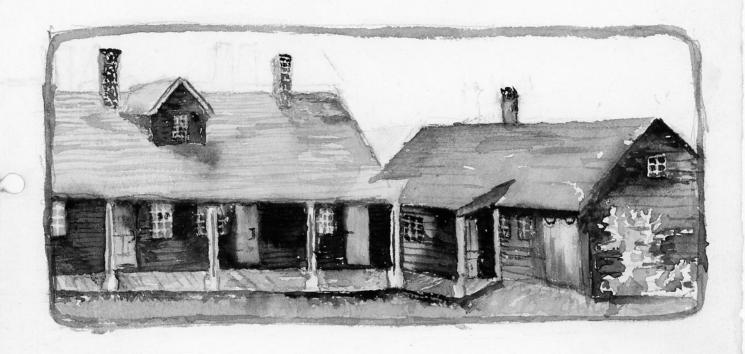


To Father and Mother from Their Girls







Minety nine years ago this autumn a boy of seven walked and drove the family cows from Red Village in Lyndon to Passumpsic. His tired legs brought him slowly up Hastings Hill, past the Arnold place, which was to be woven so closely into his future, and the few scattered houses which made the village of St. Johnsbury and on to his destination, three miles below where the river makes a fall of twenty-five feet over its rocky bed, in natural beauty and creates one of the best water powers in the state.

For Timothy Ide, with his wife Esther Armington, had sold the farm at Red Village and bought the grist mill at Passumpsie and this set in motion forces which would drive the family wheels and determine the family destiny for, at least a century. And it was the part of little Jacob to bring the herds into this land of promise. Timothy was the son of John Ide and a descendent of Micholas Ide, who came from England in 1636 and settled in Rehoboth or East Providence. John Ide was a wheelwright, a soldier and the father of a large family and in 1789 having followed faithfully the fortunes of the Revolution and thereby depleted his small savings, it seemed to him wise to join a colony of his neighbors, who were leaving Rehoboth for the purpose of taking up new land in Vermont.

And so it was that he came - with the Barkers, the Armingtons, the Wheatons, the Aldriches and the Lawrences to ocsupy a tract of land extending, farm adjoining farms thom the top of crow hill in a south easterly direction to and across the Passumpsie River and including the form now known as the Wayside. The struggle which followed with the elements, the elimate, the soil lack of opportunity and bonesta mas one in which, little pa little, man proved himself ascendant, and out of which came men and women strong, independent, self contained and trustworthy.

The mill which Timothy Ide bought was small and primitive in type and to it the farmers brought grain of their own raising, and in payment left a certain percentage for the

own use - a tall which we hope was taken with a steady hand, a judicial eye and a regard for "Thy neighbor as thyself." But the years rolled on and Timothy rested from the taking of toll and Ja. cob reigned in his stead. Jacob married Ladoska Knights who was called the prettiest girl in Waterford, and she introduced into the family a certain high spirit which was very helpful in the making of the next generation; but Grandfather once confided to me that it had always been a grief, in his secret heart, that Grand. mother had not transmitted her beauty to any of her children or grandchildren. Jacob worked long and patiently and the old mill grew into one much parder and more ampitions petore he passed it on to his sons, Elmore



Since then mills have been twice built upon generous and progressive lines and twice burned; the business center has been changed to St. Johnsbury; but the falls are still making power which turns their wheels and grinds their grain through

the intervention of electricity. The prisiness pos dromes trous its primple pediministo or deadly broberties por enlarded exbourged genelobed; methode have come and gone, new conditions have been met and mastered; broad

and high hopes have been realized; and Ils ti ateri has been welded the daily atten. tion, the high beribose the



a man who has walked in integrity and, with fine judgment, builded things upon which his children look with pride. In 1860 Elmore Timo. thy began his business career and two.

deans later he warried Eduthia pois Adams, a descendant of the Felches, who, in the early days, came from Wales to tame the acres which comprise the farm of Judge Steven Hastings of Waterford, and of Jour denerations of Milliam Agams of old Scotch stock. Dear, big, generous, Kindly Grandfather Adams! All around his eyes was a smile that ran down into his whishers, and he knew all the full in the world and all about children and the things they like, and he carried some of the things in his pockets and some in his beart, and you might dig and find them all and Keep them for your very own. When we were children we used to say "Mother, what did father say when he ask. ed you to marry him?" Now, the answer to this question was not very satisfactory; but, from what we could gather, it seemed to us that it happened something like thisclong time and mother had been friends for



when father cause one evening to call and was uneasy and was and alled up and at last said, "Levi

and Hattie have decided to be married next week, and are going to the mountains for their honeymoon. What would you say if I should ask you to go with them and with me?" Now, Levi and Hattie were very dear friends indeed, so mother answered "Why! do you suppose I could get a dressmaker in so short a time?" And Jather thought she could and she did.

And the drive through the mountains was a very joyous one. And then Mother always said "I am glad it was like that, children, because all the time since then has been so much nicer than all the time before.



Thus it came about that there was a new home near the mill, and that in the home, was a girl wife and then a girl mother, and the dining table

was made longer and longer and there were children playing in the

Hard and filling every

wild, romping

handpier - mendpital and nothing was too good for

them to touch or too fine for The house and the river and

All the land was witheirs;



suggest tion and hid some chanted fairy or some

Claus left nightly candy installments upon pantry

shelves for children who had been

almost good the day before. There were apples to be eaten, corn to be popped, stories to be told or read, and a pre- bedtime endelle in jathers while he sang "Old Uncle Med" and "She fainted, o'er the table in the butter, And O' the little sleepless midnight confessions, and the places Kissed to make them well; and the mustard plasters that burned into our very souls; and the spankings; and that auful, horror-filled, dark closet, where we stayed for hours and by the clock, convicted of sin and penitent. and penitent. a bit dull cound, if ever things got or communitablece espond come a MEM baby to liven them up again.

And so, on this golden wedding day, these children are happy in remembering that the business of their
fathers rounds out its hundredth
honorable year, and that fifty
years ago two people made a home,
and wove into it things that are sweet
and dear - things that endure and





