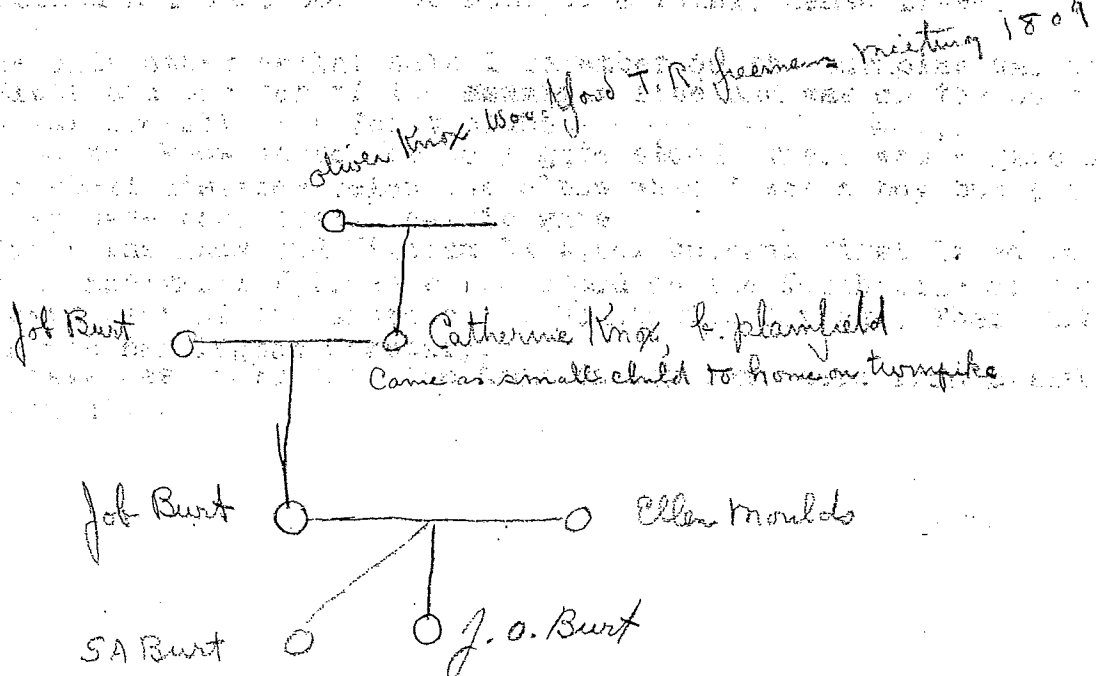


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**NOTES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH J. OLIVER BURT
AND S. A. BURT FEBRUARY 22, 1933.**

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J. Oliver Burt who is now 73 years old says that his father was about thirty years older than he and would now have been about 103 years old if living. He, Job Burt was the sixth child of William Burt and Catherine (Knox) Burt so that they were married at least as early as 1824. She was then living on the turnpike near Gore Brook and had lived there since she was a child of seven or eight. This indicates that the Knoxes took up their residence at that place as early as 1813 and probably earlier. It is safe to say that the Knox family was living there from 1813 to 1820 and probably both earlier and later. Catherine Knox had travelled to this home as a child on the back of a horse. Nothing is known of her father's or mother's names or the other children, if any. (Her father's name was Oliver)

J.O.B. As a boy, 60 years ago I often visited the spot where the Knox home had stood. It was then in ruins, having either blown or rotted down. It did not burn. How long it had then been abandoned I have no idea but there were still some timbers about the cellar-hole. This house was on the south side of the turnpike.

Sid B. There was another cellar-hole on the north side of the turnpike about halfway from the Knox place to the Stamford stream which I understand had once been the home of a family named Diver.

Oliver: The only other cellar hole I remember on the turnpike was between the Elbow and the top of the ~~mountain~~ rise and was on the south side. (This was probably the Scott place) ~~or might have been Burt's~~

I do not know where the toll gate stood. There was a gate on the flat a short distance below the elbow when I was a boy but I think this may have been just a cattle gate.

Catherine Knox and William Burt, her husband first lived in a house at Papermill Village which stood on the North side of the road just ~~east~~ west of the entrance to Bennington College. Their gravestones are in Old Bennington Cemetery.

I have been told that the Knox family came here from Blamford, Connecticut.

Joseph Gore remembers his father, Capt. Gore speaking of the Knoxes from the turnpike.

** The name of Oliver Knox appears in Woodford Town Records in a list of freemen attending freemen's meeting Aug 7, 1709*

Sarah Burgess Woodward

SARAH BURGESS WOODWARD FEB 7, 1933.

As given to

I am now 84 years old. I was about eight years old when my -- Richmond Burgess, with my uncle Josephus Rockwood bought from Isaac Weeks the old tavern on the west side of Harmon Hill. My uncle only stayed a year or so on the place and then Father bought his share of the farm and uncle moved to North Bennington. It would be about 1856 when we first went up to the old tavern. Isaac weeks was then living at the place on North Street opposite Hotel Bennington and commonly called the Hawks Place. His ~~three~~ maiden sisters were still living on the mountain but wished to get down to the village. My father had built a ~~house~~ story and a half house on what is now Weeks Street which he traded for the old Tavern. We moved on to the mountain and the Weeks sisters moved to our old house which was on the south side of Weeks Street and it seems to me nearer to South Street than to Jefferson Ave.,. I think the only other house then on Weeks St was the Peelor Place at the head of Jefferson Ave. ~~There is~~ The Evans place on South Street (now, I think, the Jewett Place) and about two more were the ~~at~~ only houses on ^{the west side of} South Street then standing south of the stone Blacksmith Shop Well, the weeks girls moved into our old house and that is where Weeks St got its name.

When we moved into the old tavern we made no changes inside but Father graded up around outside. It was a two and a half story house, very fine, with the attic floored but not partitioned; on the second floor were three back bedrooms and two ~~fine~~ ^{large} front ^(very nice) bedrooms, and a large hall. On the ground floor there was a kitchen with fireplace and brick ovens, a very large dining room, a pantry, a bedroom, and a large hall. Of course there were vegetable and wood cellars and plenty of other storage. There was a fireplace in the dining room and one in a room ~~xxxx~~ upstairs.

I remember ^{about} Mose Walling, whose father built the mill at Wallings Pond, lived with his family at or near Sucker Pond. The Crecy boys lived with the

Wallings. Charles Barney and his family then lived between us and the village. His sons were Martin and Henry. The next house above us was the Arnold Woodward place. I do not understand that these Woodward^s were re-
 your ancestor
 related to the Woodards in my family who came from Sandgate way. The families were friendly but each claimed the others were Dutch. Further up the road was the Kate Brown Place, now owned by Willard Rose. Kate Brown may have been a Greenslet girl; I think she was. She had three children, Eugene, Henry, and Ella Brown. Henry went west. I do not remember any Smiths up that way. Brown's was the last place below the Elbow and I never saw any buildings east of the Elbow on the Turnpike though there were many cellar holes there.

I lived at home several years after I was married. George R Burgess is the son of my brother Richard (Richmond?) Richard built the present home of
 homestead
 Geo Burgess and Geo later moved in and turned the old ~~house~~ into a barn. (Georges Uncles, Merrit and Henry had sold out their shares to his father.) We were all very sorry and I think George is now, I had a picture of Rich and Abbie (Woodard) his wife which I think I gave to George. I believe it was taken in the yard of the house where George lives now but might have been in the yard of the Homestead, the old Tavern. This was the second Weeks Tavern of course, there had been a smaller one before which burned.

I do not know of any picture of Weeks Tavern as it was either when we lived there or before.

Homer Lyons

HOMER LYONS

FEB 17, 1933.

NOTES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH HOMER LYONS
FEB 17, 1933 by H.B. Walbridge

Mr Lyons is now nearly 85 having been born in March 1848. He lived as a boy in a brick house which formerly stood on West Main St near the present site of Sibley's Machine shop. The hollow back of that location was formed by taking out clay to make the bricks. Mr Lyons' father was a mason who made his own bricks. He built many of the brick buildings in Bennington including the block on South St now owned by W.S. Cullinan. The owner asked for his bill several times during the construction of the building but Lafayette Lyons said he wanted his money when the job was done, and this being promised, he was satisfied. When the building was done, however, the claim was made that the bricks were defective, a lawsuit (common in those days) was instituted, a saw was run down through several courses of bricks and Lyons never got any pay for his bricks or his work. But the building still stands, apparently sound, although about seventy five years have now elapsed.

The father of Lafayette Lyons, and the Grandfather of Homer Ransom Lyons, was Jacob Lyon, a brother of Elisar. He built Lyon's Tavern, the present Williams property on Main Street opposite Gallagher's about 1808. This was the first hotel on Main Street (operated by Jacob for many years) and had considerable trade from the travelers by stage over the old turnpike. Jacob also built the property at 550 Main St now occupied by Walbridge Company Incorporated.

Mr Homer Lyons has a camp still standing a mile or so east of Sucker Pond and commonly called the Lyons Den. He has for years been familiar with the territory around the pond and the elbow. He says the Creasey boys lived a little further East than Wallings pond. About one third of the way from Sucker Pond to the "Top of the Mt" stood the Camp place, upon which a forty foot log barn still stood up to about 60 years

He thinks that there may have been two families at Perry clearing during stage coach days, but says there were none between there and Heartwellville. He has never heard that there was more than one place at Rider Clearing and that place stood where the Hills now have their camp.

Col Olin Scott's father was town clerk of Woodford and the office was in his house which then stood on the turnpike just a little northwest of old Deerview camp ^{which was at that} where camp Thendara now stands on the Long Trail.

Between there and the Dunville or Stamford stream he knows of three old places. The first was Gore's at Gore clearing. There was only one house there so far as he knows. Quite near Stamford Stream were two other places the most westerly of which was the Ichabod Woodward tavern. The other was smaller and he does not know whose it was. (This may have been the Knox place mentioned by Harriet Burt). None of these places were standing within his recollection. All of them were on the north side of the turnpike.

Mr Lyons says that most of the land around Sucker Pond was once fine meadowland. Wholly aside from any fear of Indians Mr Lyons says our ancestors picked the highlands as being more fertile. They reasoned that where the trees grew biggest, crops would grow best. Of course the high spots with good drainage were also more healthful. He says that there was much fine hay around the pond and Stamford Meadows, and after the discontinuance of the turnpike, both the Stamford men and the Woodford men used to go after it, regardless of whether it was in the one township or the other. The Woodford crowd had a poet of sorts, Rastus Bronson, who had a verse ready on all occasions. The "Limpin' Janus mentioned was Janus Rider according to Mr Lyons.

"When Limpin' Janus met the Stamford Forces
He bent his axe to break their backs
And ended their discourses."-Rastus Bronson

Another gem relates to the miring of ~~Abel~~ Abel Harrington's cow. A group went to get her out and Rastus' contribution was:

"As we approuched the slough there lay poor Abram's cow
She neither moved nor chewed her cud
But lay quite prostituted in the mud."

Another of his efforts is printed in Richard Bahan's book on Old
Bennington. Bahan tells a bit about Rastus.

Mason Knapp

Mason Knapp Feb 15, 1933.

NOTES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH MASON KNAPP FEB 14, 1933
(by H.B. Walbridge)

I will be 85 years old next week. I do not think I can tell you very much about the old Heartwellville Stages but I do remember one story I had from a former driver. I met him casually and do not remember his name. He told me of an adventure that he had one day when he was making the trip from Heartwellville to Bennington. He had an empty stage and had driven some distance along the road when he overtook a man walking in the same direction. The driver stopped and offered the fellow a ride which he accepted, remarking that the driver would be well paid for his kindness. When they reached a point west of the mountain-top where there was a large and prominent rock by the roadside the driver was requested to stop for a few minutes. His passenger got out, disappeared behind the rock and after a few minutes returned and gave to the driver a number of sterling silver knives, forks and spoons which he begged him to accept as a reward for his kindness. He then got back into the stage and resumed his trip to Bennington. As they went along the passenger explained to the driver that some years before, he and a companion had travelled from New Hampshire into the West and had come this way. As they had no money the two adventurers had supported themselves on the journey by stealing such articles of value as they conveniently could on their way. The silver above mentioned was a part of the loot. In telling the story to me the driver admitted that he still had the silver which he regarded as his own because he had no idea of the original owner nor just when or where it had been stolen.

I understand that the New Hampshire Militia came over this old road on their way to the battle at Bennington. I believe although the battle was not fought until August it had been expected for some time and these men I have been told arrived in Bennington in April of 1777 after having had considerable difficulty in transporting their cannon over the deep snow they found on the turnpike.

See Harry Gore
Captain Gore told me of an experience he had with a Rider who lived at Rider Clearing. The Captain had lost a heifer and had heard that it had been seen at Rider Clearing. He set out to investigate and as he walked along he had no difficulty in working himself up to a fighting pitch. When he arrived at Rider Clearing and beheld his heifer tied to a fence he was fighting mad and strode to the open door of the house to have it out with the thief. On reaching the doorway and peering inside the Captain found his pugnacious ardor considerably cooled. There on the floor crouched a woman and beside her lay Rider stretched out with his throat cut. I do not think the suicide was a result of fear of Gore but understand that Rider was crazy which may account for the theft of the heifer. Captain Gore returned home with the heifer, secured assistance and went back to Riders and buried the dead man. (~~Camps instead of Riders. Clearing instead of Riders Clearing~~)

I know of no family other than Riders having lived at Rider Clearing though there may have been others at some time; I knew Arnold Woodward but do not know where he lived before he built the house on the Burgess Road.

The names Trainor Meadows and Trainor Park are both from the same man, Geo Trainor who built the furnaces (at Shields) for Moses Sage. There were nine houses from the foot of the hill to T. Meadows. Geo Trainor bought of Ebenezer Temple a ledge of rock for \$25. thinking it was quartzite but when the facing was removed it proved to be valueless.

Thunderbolt.

My grandfather Mallory, Mother's father, told me that there were at one time in England four notorious robbers, "Sixteen String Jack", one "Duval", "Lightfoot", and "Thunderbolt". The first two who were mounted highwaymen were apprehended and hung in chains, as the custom was; the other two, who were footpads escaped to Ireland. The story is that Lightfoot was there pursued by a mounted officer but jumped a deep ditch which the mounted man could not negotiate and deeming himself safe, sat down on the bank and laughed at his pursuer. The pursuer, however, either in spite or because of a price on the head of Lightfoot, shot him dead. It is also reported that Lightfoot was latter captured and executed in New York. I think both stories are true and that after the first "death of Lightfoot" another man took that title, paired up with Thunderbolt and came to America. Thunderbolt (it is said) came to Woodford and built the Temple Place. It is built of the timber that grew on the place, Beech, Hemlock, or Yellow Birch, as might furnish the needed piece, and had one of the best dry walls I have ever seen. The builder used to go to Brattleboro from time to time for supplies. On one such trip he died in Brattleboro. It was then discovered that he had one false ear and other marks which showed him to be Thunderbolt.

Loot of Rider Grave,

There is a story of a Rider living on Rider clearing who had six or seven thousand dollars in gold. He is said to have dug his grave, lined it with stone and concealed under a flat stone at the bottom such gold as was not required for immediate needs. Rider died and was buried in the ready made grave, and the story continues. Steve Gleason (Uncle of Dexter M) while serving as tax collector in Woodford found that certain people in Woodford when he drove around for their taxes, discovered his approach and hid. He therefore determined to go on foot and chose a course that led him past Rider's grave. As he approached the grave he discovered two men working therein. They had dug up the body, scattering the bones about and had fully cleaned out the grave. When they discovered his approach they took to their heels. Steve Gleason went on and returned with assistance to bury the body and fill the grave. It is not known whether any "treasure" was secured.

(This story is probably another version of the Oliver Perry treasure story which is better known. I talked with Dexter Gleason, the ~~uncle~~ nephew of Steve and he thinks this likely. -H.B.W.)

Inn on Main St.

The Williams house opposite Gallaghers on Main St was built by a brother of ~~the~~ Elisar Lyon, probably about 1850 or before, and was operated by him as an inn. There were three Lyons (or Lyon) brothers one of whom was the grandfather of Homer Lyons, three weeks younger than I am. The Lyons family is one of the oldest of Woodford.

Inn at Woodford Hollow.

Elisar Lyons, who is buried on Waters Hill, ran the Hawks Tavern which once stood about 12 or 15 rods below Betsey Boardman's place in Woodford Hollow. The spot where it stood is now part of the river bed. The old Tavern burned about 1860 when I was twelve years old. This was near the end of the time when the covered wagons used to haul goods across the Mountain from Troy to Wilmington. I can remember the old supply wagons with four or six horses.

I think the Woodford Hollow Road was built about 1804.

The first road ran from Town Hill to the Park Place (Country Club)

then up Lovers' Lane, past Sam Lyons', up the north side of the river to the furnaces, over Forge Hill and Waters Hill, across the Harbour farm across the Bickford Stream and on up to Glastenbury. Harwood had a forge making steel near "the Rocks" in Woodford and there was a dam across the river just above.

I do not know when the road to the city over Trainor meadows was built. At first I think you would have gone up to Harbour's and back down the valley to get on that road.

James V. O'Brien

RECOUNT OF AN INTERVIEW WITH JAMES (FISHER) O'BRIEN
BY JOSEPH A. SHEA, FEB 1933

I am 74 years old, having been born in 1861 ^{born} ~~and came to~~ Bennington ^{where Dan Hecker now lives} when I was a young man. I have been familiar for many years with the territory around the Elbow and between there and Heartwellville on the old turnpike. Of course the stage coaches ceased to use the turnpike long before my time when the Woodford City road was put through; I do not know just when that was.

I understand there was only one house at Rider Clearing, possibly Arnold Woodward lived there at some time. There was a Rider Place built by Dick Rider's father. *(This doesn't agree with Weld)*

At Perry Clearing was the Gluff (Clough?) place where Oliver Perry died, then nothing more until you got to the Rider Place. Then, further west was the Gore place not far from Marshall Mills or Wallings. There had been an old Tavern there, between Rider Clearing and Gore's and that was probably the Ichabod Woodward Tavern. The Gore's lived west of Woodward's Tavern on Gore Clearing ^{not right of course as present goes say they have lived up there} and so far as I know there were no other families on the turnpike east of the Elbow.

I knew an old man named Lyman Harwood who had been a stage driver on the turnpike. His original name was Herriod or something of the sort changed, I think, because he had two foolish brothers. I remember hearing him tell of a time when the road was icy at the Elbow and he failed to make the turn coming down the mountain and went over the bank. He tipped over and smashed up the coach some, but fortunately neither he nor the passengers were hurt.

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MRS EASTON, MOTHER OF HARRY WALKER & MRS LEON BOYD.

I talked with Mrs Easton at her home March 20, 1933. She was born on Waters Hill in 1854 and married in 1869, the year of the great freshet. She lived in Woodford many years. She told me her father, William Wood was born in 1796 in a house which she thought stood a little above the Old Kate Brown Place. His father died when he was very young and his mother bound him out to the Saffords in the village (present Morgan Place) until he was twenty one at which time he received from them as agreed one hundred dollars in cash and a new outfit of clothes. Mrs Easton's mother was a McLenithan born in Sandgate in 1819, her mother having been a Woodard. Mrs Easton's mother had told of working as a girl in the tavern West of the Betsey Boardman place which was built and operated either by Eleazer Lyon or one of his brothers.

(This is on present Bennington Brattleboro Road in Woodford Hollow)

Mrs Easton remembered her father having told her of the location of the various taverns on the later stage route to Brattleboro through Woodford Hollow. They were:

- From Tavern in Bennington 4 miles to Lyons Tavern Woodford Hollow,
- from Woodford Hollow 4 miles to Fox Tavern at Woodford City,
- from Fox Tavern to the Halfway House 4 miles,
- from Halfway House four miles to the Eames Place,
- from the Eames Place four miles to Tavern at Wilmington.

I asked Mrs Easton if she knew where Jabez Harriss' dwelling house mentioned in Woodford records of 1807 had been and she thought it must be a house at the foot of the hill on the Trenor Meadows road where Wm Harris lived in her day and where his father Sam Harris had lived before that.

She did not know where Lyman's Forge in South Woodford had been but thought South Woodford might refer to Dunville where there had been charcoal kilns within her memory, She remembers well such a kiln a bit north of Temples at Dunville Notch and knew there were others further south in Dunville.

Mrs Easton worked for a time for Mary Louise Burgess and had worked in the old Weeks Tavern after the Burgesses occupied it. She thought it a very fine house. Her son Harry Walker now occupies the Arnold Woodward house (frequently called the Myron Woodard place from later occupancy. Myron Woodard was a relative of Mrs Easton, Arnold Woodward was no relative.

Beaman House as early as 1796.

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Beeman House as early as 1796.

TRUMAN MALLORY APR 17, 1933.

INTERVIEW WITH TRUMAN MALLORY APRIL 17, 1933

Mr Crawford told me he worked on the new turnpike which was finished and opened in 1840. That would be the time when the old turnpike ceased to be generally used as a through way. In 1882 I was working the Woodford roads and I worked the old turnpike from the Bennington-Woodford line to the Elbow. East of the Elbow had been for some years discontinued as a town road.

As to the places on the turnpike during the time it was in active and regular use, the farthest east that I know of was the Cluff place which was perhaps half a mile east of the Perry Place. Both of these places were on the north side of the turnpike. There was one house, a barn and perhaps other farm buildings at the Cluff place, where there was a good-sized clearing. These buildings were there until 1860 or 1862, at least the house was. Cluff had moved back to Heartwellville some time after the road was discontinued as a stage route.

The Perry and Rider places were there longer.

There were ^{perhaps} also Camps living North of the turnpike at Camp meadows.

The Ezekial Gore place was about halfway between the Stamford stream and the Elbow. This was meadowland, the Gores never lived there.

There had been also a transient family of Pikes living on the turnpike. I do not know just where but I think at different times in various shanties along the road.

There used to be also a house above the Kate Brown place, on the same side of the road and quarter or half a mile away. I do not know who lived there.

I think the toll gate was at the Kate Brown Place.

There were Creasseys living near the east side of Sucker Pond. One of them, Joe, froze to death, or died from some cause on the flat of the mountain.

I do not know where the Lyman place in Woodford was or where The Squire Robinson house on the turnpike was, But when part of the Bennington settlers moved their grants from the east to the west side of the town, and a new survey was made of this corner of the state there was a strip or gore between Bennington and Woodford not claimed by either town. The land was sold by the sherriff for taxes and much of it was bought by Govenor Robinson. This is why Woddford is seven miles east and west, as Woodford afterward took in this gore as part of the township. I should expect then that the Robinson place on the turnpike was on the west end, perhaps between the Weeks place and the Elbow.

Some of the Stage drivers were: Bill Gould, Wesley Townsend, Hen North, Mort Snow, Charlie Temple, Uncle Billy Childs, *Elisha* Wadsworth, and Lyman Harwood.

Concerning other parts of Woodford.

The Ebenezer Temple place was right where Rob Healy's camp is now.

The Glastenbury Railroad was put in in 1871-72. Until it was electrified only woodburning engines were used

The road was electrified and trolleys run as far as Camp Comfort in 1895. The electrification to Glastenbury was completed in 1897. They ran the trolleys until 1898. The freshet of that year destroyed many of the bridges and so much of the road bed that it was never repaired.

GEO R. BURGESS

Where the Burgess barn now stands is not the original Weeks Tavern which stood further west. It was a one and a half story structure. But after business increased Isaac Weeks built the new tavern which later became the Burgess homestead and which Geo Burgess later turned into a barn which is still standing.

Isaac Weeks furnished horses for the stages, owning at one time 200 or more horses (some people say 800) The stages originally ran from Albany to Bennington, the route being later extended to Brattleboro.

The Lyman or "Lime" Harwood who drove stage lived at one time near the Rider Place. His real name was not Harwood but Herriod or something similar, but he had two brothers, half-wits, and decided to change his name, and took the name Harwood by which he was afterward known. I mention this to save you the trouble of trying to connect him up with any of the early settlers of Bennington named Harwood.

Geo Burgess

INTERVIEW WITH

LESLIE WELD APRIL 19, 1933.

Camp - Clough

LESLIE WELD, INTERVIEWED APRIL 19, 1933

I was born in Heartwellville March 27, 1858. I came to Woodford in 1876 and worked for twenty six years after that for the old Brick Company. My father was Hiram Weld and my grandfather was one of the first settlers in Heartwellville.

The Camp place was the first farm on the turnpike in Woodford coming toward Bennington so far as I know. It was on the north side of the road and there was a good house, barn and a good farm. I remember hearing that Mr Camp and his son came over to Gore's and bought a cow and led it home. He was crazy and he went right into the pantry when he got home, got his razor, stepped back into the kitchen, and before his wife and children cut his throat and murdered himself.

I have heard that before that family lived there, years before, the place was a tavern. There is a story that one day two gentlemen, with high beaver hats came along the road on horseback as most of the travel was, and stopped for dinner. They asked the landlady for lamb. She was there alone, but she had a pet lamb in the yard, she called it into the kitchen, killed it dressed it and cooked them there lamb for dinner. Not many women now would do that.

We used to log it from this side of the marked beech and take the logs in to Heartwellville.

The Charles Clough place was the Camp place I mentioned, right on the main road beyond (from here) the Perry clearing. Clough bought it from the Camps and was the last man to live on the place. The Camps moved away then. I do not know about any Camps living at Camp Meadows. After Clough had moved back to Heartwellville the E.P. Hunt Co bought ~~some~~ some land of Clough and there was some sort of a dispute about the corner. Clough was nearly blind then but my father stopped for him and he went up there with him and found the corner in a spruce thicket. Clough had no sons and only one girl.

At the time some of the soldiers from New Hampshire not Stark's own men but others on the way to the Battle of Bennington) at a spot the other side (east or south) of Guilford Mills where the road now runs over a knoll, the old road, used by the soldiers and later by the stages ran around the knoll by the side of the stream. This piece of road was washed out by a change in the course of the stream many years ago and a new piece was built over the knoll for the convenience of the loggers.

There used to be a hotel or roadhouse, I believe at Rider Clearing. I do not know the name of the people who owned the place and lived there but I have heard, many times a story about it. Some time before 1870 Rider bought the clearing and this is the story, about the family that lived there before and why Rider bought it. One day a poorly dressed man came along and asked if he could cut wood for his supper. He was permitted to do so and after supper he went back to cutting wood and earned a bed for the night. The next day he told the family he had no home or people of his own and asked to be allowed to stay on there, saying that he was familiar with the work there was to be done around there and

anxious to work for his keep. The proposition was accepted and he stayed. After a time he secured permission to build a cabin of his own down toward the swamp. Though he had often spoken of his poverty he seemed to be able to buy whatever was necessary for the little place he built. He stayed on there for some time, continuing to do the work about the place. One morning the family got up rather late and missed him, also noticing there was no smoke from his chimney; they went to his cabin and found him on his bunk almost dead. He told them to lift a certain stone in the hearth and they would there find a hundred dollars which he desired them to use for his funeral expenses as he had no people of his own. They found the money where he said. Then, before he died, he told them that he had concealed under a rock outside, a hoard of four thousand dollars. He died (according to their story, before ~~it~~ he could tell them the location of the rock. The family wintered there and next spring decided to sell out and move away. Of course the treasure story had got about and Dickerman Rider bought the farm, which has since been known as the Rider Place. It is said that Rider left no stone unturned but he never found the money. It is also said, that the former owners moved down into Connecticut and there bought a large and well stocked farm.

There were no more places until after you got across the Stamford stream and approached the Gore place. There were one or two houses between the stream and the Gore place, I think on the south side of the turnpike.

There was a tavern on the Gore place.

At the top of the rise, east of the Elbow, on the right (south) side was the Barney place, where Ruf Godfrey's mother was born. I have heard that Ruf later built a camp on the place in her memory.

Above the Kate Brown place, and on the same side of the road was the Beman Place. I never saw the place but the hill below it is still called Beman Hill and in logging operation was feared for its sharp curves after the old road was washed out and various side roads were used. I should think the Beman place was quarter to half a mile from the Kate Brown Place. There is a pitch above the K.B. place, then a little flate, where Beman's was, then a long climb, then the "Gate flat" then another climb to the Elbow. The gate on the north end of Gate flat was a cattle gate to keep the youngstock and dry cattle on the mountain pasture, and I do not think it was ever a toll gate. That cattle gate ~~was~~ quite near cold spring.

Harry Gore, aged 52, son of Lorenzo Gore and a nephew of Captain Ransom O. Gore said on Feb 21, 1932 that he was quite familiar with the old Gore place on the Mountain, had been there many times and could point out many locations. He recalled the place where the old toll gate had been though of course it was discontinued as a toll gate long before his time. He said the Gore place had not been on the turnpike itself but somewhat to the south of the turnpike and East of Deerview. He said the Gore Clearing was so-called because it was part of tract owned by the Gores.

Wags, + Drum - this was probably at the Camp or "Clough" place E. of Rider Clearing.

He told of Captain Gore's losing a heifer, stolen by a man named Camp who lived at what is still called Camp Meadows, north of the turnpike near the stone culvert. Camp had committed suicide when Gore arrived after his heifer. The story as told by Mason Knapp is correct except that it was a Camp of Camp Meadows and not a Rider of Rider Clearing who figured in the story. This is undoubtedly correct as it agrees with the Version of Dexter Gleason. I mentioned the (Knapp) story to Homer Lyons and when I said "Rider" he interposed "Camp" but made no other comment.

Harry Gore took with him my sketch map of the old turnpike and has promised to mark on it such locations and dates as he is able to recall, and will talk with me again soon.

Harry Gore

Dear Ginger,

Written by HSW. December 15, 1943

The Woodford Turnpike probably reached the peak of its activity by about 1810. By that time there were several homesteads and farms between the Elbow and the Perry place.

It was, of course, a toll road. I believe it was the first one chartered in Vermont. It is as a stage route that we hear most about it.

The usual route of the eastbound stages was up what we now call the Burgess Road past Weeks' Tavern. As an alternative route, when there were special errands, the stage sometimes came down or went up the Gore Road and Beech Street Extension. (When Dick Ryder removed from Woodford to Bennington, he located near the east end of the Gore Road, south of the road and close to the Woodford Town line. I do not think he ever lived where John Stone does now.) Or later, during the activity of the furnaces on the Shields property, the stages sometimes came down Barney Hill to Furnace Bridge. But, if they used the Gore road, they swung back down to Isaac Weeks' Tavern where they always made a stop to change horses. This was the principal horse depot between Troy and Brattleboro and was one of the finest inns.

To the east-bound traveler in 1810, Weeks Tavern was the last house in Bennington.

Crossing the Woodford line and passing the east end of the Gore Road, he traveled another half mile to the Brown place (later the Greenslet place, or Blake's, etc.), which we now know as the last remaining place on the road.

But, at that time, the dwelling and farm buildings of Joseph Beeman stood seven or eight hundred feet further on, also on the west side of the road. Beeman's house was built before 1808, probably by 1801.

At the Elbow, the road turned eastward and there the Turnpike began.

East of the Elbow, at the brow of the hill was the home farm of Rufus Barney, who owned, besides, over a thousand acres of woodland and other farms. His house was on the south side of the turnpike just west of the present Camp Thendara, or the site of old Deerview Cabin.

Some distance eastward from Barney's was the Booth lot north of the road and the Josiah Lawrence lot on the south. Neither had a house so far as I know. But, north of the turnpike and about half a mile from Barney's was the Diver place with 50 acres north of the road, and 100 acres on the south side. The house was north of the road. Diver had purchased from ~~George Black~~ ^{Roger Booth} about 1807. Seven or eight hundred feet east of Diver's house, was John Phelps' house. Phelps land, 50 acres, was all on the north side of the road. He was a resident of Pownal by 1816, and sold off his Woodford property soon afterward.

East of Phelps, again about 800 feet away, was the home place of Oliver Knox. He had 50 acres north of the turnpike and 250 acres south of the road, owing to the Stamford line, which, at this point, is just about a mile from the turnpike. Sometime after 1812, Knox vacated this house and moved directly across the road. His new house was just east of the Gore Brook which crossed the road at this point at such an angle as to run east of the old house. I believe it was the old Knox house, north of the road, which burned in 1829, while Ichabod Woodward was its tenant. If this is correct Oliver Burt's Great Grandfather, Oliver Knox, was the nearest neighbor of Ichabod Woodward, one of whose great granddaughters is Mrs. Burt.

Almost south of the Knox place, was Mathew Scott's saw-mill, which was not far from the site of the later Walling Mill and that of the still later Marshall Mills. This Scott mill should not be confused with the later Scott and Burgess mill of some 60 years ago, which was a bit further east and on the north side of the Turnpike.

The east line of the Knox property coincided with the Bingham Line. Said Bingham Line marked what Woodford people once supposed was the west line of their township. Just east of the Bingham Line and north of the road lay a one-acre parcel purchased on 1807 by James Corven. I have found no reference to any house on this lot.

South of the Turnpike and still west of the Dunville stream was the Gerry or Gary place with the house apparently nearer the road than the barns---suggesting a shocking disregard for custom on the part of Mr. Gary. Especially since the Gary place was occasionally used as a posting station where stagers could change horses.

I do not know of any more homesteads west of the Dunville Stream. Beyond the Dunville, lay what later came to be called Rider Clearing. You have already touched upon the story of two houses here, only one of which could have been built before 1810.

Not far east of Rider Clearing was the Daniel Spooner place. This lay north of the Turnpike and was supposed to contain 100 acres, comprising the north half of the Read Pitch, still so-called by some woodsmen. I do not know when the Spooner place was built, certainly by 1807, perhaps somewhat earlier.

(Article could end here)

I know of no more house sites as we continue easterly up the Long Hill.

Near the "Stone Culvert" of the Camp Meadows Brook, was the old Camp Place.

Beyond the Camp place was the Oliver Perry place, the best known of all these old homesteads.

The Perry Tavern was a regular coach stop. Contrary to the impression given by some of the old stories, Captain Perry was a prominent and respected citizen. He and his family were well and favorably known in Bennington. Incidentally, Miss Laura Perry (weight 185 lbs. according to H. Harwood) married Levi Jewett of the Pownal Road on Sunday, January 8, 1815. Mrs. Oliver Perry conducted the tavern for some years after her husband's death in 1820. He did not die deserted by his family as is sometimes stated. Hence the story of buried treasure is all the more unlikely. The Rider Clearing treasure story is at least a better one.

Perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond and southeast of the Perry Place, was the Clough place, which, I believe, was identical with another Camp Place, so-called. This was on the Northeasterly side of the road and was, I think, about 1810 and afterward, the last dwelling on the turnpike within the town of Woodford.

(Article could end here)

The dozen houses mentioned above were all substantial dwellings, occupied by substantial citizens. There were probably many temporary shelters besides. If any reader can furnish additional or more definite information, I wish we might have it. What a useful thing it would be if some descendant would unearth a long forgotten diary of a Turnpike resident!

H. B. W.