



PRODUCTION BOOK

OFF THE PAGE

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Off the Page uses the performing arts to interpret and connect local history with literature. The program is a collaborative effort between the Essex County Historical Society and educator, Lindsay Pontius. Lindsay Pontius is a candidate for a PhD in education and has a Master's degree in educational leadership. She has experience working in schools and museums as a theatre artist. She has worked in elementary schools with Shakespeare & Company of Lenox, Massachusetts, and first developed sense-of-place exercises with Calliope Theatre Company and The Bigger Light Theatre Company. The program design is by Bluespot Studio.

Off the Page is a new approach to interpreting and connecting local history with literature and the performing arts using place-based education principles. Designed for high school English and Social Studies classes, the program relates two often studied literary works to local history: Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* and Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*. The program uses performance arts techniques to enrich English language arts and local history curriculum. The focus is on the human connection to community, the land and its history. The study of the literature involves looking at concepts of freedom, aspiration, wit, physical prowess, economics and industry. Materials are provided to connect the literary works to the Adirondacks and its history, people, and environment. The program focuses on picturing the landscape, the work and the home in seeing extraordinary aspects of everyday living.

Stories of everyday life are researched by students through a scrapbook of historic photographs, included with the full education package that is available through the Essex County Historical Society. Exercises and activities in the package provide journal writing exercises, creative writing activities, and a sample script. With history as background, participants develop skills in storytelling, public speaking, movement, and improvisation. Students learn to translate their understanding of the history into a theatrical performance. The resulting dramatic production demonstrates new ways of seeing the Adirondack experience.

Off the Page is based on similar works conducted at the Bidwell House in Monterey, Massachusetts. Special thanks is due to Irene Macdonnell who helped developed the piece, *The Quality of Mercy*, performed as promenade theatre around the grounds and gardens of the Bidwell House; and *Threads and Thresholds*, a trilogy developed with a company of volunteers, historian Anita Carroll Weldon and Elana Wertkin. Production ideas for *Off the Page* also come from the *Bits & Pieces: A Living History Quilt* series, a performance tour of the Adirondack Center History Museum in Elizabethtown, NY, developed by Lindsay Pontius in collaboration with Margaret Gibbs, Susan Doolittle and Betsey Thomas-Train. Many thanks to the casts of "Forgotten Household Arts", "Into the Landscape" and "Bound by Land". Thanks also to Westport Central High School English Teacher, Scott Gibbs, for introducing *Off the Page* in the classroom.

Elizabethtown, NY 2006

All photographs courtesy of the Essex County Historical Society / Adirondack History Center Museum

Introduction

Off the Page is a new approach to interpreting and connecting with local history by linking the performing arts with place-based education principles. It is a constructivist approach to understanding the past and articulating a sense of place and a sense of history. *Off the Page* relates two often studied literary works, *Our Town* by Thornton Wilder and *Ethan Frome* by Edith Wharton, to local history, specifically Adirondack history. For English Language Arts teachers and American History teachers, this packet provides ideas for taking history off the page and bringing it to life through performance. For drama teachers, dance teachers and theatre directors, it provides a step-by-step approach to creating place-based performance.

How to Use Off the Page

This is to be used as an idea book. *Off the Page* uses a variety of performance arts techniques to enrich the English Language Arts and History curriculum. Although *Our Town* and *Ethan Frome* are included with this package, the materials provided can be used to connect other novels, plays and poetry to the Adirondacks, its rich environment, its history, its myths, and its people. The following activities provide opportunities for students to connect with their environment and community to reinvigorate a pride of place.

The following activities and exercises serve as “ways-in” to *Our Town* and *Ethan Frome* as well as to other texts. A performance piece could be drawn from other novels, stories, primary and secondary documents, poetry or plays. Each “way-in” to a text examines language and metaphor in a different way. The exercises and activities are especially adapted to meet different learning styles. All exercises ask students to get away from their desks and to move around. The first section offers some warm-up ideas for students to transition from sitting at a desk to standing up and moving. The next sections describe foundational exercises that will be evocative examples for creating performance. The exercises and ideas can be used on their own or together as appropriate to the lesson. For each activity, there is a reference to a sample script, *Bits & Pieces*, included in the package. Teachers and directors are welcome to use the *Bits & Pieces* script for ideas and approaches in developing a performance piece.

The program may be presented in a classroom or in an auditorium, multi-purpose room or outdoors. Access to art materials, music, musical instruments and computers will enhance the program. Ideally, the program should be presented in a place that can accommodate multiple set-ups such as work tables, chairs in a circle, and an actor/audience format. Teaching the program can be done in partnership with other classroom teachers, art, music and physical education teachers and museum educators. *Off the Page* can be enhanced and augmented by a visit to the Adirondack History Center Museum in Elizabethtown, New York.

Addressing Learning Standards

Students develop and perform a theatrical interpretation. They will be asked to explore different materials and genres as they create a performance piece. Students, through assignments, will be asked to develop narratives and find other resources for their projects. They will then learn to select and organize materials and ideas from the scrap book included in the education package. They will be challenged to develop design around themes, images and language. (NYS Arts Standards 1 & 2) Each session will begin with a warm-up encouraging participants to enliven their bodies, voices and imaginations. Individual sessions will emphasize different performing art skills such as listening, role playing, responding to shape and space, improvisation, trust and risk-taking and the actor/audience relationship. Students will be revising their performance, honing their interpretations and making decisions about the broader cultural dimensions of their communication through the arts. (NYS Arts Standards 3).

Students will increase their familiarity with literature and primary and secondary documents. They will use documents as a springboard for further inquiry and analysis. The English Language Arts component of this program will be presented in three forms: journal writing exercises, creative writing and response to poetry and language. (English Language Arts Standard 1, 2, 4 & 5).

The History Connection

Historian Liz Sevckenko states that, “historic sites have a special power to inspire and shape important new dialogues on pressing issues that divide us.” (Sevckenko, 2004) As described in the mission of the Essex County Historical Society, *Off the Page* attempts to interpret the “tangible reminders of the men and women who have preceded us in this place,” the miners, mountaineers, industrialists, summer people, artists, farmers, homemakers, and Olympians. *Off the Page* is designed to reach across time and to inspire youth using visual, verbal, spatial, kinesthetic and auditory skills as well as activities that release the creative imagination by “training the heart as well as the head” (Education For Democracy Statement, 2003). Encoded in local history, in museum artifacts, in historic portraits and photographs, there is a story with the potential to shed light on a student’s own life. Students are encouraged to make the connection to local history through the performing arts.

The focus on using the performing and language arts to understand local history compliments Howard Gardner’s work with Multiple Intelligence. He asserts that “intelligence is the ability to solve problems, within one or more cultural settings.” (Gardner, 1993) He names the following intelligences: linguistic, logical-mathematical, visual-spatial, body-kinesthetic, musical-rhythmic, interpersonal (cooperative, communicative) and intrapersonal (knowledge of feelings, thinking processes, emotions). The program attempts to link to students’ intelligences as defined by Gardner on many levels.

How does this work with history? Performing arts can encourage students’ empathy. Empathy can release a museum visitor’s or student’s desire for connection, not only a connection with the past but connection in the present - a connection centered on a sense of place. To practice empathy

is to be transported by an artifact or photograph or piece of text. Having or finding empathy is a creative endeavor that comes easily with some objects and is more difficult with others. Within a museum artifact, or a story, can be found two narratives: the narrative that bring change to an individual based on a personal response to the object or story, and a bigger narrative derived from the land on which a person lives each day. Visiting a museum or exploring a novel is more than going back in time; it is finding one's own place in the larger narrative. "History accustoms students to look behind assertions and appearances, to insist on the 'whole story'" (Education for Democracy Statement, 2003). Tools from the performing arts become narrative tools as they reveal the details of the situation, the context and the participant's own particular point of view.

The Use of Place-based Principles

Over the past decade, educators from New England to Alaska have been moving away from generic text to learn the particularities of their own communities and regions. This process has been accompanied by the adoption of instructional practices that draw heavily on student initiative as well as the talent and expertise of adults inside and outside the school. The results of developing curriculum directly related to local history and place can offer higher levels of student engagement, energized and excited teachers and administrators, and a renewed sense of what there is to value in the local community (Smith, 2000). Adirondack communities are especially suited to a place-based approach as many of them are small, rural communities with generations of families remaining on the land and in the region. Placed-based curriculum offers students an opportunity to develop a sense of pride in their communities through a connection to the past.

The Literature Connection

Stories with vivid connections to the land and communities as found in *Ethan Frome*, *Our Town*, *the Scarlet Letter*, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, and *Desire Under the Elms* all provide opportunities for students to make connections to their own lives and communities. For the purposes of this package, images and language has been chosen from Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* and Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*. They are both stories of place with relationships to landscape and history that can easily be transferred to an exploration of Adirondack history. A selection of photographs from the archives of the Essex County Historical Society provides students with a deeper connection to the language in these literary works and to help students relate to a sense of place. In addition, the sample script, *Bits & Pieces*, based on excerpts from primary and secondary documents and Adirondack writings, shows another approach for developing a performance piece.

Warm-up Activity

Objectives:

- to activate students' bodies
- to activate students' imaginations
- to connect the voice to the breath and body
- to shift to a hands-on and playful collaborative effort

Have students begin walking around the room. Ask students to let their hands swing freely as they walk. Every time the leader claps his/her hands, the students must change direction. Play with different speeds: "You are late for a class" then "You have all the time in the world." It is important to keep changing direction and speeds to keep the class engaged in the activity.

Bring the group into a circle. Ask for a yawn and stretch. Shake one foot, then the other. Roll the shoulders, then systematically shake the body beginning at the feet, go to the knees, the hips, shoulders, arms, hands and head to get the blood flowing. Then ask for a collective sigh - a sigh of relief that the phrase "No homework" may bring, then a shrug, and connect that shrug to a sound: "ha" or "heh" sound.

Next add two shrugs with sound "heh-heh," then the sounds with closed lips "ha-hummm," then have them move the hummm around their lips as if they were chewing gum - ha - hummmah. Have them try a bigger sigh with lots of breath.

(Note: The breathing and making of strange sounds while moving the body transport students from their traditional desk learning to a more physically open sense of learning. By getting big breaths, sighs and yawns students experience a sense of expansiveness, changing the way they feel and opening them up to the exercises and lessons.)

Once sound and movement are happening, it important to wake up the students' imaginations. Have the class work as a group following your suggestions. For example, have the class work together physically without talking to each other - **NO WORDS**.

As a class, have them learn to work together physically without speaking:

- make a circle inside a square
- make a five pointed star
- make two or three letters, for example WCS for Westport Central School
- form a line from tallest to shortest, or biggest feet to smallest feet (comparing by looking and measuring, no talking)
- make a sculpture entitled "Burger and Fries" or "Taco Salad", then something more symbolic like "Summer Vacation" or "World War 3", then thematic like "Youth and Age".

Encourage students to change their physical level, some at ground level and others standing on chairs, the way you might organize an interesting and engaging photograph.

Imaginary Curator Activity

Objectives:

- to activate students' imagination and empathy
- to explore history in a hands-on way
- to create opportunities for reflection

In this exercise, the teacher presents a selection of images for the class to try on, explore and reflect upon. This activity is best after a warm-up activity. Following the walking or “sculpture” warm-ups, begin to introduce a physical journey. Start everyone on one side of the room and have them walk to the other side of the room, (from here to there) have them find a way to get from here to there by changing levels three times then by changing speed. Now start to add metaphors begin with suggestions such as “Walk from here to there as if you had two left feet” or “Walk as if the weight of the world was on your shoulders and you had to keep a stiff upper lip.” Then have students begin to move into the world of the novel or play or images from history. For example, from *Our Town*: “Old people can’t get up the stairs the way they used to.” Or using the *Bits & Pieces* script: “As if you were on your twenty fourth trip back from the well with heavy buckets of water.” Now change the journey anytime as they move through the space. It is helpful to have a bell or drum or clear noise to suggest “off you go” and another sound to suggest freezing or suspension. It can be helpful to have a different sound, other than the human voice, to bring the class to listen to the next image.

After playing through 10-12 images, bring everyone back into the room to have a discussion. What did you like about the journey? What was difficult to get into? What felt silly? What made you feel for the characters or the time period?

In choosing the images you can look for descriptive details, or complex language. This exercise can often demystify literary language making it sensory, environmental and emotional.



Creating the World Activity

Objectives:

- to create a visual representation suggested by clues from language
- to work cooperatively in groups and as a class

Materials:

- a large piece of plywood or refrigerator box that has been flattened
- multiple bags made from a variety of materials;
- objects from nature
- paint, glue, scissors, pipe cleaners, clay, scrap paper, egg cartons, milk cartons

Begin with the empty card board on a table with the class standing around it. From this blank surface students will “create the world” using clues from the literature or history. Have students tell you where to place a clue card, then send them off in teams of two or three to make their clues. There is no right answer so encourage students to make creative use of the materials. After 30 minutes, have them bring their creations back to the board to place by their clue card. Bring the whole class together to explore the world with each group explaining their creation. Examples of “worlds” to create using *Our Town* are Polish town across the tracks, the breakfast table



THREE “WAYS-IN”

Facts in Motion Activity

Objectives:

- To use an historical fact or detail as a springboard for a performance
- To develop a deeper understanding and connection to history and its connection to daily life
- To practice skills of historic interpretation
- To encourage students to work together collaboratively as researchers, actors and performers.

Have students explore a historical fact, detail from a novel or information from historical documents such as obituaries, newspaper ads or articles by using movement or dance. This approach can be a powerful way to employ interpretive skills beyond reading them on paper or having them delivered by a lecture. It enables students to encounter the fact or detail in their own way. Look for text that suggests a different way of seeing day to day life. Here are some examples from the *Bits & Pieces* script about water: “3 to 3.5 gallons per journey to the well was probably the typical load for 24 trips;” and about cold: “Sarah Emery’s china cups cracked on the tea table from the frost. The thermostat in the dining room with a good fire going was about 48 degrees”

Once a fact is chosen to explore, the students can design sculptures to provide a backdrop for the fact.



Space Invaders Activity

Objectives:

- To use theatre techniques to make an empathic connection with individuals from the past.
- To engage the imagination in the creation of setting and mood.
- To pay attention to historic detail and architecture.

This activity extends the Facts in Motion activity into a sited and scripted performance piece. Space Invaders takes into account the performance space and how the space can create a mood for the presenting the fact and for the character who enters the space. Returning to the water example from the *Bits & Pieces* script, we need to know more about this woman. Is she an historical figure? Is she a young girl or an old woman? How much effort does hauling water take? What else does she have to do in the day? What are her hopes and aspirations? In addition, what is the terrain like? The weather? What is the layout of house in relationship to the well?

This is an area where researching the history becomes important to developing the story for the performance.



Storytelling Activity

Objectives:

- To make connections using historical information
- To bring to life a moment of history or an historic event from a literary work.
- To work with theatrical elements such as costumes, props and staging
- To work in pairs or groups creatively and cooperatively
- To practice the provocative art of interpretation to engage the audience. This happens in answer to basic questions: Who? Where? When? What? How? Why?

Storytelling brings in the actor/audience relationship which needs to be considered in any performance. Encourage students to give the audience a specific role in with no “fourth wall”. In other words, the actors do not pretend that the audience is looking at their portrayal as a slice of life seen through a window. Have the actors see the audience as present and helping to fuel the performance through their responses.



Exercise #1: FACTS IN MOTION

Choose one of the following statements:

- Water Fact: 3 to 3.5 gallons per journey to the well was probably the typical load for 24 trips.
- Cold Statement: "Sarah Emery's china cups cracked on the tea table from the frost. The thermostat in the dining room with a good fire going was about 48 degrees."
- Fires: In 1903, 1908 and 1913 great fires ate the wilderness.

The goal for the group is to build a picture of a world to reveal the chosen "fact". First, take five minutes to imagine the life surrounding your statement. Who does it involve? What atmosphere does it suggest? What emotions (fear, peacefulness, worry, joy, dread)? What other images come to mind?

After a discussion, choose four images or emotions and make four distinct sculptures involving everyone. Make sure your sculptures are portrayed at many different levels.

Once you have four distinct sculptures, begin to smoothly link them together. To bring the sculptures together choose different movements and speeds:

- a slow motion movement
- a light-speed chaotic movement
- an organized movement where everyone moves in unison

Then, return to your statement or fact and decide where to put it in your connected sculptures. Who will say it? Will you divide it up within the group or will one person speak it? Create a clear and repeatable beginning, middle and end for your piece. Make sure there are at least three changes of level, speed and dynamics (loud or soft). Rehearse it with the class. The next phase is to add music or add a prop or costuming.



Exercise #2: Space Invaders

In groups of five, choose a site on the school campus inside or out depending on the weather. Walk around the site, investigate it, interrogate it.

- What was here a hundred years ago?
- What is the site used for now?
- Who uses it?
- What is hidden in this site?
- What is special about it?
- How does the light, natural or man-made effect the site?
- What is the opposite of this place?
- What can't it do?
- When is the best time to go there?
- When is the worst time?

Begin to look at the architectural details of the site. Is it angular or curvy space? Have partners make sculptures to fit the space. Some sculptures may take on the character and shape of the site, others may work against the architecture or the feel of the site.



Exercise #3: Storytelling

This exercise was designed to accompany a scrapbook of historical images depicting the people and scenes of every day life in Essex County. The scrapbook is included with the full Off the Page package, available by contacting the Essex County Historical Society. For this online version of the program, images may be gathered from books, magazines and personal photo collections.

Using the scrapbook, open it and take out an image for each student. Put additional photos on the floor at a distance apart to create a photo gallery for students to walk through. Have the students walk through the “gallery” and have each student choose a photograph that interests them. Give them some paper and a writing utensil and have them interrogate the photograph. This is a short, timed, free-writing exercise. Give them a few minutes to write down as many questions as they can. Have them read over the questions and put a star by their top three.

Next, have them choose the most provocative question. Write the question on the top of a new page and have them take five minutes to answer it. They should write as if they know the answer to the question. They should continue to write and keep their pen on the page - even if they have to repeat words or write blah, blah, blah until a new idea comes. Then they read over their writing underlining the parts that they like. When they are finished, they should choose a partner. Each tells the other their version of the answer to the question.

Have students tell the story a second time as if they were telling it to a room full of young children. Then tell it as if it were a ghost story around a campfire after midnight.

(Note: It helps for the teacher/leader to ask students to switch their ways of telling the story.)

Next, have students tell the story only using five strong passionate words or images and tell the rest with gestures only. Then, tell it with urgency as if the listeners life depended on the outcome. Finally, tell the story with only gestures, keeping the urgency. Have the class observe which gestures seem to connect the most and communicate the most. Connect the gestures with the story and have students rehearse them and present to the class. *(Note: The stories do not need to be linear and they should only last a minute or two.)*

Other storytelling approaches are to take these monologues and form them into dialogues. Go back to the photos and choose similar themes or groupings. Then place the students with their stories into the groups and have them begin to develop a dialog to suggest ideas for a scene or a story that resembles something from the literature or history. For example, from *Ethan Frome*, create dialogs for Zeena Frome with *Ethan Frome* and Mattie Silver. From the *Bits & Pieces* script, try placing together Freud, Mr. And Mrs. Notman, Prestonia and Adrian and the Porcupine. Experiment with creating dialogs for various characters from the story.

OFF THE PAGE

Image Samplers

Bits & Pieces

Ethan Frome

Our Town

What follows are lists of quotations, images and themes pulled from the accompanying text. They are by no means conclusive but offer suggestions of the many directions your theatrical exploration can take. The language taken directly from the text offers up visceral and physical images that can be used for the exercises presented in the Production Book.

*This is just a taste.
The possibilities are endless.*

Bits & Pieces

A list of images taken from the text that were part of life a hundred years ago.

- an iron door latched described as “a cold devil ready to snap at any incautious hand that mettled with it”.
- being shoeless in the snow to gather eggs in the morning
- a descending wagon with creaking breaks into the valley below
- moving along at the speed of one mile an hour
- the promise of pigs and fowl ready to eat with forks and knives in their backs
- the kitchen and parlor windows as “linking together all that happened outside with the daily indoor duties that took practically all her time; 3 meals a day, the house to keep in order, the family sewing”. The window became a daily newspaper
- a horse hair stuff sofa, “slippery as a toboggan slide in winter”
- “even the air in the old fashioned parlor was dead”

Topics and themes contained in Bits & Pieces

the hazards of freezing weather, fireplaces
and ovens

first impressions of the Adirondacks from a
variety of tourists

bygone days

town versus farming communities

the opening of the canal

homesteading, clearing land

murder in Essex County

women’s suffrage

ghosts

mining from a child’s perspective

the parlor as the social engine of the home

courting rituals

camping in the Adirondacks

the working landscape (for tourists, farmers,
artists, hunters)

early school days

fires and floods

before the Adirondack Northway

women’s work

Bathsheba as a biblical role model for a wife
and mother

house cleaning

making pies

Examples of text related to setting:

- “three o’clock, the whole town can hear the yelling and screaming of those school yards”
- “we’ve got a lot of pleasures of a kind here: we like the sun coming up over the mountains in the morning, and we all notice a good deal about the birds”
- “the moonlight’s so terrible” (explore the possibilities of the image of terrible moonlight)
- and the earth as a star: “straining away to make something of itself”

Characters and perspectives:

- older people: “not being able to bound up a flight of stairs like {they} used to”
- Simon Stimson: a man who is “seeing a whole peck of trouble” or sees humans as “moving about in a cloud of ignorance”
- time passing as “millions of gallons of water went by the mill.”
- all the witnesses at the wedding: “the ancestors... millions of them... most of them set out to live two by two.”
- Emily saying “goodbye to clocks ticking and Mama’s sunflowers...”
- the idea of nature: “pushing and contriving”

Ethan Frome

Physical images that denote a world:

- a “smash up”
- Ruth Varnum being “always as nervous as a rat”
- “the hollow backed bay” (Ethan’s horse)
- “the white house fronts between the elms looked grey against the snow”
- “the air was dry and pure”
- the “iron heavens” and hoping that they would “melt and run down sweetness”
- seeing the stars in the Pleides constellation as “bees swarming”
- Ethan Frome described as “hugging a shadow, edging cautiously forward to the nearest window, holding back his straight, spare body and craning his neck to get a glimpse“ of Mady
- Mady as having “no natural turn for housekeeping” had a “light arm” for it.
- Zeena: “Sickly”, with “abrupt explosions of speech after long intervals of secretive silence”

Themes and images to look for in the text:

snow storms

poverty

outskirts of town

bone chilling wind

old weathered people

young people and teens around 1905 having fun

town in winter

crippled

sickness

tobogganing

elm trees

winter dances

parlors

boarding houses

work in winter / work horses

animals, stock in winter

doctors

young eligible women

farm work

boys of promise ready to go off to college

wet boots, suspenders and coat

dreams of grandeur

shut-ins

fragile best dishes and glassware

smashed dreams

wrecks

lumbering

sawmills

love / adultery

wealthy tourists

bearskins in the cutters and sleighs

hard perpendicular bonnets

outcasts

Our Town

Examples of text related to setting:

- “three o’clock, the whole town can hear the yelling and screaming of those school yards”
- “we’ve got a lot of pleasures of a kind here: we like the sun coming up over the mountains in the morning, and we all notice a good deal about the birds”
- “the moonlight’s so terrible” (explore the possibilities of the image of terrible moonlight)
- and the earth as a star: “straining away to make something of itself”

Characters and perspectives:

- older people: “not being able to bound up a flight of stairs like {they} used to”
- Simon Stimson: a man who is “seeing a whole peck of trouble” or sees humans as “moving about in a cloud of ignorance”
- time passing as “millions of gallons of water went by the mill.”
- all the witnesses at the wedding: “the ancestors... millions of them... most of them set out to live two by two.”
- Emily saying “goodbye to clocks ticking and Mama’s sunflowers...”
- the idea of nature: “pushing and contriving”

Themes and images represented in the scrapbook:

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| everyday life | blue hair ribbon |
| people dressed up for church or to go to town | trains and stations |
| town life | doctors visiting homes with bags |
| new ironed dresses | water mills |
| both sides of the tracks | funeral attire |
| churches / choirs | - poor people |
| different times of the day: early am, dusk | workers |
| moonlight | weddings |
| household chores | homes with wells |
| old furniture - highboy | dooryard gardens |
| school days | blue gingham dress |
| baseball uniforms | front yards |
| courting | flower gardens with sunflowers |
| graveyards on hillsides | spring rain |
| drugstores with soda parlors | outcasts |



Bits and Pieces
A Living History Quilt

Bits and Pieces
A Living History Quilt

Adapted and Directed by
Lindsay Pontius

A Production of the
Essex County Historical Society /
Adirondack History Center Museum
7590 Court St., Elizabethtown, NY 12932
www.adkhistorycenter.org

Introduction:

Bits And Pieces: A Living History Quilt was two performance pieces presented twenty times at The Adirondack History Center Museum in 2003-2004. A portion of *Bits and Pieces* was performed for The Westport Heritage Festival in August 2003. Both *Forgotten Household Arts* and *Into The Landscape* were put together and performed at The Depot Theatre in August 2004 in the order that I have included here. The performances at the Museum were keyed to the rooms and collections and I have noted where they took place.

Bits and Pieces is difficult to describe. A mixture of dance theatre, storytelling and performance art, it weaved together the collections of the museum.

I call these pieces installations because they were meant to be theatrical moments that the audience could happen upon, move through and inhabit. The actors included the audience in their stories and moved them from place to place. *Bits and Pieces* is a starting point in my exploration of bringing history museums alive by inspiring connection to place and a sense of history.

Many people volunteered their time for these productions. The 2003 cast included: Bob Andrews, Christal Boutte, Susy Doolittle, Louise McGoldrick, Sara Nelson, Lindsay Pontius, Martha Swan and Betsey Thomas-Train. Roseanne Nelson and Lily Trienens were guides. Costumes were coordinated by Rachel Hunter with the help of Deborah Brothers.

The 2004 cast were Sam Balzac, George Davis, Susy Doolittle, Barbara Kaufman, Ethan Keene, Ed Miller, Lindsay Pontius, Kathy Recchia, Liz Rothwell, Betsey Thomas-Train, Lily Trienens and Anna and Marcy Weber.

Lindsay Pontius

Part 1: Into the Landscape

Installation #1: Little Bits

(Outdoors alongside south side of Museum)

Water Dance

(Dancer with yoke and buckets appear, guitar plays under her.)

Text: *(Louise)*

Women usually hauled water alone and it was no light task. Three to three and a half gallons per journey was probably the typical load. For a family of six, at twelve gallons of water per head - for washing, cooking and drinking - a woman would make twenty four journeys to the well each day.

Melancholy Days

(Sarah and Louise)

S: Bold and bloodthirsty mosquitoes...

L: Welcome the heat, because I remember too well the cold days of winter time when the cider would freeze in the cellar and the bread in the milk room would be like blocks of ice.

S: Not long before there are too many grey days...

L: The melancholy days the saddest in the year. Sarah Emery's china cups cracked on the tea table from the frost, before a rousing fire the instant the hot tea touched them, and the plates set to drain in the process of dish washing froze together. The thermostat in the dining room with a good fire going was about 48 degrees.

S: Mrs. Stowe warned about the risks inherent in touching a frozen latch, spoon, axe or hatchet with wet fingers. They were possessed of a cold devil ready to snap at any incautious hand that meddled with them.

L: Mrs. Child shuddered. "A frozen pump is a comfortless preparation for a winter's breakfast."

S: Mrs. Bascom's neighbors children were scalded to death by the falling of a kettle of boiling soap from the crane.

L: Mrs. Ballard's 3 year old Ephriam was watching little William while Martha was out attending to a birth. Ephriam let William fall and he burnt his arm and cut his chin on a pot by the fire.

S: They said the little boy was playing too near the fire. Despite having convulsions his burns were nothing like those that had taken Polly Burton three years before.¹

(Sarah exits)

Shoeless

L: I don't believe any of us realized that we might be in a category called poverty stricken. We probably could have been thought of a poverty stricken, deprived, maladjusted, unsociable, overly shy,

and sometimes aggressive, and much more. There was no one in our one-room school house to put any labels on us except our teacher and our classmates.

The label I have for myself is shoeless. For a while I had no shoes and when I complained about my cold trips to the barn, barefooted - Father simply stated, "God's leather ought to withstand God's weather".

I would often run to the barn in the snow, gather the eggs, warm my feet in the hay and run back to the log cabin as fast as I could. The eggs were rationed for family use, I was not allowed to eat them myself because they must be sold for the money that was so badly needed for other things.

One day mother was out and my desire for an egg was just too overwhelming. I cooked one for myself and one for each of my two sisters as well. I swore them to secrecy but soon afterward my littlest sister, Idy, couldn't resist telling Mother and I was reprimanded.

By March of that year, my father sold enough eggs and handwoven bushel and pack baskets made from the black ash tree to buy me a pair of shoes.²

Installation #2: The Visitor's Center

(In the Museum's orientation room.)

-Emma Jung enters speaking German. She sets up in the corner on a bench with a tea-set and her labels (eg. Emma Jung born... Died... wife of Carl Jung who traveled with ...).

- Gorky enters and sets up in a different corner.

- Nurse Pillsbury enters and sets up. (She uses white material to create snowy landscape.)

- Then Lindsay's character arrives and plays with map. She goes to each character and wonders if she has gone to the wrong place. She addresses the audience as she recalls her arrival to Keene Flats.

Lindsay (*calling up memory*):³ Back in the summer of 1866, when the railroad extended only to Whitehall; when the port of entry was Westport, reached only by means of the steamers of the Champlain Transportation Company; when nought but a hilly, winding often sandy road pursued its tortuous way for 22 long, but surprisingly enchanting miles through the Gorges, I was carried, a babe in arms, into Keene Flats. It was not "Keene Valley" then - the disturbing and often deleterious influences of over refinement had not arrived.

George (*Maxim Gorky, 1906*): It will be a long time before there's a revolution here, unless it comes crashing down on the dumb skull of the local multimillionaires in about ten years from now. My what an interesting country! You should see what these devils are doing, how they work, how full they are of energy, ignorance, smugness and barbarity! I admire them and I curse them, I feel sick and gay and damned amused!⁴

Betsey (*Emma Jung, 1909*): I am sitting in a large one-room wooden cabin looking into a massive fireplace of rough brick with mighty logs on the hearth. The walls are crowded with china, books and the like.⁵

_____ (*a nurse from NYC, 1918*):⁶ Miss Maxwell said, "I have a request for a nurse from this school to go to Keene Valley in the Adirondack Mountains. As you know there is an epidemic of influenza in this state. The people in that community are without a nurse. You are to go there and do what nursing is needed and stay until relieved by the public health nurse who is busy elsewhere."

Reminiscence: ...The landing at Westport, the awaiting wagon at Elizabethtown, Mountain Metropolis for "Jackson Balls" and stick candy...

Gorky: I live in the forest, in a very lonely spot. It's 18 miles to Elizabethtown, the nearest town, but the

Americans come here to get a look at me notwithstanding. They are afraid to come into the house - an acquaintance with me might be compromising, and so they hang about the woods waiting for a chance meeting.

Reminiscence: ...The long pull to the plain near the summit of Spruce Hill...

Gorky: There are five of us in the house: myself, Zina the Russian who came with me as my secretary, a professor of physics and Miss Brooks, a nice old spinster. We have no servants, we cook our own food, and do everything ourselves. I wash the dishes; Zina gets the provisions riding a horse to town; the professor makes the tea and the coffee, and so on.

Jung: Through the trees you can glimpse a mountainous landscape, all of it forested. The cabin stands on a slope, and somewhat farther down you can see about ten other wooded cabins.

Reminiscence: The calls of the whippoorwills in the early evening, the descent with creaking breaks to the valley below and the warm welcome at journey's end - all of these things are vividly clear to me...

Jung: Over here the women live, and over there the men; there's a kitchen, a dining hall and cows and horses are grazing among the buildings. I must explain that two Putnam families live here complete with servants [Doctors and Philosophers gather to discuss and ponder ideas and climb the many mountains.]

Nurse: Miss Maxwell continued, "You will be met at Lake Placid and from there you will be driven to Keene Valley. Here is your train ticket. Your berth has been reserved and your train leaves at 7 tonight." Seemingly as an afterthought, she said, "I want you to be a credit to your school". I heard myself saying "Thank you, Miss Maxwell" When I had closed the door to the office I stood for a moment in the hall wondering why I had thanked her.

Jung: We arrived at the railway station in Lake Placid, at the end of the line. From there we continued on to here for more than five hours in a curious two horse conveyance over deeply rutted roads... In what seemed like a completely desolate area we saw metal boxes nailed to trees so the mailman could drop off letters for the farmers.

Reminiscence: There is a post office - a very unpretentious one to be sure, but still a post office. It was installed in Mrs. Norman Dibble's boudoir. Twice a week, Filo Estes drove furiously (that is to say the horses were whipped into a gallop at the John's Brook bridge, after having slept on their feet all of the previous twenty miles) from AuSable Forks with the mail. On arrival, the pouches were dumped on Mrs. Dibble's bed. Deliberate distribution followed behind screened windows and when all the mail and postals had been scrutinized and contents absorbed, the letter, papers and all were passed out through the slats into eager awaiting hands. No one ever missed the mail...

Nurse: "Morning!" As I stepped down from the train all I saw was snow, mounds of it and more coming down. Cold? I have never been so cold as I was at that moment. I picked my way through the snow to the station. I asked the station master if there was anyone to meet me. But when I said I was the nurse who had been sent to Keene Valley, he picked up my bag took me by the arm, and said, "You come with me. My wife will fix you up and get you warm."

Americans come here to get a look at me notwithstanding. They are afraid to come into the house - an acquaintance with me might be compromising, and so they hang about the woods waiting for a chance meeting.

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Jung: Then came the little wooden shack by the road which housed the “store” carrying every conceivable line of merchandise, then the “hotel” where for lunch we were served brown bread and corn on the cob with salted butter and crisp bacon.

Reminiscence: Everyone had his pig, nearly everyone his cow, and the more affluent, their flocks and horses. At several of the more commodious places, summer boarders were received - there was Holt’s, the Crawford’s, the Dibble’s...

Nurse: The magic word, “nurse” opened his heart in no time at all I was in his home with friendly neighbors. The breakfast they gave me was of a size for a laborer and of quality for a queen.

Jung: So this is a piece of “the wild west” but with mountains

Rem: Otis Estes and Smith Beede were among those that opened their doors. The rate charged for board ranged from \$4 a week up. I can still taste the fried holes that Mrs. Crawford dipped out of the fat and with one motion deposited into my gaping mouth...

Gorky: The mind works very energetically here. I live in a state of high excitement all the time. I have an endless amount of work before me, enough to last me 16 years at least.

Nurse: They brought me a raccoon coat that wrapped around me twice, several blankets and a fur robe, fur mittens, and wrapped a heavy scarf around my neck telling me to put it over my face if the wind came up, and what a wind did blow! The horses were snorting and stomping and raring to go. Off we went.

Jung: In the evening a fire is lit in the fireplace, because the nights are cold here. The Putnam’s have a harmonium; we sang German folksongs to it. The hospitality is downright Indian.

Gorky: I want to bring home some real Red Indian arrows and a bow, if I can find one.

Nurse: One doctor and one minister were helping with the sick. All of the others in the community of about 200 were either sick or taking care of the sick in their families. I thought of all those people and one nurse but I also thought of the happiness of the doctor at my arrival. He lighted a hurricane lantern for me and told me to go down one side of the road and back on the other side and to see what was needed to be done. He had to visit a very sick family on the outskirts of the village.

Gorky: American butterflies are quite wonderful. There’s nothing else for everything beautiful comes from Europe. America itself is too young to understand the meaning of beauty.

Nurse: A nurse follows techniques gives treatments and administers medications, but there is something that the nurse can offer that doesn’t come in pills or tablets. It is that intangible something that give stricken families the courage to bear sickness and even death. Oh for even a gas-lighted road.

Rem: Two and only two great social divisions were recognized. Country people (themselves) and City People (the summer invaders)...

Jung: If you follow the nearby brook uphill, you soon enter a forest which you presently discover to be a northern primeval forest.

Nurse: "Come in, Come in - John it's the nurse." The joy and relief in her voice stayed with me for a long time. There wasn't much I could do. Two of the children were on the mend, one was very sick and the father was so weak he could hardly stand. I gave directions to the mother for the other children, made the sick baby more comfortable and said that either I or the doctor would return later. The panic had left their faces by the time I had left. I found the same conditions in each of the homes I visited. In some, death had come and there was comfort to give.

And so I made my way by lantern light and returned to the starting point and gave the doctor my report.

Rem: Fruits and berries were likewise divided into two classes or species - wild comprising all that sprung up and multiplied without human interference and tame - that is, cultivated or grafted. Wild strawberries were small but of a flavor unequalled by anything tame...

Jung: You crawl over and under huge tree trunks, crash through decaying wood into deep holes; deer tracks cross the path; woodpeckers have hammered holes as big as a man's head into trees.

Nurse: Many of the sick were delirious and the danger of their getting out of bed and falling down the stairs was a serious problem. However, the store had a big supply of safety pins. I used them to pin the patient in bed between the blankets. At the end of 10 days the Public Health nurse relieved me. By that time, the height of the epidemic had passed and it was now a matter of convalescence and watching out for relapse. I was free to leave.

Rem: Horace Braman should not be forgotten. He was a favorite of many, and was much in the woods. His vocation was butchering and selling meat; his avocation was guiding the hunter and fisherman. Melvin Hathaway, amusing, good company, but an indefatigable poacher, carried on for a while. His career was cut short because of his persistence in breaking the rules...

Gorky: These mountains are covered with a leaf-bearing forest. The highest point is 1500 meters from there you have a view of the lake. Not bad at all. There's a philosophy school a mile away from us - run by Davidson. The professors who live near by try to make a bit of money, seeing it's vacation time, and deliver lectures on all the known sciences.

Nurse: At Lake Placid, I returned all of the borrowed wraps, thanked the people again, took the train to the city and reported to Miss Maxwell.

Rem: Melvin Hathaway had a pet skunk who was alright until he backed into a hot stove. Melvin also drank - but never more than an "inch in a washtub"...

Jung: My colleague Freud assumes a philosophical smile as he forges through this richly varied world. I trot along and enjoy it.

Rem: After Melvin Hathaway's enforced retirement, he squatted far up the Johns Brook Valley and for many years lived a hermits life. His ghost is now said to haunt those sacred precincts...

Gorky: No matter what I publish here, they object to it at once, pasting the ruder objections on the gate of the farm where I live. When they see me in the road they jump out of the way like grasshoppers.

Nurse: Our school pin has the word Neighbors engraved on the back. I have often read that word since my

experience in Keene Valley and have found it to on a new meaning each time.

Jung: It is good to leave while the going is still great.

Gorky: I'll leave this place in the beginning of October - it's been decided. Fortitude above all else. It's the best, the most precious thing of all.

Rem: It is said that Charles Dudley Warner years ago, while at Westport, learned of a valley of exceeding loveliness "over the mountains". He came and saw and lingered (and wrote about it). Since then innumerable others have followed in his steps.

Installation #3: The Picture of We Three

(A woman and two dresses - performed with the dresses set in the transportation room, lit by a tight spot light.) Music plays - sad and full of memory.

Lindsay: Mrs. Livingston was an old time gentlewoman, sweet and gracious to all, and while for a great many years she had not been strong and able to get about much she retained her interest in the events of the day and enjoyed the visits of her friends and neighbors. She loved her home filled with her treasures and mementos of bygone days.⁷

First thing each morning, Mother West looked out the front window at the view across the valley. Then she decided whether the day would be stormy or clear. Next, she glanced at the road to see if anyone was passing. She might see a neighbor on an early trip to the village or some men off to work on a job miles away; she knew them all and their interests. If a stranger passed it was a real new item. She would speculate as to who it might be and where he might be going; her before breakfast glance was, in a way, her brief morning paper.⁸

Mr. Livingston, a civil war veteran, died in 1900. Mrs. Livingston continued to run his paper with George L. Brown, who had assisted Mr. Livingston for some years as editor and manager.

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg Livingston passed from this life at her home on Maple Street September 6, 1938. She would have reached the age of 97 years having been born November 5, 1841. She was one of the eight children of Orlando Kellogg and Polly Woodruff Kellogg, both of whom were descendants of pioneer settlers in this community. These ancestors did much in the way of building up homes in the wilderness and did valiant service for their country at the battle of Plattsburgh.

Her father, Orlando (*pointing to carriage*) O. Kellogg, aside from having his own livery service, was proprietor of the Windsor Inn. He was also a lawyer and was the first from this district to be elected to congress where he met and became a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. He was again elected in 1862 and in 1864, and continuing his friendship with Mr. Lincoln was closely connected with the far reaching events of those stirring times. He was invited to Lincoln's inaugural and he took his daughter Sarah. And Sarah Kellogg danced in this dress at Abraham Lincoln's inaugural ball.

As the day closed, summer or winter, Mother was at the west window reading which she loved, or picking up some bit of sewing. Looking out now and then at the sunset in the niche of the mountains, she waited for the men to come to supper.

For her the windows linked together all that happened outside with the daily indoor duties that took practically all her time: three meals a day, the house to keep in order, the family sewing:

(Becomes Mother West)

I've got to get some cookies made, and the bread's low; I must set some to rise tonight. Someone might come, and I'd be so 'shamed not to have a thing baked in the house. Frank's always asking someone to stop for dinner, even at the last minute like the day he brought in that city man that has the big farm down by the lake. I had only three piece of pie. I told the children not to ask for any, and I had to kick Frank under the table when he kept offering the guest another piece. I hate to get caught like that.

(Returns to the two dresses)

Aren't we a picture?

Mother West, Sarah Livingston and me. One tiny gentle lady

And one who pressed the glass to see.

The third among them is Inez

And I chose instead to ride.

To parade through the streets of Washington

On a great white horse astride.

From the mountains, valleys and wilderness

From the murmuring ancestral voices - I carry
a crusade in my soul.

To give these women choices.

I am Inez Milholland...

(Lindsay is interrupted by Betsey as the M.C.)

Installation #4: Vaudeville⁹

MC: Ladies and Gentleman, this trip back in time, this brouhaha, this road show at Halstead's Tavern right up from the lake - the first frame house in Westport, is brought to you by Ball's Corsets - Lady you're gonna need one to fit in either dress. They are health preserving, boned with Kabo and there is a coiled wire spring elastic section for our bigger mares. Try it and you will wear no other. They need no breaking in.¹⁰

Also our sponsors are Kent and Felt who continue to carry on their hatting business at their Westport stand near the bridge-right downtown. They keep on hand a good assortment of well made hats of the latest 1840's fashion which they told me to tell you they will exchange for sheep pelts, or sheared and pulled lambs wool and most kinds of produce.¹¹

Alice: 1840's? I'm in the 1880's.

MC: Alice, I said we're going back in time - get on an apron and serve our guests.

Alice: I was on my way to women's rights and Inez Milholland.

MC: WERE Going BACK! Get on board.

And we'd like to thank William and Cyrus Richard who'd like to most respectfully inform the public and their friends that they still continue business at their old stand, the Douglas Store in Westport. They keep dry goods on hand, groceries, crockery and hardware and for you ladies looking for something fancy. Eddy and Kent have stone churns¹²... and our biggest sponsor at Halsteads -
THE SUPERIOR HORSE BOAT, THE EAGLE -

3 TRIPS A DAY. This ferry between Westport and Basin Harbor is protected by mountains to render safe and certain crossing to Vermont even in the most boisterous times

Ladies and Gentleman, Captain Asabel Havens

(Enter interlocutor)

Interlocutor: The Eagle is propelled by sidewheels. Horses work a treadmill. It's two horsepower.

Alice: How fun for the horses to continually walk no where.

Inter: *(men act like horses)* Give me land lots of land under starry skies above, don't fence me in... We were started up by the Hatch family in 1832...

MC: The canal opened up in 1823 connecting us with the Hudson. Westport became a busy place.

Inter: Home to 2,350 people by the mid 1800's, canal boats dotted the harbor carrying logs and iron and pack peddlers moved up and down the lake selling their finery broadcloths for ladies, cravats, fringes and dress silks.

MC: There were barges and schooners. Everybody docked at Allen's wharf in the protected North West bay. Allen had to extend his wharf to accommodate increased shipping.

Inter: Hatches and Halstead were important families. Judge Charles Hatch died in the year '56 at the age of 88. He introduced iron ore to the community, he saw two wars with Great Britain and perhaps he even saw John Brown stepping off a boat from Vermont with a party of freed slaves bound for North Elba.

MC: And the sheep...

Inter: The sheep? Oh, right, the sheep. John Brown brought a herd of Devons over to our fair. I think he one first prize...

MC: Think about it - Judge Hatch or John Halstead rubbing elbows on the table at the tavern opposite John Brown

Inter: Or Horace Greeley. He came to speak at the fair. "Go west young man."

Alice: In 1861, The Ladies Soldier Relief Society of Westport met to respond to the call of the government to aid the sick and wounded. Do you think they met at Halsteads?

Inter: Maybe so. It had the largest room in town.

Well, here we are, in the heart of the forest even further back in time bumping along in a lumber wagon you would declare a civilized team of horses couldn't travel.

MC: In the 18th Century William Gilliland was granted 2300 acres - that's 931 hectares in 1764 - He named the property Bessboro after his daughter.

Inter: We're straining up a steep ascent, a hang to the axle tree between the rocks and now lying out at an angle of 45 degrees.

MC: Did you know that Gilliland lost his oldest daughter in a drowning accident as they were traveling north.

You can be sure he wanted to hang on to his dear Bess...

Inter: And again carefully lifting ourselves over a fallen tree.

MC: Philip Skene was granted 2400 acres just north of Bessboro - that's what becomes the village of Westport.

Inter: We tumble and bang along at the enormous rate of two miles an hour.¹³

MC: Edward Raymond settled the first home and sawmill and gristmill but was chased off the land during the war for independence. Then came Ezekiel Barber from Connecticut. He was the first permanent settler in 1785 at Barber's Point.

Inter: He-up.

MC: You see first Westport was part of Crown Point, and then it was Elizabethtown and then in 1815 it finally came onto its own.

Inter: By dint of persuasion, the use of a whip and a thousand he-ups we have acquired the velocity of 2 miles an hour.

Alice: We heard it was a paradise, that we should find pigs and fowl ready cooked running about with knives and forks stuck in their backs, crying eat us.¹⁴

Inter: The land was densely timbered. We had one cow and a yoke of cattle. I'll tell you the way we built our first cabin. Took 14 foot boards and with them up to 4 straddles that stood just right and covered them over, hovel fashion.

MC: And then we moved in.

Inter: On the 15th of April 1797 came snow breast deep and there we were. We walked over all our fences and gathered sap on snow shoes.

Alice: Land alive! When we wanted to fish, all we had to was run down to the brook. I drew out 18 trout one morning.

Inter: Twenty in 3 minutes.

Alice: Gracious! We didn't have any calico. I took flax and spun it colored it and made a dress that lasted ten years. I went to balls in it.

MC: After I got married we moved across the valley and we had to tough it. I toughed it at my father's and I have to tough it here.¹⁵

Inter: Chop down trees late summer, burn them stumps, green it up.

Alice: They only had half an acre cleared.

Inter: Pull the tree, clear the land, sell it, make fuel, above all make money.

MC: Chop down trees late summer, burn them stumps, green it up.

Inter: Make room for sheep. Who needs England's wool? We got the wool, got the sheep, now we need the land.

MC: Chop down trees late summer, burn them stumps, green it up.

Inter: Long days pasture making, long days hauling wood, moving rocks.

MC: Fencing fields, stone, stumps, zig zag, split rail - good fences make good neighbors.

Alice: When I wanted a broom I went out and cut a hickory club and dried and peeled it.

(All three are exhausted.)

MC: we lived five years with no stove or fireplace, without a chimney we burned wood right against the logs of the cabin.

Inter: What about when it caught afire.

MC: We put it out. And...

Inter: And?

Alice: And?

MC: I don't know - I lost my train of thought.

Inter: Now there's an idea. Forget horse power - let's get a railroad up here and in 1876 we did.

MC: We're chugging thru time now. The Delaware Hudson Railroad.

And in come the tourists from Boston and New York City.

Francis Lee saw it coming in 1838 when he said...

Inter: "I have traveled all pars of the habitable globe and have never found such another spot."

Alice: He then went on to build his camp *Stony Sides*.

MC: Medically speaking, the vacation virus took! Guy Hunter called his North Shore land...

Inter: "An environment approaching the natural beauty that was allotted to Father Adam and Mother Eve before the first eviction."

Alice: And the Lees met up with the Hunters and then came the Inn.

Inter: Halstead's was moved you know, it moved a few doors south on the block and then it became the center section of the Westport Inn.

MC: The town was certainly changing. The Sisco Furnace stopped operating.

Down on Furnace Point, Jackson was his name, he was a friend of Francis Lee - all those guys knew each other in Boston. Jackson employed a lot of people, making Pig Iron. He got the iron ore from the Cheever mine up in the hills there in Port Henry. He had a good operation going there....

Inter: Those North shore, that was lucky land.

Alice: Not for everyone. Not for Betsey Wells (*they look at her blankly*) Debosnys.

MC: (*screams*) Debosnys?

Inter: 1882. Henry Debosnys took his wife Betsey Wells for drive along the North Shore - headed to Port Henry (or so he said). It was meant to be her last.

Alice: Mr. Talbot, a respected farmer, noticed Debosnys skulking in the underbrush. Further down the road he encountered his empty wagon with Betsey's horse.

MC: Talbot had gone to fetch a horse rake from home he took it over to Farmer Blimm's.

Inter: Back at Blimm's they saw Debosnys driving by.

Alice: He was wearing different clothing. Blimm and Talbot went to the underbrush area where Debosnys was skulking.

MC: Her body was found. Two bullet holes in her head and her throat was cut.

Alice: He was found with the revolver and knife.

MC: It took the jury 9 minutes to decide to hang him.

Inter: A well educated man from Portugal, a painter, spoke six languages, and had been on two polar expeditions. And really he loved Betsey - he wrote this poem to her.

To my poor wife - she died like a golden insect in the dew

Death sweeping lightly like a stream

Along her brain, She perished like a dream...

Alice: At 11:52 1882, Sheriff Jenkins put his foot upon the spring and in an instant Henry Debosnys was hurled into eternity.

MC: OK. The infamous how about the famous.

Alice: Inez Milholland, eventually Boissevain, (she married a man from Amsterdam). But she grew up at Meadowmount before the musicians arrived.

Inter: Inez could throw a basketball, she set collegiate records at Vassar in the eight pound shot put. And she fought diligently for a woman's right to vote. By 1913, the suffragettes were successful in nine states. Inez was fighting for a constitutional amendment that would establish voting rights for women nationwide. She died of leukemia before she got a chance to see the fruits of her labor. But in 1920 it did pass.¹⁶

MC: Mt. Discovery was once called Mt. Inez you know.

Alice: The strength of these hills and their largeness was in her crusader soul.

Inter: And so the people go on...

MC. Chugging...

Inez: Plowing...

Inter: Sailing thru the years.

MC: A great deal of rock has been chipped away from the mountains.

Inez: And a lot of earth has washed its way into the water.

Inter: And gallons and gallons of water have pushed their way through the mill.

Inez: And couples have set up many a home under many a new roof.

Inter: And we mustn't forget the ancestors whose voices filled this rich landscape.

Installation #5: The Trojan Women

(Performed the first year in the orientation room, also on the balcony in transportation room.)

(Martha and Sara dance the story, Susy speaks from the side- she is not meant to be the focus)

Every day we'd go down to the wharf and watch for the Troy
to clear the point

And Every evening the men would sail into the harbor having delivered
their cargo around the lake

The sails would be pregnant in the October and November winds
as the long boat blew south tossed in waves making its way to Port Henry
and you'd think, in this wind will they ever make it back up
and sure enough

Every evening sometimes past ten o'clock
you'd listen to footsteps and voices coming up the hill to the house
sometimes in snow and terrible rain

And we'd make them supper and listen to them laugh by the fire
and we'd thank God they'd made it back.

And then, one day, a day it had snowed since morning
we waited on the wharf for the boys in the Troy
it was the first time they loaded her belly full of iron
we waited as long as the light would let up
then we turned our faces against the wind which stirred the lake

and whipped it up into a fitful gale
And then at midnight we heard the sounds of them stamping the snow
off their boots on the doorstep
and we ran to open the door to welcome them
and all we found was a light carpet of untrodden snow
And that night, we knew, we knew we'd never sit with them by the fire again or see the Troy sails billow
Because that night was the night they never came back.

Sara: In 1823, the schooner Troy which converted from a sail boat to a boat to be towed on the canals, met a gale and foundered somewhere above Barber's point. It was carrying it's first cargo of iron which shifted in the hold toward the bow and made it impossible for the ship to be righted. Jacob Halstead was the captain, he was 25 years old. His brother George was 13. There were two other men and a boy. None of the bodies were found.

In 1898, the last stick of the old Halstead house was removed from the inn and old timers remembered the story of the unearthly footsteps of the Halstead boys that never returned from the lake.¹⁷

Installation #6: The Miner's Son

(In the mining exhibit)

Son (Sam): I don't think about the accidents, while our mothers whisper gossip in the kitchen as they cook their third breakfast for the next shift of men coming home from the mines.

I think about baseball.

One day, I will be wearing the peaked green cap, the low shoes, knee breeches, green stockings and I'll wear the shirt with the green word "Emerald" stretched across my chest - "The Emeralds" Port Henry's ball club. When I get home from school I see my father stumbling into bed - even the beds took shifts. His bed was still warm and gritty from the miner with the late afternoon shift. I head up over the mountain to watch the players in the clearing opposite Mrs. Connors farm. I'm gonna be a pitcher - so I practice and pick up what I can from the men. Only fifteen get certified for competition.

And I'm countin' on being one of them when I'm old enough. I'll be pitching against the Moriah Ionics. Yes I will. Even if Mr. Sherman tries to hire a professional ball player like that "Derby" to pitch against the Emeralds. They had to place his name on the payroll just to make him eligible.

Well, it wasn't fair and right, but not much about mining is. Our team played anyway and they played hard. Center and Left Field collided just to catch an Ionic high fly. They continued to play after a 15 minute time out. Dr. Egerton reduced the swelling. We lost 25 to 37.

Doesn't matter. The Emeralds are a great team. Jamie "Banty" McGeough was short-stop. Banty got run over and killed by a train on the Moriah Railroad in Sept. 1872. I know cause my father keeps a journal of what happens and unusual occurrences. He wants me to keep practicing and get good and get out of the mine. So no matter about Mr. Sherman or the unions or the black hand, I climb the mountain and continue to beat down the well worn path to the clearing opposite Connor's farm where sides are chosen at every practice.¹⁸

Installation #7: The Doll

(Performed in the doll room)

Doll is dressed to resemble the tall doll in display case to the left as you walk in. She is asleep on the floor all a-kimbo like doll when the audience enters.

Doll: Parlors weren't created to be lived in but to make an impression, and they surely served their purpose.

No wonder they had lace tidies on the chair backs and sofa arms; there had to be something soft and sweet when the straight up and down chairs were sticking sitters in the backbone. A man's trousers seemed as slippery on the cold horsehair sofa as a sled on a toboggan slide in winter, and he had to sit stiffly there, too, to keep anchored.

The parlor used to have a lot to do with bringing up the children. It was a solemn place, opened only on special occasions. Boys and girls were incarcerated there for special company, weddings, funerals, and for courtin'.

Courtin' began with "him" taking "her" home from some social gathering. Then he took her out once or twice, and the family gave him a good looking over. Then he came to see her of an evening. A fire was kindled in the parlor stove, and when he had spent a few evenings there with the awesome furniture, the girl's future and his could be charted with considerable exactness. It was putting him in the parlor with her and heatin' it up special for the courtin' hours that surrounded his aura with family responsibilities and crystallized his vagrant emotions.

Everything in the parlor spelled family. There were the wax flowers that looked like blossom corpses, put under glass to warn of man's passing. There were the framed wreaths of flowers made of the family's hair, which might remind one of everlasting tangles, hair pullings, or being indissolubly bound together, according to the mood in which they were gazed upon.

Even the air in the old-fashioned parlor was dead. That may have drugged the courtin' couple and paved the way for promises and avowals which they were too game to go back on. The windows of the parlor seldom were opened - it was too sacred a place to allow and wanton dust clouds access therein. So they courted in the parlor and were married in the parlor. The baby was baptized in the parlor, if not in church, and in the parlor the minister said the last words over grandfather and grandmother and then father and mother. If a new home were set up, it wasn't a complete home till there was a parlor and the bride was willing to slave at many things and pinch and save to furnish its cold glory.¹⁹

Installation #8: Greta's Romp

(In the Adirondack room)

I. Racing through the brook.

(Greta and Maggie race outside in the hall, they enter the room in darkness with only a lantern to light them.)

Greta: Our crowd are in love with brooks.

Come on, hoppety skip - Look for the cleanest stones without any moss
where the moonlight catches

Ready, let's race (they run and hop around)

Everyone's a daisy, don't you think - all the various types in our little community
one of the most striking is chivalrous manhood represented by the handsome person of James J. Storrow.

Maggie: Mr. Burrage is the wit.

Greta: Yes, and Mr. Lyman, the charming when he pleases, young man.

Maggie: Joe, the independent to a painful degree. George, the obliging...

Greta: And Algernon, the weary, quiet and altogether charming.

Maggie: I hope he invited me for a moonlight stroll tomorrow at dinner.

Greta: Who?

Maggie: Algernon.

Greta: Algernon. Well you mustn't run for the dinner bell - he'll think you're too eager.

Maggie: For what? Him or dinner?

Greta: Both.

Maggie: You're one to talk. You're the one fighting over griddle cakes at breakfast and egging Ethel on to throw potatoes at Mr. Lyman.

Greta: I quite like Mr. Lyman. Let's leave that painful subject.

Maggie: How come Susie stayed behind and didn't climb the mountain with us today?

Greta: Susie is ever prudent. We are crazy or at least they think so. It's our last month of freedom.

Maggie: I was exhausted as we climbed and wanted to stop but I heard Arthur behind me saying "Maggie keeps a good steady pace". I couldn't stop. Vanity made me keep that steady pace till I reached the summit.

Greta: Susie thinks me bold and indelicate. Oh well at least I have a sense of humor. I laughed so hard at Mr. Lyman when he sang last night. He is as pleasant as a basket of chips.

Maggie: Sam Storrow is a daisy too.

Greta: He's deaf as can be.

Maggie: I know. So? Yesterday, I said to him "You're a daisy" while he was making coffee. I really meant to say angel but he didn't hear a word I said.

Greta: He can't hear you unless he watches you.

Maggie: What's tomorrow?

Greta: Tomorrow is Noon Mark. It will be delightful. I shouldn't like two scrambles in a row.

Maggie: Nor I. The men can go up Giant.

Greta: But I shall miss the men. Shh. The moon is shining directly on Noon Mark. What a wonderful bank of clouds. Did you hear that?

Maggie: Yes. Did you?

Greta: What is it? Shh... *(they run)*

Maggie: It's a cow grazing in the field, silly.

Lights up

II. Geology Lesson

(They improvise in front of Orson Phelps, being him.)

They say he was part of nature... his clothes growing on him like bark on a tree.

III. Gothics

(Wagner begins to play. It takes over Greta.)

Greta: Gothics... quantities of blue gentian wherever there was soil.

And then we came down the slides. Do you realize what that means?

We started on top of the trees and slid down their branches to the trees below.

Spruce and alders grow along the Slide and we swung ourselves down from one tree to another doing almost all of the work with our arms as the footing was insecure. Ted crashed ahead.

He hurled boulders and tore away trees like a mountain god.

He seemed to belong there as if he had at last found a place big enough to breath in.

At the bottom, we looked up the slides straight up to the sky.

Eight of us camped at the Upper AuSable. Bathed in the lake then stood on the logs of the camp fire to keep warm while we did our hair.

Suddenly, Mr. Lyman jumped up, seized a burning shingle from the fire with which he beat time and shouted a chorus from Tannehauser. That was the end of peace. A full orchestra was formed. They sang all Wagner with great vim. Then we recited Faust in German.

IV. Rain

(We hear sounds of rain, Maggie has flopped on the floor.)

Maggie: Here lies the tragedy. Algernon and A. Lyman went this morning and with them the excitement of life.

Ah! How it rains. I don't know how we shall get safely to dinner. The mud is deep all around us. We could not set foot our of the shanty without going ankle deep in mire. But the guides cut fresh balsam boughs and laid down a most attractive green pavement all around us. We ate ham, tongue and sardines sitting a la Turque.

The rain continued and the smoke from the fire came in thick and blinding.

"This is terrible" Ethel said. We did our best to keep singing and laughing

and then Bessie and Susie danced a la Carmencita! *(Greta dances with a Spanish veil)*

Then it was Charades! Mr. B. was simple killing enacting the word "porcupine" in a potato bag with feathers sticking out of his back.

And Herbert was a charming ballet girl.

Greta: And what else could we do to occupy our time during the rain.

Baseball in the Stoop. I never played such an exciting game.

Maggie: We had six on each side and we ran inside the Stoop.

Greta: We didn't move any furniture.

Maggie: And we didn't break a single thing. The only irregularity in the game was that we had a small sofa cushion instead of a ball.

V. Goodbye

Greta: Wonderful, quiet. This is a first almost everyone is away.

Maggie: It is sacrilegious even to read.

Greta: Every leaf is quivering with joy
the shadows grow softer and softer
It is a perfect poem.

Maggie: Going home tomorrow

Greta: to common life and many duties.
If I should ever break my heart,
Bring me here and leave me and I promise
to come back restored.²⁰

Installation #9: The Porcupine

(On the museum grounds and in the garden)

Intro:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

At the turn of the 20th Century, there was a good deal of naming going on. All over the country exclusive clubs were forming; racism, classism, feminism etc. were gathering people in separate circles that looked over their collective shoulders at each other, perhaps with some paranoia and spewed labels and insults. Somehow, Keene and Keene Valley survived this. Summer people were called and called each other "cottagers".

Locals called them "city folk", the "idle rich" or "millionaires". Those city folk who were building cottages in the clearings above the village highway depended on the village natives for food, work, guiding, horse carriages and carpentry down to the very nails and shingles. And neighborliness was scarcely an idea between these employers and employed.

By 1910, libraries, a country club, a trail system, health center and church; classes in sewing, a model vegetable garden and dairy, a kindergarten - each brought the natives and summer people one step closer to neighborliness.²¹

It is the summer of 1909, Freud is in town visiting Putnam's camp. Prestonia Mann Martin has come down from Summerbrook in Keene to attend his lecture. The Notman's will arrive shortly along with some local children and guests and long standing citizens. This particular event never happened - it is pure fiction but gatherings like it did occur on the grounds of the Notman's Keene Valley Country Club. Many voices have been raised in both discord and harmony in the name of this landscape or park in the name of preservation in the name of 'forever wild'.

(Adrian is chasing Prestonia around with this list:)

Adrian: 1 pig, 1 bench to sit on, 1 board to eat vittles on, 1 pot, 1 tea kettle, 1 dish kettle, 3 tea cups and saucers, 1 broken mug, 1 tea pot with handle or spout, 1 cow, 1 broken fork, 1 chain, 2 earthen plates, 3 broken knives and one hoe. Real estate, I have none. That was my grandfathers pension application in 1819. But he moved here in 1799. According to the story he received 640 acres for his military service but he lost the certificate and being illiterate he could never claim it. You want some facts about the settlers of this valley?²²

Prestonia: What do you want from me? Honestly, it's enough to make me get Aristophanes and head back up East Hill to Summerbrook.

Adrian: Who's Aristophanes? He your husband?

Prestonia: My donkey.

Adrian: I like you.

Prestonia: I'm married.

Adrian: Yer different than the rest of them - those millionaire women. You like to work. I mean I know you got money but..

Prestonia: I'm very married. I have adopted children. It's nonsense for me to return your affection. Of course, I'm flattered and I...

Adrian: That Mrs. N - she's a big bag of wind. Blowing into town, clearing the center away to make her precious country club for the city folk.

Prestonia: I think this took some doing and Notman wants to include you locals. You belong to his men's club, I believe in the old Hammer house. Nice job rebuilding he did. The town's looking quite picturesque.

Adrian: Pretty as a picture indeed. She took down Norman Dibble's log barn "owh how ugly". Pushed out Mr. Satchell, the only black resident, razed his repair shop and cleared the old band stand. I loved those band concerts - but no... "those nasty slums, take them away. Let's have some tennis courts". I hate tennis. And then, she had the nerve to stage a circus to celebrate her tearing down the lumber mill. She's killed the town and dances on its grave.

Prestonia: I'm making a library up in Keene. You must think me a horrible "millionaire" as well.

Adrian: No, a library's different. It's just the tennis courts. I don't appreciate the tennis is all.

Prestonia: I agree. Who has time for tennis these days. I get plenty of exercise working on all the Summerbrook laundry and walking from place to place. I don't understand these women who take their value as wives and mother's so lightly. Really, sometimes I fear a vast conspiracy against womanhood - as the marching suffragettes fight to get into the ridiculous arena of men's politics and ladies like Mrs. N waste time

gossiping about them and support them. I fear for a young girls identity in this world.

(Freud enters)

Freud: Where is Socrates?

Adrian: Who the hell is Socrates, another donkey?

Prestonia: It's a nick name for cousin Sam. Isn't Herr Freud interesting? I predict he will become an important man although no one takes him seriously now. Like Gorky, I had to keep reminding him of the future - as he scoffed and joked about Americans, I pleaded with him to understand that one day we would read his work with great relish.

Adrian: Freud is a sissy. Haystack almost killed him. He said, "we took trails and came down slopes to which even his horns and hoofs were not equal"²³ ... horns and hoofs my ear. What does he think he is, the devil? And Gorky was a devil filling the air with his hogwash.

Prestonia: And Davidson. What do you have to say about him? Did you ever take advantage of his teachings, his lectures at Glenmore on Shakespeare?

Adrian: *(in Scots dialect)* Oh no, och aye, it's too damn difficult for me to understand what in hell Davidson's talking about. May his soul rest in piece. He was a hunter though. I remember tellin' him about the bear I shot in Keene. His eyes got bigger and bigger and he choked on his wee dram of scotch and it game out his nose. That must of burned.

Prestonia: That's disgusting. What a memory.

Adrian: I beg your pardon, Prestonia. Will you walk in the garden with me, while we wait?

Prestonia: I don't suppose it can hurt me.

Adrian: If that's the best you can say about me, I'll take it.

(Enter Freud and Socrates)

Freud: Now my little friend, I'm glad you haven't run off and forgot our presentation. We will perform the demonstration after my brief introduction. Do you have the feathers and sticks? How I wish I had seen a real porcupine.

Socrates: Believe me, I look nothing like one. Do I have to wear the shorts?

Freud: Lederhosen. Yes, it adds a touch from my home where the Loser looks much the same. There are no porcupines in the Loser.

Socrates: They're too big. How come Nina doesn't have to look ridiculous? Why did you choose me? Everyone will laugh at me. My mother will laugh.

Freud: Shh... someone's coming. Get yourself ready.

(Nina enters)

Freud: You look beautiful.

Nina: Thank you. Do you think she will notice me, I mean, think I am a great actress and take me to the city?

Freud: Who? Mrs. Notman?

Nina: Yes, or her friend, or him.

Freud: Him? Mr. Notman?... not likely. This is a lecture in psychology not a circus.

(Enter Winnifred and a train of others, Winnifred is talking to Theodocia Henry from Philadelphia...)

Winnifred: It's hard to imagine now but a deep rutted road led past the gray school house, tangles of burdocks and poison ivy were everywhere. The road was a place of terror inhabited by cows that lowered their horns, pawed the ground and charged a little girl on her way to the mail.

Theodocia: Honestly.

Winnifred: And the black smoke stack of the lumber mill is gone - the machine saw hummed through the days and its shrill whistles penetrated the valley air. The conditions were quite unhealthy. There were housing problems and one summer we had typhoid. Mr. N lost no time in razing the buildings and the waste land was graded for tennis courts and now we are a healthy, happy community with tournaments and matches. Aren't we darling *(to Mr. N)*. There was a saloon intolerably too near the grounds of the club and Mr. N bought it and moved it across the street. A much better location, don't you think?

Theo: Oh yes, I think so.

Winnifred: Next, we will have a swimming pool and then it will be positively spa like.

Adrian: *(listening from a far)* Swimming pool! *(He heads toward her, Prestonia follows.)*

Winnifred: Mr. N is a great believer and devotee of athleticism, strenuousity and competition. Aren't you dear - individual assertion against the environment and all that.

Notman: With the environment, Winnie, with not against.

Prestonia: And comfortable dollops of urban money...

Winnifred: What's that Prestonia?

Prestonia: Oh, nothing.

Theo: Well, Winnifred, I will be only too glad to offer to teach sewing to the natives. I can show them the use of the machine and provide some fine silks for linings and such which I notice are not used in the country.

Winnifred: Gradually, you see, our scene is changing from the up-at-sunrise to bed-at-sunset monotony of the

simple minded country folk to a more brisk refined atmosphere and Theodocia you can count yourself a part of that. Things have become more congenial and brighter here.

Adrian: Madam, there was a time when mighty trees flourished here. Now there are only stumps.

(Winnifred has taken offense to Adrian's remark, Notman erupts...)

Notman: Winnifred, entertain us with your story of Matilda.

Winnifred: You all want to hear it again?

Prestonia and Adrian: No.

Theodocia: Oh yes, please.

Winnifred tells Matilda story (see Appendix II) - is cut off near the end by Freud.

Freud: The play will soon begin.

(As they take their seats)

Winnifred: Prestonia, Theodocia went to Washington to see the marches of the Suffragettes, tell her Theodocia.

Prestonia: Winnifred. I don't wish to engage in that kind of talk. Suffering for a place in men's silly affair is stupidity. I imagine it was a wonderful circus complete with a white horse and all, very entertaining.

Theodocia: Yes, it was.

(Freud enters and takes the stage.)

Freud: Great nature is our stage, the trees our curtain.

Here we will illustrate the theory of Schoepenauer regarding the American Porcupine. Americans have much love for devils and pacts with the devil to create riches. American's think much of wealth. Perhaps it is the only comfort in this wild Godforsaken country. I ask you what happens try to huddle together against the cold. Here is the answer of Schoepenauer demonstrated by our actors, Sam and Nina.

(In English) Thank you, Dr. Putnam, and Harold Bowdich. I have had a curious stay.

Nina: *(acting)* Stones. Moss. Groups of trees. Uneven ground surrounded on three sides by thickly wooded hills; snow is coming. I am cold, cold, cold. The berries are dead, dead, dead. And I am desolate. Another approaches. His eyes look red. Can he be trusted? My survival depends on warmth from another.

(They see each other, resist each other, they gently warm to each other, and then they prick each other.)

Ow.

Socrates: Ow.

Nina: Ow, ow, OUCH. Move away!

Socrates: Ow. Ouch. You're hurting me. Get away!

(Audience laughs uproariously)

(Freud enters)

Freud: The play is over. Enough!

Socrates: Good. 'Cause I quit!

Nina: I'll go find him. *(Looks for Socrates)*

Freud: Madame, forgive me. I seem to have stumbled into a den of bears after honey and fun. I was attempting to demonstrate the prickly and disagreeable qualities of our human condition. But I see I have infringed on a monopoly of leisure seeking idiots. You madam....

(Leaves)

Winnifred: What's the matter with him? What's the matter with everyone? We used to have such lovely plays and community sings. Our voices raising up into the mountains.

Adrian: If he wants to stumble into a den of bears, I've got a story for him. There is an absurdity regarding the protection of the bear. Why is it not then advisable to protect panthers? Or a human thief? You might as well deny me my citizenship as deny me the right to hunt bear and keep them from eating my sheep.

Notman: What's your story?

Adrian: Man named Alan, a democrat, was appointed to take the census in 1840. He was traveling on foot through the wild, when he came upon a she-bear and her cubs.

Notman: He heard a deep convulsive sound
Which shook the earth and trees around.
And looking up with dread amazed
An old she-bear, there met his gaze.

Adrian: Ah! You know it.

Notman: It's one of my favorites; and my man - I quite agree with you about a citizen's right to protect their flocks from bear.

The bear with threatening aspect stood
To prove her title to the wood
This Allen saw with darkening frown
He reached and pulled a young tree down
Adrian: Then on his guard with cautious care
He watched the movements of the bear.
Against the rock with giant strength
He held her out at his arms length

Adrian and Notman: Oh! God, he cried deep in despair
If you don't help me, don't help the bear.

Winnifred: Twas rough and tumble, tit for tat.
The nut cakes fell from Allen's hat.

Notman: Then from his pocket forth he drew

Adrian: A large jack knife for her to view

Winnifred: He raised his arm high in the air

Winnifred, Adrian & Notman: And butcher-like he killed the bear.

Notman: Let old men talk courage bold...

Prestonia: Of battles fought in days of old...

Winnifred, Adrian & Prestonia: Ten times as bad, but none I ween...

Everyone: Can match a bear fight up in Keene.

Winnifred: Oh yes, now we have our theatre back. There is no place like this valley.

(Socrates enters with a sack)

Notman: What have you got there, my boy?

Socrates: I found a dead porcupine in the woods.

Notman: By all means Let's take it to Freud. That will pick up his spirits.

(They all run off calling for Freud)

The end Act I

Part II: Forgotten Household Arts

Installation #10: Ester in the County's Attic

The story of Ester Combs

1. Ester is found in the case and let out.
2. She looks around identifying the things she knows from her own farm work (rake, buckets, yoke etc.).
3. She examines articles that she does not understand and speculates... eg. typewriter as piano.
4. She is surprised by such an enormous doll house.
5. She moves about the room remembering the story of dentist May Gersen and her painting.
6. She admires the quilts especially the one with the star on it. It reminds her of her night on the mountain. She tells the story: climbing what she thought was Whiteface, getting lost, sleeping under the stars.
7. She wishes for the gas mask to keep the bugs away.
8. She tells how she got to the top and saw Whiteface and knew she had climbed the wrong one. She tells of being found by her family and that her mountain was named after her because she was the first to climb it.

Mt. Ester.

9. She urges the audience to climb it but reminds them the bugs will drive them crazy.²⁴

Installation #11: School Room

Two girls come running down hall, late for school and struggle as to who is first to enter the classroom. They then become very orderly and sit in unison. They start talking together and then one at a time. At points, the stories overlap each other.

(// indicates a place of interruption)

Anna: On the first day of school children always came with new dresses and pants and always new shoes //²⁵

Marcy: Can you imagine a child walking into a big, huge room with all the rows of seats and benches, all the children and not one did I know.

I was petrified, was told to sit down, which I did and immediately started to cry,

“I want to go home!” And // home I went. They had to call my sister Rosie who was in class at the Deer’s Head Inn. She came over and walked me home.

I got talked into trying it again the next day // but that also ended in disaster. I got so upset I wet my pants, and again Rosie had to take me home. Needless to say, my mother had had her fill of this nonsense // and it was either or else. From then on I toughed it out, soon making friends that I still have today.²⁶

Anna: My mother had worked hard to make a dress, and also had new shoes which were supposed to last the year. But as luck would have it // It just poured as we were let out at noon to go home. We lived about a mile from school and there were no buses at that time, so my neighbor from across the road, who was in sixth grade, said we could walk to the house where her father was painting // We did so, and climbed into his truck. We weren’t much better off there, as it leaked like a sieve. // We had to wait quite a while for him to finish his work. My mother wasn’t too pleased when she saw the condition of my clothes. //

Marcy: Having classes in the courthouse was very inconvenient, but the schoolhouse was soon finished and we moved into it. It was a real nice experience to go from the courthouse to the new school. Everything was new, clean and lots of light. // Seats were very comfortable and the blackboard on two sides of the room made it easy to see the writing on it. //

There were two grades in a room on the first floor; the second floor housed the four years of high school, the library, and the principal’s office. In the basement was the gym where we had games and different events.

Anna: Another improvement on the new schoolhouse was making the entrances separate for “Girls” and “Boys”.

Marcy: And one for the faculty.

Anna: We had been used to boys crashing and crowding to get through the door first, not caring what happened to the girls who might be ready to enter the same door. Many a girl had a scraped knee...

Marcy: Or a sore butt

Anna: from such rudeness. The east side was for the boys and the west side for the girls. Lord forbid anyone trespass!²⁷

Installation #12: Mis' Cole²⁸

(In the Agriculture Room)

Lindsay:

She came walking up the road one morning
In late summer, slowly, taking her time.
She had on a blue calico wrapper,
Which was all the clothes I knew her to have.
Her face was still young, and her hair was tied back
With a leather thong cut from a tanned hide.
I called her in and made a cup of tea.
Then I asked her if anyone was sick.

“No,” she said, “They’re well. I’m leaving George.
I’m just walking away. Haying is done;
They can’t say I left when the work was heavy.
Sarah is fourteen and Luddy twelve.

The twins are ten and Georgie is seven.
They can get along. I’m not coming back.”
“Why, Mis’ Cole,” I said, “Don’t say that you know
You’ve got a man and five healthy children.”

“I haven’t got a single thing,” she replied.
“Not even a hair ribbon, only leather
To tie my hair. I never have a cent.
Children are children; they have their own things.
I’m only hands and feet for George,
Someone to put the food on the table,
Someone to have more children for him,
And mend and hand-sew their dresses on them
Until they wear out in rags.
I’m walking to Pottersville this morning,
Then I don’t know where I’ll go; there must be
Better things than I’ve had in my life, somewhere.
I hope I’ll find them. If they look for me
Tell the folks, I’ll never come back.”

I went into the spare room and found
A blue hair ribbon. She took the leather thong
Off her hair and tied on the ribbon.
“It’s the first one I’ve had,”
She said. “I’m beholden to you.”
I packed a paper sack of victuals for her.
“Don’t forget, you’ll get hungry,” I said.
“I’d hardly feel it, now I’m free, but I thank you.

If you ever find me, keep my secret.
They won't miss me, with the farm work,
And all the stock, and the trout brook,
And the beaver meadows, and the mountain.
I was an orphan when I married George.
I never had no one or nobody, not even myself.
I have to find someone or something."
She went out, and I watched while she walked
Up the long Wilson Hill.

I heard where she was
Down below, but I said nothing.
George and the children got on all right.
It's long ago, but I think of her
And the leather strip in her yellow hair.

Installation #13: Four Paintings In A Frenzy²⁹
(In Transportation Room and on Balcony)

George with guidebook reading a quote from Weston: "As soon as we reach the top of Basin Mountain and looked toward Johns Brook suddenly there was a glimpse of autumn trees blazing in sunlight in the valley below us. A bit later in almost the opposite direction the cold shoulder of Haystack emerged from the clouds and a moment later to the left of it Boreas Ponds silvery and shimmering. It was tantalizing because the vision was wiped away before you could grasp it all. The tempo of the moving clouds calmed down after a while and it cleared as we watched the movement of sun patches and shadows sweep up and over the bare glistening slides of the western ridge of Gothics, with Giant in the distance now benignly warming up in the steady sunlight. I did four paintings in a frenzy. It was indeed a morning of glory."

Kid: But how did the people live. I mean, you can't eat the landscape.

George: Well, maybe not. OK. Into the landscape...

* This part was cut at the Depot because it included some of the same material as "Vaudeville".

Here we are, in the heart of the forest even further back in time bumping along in a lumber wagon you would declare a civilized team of horses couldn't travel.
We're Straining up a steep ascent, a hang to the axle tree between the rocks and now lying out at an angle of 45 degrees

Interlocutor: Four towns formed in the Adirondack Region Champlain, Plattsburgh, Willsboro and Crown Point. In 1788 Crown Point was made up of - Ticonderoga, Moriah, Westport, Elizabethtown, Schroon, Minerva, Newcomb, North Elba, and part of the town of Keene.

George: We tumble and bang along at the enormous rate of two miles an hour.

Inter: George Washington took office as our first president.

George: He-up.

All: The town of Keene was settled by Benjamin Pain, Joseph Pangborn, Mr. Biddlecome, Jonathan Graves, Stephen Griswold, Chester and Gardner Bruce, Phineas Norton, Roderick McKenzie and Phineas Beede.

George: By dint of persuasion, the use of a whip and a thousand he-ups we have acquired the velocity of 2 miles an hour.

Lindsay: We heard it was a paradise, that we should find pigs and fowl ready cooked running about with knives and forks stuck in their backs, crying eat us.

George: The land was densely timbered. We had one cow and a yoke of cattle. I'll tell you the way we built our first cabin. Took 14 foot boards and with them up to 4 straddles that stood just right and covered them over, hovel fashion.

Betsey: And then we moved in.

George: On the 15th of April 1797, came snow breast deep and there we were. We walked over all our fences and gathered sap on snow shoes.

Lindsay: Land alive! When we wanted to fish, all we had to do was run down to the brook I drew out 18 trout one morning.

George: Twenty in 3 minutes.

Lindsay: Gracious! We didn't have any calico. I took flax and spun it colored it and made a dress that lasted ten years. I went to balls in it.

Betsey: After I got married we moved across the valley and we had to tough it. I toughed it at my father's and I have to tough it here. Chop down trees late summer, burn them stumps, green it up.

Lindsay: They only had half an acre cleared.
Pull the tree, clear the land, sell it, make fuel above all make money.
Chop down trees late summer, burn them stumps, green it up.
Make room for sheep. Who needs England's wool? We got the wool, got the sheep, now we need the land.
Chop down trees late summer, burn them stumps green it up.

George: Long days pasture making, long days hauling wood, moving rocks.

Betsey: Fencing fields, stone, stumps, zig zag, split rail - good fences make good neighbors.

Lindsay: When I wanted a broom I went out and cut a hickory club and dried and peeled it.

(All three are exhausted)

Betsey: We lived five years with no stove or fireplace. Without a chimney we burned wood right against the logs of the cabin.

George: What about when it caught afire?

Betsey: We put it out.

Inter: In 1801 Elizabethtown incorporates. It included the area around Keene. And Thomas Jefferson takes over as the third president of the United States. In 1808, Jefferson still president, portions of Elizabethtown and Jay were taken off to form the original town of Keene.

Marcy: In 1810 the town of Keene's population was 642. The Valley or Flats was not much more than a string of farms while the hamlet of Keene was an important stop on the road to North Elba.

Barbara: In 1823, the Elm Tree Inn was established. Travelers needed to overnight in Keene because North Elba was a full days journey away.

Inter: Also in the 1820's iron ore was discovered in Keene and for the rest of the century.

Keene and Keene Flats do not share the same story. In 1856 came the Great Freshet. The land was always moist, humid and absorbent.

Marcy: In 1856, an old state dam at the outlet of the Lower AuSable Lake burst. It flooded all the way to AuSable Forks taking the string of farms with it.

Inter: For the farmer or mill owner everything was lost.

Barbara: For the artist, the freshet created a beautiful park, a vast meadow where cattle, sheep, all animals roamed freely.

George: An earthly paradise.

Barbara: In the tradition of Emerson and Thoreau.

Inter: Like a Central Park for the world.

Barbara: Artist Roswell Shurtleff's vision as he traveled down the main or Old Military Road from Elizabethtown through Keene toward Lake Placid stopped him right in his tracks.

George: I shall never forget my first glimpse of Keene Valley. As we reached the top of Spruce Hill and began the descent, the valley yet touched by the morning sun, the luxuriant foliage of early summer seen thru the morning mists made it seem like a fairyland as indeed it was.

Barbara: The artists arrived to savor the same view and find their own nugget of perfect unspoiled wilderness.

Marcy: Shurtleff built a home and studio.

George: Shire Cliff.

Marcy: Overlooking the village, valley...

Inter: and the umbrellas.

Marcy: Umbrellas?

George: Forty umbrellas on the valley floor each with their own canvas, palette and painter.

Marcy: And they stayed at boarding houses. Like Beede's.

Inter: Chicken dinners were served on Sundays, the chickens had developed leg muscles by climbing Giant.

George: The tender morsels had only gone as high as Hopkins or Baxter. Winslow Homer came in 1870, '74, and '77 and did three famous Keene Valley paintings. *Camp Fire* and *The Two Guides* portrayed the traditions of camping life and the well-respected Adirondack Guides. The two guides were Monroe Holt and Orson Phelps. *Camp Fire* was so real that a woodsman could tell what kind of logs were burning by the sparks that rose in long, curved lines.

Marcy: As the artists painted and their paintings reached the cities a new group of professionals began to investigate the Adirondacks: doctors, lawyers, scientists, philosophers, writers, intellectuals, even the likes of Freud and Jung came to the valley.

More boarding houses and inns sprung up to meet the demand of visitors and the farms were back in business feeding them. All to see the beautiful landscape and be a part of it.

Inter: In 1903, 1908, and 1913 great fires ate the wilderness.

George: And what was, before man got involved, an asbestos like forest. Unburnable, filled with deep layers of humus.

Marcy: Thirty-five years later, Roswell Shurtleff had a new vision of the valley as he arrived .

George: As we drove down Spruce Hill, and the mountains on the west side of the valley came into view, we saw evidence of the terrible fires that had so recently swept them. Half of Porter, Twins or The Brothers, Sable, Mount Cocks-Comb, Snow Mount and much of Wolf Jaws were burned.

Marcy: The valley also had an outbreak of typhoid in 1903.

Barbara: Tourism declined.

Marcy: Most of the artists went elsewhere.

Barbara: Shurtleff remained until his death in 1915.

George: Winslow Homer's third Keene Valley painting brought the world a new story. *In The Mountains* portrays four women in the landscape. He illustrates the details and costumes of these post-civil war women climbing without any men in their party. It is possible that Mrs. Shurtleff is in the picture and that the women in the camp had asked Homer to paint it.

***At the Depot we interposed "Wild Strawberries" here. It is the next selection.*

George: A soft, dazzling splendor filled the air. Snowy banks and drifts of cloud were floating slowly over a wide and wondrous land. Vast sweeps of forest, shining waters, mountains near and far, the deepest green and the faintest, palest blue, changing colors and glancing lights and all so silent

Inter: so strange

George: so far away, that it seemed like the landscape of a dream. One almost feared to speak lest it should vanish.

****Installation #14 Wild Strawberries**

(This is a dance filled with games that kids play.)

Sara: Wild strawberries were plentiful in the meadows and on hillsides across from our home.

Louise: Mother chose a day and optimistically we went from patch to patch...

Sara: *(squat down)*

Louise: *(bending over)*

Both: To pick the tiny juicy berries...

Sara: Then baking powder biscuits spread in round pans when nice and brown on top, move it through the pan...

Louise: Cut straight thru the middle, and put real homemade butter on one half...

Sara: And then the crushed berries mixed with sugar. Of course, don't forget to skim the cream off some milk and whip it with sugar.

Louise: Bite after bite. It just gets better.

Sara: Today the Adirondack Northway runs through the property that my family owned And the place where our strawberry patches were.

Louise: The mountain in back of the meadows is gone and the strawberry fields are covered with roadway.³⁰

Installation #15: Forgotten Arts

(In the Forgotten Household Arts exhibit)

Hands

(A woman holds a basket and manipulates it in such a way that her hands are the focus of this piece.)

Martha: Two hands alone, she tries the life sustaining chores
A gentle hand that puts the ween to sleep
A hand that caresses before ringing
the chicken's neck.
A bloody hand the midwife has that pulls the babe
From the womb.
New born hands that lead the mare
mend the stocking
Ungloved and leaching lye from the
wood ashes, dipped in wax, pricked and burnt
hands that light the candle - knit and brew
sore fingers coloring clothes in corn stalk dye
lifting a beer to her mouth, wiping
the smudge from her face
she delicately handled the soil, the land
for which her husband fights and hasn't come home yet
with hopeful hands she prays
with red raging hands she smooths a shroud to eternal rest.

Bathsheba

Susie: In early America the roles of women were defined by believe it or not, Bathsheba, from Proverb 31. Puritans assumed Solomon was talking about his mother, in his opinion a paragon of huswifery. They seemed to forget about the biblical bathing beauty Bathsheba that way laid King David. Here is Bathsheba. Oh, and Mrs. White from Lewis.

Bathsheba: (Proverbs 31:10)

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband // doth safely trust in her, so that she shall have no need of spoil.
She will do him good // and not evil all the days of her life.
She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.
She considereth a field // with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor: // yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
She is not afraid of the snow for the household: for all her household are clothed in scarlet.
She maketh fine linen, // and selleth it: and delivereth girdles unto the market.
Strength and honor are her clothing: and she shall rejoice in time to come.
She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. //
Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.
Give her the fruit of her hands; // and let her own works praise her in the gate.

Mrs. White: Washed, ironed
Scoured pewter

Scoured rooms
Scoured furniture, brasses, put up the chintz bed and hung pictures //
Burnt five chimneys
Opened cask of biscuits
Began a barrel of flour
Began upon 22 pounds of chocolate
Dressed a calves head turtle fashion//
Sowed sweet marjoram, sowed peas, sowed cauliflower, sowed six weeks beans
Set out turnips and stumps
Cut 36 asparagus, first cutting here //
Bought 11 ducks
Bought of Wm. William a doe rabbit
Killed the pig, weighted 164 pounds // (*overlap here*)
Salt pork, put bacon in pickle
Preserved quinces , made syrup of cores and peelings
Made two barrels soap
Filled bed, made mead, bottled wine, 6 dozen
Preserved Damsom, a week too late //
Made the doctor 6 cravats marked H
Quilted two petticoats since yesterday
Made 5 shirts in a fortnight for ye Doctor, among other things //
Bought salmon, bought 1 lb. tea
Laid 77 pounds of butter for the winter //
Bought 9 pounds of candles
Bought sheets, bought linen (*Mrs. White collapses*)

Mrs. White: I have been very unwell. I eat a little cold pudding and milk twice in the course of the day and perform part of my washing...

Bathsheba: The Rule of Industry applied to all women. The habit of bringing sewing and knitting to public meetings and church was a way a women's diligence became known and judged by her neighbors.

Mrs. White: I laid myself on this bed in the bedroom was not able to rise from there. My husband went to bed and not come to see me so I lay there in my clothes till 5 hours morn when I made shift to rise...

Bathsheba: The Rule of Charity applied to the wealthy. Neighborly concern.

Mrs. White: I got the men breakfast but was not able to eat a morsel myself toll after 3pm.

Bathsheba: The Rule of Modesty was considered a female virtue- women could reflect but never assert status.

Mrs. White: But I finished my washing. How many times I have been necessitated to rest myself on the bed I am not able to say.

Bathsheba: Motherhood - a praying mother...

Mrs. White: God grant me patience...

Bathsheba: A careful, painful, tenderhearted, self-denying mother...

Mrs. White: To go thru the fatigues of this life...

Bathsheba: Who did all that she could for you, and beyond her power...

Mrs. White: With Fortitude!

Bathsheba: For she abridged herself of necessaries that she might save a little for you.³¹

Mrs. White: Looking forward to a more happy state!³²

Pie Finale

Martha: As soon as we had a couple of nice days in the spring all the women started to talk about housecleaning. They had spent the winter planning which rooms they would paper. They had already ordered the paper from the Penn Wallpaper Company book.

Betsey: We started by hauling everything out of the closets. We scrubbed down the walls, woodwork and floors. Everything was washed and aired.

Martha: Once June arrived all the women got involved in the garden and the strawberry crop. The subject of conversation during the strawberry season was, "Have you got your housecleaning done?"

Lindsay: Just as the men would ask, "Have you planted your taters?", or "Have you finished your haying?", or in the fall "Have you dug your taters?"

Betsey: Summer was canning and gathering apples, nuts, garden produce, canning chickens butchering the pigs and beef...³³

- - Susie: people of the past ate a lot, that's to be sure.

Betsey: A typical breakfast in 1883: coffee, fruit, fish balls, potatoes, hashed veal and mince pies with roles and butter.

Lindsay: By the end of that century and early 20th century big breakfasts started to go out of fashion and pie was denied.

Women became interested in a wasp waist and a slim silhouette.

Martha: Yet still, in 1892, Andrew and Abby Borden breakfasted on mutton soup, warmed over mutton, johnny cakes, coffee and cookies. Their daughter Lizzie declined breakfast that morning having only half a cup of coffee and part of a cookie before she grabbed the infamous ax.³⁴

Betsey: Here's a list of what the Beede brothers of Keene consumed in a week at logging camp: 1 beef, 1 barrel of pork, 11 bushels of potatoes, 70 lbs. of butter, 7 gallons of syrup, 2 bushels of doughnuts, 500

cookies, 162 3 lb. loaves of bread, 56 fruit pies, 100 lbs. of sugar, salt salmon, fresh pork, canned goods, rice, prunes, spices, etc.

They thanked Mrs. Nelson LaPlant, the camp cook - she did all the cooking and baking alone.

Martha: Stephen Vincent Benet in 1841, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* closes his play with the line, "and who God hath joined let no man put asunder". Well that jobs done. I hope there's pie for breakfast neighbor Stone.

Lindsay: Ladies and Gentlemen, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Susy: The making of pies, at this period assumed vast proportions that verged on the sublime. Pies were made by the forties and fifties and hundreds, and made of everything on the earth and under the earth.

Lindsay: The pie was an English institution that once plant on American soil forthwith ran rampant into an untold variety of genera and species.

Martha: Pumpkin pies

Betsey: Cranberry pies

Susy: Green currant pies

Lindsay: Peach, pear, and plum pies

Martha: Custard pies

Betsey: Apple pies

Susy: Marlborough pudding pies

Betsey: Pies with top crusts and pies without

Lindsay: Pies adorned with all sorts of fanciful flutings and architectural strips laid across and around and otherwise varied. Attested to the

Betsey and Lindsay: boundless

add Susy: fertility

add Martha: of the feminine mind

All: WHEN ONCE LET LOOSE IN A GIVEN DIRECTION!³⁵

The end

Tourist: Anna tell them what you will be famous for writing in the 1890's.

Anna: Oh mother, do I have to.

Tourist: Of course you do.

Anna: "Scatter your colors, broadcast indeed, and yet with a certain thought and method have plenty of tufts of pure green."

Tourist: We are back in the garden snake. Honeysuckle, quince, cedar, Heliotrope - it does what it's founders had wished. "It takes one back through the centuries - to feel the strength and continuity of things and times that were."

Anna lead these good people on then we've got to get back to the Windsor. This is what I'm talking on about. Orlando Kellogg proprietor of The Windsor advertises the largest, finest and most famous of summer hotels in the mountains. We were lucky to book a room - "wild mountain scenery with the comforts of civilization". ... "The gayety of society with rides and drives of rustic beauty."

Wholesome water

Two new pianos

A pleasant and salubrious neighborhood.

Everyone is going there. Today, four horses carried 64 trunks from Westport and all that Kellogg had to say was, "It is strange going to the Adirondacks people should carry so much luggage."

Well I am ready for an adventure on the scale of Matilda - have you heard the story?

(See Appendix II for Matilda story.)

Attics

(Performed in the 2nd floor hallway and focusing on the Debosnys collection.)

The attic served as a place where imagination quite undisturbed could have full sway. It was a storehouse for memories where one must brush away the cobwebs and dust for who has time to clean an attic. A place to embrace the comfort of rain on the roof. Or an attic was an out of the way, hidden place of rustles and creaks. Mice? Or Ghosts? A place where one might create scares to whiten the face to a china doll complexion. Children make believe awful things but this was too real for comfort - murder - the horror of it fascinates me.

(Take story from Edna Teall about Debosnys murder)

Attics are passing surely - the modern architects say "wastespace - impractical" which is perhaps true. The elimination of the attic is one more step towards efficiency and is typical of the cutting-off-corners-speed at which we live. Moderns may be finding other ways to indulge in visual reminders of the past. Museums seem to be flourishing and there is no lack of interest in antiques. I can't imagine a race of beings who have no need for memories of other days nor of space and rooms in their homes which are furnished with memories and imagination.

Also in the Adirondack Room - Jeanne Robert Foster's poem

"The Reckoning" - read by Bob and Martha

Appendix II: The Matilda Story

(As used in "Eve and the Snake" and "The Porcupine")

Excerpts from Seneca Ray Stoddard's book, "The Adirondacks", 1878, in which the famous Keene Valley guide William B. Nye relates a pleasant little episode which occurred in 1868 and concerned "Hitch-up Matilda". His role and that of other Adirondack guides enabled "city folk" to enjoy the wilderness.

... "Come Bill - how about that adventure of yours at Avalanche Lake?" said one of the party gathered around the blazing fire. We all had heard of it, but wanted the facts from the principal actor...

... "Well, boys - some of you may remember a party of three - Mr. and Mrs. Fielding and their niece, from somewhere or other on the Hudson, that I went guiding for in 1868...

... We started to go through Avalanche Pass to North Elba - you will remember the walls, hundreds of feet high on either side, that you can neither get over nor around without going around the mountain, well, along one side is a shelf from two to four feet wide and as many under water, and when we got there they wondered how we were to get past. I said I could carry them or I could build a raft, but to build a raft would take too much time while I could carry them past in a few minutes...

... I set down with my back against a rock that came nearly to the top of my shoulders, told her to step on the rock, put one foot over one side of my neck, the other over the other side, and sit down. That was what she did not feel inclined to do, and was going to climb on with both feet on one side but her husband told her to "throw away her delicacy, and do as I told her", reminding her of her word, which was enough; she finally sat down very carefully, so far down my back that I could not carry her. I told her it wouldn't do, and at last she got on and I waded in.

"Hurrah! There they go!" "Cling tight Matilda!" shouted the young lady and the husband in one breath. "Hold your horse, aunt!" laughed Dolly. "Your reputation as a rider is at stake; three cheers for aunt Mazeppa! -- I mean aunt Matty; novel, isn't it? Unique and pleasing; you beat Rarey, auntie, that's what you do!"

"I had just barely got into the deep water, steadying myself with one hand against the rocks and holding on to her feet with the other, when in spite of all I could do, she managed to work half way down my back.

"Hitch up, Matilda! Hitch up, Matilda! Why don't you hitch up?" screamed Mr. Fielding, and I could hear him dancing around among the rocks and stones, while I thought Dolly would have died laughing, and the more he yelled "hitch up", the more she hitched down, and I began to think I would have to change ends, or she would get wet; but by leaning way over forward, I managed to get her across safe and dry. Then "how was she to get off?" I said, "I will show you". So I bent down until her feet touched the ground, and she just walked off over my head, the two on the other side shouting and laughing all the time...

... Of course I did no more than my duty at the time but you can bet I kept pretty still about it for some time, until at last it leaked out; but there is one thing I would say, the ladies never told of the adventure or made the slightest allusion to it in public as some would, in my presence at least, and for thus showing so much regard for the feelings of a bashful man and a bachelor I shall be grateful to them to my dying day."

An excerpt from The Northern Tourist by John Potter, 1879, describing boating on the many Adirondack lakes.

“... But the most enjoyable and strange part of Adirondack journeying is the boating upon its enormous lakes and ponds, of which there are many hundreds...

...They lay in chains as it were, with small streams generally connecting them, some of which allow the passage of boats. When this is not the case, carries intervene varying from a few rods to four miles in length, over which, when short, the guides or boatman transports your boat on his head, you footing after. If the carries are long the boat and baggage are transported on sleds or wagons, and when the next body of water is reached the boat is launched again. The Saranac boats are very light and crank, and it is a saying that if you get into a Saranac boat, you should have your hair parted strictly in the middle. By these chains of lakes, you may travel for days, select your guide, and he arranges everything...”

- 1 - Nylander, Jane C., *Our Own Snug Fireside: Images of the New England Home, 1760-1860*, Yale University Press, 1994 pp.74-97
- 2 - Aubin, Sonja., *Growing Up Strong*, Pinto Press, 1995 based on the story of her grandmother Eliza in "My Grandmothers" p.159
- 3 - Taken from Renney, Joseph P., *Reminiscences of Keene Valley 1866-1881*, in the Brewster Library, ECHS
- 4 - From Maxim Gorky's letters compiled in *The City of the Yellow Devil*, Progress Publishers, Moscow
- 5 - From Carl Jung's letters found in biography file in the archives of Keene Valley Library
- 6 - Mary Elizabeth Pillsbury class of 1919 School of Nursing of the Presbyterian Hospital, NY. Taken from an article in the *Elizabethtown Post*, December 12, 1974
- 7 - from Livingston, Sarah Kellogg obituary in *Elizabethtown Post*, September, 1938
- 8 - Teall, Edna West, *Adirondack Tales*, Adirondack Life pub. 1970, pp.16-19 from a selection called *Mother*
- 9 - Most of the Westport history, except where noted comes from Caroline Halstead Royce's *Bessboro*, 1902
- 10 - Compendium of Local History, Essex County Historical Society, 1986
- 11 - Compendium
- 12 - Compendium
- 13 - Compendium
- 14 - Compendium
- 15 - Compendium
- 16 - *Adirondack Life*, 1971
- 17 - Royce, Caroline Halstead, *Bessboro*
- 18 - Taken from *Reflections and Reminiscence of Port Henry and Cheever*, Daniel J. Murphy, 1863-1865
- 19 - Teall, Edna West, *Adirondack Tales*, pp.141-143
- 20 - All of the above adapted from *The Letters and Diaries of Margaret Cabot Lee*, 1923
- 21 - Plunz Richard, ed. *Two Adirondack Hamlets in History Keene and Keene Valley*, Purple Mountain Press, 1999
- 22 - Although this information presented was taken from a lecture by Adrian Edmonds, the character "Adrian" was in no way intended to represent the views of Mr. Edmonds
- 23 - Taken from Freud's letters home written from Putnam Camp, September 16, 1909
- 24 - Ester's story came from *The Lure of Esther Mountain: Matriarch of The Adirondack High Peaks*, Purple Mountain Press, 1995
- 25 - Wrisley, Melba, *Growing Up Strong*, "My First Days at School", p.51
- 26 - Cantin Sadie E., *Growing Up Strong, Starting School*, p.9
- 27 - *Growing Up Strong*, Cantin, p.10
- 28 - A poem by Jeanne Robert Foster taken from the collection *Adirondack Portraits, A Piece of Time*, Noel Riedinger-Johnson ed., Syracuse University Press, 1986 pp.28-29
- 29 - Weston and Shurtleff quotes from Gary Randorf's *The Adirondacks: Wild Island of Hope*.
- 30 - Aubin, Sonja, *Growing Up Strong, Wild Strawberry Picking Time*, p.161
- 31 - The Bathsheba idea comes from Laurel Thatcher Ulrich. *Good Wives*, Vintage Books, 1991
- 32 - Mrs. White's information comes from *A Midwife's Tale* by Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, Vintage Books, 1991
- 33 - Cross Marilyn, *Growing Up Strong, Housecleaning before Vacuum Cleaners*, p.128
- 34 - Mitchell, Edwin Valentine, *It's An Old New England Custom*, Vanguard Press, 1946
- 35 - Nylander, p.270
- 36 - Quoted from Milton's *Paradise Lost*
- 37 - Teall, p.144