to supply lumber camps on Long Pond Road and get back out before the lumber trucks got on that road; there was not enough room for trucks to meet and pass.

World War II ended these "convenience stores." Gas was short in supply and rationed and it was almost impossible to get tires. Noyle went into the insurance business in Plainfield, David went into plumbing and heating, and Homer became self-employed, mostly in carpentry and plumbing.

Homer, at the 1993 Stars and Stripes exhibit, recalled those busy, but happy ten years with long hours and hard work six days a week. He enjoyed meeting the people and seeing their pleasure when he delivered their groceries.



Eddie Walsh and Homer Johnson posed by one of the Johnson Traveling Grocery trucks.



Cars I have Owned

By: Clayton Gardner



1981 Plymouth Reliant



*Horizon Camper on a
1986 Chevrolet Van*



*Horizon Camper on a
1986 Chevrolet Van*



*1987 Nissan
Stanza*

1981 Plymouth Reliant

This four-cylinder K car was vastly underpowered. I towed a trailer loaded with Papa's desk from Island Pond to Massachusetts (for Earl's funeral) to New Jersey. On any upgrade the automatic transmission shifted to a lower gear and we moved very slowly – a nuisance on any interstate. When trying to accelerate to pass a car or to move into a vacant space between cars on the interstate or to move into moving traffic – it always hesitated before accelerating – a real nuisance and dangerous.

When moving from New Jersey to Washington, we put a big loaded box on top and many of Gerry's household plants in the back seat. The trunk was also full of our suitcases and other things. As we passed one big 18-wheeler, our citizen band receiver picked up the truck driver saying "That Reliant will need new shocks very soon." However, we made it to our new home in Edmonds, Washington without any problems. After purchasing our new 1988 Nissan, we sold this car using advertising in the "Little Nickel." The old lady who purchased it was only inter-

ested in it because it had a great heating system.

Horizon Camper on a 1986 Chevrolet Van

Soon after retiring from the Orange, New Jersey public schools, I bought this camper and took a trip cross country to see Ron in Washington. While there, we went to the World's Fair in Vancouver, British Columbia. This converted van was no fun to drive – any wind caused it to sway and wander. One had to be constantly steering to keep it on the road. However, we had no mechanical problems and I enjoyed the camping trip –

Gerry hated it. She said it was too cramped and required too much work. She much preferred to stay in motels where there were no beds to make or any meals to prepare. So we sold the van taking a considerable loss.

1987 Nissan Stanza

This Nissan gave us great service. During the first week, I got a ticket for speeding. The car was so smooth that I did not realize that I was speeding. We traded this Nissan for a Mercury Sable.

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

SARAH AMES GOES ON-LINE TO RESEARCH FAMILY HISTORY

(Continued from page 1)

I started a family tree with my own first-hand information—my grandfathers and grandmothers. If there was a blank space in my memory, I called around for more names and dates. I started with my mother's side of the family because I knew it was uncharted territory, so to speak. Within minutes of adding these names into Ancestry's database, I hit the jackpot.

The nice thing about the website is its hints. The names and dates already added to Ancestry.com is used in searches—so I found a family tree already compiled by another user (or users) with my ancestors in it and I could add that to my own family tree! Nice to have someone else doing the work!

Now this is not an advertisement for Ancestry.com, nor is creating the family trees on it

completely easy. I have found that there are *plenty* of mistakes, and I've started to search the internet for websites that would support what I've found. And this brings me to what I really want to share, because I have found something very exciting. Thanks to all the hard work Uncle Raymond has put into the genealogy of the Original Gang of Ten's parents, I was able to put that information into An-



Sarah Ames

cestry.com and go even further back.

Just recently I spent a day searching out the Dutton family. Lucy Dutton was Olive French's maternal grandmother. (See Gardner Newsletter Volume 9, Issue 36 – Fall, 2006.) The Duttons were here in the United States since the about the 1640s. They had lived in Middlesex County, Massachusetts

for almost 200 years when Lucy Dutton married Charles Seymour. Uncle Ray has traced Lucy Dutton's family back to the very first man who called himself Dutton. Odard (or Hodard), Lord Dutton, had a town named after him in Cheshire County, England (which is north of Wales and in between the two cities of Liverpool and Manchester), where his family resided until they came to the

U.S. The Dutton name began with Odard; his family had a different name before him,

Odard's father, Ivo, was of the St. Sauveur family of France. His grandfather four times removed, Richard de St. Sauveur, was the first viscount of Contentin, a peninsular area closest to Great Britain. This man, Richard, was not of full French descent. One of his parents was from Norway.

“Just recently I spent a day searching out the Dutton family. Lucy Dutton was Olive French's maternal grandmother.”

His father, Malahue Eysteinnsson, was born around 845 A.D. in the area of Nord-Trondelag, which is on the west coast of the country.

Richard's mother, Maud de Therouanne, was the daughter of the first count of Boulogne. She came from quite a few important people in history. One of her great-grandfather's was Alfred the

Great, who became King of Wessex (of England) due to a Viking attack which killed his older brother. After a period of war between the Anglo-Saxons (what the English were being called at that time) and the Danish Vikings, Alfred made peace and married one of the Danish princesses. Alfred worked to unite and protect his kingdom against

outsiders and it was because of this consolidation his successors able to eventually control all of England. Maud de Therouanne's great-great grandfather, Charles the Bald, was the King of France and the Holy Roman Emperor for just two years (875-877) until his death.

There was another very interesting branch of the family I

found. Odard, Lord Dutton's great-grandson Hugh Dutton married a woman named Isabell de Massey. Isabell's grandfather six times removed (big number, I know) was born in Denmark around the year 880 A.D. Gorm del Gammel (known as Gorm the Old in English) was a king of Denmark whose ancestors were

(Continued on page 6)

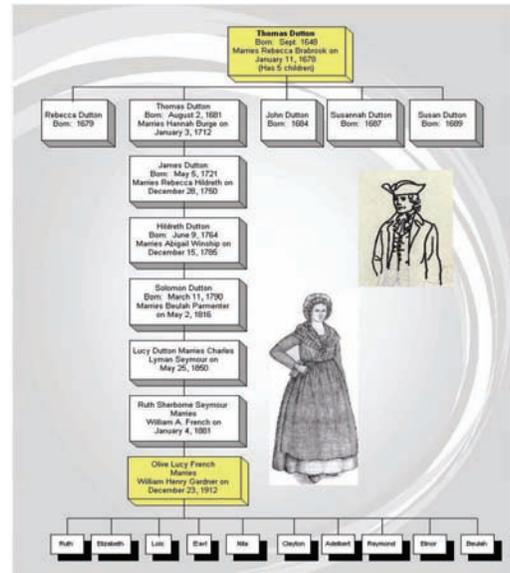
“GENEALOGY MAKES HISTORY COME ALIVE.”

(Continued from page 5)

the stuff of Norse legend. His grandfather Ragnar Lodbrok was a barbaric warlord, and took part in the Viking attacks on Paris, France. Gorm’s grandfather nine times removed- all the way back to the 500s A.D.- is more myth than reality. His name was Hroðgar, a Danish king mentioned in the poems *Beowulf* and *Widsith*, of both Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian legend.

This is only a small part of what I’ve found. It’s exciting to find out more about our ancestors, of where we come from as a family. In my

searches, I’ve found so many other families from the same ancestors. I read once that when you trace family back thirty generations, everyone on earth is related to you somehow. This is a very sobering and amazing thought. I feel it’s important to know about the past, and the best place to learn history is to start with your own ancestors. Why is this the best place to start? Genealogy makes history come alive.



Both Sarah Ames and Uncle Raymond did genealogy research which resulted in this family tree printed in a previous Gardner Newsletter article.

(Continued from page 2)

And he strutted around and
tried to crow.

Now the old gray hawk in a
chestnut tree

Quietly laughed in his merry
glee

And pounced on the chicken
so silly and weak

And carried him off in his cruel
beak.

Now idle Jack Turner was out
with his gun

Looking for mischief and bird
shooting fun.

He banged at the hawk who
sped away

To his home in the meadow
far away.

Down in the meadow Farmer
White

Heard a faint little peeping that
very night.

“Why I’ll take you right home
to your mother’s wing,

Because, as sure as you’re
born,

Jack Turner shot at a hawk this
morn.”

Now old Mother Hen and her
chickens nine

Were all together at evening
time.

This silly chicken and all the
rest

Have learned that Mother
knows what’s best.

(Lots of applause)

Mother used to tell a story on
me. I guess there was a rea-
son she could tell all of them.
But – we read in the Bible that
we’re born selfish. And what
she told on me kind of proves
it.

She used to call me Willie; and
so one day she said, “Willie, I
notice that when you get some
candy ...” Uh – Oh, we had a
maiden lady live with us. And
her name was Cinthy. And
Mother said to me, “Willie, I
notice when you get some
candy that you always give
Aunt Cinthy some. But you
never offer any to the rest of
us.” She said, “Why is that?”

“Well,” I said, “When mine’s
all gone, Aunt Cinthy gives it
back to me!”

(Laughter and applause)

Of course, the best you can
say about it is that it’s good
banking!

(Laughter)

Well, you don’t know how
pleased I am with everything
that’s been done for me. I
appreciate it all. (Laughs)

(Applause)



*“Now Jack Turner was
out with his gun looking
for mischief and bird
shooting fun.”*

**See you this
Spring.
Please send
in an article
before then.**

Gardner Newsletter

Gardner Newsletter—Volume 11, Issue 42

Spring 2008

Please send in an article for the next newsletter!

Special points of interest:

- Scott Wheeler's book *"When Salmon Was King: Voices of the Clyde River"* finally brings the history of the Clyde River full circle.
- Learn how you can make extra money by using the newsletter's website as a place for you to buy and sell merchandise.
- See some great wedding pictures in "Photo-Ops."

Inside this issue:

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My Life In Skunk Hollow	1
Participate in the Gardner Newsletter Garage Sale	5
Photo-Ops	6

Gardner Newsletter Revisits The Clyde River (Again)!

Let's venture into the archives and pull out the Spring, 2006 issue of the Gardner Newsletter (Volume 9, Issue 34). Who knew that the Clyde River, which flows so serenely behind the Old Homestead in East Charleston, Vermont, could spark so much controversy and be so influential in the lives of so many people! That particular issue of the newsletter also featured an article entitled "Environmental Miracle" which talked about the federally mandated destruction of the Newport No. 11 Dam *"following a settlement with the dam owner, in 1996, which reconnected the river and allowed fish to move freely*

for the first time in 40 years." Cousin Gloria Parsons has some very personal memories of fishing

"My Life in Skunk Hollow," reprinted here in its entirety from *Vermont's Northland Journal*

(December 2007, Volume 6, Number 9, Issue 69), tells about the river's importance in the daily lives of residents in an old neighborhood in Newport and brings the river's troubled history full circle. Should the history of the Clyde River be one of your passions, you can go onto the website mentioned in the article and purchase the book Scott

Wheeler wrote entitled *"When Salmon Was King: Voices of the Clyde River."*



Newport's Number 11 Dam before it was destroyed

in Newport with her Dad, Raymond Gardner, one of the Original Gang of Ten, as depicted in the pictures accompanying Scott Wheeler's article.

My Life in Skunk Hollow by Scott Wheeler

(Reprinted from *Vermont's Northland Journal*, December 2007, Volume 6, Number 9, Issue 69)

We were the children of the Skunk Hollow section of Newport, children of struggling yet hardworking parents.

None of us was voted most likely to succeed, and I suspect that other people

in the community didn't expect much of us because of where we lived - in a neighborhood that until the turn of the twentieth century was a thriving industrial center. At one time in its history, the neighborhood, and the Clyde River that ran through it, was known for big salmon that attracted fisherman from around the

Northeast.

During the past few years I have been collecting stories about the history of the Clyde River fishery told by the people who lived it. These stories have been compiled into a book titled *When Salmon Was King: Voices from the Clyde*

(Continued on page 2)

Gardner Newsletter Revisits The Clyde River (Again)! *(cont'd)*

(Continued from page 1)

River.

When I was growing up on Clyde Street during the 1970s, few of us who lived there had much money so we had to find our own sources of entertainment. We didn't have to look further than the Clyde River to keep us occupied and entertained, whether it was fishing, swimming, hunting for crawfish, or shooting the rapids in inflated tractor tubes.

Most of us grew up in homes that were originally constructed decades earlier, some during the 1800s by people who worked in the factories and mills of the neighborhood. We were a tight-knit group of kids, and it was a closeness that binds many of us to this day. Some of us still call the hollow home. Others have wandered away, but none of us has wandered very far. My parents, Wayne and Pauline Wheeler, still live there, and I live only three miles away.

We all found our own paths in life. Some dropped out of high school while others graduated from college.

Among us today are laborers, business people, tradesmen, teachers, nurses, and some have even whistled the jail-house blues. I doubt I would have ever become a writer and a Vermont legislator if it wasn't for the cast of characters that I grew up with in the hollow. It was a great chapter of my life.

If I looked at a map of Newport it's unlikely that I would find a neighborhood called Skunk Hollow within the Clyde River basin. Since it isn't found on a map, there are no set boundaries to the hollow but, in general, it is located in Newport in the

natural hollow formed by the Clyde River as it flows sharply downhill from the Clyde Pond in Derby into Newport.

Some people might argue that I am not truly a child of the hollow because I actually grew up halfway up on the high ground overlooking the lowest point of the hollow. We lived in a house built in 1826. For many years it served as the Arnolds Mills Schoolhouse, a one-room school built to accommodate the children of the workers who found employment in the then thriving industrial center of Arnolds Mills. In my heart and mind I am a Skunk Hollow boy.

Many of the young people of the hollow of my generation looked forward to the annual spring migration of walleye. The walleye ran thick, their dorsal fins sometimes jutting out of the fast running water. I believe that most of us realized the importance of leaving these fish alone while they spawned – fish that weighed anywhere from a pound to well over ten pounds. There were others of us, though, that found entertainment in poaching the walleye in an illegal “game” that pitted us against the Fish and Wildlife wardens who patrolled the river – a game that most likely had some long-term impact on the health of the walleye population.

The warden those of my generation remember the best is Normand Moreau. A chapter about his life and work on the Clyde is included in this book. Although we were once friendly adversaries when I dabbled on the wrong side of the laws governing the walleye runs, I now consider Normand a friend, and he is a man I respect tremendously.

Every one of us who poached the Clyde that I have spoken to realizes that our illegal actions were wrong. Many of us blame ourselves for playing a role in the demise of the walleye runs, now only a shadow of those of the days of my youth in the 1980s.

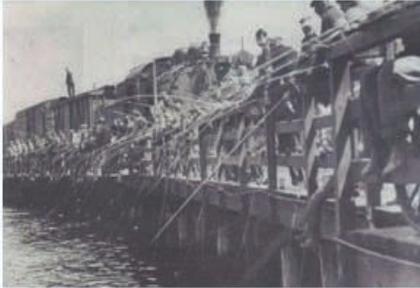
We certainly weren't totally to blame for the destruction of the walleye population, but we didn't help it either.

Life on the Clyde wasn't without its complaints. As sure as we were of the return of the walleye each spring, or so we thought, there was just as much certainty that complaints would arise about the river conditions that the walleye and other fished faced. Most of the accusatory fingers were pointed directly at Citizens Utilities, the utility that for decades operated a hydro project, including several dams, on the 25-plus-mile river as it flows from Essex County to the south end of Lake Memphremagog, a lake that stretches about 30 miles from Newport, Vermont, to Magog, Quebec.

Much of the anger was focused on the Number 11 dam – a small dam built in 1956 that was blamed for creating a fluctuating water flow in the Newport section of the river.

Some of my earliest memories, beginning in the late 1960s or early 1970s, are of hearing my father and other older residents along Clyde Street complaining that once again the utility had dropped the water so rapidly, and to such an extreme, that fish were left on a dry riverbed. Although I was only seven years old at the time, I remember the nightmare that struck the Clyde on April 30, 1973. The river was dropped so rapidly that hundreds of

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Fishing for salmon in Newport

“We were a tight-knit group of kids, and it was a closeness that binds many of us to this day.”



Young Scott Wheeler

Gardner Newsletter Revisits The Clyde River (Again)! *(cont'd)*

(Continued from page 2)

walleye and other species of fish were left on dry land. I remember going with my father who, in his zeal to save as many of the fish as possible, threw the land bound fish into the water. There were fish everywhere. When my father brought this episode to the attention of Citizens officials he was practically told he didn't know what he was talking about, the officials essentially insisting that such a drastic drop in the water level had never occurred.

Possibly the utility would have avoided wider public scrutiny and might have been able to get away with telling my father and others who lived along the river that they were mistaken, but Roger Cartee's camera didn't lie. As an employee of the *Newport Daily Express*, Cartee captured the story and images of the fish slaughter in photos and words. That episode created in me a lifelong passion for the Clyde. It also helped transform me into a longtime skeptic of the utility. It bothered me to see fish eggs left on dry land, something that was becoming almost a yearly occurrence. To make matters worse, during the heat of summer, the utility used the Number 11 dam to reroute so much of the river water down a short canal bypass that a several hundred yard stretch of the river was sometimes left little more than a dry riverbed. The rocks and bottom of the river were covered with slimy green algae. Fish were rare in this water summertime wasteland.

The hectic pace of life and a young family took over, and my life slowly turned away from life in Skunk Hollow and away from the Clyde, and

away from the walleye runs that continued on a downhill spiral.

My attention returned to the Clyde when my sons were able to first hold fishing poles. As my father had done with me, I soon found myself standing on the riverbank with them, and later with their sister, teaching them how to fish, and untangling fishing line. It was also a time to teach them to value the entire Clyde River fishery and not one species of fish. They knew at a young age that to have a successful fishery it is important to have diversity.

For decades many of us who lived on the Clyde mumbled to each other that something had to be done before the Clyde was irreversibly destroyed by the fluctuating water flow created by the utility. Then sometime along the Northeast Kingdom Chapter of Trout Unlimited added its voice, and it certainly was a loud and well-financed one. By the 1990s the mumbles that had rumbled up and down the Clyde for the utility to reform its operating procedures had become an undeniable roar.

Life is an adventure. My adventure carried me into the world of writing. When I was a reporter with *the Chronicle* in Barton I wrote on a multitude of topics. One of my most interesting assignments was reporting on the increasing chorus of those demanding the restoration of the Clyde River fishery. Tempers often flared as people berated Citizens for what they saw as the mismanagement and destruction of the Clyde River fishery. At times these meetings pitted fishermen against fishermen because of opposing philosophies.

Although I felt the utility should do more to balance the need to make electricity with the health of the fishery, I was occasionally a bit perplexed by how sometimes myths, opinions, and revisionist history of the Clyde River were substituted as sound facts. When some people spoke of the history of the Clyde River it was as if they weren't even talking about the same river I had grown up on. Unfortunately, many of these distortions made it into the media to a far larger audience. These media accounts helped transform some of these myths, opinions, and revisionist history into the history and lore of the river. There is no doubt that the salmon fishing was good in the Clyde during the early half of the 20th century but over time salmon and salmon runs have taken on almost mythical proportions.

Regretfully, I was not without guilt in reporting unsubstantiated "facts" voiced at these meetings as proven facts. For example, I wrote how people said they yearned for the days when the "native" salmon swam the Clyde River. If I had done a bit of research into the history of the salmon run, I would have felt obligated to note that while it is possible that salmon are native to the lake, there is no solid evidence that this is the case. However, there is concrete evidence that salmon has been stocked in the river since the 1860s, when salmon from Sebago Lake, Maine, was stocked in Island Pond and Salem Lake. Regular stocking took place throughout the decades, mostly in the Newport section of the river.

One thing I have found in
(Continued on page 4)



Warden Normand Moreau

"I was occasionally a bit perplexed by how sometimes myths, opinions, and revisionist history of the Clyde River were substituted as sound facts."

**See you this Summer!
Send in an article before then.**

Go on-line to www.northlandjournal.com to purchase *When Salmon Was King: Voices from the Clyde*

(Continued from page 3)

researching old newspaper articles for this book is that little is mentioned of the salmon runs in newspapers published before the 1920s. Does this mean that there wasn't a run sizable enough to mention? Was it during the 1920s that the benefits of an active stocking program finally paid off? Or is it simply that reporters of that earlier period didn't see the value of reporting the catches of the day from the riverbank and railroad bridge?

One common theory about the salmon runs that a number of the oldtime fisherman shared with me – but that seldom came up during the heated debates about the future of the river and the utility – was that, in reality, the salmon runs of the early half of the 20th century were little more than a tourist attraction designed to attract people to this northernmost corner of Vermont. I found a newspaper clipping from the April 26, 1935 issue of the *Express and Standard* (an excerpt is included in this book) that suggests that, indeed, much of the run was created to attract tourists to northern Vermont. Considering the brutality of the Depression years, if this is the origin of the salmon runs of that period, it's likely that the idea helped line the pockets of local business men after long winters.

By the late 1990s, I took it upon myself to try to better understand the history of the Clyde, not the

lore and rhetoric that have transformed the river to mythical proportions. The more facts that I uncovered the more my views on the river mellowed. Instead of secretly wishing for the complete destruction of the utility, I realized that balance was key to the future of the Clyde River fishery – a balance of fish species and a balance in which fish and the utility can not only survive, but thrive.

In an attempt to better understand the story of the Newport section of the Clyde River, the section of the river that became renowned throughout New England, I turned to some of the people who spent much of their lives on the River. *When Salmon Was King: Voices of the Clyde River* is a collection of memories, stories, and thoughts, with news clippings and photos included, of some of those who lived the history of the Clyde. They are not experts or "knowers" of all, and their memories, some of them decades old, are not always without flaws, as mine are not, but those who lived the history of the Clyde are living time capsules to its history. The book can be bought on the Northland Journal's website at www.northlandjournal.com. People with questions can contact me at (802) 334-5920 or at northlandjournal@gmail.com.

Participate in the Gardner Newsletter Garage Sale!

We all know times are tough! Perhaps here's a way you can earn extra money! How would YOU like to have your own page on the Gardner Newsletter website where you can buy and sell things? Let's see how many people in our Gardner Newsletter family would like to participate in this project. Simply fill out this form, photocopy or cut it out, and mail it to Paul and let' see if we can't get the Gardner Newsletter Garage Sale up and running quickly.

YES! I want to have my own page on www.gardnernews.org to buy and sell merchandise!

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____

E-mail: _____

I want to design my own page and send it in its entirety to the newsletter website.

I want my page to be designed (along with Paul's help) using my input as to how it will look.

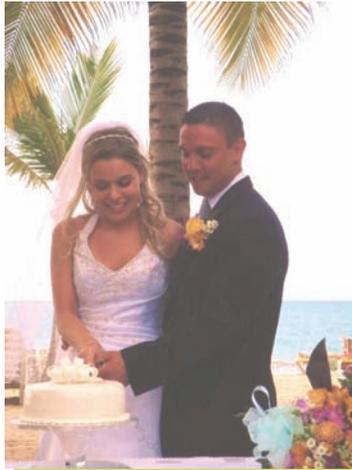
I don't care how my page appears on the website as I will use e-mail only as my primary means of communication as to items being bought and sold.

Here are my suggestions to help build a Gardner Garage Sale subweb on www.gardnernews.org.

Date

Signature

Photo-Ops



Robyn and Frank Demand



Bob Parsons and his daughter, Robyn



The groom, Frank Demand

Cousin Gloria and Bob Parson's daughter, Robyn, was married April 15, 2008 in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Welcome to the family, Frank! Here are some pictures from that event.



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Demand

Here are Bunny and Tony Maria at their 50th anniversary back in 2003. Bunny is Aunt Laura's (Grandma Gardner's sister) daughter and one of the Original Gang of Ten's favorite cousins. You can see all the pictures from their 50th anniversary celebration by following this link on the internet: www.gardnernews.org/bunny_and_tony's_50th_anniversary.htm.

Tony just celebrated his 80th birthday this past April.

Happy 80th Birthday, Tony!



Gardner Newsletter

Catchin' up with the Cuzzins'

Inside this issue:

*Catchin' up with the
Cuzzins'* 1

*The Strange Case of the
Disappearance of an
Original Gang of Ten
Member* 5



Special points of interest:

- Catch up with all the Gardner Cousins pictured here on the front page.
- Read about Earl Gardner's disappearance and his subsequent reappearance.

Cousin Teresa Vasko (Johnson) recently gave Jean and Paul Gardner this great picture of all the Gardner grandchildren gathered in Grandma Gardner's living room, - probably around Christmas 1955. At that time there were only 11 grandchildren. Pictured left to right starting with the back row are: Glenn Johnson holding Steve Gardner. Next to Steve is his sister Gloria Gardner. Then there is Jean Gardner holding Adele Gardner, Teresa

Johnson holding Lorraine Gardner, and Linda Gardner (who died in 1966 in a car accident). In the front are Cowboy Terry Ames, Paul Gardner, and Cowboy Rod Ames.

We know there are lots and lots more Gardner grandchildren since then - all grown up now with children and grandchildren of their own! Wouldn't it be fun to get an update on the cousins pictured here? Let's do it!

Glenn Johnson (brother of Teresa Johnson Vasko): We last saw Glenn at Aunt Lois'

90th birthday party in Newport, Vermont last October. Here he is seated beside Joan at that event. (*See next page.*) Glenn is an Alzheimer's patient who currently lives in a facility in N. Haverhill, NH. Here is an update about Glenn from his wife, Joan, which was posted on the Gardner Newsletter website (www.gardnernews.org).

"It was a tough decision for me, but my life vs. his care came to a head. The first month for both of us was

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Catchin' up with the Cuzzins' More!



Joan and Glenn Johnson

(Continued from page 1)

tough. Now we are both doing well. Glenn has his own room covered in 2007 Red Sox posters. He is kept busy and gets out every day. We have all visited regularly and he loves to go out driving. He spent the whole of Thanksgiving with Angela's family while I was in FL cleaning out the trailer down there. He loves to get cards and we go over them each week when I bring down the ferrets and dog. He has between 9 to 10 ladies waiting on him, cleaning, making his bed and keeping him busy. He has men to sit with and be with who are in the same condition as he is. A nutritionist makes him special bread, pancakes and waffles that have no wheat flour (almond or rice) and they take him out on day trips. They have "ice cream parlor day" twice a week where you make your own sundae."

Please stop by and see Glenn sometime. He will probably be eager to talk Red Sox baseball with you and would really appreciate a "souvenir." Here's the address: Glenn A. Johnson, Meadow 101a, Grafton County Nursing Home, 3855 Dartmouth College Highway, N. Haverhill, NH 03774

Jean Gardner Gonzalo

(sister of Paul Gardner):

Jean lives in Bakersfield, California where her husband, Miguel, is the manager of the

Ansonea Dairy. Jean is a Teacher's Assistant in the Lamont School System. She and her brother, Paul, recently traveled to Vermont and visited with some of the Gardner cousins (which helped to inspire this article). Jean received her AA degree a year or so ago and she and Miguel are building a home in Spain where they plan to spend part of each year after retirement.

Stephen Gardner (brother of Gloria Gardner Parsons):

We'd like to hear more from Stephen and rarely get to see him and his family. Stephen can be seen at his mother's and father's 50th anniversary celebration which was held back in June, 2000. Those pictures are on www.gardnernews.org/ramond's_50th.htm. Stephen manages a vacuum cleaner store franchise for his brother-in-law, Bob Parsons, in Salem, NH. Let's hope that he and members of his family surface in future issues of the newsletter.

Gloria Gardner Parsons

(sister of Stephen): Gloria lives in a great house in North Reading, MA! She lives not too far from her Dad, Raymond, (youngest boy of the Original Gang of Ten). She teaches school in Andover, MA at the Andover Montessori School. She is a very busy mom and her family is still excited about the recent wed-

ding of her daughter, Robyn, to Frank Demand. Everyone went on a cruise to Puerto Rico for these nuptials. Pictures of this event were featured in the previous issue of The Gardner Newsletter. You can really see what a proud dad Bob Parsons is!

Jean and Paul Gardner and Gloria and her Dad, Uncle Raymond, had a lot of fun researching the current whereabouts of the Miss Newport Diner. (See *The Gardner Newsletter, Volume 8, Issue 29, Winter 2005.*) We were hoping that Dan Pritchard, the person who purchased it and moved it from Newport, VT to Salisbury, MA, had found a home for it and that it had become a thriving business. Unfortunately, we were disappointed. We found poor little Miss Newport up on concrete blocks - a shadow of her former self. There she sits forlornly with several other diner misfits hoping to be restored to their former glory. It seemed somehow ironic that the digital camera failed to work forcing us to remember Miss Newport as she was, not as she is now. While we were disappointed, we enjoyed the ride, the company and the great lunch and visiting time we all had together.

Adele Gardner (sister of Lorraine Gardner): For all

(Continued on page 3)

"Please stop by and see Glenn sometime. He will probably be eager to talk Red Sox baseball with you and would really appreciate a 'souvenir.'"



Cousin Jean Gonzalo and her Grandson, Cameron

Catchin' up with the Cuzzins' Even More!

(Continued from page 2)

intents and purposes Adele is the titular head of Uncle Adelbert's family. She attended Aunt Lois' 90th birthday last October. She is very busy with her family, and writes in the Round Robin in Aunt Lilla's stead. Aunt Lilla is now being treated for Alzheimer's and Adele spends lot of time with her. We don't see nearly enough of Uncle Adelbert's and Aunt Lilla's children! Let's hope that this will soon change in the future. Adele's address is: Adele Gardner, 57 Cobble Hill Road, Milton, VT 05468. Phone: (803) 893-6293. Send her an e-mail at adelegardner@yahoo.com. I'll bet she'll be glad to hear from you.

Teresa Johnson Vasko (sister of Glenn Johnson): Teresa lives with her husband, John, in Lyndonville, VT. They are still basking in the warm glow from her daughter, Cynthia's, wedding in California a little over a year ago. You can be sure she will pull out the pictures from that event when you visit her. As a cruel twist of fate, both John and Teresa had gall bladder surgery within a week of each other. They recovered fully and are doing well. Teresa is enjoying her retirement from teaching and does a lot of volunteer work. John spends a lot of his time keeping up with his rental properties and he is very interested in astronomy. He has

"industrial strength" telescopes to prove it. When you visit John and Teresa you can really transcend your existence on this planet and venture into other worlds! Here is a wonderful picture of Teresa and John that Jean Gardner Gonzalo took during a visit last month.

Lorraine Gardner (sister of Adele Gardner): Lorraine now lives in Richmond, California—although she keeps her condo in Williston, VT—and frequently travels between both coasts for work and visiting with family. She is an accountant with Fluor, an engineering company, and works on major projects with the firm. Paul Gardner and Lorraine recently met in downtown Boston so that she could deliver an old scrapbook that Grandma Gardner had kept through the years. It was part of Grandma and Grandpa Gardner's estate that was passed onto Lorraine's father, Uncle Adelbert, who was executor of their estate. Lorraine wanted to share it with the family and so she delivered it to Paul who is going to try to make an electronic reproduction of it and then return the scrapbook to Adelbert's family. Paul and Lorraine enjoyed an authentic Italian dinner in Boston's North End and then strolled along the Esplanade for awhile. They sat on a park bench facing the Charles River and the MIT skyline and had a

nice quiet conversation. Come to find out, Lorraine's youngest son (she has three) lives in Brighton (right next door to Boston) with several other roommates and she had driven down from Vermont to visit him. Let's hope that Lorraine makes many more of these visits to Boston.

"Cowboy" Terry Ames (brother of Rod Ames):

Terry lives with his wife, Patty, in Sanford Florida. Unfortunately, the last time I saw Terry was at the unhappy occasion of his mother's funeral in October, 2004. Though Aunt Nita's funeral was truly sad, it did bring a lot of family members together. We hope that the next time we see Terry and Patty, it will be because of a happy event. In fact, Patty will be doing the wedding cake for Terry's niece, Marie, (brother David's daughter) who will be getting married next summer in Vermont. That looks to be an exciting occasion and should bring many folks together. Terry is in charge of the servers that host www.gardnernews.org, although he is thinking about bringing his computer hosting business to a close. Terry and Patty are also very busy with their "Nature's Select" franchise. As Patty points out on the Gardner Newsletter website:

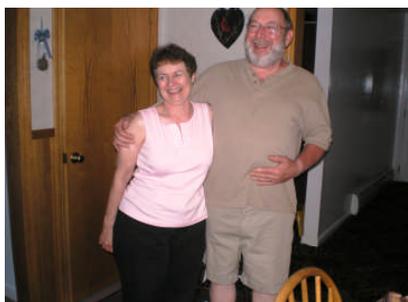


Teresa and John Vasko—Summer 2008

"In June of 2006, Terry and I purchased the franchise for 'Nature's Select' home delivery dog food."

**See you
this
Fall!**

(Continued on page 4)



Irene and Rod Ames— Summer 2008



Irene's copper basket



Cuzzins from the other side of the family: Cousin Jean, Cousin Rich, Rich's friend, Richard, Cousin Raymond, Raymond's wife, Ann

Catchin' up with the Cuzzins'.... Still More!

(Continued from page 3)

"In June of 2006, Terry and I purchased the franchise for "Nature's Select" home delivery dog food. We have as our territory all of Central Florida, from coast-to-coast. We educate people as to what is in dog food. Most of the well-advertised name brand dog foods are really bad. They have cancer causing agents in them, along with a less toxic version of antifreeze. Our dog food is all natural with real meat and no corn, wheat or soy.

We had been praying for a business opportunity and the client distributor, who was delivering dog food to us, was offered a job with Conoco Oil in Oklahoma. He decided to take the job and said that he had prayed and prayed as to whom to offer the franchise to and that we kept coming into his mind. We jumped at the offer and we felt like this was an answer to prayer. We love this business and praise God for His answer to prayer."

Patty does well with her cake decorating business and is known far and wide as a consummate artist in this field of endeavor. Keep her in mind when you need this type of service for one of the special events in your life.

Paul Gardner (brother of Jean Gardner Gonzalo): Paul keeps busy with "all things

computer." He lives in Medford, MA in a condo with his roommate, Bob. He is the editor of The Gardner Newsletter and maintains its corresponding website, www.gardnernews.org. Paul is looking forward to retirement in a few years; but right now he works for Choate, Hall & Stewart, an old-style Boston law firm. He does computer consulting on the side and maintains several websites for one of his consulting clients. He is hoping that this business will grow in the future after he retires. Paul's sister, Jean, visited this past July and they both traveled to Vermont to visit aunts, uncles, and cousins. Paul is always soliciting articles for the newsletter; so if you have something to contribute, please do so.

"Cowboy" Rod Ames

(brother of Terry Ames):

Rod and Irene Ames have lived in Derby, VT for many years. Rod is the owner and operator of "Ames Electric" and he is the head trustee of Newport's United Christian Academy. Irene has her own business too. Single handedly, she seems to be keeping alive the art of making baskets by hand. Jean recently purchased two of Irene's baskets and took them back to California with her. Irene has kept meticulous records of every basket she has made, donated, kept or sold. So, when you purchase a basket from Irene, you are indeed

getting a "one of a kind" and unique product. You can be sure there will never be another one just like it! Pictured here is a beautiful basket that Irene made completely out of copper. She was going to attach it to a signpost advertising her business, but had second thoughts about doing that realizing how quickly people would see the value of such an artistic object and whisk it away! Pictured here too is a great photo of Rod and Irene at their house when Jean and Paul stopped by for a visit last month.

That's it then! The updates are in. We want to hear from you! If you're a Gardner cousin, what are you doing? Let us know. It's time to plant a little seed about planning a Gardner Cousin reunion. Let's allow that thought to germinate and maybe it will come to fruition at a convenient time when we can all be together.

Of Special Note ...

Jean and Paul also visited with two of Aunt Beulah's children, Lenny, his wife Donna and their children, and Sheryl, who live near her. You can see those pictures by logging onto www.gardnernews.org and surfing over to Beulah's page.

When Jean Gonzalo travels, she couldn't possibly see only one side of the family's cousins. She made sure to visit

(Continued on page 5)

The Strange Case of the Disappearance of an Original Gang of Ten Member

(Continued from page 4)

some cousins on her mother's side of the family as well! Raymond and Ann Mendes live in Marlboro, MA. Pictured here from left to right are: Jean Gonzalo, her cousin Richard Mendes, Richard Mendes' friend, Richard, Richard Mendes' brother, Raymond, and Raymond's wife, Ann. Raymond and Richard Mendes are the sons of Paul's and Jean's mother's oldest sister, Mary. Raymond is the oldest cousin on that side of the family. Lately, both Raymond and Ann have been afflicted with ill health and age-related problems. But their heroic struggles and their upbeat and positive attitudes should inspire us all. Their enthusiasm for life is downright contagious. What very special people they are! Raymond's brother, Rich and his friend, Richard, have a home on Cape Cod. They summer at Cape Cod and winter in DelRay Beach, Florida where Rich is very popular and in demand with the ladies for his skills on the dance floor!

Earl Gardner Disappears in 1952

You read about it on the news all the time. A child has disappeared. Can you imagine the mental anguish of parents whose child has mysteriously disappeared

without a trace?! Will and Olive Gardner were traumatized by events surrounding the disappearance of their oldest son, Earl, way back in 1952. Although Earl was not a child – he was 33 at the time - coverage of Earl's disappearance was printed in the *Newport Daily Express*. Here are two newspaper articles that Grandma Gardner clipped and saved in her scrapbook.

Family Hopes for Return of Father Missing Since July

From Newport Daily Express
EAST CHARLESTON, (Special) – “Please come home, Daddy!” That is the tearful plea voiced today by three youngsters here as they seek some means of contacting their father, a World War II Navy veteran, who has been strangely missing since July 21, 1952.

Earl A. Gardner, 33, a representative of the Farm Bureau Insurance Companies and a piano tuner, disappeared from his home at Morrisville. It was a Monday noon when he got into his 1951 maroon, Dodge four-door sedan and said: “I’m going to Boston. I will be back Tuesday night ...”

Complete silence closed around the man when he left Morrisville. Despite a prolonged search he has never been located. Last August 15 his car was found abandoned on an old logging road, 100 miles from Sacramento, California. Although one tire was

flat, the car was reported in excellent condition.

California officials found only a road map in the car with the principal cities across the nation checked off, including some in Washington state. There was no evidence to indicate Gardner had driven the car to the Pacific coast. Neither was there any information available as to how the auto had arrived on the west coast, nor who had operated the vehicle.

Now that seven months have elapsed, the sorrowing parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gardner, and Earl Gardner's children are seeking all the assistance they can secure to locate the missing man.

Special Plea

The parents have asked various news services to broadcast the following plea:

“We want you to know, Earl, that everything is all right here at home ... You are free to come home ... There is no one holding anything against you.

“Also we want you to know that your three children are all right and are being cared for by relatives. Jean, 10, and Paul, 8 are staying permanently with your parents at East Charleston. Linda, 4, is with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Lyndol Ames, Holland. The children have returned permanently to Vermont, we want to impress this upon you, Earl.”

Gardner, who was 33 when he became missing, had a birthday anniversary in February; he

weighs 190 and is 5 feet 8 ½ inches. He has brown hair, receding on his forehead; hazel eyes and is of light complexion.

When he disappeared last July he was wearing a blue serge suit.

In addition to his usual vocation, that of insurance selling and piano tuning, he is also a skilled machinist. During World War II he served in the Navy and shipped out of Boston on tankers. He has a knowledge of diesel engines.

He has a social security number and if employed, may be using this account, his parents believe.

His wife is reported living and working in Hudson, Massachusetts, but the couple had not been living together for some time.

He is a June, 1938 graduate of Derby Academy in Vermont.

Here is the second article from the *Newport Daily Express* that Grandma Gardner saved in her scrapbook.

Couple Still Trying to Find Missing Son

Earl Gardner Disappeared last August – Car Found in California – Few Other Details

Following up every possible clue which might help locate his son, William H. Gardner of this village reports additional information arriving from California state authorities.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

Earl A. Gardner, 33, mysteriously disappeared July 1952, from Morrisville.

As previously reported in this newspaper, no trace of him has been found, but his automobile was first seen on an abandoned logging road August 15 in Mendocino County, California.

The father has been in contact with California officials, who are offering every possible assistance. For instance, A. Amundsen, deputy sheriff wrote concerning the car, obviously property of the missing man, as follows: "A two-door sedan, motor no. D42-237367, red color; Vermont license 76,833, was found in this county by Lloyd Weedon, on an abandoned logging road, August 15, 1952. The automobile was in good shape except for a flat tire."

Sheriff Amundsen added that according to maps found in the glove compartment of the car, the person driving the vehicle had been in Albany, NY, Cleveland, OH, South Bend, IN, Nebraska, Moran, WY, Virginia City, MT. The last place traced on the map was Spokane, WA.

The sheriff also said that a lady's purse was found in the car and a glasses case which bore the name "Dr. Paul E. Howe, 26 Main Street, Newport, VT."

Car Not Damaged

According to Russell Tolman, a deputy sheriff at Boonville, CA, and Warren F. Ingram, member of the California Highway Patrol at the same point additional information has been received.

Tolman and Ingram wrote that on August 15th a woods' worker reported to the Boonville highway patrol officer that he had seen a 1951 Dodge sedan on an abandoned logging road.

California authorities failed to locate the car at that time, due to insufficient information. However, the Dodge was located October 31 and an investigation started.

The officers indicated that the number plates had been removed; and except for articles in the trunk, the car didn't have any papers or other personal belongings that usually are found in a car.

Under the rear seat were found a letter written to Earl A. Gardner from an insurance

company in regard to a policy on a Melvin H. Bourne, but there was no envelope, according to officers Tolman and Ingram.

"The ash tray was clean and the glove compartment had only a few bolts and pieces from the chrome attachments on the side of the car."

The officers reported that the glove compartment also contained an extra set of keys and one was found for the trunk.

Inside the trunk were noted the repair parts and tools of a piano tuner (a trade practiced by Mr. Gardner), a stack of road maps, a few soiled clothes wrapped in a rain coat, a pair of worn shoes, and other miscellaneous items.



Uncle Raymond and his brother Earl some time in the 1950s at the B&B Truck Stop in King City, CA

Officers Tolman and Ingram also mentioned the road maps were annotated with check marks opposite the various cities across the country, - the markings made with ink in the form of circles. A notation of the mileage upon leaving the east coast, 32,460, was also found.

A Portland, OR newspaper dated July 29, 1952, was discovered in the trunk. This date was eight days after Mr. Gardner left his Morrisville home on a Monday, stating he was going to Boston and would return "Tuesday night."

An inspection slip on the Smith River, CA inspection station was found. This was dated August 2, 1952.

The California officers reported that the mileage given to start, plus their estimate of the distance traveled through the various cities checked very closely with that given on

the speedometer at the time the car was found.

Only slight damage to the side of the Dodge was noted, and officers expressed belief that such looked to have been done by another car in a parking lot, as it was a minor brushing of the side and two small dents.

Inside the glasses case were glasses and a prescription apparently written by Mr. Gardner's doctor, Dr. Howe of Newport, which indicated the glasses were of the heavy type evidently worn while a person might be working.

A child's book of Cinderella, five by seven inches in size, and a pint jar of peanut butter, two-thirds full were found.

On the edge of one New York road map someone had written "Clayton C. Hoadley" and also "Belview Motors, Saratoga Springs, NY, and "Wilber Auto Sales, Saratoga Springs NY."

Good News for Man

In exploring every means to locate their son, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner desire to make it plain, if word can be gotten to him in some manner, that "Everything is all right" and nothing held against him. Also if he doesn't want to come home, "if he would write us we can give him good news as to all his business ..."

The parents wish to emphasize to him that full custody of the three children has been given to them from the mother.

Fear as to their son's safety and well being are now being entertained by the parents, but they are using every means to locate and bring him back to his three youngsters.

Epilogue

Happily, the prodigal son was found. Earl turned up in King City, California where he was known as "Al Johnson.." He was employed as a truck mechanic at the B&B Truck Stop. He is pictured here with his brother, Raymond, after contact with the family had been re-established. You may very well ask: "What happened?" Marital discord? Certainly. Misappropriation of Farm Bureau funds? Perhaps. But in the end everything was resolved. Earl went on to marry Marie B. Brown; and in 1957 Earl's three children (Jean, Paul and Linda) went to live with them in California. The rest, as they say, is history.

Gardner Newsletter

Bob Parsons and Father-in-Law, Raymond Gardner, Bring the Story of William H. Gardner Full-Circle with an In-Depth Character Analysis of WHG's Mother, Amy Jane Ripley

Raymond came to me for assistance in telling the story of his grandmother's life. I was flattered by his request but wondered how could I be faithful to it. What was I to do? Fill in the list of facts with a fiction of my own? It seemed wrong to take such liberties. I pondered it for a few days. It came to me that I knew something about her son, William Gardner. I had slept in his house, eaten at his table, spent many hours in his forest and bog trapping, watched him blow out candles, went on a rescuer mission to save him from the hippies only to find him helping them, watched hours of home movies and sat next to him as he spun out memories of his past. I had the gift of knowing his children and grandchildren. This was ground to stand on.

On the fourth of July, I asked Raymond to take me to his father's grave. Five of us left Lake Willoughby that morning. I had hoped to find some inspiration there. It may seem odd but I have a strong sense that there are no endings, just

new beginnings. Moreover, that the past resonates within them. As we turned towards East Charleston, Raymond mentioned that he wanted to go by the old homestead. He had a picture, 100 years old, of the view towards Ball Mountain from the rear of his father's house. He wanted to give it to the current occupants. My daughter, Katrina, and her boyfriend, Kyle, were with us. Gloria was keen on showing them the place where Raymond was born and raised and where she spent many childhood days. The Thompson's, who own the property now, are warm, wonderful, artistic souls. For those who have not been back to the house, the front is much like I remembered it when Will first greeted me with a firm handshake some 30 years ago. The inside, on the other hand, is magnificent. It defies description so I will only say that at every turn there is another delightful picture. We toured the house and reminisced about just a few of the memories that flooded back. As we were starting to pull ourselves away from

the heart-warming experience, Ashley Thompson said, "Wait. I have something of yours," and he strode off into the house. Raymond turned to me and said, "Now, let me see, the last time I lived in this house was when I go out of the service in 1946. I lived in there for about two years." Mr. Thompson returned and told Raymond to hold out his hand. He placed a small metal plate in it. Raymond looked down in disbelief. In the palm of his hand sat his military dog tag. Ashley said, "I found it hung on a nail and kept it for you." Raymond grinned broadly, shook his head, and said I put it there 62 years ago. We all were struck by the remarkable coincidence. I rather think of it as a blessing and a clear example of the resonance of the past in our present. We motored off towards the cemetery and made a stop at Don and Beulah's home. We had a good visit. As we left, Beulah sent us off with strawberries and Don filled Gloria's arms with fresh peppermint. It seems to me

(Continued on page 2)

Enjoy Thanksgiving!
Merry Christmas!
Happy New Year!

Special points of interest:

- > Study the Amy Jane Ripley timeline that Raymond Gardner so painstakingly and thoroughly researched
- > Draw inspiration from Greg Rosser's 2008 Christmas message to the Gardner's
- > Relive Christmas 1959 at the Old Homestead
- > Order the electronic version of Olive and Will Gardner's scrapbook



Bob and Gloria Parsons



Raymond Gardner

Amy Jane Ripley Timeline

(Continued from page 1)

that Will always sent me off with something from his garden.

We made the turn through the cemetery gate and headed up the steep hillside looking for the gravestone. Raymond said, "There it is." He quietly read the inscription, "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal".

In Vermont there are days when the air is clear and sweet. The blue sky will hold your gaze. You stand transfixed by the magnificent contrast of a billowing white cloud against it. Then you lower your head a bit as it is uncomfortable to look up so long. That is when the mixed greens of the hills and fields become your focus. High up on a hillside cemetery, the family gathers. What a vibrant tapestry the Lord spreads. Such was the day that Will was laid to rest. Uncle Henry stood before us and said he can see Will racing across the Elysium fields of glory to the waiting arms of Olive. In truth you knew that those two had crossed many a field towards each other with the love of God and each other in their eyes. It makes sense to our hearts and minds when the past is reflected in the future.

I would put it to you that Will Gardner was not made in a day. Those attributes that so endeared him to us were constructed in him largely by his mother.

Raymond has endeavored to uncover the story of his grandmother's life. It seems to me that real clues to a deeper understanding of her as a person can be found in the life of her son. To that end, Raymond has provided a collected wealth of information. The facts tend to lead me to believe that by today's standards there was an inordinate amount of darkness in her years. Yet she persevered and was preserved to the ends we are now living. It seems to me that there was a kind of generational justice in her story. There was victory for Amy in Will's large healthy family, solid marriage and, of course, the unyielding spirit he inherited.

In the words of Raymond's favorite hymn, "The joys we shared as we tarried there none other has ever known." It is impossible to know what traumas and pleasures existed in Amy's heart. You will have to decide for yourself. I ask you to ponder the echoes of this bloodline in your own lives.

I commend to you at this time the information as uncovered by her grandson, Raymond.

Facts:

Amelia (Amy) Jane Ripley

1864 William Henry Ripley (Amy's brother) *d* 6 Jan 1864; age 6 months

1864 Amelia Jane Ripley born 9 Sep 1864 in River Philip, Cumberland, Nova Scotia. Daughter of Henry Ripley & Elizabeth

Dickson

1867 Sydney Ellen (Amy's sister) *b* 5 Feb 1867

1868 Father Henry Ripley (Amy's Father) *d* 15 Mar 1868 - consumption

1868 Sydney Ryan (Amy's Grandmother) *d* 29 Aug 1868

1871 Annie Ripley age 8 on Census of River Philip, N.S. household 199, Elizabeth Ripley 27, Annie 8, Sydney, 5

1871 Elizabeth (Amy's Mother) *m* 6 Jun 1871 James Edward Mattinson

1872 John Angus Mattinson (Amy's half brother) *b* 18 Apr 1872

1874 Mary Betsey Mattinson (Amy's half sister) *b* 1 Aug 1874

1876 stillborn boy Mattinson (Amy's half brother) *b* 27 Apr 1876

1876 Mary Betsey Mattinson (Amy's half sister) *d* 27 Apr 1876 - cholera/ scarlet fever was prevalent at the time

1877 Aleathea Mattinson (Amy's half sister) *b* ____

1879 Stillborn baby (Amy's sibling) *b* 4 May 1879

1881 Amie Mattinson age 17 on Census of River Philip, N.S. Amelia was living in the household of Mattinson, so is recorded as a Mattinson child.

1882 Amy said to be a cook in lumber camp in Gallop Mills VT

1884 Amy, age 20, marries George Milton Gardner, age 34, on 3 July 1884 in Windsor, Quebec, Canada. They both give Windsor Quebec as place of residence. Windsor (Windsor Mills) being the birth place of George Milton Gardner.

1885 Mary Mattinson (Amy's half sister born & died) (2nd child to be named Mary)

1885 George Milton Gardner and Amy Jane lived together from 14 May 1885 to 6 Feb 1887 Brighton (Island Pond) and Charleston, VT continuously as husband and wife. (Libel for Divorce)

1887 30 Mar 1887 William Henry Gardner born to Amy and George Milton. William was born in Rossendale, N. S. Presumably Amy went back to Mother for birth of her child. Unusual for first baby to be born three years after marriage.

1888 31 Mar 1888 George Milton Gardner deserted Amy Jane (Libel for Divorce)

1889 Thomas Dickson (Amy's Grandfather) *d* 19 Feb 1889

1890 Sydney Ellen (Amy's sister) *m* 29 May 1889 John Thorthwaite

1891 Aleathea (Amy's half sister) *d* 31 Mar 1891 age 14

1893 Petition for Di-

(Continued on page 5)

Greg Rosser's 2008 Christmas Message to the Gardner Family and Friends

I married well. Geri comes from good New England stock that is thoroughly Christian and loves good music. (I think that describes the Gardner clan that I married into.) At this time of the year we are inundated by Christmas music.

When we served at a church in Columbus, OH our choir used to sing at a large downtown mall every Christmas. Some would stop and listen to our presentation...but most would just hurry by with their arms full of Christmas 'treasures.' However, as we closed with a sing-along of familiar carols, most everyone would stop and many would sing. You could see people lining the rails of three levels in the atrium singing songs of the season. I always wondered how much understanding or connection they had with the truth they were singing.

It's easy for all of us to mindlessly sing these songs without thinking of the truth contained therein. Allow me to offer four Christmas Carols for you to consider this Advent Season. (Perhaps one a week?)

I WONDER AS I WANDER: "When Mary birthed Jesus, twas in a cow's stall with wise men and farmers and shepherds and all." (John Jacob Niles)

When Geri and I are traveling alone, we quite often just head toward our destination, making as many stops along the way as we want...used book stores, pie and coffee (we learned from Henry), etc. Since we aren't sure how far we will travel each day, seldom do we make reservations for lodging. This usually works fine. However, there have been a couple of long nights that I remember: sleeping in the car outside of Sturgis, SD (how were we to know it was biker week?), and more recently staying in a "room out back" in Upstate NY. It wasn't a barn, but neither was it the "room in the inn" that we had hoped for!

Joseph and a very pregnant Mary encountered plenty of "No Vacancy" signs that first Christmas Eve and ended up in a cow's stall. Can you believe it?! Jesus, the Son of God, born of a young, teenaged virgin, in a barn with animals and all the accompanying sights and smells. In Luke 2:12, the angel said to the shepherds, "This will be a sign to you: You will find the baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger." Sounds like this was part of the plan.

Isaiah says, "The virgin will be with child and will give birth to a Son, and will call Him Immanuel." (Isa. 7:14). And when Matthew quotes this passage in Matt. 1:23, he goes on to define it: "Immanuel—which means, 'God with us.'"

God with us! That is the wonder of the Incarnation: He became one of us. Deity in flesh...the creator of the universe nursing at the breast of this young girl.

The front door of the Incarnation was very accessible. It was not an oversized steel door with cameras and security codes. Nor was it an opulent door of inlaid gold and precious jewels. The way Jesus came into this world said, "Welcome," to all.

But most missed it then, and still do. The door is opened wide and Jesus says, "Come." He has traveled so far to have fellowship with you. No gifts are necessary...just bring yourself.

SILENT NIGHT: "All is calm, all is bright round you virgin mother and child..." (Joseph Mohr)

"You're what?! Sure, it was an angel...it happens all the time!" Can't you just hear Joseph's response to Mary's news? He knew her and loved her. They were engaged to be married, yet her story was more than he could believe. (Then the angel appeared to him and he too believed).

This is the miracle of the virgin birth. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was not born of the seed of man. He was from above. "In the fullness of time God sent his son, born of a woman..." (Gal. 4:4)

Everyone believed Mary to be living in an altered reality...but actually she was living in an "altered reality" where all she had, all that she was, and all that she knew was placed on God's altar of sacrifice. Her response to the angel: "I am the Lord's servant. May it be to me as you have said..." (Luke 1:38). When God speaks, all else is secondary.

When Mary said "Yes" to God her life changed in many ways. She quit worrying about her reputation. Her youth was forfeited. She had to grow up in a hurry. She gave up her "right" to family planning. This was to happen in God's time, not hers.

But what she gained: God's favor! "Do not be afraid, Mary, you have found favor with God." (Luke 1:30). "Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the child you will bear." (Luke 1:42). No wonder all was calm and all was bright.

THE BIRTHDAY OF A KING: "From the manger bed, what a path was led; what a perfect, holy way." (William Neidlinger)

Environment or heredity? The debate continues about kids gone bad in our world today. Was it the fault of the parents and the home life, or was it just where they were born—you know—the wrong side of the tracks?

Imagine a young, barely-wed couple having a baby...in a barn! If the parents couldn't do any better than that, they must be losers. Children's Services would probably remove the child from the home; and if for some reason they didn't, no one would expect the child to amount to much of anything.

But from this humble beginning came a new King...and a new Kingdom! His name was Jesus and He came not to be served, but to serve. (Matt. 20:28).

The path that He "led" didn't begin at the manger nor did it end at the cross. Jesus was pre-existent and is co-eternal with the Father. He stepped into time at Bethlehem that night and became one of us—completely human. But He was God! That's the mystery of the Incarnation: He was 100% man and

100% God. Remember, Mary was a virgin. Joseph was not his biological father...God was.

Jesus came and dwelt among us. He experienced the worst that society had to offer but He had His Father's DNA and it said "HOLY." We read in Heb. 4:15, "He was tempted in every way, just as we are...yet was without sin."

He goes before us and has shown us the way—the way of holiness. "It is God's will that you should be holy...For God did not call us to be impure but to live a holy life." (1 Thess. 4:3,7).

Holiness, holiness is what I long for. Holiness is what I need.

Holiness, holiness is what You want for me.
So take my life and form it; take my mind, transform it;
Take my will, conform it, To Yours, to Yours, O Lord!
"Take My Life" by Scott Underwood ©1995 Mercy Vineyard Music

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM: "So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heaven." (Phillips Brooks)

I confess: I am not a very good shopper! I tend to give things that I would like to receive: books, CDs, toys, etc. If I try to buy clothes as a gift, it's really not a good thing: wrong size, wrong color, style...

From the heart of the Father comes a gift that is extravagant! And it has your name on it. It is exactly what you need. Actually it's what you long for (even if you can't articulate it). Receiving this gift can actually change your life. That gift is Jesus. The gift is ours if we will accept it, but it can't be unwrapped like all the other packages. It isn't received by hand, it is received by heart. This 'special delivery' has come to us heart to heart—from His heart to ours. God didn't give this gift to a church or an institution. He knew that if He had, that it wouldn't be available to everyone. He offers this gift to ALL...regardless of race, gender, social standing, geography or history.

Hear again the Good News of the Gospel: "God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life." (John 3:16). Wow! Merry Christmas! All we have to do is *individually* accept by faith Jesus into our hearts and we receive "the blessing of His heaven." The phrases of the season often have been reduced to cliché—but they are reminders of these blessings: "Nothing says 'I LOVE you like...'" "JOY to the world..." "PEACE on earth..."

This is a gift that brings into our lives love, joy and peace! But can the heart contain it? Do we have the capacity to receive—or are our hearts too full—like the Inn that first Christmas?

Dear Lord, may my heart be Your Bethlehem. Be born anew in me this season.

Christmas 1959 at The Old Homestead by L.T.H.

Christmas claims to be the busiest time of the year and very little argument is expected over the point. What with all the shopping, gift wrapping, card writing and kitchen activities, it would be difficult to find a contender with half a chance of winning the title away from December 25th.

This year was no exception in the holiday beehive and we doff our hat to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gardner of East Charleston. They have been taking it all in stride with 47 of the family on hand for Christmas dinner, and it seems more than likely that they made use of the extra leaf in the dining room table.

This attendance figure may constitute some sort of record for the area. At least it tops our own top gate of 42. (Not counting the 300 or so who dropped by during the day to say hello.) This was the year the Jones' put their eldest son through his first year of college by knocking down the next door fence and charging a dollar for parking.

Perhaps the Gardners will send pictures of the event to the newspaper. We would certainly enjoy getting a glimpse of the seating arrangements. It should make an interesting blueprint for the rest of us.

It reminds this writer of our own family epoch when Cousin Elmer ate from a perch at the kitchen sink with a fork in one hand and the faucet controls in the other. He spent a busy time filling tumblers with cold water and spearing turkey from each plate.

Abigail and three other cousins ate from atop the organ; and every time they wanted seconds, they pulled out the cello stop and gave it triple forte. It halted the manipulation of forks and the flow of conversation at the main table.

The four Eddie kids, on the other hand, ate standing up at the ironing board and did as well as anyone. They were right next to the kitchen door and got a stab at every loaded platter that floated past.

Cousin Connie, who was always good at figures, counted the rest of us small fry seated all up and down the stairs and said that if Grandpa had added another story onto the house, we could have taken care of 107 at one sitting.

They sure were crowded at the dining room table. Grandpa created a breach of etiquette by eating four slices of Uncle Tatemore's tie smothered in gravy before he found out why the turkey was so stringy.

But that all happened several years ago, B.C. (Before Contamination) when cranberry sauce was placed on the table in great abundance and everyone spooned into it with uninhibited joy. Today every berry must carry its birth certificate. Time changes some things.

We trust that the Gardner family had a wonderful time. They came from as far away as California for the event as well as from Jackson, MI; Auburn, NY; North East, PA; White Plains, NY; Reading and Malden, MA; and from three locations in Vermont to join in the festivities.

Christmas is a big occasion for gatherings and it is obvious that "the family" has a strong appeal among the Gardners. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the children were brought up to know the true meaning of Christmas, with Christ as the center of things, which is something hard to come by these days. At any rate, the Commandment "Honor thy father and they mother" was in evidence on December 25th out at East Charleston.

We wonder if the Gardners ran their own parking lot for the event, or if the neighbors made a profit out of Christmas?



Paul Gardner holding tattered newspaper article from Will and Olive Gardner's scrapbook, New electronic version of scrapbook can be seen in the background.

YES! Please send me a copy of Will and Olive Gardner's electronically reproduced scrapbook.

I enclose a check for \$25 to cover the cost of the materials in assembling and mailing the scrapbook.

MAIL THE SCRAPBOOK TO:

Amy Jane Ripley Timeline Continues ...

(Continued from page 2)

orce filed *July 1893*.

George Milton in parts unknown

1893 Sydney Ellen Thorthwaite (Amy's sister) d age 26

1894 *14 Mar 1894* Divorce granted. Amy to resume her maiden name. Index to divorce found in Vital Records Middlesex, VT has Mary Jane Ripley divorcing George Milton Gardner.

1894 Amy Jane Ripley m Adelbert Johnson Lang *22 May 1894*

1895 Amy's son Earl Harold Lang *b 15 Jan 1895* Charleston, VT

1898 Amy's daughter Edith J. Lang *b 14 Jun 1897* Charleston, VT

1899 Amy's daughter Edna Elizabeth Lang *b 23 Sep 1899* Charleston, VT

1900 Charleston, Vermont census Amy (Anna) gives her place of birth as Nova Scotia. Parents also born N.S.

1903 *15 August 1903* Mortgage deed recorded book 9, page 453 Charleston, VT. Amy Jane Lang received deed from Melissa Stevens of Lyndon, VT in consideration of \$200.00 Discharged *2 Aug 1916*

1909 William Henry Gardner pays a visit to N.S.

1910 Charleston, Vermont census Amy (Anne) gives her place of birth as Nova Scotia. Parents also born N.S.

1911 Amy writes her son William Henry Gardner while she was taking care of her Mother in Mount Pleasant N.S.

1913 *Jan 15, 1913* moved away from the Andrew Lang farm in Charleston, VT.

1916 Bert & Amy bought a place in Lyndonville, VT. Smith place. Amy living in Lyndonville, VT where son Earl writes her a letter. Earl thinks they would be much happier there than they would be at Speedwell's.

1918 *27 Feb 1918* Son Earl writes his parents a letter from somewhere in France. He was glad to see they had bought the Nelson Place. He also congratulates them for doing well with the Smith place.

1918 *25 Dec 1918* Round Barn on the Old Lang farm burns.

1920 Elizabeth (Amy's Mother) writes a letter to Grandson William Henry Gardner

1921 Lyndon, Vermont census Amy (Anny) gives her place of birth as Canada. Parents also born in Canada.

1922 Elizabeth (Amy's mother) visits Amy; border crossing *Mar 1922*

1922 James Mattinson (Amy's stepfather) visits Amy, border crossing *Apr 1922*

1923 Charles Ripley (Amy's cousin) (*10 Sep 1923*) sends Amy a letter

with concern about Amy's Mother, Elizabeth

1923 Catherine Dickson (Amy's Aunt) *18 Sep 1923* sends Amy a letter with concern about Amy's Mother, Elizabeth. On this letter she spells Amy as "Amey"

1923 Lease for the N.S. farm was ready for Amy and Bert to sign *19 Oct. 1923*

1924 Elizabeth (Amy's Mother) *d 30 Aug 1924*

1927 Amy's sworn affidavit (*9 Sep 1927*) re Stepfather James Mattinson birth

1927 James Mattinson (Amy's Father) border crossing *27 Sep 1927*

1930 James Mattinson (Amy's father) *d 21 Feb 1930*

1930 Lyndon, Vermont census Amy gives her birth place as Connecticut. Parents also born in Connecticut

1942 *1 Feb 1942* Amy living with daughter Edna in Claremont, New Hampshire

1942 Amy dies *14 Jul 1942* in Claremont, N.H. buried Lyndon Center Cemetery, Lyndonville, VT. Cancer She was still hooking rugs in the last year of her life.

Raymond Gardner's Commentary

Sister Elizabeth and husband, Homer, told me one time that Amy was a cook in a lumber camp in Gallop Mills, Vermont before she was married.

How did a Nova Scotia girl, age 20, get to be a cook in a lumber camp in Gallop Mills, VT? Maybe that is where she met George Milton Gardner. After their marriage, maybe George looked for work in Charleston, VT. Andrew Lang had a sawmill in Charleston, VT and had a crew working there. Did George work for Andrew Lang? Amy is said to have been a housekeeper for Andrew Lang. Of course Amy eventually married Andrew Lang's son, Adelbert (Bert) Johnson Lang.

When we lived in the same house as Bert and Amy in Lyndonville, VT, I was not to go into their section of the house unless I had permission. I used to sneak in. I usually found my grandmother hooking rugs. If she dropped a needle on the floor, she would ask me to pick it up. She said she had a bone in her back and could not pick it up. I used to pity poor Grandma with a bone in her back.

Amy and George Milton Gardner married *3 July 1884* in Windsor, Quebec. Petition for Divorce says they lived together as husband and wife in Vermont from *14 May 1885* to *6 Feb 1887*.

It is interesting that they were not living together when William Henry Gardner was born, *30 March 1887*. William was born in Rossendale,

(Continued on page 6)

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Nova Scotia, home of Amy's mother.

Libel for Divorce says George deserted Amy on the *31 March 1888*; that would be a year and a day after William Henry was born.

My mother told me that George Milton Gardner went on a hunting trip and never returned. We made a trip to Nova Scotia in 1927, - my father, mother and eight children in a model T Ford. On the way home the officials at the border asked my father if he had brought anything back that he didn't take up. My grandmother had made a large hooked rug, which we were bringing back. My father's reply was "How could I"?

In a letter written *Feb 1, 1942*, Amy was still hooking rugs. She tells of selling a matched pair for \$24.00. She had passed on her rug making skills to her daughter, Edna. Edna was teaching a rug making class.

Clayton tells the story about Papa doing something that irked Grandma. Clayton told her it was her fault as she was the one who raised him. She readily agreed.

Grandma did not get along with her daughter-in law, Verna (son Earl Lang's wife). Grandma asked Verna to name her first child anything but Milton. Verna named her first child Milton.

Brother Clayton tells me Grandma Amy Lang was a great cook. She could make an economical meal taste good. One time she made bread pudding; and when she whipped the cream for it, she found the cream sour, so she quickly baked some apples. Sour whipped cream on baked apples tasted pretty good.

Sister Ruth told me one time that Grandma Lang was giving her the facts of life. Grandma was telling her how women were put upon by men. Ruth said it sounded as if Grandma was talking about her own experience.

Amy used to keep a scrapbook containing clippings from the newspaper. A wild guess: they were clippings of "Believe it or not by Ripley". Amy's son, Earl, was written up by "Believe it or not" sometime in the 1930's as being the youngest captain in the War. Earl made Captain *13 July 1918*, age 23.

Ray Gardner

A Distant English Relative Studying Graphology Weighed-in with the Following Piece

Amy Jane's father, Henry Ripley, died when she was three. Four years later her mother, Elizabeth Dickson Ripley, remarried. John Angus flourished, but six subsequent Mattinson half-brothers and sisters died at birth or in early childhood.

Having experienced much sadness and uncertainty at such a young age, it is not surprising that Amy's handwriting reveals that she was influenced by the lessons of the past. Adversity, it would seem, had made her strong rather than weak. She had a self-protective streak and exercised caution in her approach to life and the management of it. She became self-reliant and was well

equipped to cope with ups and downs through her determination to keep going.

Spirited and forward thinking, it is likely that she was the driving force in her married life with Bert. His writing shows that he was a reserved, patient and down-to-earth man. Somewhat diffident, he would have been happy for her to plot their course and call the shots.

The good opinion of others meant a great deal to her and she was alert to what was going on in the world around her. Always conscious of her responsibilities, and wanting to do the right thing, she was reliable and self-disciplined. Happiest when surrounded by family and friends, she enjoyed regular contact with others in her community where she would have been a force to be reckoned with. She had confidence in her own abilities and liked taking an active and central part in whatever was going on. She loved to talk. She was quite direct, but charming with it.

The desire to accumulate material wealth and/or possessions is evident. This facet of her character is linked to early childhood experiences, which taught her that the world is often not a particularly safe place and the corresponding need to create a secure base for herself and her family. Not the sort of person to just let things happen, Amy took steps to ward off hardship. Please note that the landlords were putting pressure on the Lang's to vacate their home in favor of a new tenant. She stood her ground. She wasn't going to be hurried out the door. She was going to have her family Christmas first.

There was a certain amount of mental dithering in her decision making process – a tendency to over dramatize or complicate matters; but once her mind had been made up, she would pursue her objective in a purposeful manner and would not let anything get in her way. Others who might suggest a different course of action or a re-think would go unheard.

Age 48 at the time of writing this letter, Amy's tender feelings for her son, William Henry Gardner, are clearly demonstrated by the heart-shaped initial flourish she attaches to the W on the envelope. The size of the heart indicates that she thought he was quite wonderful; someone of whom she was very proud.

Conclusion *(Bob Parsons)*

It seems to me that there was a kind of generational justice. There was victory for Amy in Will's large healthy family, solid marriage, and, of course, the unyielding spirit he inherited. Further inspection of this record will undoubtedly yield deeper understanding. Finally, I ask you to ponder the echoes of this bloodline in your own lives.

**We need articles for the
Winter 2009 issue!**

GARDNER NEWSLETTER

WINTER, 2009

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 45

Trapper and Salesman Extraordinaire!



**WILLIAM H. GARDNER
AT AGE 92**

Will Gardner, Trapper & Salesman

From: The Chronicle,
March 27, 1980

By: *Paul Lefebvre*

The white-haired trapper moves slowly as he cautiously circles the house. His stride is shorter than when he walked a trap line, and his frame isn't as straight as it was at 80 years of age when he would come into the grocery store and talk about sighting a fisher cat or seeing a coyote slink into the brush, leaving a sprung trap behind.

Under the watchful eye of his daughter, he walks unevenly without the aid of a cane from one room to the next. He counts each step until the daily exercise is through.

At 92, Will Gardner has

trapped longer than most men live. "I began when I was a little fella. I set for a woodchuck but I couldn't set the trap. I wasn't strong enough. So, I'd get the hired man to set the trap for me, and then I'd run off and stick it in the woodchuck hole.

"I'd set the trap for woodchuck in the back field. Once when I got too much dirt on the pan, I caught my thumb. And that's when I learned to run. I had to run clear to the house to get it off."

Although he no longer covers the area as a salesman or a trapper, people
(Continued on page 2)

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- ◆ Find out why Will Gardner did not think trapping was "cruel" to animals.
- ◆ Contemplate the biblical advice that Billy Graham gave to President Obama.
- ◆ Clayton Gardner's Gardner Newsletter serial about the cars he has owned ends with this issue.
- ◆ Read about Clayton's close call at age 3!



Billy Graham Advises President Obama

"Act Justly and Walk Humbly"

The Reverend Billy Graham has advised every president since Harry Truman.

More than 2,700 years ago, the prophet Micah said to the people of his day, "What does the Lord require of you? To act justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God."

Could any words be more

appropriate for you as you assume office?

Look carefully at Micah's three injunctions. First, he exhorts you to "act justly" – to do what is right, not just what is politically expedient. Power brings with it many temptations that can be almost overwhelming, as more than one president has discovered, to his shame. Know them, resist them, and make it your goal to live with integrity and with enthusiasm for justice.

Then Micah charges you to "love mercy" – not just to practice mercy but to make it your passion. Never overlook those who cannot care for themselves and those who live under the constant threat of disease, starvation, poverty, or tyranny. Work with compassion and determination for a better world. Love not only those who are your friends but those who oppose you. And never forget your family amid the demands on your time;

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“I BUILT UP MY
CUSTOMERS
BECAUSE THEY
TOOK MY WORD.”



(Continued from page 1)

still talk about Will Gardner. Some remember him as wearing a boat-shaped beaver hat. Others remember his eyes; tiny, blue eyes that always seem to be squinting as if he were looking into the sun. A salesman all his life – “It would be easier for me to tell you the things I haven’t sold” – Will Gardner has sold virtually everything from turkeys to insurance. And as a trapper, he has trapped along the Clyde River longer than most people can remember.

Mr. Gardner sits at the dining room table in the home of his daughter, Beulah Griffes of East Charleston. Spread over the table are several small, red, pocket-size books, a miniature set of diaries for the last 13 years. Born in Nova Scotia in 1887, Mr. Gardner will be 93 on March 30. The diaries contain observations on the weather, a comment on a Sunday sermon, and a pledge to use his hearing-aid more often. And today, they help to guide him back through his past as he recalls the season’s catch four years ago when he walked a trap line every day.

Eighty-Ninth Year

“In my eighty-ninth year, he says as he reads from diary notes, “I caught 40 muskrat, five coon, and then I caught a variety of one of each kind: a fisher cat, a coyote, a beaver, and a bobcat.”

Mr. Gardner came to Vermont when he was about a year old. His stepfather was a farmer who owned a big, round barn on the Ten Mile Square Road. The barn burned down years later, but the house where Mr. Gardner lived for most of his life still stands, a little ways down from the road from the family homestead and his trapping grounds.

As an agent for the Farm Bureau Insurance Company and later Nationwide, Mr. Gardner was a successful salesman. In the 25 years he worked as an agent, he won 20 contests that took him and his wife on trips all over the country and as far away as Mexico City.

Satisfied Customers

“The secret of selling is satisfied customers,” he says. “I took as much pain to have a customer satisfied when I sold him a 50-cent pair of socks as I did when I sold him a \$10,000 life insurance policy.

“I built up my customers because they took my word. I’d tell my customer that there was a contest on, and they’d give me the business they could. They’d call up their neighbors and their relatives.

“If I could get one member of the family, I could almost always get the rest. The family would help me do it. That’s why we, including my wife, got so many trips paid by the company.”

While Mr. Gardner is certain that his ability to make friends was responsible for his success as a salesman, he is more mysterious when he discusses the reasons for his life-long love for trapping. “I was born that way,” he simply says.

Birth might have blessed Mr. Gardner with a gift for trapping, but there is hardly any way it could have prepared him for what happened one day while he was checking his lines when he was 89 years old.

The incident occurred in the late fall when he was trapping for fox. He had set out what is known as a “wet trap” on the underside of a bank around a shallow spring that formed a

stream. “Fox don’t like to get their feet wet,” he explains, “so you put sod in the middle of the spring and you put sod on the pan of your trap. To cover your scent, you walk in the stream and you stand in the water all the time.”

As he approached his trap that morning, he discovered that it had been frozen open. After he had worked to free it, the trap suddenly sprang shut and caught his thumb.

Fell Over Backwards

“I was wearing hip boots and the bottom of the brook was muddy. My boot sank into the mud as I worked on the trap. When it sprang shut, I jumped back, lost my balance and fell over backwards.”

Mr. Gardner lay in about a foot and a half of water. He had a hard time getting up as his boots were filling with water, and the trap which held his thumb was chained to a stake that had been driven into the bottom of the stream with an axe.

“I didn’t get too worried about getting wet. I knew I had a big job to pull that stake out. I didn’t know if I had the strength to get it out or not.”

By twisting and pulling, he was able to yank the stake loose. After checking the rest of his traps, he returned home. And when he awoke the next morning, he wasn’t suffering from any side-effects.

“You don’t catch cold by getting wet,” he says gleefully. “You catch cold by the germs you get.”

Mr. Gardner trapped one more year until he was ninety. He didn’t catch anything his last year, but he held onto his princi-

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ples in a long running battle with the state over what he considers fair-play in the law.

The season on fisher cats' pelt brings a high price, and it can easily be caught in traps set for other animals. When one is caught accidentally in the off-season, the state requires the trapper to turn in the pelt, which it sells for full price without compensating the trapper.

The state's policy is not compatible with Mr. Gardner's Yankee spirit of justice, since it does not encourage or reward honesty. In fact, he argues, that the law promotes dishonesty since it tempts trappers to hold onto their illegal fisher pelts and trade them in at full value as part of their legal catch. He says the state should pay half-price to the trapper who abides by the law.



(Continued from page 1)

they need you, and you need them.

Finally, Micah calls you to "walk humbly with your God." Every word in that phrase is important. Our relationship with God isn't something we begin and then forget it; it should be a daily walk as we constantly turn to Him in prayer. But you can't truly walk with God if you allow pride or ego to dominate you. The Bible says, "Humble yourselves before the Lord, and he will lift you up." The only person who hears God's voice is the one who humbly seeks it.

May God bless you, your family, and all who work with you for a better and more peaceful world.

Reader's Digest, January, 2009 – Page 165

In his last year of trapping, Mr. Gardner caught an illegal fisher cat in one of his fox traps early in the season. "It's been my experience that if you catch one, you catch another right off," he says. "I didn't want to catch another for the state and get nothing for it. So, what I did is turn my traps bottom side-up and wait for the open season on fisher."

Unusually Cold

Unfortunately for Mr. Gardner, it was an unusually cold fall that year and his traps froze up before the season opened. The Clyde River froze over early that year as well and prevented him from trapping on the river.

"But with all my troubles," he says, "I still had fun."

From watching Mr. Gardner move slowly through his daughter's house, it's difficult to imag-

ine him rowing a boat three miles a day at ninety to check his traps on the river. But the gleam in his eyes reveals his passion, and there's a strong sense of pride in his voice as he explains what makes a good trapper.

"I would expect it depends on how well you like to trap," he says. "It's not a lazy job. You've got to put the work to it if you're going to amount to anything. I obeyed the law to visit my traps once a day. If you tend your traps, it's not a cruel thing."

See you this Spring!

A Close Call !

By: Clayton Gardner

One cold winter day in 1923 when I was 3, Mama bundled me into warm clothing – boots, mittens and scarf – and sent me outdoors (probably to get me from under her feet for a few minutes). In those days of horse and sleigh our road was rolled, not plowed. The roller, drawn by two or four horses, packed the snow making it easy for horse and man to travel.

When I got outdoors, I saw Papa's team of horses a short ways up the snow-packed road. I walked to the team. Our hired man was there. His sled load of logs had slipped off the packed snow into a soft drift. I watched

him as he urged the horses to pull the sled from the drift. The horses strained; the harness creaked; the whiffletrees moved back and forth, but the sled would not move. Finally, the hired man said to me, "Go down to the woods and tell your Dad that I am stuck and need help."

I said, "But I don't know the way to the woods."

"Just follow the sled tracks down through the field and you will find him," he said.

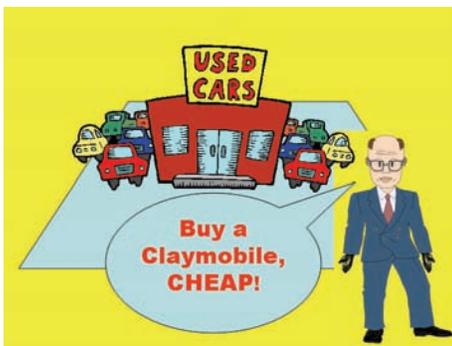
I set out all alone. The sled road led more than a mile down through a field, through a line of trees forming a border between field and meadow, across the meadow, over the frozen Clyde River and into the woods. I had not been alone in the woods before. I gazed upward at the

(Continued on page 4)



"JUST FOLLOW THE SLED TRACKS DOWN THROUGH THE FIELD AND YOU WILL FIND HIM."





WWW.GARDNERNEWS.ORG
PARTICIPATE IN THE NEW SURVEY AND
CHAT ON LINE!

Unless Clayton sends more stories about the cars he has owned, this is the last entry in this Gardner Newsletter Serial



1993 Mercury Sable

1993 Mercury Sable

We were awfully glad that we bought the extended warranty for we had many problems. The Mercury garage did a great job fulfilling the warranty, but it cost us \$50 each time and we had to drive a rental car. One of the first things to go bad was the brakes. We were near Atlanta visiting Brenda when the brakes began to perform poorly. A Mercury garage there repaired the brakes with all possible speed. On the first leg of a cross-country trip, a rear tire blew. We were able to stop with no problem and I put on the spare and drove to Ellensworth, Washington where we purchased two new tires.

One time I turned off the key and the engine kept right on running – some little pawl in the ignition switch had broken so that the ignition was not turned off. Fortunately, this happened during business hours of a weekday so we could drive to the Mercury garage. They fixed it, but it took a couple of days and cost the usual \$50. The rental car was supplied free.

Another time the power seat quit. Again, it took a day or two to repair. Then, during a routine service call, the mechanics found a leak in the transmission and in the radiator. As usual, they fixed this for the \$50 fee and two-day delay.

We sold this car using a “Little Nickel” ad. In its place, we purchased a 1997 Toyota Avalon.

1997 Toyota Avalon

We purchased this Avalon in 1997 and have taken two cross-country trips with it. Never a bit of trouble except while coming down Mount St. Helens, I kept the brakes on too much and warped the disks. Toyota repaired the brakes under warranty.

This is by far the best car we ever had. It has most everything that was available in 1997 – cruise control, keyless entry, automatic temperature control, CD changer, and much more.

The vanity plate shows my web site and the near-free.com is another of my sites.



1997 Toyota Avalon



Toyota Vanity Plate

(Continued from page 3)

tall trees. Suddenly I saw a treetop moving, first slowly then faster and faster. It was coming directly at me! A falling tree was a completely new experience for me. But somehow I recognized the danger. I turned and ran. The tree fell across the sled road a few inches from my running feet.

Ivan Buck was helping Papa. When the tree began to fall, he walked away from it into the sled road. He saw me running. He saw the tree falling toward me. He saw the tree miss me. He hollered to Papa in an alarmed voice, “It’s a good thing that young fella has good legs!” I remember his voice clearly. Papa rushed out, picked me up, and said, “What in the world are you doing here alone?”

I relayed the hired man’s message. Papa was angry with the hired man, - first for sending me, a three-year old, into the woods, and second, for not having sense enough to roll a few logs off the sled.

Papa said, “You go back and tell that hired man to roll a few logs off the sled, and don’t you ever come into the woods alone again.”

I did not need his last advice. If you have ever seen a big tree suddenly start falling directly at you, you will understand why.

SEND IN YOUR STORIES
FOR THE SUMMER 2009
ISSUE!

SPECIAL
POINTS OF
INTEREST:

- Read Uncle Clayton's epilogue to the "Cars I Have Owned" Gardner Newsletter serial
- Learn about the Solomon Dutton House that was sold to Henry Ford in 1923
- Read about the typical lifestyle of a young woman in late 19th century America in the historic Town of Sudbury

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Gardner Newsletter

VOLUME 12, ISSUE 46

SPRING, 2009

Raymond Gardner Shares His Grandmother's Diary

GRANDMA RUTH FRENCH'S DIARY

By Raymond R Gardner

This narrative is based on a diary written by Ruth Sherborn Seymour, my maternal grandmother.

She wrote in the year 1875 when she was 16 going on 17. I have used my genealogy hobby to ascertain the whole names of many people mentioned in the diary.

When Ruth was 16, she walked home from school many times. Apparently, to shorten the walk, she took a room with Hobart Noyes where she boarded herself. There were 44 scholars in her school and that seemed odd to Ruth ("so many scholars"). She believed that she would like the school very much. She liked boarding herself, but sometimes got homesick and walked home. Ruth lived on Dutton Road in Sudbury, Massachusetts near the Wayside Inn. If the school was in Sudbury Center, it would have been a four mile walk. There was no high school in Sudbury until 1892. Children seeking secondary education were sent to Waltham or Framingham. Hobart Noyes was the Father of Harlan Noyes. Harlan married Bessie Rena Parmenter. Bessie, who was the same age as Mama, (Olive Lucy French) was her life-long friend, and probably a first or second cousin.

Neighbors and relatives were often putting on parties. In the first two months of Ruth's diary, she mentions

five parties and three "sociables." She always had a "splendid time," as she put it. She also went to the Lyceum twice and a lecture once. A lyceum is a hall for public lectures or



Front of Ruth Sherborn Seymour's Diary

discussions. She also went to rehearsals for the Band of Hope. There she had a part in the dialogue.



Inside Cover of Ruth Sherborn Seymour's Diary

On Feb 10th, she went to a sociable at Appleton Dana Parmenter's home. This is very interesting because they had hot maple sugar at ten cents a plate. Maple sugar reminds me of Vermont. I find that Ruth's older sister, Abbie, married Ira Nador. Ira

was born in Burke, Vermont. This is the same "Ira" that Papa (William Gardner) worked for in 1912. Ira also makes it into the diary when Ruth mentions him taking the cars to Boston, - the first train service for Sudbury being in 1871. Ruth also says she likes the new minister, Mr. Oviatt. He was new to the Congregational Church in Sudbury, Massachusetts.

On the 27th of January, Ruth says she is learning to sew straw. Girls at that time would gather straw from the fields, dry it, split it, and then braid it into "seven strand." It would be valued up to two cents a yard. It would be sold or bartered for merchandise at Hunt's Store.

School term ended on March 31st. Ruth comments, "How short the term seemed! I wish I could live it over again. On examination day we gave Mr. Richardson a handsome chromo". A chromo is a picture printed in colors from a series of stones prepared by lithographic process.

During the school break the weather went from snow too deep to walk home in to mud season. At one point Ruth says, "It is not good wheeling or sleighing". Ruth kept busy. Rehearsals were scheduled by Mr. Richardson for an exhibition to take place on March 16 and 17. The weather was bad for the first day of the exhibition, but Ruth had a splendid time. The second day went off well; the hall was full. Ruth did not

(Continued on page 2)

Raymond Gardner Shares His Grandmother's Diary

(continued)



William French and
Ruth Seymour

"Time goes by so fast. I am studying hard as ever, but I must improve my time."

(Continued from page 1)

get home until 12 o'clock. Ruth says that on the 18th of March she took the cars to South Acton to visit Mr. Richardson. "He is trying to find me a place to teach." She came home the next day and said she enjoyed the Richardson family very much. Ruth found time to go to the wedding of 17 year old Emma Parmenter on the 10th of March. Emma was the daughter of Appleton Dana Parmenter mentioned earlier. Ruth went to a spelling match in the town hall. She and her sister Abbie went to the Lyceum in Boston. On the 25th of March, Ruth went downtown to a gathering at the school and had a pleasant time. On the 1st of April, Ruth went to a fair downtown. What was made was given to Albert Rice who had broken his leg.

On the 12th of April, Ruth started school downtown again. She stayed with Mr. Noyes again. However, before the school term was over, she was boarding with Mrs. Bent. There were 30 scholars this term.

"Great excitement for the upcoming Revolutionary War Centennial. A statue has been erected at the old North Bridge where the battle was fought 100 years ago. Father and Charlie, and most of Sudbury, are going to Concord. Father saw President Grant. The minuteman statue was unveiled. Geo Whm Curtis gave the oration. Military companies, bands and other VC marched around Concord. The 19th of April 100 years ago may rightly be considered the birthday of our Nation."

Ruth keeps busy. She writes letters to her sister, Abbie, who is in Vermont now (Lyndon and Charleston). She trims her hat and

laughs at Sydney and Josie who she says are "awful thick." "Mr. Richardson wants us to find pieces for speaking." Ruth writes, "I am lonesome and homesick enough. Went to a sewing circle at Mrs. Goodnow's after school."

"Band of Hope meets again. Nellie Hunt is the secretary. Lulie Stone marries Mr. Smith. Lulie has gone to Rockbottom." Rockbottom is a section of Sudbury.

Ruth puts flowers on Clifford's grave. Clifford was the first child of Horace and Elizabeth Seymour. Their second child, Ortwen, is almost ready to walk. Horace is Ruth's brother. Ruth says, "Time goes by so fast. I am studying hard as ever, but I must improve my time." She mentions an exercise in elocution one afternoon. "Charlie Dearborn died today. Another young life cut off! We ought all be ready, for it may be our turn next."

"Our school took a walk after flowers this afternoon." Ruth visited Mary Parmenter several times in May and June. "Mr. Richardson gave me a fan." The weather is always mentioned. "There was a long dry spell, then a heavy rain and a glorious sunset."

"100 years ago, the battle of Bunker Hill. Lizzie and I went out on the street. When I was out on the street I saw Charlie Kidder and Fred Rogers. What do you make of that?" Went to Band of Hope tonight. Had a drama entitled 'Among the Breakers.' Spoke our pieces on last day of school term, 21 June."

July was a good month for berry picking. Ruth mentions picking berries six different times. They would be sold in Marlboro. She also went fishing and worked in

the garden. She went to church almost every Sunday, as she had done all year. "Only one sermon a day now." She went to Marlboro to have her new hat trimmed. Her uncle Frank and Aunt Julie are going to Vermont. Meanwhile, Uncle Hildreth and Aunt Kate were visiting.

August was spent berrying and visiting friends and relatives. Camp meetings were held and well attended. Ruth saw the wonderful "Uncle Ben" today. The big news in August, - Mr. Richardson's son told Ruth she had to go to Stow right away because he has a school for her there. Ruth went and engaged to take the school. It is all over town that Ruth is going to teach in Stow. She, not yet 17, dreads the examination awfully. "The examination is over. Hurrah, the school is mine! Oh that I may do my duty in this new situation! I have 27 scholars. What a large school; success so far. I have a real nice schoolhouse. I think I shall like it. Second day of school went off nicely, in spite of the committee which came in."

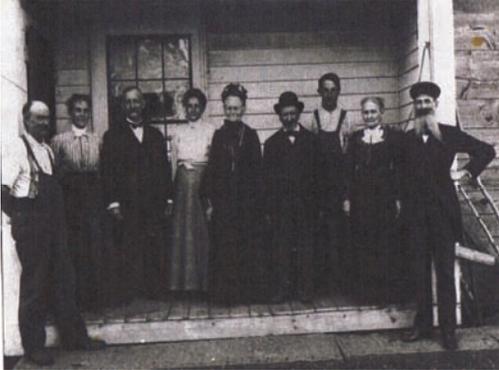
She had her share of trials and tribulations. She remarks "I had my patience tried today. I need eyes in all parts of my head to see all the mischief. I am real tired tonight, but I love to teach ever so much". Later in the term she had to call on a scholar's parents. "Oh, didn't I hate to go!" When school term is half over she remarks, "How well I have done so far!" Besides school, Ruth found time to finish her dress, go berrying, go to a harvest festival, visit Mrs. Conants after school, and play Authors.

After school on the 13 of October, she had two gentlemen visitors.

(Continued on page 5)

The Solomon Dutton House

By: Raymond Gardner



The only picture I have of Ruth Sherborn Seymour is in this group photo, which was taken at the Solomon Dutton House. In the group picture, Mama has labeled the people left to right as: William French, his wife, Ruth Sherborn Seymour, Ruth's Uncle Frank Seymour, Ruth's sister Hattie (Seymour) Hanson, Ruth's mother, Lucy (Dutton) Seymour, Ruth's father, Charles Seymour, Ruth's son, Arthur Ebenezer French, Ruth's Aunt Rose (Seymour) Dansereau, and Ruth's Uncle Lewis Seymour.

The picture of the couple on the front steps (see next page) is incorrectly called "Mr. and Mrs. Dutton." Actually, they are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seymour. I think these two pictures were taken on the occasion of Charles and Lucy's 50th wedding anniversary in 1900.

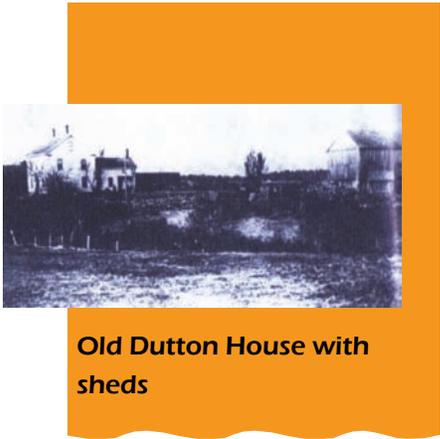
On a visit to the Solomon Dutton house, I obtained a long list which I think was an invitation list to the 50th wedding anniversary of Charles and Lucy Seymour. I think Ruth made the list. Neither Charles and Lucy Seymour nor William and Ruth French were on the list.

Ancestors who lived in the Solomon Dutton house were Solomon Dutton and Beulah Parmenter, Charles Seymour and Lucy Dutton, William French, Ruth Seymour, their children, daughter Olive (who married William Gardner) and son Arthur. William and Ruth's son, Arthur, lived in the house until it was sold to Henry Ford in 1923.



Old Dutton House

Pictures of Pages from Ruth Seymour's Diary

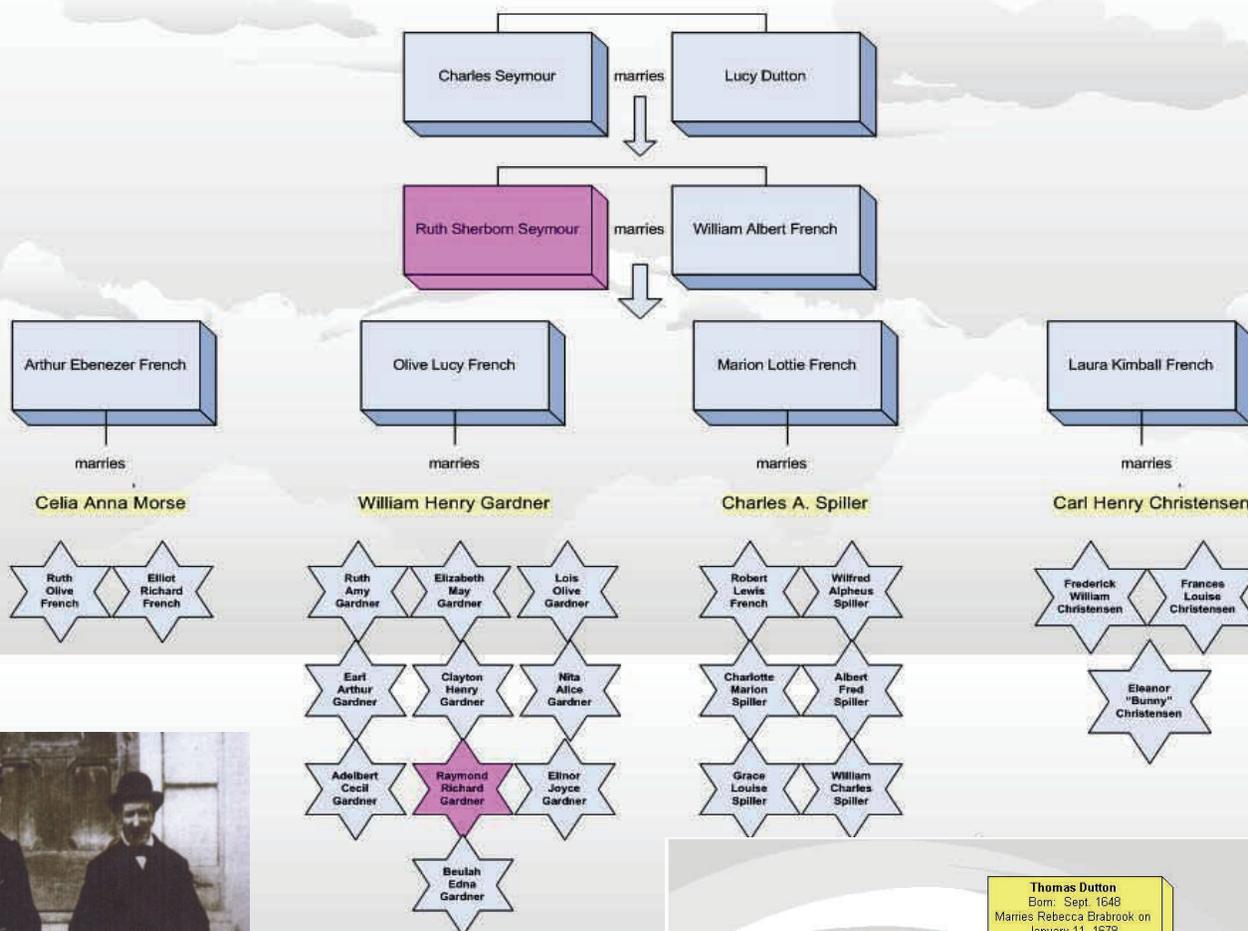


Old Dutton House with sheds



The Dutton House as it appears today





Charles and Lucy Seymour celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary. This photo was incorrectly labeled as "Mr. and Mrs. Dutton."



What would *The Gardner Newsletter* do without the help of Uncle Raymond's genealogy studies!? In the Fall, 2008 issue (Volume 11, Issue 44), Uncle Raymond did a wonderfully researched article on his paternal grandmother, Amy Jane Ripley. In this issue, he shares with the family the diary written by his maternal grandmother, Ruth Sherborn Seymour. This diary is very interesting because it depicts the life of a typical young woman in the late 19th century in the historic town of Sudbury, Massachusetts. There have been other articles written in the newsletter that talk about the Original Gang of Ten's mother's side of the family, the French's. Here are some of them:

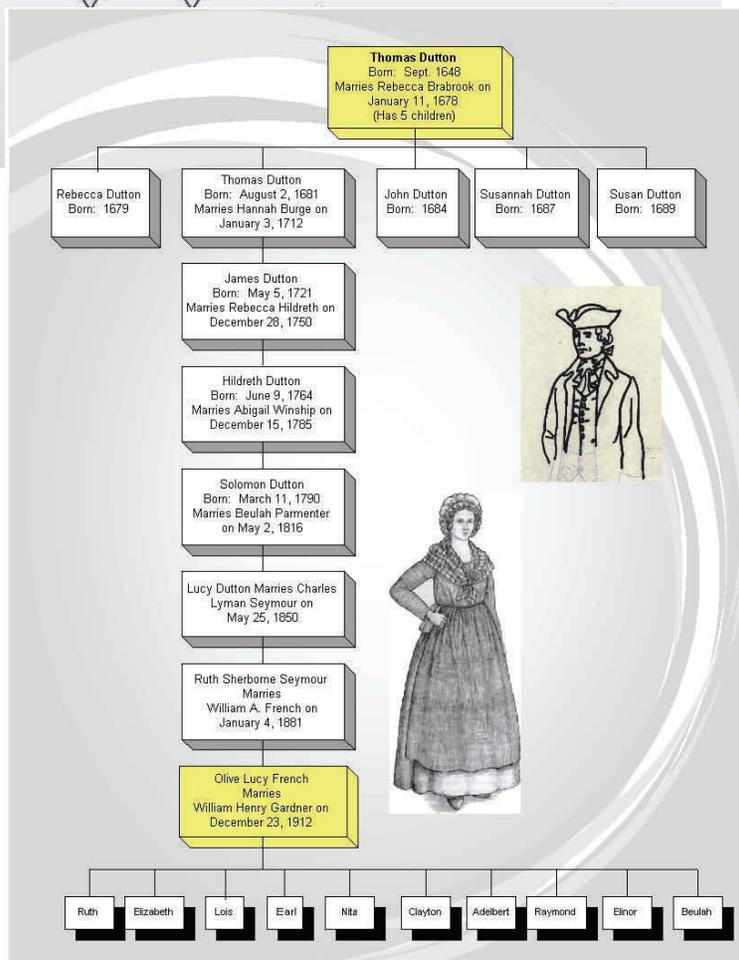
The Spring, 2001 issue (Volume 4, Issue 14) had as its main story the famous and historic Wayside Inn as well as an article on how Henry Ford influenced the Town of Sudbury and its surrounding area. The Summer, 2001 issue (Volume 4, Issue 15) talked about how Grandma Gardner (Olive Lucy French) attended Normal School and became a teacher.

It also discussed the history of normal schools in general and showed pictures of the actual ledger used to record Olive's attendance at the school. (This ledger now resides in the library at Framingham State College.)

The Fall, 2006 issue (Volume 9, Issue 36) used Raymond's considerable genealogical skills to trace the Original Gang of Ten's lineage back to colonial times. That descendant chart has been reprinted here in this issue along with the new chart depicting the descendants of Charles and Lucy Seymour.

Reprints of any issue of the newsletter are always available and you only need to ask to have one or more sent to you.

We all owe Uncle Raymond a huge debt of gratitude for his patient, painstaking, and diligent research into our family's history. Having a sense of identity grounded in historical facts is beneficial to all of us. When you can, it would be nice to drop him a note of thanks.



Raymond Gardner Shares His Grandmother's Diary

(continued)

(Continued from page 2)

Frank Conant invited her to go to a concert in Rockbottom. "I am trimming over my hat to go tomorrow night." The hot spot in Stow seems to be the store. Ruth mentions going there quite often. On at least two occasions Frank came home with her. "He has asked me for my company this winter". Later Ruth went to a sewing circle at the minister's. She had a nice time. "Frank Conant came home with me." On Ruth's birthday, 12 Nov, she went to a festival downtown. "F. C. and A. H. were there. We had a jolly time." F. C. mentioned again. "Frank C. came into school." 6th of Dec. "F.C. came home from the store. Stayed 15 minutes with me." Dec 12th. "Snowed in morning. Sunshine at noon. I went to church here (Stow). F.C. was there. He was decidedly cool." And that is the last we see of F. C.

Friday night. No one came to pick her up to go home. "Homesick. I haven't heard a word from the folks all day. Oh, it is so lonesome. Rain, rain go away. I went down to Mrs. Furbush's while Mrs. Walcott went to church. Oh dear, wish I could go home." Ruth was boarding with Mrs. Walcott. In the second term she would board with Mrs. Conant.

Ruth got to go home when her sister Abbie and brother Charles came after her. Abbie had returned from Vermont and brought Ruth some maple syrup. "Oh, wasn't I glad to see them!" When Ruth got home she found her family making Christmas greens. Later they would be sold in Boston. She went to a festival in Sudbury. "Father had found a lot of concealed goods in the woods." Later he found owners for some of the goods.

Back at school, Ruth made many calls on parents. She didn't like most of them, but was getting used to it. She went to a party at Emma Walcott's. She

had a good time in spite of the chimney getting on fire.

On the twelfth of November, Ruth calls herself "sweet sixteen". - next day, "sour seventeen." Also, on the 13th she says, "Grandma is eighty one today." Doing genealogy I had Beulah Parmenter as her grandmother. This date in the diary helped confirm that Beulah was indeed Ruth's grandmother.

"The end of the school term. It is now Nov 19. The Esqn. and Rev. came in my school in the AM; other spectators in the PM. Made out my report, \$102.00 - \$36.00."

Home again. Ruth bought a new hat and walked the street. I don't understand the phrase "walked the street". "Abbie and I went on the street again. Mother put the school marm into the washtub." Ruth helped winding evergreens, did house work, trimmed her new hat, visited friends and relatives, and wrote letters. It was the fourth time that Ruth trimmed her hat in the year.

Back in Stow, Ruth is still a scholar. She takes lessons in algebra and philosophy from Mr. Whitney. She mentions taking lessons several times. The last time she says, "Mr. Whitney has raised the price of my lessons. I shall not take any more."

The leather board burned tonight. Pressed leather board is imitation sole leather made from leather scraps, rags, paper, etc. I think Ruth is talking about a leather board factory burning.

Mrs. Conant gives Ruth a cameo for Christmas. The last I knew, my sister Nita had possession of this cameo. Nita also had the original diary.

On the 15th of December 1875, Ruth states that Mr. Dadmun's folks have left the Wayside. Freeman P. is there. I think this would be Freeman Marshall Parmenter. This differs with information

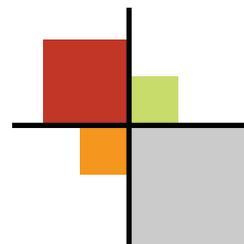
given in the book "The Story of The Wayside Inn" by Garfield and Ridley.

Their account says Orin Dadmun, a local man and a widower, was caretaker of the Wayside until 1878 when he married Mary Parmenter and moved to his mother's old house. Orin Dadmun, age 51, married Mary Parmenter, age 48, on 1st June 1871. (This information is from a record copied from the Mass Archives.) Ruth's brother, Horace, was caretaker of the Wayside Inn during 1889-1897.

The Seymours had their Christmas Eve at the Wayside Inn. "After 12 o'clock, the rowdies danced. Charlie Noyes wants to go home with me. G. B. is as thick as ever. Both boys wanted to go home with me. What shall I do with all these boys?"

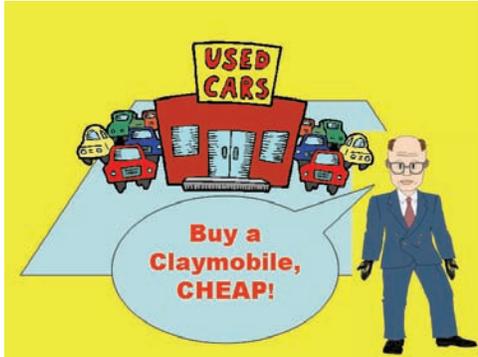
After the diary, in 1880, Ruth was boarding with the Livingstons and teaching school in Tewksbury, MA. Mama told me one time that her mother, Ruth, taught school in East Burke, VT. She married William Albert French in June 1881. They lived in Chicago where their first two children, Arthur and Olive, were born. They moved back to the family home, "the Solomon Dutton place," in Sudbury, MA. Their other two children, Marion and Laura, were born in Sudbury, MA.

"Ruth's brother, Horace, was caretaker of the Wayside Inn during 1889-1897."



The Untimely Fate of Our 1997 Toyota Avalon and our “New” 2004 Toyota Camry

By: Clayton Gardner



Clayton's 1997 Toyota Avalon



Clayton's current 2004 Toyota Camry



In early December 2006, an uninsured motorist in a Ford Explorer rear-ended our 1997 Toyota Avalon. We were not hurt, but the Avalon was damaged beyond repair. We were stopped at a stop sign waiting for an approaching car to complete a left turn. A nice lady from a car just behind the uninsured motorist came to my window and offered to call the police which she did. She said that she had followed the uninsured motorist for quite a way and that he was driving erratically.

The police arrived and determined that the motorist was uninsured and that he was on some kind of drug. They put him in handcuffs and placed him in the back of the police car. What happened to him after that I can only imagine.

Our Toyota was damaged so badly that it would cost more to repair than the car was worth. Accordingly, our uninsured motorist coverage of our AIG auto insurance paid us \$8000 which was the book value of the Avalon. On December 11, 2006 we put several thousand more dollars with the \$8000 and purchased a 2004 certified Toyota Camry (see picture at left). I transferred the DA2.com plates to the Camry. Later I sold that domain name but still have the plates on our new car.

This Toyota has leather seats, a top-of-the line music system (which we enjoy immensely using CDs that I made from our LP record collection), heated seats, compass in the rear view mirror, and many more amenities. Since we acquired this Toyota, it has been hit a couple of times with very minor damage - once to the rear bumper and once to the left rear quarter panel.

The quarter panel was hit by Ron's landlady. We were visiting Ron at his apartment and parked our Camry behind Ron's Audi in his landlady's driveway. Ron's Audi was in the right bay of a two car garage. The lady backed out of the left bay and did not see our car. If she had seen it, she could have avoided the accident. There was plenty of room. She called Ron immediately and told him what had happened and that she would get back to him with her insurance information.

It cost her insurance company, Nationwide, over \$3000 to repair the damages. I hope that this Camry will be my last car but I also thought that the Avalon was my last car. We drive very little now---just to restaurants, grocery stores, senior centers, Ron's, the malls, doctors, and other local places. Gerry has not driven for a few years. She says her eyes are so bad that it is unsafe for her to drive. I think that is just an excuse since she recently passed the eye test for her driver's license. When she reads this she will be mad at me.

PLEASE SEND IN YOUR ARTICLES NOW!

Gardner Newsletter

Summer, 2009

Volume 12, Issue 47

Inside this issue:

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Special points of interest:

- Study the chronology of the Lang Round Barn as prepared by the folks at North-Woods Stewardship Center
- Trace the lineage of the Lang/Johnson/Eggleston Connection

Uncle Raymond Finds Rare Postcard

Jacob Hurd Lang was one of the first settlers of Charleston, VT. In 1828 he was on the farm where later his grandson, Adelbert Johnson Lang, would build the Round Barn.

There is a picture of the round barn under construction (see page 7). There was also a picture postcard of the round barn made sometime after 1908.

As a matter of fact, in William Gardner's journal of 1909, he mentions paying a dollar for a picture of the barn. Was this the time that the round barn picture postcard was made? Was one dollar a fair price for some picture postcards to be made?

In 1907 postal law was liberalized to allow messages on the address side of the cards (divided back postcard). This greatly increased the popularity of postcards. I thought to my-

self, "Wouldn't it be nice to have a picture postcard of the Lang farm house beside the round barn!?" My father and his mother, Amy Jane Ripley Gardner Lang, lived in this house.

Amy and her husband, Bert, moved to Lyndonville



in 1916.

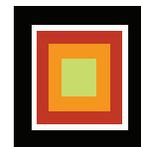
In 1944, Homer and Elizabeth (my older sister) bought the home in Lyndonville where Bert and Amy Lang lived. Elizabeth was not one to throw things away. As a result, Elizabeth's daughter, Teresa, ended up with things belonging to Amy.

In 2008, Teresa, knowing I

was interested in the Langs, asked me if I would like to have Amy's cookbook. Now, why would I want a cook book!? But sure, - I'll take the cookbook! Along with the cookbook came a picture postcard. To my surprise and delight, the picture on the postcard was a picture of the Lang farm house.

The postcard can be dated 1910-1917. Since Amy and her family moved from this house in January 1913, my guess is that the postcard was made in 1912. The three younger people in the picture would be Amy and

Bert's three children, Earl age 17, Edith age 15, and Edna age 13. Edna Lang is written on the back of this card, probably her signature.



Raymond Gardner Researches "The Langs"

Uncle Raymond has done it again! After last issue's genealogical "tour de force" on his maternal grandmother's side of the family, in this issue of the newsletter Raymond turns his attention to the "Lang's." The Lang's, as you recall, are Grandpa

Gardner's side of the family after his mother, Amy Jane Ripley Gardner, married Bert Lang and had three other children.

In fact, the Gardner Newsletter website (www.gardnernews.org) has a whole page devoted

to this branch of the family entitled "The Lang/Johnson/Eggleston Connection." The following text introduces that web page to anyone who clicks on the link:

"This page of The Gardner

(Continued on page 2)

Be sure to log onto www.gardnernews.org to learn about the Lang/Johnson/Eggleston Connection

(Continued from page 1)

Newsletter website is devoted to the descendants of William Henry Gardner's half-sisters, Edith and Edna Lang. Edith married Ed Johnson. Their daughter, Sandra, and their son's (Arthur) wife, Janice, are honorary subscribers to the newsletter. Arthur and Sandra's children are also subscribers. Aunt Edna's daughter, Cindy Eggleston, (also a subscriber) sent in her opinion about America going to war after 9/11. You

can read what she said by clicking on her "Price of Liberty" page.

We hope all members of "The Lang/Johnson/Eggleston Connection" will send in articles and pictures to the newsletter so that we can post them to this page.

The Johnson's and Gardner's have enjoyed a very close relationship for generations and we hope that this page will help all the Gardner friends and family to keep abreast of what's happening in that branch of the family."

Here is a list of current Gardner Newsletter subscribers who are members of the "Lang/Johnson/Eggleston Connection."

- Doug and Betty Baraw
- Sandra and Richard Baraw
- Jodi and Joe Desimone
- Cindy Eggleston
- Janice Johnson
- Edward and Lisa Johnson
- Daniel and Mary Beth Johnson



1846 Stampless Envelope—Front



1846 Stampless Envelope—Back



Back of farm house postcard with Edna Lang's signature

The Mystery Letter—By: Raymond Gardner

When Elinor and I went to Brighton High School in 1943, we used a horse and buggy, or horse and sleigh for one year. Our neighbor would call the store, order groceries and we would pick them up and deliver them. I mention this because at the end of the year they gave me a stamp collection. This kindled my interest in stamps.

I later went through a trunk in the attic looking for stamps. I did find a few. Even more interesting, I found three stampless covers. The first US stamps were issued in 1847. Before 1847, the postmaster would sometimes write the postage paid with pen & ink. Other times he would stamp the price on with a rubber stamp.

All three stampless covers were addressed to Miss Cynthia Lang, East Charleston, Orleans Co, Vermont. There were two envelopes, one from Jericho, Vermont and one from Salt Lake City, Territory of

Utah. The third one was post-marked West Mendon, New York and was on a sheet of paper which had been folded; i.e., there was no envelope.

I actually sent these three pieces to a Vernon E Baker of Elmyra, Ohio for evaluation. He sent me back the Jericho and West Mendon ones. He said the Salt Lake City postmark lists for 85 cents. Instead of returning it, as promised, he sent me a dollar for it. I sent him his dollar back and got my Salt Lake City envelope back.

This was about 1943; it's probably worth more now. I don't know what became of the contents of the two envelopes.

In the folded over paper, there must have been at least two sheets folded over, as I ended up with the center part of a letter. The letter told a sad story about a mother dying in childbirth. For over 60 years I was wondering when and who wrote this partial letter and who the mother was.

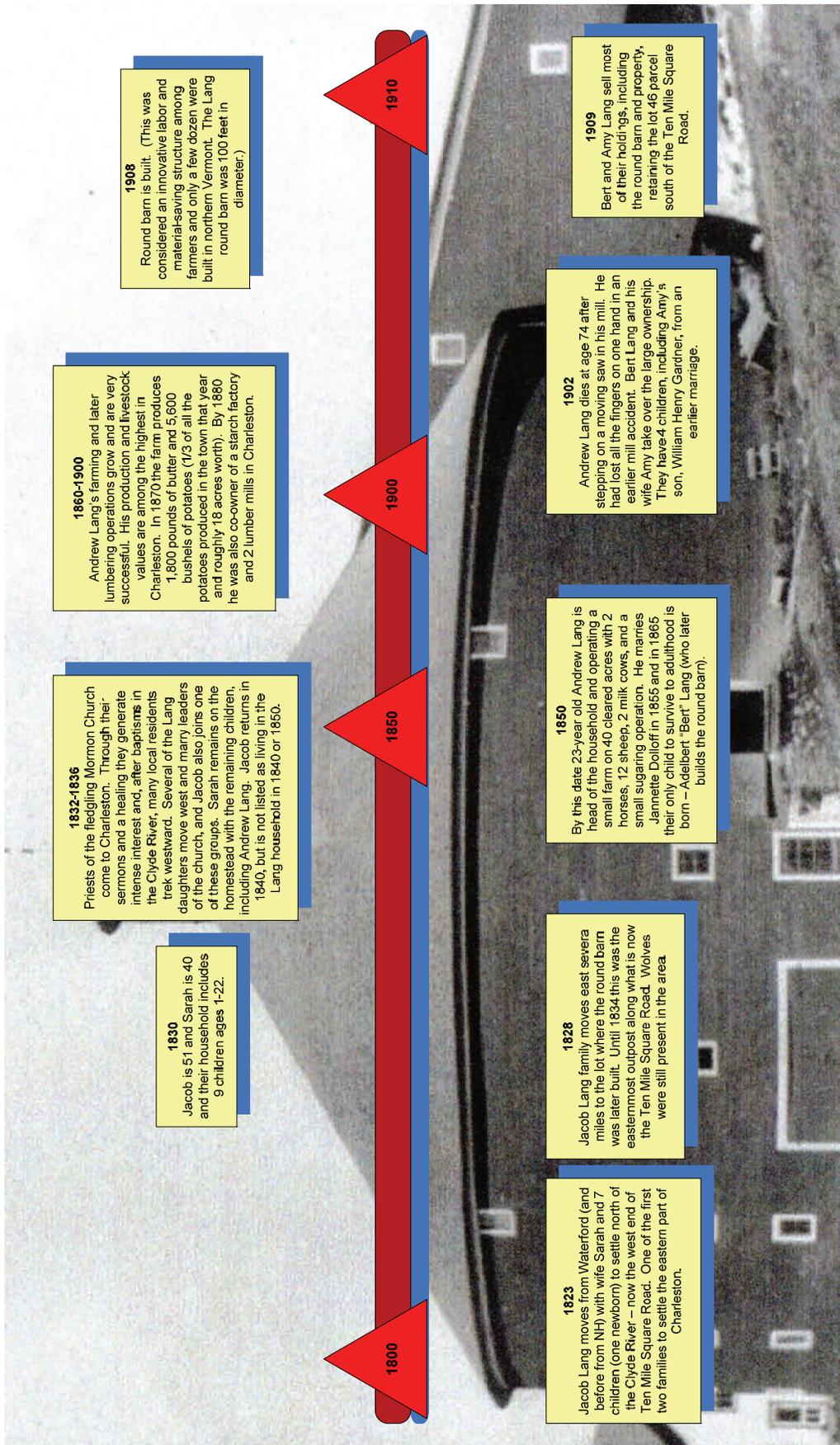
In 2008, I received an in-

quiry from Elaine Goodall of Wolfboro, NH. She was doing genealogy on the Lang Family of Charleston, VT. I was able to give her some Lang information, but received more than I gave.

She tells me that two of Jacob Lang's daughters died in childbirth. They were Susan, who married Zerubbabel Snow, and Charlotte, who married George Dorr. The partial letter had a West Mendon, NY postmark. Charlotte and George lived in Mendon, NY.

Further proof came from the handwriting which was on the partial letter. It matched another letter written by George Dorr. Charlotte and the baby mentioned in the partial letter both died and were buried in Mendon, NY in 1833.

After 65 years, because of stamp collecting and genealogy, I found out that George Dorr wrote the letter in 1833, and that the mother who died in childbirth was his wife, Charlotte.



1800

1830
Jacob is 51 and Sarah is 40 and their household includes 9 children ages 1-22.

1832-1836
Priests of the fledgling Mormon Church come to Charleston. Through their sermons and a healing they generate intense interest and, after baptisms in the Clyde River, many local residents trek westward. Several of the Lang daughters move west and marry leaders of the church, and Jacob also joins one of these groups. Sarah remains on the homestead with the remaining children, including Andrew Lang. Jacob returns in 1840, but is not listed as living in the Lang household in 1840 or 1850.

1860-1900
Andrew Lang's farming and later lumbering operations grow and are very successful. His production and livestock values are among the highest in Charleston. In 1870 the farm produces 1,800 pounds of butter and 5,600 bushels of potatoes (1/3 of all the potatoes produced in the town that year and roughly 18 acres worth). By 1880 he was also co-owner of a starch factory and 2 lumber mills in Charleston.

1908
Round barn is built. (This was considered an innovative labor and material-saving structure among farmers and only a few dozen were built in northern Vermont. The Lang round barn was 100 feet in diameter.)

1800

1850

1900

1910

1823
Jacob Lang moves from Waterford (and before from NH) with wife Sarah and 7 children (one newborn) to settle north of the Clyde River - now the west end of Ten Mile Square Road. One of the first two families to settle the eastern part of Charleston.

1828
Jacob Lang family moves east several miles to the lot where the round barn was later built. Until 1834 this was the easternmost outpost, along what is now the Ten Mile Square Road. Wolves were still present in the area.

1850
By this date 23-year old Andrew Lang is head of the household and operating a small farm on 40 cleared acres with 2 horses, 12 sheep, 2 milk cows, and a small sugaring operation. He marries Jannette Dolloff in 1855 and in 1865 their only child to survive to adulthood is born - Adelbert "Bert" Lang (who later builds the round barn).

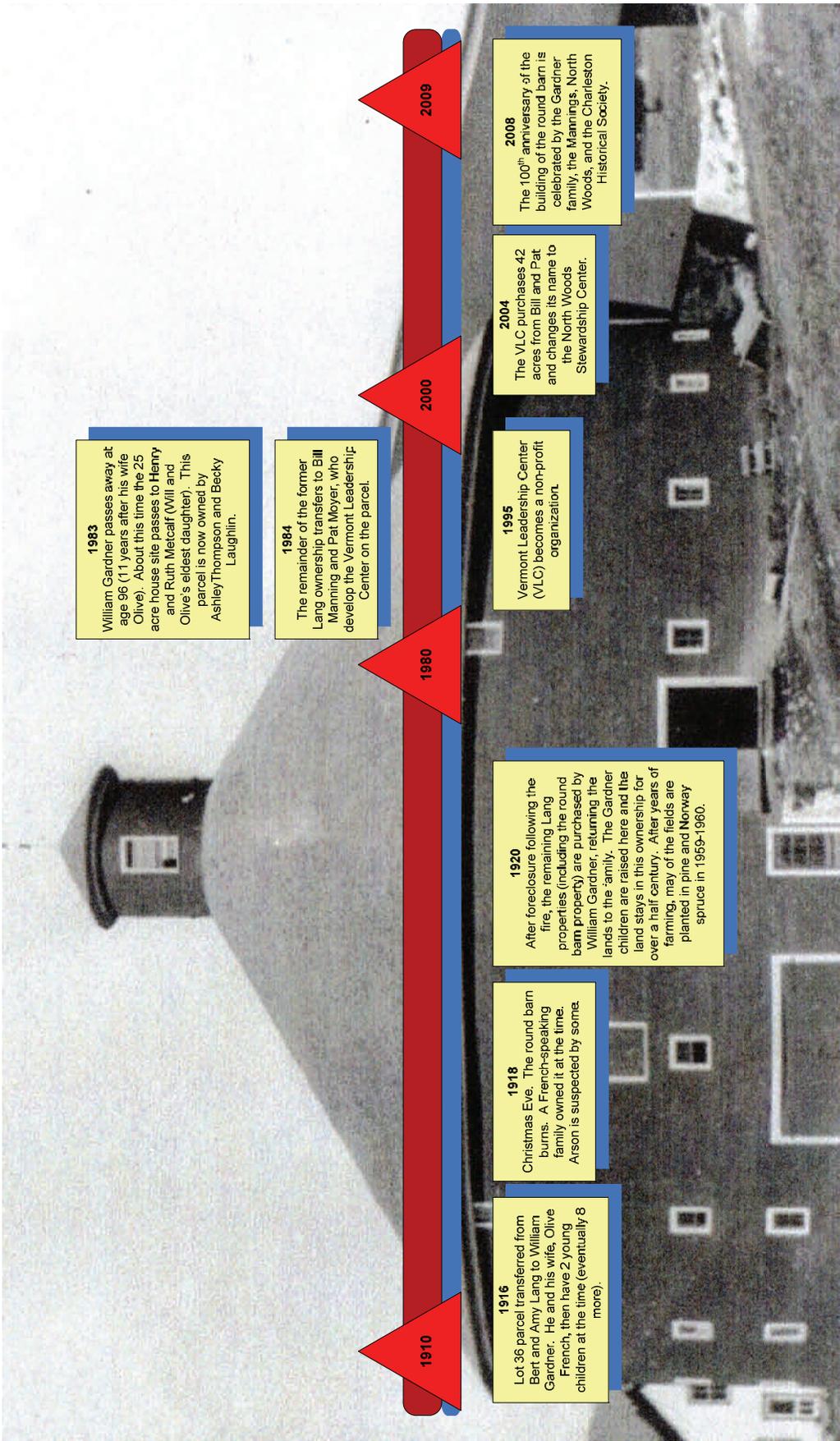
1902
Andrew Lang dies at age 74 after stepping on a moving saw in his mill. He had lost all the fingers on one hand in an earlier mill accident. Bert Lang and his wife Amy take over the large ownership. They have 4 children, including Amy's son, William Henry Gardner, from an earlier marriage.

1909
Bert and Amy Lang sell most of their holdings, including the round barn and property, retaining the lot 46 parcel south of the Ten Mile Square Road.

Eyewitness to History: Grandpa Gardner Recalls the Round Barn Conflagration

I, William H. Gardner of Charleston, say that a short time before Christmas day 1918 - possibly two weeks - Elias Bemis, a deputy sheriff who lives at Island Pond, came to my house and told me that he was foreclosing a personal property mortgage on the Longevain property, and that he had been advised to put a keeper over the property. I remarked that I would hate to be the man. I don't remember just what he replied, but he finally asked me if I would not look after it and I told him that I did not want anything to do with it. He then asked me if I wouldn't make an errand for something else and go over to Longevain's place two or three times between then and the time sale was advertised and count up the cattle and see if they had been fed. He said if I would he would pay me for it. And I told him I would. I counted them three times - once when I went after my ladder; once when they were turned out in field; and the last time the night of the fire. He said nothing whatever about there being any fear of fire nor about there being insurance on the property. He only asked me to count the cattle and to see whether

(Continued on page 4)



1983
William Gardner passes away at age 96 (11 years after his wife Olive). About this time the 25 acre house site passes to Henry and Ruth Metcalf (Will and Olive's eldest daughter). This parcel is now owned by Ashley Thompson and Becky Laughlin.

1984
The remainder of the former Lang ownership transfers to Bill Manning and Pat Moyer, who develop the Vermont Leadership Center on the parcel.

1980

1920
After foreclosure following the fire, the remaining Lang properties (including the round barn property) are purchased by William Gardner, returning the lands to the family. The Gardner children are raised here and the land stays in this ownership for over a half century. After years of farming, many of the fields are planted in pine and Norway spruce in 1959-1960.

1918
Christmas Eve. The round barn burns. A French-speaking family owned it at the time. Atson is suspected by some.

1916
Lot 36 parcel transferred from Bert and Amy Lang to William Gardner. He and his wife, Olive French, then have 2 young children at the time (eventually 8 more).

1910

2000

1995
Vermont Leadership Center (VLC) becomes a non-profit organization.

2004
The VLC purchases 42 acres from Bill and Pat and changes its name to the North Woods Stewardship Center.

2008
The 100th anniversary of the building of the round barn is celebrated by the Gardner family, the Mannings, North Woods, and the Charleston Historical Society.

2009

Eyewitness to History: **Grandpa Gardner Recalls** **the Round Barn** **Conflagration**

(Continued from page 3)

they had been fed; and that if I thought they had not been fed, or if I found any missing, to notify him.

I make ice-cream and sell it winter and summer and Longevain had a party at his place for his oldest girl Christmas night and his boy wanted me to come up and sell ice-cream. I got up to his place between 8:00 and 9:00 PM and left about 2:00 AM. When I left, he was in the kitchen. My team was in the barn- in the horse barn- on same floor and right next to the cow barn. At that time everything was all right in the barn. I know there was no fire then. About 5:00 AM his boys came over and hollered to me and said that the barn was on fire. I looked out of the window and saw fire coming out of the cupola of the barn. I dressed and went right over. He, Longevain, was not there when I got there. Mrs. Longevain and the children were there, except for one boy. There was one boy there about seventeen years old. They were all dressed the same, so far as I could observe, as they were when I was there selling the ice

(Continued on page 6)

Partial Text of Letter to Miss Cynthia Lang dated 6 SEP 1847

(Part of a letter addressed from West Mendon, NY to Miss Cynthia Lang, East Charleston, Orleans County, Vermont. 6 SEP 1847 – stampless – 25 written on for postage.)

(Cynthia Lang: Born December 1809 in Lyman NH; Died August 14, 1895, Charleston, VT – single)

(Please note that the following represents a liberal paraphrasing of the text pictured to the right with punctuation added, where appropriate, to clarify the meaning.)

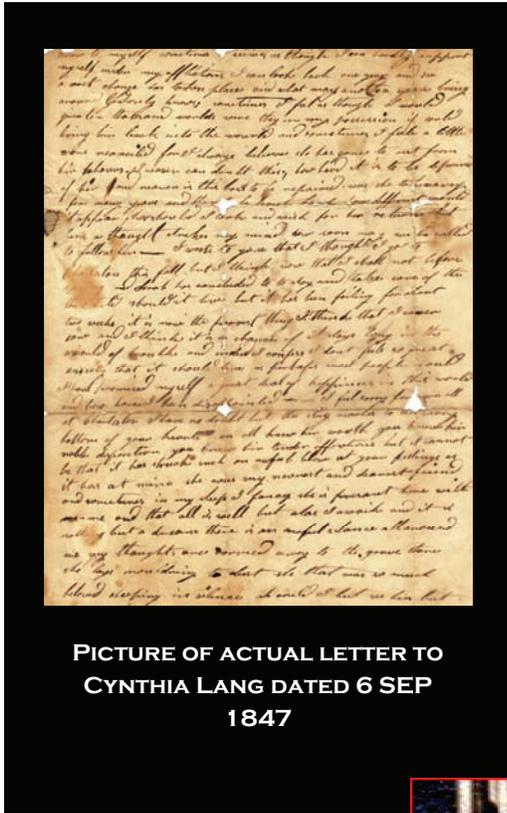
.... know to myself sometimes seems as though I can hardly support myself under my afflictions. I can look back one year and see a vast change has taken place; and what may another year bring around? God only knows: sometimes I feel as though I would give ten thousand worlds, were they in my possession, if I could bring her back into the world. And sometimes I feel a little more reconciled, for I always believe she has gone to rest from her labors. I can never doubt this. How hard it is to be deprived of her, and never is this to be repaired, was she taken away for many years and then to be brought back how different would it appear, how should I look and wish for her return? But here a thought strikes my mind. How soon may we all be called to follow her.

I wrote you that I thought

I'd go to Charleston this fall, but I think now that I shall not before Spring; and Sarah has concluded to stay and take care of the child, should it live. But it has been failing for about two

knew her tender affections. But it cannot be that it has struck such an awful blow at your feelings as it has at mine. She was my nearest and dearest friend. And sometimes in my sleep, I

fancy she is present here with me and that all is well. But, alas, I awake and it is nothing but a dream. There is an awful silence all around me. My thoughts are carried away to the grave. There she lays molding to dust. She, that was so much beloved, sleeping in silence. Ah, could I but see her, but ...



PICTURE OF ACTUAL LETTER TO CYNTHIA LANG DATED 6 SEP 1847



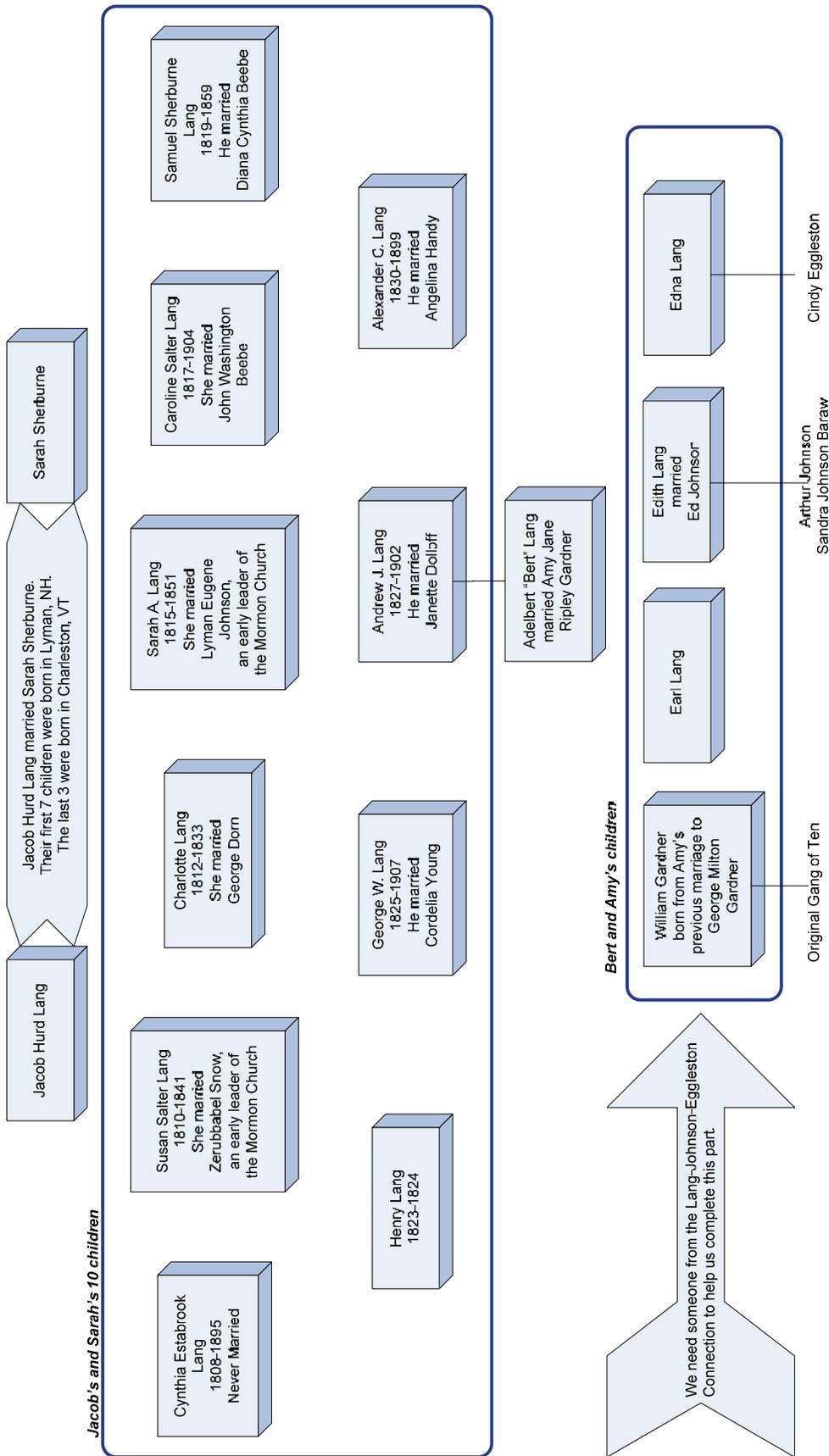
Back of letter to Cynthia Lang dated 6 SEP 1847

See you
this Fall!

weeks. It is now the poorest thing I think that I ever saw and I think it has a chance if it stays long in this world of trouble; and, indeed, I confess I don't feel so great anxiety that it should live as perhaps most people would. I have promised myself a great deal of happiness in this world and how have I been disappointed. I feel sorry for you all at Charleston. I have no doubt but the sting reaches to the very bottom of your hearts. You all knew her worth. You knew her noble disposition. You



Blown up cut-out of group pictured on front of rare postcard. The three younger people in the picture are Amy and Bert's three children, Earl age 17, Edith age 15, and Edna age 13. (see page 1.)



Eyewitness to History: Grandpa Gardner Recalls the Round Barn Conflagration

(Continued from page 4)

cream. I got to the place where the fire was within five or ten minutes. When I got there the whole inside of the barn was on fire. I opened the stable door and tried to get the cattle out, but it was just like a furnace and I could not do a thing. The fire must have started on the west side of the barn because the fire broke out on that side first and the wind was in the west.

Longevain came while I was there and before the fire got into the house. But he, so far as I could see, didn't do a thing to keep the fire from the house, which at that time had not caught fire. In fact, I saw him do nothing. On a later occasion, I asked him how he thought the fire started and he simply shrugged his shoulders.

When I was in the barn that night putting up and getting my team, I noticed a large amount of hay in the feed floor. I remember this particularly because I had never seen anything like it there before. And I said to myself, "Well, I guess they have been well fed tonight."

Dated this 10th day of July 1919.

William H. Gardner.

Round Barn, Rectangle House and a Math Teacher

By: Raylene Ludgate

The year 2008 marked the 100th anniversary of the building of the round barn on the north side of the Ten Square Mile Road in East Charlestown, Vermont.

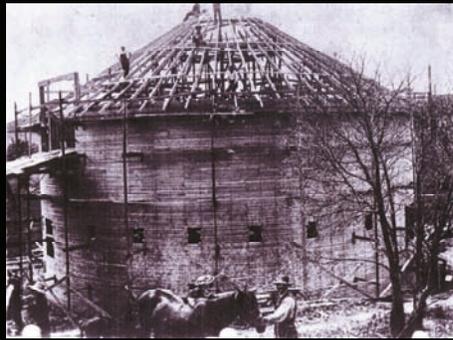
This four story barn was one of the few round barns built in the Northeast Kingdom. It burned under suspicious circumstances on Christmas Eve in 1918 just ten years after this incredible structure was erected! This barn along with a house and outbuildings has important connections to the Gardner Family!

On October 11, 2008, The NorthWoods Stewardship Center—the organization headquartered adjacent to where the barn originally stood - celebrated the barn's hundredth year milestone with a gathering called "History and Mystery of the Lang Round Barn."

This program brought together local historians, NorthWoods' staff, current landowners as well as Gardner family members who grew up down the street from the barn for the purpose of sharing stories, photographs, and exploring the round barn foundations. My dad, Raymond Gardner, collaborated with the Center providing pictures and information for this program and invited me and my sisters to this special event. Dad's grandmother, Amy Ripley,

lived at the round barn homestead with her second husband, Bert Lang. And Dad has pictures of his dad, Will Gardner, tending his chickens in the front yard!

My dad was especially excited because just last year his niece, Teresa, (the math teacher in the title) gave



PICTURE OF THE LANG ROUND BARN UNDER CONSTRUCTION

him his grandma's (Amy Ripley) cookbook. This cookbook miraculously contained the postcard that Dad refers to in his article. He quickly matched the east end of the house to the house windows that are evident on the well-known round barn picture.

So, new to the equation is that the postcard clearly identifies this house as the house that went with the Lang Round Barn. So we did spend lots of time exploring the house foundation and footprint.

My daughter, Megan, and I decided to drive nine hours from Ithaca, NY to be there with Dad and to learn more about the round barn and the Gardner connection! Others representing the Gardner family included my sisters, Sharon and Gloria, Gloria's husband, Bob, and Aunt Lois and Aunt Beulah and her husband, Uncle Don.

We all had a great morning sharing history and talking to Bill and Pat Manning, the current landowners of the barn footprint. The Mannings have exciting plans to revitalize use of the barn's location by holding concerts and plays within the foundation of the round barn.

If you wish, I will be more than happy to email you the two-page Lang Round Barn Chronology created by The NorthWoods Stewardship Center. Just send a request to RGL3@cornell.edu.

Raylene Ludgate, Education Coordinator

Voice: 607.255.2407

Fax: 607.255.0187

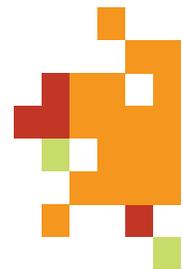
Email: RGL3@cornell.edu

Cornell Plantations: The Arboretum, Botanical Garden and Natural Areas of Cornell University

www.plantations.cornell.edu



"So, new to the equation is that the postcard clearly identifies this house as the house that went with the Lang Round Barn."



Uncle Raymond Has “Eureka” Moments

While re-searching the two main articles in this issue of the newsletter, Uncle Raymond experienced two “Eureka” moments. Here is what he said about them.

“When doing genealogy, information can come from many different sources. Sometimes an item will seem useless, but you save it anyway. It might tie in with other seemingly “useless” information. A piece of the puzzle can come out of the blue, so to speak. My third cousin, who lives in England, calls that moment a “Eureka” moment.”

But exactly what does “Eureka” mean?!

According to *Wikipedia* on the web

Eureka (Greek "I have found it") is an exclamation used as an interjection to celebrate a discovery.

It is most famously attributed to the ancient Greek scholar, Archimedes. He reportedly proclaimed "Eureka!" when he stepped into a bath and noticed that the water level rose. He suddenly realized that the volume of water displaced must be equal to the volume of the part of his body he had submerged. This meant that the volume of irregular objects could be calculated with precision, a

previously intractable problem. He is said to have been so eager to share his realization that he leapt out of his bathtub and ran through the streets of Syracuse naked.

Even though Uncle Raymond's Eureka moments may not be as profound as Archimedes' (*and it's rather doubtful that he has ever run through the streets of Reading naked*), Raymond's diligent research and keen mind have helped to keep us all connected and have supplied a lot of material for The Gardner Newsletter. And for that – we are all very grateful.

Tell us about YOUR Eureka moments!



To chat on-line, surf over to Greta Gardner's Interactive Page.

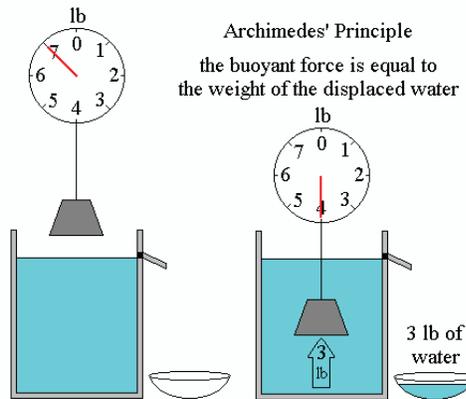
How would you like to save \$\$\$ on your long-distance telephone bills? Enter Greta Gardner's NEW chat room and begin to chat online for FREE! Log onto www.gardnernews.org and then surf over to Greta's Interactive Page and sign in.

How does this work? Let's use a "fer instance." Uncle Raymond has lots of lovely daughters. Let's say they all wanted to plan a family reunion. Raylene lives in New York; Sharon and Gloria live in Massachusetts; Cheryl lives in California; Ellen lives in Utah. If they all pre-arranged to meet on a specific date and made allowances for each time zone, they could all be in the chat room at the same time and begin real time conversing – just as if they were on a phone conference call – and all without spending one penny!

If it catches on, we can even set up various rooms for different sectors of the Gardner family. The possibilities are limitless; why not give it a try! Be sure to give the *Gardner Newsletter* feedback. Good luck!



Archimedes' "Eureka" Moment



Buoyancy!





Gardner Newsletter

Fall, 2009

Special points of interest:

- Dan Whitney's inspiring new Christmas message
- 2010—A New Decade—Learn from the Past
- "My Favorite Thanksgiving and Christmas"
- Update on the Lang-Johnson-Eggleston Connection

DISCLAIMER: This is a LONG read!

In anticipation of 2010, presented here in its entirety is Theodore Roosevelt's "New Nationalism" speech regarded by some as one of the most important speeches ever given in the 20th century.

Ex-president Roosevelt was just back from safari and he was contemplating running again for president in 1912. He gave this speech in Kansas in 1910 (the beginning of a new decade 100 years ago) espousing his carefully thought-through analysis of American society and the role that government ought to play.

I think you will find it strikingly similar to the political climate today in President Obama's new administration.

The philosopher George Santayana famously said, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." See if you can draw the parallels between Roosevelt's time and the present and then try to contemplate what the future may hold. Granted. It is indeed a LONG read, but maybe we all can read it in small doses. Feel free to share any feedback you may have.

Happy Thanksgiving, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year / New Decade

Volume 12, Issue 48

Escape: A Christmas Message

Mark 1:1-3; Isaiah 40:1-5 - By: Dan Whitney

Driving through a new section of New Hampshire last week, I noticed an interesting rock formation. The rocks were reflecting the sun just so, and the jagged edges created interesting shadows as the light played across them. I wouldn't have been able to see any of the layers or variations of color if it hadn't been for the presence of the Throughway on which we were driving. Apparently, the engineers who designed this particular road determined that the entrance ramp to the highway needed to be much lower than the current terrain permitted.

Drills and explosives were brought to bear, along with heavy machinery. The earth was simply carved away to allow for the entrance ramp to proceed at a gradual in-

cline. I had seen this kind of configuration before.

In my home state of Pennsylvania, it is not unusual, especially in the mountainous regions of central PA, to see cut-away views of the strata of the



Highway built by blasting rock formations

earth's crust. Now that I think about it, it seems to me that route 91 north through Vermont offers similar vistas.

I understand why the rocks are subjected to such harsh treatment. Automobile drivers would have difficulty manipulating roads that forced them to maneuver over the naturally occurring rises and falls of the earth's surface. And so we fill in the low places. We dynamite the high places. We build up and bank the turns to allow for safer exiting from our superhighways. We reshape the earth to make it serve us.

It takes a great deal of work -- but I am all in favor of safer highways. I like driving on level roads, especially in winter, when travelling is most dangerous. I am grateful that portions of the earth have been carved away to allow me to see oncoming traffic.

(Continued on page 2)

A New Decade in 1910—The New Nationalism—An Important Speech by Theodore Roosevelt

We come here to-day to commemorate one of the epoch-making events of the long struggle for the rights of man—the long struggle for the uplift of humanity. Our country—this great Republic—means nothing unless it means the triumph of a real democracy, the triumph of popular government, and, in the long run, of an economic system under which each man shall be guaranteed the opportunity to show the best that there is in him. That is why the history of America is now the central feature of the history of the world; for the world has set its face hope-

fully toward our democracy; and, O my fellow citizens, each one of you carries on your shoulders not only the burden of doing well for the sake of your country, but the burden of doing well and of seeing that this nation does well for the sake of mankind.

There have been two great crises in our country's history: first, when it was formed, and then, again, when it was perpetuated; and, in the second of these great crises—in the time of stress and strain which culminated in the Civil War, on the outcome of which depended the justification of what had been done earlier, you men of the Grand Army,

you men who fought through the Civil War, not only did you justify your generation, but you justified the wisdom of Washington and Washington's colleagues. If this Republic had been founded by them only to be split asunder into fragments when the strain came, then the judgment of the world would have been that Washington's work was not worth doing. It was you who crowned Washington's work, as you carried to achievement the high purpose of Abraham Lincoln.

Now, with this second period of our history the name of John Brown will

(Continued on page 6)



“In Mark’s account he states that everything begins with Isaiah.”

MORE ... of Dan Whitney’s Christmas Message

(Continued from page 1)

I’m even a fan of the guys who trim all the bushes and debris from the sides of the road. Last December we had a tough ice storm in southern New Hampshire and broken trees littered our highways. Even after the roads had been cleared, visibility was poor around many corners, until the road crews began to clear out and mulch all the birches and pines that had accumulated on highway shoulders.

I don’t know about you, but I appreciate every contribution made to help me see clearly and drive safely – reflectors, boundary markers, grooves carved in the asphalt, guardrails, lines-dashed or solid in glowing colors. I’m grateful for every one of them. Mostly, because I have discovered it is safest to stay on the road.

Balancing many competing demands is a full time job for most American families. Employment and related social responsibilities take up large blocks of our time and attention. Not only are there kids or parents to care for, but life in a neighborhood means responding to the emergencies that happen nearby. The neighbor across the street is putting on a new roof. Three houses down, they have the swine flu. Aunt Mary needs help raking the leaves. You know the routine. We fill up the lonely hours of our lives, and then we end up running around trying to keep all of the plates spinning. From all of that, I’d like a little relief.

When St. Mark begins writing his Gospel of the Life of Jesus, he starts with some interesting words. These aren’t the words you would expect at the beginning of a biography. You might

expect to hear about Jesus’ parents or about the circumstances of Jesus’ birth. You have to go somewhere else if you want to learn about those things. In Mark’s account he states that everything begins with Isaiah. Isaiah?

This Isaiah is a prophet who wrote sometime between 587 and 539 BC. He introduces his message with these words: (Isaiah 40)

¹*Comfort, comfort my people, says your God.*

²*Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and proclaim to her that her hard service has been completed, that her sin has been paid for, that she has received from the LORD’s hand double for all her sins.*

³*A voice of one calling: “In the desert prepare the way for the LORD; make straight in the wilderness a highway for our God.*

⁴*Every valley shall be raised up, every mountain and hill made low; the rough ground shall become level, the rugged places a plain.*

⁵*And the glory of the LORD will be revealed, and all mankind together will see it. For the mouth of the LORD has spoken.”*

In Isaiah’s day, this message was about deliverance for the nation of Israel. Jerusalem had been destroyed by Babylon. Subsequent conquerors had shuffled, dislocated, the population of the Jewish people. Eventually, the Persians would allow a group of Jews to return to Jerusalem to rebuild the temple and their city. Isaiah is saying that the time of deliverance would come.

Isaiah’s message begins with the word of comfort! God wants His people comforted. Judgment is past, and it is now time for embracing. Like a father who has just issued a sharp rebuke to his young son, the repentance of the youth is followed by the loving embrace of the father. How else does the son understand that the discipline itself was an expression of love?

Isaiah is telling his people – “You have been disciplined. Your arrogance has been dealt with. Now feel the loving embrace of your father.”

That’s the kind of message I want to hear! I need a message that reminds me that my father loves me, that the pain of the past is over, that the harsh lessons learned are completed and it is time to move forward again.

And so, when Mark wants to start with a summarizing statement to tell us what is about to happen in this incredible story of Jesus, he reaches back to Isaiah. He borrows a story from the collective past of his nation, and he essentially says, “This gospel of Jesus . . . It’s just like the time when Isaiah said, “Comfort! Prepare! God is about to be revealed to everyone on the earth!”

So how is it that the message of Isaiah, over 500 years before the birth of Christ, is so similar to the Bethlehem event?

The first hint is Mark’s use of the word ‘Gospel.’

(Mark 1:1 -The beginning of the gospel about Jesus Christ, the Son of God.)

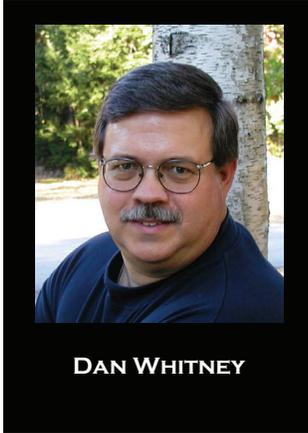
Gospel means “good news.”

(Continued on page 4)





My Favorite Thanksgiving By: Dan Whitney



DAN WHITNEY

It's hard to select from such a wonderful range of phenomenal memories . . . but I think Thanksgiving, 1983, will always be the most memorable for me.. To make a very long story short, this was the year that Nancy and I were in a very serious boating accident in July. Papa Gardner died at almost the same time as our accident, which added to the pervading sense of grief at that time. Nancy's neck was broken and she endured severe facial lacerations. She spent several days in intensive care while I struggled along as best as I could. The weeks that followed that accident were frightening, full of unanswered questions. And yet, at the same time, we both had an unusual sense of God's presence with us throughout that period. It is hard to describe all that happened and all that we felt. Nancy and I believe that God brought a special healing to Nancy during the six weeks that followed that accident. Even though the accident was very serious, and though additional plastic surgeries were required, Nancy was able to return to her classroom by the beginning of school that September! The most meaningful part to me happened around the Thanksgiving table in the Cove home in Auburn, NY that fall.

When Dick asked the traditional "Thanksgiving" question that year -- "For what are you grateful from this past year?" Nancy's answer was surprising. She said that, although she wouldn't want to repeat the events of the accident, the lessons she learned about God's dependability and trustworthiness, the closeness the incident brought to our family, and other positive experiences too numerous to mention that came from the accident -- all of that made the whole experience something she wouldn't trade anything for.

Somehow, God had transformed a life-threatening, painful incident into something that would anchor our faith in Him for years to come. It was a costly, but precious gift; one I'll never forget.

My Favorite Christmas By: Teresa Vasko

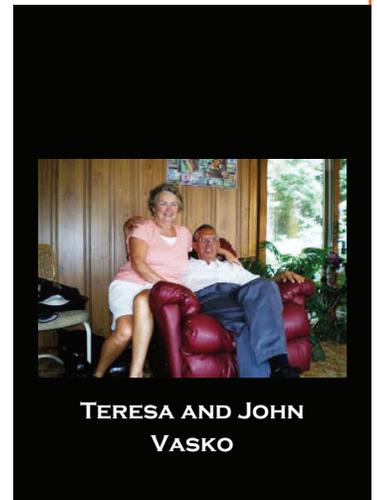
The first Christmas that John & I were married, 41 years ago, we wanted to please both sets of parents. It was possible because John's folks celebrated Christmas on Christmas Eve and my family had their tree on Christmas night. So we left Glassport, Pa and went to John's parents home in Levittown, Pa. a few days before Christmas. We had a nice family celebration with his parents, and brother and family on Christmas eve. We were on the road by 8:00 Christmas morning. There was not a lot of traffic and all was well. When we began to think of lunch we were no longer in the heavily popu-

lated areas. Several times we got off the highway to look for a restaurant...duh, it was Christmas Day, nothing was open. We arrived at my folks home at 4:00 PM. For the first time in his life, Dad did not offer us food, he wanted to know if we wanted to open presents. "NO!", we replied, "We want something to eat." (I wonder if that is why I always have food and drink in the car when I travel.)

We repeated this trip on Christmas day for the next 6 years. When the kids came along, I did not want their memories of Christmas to be 8 hours in the car, so we stopped this silli-

ness. One of these years when we got to Lyndonville, Dad asked what route we came on. We said the usual, I 91. He informed us that that route was closed due to the major snow storm. That would explain why there was no traffic the whole length of the state and why the undercarriage was plowing the road.

Aren't memories wonderful?



TERESA AND JOHN VASKO



“The promise of Comfort is for everyone—but there are some instructions attached.”



Even *MORE* ... of Dan Whitney's Christmas Message

(Continued from page 2)

This story that Mark is about to tell isn't just any story. From the very beginning, Mark wants his readers to know that the story is good news – and not just good news for a select few, or for those who will be receiving a portion of the stimulus money. This story is good news for everyone!

The promise of Comfort is for everyone – but there are some instructions attached. In Isaiah's day, it would mean having the courage to leave captivity. Israel has been imprisoned in a foreign land (sounds a little like the exodus from Egypt, right?) and God promises to make a way for them to return to their land.

But when the time comes, when the day for departure arrives, the people have decisions to make. Some will have prospered in the new country. Some will have small children with them. Some may have even intermarried with their neighbors. Now they are told it is time to leave. This isn't an easy invitation. It asks me to give up the life I have created in this new place for the promise of a different life in a place where my ancestors lived.

Oh, for some of them, those whose lives were difficult, the choice was easy. When life is hard, it is easy to look for ways to escape from it. But what about when life seems relatively tolerable?

For Israel, the only way to receive the promised blessing of God, the only way to the restoration of life in the promised land, was to do the work of leaving. It probably required bringing in some drills and explosives. Things had to be

carved out, carted away. There was a highway to be built, a road that led from Persia to Jerusalem. They didn't actually build a new road that I know of. They had to get themselves onto the road that left their current life behind and led to the new life defined by the promises of God.

Mark says that the story of Jesus is like this Isaiah story. It is good news. There are promises attached. And God sends a gift to help us find our way.

Isaiah, almost like sounding a battle horn, is told to "Cry out!" Let the people know what is about to happen. Get them moving so that they can receive the comfort of God. Let them know that they need to get ready to move!

Mark says, God has already sent a messenger to mankind to tell them to do the work of preparing the road. The pathway on which the comfort, the blessing of God will come, needs preparation. The announcer of this news is an unusual man named John.

And that is why Mark's story starts with John the Baptist, rather than with sheep and shepherds, angels and wise-men. In fact, the baby Jesus never even makes an appearance in Mark's story. Where's the Christmas message in all of that? No Mary and Joseph, no innkeeper to look down on, no donkeys or little drummer boy?

It may be that Mark is offering a choice here. It may be that while gifts and cookies and eggnog and roast beast are all very nice, some of us may actually need the real thing – the comfort of God. Some of us may actually be looking for a way out – a way to escape the

rat race that is our daily lives. We may need a chance to start over, to put things right. We may already be reaching for the reset button of our lives.

And to all of us who desperately need to hear the words that things can be different, and to those of us who don't yet know that we need to hear them, John, the "Voice in the Wilderness," speaks.

He's the one who sounds the alarm. He's the one who tells us to make straight paths for God. He's the one who calls in the heavy equipment. And he's the one who tells us to get ready to leave.

And there it is in a nutshell. ***It's time to go. Get ready to leave.***

Some years ago I traveled to the interior of the Amazon rain forest. The ride in was grueling, lasting over 18 hours. That didn't take into account the three plane rides required to get me to the start of the journey to the jungle. I was in the tropical forest for about 10 days. It was non-stop hot and humid. I was bitten by a least a hundred bugs and my legs were inflamed by the bites. I hunted for alligator at midnight, because I was too frightened to be left behind. I played soccer with the indians, unwilling to chase the errant ball into the undergrowth, uncertain of what I would find if I ventured too far in. I was exhausted, ill, frightened, and I was thinking about my lovely apartment in Virginia Beach.

The trip back out to "civilization" was frightening in its own right, but I can't even begin to tell you how glad I was, when, on day 10, I heard the words – "It's time to get ready to

(Continued on page 5)



Still MORE ... of Dan Whitney's Christmas Message

(Continued from page 4)

go." I packed in record time. Actually, I had given away most of my things to the locals. I was happy to leave the stuff behind. The only thing I really needed to take back to Virginia Beach was myself. I was ready to go well before the announced departure time. There was no way I was going to miss my ride. I would not even consider being left behind.

St. Mark tells us that the Christmas Story is the story that begins with John's message of repentance and forgiveness. This is the heavy lifting part of the story. If ever there were a need for drills and dynamite and large yellow vehicles in our lives, this is the place. It seems that there is a need for things to be broken up in our lives so that the rubble can be hauled away. Like an oyster, we build layers of life around the injuries and irritations of our lives; and rather than finding ways to remove the irritants, we accommodate them. We harbor petty grudges or we get caught up in trying to provide our own security through the accumulation of possessions.

We suffer from disillusionment when we can't produce the kind of warm fuzzies we want from our holiday observances, when our families or relatives won't cooperate with our carefully constructed schemes. Or maybe our suffering is the result of more serious circumstances, things well beyond our ability to even attempt to control or perhaps ever cope with.

No matter. The Christmas message is, and always will be, this: John is shouting! If you will make straight pathways for God through humility and honesty, He will rescue you, bring you

out, from the aftermath of the drills and dynamite and heavy equipment. His promise is always the promise of an Exodus, a chance to leave slavery behind and live in freedom and joy.

The angels announce it!
"Peace, goodwill toward men."
That's God's desire for us. Forget the lightning bolts; latch on to peace, goodwill. They are the expression of God's heart for all of us.

Yes, the humility and honesty parts are the hard parts. It's hard to admit that, after all of these years accumulating things, that my things now own me. It's hard to admit that I treated Aunt so and so badly, even if she didn't have to react the way she did. It's not easy to address addictions, especially when the addiction is believing that I am always right, with no need of help from anyone else.

But that is the price of the escape, the cost of the comfort. Unless we can admit the brokenness, identifying the pain and restlessness in our lives, we can never hope to escape.

But if Christmas is anything, it is the ultimate message of hope! Thing can be different! Christ came in the flesh to make sure we understood that it was all possible. Remember the words of the angel to Mary, "Nothing is impossible with God!" No matter how tough things get, no matter how shaky the economy, no matter how messy my life is at present, "God is With Us." That's his **name**, for heaven's sake. And it is a name he lives up to.

God's comfort is on the way. The only recipe I know for a great Christmas is this: Make sure the pathway to your front

door is shoveled. And if you have a neighbor named John to help with the shoveling, so much the better!



"Be sure to send in your articles for the Winter, 2010 issue."

"It's hard to admit, after all these years accumulating things, that my things now own me."

See you at the start of the next decade—2010!





Theodore Roosevelt

"It is of little use for us to pay lip-loyalty to the mighty men of the past unless we sincerely endeavor to apply to the problems of the present precisely the qualities which in other crises enabled the men of that day to meet those crises."

Season's Greetings ❄️

MORE ... of Theodore Roosevelt's "New Nationalism" Speech

(Continued from page 1)

forever be associated; and Kansas was the theatre upon which the first act of the second of our great national life dramas was played. It was the result of the struggle in Kansas which determined that our country should be in deed as well as in name devoted to both union and freedom; that the great experiment of democratic government on a national scale should succeed and not fail. In name we had the Declaration of Independence in 1776; but we gave the lie by our acts to the words of the Declaration of Independence until 1865; and words count for nothing except in so far as they represent acts. This is true everywhere; but, O my friends, it should be truest of all in political life. A broken promise is bad enough in private life. It is worse in the field of politics. No man is worth his salt in public life who makes on the stump a pledge which he does not keep after election; and, if he makes such a pledge and does not keep it, hunt him out of public life. I care for the great deeds of the past chiefly as spurs to drive us onward in the present. I speak of the men of the past partly that they may be honored by our praise of them, but more that they may serve as examples for the future.

It was a heroic struggle; and, as is inevitable with all such struggles, it had also a dark and terrible side. Very much was done of good, and much also of evil; and, as was inevitable in such a period of revolution, often the same man did both good and evil. For our great good fortune as a nation, we, the people of the United States as a whole, can now afford to forget the evil, or, at least, to remember it without bitterness, and to fix our eyes with pride only on the good that was accomplished. Even in ordinary times there are very few of us who do not see the problems of life as through a glass, darkly; and when the glass is clouded by the murk of furious popular passion, the vision of the best and the bravest is dimmed. Looking back, we are all of us now able to do justice to the valor and the disinterestedness and the love

of the right, as to each it was given to see the right, shown both by the men of the North and the men of the South in that contest which was finally decided by the attitude of the West. We can admire the heroic valor, the sincerity, the self-devotion shown alike by the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray; and our sadness that such men should have to fight one another is tempered by the glad knowledge that ever hereafter their descendants shall be fighting side by side, struggling in peace as well as in war for the uplift of their common country, all alike resolute to raise to the highest pitch of honor and usefulness the nation to which they all belong. As for the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, they deserve honor and recognition such as is paid to no other citizens of the Republic; for to them the republic owes it all; for to them it owes its very existence. It is because of what you and your comrades did in the dark years that we of to-day walk, each of us, head erect, and proud that we belong, not to one of a dozen little squabbling contemptible commonwealths, but to the mightiest nation upon which the sun shines.

I do not speak of this struggle of the past merely from the historic standpoint. Our interest is primarily in the application to-day of the lessons taught by the contest a half a century ago. It is of little use for us to pay lip-loyalty to the mighty men of the past unless we sincerely endeavor to apply to the problems of the present precisely the qualities which in other crises enabled the men of that day to meet those crises. It is half melancholy and half amusing to see the way in which well-meaning people gather to do honor to the men who, in company with John Brown, and under the lead of Abraham Lincoln, faced and solved the great problems of the nineteenth century, while, at the same time, these same good people nervously shrink from, or frantically denounce, those who are trying to meet the problems of the twentieth century in the spirit which was accountable for

the successful solution of the problems of Lincoln's time.

Of that generation of men to whom we owe so much, the man to whom we owe most is, of course, Lincoln. Part of our debt to him is because he forecast our present struggle and saw the way out. He said:

"I hold that while man exists it is his duty to improve not only his own condition, but to assist in ameliorating mankind."

And again:

"Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."

If that remark was original with me, I should be even more strongly denounced as a Communist agitator than I shall be anyhow. It is Lincoln's. I am only quoting it; and that is one side; that is the side the capitalist should hear. Now, let the working man hear his side.

"Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. . . . Nor should this lead to a war upon the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; . . . property is desirable; is a positive good in the world."

And then comes a thoroughly Lincoln-like sentence:

"Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

It seems to me that, in these words, Lincoln took substantially the attitude that we ought to take; he showed the proper sense of proportion in his relative estimates of capital and labor, of human rights and property rights. Above all, in this speech, as in many others, he taught a lesson in wise kindness and charity; an indispensable les-

(Continued on page 7)

Even MORE ... of Theodore Roosevelt's "New Nationalism" Speech

(Continued from page 6)

son to us of today. But this wise kindness and charity never weakened his arm or numbed his heart. We cannot afford weakly to blind ourselves to the actual conflict which faces us today. The issue is joined, and we must fight or fail.

In every wise struggle for human betterment one of the main objects, and often the only object, has been to achieve in large measure equality of opportunity. In the struggle for this great end, nations rise from barbarism to civilization, and through it people press forward from one stage of enlightenment to the next. One of the chief factors in progress is the destruction of special privilege. The essence of any struggle for healthy liberty has always been, and must always be, to take from some one man or class of men the right to enjoy power, or wealth, or position, or immunity, which has not been earned by service to his or their fellows. That is what you fought for in the Civil War, and that is what we strive for now.

At many stages in the advance of humanity, this conflict between the men who possess more than they have earned and the men who have earned more than they possess is the central condition of progress. In our day it appears as the struggle of freemen to gain and hold the right of self-government as against the special interests, who twist the methods of free government into machinery for defeating the popular will. At every stage, and under all circumstances, the essence of the struggle is to equalize opportunity, destroy privilege, and give to the life and citizenship of every individual the highest possible value both to himself and to the commonwealth. That is nothing new. All I ask in civil life is what you fought for in the Civil War. I ask that civil life be carried on according to the spirit in which the army was carried on. You never get perfect justice, but the effort in handling the army was to bring to the front the men who could do the job. Nobody grudged promotion to Grant, or Sherman, or Thomas, or

Sheridan, because they earned it. The only complaint was when a man got promotion which he did not earn.

Practical equality of opportunity for all citizens, when we achieve it, will have two great results. First, every man will have a fair chance to make of himself all that in him lies; to reach the highest point to which his capacities, unassisted by special privilege of his own and unhampered by the special privilege of others, can carry him, and to get for himself and his family substantially what he has earned. Second, equality of opportunity means that the commonwealth will get from every citizen the highest service of which he is capable. No man who carries the burden of the special privileges of another can give to the commonwealth that service to which it is fairly entitled.

I stand for the square deal. But when I say that I am for the square deal, I mean not merely that I stand for fair play under the present rules of the game, but that I stand for having those rules changed so as to work for a more substantial equality of opportunity and of reward for equally good service. One word of warning, which, I think, is hardly necessary in Kansas. When I say I want a square deal for the poor man, I do not mean that I want a square deal for the man who remains poor because he has not got the energy to work for himself. If a man who has had a chance will not make good, then he has got to quit. And you men of the Grand Army, you want justice for the brave man who fought, and punishment for the coward who shirked his work. Is that not so?

Now, this means that our government, National and State, must be freed from the sinister influence or control of special interests. Exactly as the special interests of cotton and slavery threatened our political integrity before the Civil War, so now the great special business interests too often control and corrupt the men and methods of government for their own profit. We must drive the special interests

out of politics. That is one of our tasks to-day. Every special interest is entitled to justice—full, fair, and complete—and, now, mind you, if there were any attempt by mob-violence to plunder and work harm to the special interest, whatever it may be, that I most dislike, and the wealthy man, whomsoever he may be, for whom I have the greatest contempt, I would fight for him, and you would if you were worth your salt. He should have justice. For every special interest is entitled to justice, but not one is entitled to a vote in Congress, to a voice on the bench, or to representation in any public office. The Constitution guarantees protection to property, and we must make that promise good. But it does not give the right of suffrage to any corporation.

The true friend of property, the true conservative, is he who insists that property shall be the servant and not the master of the commonwealth; who insists that the creature of man's making shall be the servant and not the master of the man who made it. The citizens of the United States must effectively control the mighty commercial forces which they have called into being.

There can be no effective control of corporations while their political activity remains. To put an end to it will be neither a short nor an easy task, but it can be done.

We must have complete and effective publicity of corporate affairs, so that the people may know beyond peradventure whether the corporations obey the law and whether their management entitles them to the confidence of the public. It is necessary that laws should be passed to prohibit the use of corporate funds directly or indirectly for political purposes; it is still more necessary that such laws should be thoroughly enforced. Corporate expenditures for political purposes, and especially such expenditures by public-service corporations, have supplied one of the principal sources of corruption in our political affairs.

(Continued on page 8)



Theodore Roosevelt on safari

"We must have complete and effective publicity of corporate affairs, so that the people may know beyond peradventure whether the corporations obey the law and whether their management entitles them to the confidence of the public."





“I believe that the officers, and especially, the directors, of corporations should be held personally responsible when any corporation breaks the law.”

Still MORE ... of Theodore Roosevelt's “New Nationalism” Speech

(Continued from page 7)

It has become entirely clear that we must have government supervision of the capitalization, not only of public-service corporations, including, particularly, railways, but of all corporations doing an interstate business. I do not wish to see the nation forced into the ownership of the railways if it can possibly be avoided, and the only alternative is thoroughgoing and effective legislation, which shall be based on a full knowledge of all the facts, including a physical valuation of property. This physical valuation is not needed, or, at least, is very rarely needed, for fixing rates; but it is needed as the basis of honest capitalization.

We have come to recognize that franchises should never be granted except for a limited time, and never without proper provision for compensation to the public. It is my personal belief that the same kind and degree of control and supervision which should be exercised over public-service corporations should be extended also to combinations which control necessities of life, such as meat, oil, or coal, or which deal in them on an important scale. I have no doubt that the ordinary man who has control of them is much like ourselves. I have no doubt he would like to do well, but I want to have enough supervision to help him realize that desire to do well.

I believe that the officers, and, especially, the directors, of corporations should be held personally responsible when any corporation breaks the law.

Combinations in industry are the result of an imperative economic law which cannot be repealed by political legislation. The effort at prohibiting all combination has substantially failed. The way out lies, not in attempting to prevent such combinations, but in completely controlling them in the interest of the public welfare. For that purpose the Federal Bureau of Corporations is an agency of first importance. Its powers, and, therefore, its efficiency, as well as that of

the Interstate Commerce Commission, should be largely increased. We have a right to expect from the Bureau of Corporations and from the Interstate Commerce Commission a very high grade of public service. We should be as sure of the proper conduct of the interstate railways and the proper management of interstate business as we are now sure of the conduct and management of the national banks, and we should have as effective supervision in one case as in the other. The Hepburn Act, and the amendment to the act in the shape in which it finally passed Congress at the last session, represent a long step in advance, and we must go yet further.

There is a wide-spread belief among our people that, under the methods of making tariffs which have hitherto obtained, the special interests are too influential. Probably this is true of both the big special interests and the little special interests. These methods have put a premium on selfishness, and, naturally, the selfish big interests have gotten more than their smaller, though equally selfish, brothers. The duty of Congress is to provide a method by which the interest of the whole people shall be all that receives consideration. To this end there must be an expert tariff commission, wholly removed from the possibility of political pressure or of improper business influence. Such a commission can find the real difference between cost of production, which is mainly the difference of labor cost here and abroad. As fast as its recommendations are made, I believe in revising one schedule at a time. A general revision of the tariff almost inevitably leads to logrolling and the subordination of the general public interest to local and special interests.

The absence of effective State, and, especially, national, restraint upon unfair money-getting has tended to create a small class of enormously wealthy and economically powerful men, whose chief object is to hold and increase their power. The prime need to is to

change the conditions which enable these men to accumulate power which it is not for the general welfare that they should hold or exercise. We grudge no man a fortune which represents his own power and sagacity, when exercised with entire regard to the welfare of his fellows. Again, comrades over there, take the lesson from your own experience. Not only did you not grudge, but you gloried in the promotion of the great generals who gained their promotion by leading their army to victory. So it is with us. We grudge no man a fortune in civil life if it is honorably obtained and well used. It is not even enough that it should have been gained without doing damage to the community. We should permit it to be gained only so long as the gaining represents benefit to the community. This, I know, implies a policy of a far more active governmental interference with social and economic conditions in this country than we have yet had, but I think we have got to face the fact that such an increase in governmental control is now necessary.

No man should receive a dollar unless that dollar has been fairly earned. Every dollar received should represent a dollar's worth of service rendered—not gambling in stocks, but service rendered. The really big fortune, the swollen fortune, by the mere fact of its size, acquires qualities which differentiate it in kind as well as in degree from what is possessed by men of relatively small means. Therefore, I believe in a graduated income tax on big fortunes, and in another tax which is far more easily collected and far more effective—a graduated inheritance tax on big fortunes, properly safeguarded against evasion, and increasing rapidly in amount with the size of the estate.

The people of the United States suffer from periodical financial panics to a degree substantially unknown to the other nations, which approach us in financial strength. There is no reason why

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Yet even MORE ... of Theodore Roosevelt's "New Nationalism" Speech

(Continued from page 8)

we should suffer what they escape. It is of profound importance that our financial system should be promptly investigated, and so thoroughly and effectively revised as to make it certain that hereafter our currency will no longer fail at critical times to meet our needs. It is hardly necessary to me to repeat that I believe in an efficient army and a navy large enough to secure for us abroad that respect which is the surest guaranty of peace. A word of special warning to my fellow citizens who are as progressive as I hope I am. I want them to keep up their interest in our international affairs; and I want them also continually to remember Uncle Sam's interests abroad. Justice and fair dealings among nations rest upon principles identical with those which control justice and fair dealing among the individuals of which nations are composed, with the vital exception that each nation must do its own part in international police work. If you get into trouble here, you can call for the police; but if Uncle Sam gets into trouble, he has got to be his own policeman, and I want to see him strong enough to encourage the peaceful aspirations of other people's in connection with us. I believe in national friendships and heartiest good-will to all nations; but national friendships, like those between men, must be founded on respect as well as on liking, on forbearance as well as upon trust. I should be heartily ashamed of any American who did not try to make the American government act as justly toward the other nations in international relations as he himself would act toward any individual in private relations. I should be heartily ashamed to see us wrong a weaker power, and I should hang my head forever if we tamely suffered wrong from a stronger power.

Of conservation I shall speak more at length elsewhere. Conservation means development as much as it does protection. I recognize the right and duty of this generation to develop and use the natural resources of our land; but I do not

recognize the right to waste them, or to rob, by wasteful use, the generations that come after us. I ask nothing of the nation except that it so behave as each farmer here behaves with reference to his own children. That farmer is a poor creature who skins the land and leaves it worthless to his children. The farmer is a good farmer who, having enabled the land to support himself and to provide for the education of his children, leaves it to them a little better than he found it himself. I believe the same thing of a nation.

Moreover, I believe that the natural resources must be used for the benefit of all our people, and not monopolized for the benefit of the few, and here again is another case in which I am accused of taking a revolutionary attitude. People forget now that one hundred years ago there were public men of good character who advocated the nation selling its public lands in great quantities, so that the nation could get the most money out of it, and giving it to the men who could cultivate it for their own uses. We took the proper democratic ground that the land should be granted in small sections to the men who were actually to till it and live on it. Now, with the water-power, with the forests, with the mines, we are brought face to face with the fact that there are many people who will go with us in conserving the resources only if they are to be allowed to exploit them for their benefit. That is one of the fundamental reasons why the special interests should be driven out of politics. Of all the questions which can come before this nation, short of the actual preservation of its existence in a great war, there is none which compares in importance with the great central task of leaving this land even a better land for our descendants than it is for us, and training them into a better race to inhabit the land and pass it on. Conservation is a great moral issue, for it involves the patriotic duty of insuring the safety and continuance of the nation. Let me add that the health and vitality of our people are

at least as well worth conserving as their forests, waters, lands, and minerals, and in this great work the national government must bear a most important part.

I have spoken elsewhere also of the great task which lies before the farmers of the country to get for themselves and their wives and children not only the benefits of better farming, but also those of better business methods and better conditions of life on the farm. The burden of this great task will fall, as it should, mainly upon the great organizations of the farmers themselves. I am glad it will, for I believe they are all well able to handle it. In particular, there are strong reasons why the Departments of Agriculture of the various states, the United States Department of Agriculture, and the agricultural colleges and experiment stations should extend their work to cover all phases of farm life, instead of limiting themselves, as they have far too often limited themselves in the past, solely to the question of the production of crops. And now a special word to the farmer. I want to see him make the farm as fine a farm as it can be made; and let him remember to see that the improvement goes on indoors as well as out; let him remember that the farmer's wife should have her share of thought and attention just as much as the farmer himself.

Nothing is more true than that excess of every kind is followed by reaction; a fact which should be pondered by reformer and reactionary alike. We are face to face with new conceptions of the relations of property to human welfare, chiefly because certain advocates of the rights of property as against the rights of men have been pushing their claims too far. The man who wrongly holds that every human right is secondary to his profit must now give way to the advocate of human welfare, who rightly maintains that every man holds his property subject to the general right

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"I recognize the right and duty of this generation to develop and use the natural resources of our land; but I do not recognize the right to waste them, or to rob, by wasteful use, the generations that come after us."





Theodore Roosevelt

“The fundamental thing to do for every man is to give him a chance to reach a place in which he will make the greatest possible contribution to the public welfare.”

Season's Greetings

“My goodness, Mr. Roosevelt, you ARE long-winded, aren't you!?”

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of the community to regulate its use to whatever degree the public welfare may require it.

But I think we may go still further. The right to regulate the use of wealth in the public interest is universally admitted. Let us admit also the right to regulate the terms and conditions of labor, which is the chief element of wealth, directly in the interest of the common good. The fundamental thing to do for every man is to give him a chance to reach a place in which he will make the greatest possible contribution to the public welfare. Understand what I say there. Give him a chance, not push him up if he will not be pushed. Help any man who stumbles; if he lies down, it is a poor job to try to carry him; but if he is a worthy man, try your best to see that he gets a chance to show the worth that is in him. No man can be a good citizen unless he has a wage more than sufficient to cover the bare cost of living, and hours of labor short enough so after his day's work is done he will have time and energy to bear his share in the management of the community, to help in carrying the general load. We keep countless men from being good citizens by the conditions of life by which we surround them. We need comprehensive workman's compensation acts, both State and national laws to regulate child labor and work for women, and, especially, we need in our common schools not merely education in book-learning, but also practical training for daily life and work. We need to enforce better sanitary conditions for our workers and to extend the use of safety appliances for workers in industry and commerce, both within and between the States. Also, friends, in the interest of the working man himself, we need to set our faces like flint against mob-violence just as against corporate greed; against violence and injustice and lawlessness by wage-workers just as much as against lawless cunning and greed and selfish arrogance of employers. If I could ask but one thing of my fellow countrymen, my request would be that, whenever

they go in for reform, they remember the two sides, and that they always exact justice from one side as much as from the other. I have small use for the public servant who can always see and denounce the corruption of the capitalist, but who cannot persuade himself, especially before election, to say a word about lawless mob-violence. And I have equally small use for the man, be he a judge on the bench or editor of a great paper, or wealthy and influential private citizen, who can see clearly enough and denounce the lawlessness of mob-violence, but whose eyes are closed so that he is blind when the question is one of corruption of business on a gigantic scale. Also, remember what I said about excess in reformer and reactionary alike. If the reactionary man, who thinks of nothing but the rights of property, could have his way, he would bring about a revolution; and one of my chief fears in connection with progress comes because I do not want to see our people, for lack of proper leadership, compelled to follow men whose intentions are excellent, but whose eyes are a little too wild to make it really safe to trust them. Here in Kansas there is one paper which habitually denounces me as the tool of Wall Street, and at the same time frantically repudiates the statement that I am a Socialist on the ground that that is an unwarranted slander of the Socialists.

National efficiency has many factors. It is a necessary result of the principle of conservation widely applied. In the end, it will determine our failure or success as a nation. National efficiency has to do, not only with natural resources and with men, but it is equally concerned with institutions. The State must be made efficient for the work which concerns only the people of the State; and the nation for that which concerns all the people. There must remain no neutral ground to serve as a refuge for lawbreakers, and especially for lawbreakers of great wealth, who can hire the vulpine legal cunning which will teach them how to avoid both jurisdictions. It is a misfortune

when the national legislature fails to do its duty in providing a national remedy, so that the only national activity is the purely negative activity of the judiciary in forbidding the State to exercise power in the premises.

I do not ask for the over centralization; but I do ask that we work in a spirit of broad and far-reaching nationalism where we work for what concerns our people as a whole. We are all Americans. Our common interests are as broad as the continent. I speak to you here in Kansas exactly as I would speak in New York or Georgia, for the most vital problems are those which affect us all alike. The National Government belongs to the whole American people, and where the whole American people are interested, that interest can be guarded effectively only by the National Government. The betterment which we seek must be accomplished, I believe, mainly through the National Government.

The American people are right in demanding that New Nationalism, without which we cannot hope to deal with new problems. The New Nationalism puts the national need before sectional or personal advantage. It is impatient of the utter confusion that results from local legislatures attempting to treat national issues as local issues. It is still more impatient of the impotence which springs from over division of governmental powers, the impotence which makes it possible for local selfishness or for legal cunning, hired by wealthy special interests, to bring national activities to a deadlock. This New Nationalism regards the executive power as the steward of the public welfare. It demands of the judiciary that it shall be interested primarily in human welfare rather than in property, just as it demands that the representative body shall represent all the people rather than any one class or section of the people.

I believe in shaping the ends of government to protect property as well as human welfare. Normally,

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“Stay with us, dear Reader! You’re almost done. Whew!!”

(Continued from page 10)

and in the long run, the ends are the same; but whenever the alternative must be faced, I am for men and not for property, as you were in the Civil War. I am far from underestimating the importance of dividends; but I rank dividends below human character. Again, I do not have any sympathy with the reformer who says he does not care for dividends. Of course, economic welfare is necessary, for a man must pull his own weight and be able to support his family. I know well that the reformers must not bring upon the people economic ruin, or the reforms themselves will go down in the ruin. But we must be ready to face temporary disaster, whether or not brought on by those who will war against us to the knife. Those who oppose reform will do well to remember that ruin in its worst form is inevitable if our national life brings us nothing better than swollen fortunes for the few and the triumph in both politics and business of a sordid and selfish materialism.

If our political institutions were perfect, they would absolutely prevent the political domination of money in any part of our affairs. We need to make our political representatives more quickly and sensitively responsive to the people whose servants they are. More direct action by the people in their own affairs under proper safeguards is vitally necessary. The direct primary is a step in this direction, if it is associated with a corrupt-services act effective to prevent the advantage of the man willing recklessly and unscrupulously to spend money over his more honest competitor. It is particularly important that all moneys received or expended for campaign purposes should be publicly accounted for, not only after election, but before election as well. Political action must be made simpler, easier, and freer from confusion for every citizen. I believe that the prompt removal of unfaithful or incompetent public servants should be made easy and sure in whatever way experience shall show to be most expedient in any given class

of cases.

One of the fundamental necessities in a representative government such as ours is to make certain that the men to whom the people delegate their power shall serve the people by whom they are elected, and not the special interests. I believe that every national officer, elected or appointed, should be forbidden to perform any service or receive any compensation, directly or indirectly, from interstate corporations; and a similar provision could not fail to be useful within the States.

The object of government is the welfare of the people. The material progress and prosperity of a nation are desirable chiefly so long as they lead to the moral and material welfare of all good citizens. Just in proportion as the average man and woman are honest, capable of sound judgment and high ideals, active in public affairs—but, first of all, sound in their home, and the father and mother of healthy children whom they bring up well—just so far, and no farther, we may count our civilization a success. We must have—I believe we have already—a genuine and permanent moral awakening, without which no wisdom of legislation or administration really means anything; and, on the other hand, we must try to secure the social and economic legislation without which any improvement due to purely moral agitation is necessarily evanescent. Let me again illustrate by a reference to the Grand Army. You could not have won simply as a disorderly and disorganized mob. You needed generals; you needed careful administration of the most advanced type; and a good commissary—the cracker line. You well remember that success was necessary in many different lines in order to bring about general success. You had to have the administration at Washington good, just as you had to have the administration in the field; and you had to have the work of the generals good. You could not have triumphed without the administration and leadership; but it would all have been worthless if the

average soldier had not had the right stuff in him. He had to have the right stuff in him, or you could not get it out of him. In the last analysis, therefore, vitally necessary though it was to have the right kind of organization and the right kind of generalship, it was even more vitally necessary that the average soldier should have the fighting edge, the right character. So it is in our civil life. No matter how honest and decent we are in our private lives, if we do not have the right kind of law and the right kind of administration of the law, we cannot go forward as a nation. That is imperative; but it must be an addition to, and not a substitute for, the qualities that make us good citizens. In the last analysis, the most important elements in any man’s career must be the sum of those qualities which, in the aggregate, we speak of as character. If he has not got it, then no law that the wit of man can devise, no administration of the law by the boldest and strongest executive, will avail to help him. We must have the right kind of character—character that makes a man, first of all, a good man in the home, a good father, and a good husband—that makes a man a good neighbor. You must have that, and, then, in addition, you must have the kind of law and the kind of administration of the law which will give to those qualities in the private citizen the best possible chance for development. The prime problem of our nation is to get the right type of good citizenship, and, to get it, we must have progress, and our public men must be genuinely progressive.



Theodore Roosevelt's face on Mount Rushmore

“The object of government is the welfare of the people.”





Update on The Lang / Johnson / Eggleston Connection

Correction

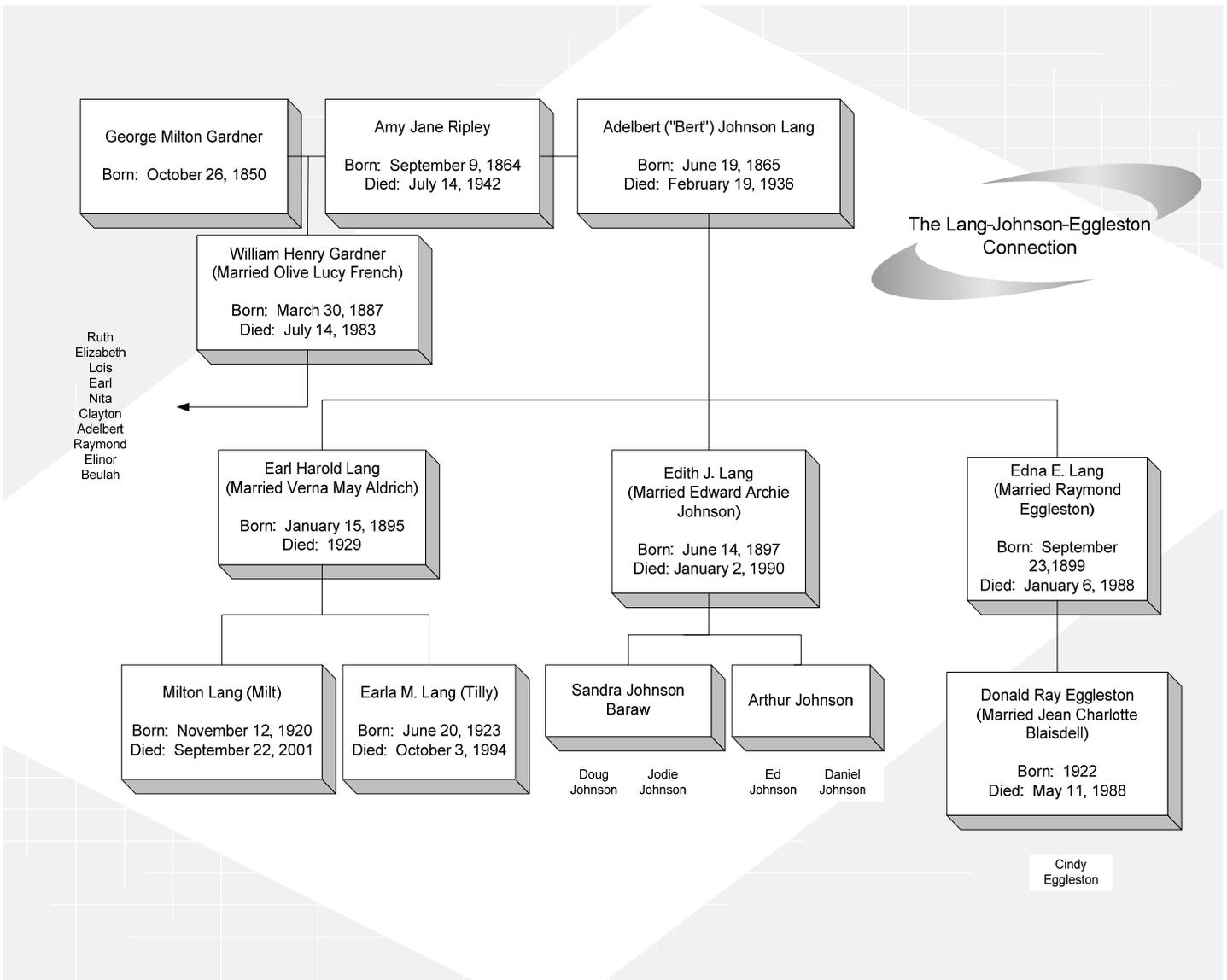
Here is an e-mail The Gardner Newsletter received on August 24, 2009 from Cindy Eggleston of the Lang/Johnson/Eggleston Connection.

"I am Cindy Eggleston, GRANDdaughter of Edna Lang Eggleston (your newsletter has been reporting me to be her daughter). My father was Donald Eggleston, her only child, and I am his only child. My mother was Jean Blaisdell Eggleston. I think in the interest of history, this should be corrected.

Additionally, I read with interest the piece attributed to me in the "Price of Liberty" section. I did not write any of this and would appreciate it if whoever has the power to do so would correct this error as soon as possible. Having googled my name in the past, I have found there are several Cindy Egglestons floating around, so perhaps one of them wrote the piece and it was assumed that it was me. Thank you for your attention to this matter."

Thank you, *Cindy Eggleston*

- The chart displayed below better represents the relationship between The Lang / Johnson / Eggleston Connection and the Gardner Family than the chart that was published in the last issue.
- Many thanks go to Cindy Eggleston for helping us to be accurate when we share family history!



Go online at www.gardnernews.org

Gardner Newsletter

Let's read together some letters that were written almost 70 years ago!

Special points of interest:

- Read Earl's letters to Clayton written a long time ago
- See how Earl describes his work at the florists
- Read a movie review of a popular film of the time
- For you "DIYers" - wire an old truck to a dry cell battery to start the engine
- See why Aunt Marion was such a special resident of Sudbury, MA

Inside this issue:

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Movie Review of "Lucky Night"	6

In this issue of the newsletter you get to do the unthinkable – read someone else's mail! Uncle Clayton was gracious enough to send in some letters that his older brother, Earl, wrote to him between the years 1939 and 1940 (now 70 years ago).

In every family there is a rite of passage where the children leave the nest to make it on their own. Will and Olive's children were no exception. Earl left the family farm in Vermont to work at his Uncle Arthur's (Olive Gardner's brother) and Aunt Celia's florist shop in Wayland, MA. (By the way, that florist shop is still there, right on Route 20 in Wayland.)

Earl's correspondence to Clayton depicts the activities and social life of a typical young bachelor during those times. Remember that February 14th is Valentine's Day, so perhaps by reading between the lines you may be able to learn something about Earl's and Clayton's former girlfriends. If that doesn't give you motivation to read the letters, nothing will!

You may ask yourself "What was Uncle Clayton's life like during the time of this correspondence?" Well, he answers that question in the following e-mail message:

"I just saw your question about what I was doing when Earl wrote those letters. I was living with Grandma Lang and walking the mile or so every day to attend classes at Lyndon Normal School. Grandma (Jane Ripley Lang) was a great cook and we had many a great conversation. She loved to tell stories. Unfortunately, I have forgotten most of them. You may have heard this

tongue twister that Grandma told me. Here it is. (It's a bit nasty if you're not careful). "Shining Sally sitting in her shining shop shifting shining shillings. Sit Sally sit."

Everyone usually thinks of "The Original Gang of Ten" as hardy Vermonters. And indeed they were/are! But it's interesting to note that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has also played a big part in the lives of Will and Olive's children as well. These letters certainly prove that. It was Aunt Ruth who first went to Massachusetts in the 1930's to attend the Massachusetts State Agricultural School in Amherst, MA. Her mother, Grandma Gardner (Olive), helped her to win a scholarship there. Ruth later moved to Malden, MA and attended the Nazarene Church. Aunt Lois followed suit and attended the same church. Aunt Lois was living in MA during the time these letters were written. She later worked at and retired from the ~~Hktu~~ National Bank of Malden.

You may also recall that the Gardner Newsletter devoted several issues to Grandma Gardner's side of the family who were from Sudbury, MA and who had a real connection with the historic Wayside Inn.

Aunt Elinor and Aunt Beulah (through Aunt Ruth's influence) attended Eastern Nazarene College in Quincy, MA. Uncle Raymond still lives in the same house in Reading, MA when he first married Aunt Margaret and he has daughters, a son and grandchildren who still live in Massachusetts.

Here is a "cast of characters" whose names are mentioned in the letters. Uncle Clayton and Uncle Raymond have done a good job of identifying who these people are.

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(Continued from page 1)

Alice	Alice Morse Cowren (sp). She was Aunt Celia's daughter from a first marriage.
Allen	Allen. Alice Cowren's husband. They had 4 sons.
Aunt Celia	Celia Morse Cowren French. She married Olive's brother, Arthur French.
Charlotte	A cousin. She was the daughter of Olive's sister, Marion Lottie French, and Charles A. Spiller.
Dot	Dorothy Costa. Earl married Dorothy ("Dot"). She was the mother of Jean, Paul and Linda Gardner.
Earnest	Probably Ernest Wheeler. He was a neighbor who lived on the first farm just west of the home place. Many years later, Earl tuned his piano and had to get a collection agency to collect his fee.
Elliott	Elliott Richard French - a cousin. Son of Olive's brother, Arthur French, and Celia Morse. Elliott was killed in World War II, - possibly the only member of the extended family to be so killed.
Greta	Greta May. She was a daughter of a minister. The minister preached in Derby in the mornings and in Charleston in the evening. Rev. May was also on the Derby, VT school board. (No relation to Greta Gardner, cyber-cuzzin' on The Gardner Newsletter's web-site.)
Ruthie	Ruth Olive French, a cousin. She was the daughter of Olive's brother, Arthur French, and Celia Morse.
Wisa	More than likely Louisa Sutton. Earl knew her since they both attended Lyndon Institute in 1933, 1934, or 1935. She was called "Wisa."

Grandma Gardner's Sister, Marion, Was Long-Time Sudbury, MA Resident

Curious Camera asks long time citizens to recall Sudbury's past

Towne Talk – June 2, 1975

By Joan Goodstone

Mrs. Marion Spiller of Concord Road is a Gold Star Mother and has participated in the Sudbury Memorial Day Parade for almost thirty years. This year she decided to become a spectator and enjoy the parade from her Concord Road porch because, "It's hard to get in and out of a car these days," she explained.

Her husband served in World War I, and she remembers the Decoration Day (or Memorial

Days) of the past, when he and other American Legion marchers decorated graves. The group of veterans traveled to Saxonville on Raleigh Hall's barge years ago, and then marched to one of the cemeteries there for the ritual. After they returned to South Sudbury, the men grouped and marched to each Sudbury grave. Mrs. Spiller recalls the big dinner for the marchers given by the Methodist Church at the Old Town Hall after the parade.

Three of the four Spiller sons served in World War II. Albert died in the Battle of the Bulge in late December 1944, a few months before V-E Day the next May. Of her

other sons, Wilfred now lives on Peakham Road and William is in Maine. Two daughters live nearby, Charlotte Hall in Sudbury and Grace Scott in Marlboro. Many grandchildren visit her constantly, and a grandson from Maine will spend this summer with her.

Mrs. Spiller was born in the Dutton House in 1892 as Marion French; Dr. Oviatt delivered her. In this year's town report are several pictures not correctly identified, and she and her brother are in one of them. The pictures were found in the Dutton House and it was assumed those pictures were all Duttons, but

(Continued on page 3)

Earl A. Gardner
Wayland, MA
March 14, 1940

Dear Clayton,

I got your letter yesterday and I guess you didn't get my last letter. I sent it right after the big storm we had down here and it must have been so bad that it didn't get through. I sent one to Grandma the same time and I am wondering if she got it. It is awful that when I do get around to write a letter and then it should get lost.

Aunt Celia would be glad to have you come down and stay longer than you did before. I'd just love to have you come down. I think we can have a grand time. Dot says she would be glad to see you too. Elliott says he wants to play ping-pong with you as there is no competition for him down here.

Dot and I go out together quite a lot. We went to a fire and got gyped last night. We followed the fire engine to the fire; and when we got there, it was just smoldering in the attic and smoking. We didn't see any flame at all. After that we went over and saw Lois.

The night of the storm Dot and I were out in it and we got stuck a few times, but didn't have much of a time getting out. We had a lot of fun helping other people out because there were a lot of people stuck.

Now it is about 3:20 in the morning and I am in bed. I've got my work all done so now I can get some rest. You asked me if I had a lot of spare time. Well I do, but I don't know what to do because I can't use the car in the daytime and they don't like to do anything until after supper and then there isn't much time.

Aunt Celia isn't as well as she could be, but she goes out once in awhile now. We still have to have a housekeeper and I bet you can't guess who it is. Well, it is **AUNT MARION**. Mrs. Shackelton got mad and left because Elliott lost some money and Alice asked her if she had picked it up and given it to Allen to get some things with thinking it was the house money. That made her mad and she picked up her things and left.

I got my new suit and it fits and looks very good. I am pretty well fixed for clothes now. You see I got a lot of things for my birthday; and with what I got for Christmas and what I bought myself, I don't think I'll have to buy much this summer except a pair of shoes – white ones.

I sent an order for some flashlight batteries and some guitar supplies to Sears – first one I sent since Christmas.

Lots of love and I hope I'll be seeing you, *Earl*

P.S. I got a letter from Beulah and Mama today.



Aunt Marion, (Olive's sister) pictured much later after she was housekeeper for Aunt Celia and her family

(Continued from page 2)

that is not the case, she informed. In a sense, they are Duttons, but the last name varies due to marriage. Mrs. Spiller's grandmother was a Dutton. She points to Page 129 which includes her brother Arthur French, herself and their Grandfather Seymour. Her grandmother, Mrs. Seymour, and again, Grandfather Seymour are shown on Page 150, incorrectly named Mr. and Mrs. Dutton. Mrs. Seymour is the sister of the three Dutton Brothers shown on Page 12.

Her mother, Ruth Seymour French, was born and brought up in Sudbury and went to school in the Grange Hall at the Centre. After her marriage, the French family moved to Chicago for a time, and Mrs. Spiller's older brother and sister were born there. She remarked on the loss of their birth documents because of the Chicago Fire, and the accompanying difficulty in having them reissued. The family returned to Sudbury and settled down.

For many years Dutton Road remained a dirt road, and Mrs. Spiller can still count the houses – "Starting at Post Road," she says, "there was the Parmenter House, then ours and not another house till you reached Pratt's Mill. Then there was Sarah Pratt's house and Sylvester Perry's (later Babe Ruth's) house and no Sudbury Labo-

(Continued on page 8)

Earl A. Gardner
Wayland, MA
April 1, 1940

Dear Clayton,

I got your letter today and am writing back to you tonight. Isn't it marvelous?

I've got some news for you that you may be astonished to hear. You remember how we kidded Allen about Ann? (And, by the way, she liked you a lot too, so watch out!) Allen said if I brought her down he would come out to the head house and I've told Ann that Allen was sweet on her. Well, I brought her down and then went up to the house to get Allen, but he wouldn't come down. I came back down and in a little while the bell rang, so I went up in the store and Elliott said Allen was sorry he didn't come out but wanted us three to come up to the house. We went up and Allen and Alice were upstairs. By-and-by Allen came down and played cards with us; and then when we got ready to go home, he asked if he could go with us. We said he could, so he went home with Ann. And now he wants to go and see her again sometime. – maybe for reasons I had better not state. Anyway, Alice does not seem to care because she is not mad at him and they have gone to the show tonight.

I have not got the pictures yet, but will send them in my next letter. And don't forget to send down some of the pictures you took.

Yesterday I went for a walk and I have been lame all day today. Earnest and I did almost 3000 geraniums today; that is, we put Vigaro on them and scratched it in and then spaced them. I am tired tonight so I went to bed at 9:00 and wrote a letter to Dot; and now it is 10:00 and I am writing to you.

I was glad you came down and I hope you can come again too. Charlotte was sorry she couldn't see you and told me to send you her love.

Ruthie has been off with the car most all day and it makes Allen mad to see her driving so much, but I guess nothing can stop it. You think Elliott is all right; but if you were here all the time, I think you would change your mind. I could tell you a lot of things, but I'll only tell you one. He worked a lot while you were here; but since you left, he has not worked one bit.

I guess that is the news up to the present since you left, so I will say goodnight.

Your loving brother, *Earl*

P.S. This is the only picture I have of me and I hope you get it. I didn't intend to have it enlarged, but they did and I sent the negative back for some more small ones.



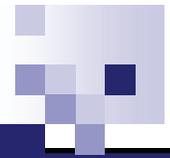
"This is the only picture I have of me and I hope you get it."

The minstrel show, or minstrelsy, was an American entertainment consisting of comic skits, variety acts, dancing, and music, performed by white people in blackface or, especially after the Civil War, black people in blackface.

Minstrel shows lampooned black people in mostly disparaging ways: as ignorant, lazy, buffoonish, superstitious, joyous, and musical. The minstrel show began with brief burlesques and comic entr'actes in the early 1830s and emerged as a full-fledged form in the next decade. By the turn of the century, the minstrel show enjoyed but a shadow of its former popularity, having been replaced for the most part by vaudeville. It survived as professional entertainment until about 1910; amateur performances continued until the 1960s in high schools, fraternities, and local theaters. As blacks began to score legal and social victories against racism and to successfully assert political power, minstrelsy lost popularity.

The typical minstrel performance followed a three-act structure. The troupe first danced onto stage then exchanged wisecracks and sang songs. The second part featured a variety of entertainments, including the pun-filled stump speech. The final act consisted of a slapstick musical plantation skit or a send-up of a popular play. Minstrel songs and sketches featured several stock characters, most popularly the slave and the dandy. These were further divided into sub-archetypes such as the mammy, her counterpart the old darky, the provocative mulatto wench, and the black soldier. Minstrels claimed that their songs and dances were authentically black, although the extent of the black influence

(Continued on page 5)



(Continued from page 4)

remains debated. Spirituals (known as *jubilees*) entered the repertoire in the 1870s, marking the first undeniably black music to be used in minstrelsy.

Blackface minstrelsy was the first distinctly American theatrical form. In the 1830s and 1840s, it was at the core of the rise of an American music industry, and for several decades it provided the lens through which white America saw black America. On the one hand, it had strong racist aspects; on the other, it afforded white Americans a singular and broad awareness of significant aspects of black-American culture.

Minstrel Programs

Three blackface performers in a typical minstrel skit – racism as singing and dancing entertainment.

Edwin P. Christy's Minstrels may not have invented minstrelsy, but they eventually perfected the **three part format** that became the standard for all minstrel shows. All three parts would echo into the future development of the American musical theatre –

– **The First Part/Minstrel Line:** The full ensemble sat in a semi-circle. At the center sat the white-face host, always called "**Mr. Interlocutor.**" Two blackface comedians at either end (the **endmen**) were always called "**Bruder Tambo**" (playing the tambourine) and "**Bruder Bones**" (playing a pair of rattling rib bones or spoons). After an opening number, the Interlocutor shouted, "Gentlemen, be seated," and the endmen would lead the ensemble in a series of jokes, songs and dances. The endmen spoke in a comic caricature of black colloquial speech, while the Interlocutor's florid eloquence spoofed white upper class condescension. (Variations of old minstrel line jokes became the mainstays of American comedy, and would be heard in film, radio and television right into the 21st Century.) Intermission was followed by . . .

– **The Olio:** After an intermission, miscellaneous songs and variety acts were performed in front of a painted backdrop. This segment of the evening went by various names, with one troupe referring to it as a "terpsichorean divertissement." These acts were sometimes performed without blackface

(Continued on page 6)

Earl A. Gardner
Wayland, MA
April 30, 1940

Dear Clayton,

I guess it is time to write to you. I have had a cold and with one thing and another I don't write much except to Dot. She wants me to send you her love, but I hope it is not too much.

Last night I played in a **MINSTREL SHOW** and I had to be all blacked up like a negro. When I got home I scared Alice so much that she screamed. She didn't know who I was. It took me three quarters of an hour to get it off. I played a couple of songs on my guitar and harmonica and the people seemed to like them. They are going to put on the show in Wayland and again in Hopkinton and I have to play in them both.

I have driven the beech wagon since it was fixed and went up to see Dot after two weeks of not seeing her. But today I got a notice from the state to send in my license, so I don't know when I can drive again, as it didn't say for how long.

If you can, I wish you would send me another picture of Allen. I want to have some fun with it and Ann. I hope the pictures from the negatives I sent you come out good.

Maybe you know it, but I am going to sell Pitkin goods. I told Papa to let them know and he did – and they sent me some papers to fill out and now I am waiting for my sample case.

I forgot to send you the dollar I owe you before, so I am sending it now.

I hope you can get rid of Dotty, but don't try to get mine!

Now I am just mincing all my words so I guess I will close and you write.

Lots of love, *Earl*

P.S. Everyone is well down here except I have quite a cold. I didn't work last Friday and I still have quite a cold. It is quite late now, so guess I will go to *Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-*

May 24, 1939
Wayland, MA

Dear Clayton,

I know you think I am awful because I have not written to you. You were the first one to write to me; and to think two months have gone by since then. I got your letter today and decided for sure I would write to you tonight. So here I am in bed at 10:52 in the little room next to the main road (the room you and I slept in 11 years ago, remember?) writing to you. In the daytime I think of how many letters I am going to write, but at night I find there is so much going on; and, of course, I can 't miss anything, that when I go to bed, I am so sleepy I go right to sleep. There is hardly a night I go to bed before 11. I am eating a Nestle's chocolate bar now. Maybe you can smell it. I wish you were here to help me eat it.

You asked me if I like my work. Yes, I like it a lot better than farming, and it is a lot easier. I have to take "mums" (that's a nickname for chrysanthemums – I think that's spelled right – sounds right anyway). Well, Earnest takes cuttings from a big plant and then I take the cuttings, or the small top of the plant that he cuts off, and cut off the bottom leaves. Then he puts them in with sand and lets them root which takes about three weeks. After that time we put them in small pots, 2 inches, and let them grow. After the 30th of May, we will put them outdoors and let them grow and flower there in the fall. Monday afternoon and Tuesday forenoon I potted about 1000 "mums." That sounds like a lot, but it doesn't take too long. Then there are geraniums to space or fill in where they are sold out and cleaned, petunias to put in boxes, 1 dozen to a box and put outdoors, wait on customers, and sometimes deliver flowers.

For excitement I get all kinds of that down here. I went to the library in Wayland; and when I got back, there was a boy here that wanted me to take a bunch of boys and girls to Lake Boon to go roller skating. But I told him I was out last night so I wouldn't go. But he stayed and we played out in the greenhouse. He didn't know anything about flowers and I don't know much. He would ask me something and I would tell him (sometimes wrong on purpose) and sometimes wrong because I did not know myself. That's what makes me so late tonight. But every night it is the same; if it isn't one thing, it's another.

I got the old truck going today and I carried the petunias from the sash house (that's the greenhouse farthest from the road) to the cold frame beside the store. When Elliott got home from school, he wanted to drive it, so I let him some. Then I went in the greenhouse to fill in where we took out some geraniums and Elliot wanted to move some rubbish from the store to the dump in back of the mushroom cellar. He can't start the truck because all I have for a battery is a dry cell and Elliot can't crank it. So I started it for him and he started for the dump. Well, I had to start it for him three times before he got there. Then when he came back he was all alone and he ran into a tree. The bumper wasn't on, so it dented the radiator a little, but otherwise it was all right. But I had to get the tractor to pull it away from the tree because the tree was in the way so I could not get the crank in. I had an awful time to get it to run at first because it was wired up wrong and I've never seen how it is supposed to be wired. It should be this way. (See drawings). Maybe you can make something out of it.

When I don't have anything else to do, I tinker on the truck, but usually I have. Last night I went over and got Lois. She and I went to Harvard Square, left the car there and took the subway into Boston. Then we

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(Continued from page 5)

make-up, in part to prove that the performers were white. The last skit in the olio was often a "stump speech" given by one of the end-men. These satiric orations poked fun at contemporary issues and political figures, presaging the stand-up comedy acts of the next century. (The overall olio format would eventually evolve into vaudeville) After a second intermission came a . . .

– **Afterpiece/One-Act Musical:** These burlesqued a popular topic, novel or play. Two stock blackface characters were almost always depicted – "Jim Crow," an ignorant country bumpkin ripe for humiliation, and "Zip Coon," a city slicker whose self-assurance led to his comic come-uppance. Hateful to us, these stereotypes were accepted as part of wholesome family entertainment in the 1800's. Both white and black audiences resisted attempts to change the racist tone of the songs and skits until minstrelsy disappeared. (These one act musical spoofs would grow into the full-length Broadway "burlesques" of the late 1800s.)

The Cohan and Harris' Minstrels (1909) was the last minstrel show to play Broadway, but minstrel traditions remained in use for decades. The offensive content of minstrelsy lived on too. The long-running radio series *Amos n' Andy* featured two white actors impersonating contemporary black characters that were direct descendants of "Zip Coon" and "Jim Crow." Some blacks protested such stereotyping, but listeners made it a top series for more than a decade. When *Amos n' Andy* moved to TV in the 1950s, black actors were used – but the spectacle of blacks demeaning themselves had become unsettling, and the show was cancelled in 1953

LUCKY NIGHT

Review by *Frank S. Nugent*

Published: 05/05/1939

The authors of "Lucky Night," which opened at the Capitol yesterday, are Grover Jones and Vincent Lawrence. We

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mention it because they stand an excellent chance of winning the departmental trophy (a second-hand souvenir program of the World's Fair) for one of the most embarrassingly bad scripts ever to be taken seriously by a producer, a director and a cast. It has no equal this season for self-conscious cuteness, prosy flights of poesy, clearly muddled narration and other forms of literary spindrift. May we quote?

"Mr. Overton, father," says Myrna Loy of Robert Taylor, "is as gay to be with as a lark. His savvy of what is really gay is something to behold. And as for a gallant gentleman—I wish all ladies had one like him."

"You've got your daughter a little wrong, Mr. Jordan," says Mr. Taylor gallantly of Miss Loy. "She isn't any fool; she's a fine woman. She has a viewpoint on life which is probably superior to any man's I've ever known. She has a lovely mind like a leaf in a tall tree that whispers what it hears on the wind."

Possibly we had better explain that this exchange of compliments (only a fraction of a staggering total) occurs in the scene in which the jobless Mr. Overton and the venturesome Cora Jordan, daughter of the steel Jordans, try to analyze the magnetic forces which drew them together, without a dime, on a park bench, whirled them off on a gambling spree and united them matrimonially, under the influence of champagne and the music of celestial spheres, less than twelve hours later. Mr. Jordan's comment is devastating:

"Cora, I—I tremble for your future. You're hooked with a poet who doesn't write."

The rest of the story doesn't matter much. It's about Cora's house-keeping in "three little rooms, like a little nest up in my tree," and Bill Overton's notion that life shouldn't be routine. We have a vague impression that it ends happily, or is supposed to. At least, Cora and Bill continue to say nice things about each other. Well, someone has to do it. We've been too busy calling "Author! Author!" and wishing Mr. Jones and Mr. Lawrence would take the call so we could wring them warmly by the neck.

(Continued from page 6)

went to the show. It was a good one "LUCKY NIGHT" starring **ROBERT TAYLOR** and **MYRNA LOY**. You ought to see it. When I got here it was about 12:30. I think I will stop writing now and finish it tomorrow noon and night, if that's all right with you. It doesn't leave you with much choice, does it? Well, anyway, the words will be plainer and I can think better, let's hope. Signing off at 12: o'clock midnight until 12 o'clock noon Thursday.

Well, I am late as usual. Here it is 9:45 Thursday night and I am finishing your letter. I've got a headache tonight because it was hot today (110 degrees Fahrenheit) in the greenhouses and I had to work in them; and tonight after supper I took the hand tractor and went up to Haywoods (the house on the hill) and loosened the dirt and smoothed it where the trees were blown down in the hurricane. If you think it is easy to run that little tractor, you want to try it.

I got a letter from June tonight and she says she goes out with Bill Moore – a little which I think is all right because I'm down here and she's up there and neither one of us need stay from other people just because we are separated. I guess you and Greta, when you do get together, go places and I don't blame you. When you get a nice girl like her, it is enough to make any boy to want to go with her when and where.

Maybe you will know someday why Wisa and I stopped going together; but she holds no grudge against me and I do not her. I think she is another nice girl, but Greta is nicer. Who is nicest? Well, I haven't found her yet.

I have been roller skating quite a few times – once in Framingham, twice in Cambridge, and once in Hudson in Lake Boon. I can't take a girl roller skating because I can't skate well enough, but Lois and I go to the movies and sometimes Charlotte and I go. I think she is a lot of fun.

There's something I wish you would do for, or rather have Elizabeth do. Send me the book "My Son My Son." I will enclose a dollar bill and if it is more (I mean about the postage) let me know; and if there is some left, you can divide it, especially between you two.

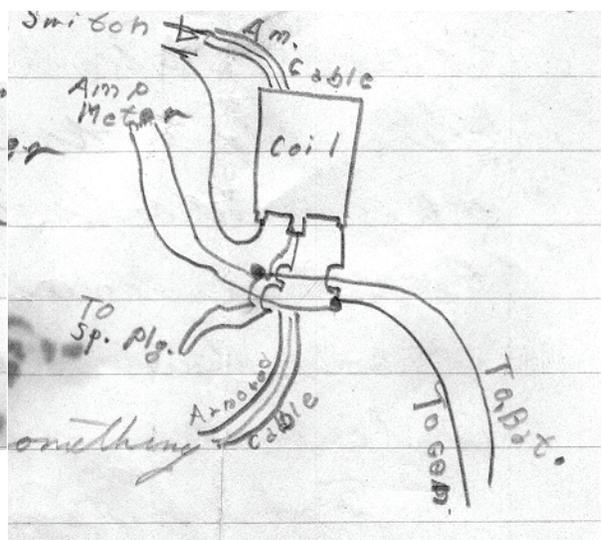
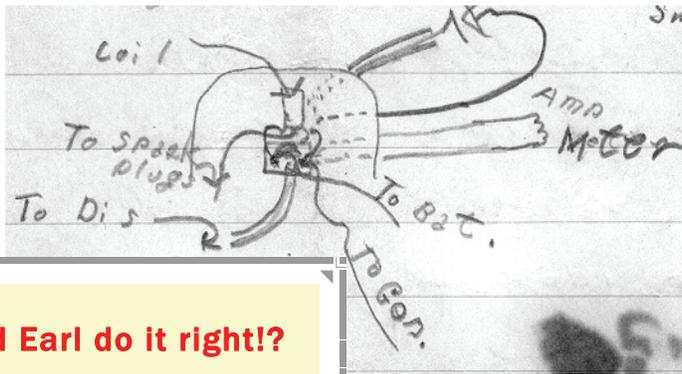
Alice just hollered up and wanted to know if I wanted some ice cream. Of course I did, so they want up to Deans to get it. So in a few minutes I will be eating ice cream in bed.

Elliott got a little dog last week. It is a fox terrier, straight hair. He is awful cute.

You closed your letter by saying you was going to write Greta, so I will close by saying I am going to write to June and have written two letters to her and she got the first one, but not the second. She has written two to me and I didn't get the first one, but did the second.

Lots of Love, Earl (i.e. Miss Mullins)

P.S. I thought of this before I closed the letter. How is everyone around Lyndonville and Derby and home? How goes school and how is the V.8 holding out? Tell Grandma and Elizabeth I will write to them soon, but probably this will be enough for awhile. The ice cream is here, delivered right to my bed and I'm writing, so I am going to eat it. Wish I was home so I could see you all. Maybe I will surprise you some of these days.



Did Earl do it right!?

Here are Earl's drawings showing Clayton how he wired the old truck to the dry-cell battery to get it started.

“Each Sunday the family went to the Methodist Church in their horse and buggy”

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ratories). I think the little house on the corner of Dutton Road and Hudson was there at that time,” and, she added, “Just look at Dutton Road now,” referring to its growth. In the winter the town plowed the road using horses, with a plow hitched to a sled.

Wadsworth School (Rt. 20 on the police station site) was a long distance from Dutton Road, and it was here she spent the first four grades. Because it was so far from home, school children had a noon-time job of walking to Hunt’s Store to pick up the mail. She always brought her family’s mail, as well as a neighbor’s, when she returned from school each day.

For the upper grades, Mrs. Spiller attended the Center School (now the White Building) and her class in 1911 included five graduates, Della Baldwin now lives in Maynard, Mrs. Spiller mentioned, and Clifford Walker is in Carlisle, although he formerly lived in Wayland. Two other classmates were Harvey Fairbank and Charles Tate.

High spots of her younger years were family parties planned by her mother for children’s birthdays and Halloween. Other activities included plays held at town hall in which she performed. Practices were held after school each day and with no “late barges” such as the

school buses running today, if you stayed for rehearsals there was no alternative but to walk the long distance home. Many an afternoon she traveled Peakham Road, and chuckles about the woman who observed her during those days. Meeting the woman later as a member of the American Legion Auxiliary the woman told Mrs. Spiller she had “always thought you were being kept after school for something you did, and that was why I saw you coming home so late.”

Shopping for groceries was by horse and buggy, with a fairly long trip to Maynard and Marlboro. Mother made a great deal of their clothing, and as there were no clothing stores in Sudbury and little in dry goods these purchases were included in the trips.

Each Sunday the family went to the Methodist Church in their horse and buggy located where the Presbyterian Church is now, at the centre. She describes the church as it was before the remodeling, recalling the time when the choir was at the back. She was active in the Ladies Society at the church and for several years was in charge of sewing groups. Aprons were made for the church fair, and many things were sewn for the Home for Little Wanderers, including pajamas. Later, in addition to church work, she was busy raising her own family.

The house in which she now lives on Concord Road was the site of a blacksmith shop. She has a framed picture of the building, a gift from Dr. Oviatt’s grandson who owns the nursery on Nobscot Road. The history of the old willow tree that fell in a windstorm 17 years ago paralleled the blacksmith shop. When the blacksmith shop was removed and the new house built, the willow tree remained to grow even larger. The tree had a unique beginning, Mrs. Spiller explained, as it was started by Mr. Powers, one of the shop owners. On one occasion Powers went fishing by the Sudbury River and brought fish - one on a willow stick he had broken from a tree on the river bank. “It so happened,” she relates, “that after removing the fish from the branch, he stuck the branch in the ground outside the blacksmith shop, and the tree just started.” It had grown large over the years, and she was sorry to see it go.

Sudbury was a small and quiet town, but children made their own activity, playing many “olden games” such as hopscotch. Mrs. Spiller played ball with her brother and other boys, and today she is an avid Red Sox fan who never misses a game on TV or radio. High point last week was the grand slam Yaz hit, and the team’s new position in first place.

Gardner Newsletter



WE NEED ARTICLES FOR THE SUMMER 2010 ISSUE

Volume 13, Issue 50

Spring, 2010

What Have You Done To Help Save The Earth?



Megan Ludgate

It is now scientifically accurate to say that the Earth is a planet in peril! The recent volcano eruptions, earthquakes, oil spill, global warming and violent weather all attest to this fact. Per-

haps we try to mitigate the problem by recycling, driving a hybrid, or by going "green" as much as we can. But how often do we as individuals make a real impact and a true difference? Megan Ludgate does! Here's how!

(From a recent edition of The Ithaca Journal)

The Association of Science-Technology Centers in Washington, D.C. has named Megan Ludgate of the Sciencenter's ScienceWorks program winner of an international online competition for successfully reducing carbon dioxide emissions for a virtual city. Visitors to the Sciencenter can learn more about the Clim'City Competition at a special Showtime!

at 2 p.m. Saturday, April 3 at the Sciencenter, 601 First St.

The Clim'City Competition was open to youth all over the world as part of the United Nations Climate Change Conference in Copenhagen held last December. Modeled after the popular SimCity computer game Clim'City challenges players to reduce the carbon dioxide emissions of a virtual city through balanced decision making.

According to Megan, "The virtual world in Clim'City has the same emission goals of reducing carbon dioxide emissions by 80 percent reduction from 2008 levels by 2050 that we have set here

(Continued on page 2)

Special points of interest:

- MEGAN LUDGATE, EARTH ADVOCATE EXTRAORDINAIRE!
- GET YOUR FREE GARDNER NEWSLETTER CD NOW!
- SWIM WITH DOLPHINS, ALONG WITH GLORIA, ROBYN, AND FRANK.

Gardner Newsletter Celebrates Its 50th Issue

This issue of the Gardner Newsletter that you are now holding in your hand is the 50th issue since publication began in January 1998. A lot of water has sure gone over the dam since then! That first

issue began by reporting: "Will Gardner Jacobs, 12, was selected from a field of 800 to participate in an Olympic luge screening camp in Lake Placid, New York."

Today, Will Gardner Jacobs is 23 or perhaps 24 years old! It would be very inter-

esting to know how many of the Gardner Newsletter Subscription List Family know who he actually is and what he has been up to lately. *(Hint: If you want to pursue this further, contact Sharon Gardner, one of Uncle Raymond's daughters.)* If by

(Continued on page 3)

YES!

Please send me my FREE CD and mail it to me as soon as you can.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

"In fact, the virtual city even looks a lot like Ithaca."



Frank Demand with his dolphin on a recent cruise he took with his wife, Robyn, and mother-in-law, Gloria.

(Continued from page 1)
in Tompkins County. This made the game even more relevant to the challenges we face locally. In fact, the virtual city even looks a lot like Ithaca."

Megan, a sophomore at Dryden High School, entered the competition as a member of the Sciencenter's ScienceWorks program. Through ScienceWorks, area teens are encouraged to employ science, technology and hu-

man creativity in our community to promote more efficient use of energy, foster concern for the environment, and take direct action that leads to the preservation of the Earth.

For more information about the Sciencenter's ScienceWorks program please contact Katie Levedahl, at kleveland@sciencenter.org, 272 0600 ext 24. To play the Clim'City game visit <http://climcity.capsciences.net/us/index.php>.

Here is another earth friendly project in which Megan participates. She describes it here in her own words.

"The Dryden Sustainability Club, started 3 years ago, and now includes students from the High School and Middle School. We strive to better the recycling and composting systems throughout the school as well as create new projects to help green our school and community. This fall we designed and

"THE CLUB HAS RECEIVED THREE AWARDS FOR OUR SUSTAINABLE ACTIONS."

began an apple orchard and now are in the process of buying fruit trees and planting them. This project will provide a beautiful place, on the High school/ Middle school campus, for students to learn and rediscover the natural world around them. The club also is starting a garden on school campus, this year the crop will be shared between the summer work force and in farther years will hopefully be incorporated in the school lunch program.

The club has received three

awards for our sustainable actions. Sustainable Tompkins Board of Directors has presented Dryden Sustainability Club with the Signs of Sustainability award twice, 2008 and 2009. We were also the winners of the New York Recycles Challenge 2009, sponsored by the Department of Environmental Conservation, making Dryden School District the number one recycling school in New York State.

What is RPM? The Root Production Method (RPM) is a natural process found to posi-

tively affect trees, shrubs, and grasses, resulting in accelerated growth, increased root mass, early flower, fruit, seed, and/or nut production, and higher rates of establishment and survivability. Compared with bare-root seedlings or direct seeding, RPM trees and shrubs have advantages and superior qualities for conservation, restoration, and other applications. RPM trees and shrubs are container grown and have a large fibrous root system that promotes higher survival rates, rapid growth, and quicker regeneration. The



Gloria Parsons with her "friendly" dolphins.

initial height of RPM trees (=4ft at less than one year) has been found to reduce the affects of deer browsing on tree growth and survival, and with the expanded root system RPM trees are better able to survive seasonal flooding and other stresses. RPM trees and shrubs have a lifetime accelerated growth

rate and reach maturity earlier, resulting in seed production for regeneration and wildlife food in less than 5 years for most hardwood species. Because of these different growth habits, only 40-50 RPM trees are needed to canopy and regenerate one acre of land compared with several hundred bare

root seedlings needed to achieve the same results.

Cool picture and more info on this site.
http://www.rpmecosystems.com/about_rpmplants.html

Thanks!

Megan"

(Continued on page 3)

"You won't find a better 'Earth Advocate' than Megan!"

(Continued from page 2)

Megan is Raylene and Michael Ludgate's daughter and granddaughter to Raymond (*Original Gang of Ten Member*) and Margaret Gardner.

Megan lives at 223 Canaan Road, Brooktondale, NY 14817. Drop Megan a line

to let her know what you are doing to help the environment or to discuss ideas and methods to help "sustain" the earth.

You won't find a better "Earth Advocate" than Megan!



Robyn Demand with her "friendly" dolphins.

Are you enjoying these pictures of Gloria, Robyn, and Frank? Think what our planet would be like without dolphins. If you don't help, it could happen.

"How about a FREE CD!?"

(Continued from page 1)

chance Will Jacobs should read this, maybe he will update everyone on what has been going on in his life.

That first issue also contained the Gardner Newsletter's first in-depth interview with Clayton Gardner, one of the Original Gang of Ten (Olive and Will Gardner's children for whom the Gardner News-

letter and Gardner Newsletter Website are dedicated). On the last page of the first issue was an interesting photo gallery that pictured a very sweet-faced Kelsie Griffes, Brenda and Stephen Gardner's children, as well as a picture of Cousin Chris Cove, his wife, Lisa, and their three little boys. Try to imagine how all these folks have

grown and changed during the last thirteen years!

So the question arises: How should we properly celebrate this 50th issue of the newsletter? Here's an idea - how about a FREE CD containing ALL the issues of the newsletter printed so far!? Yes, you can have your very own CD of each and every issue we have published. To get your

"HOW SHOULD WE PROPERLY CELEBRATE THIS 50TH ISSUE OF THE NEWSLETTER?"

"Aunt Nita's interview influenced so many people!"

free CD, all you have to do is make a copy of the first page, cut out and fill in the tear-off and mail it to Paul Gardner, The Gardner Newsletter, 28 Ninth Street - # 404, Medford, MA 02155.

It would be especially nice if you would tell us which ones

of the many stories we've published over the years are your favorites and why.

Let me tell you about some of the articles that, in my opinion as editor, have made the most impact. Far and away, the story that garnered the most attention and which influenced so many people was

Aunt Nita's Gardner Newsletter in-depth interview. That article can be found on the CD as "Print 9" and it is Volume 3, Issue 9, - the Winter, 2000 issue. Aunt Nita's thoughtful and persuasive answers to difficult questions caused many people to write in with favorable comments.

(Continued on page 4)



Robyn and Gloria "swimming with dolphins." See more pictures at www.gardnernews.org.

The Association of Science-Technology Centers (ASTC) is an organization of science centers and museums dedicated to furthering public engagement with science among increasingly diverse audiences. ASTC encourages excellence and innovation in informal science learning by serving and linking its members worldwide and advancing their common goals.

Through strategic alliances and global partnerships, ASTC also supports science centers and museums in proactively addressing critical societal issues, locally and globally, where understanding of and engagement with science are essential.

Founded in 1973, ASTC now numbers nearly 600 members in 45 countries. Members include not only science centers and museums, but also nature centers, aquariums, planetariums, zoos, botanical gardens, and natural history and children's museums, as well as companies, consultants, and other organizations that share an interest in informal science education.

Major services provided by ASTC include:

- sponsoring the ASTC Annual Conference, Noyce Leadership Institute, ASTC Connect discussion forums, and other professional development opportunities
- publishing ASTC Dimensions, the bimonthly news journal of the science center field
- tracking and analyzing trends in the science center field
- promoting international action on global science issues
- representing science center interests before the U.S. Congress and federal agencies
- working to improve science exhibitions by hosting the community web site ExhibitFiles.org and providing traveling exhibition

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It sure bears re-reading in these troubled times.

Another topic featured in The Gardner Newsletter that people really talked about were the stories devoted to the Clyde River which flows in back of the Old Homestead. These stories discussed the damming of the river which dried up the salmon fishing and reported on how the federal government stepped in and ordered the destruction of the dams.

There were three issues devoted to this subject: Spring 2006 – Volume 9, Issue 34; Summer 2006 – Volume 9, Issue 35; and Spring 2008 – Volume 11, Issue 42. These issues are Print 34, Print 35 and Print 42 on the CD re-

spectively.

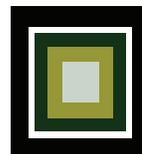
And who can forget Uncle Clayton's long-running serial throughout many of the issues! His "Cars I Have Owned" articles struck a chord with many of the guys on our subscription list who know how it feels to become really attached to their vehicles.

Uncle Raymond (along with his son-in-law Bob Parsons) authored an unforgettable article profiling his grandmother on his father's side, Amy Jane Ripley. And then (from the other side of the family) there was the article about his Grandmother Ruth French's diary.

These articles underscore the painstaking genealogical research and the great ef-

forts Uncle Raymond undertakes to make sure that all the information regarding the family's "roots" is correct. These two articles appear as the Fall 2008 – Volume 11, Issue 44 and the Spring 2009 – Volume 12, Issue 46 on the CD (Print 44 and Print 46 respectively).

So, go ahead and order your free CD today! Be sure to include comments about your favorite articles! The CD will be mailed to you at no charge within a reasonable amount of time.



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services

- supporting and housing the Center for Advancement of Informal Science Education and hosting an Informal Science Education Network listserv.

ASTC also promotes equity and diversity by providing members with resources and tools to increase the number of individuals from underrepresented and/or underserved groups who visit and work in museums.

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