

THIS IS THE WAY I REMEMBER IT

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It was the summer of 1944. Mother and Daddy, now parents of three young children decided on a vacation where we could escape the summer heat in Yonkers and all be together. They answered a rental ad in the New York Times for a camp on Lake Champlain, about 15 miles south of Burlington. Upon investigation Daddy found that it was located at Deer Point, a mere two miles north of where he had summered as a boy. The house was owned by a Jesuit priest and his sister by the name of Desmond,

The drive to Vermont seemed to take forever; close to seven hours plus a stop for a picnic lunch in a farmer's field near Hoosick Falls, New York. The automobile which transported us was a 1940 Pontiac 4 door sedan. It was amazingly reliable for having spent winters in Yonkers on blocks, white birch logs to be exact. Wartime gas rationing reduced car usage and a summer vacation in Vermont was worth any inconvenience during the rest of the year. It had been crowded in the car with my parents, grandmother, my two brothers and me. Billy and Johnny needing to stretch their legs, immediately hopped out of the car and with my parents' attention momentarily diverted, Billy made a beeline for the cliff in front of the house. Fortunately he got hung up on the roots of a kind old cedar tree, saving him from a nasty fall.

The trunk of the Pontiac was not large enough to accomodate all the things we would need for a month, so Mother packed a large steamer trunk with the nonessentials. I loved it because it added to the excitement and anticipation of going to Vermont. Maybe sending it by freight from Yonkers to Charlotte was a mistake. But, it was less expensive than Railway Express. One year, in particular, it seemed to take forever in arriving. We made so many trips to the Charlotte station looking for it we came to know the station agent, Ben Parker, quite well. At times, annoyingly slow, he had a way of inhaling some of his words, New England style. He wore typical railroad attire - overalls and cap. Cowboy boots, purchased some years before when he had ventured outside of Vermont with his Rutland pass and traveled to Texas, completed the outfit. His several hundred pounds of weight and the cowboy boots and spurs scraping across the boards made the station's old wooden floors creak.

The house at Deer Point was a lovely old camp. A screened in dining porch, a two story living room with bedrooms off a gallery on the second floor were some of its features. One record for the old Victrola, "When you come to the end of a perfect day" was pretty much it for audible entertainment. A pump pumped water from the lake. Every time a toilet was flushed or a faucet was run for a time, the chugety chugety chug of the pump would broadcast throughout the house. Flushing the toilet during the night was definitely out of the question. The sewage system was a bit of a mystery. There was an unidentified pipe located very close to the pipe which pumped the water into the house. Mother always dismissed it by saying that our systems had to adjust to the change of water. The stove was fueled by kerosene which made the cooking aromas

particularly inviting. Outside on the back porch was the "ice box", for which blocks of ice were delivered on a regular basis. They were harvested from the lake the previous winter, packed in sand and stored in a shed in town.

During the war years, gasoline was rationed so trips to the Old Brick Store were kept to a minimum. Grocery needs, which required lots of planning ahead, were all met at Bill Williams' store. There was a delivery once a week. Since there was no phone, if one forgot, one did without.

I do not recall ever going to Burlington in those first years but there were trips to North Ferrisburgh. Sometimes Mother borrowed a bicycle for the trip and saved gasoline, indeed, but I really think she enjoyed a chance to get away from the three of us and get some exercise. She had learned that there was a chicken farm on the road to Long Point run by a family named LaFlam. As their last name suggests, the LaFlams were French Canadian. Mr. LaFlam limped quite badly as a result of polio and Mrs. LaFlam was a stern faced woman with black ultra straight hair fashioned in a bob cut. They kept an impeccably neat farm and raised the very best chickens any one could possibly eat. Mrs. LaFlam also grew amazing zinnias, presumably treated to some very fine manure. Going to the farm was an educational experience for us city folk. Mother would select the chicken she wanted and then we would hang around to see the head get chopped off. It was grueling. Later she learned that she could order ahead and have the chicken ready, thus avoiding having to watch the massacre.

In those years, we spent only one month, the month of August, in Vermont. Daddy had two precious weeks of vacation, which he always took the last two weeks of August. The rest of the time he commuted back and forth to New York on the Rutland Railroad. On Friday night he boarded the train in New York and arrived in Charlotte, or more precisely, the "dog house", a flag stop at the railroad crossing closest to the Point, early Saturday morning. Sadly the "dog house" is no longer there. This passenger shed was lost to a wind storm, probably the hurricane that wiped out so many buildings in the fall of 1951. On Sunday night he returned, arriving in New York early Monday morning. Called the Laurentian, the train came from Montreal and stopped in Charlotte only on signal, so if Ben Parker wasn't there, the passengers themselves had to light the lanterns to signal a stop. Daddy was not alone. Others had the same schedule, one of whom would later become his next door neighbor at Thompson's Point. It was on the trip north. Daddy had the upper berth. Needing to use the bathroom in the early morning, he decided it would be just as easy to climb down; no need to call the porter for the ladder. He had almost succeeded when the train lurched and he fell on the gentleman who was sleeping in the lower berth. The gentleman was not at all amused and did not respond with his famous laugh. His name was Jack Currier.

During those years Daddy introduced us to Vermont. One weekend he arrived with some special maps of the Adirondack range and we sat in the little summer house in the front yard of the camp with the maps mounted on boards and using rulers determined which mountains we could see from our vantage point and what their names were. It was quite exciting when we found we could see White Face. We also observed the birds flying in and out of the bird house on the point. Bill at the age of 2 was beginning to talk and referred to the birds as wassies, or something quite similar to the French word for bird, oiseau. Daddy teased that because of our proximity to French Canada Bill would be speaking French by the end of the summer. Of course wassie was also a horse, a cow, a sheep etc.

The day the war was over a national holiday period was declared. Daddy left New York that night on the train. I suspect he sat up all night. He hadn't been able to reach mother by phone so nobody was at the "dog house" to meet him. After walking with his suitcase from the railroad crossing to Deer Point, a very bedraggled looking Daddy came down the road that morning. The next day, with the prospect of gas rationing being lifted, we took a long drive to Rouses Point.

After the war was over, we often drove up Mt. Philo. There was always a bit of anxiety about the last hill just before you got to the top as it was steeper than the car could happily handle, but it never failed us. We always climbed the lookout tower which was higher than my stomach could happily handle. But, I forced myself, partly because I was shamed into it and partly because, at the top, there was a great view and maps which identified various mountain peaks around.

The night we, that is Daddy, Johnny, Billy and I, decided to go camping on Mt. Philo was memorable. We had no camping gear except a flashlight or two, blankets and some pillows. We arrived toward nightfall, and found a fine spot to set up our camp. Mother, the expert in things of this nature, was at home with Caroline and Grandma. As it became dark we began to hear animals in the woods, particularly bears. By 11PM Daddy was "beared out" and we were in the car and on our way home.

Times at Deer Point were mostly family oriented. Understandably, Mother became lonely for some adult company. One day she met the Freemans who lived on Cedar Island when they came to our rescue. It was sunny and hazy and the lake was dead calm when we set out in that beautiful Old Town rowboat for a picnic on Picket Island. The boat did have a motor, but like all outboard motors, it required a supernatural force or a trip to Schiotts in Burlington to get the thing started. We rowed, instead. There were lots of us: Billy, Johnny, Caroline, Mother, a houseguest of mine and me. The life preservers were cushions, which I doubt anyone had bothered to test. As we ate lunch, a storm began to brew. We quickly loaded into the boat and headed for shore but not before the wind had begun to really blow and the waves were pretty high. I tried to work my charm with the motor, but to no avail. Mother rowed for all she was

worth. Fortunately, one of the Freemans had been on the backside of Cedar Island and saw our predicament. She invited us in and we waited out the storm. Thus, Mother got to meet a real adult who played bridge and we learned a lesson about the lake.

1949 was the last year we spent at Deer Point. By then the boys were into fishing. Those rock bass were mighty dumb. Even without bait they would bite. But, they were terrible eating. Occasionally there would be a perch or two and sometimes even a bass. Baseball cards were the rage. The boys bought inordinate amounts of bubble gum so they could get the cards. and I learned the names Yogi Berra, Johnny Mize, Babe Ruth etc.

Daddy must have whittled during the summers he spent at Thompson's Point prior to World War I as he seemed to associate that activity with summer vacations. He was eager to have us learn. Out of small blocks of wood, hand picked by him, and with his instruction, we found we could make something that looked surprisingly like an automobile, that is, if we didn't cut off a fender or the like by mistake. Band-aids were always close at hand for those other mishaps.

When all of us were old enough to walk two miles, we walked the North Shore Road. Names on the mailboxes, McLaughlin, Horsford, Stetson, Baker, Barrie, Bancroft: signs like "Do Drop Inn" or was it "Dew Drop Inn" and "The Ruggs Live Here" (although even in later years there was little evidence of that) became familiar landmarks. Many of the camps, as well as the ones on Garden Island and Cedar Island, had been closed up during the war years but by 1948, the year we returned to Deer Point after a two year hiatus, people were around again. Our route included a quick detour over the stile (more or less across the field from the caretaker's house) just for the fun of climbing over it. Then, it was on to the Big Dock where we had a chance to rest on the benches of the passenger shed before the trip home. We also took other routes: to Flat Rock and even Cedar Beach. We explored the old field stone school house, which in my memory no longer functioned as a school. There must have been a hasty exit the last day it operated as a school as the slate boards, chalk and books were scattered here and there. On the TP Road, not paved then, the scraper would occasionally come by to smooth out any washboarding caused by heavy rain storms. The stretch of road by the Poor Farm was particularly subject to this problem. Johnny was afraid of this big piece of equipment and would dive for the side of the road. He never seemed to pick up poison ivy, luckily.

During my time, the Ti never stopped at the dock at TP as it had in my father's. Up until the fall of 1951 the dock was in reasonable condition. The Ti still did make excursions. One time it sailed up the North Shore and between Garden and Cedar Islands. I was unprepared, but I managed to find my camera in time and snapped quickly. In the excitement I got a rather blurred shot of the Ti, decidedly going up hill.

My doll always accompanied me to Vermont. Weeks in advance I'd gather all her things and pack them in her trunk. I got the cue from my grandmother who did the same thing. She had wonderful memories of Vermont because it had been the place she and her husband along with my father had summered some 30 years before. But, she and my mother were not always on the same page and more than once she announced that this year she was not going to Vermont. In spite of what she said, she was completely packed and ready to go. She really did want to go and she really didn't want to leave. None of us did, especially me, so, by washing my doll's entire wardrobe and taking her clothes home "lake-clean" I was better able to deal with the separation. Apparently guests had the same affection for the place. One was just about to board the train to return home when his suitcase popped open and the contents of stones, sanded glass, driftwood and shells spilled out on to the platform. With the conductor yelling "all aboard", everyone raced to pick up all the treasures before the train pulled out of the station.

1950 was the first year we rented a camp at TP. It was the Moore-Booth-Rixford place followed by Opie's in 1951. It was then that we were introduced to climbing Mt. Mansfield and Camel's Hump. Nettles are what I remember best and I learned quickly to wear long pants. John was in his element. He ran ahead, worrying my father to death. It's hard to guess how many times he climbed Mt. Mansfield during his life.

The Adsit camp became the Reid camp in the fall of 1951. It had a great view to be sure but was not nearly big enough for all of us. Mother's design abilities and a Mr. Higbee's ingenuity changed the place. That winter he added a bedroom and bath and "modernized" the kitchen by using the lumber from the old staircase to make cabinets. Mother laid the red linoleum floor, which has lasted for more or less 55 years.

At first the Thompson's Point Country Club was just that, a club in the country. There were two clay courts, one of which was given over to a number of weeds. The fence around them was not terribly secure and the Bucklin's cows could wander on the courts as they pleased as evidenced by some of the calling cards they left. Mother, seeing a need to keep her two boys occupied and having always enjoyed tennis herself, quickly began to drum up interest. She put a little fire under Clay Ward, not a tennis player himself, who had been hired to brush and roll the courts but didn't always find the job particularly inspiring. The clay courts did get into better shape and in the end, the little boys with the big tennis rackets were playing competitively amongst themselves on a weekly basis and as the Thompson's Point Tennis Team were playing matches against boys' camps as far away as North Hero. At the end of the summer, there was a TP tournament and engraved trophies from Preston's in Burlington were given out.

While in Burlington picking up the trophies we would make a trip to Abernathy's at the head of Church Street to check on the fall fashions. Since I went to a school which wore uniforms and the styles in Burlington might or might not be good in Yonkers, we rarely bought anything.

The clubhouse looks pretty much as it did in the 50's except that it was probably more decrepit then. The plumbing didn't work very well and although there was a rickety ping pong table there were rarely enough paddles or balls. Sound familiar? On evenings when we weren't welcome at anyone's house, we sat around the big fireplace (on some of the same rocking chairs that are there now) and told ghost stories. At that time it was entirely stained green inside. One day my father thought it ought to be lightened up and started to paint the inside window frames white. Fortunately he was stopped before he lightened up the entire inside.

During some summers, club suppers were an almost bi-weekly event and always held on a Saturday night. The person in charge walked from camp to camp early in the preceding week assigning each household a dish to bring. Then, on Saturday, a little after six, guests, all dressed up; ladies in dresses, high heeled shoes and perhaps some Guy Cheng jewelry and men in coats, ties and slacks would start arriving at the club with casserole, cake or salad in hand plus usually a picnic basket full of glasses, plates silverware and napkins. Families sat with their own partially because of the need to have ones own utensils and plates accessible. Almost everybody was able to sit either in the club house or on the porch. It was a relatively dry affair as wine was not a fashionable drink at that time and the real drinking had already been done. There was no entertainment other than the gossip one collected from the other guests. Then as quickly as they had arrived everyone left and all were home before dark.

I first knew of Guy Cheng when he lived in a red house just east of the entrance to the marina, which has since been torn down. Since the marina was not there at the time it had a feeling of being in the woods. The story goes that Guy had played tennis on the Davis cup team for China until he contracted TB. While in the hospital recuperating he learned how to make jewelry. Some of his early peices were sold at Georg Jensen in New York. Ultimately he bought the old school house on the corner of Mt. Philo Road and Route 7 and made it into a gift shop. The school house looked like a schoolhouse except for the double doors which were bright red and in the shape of half circles with Chinese brass door knobs. Later a wing was added where he and Barbara lived. There was a tennis court of course where in later years Guy gave tennis lessons. The shop also carried other Vermont gift items but primarily was a showcase for his jewelry. All the women, I mean everyone, had a piece of Guy Cheng jewerly. It was distinctive. Made of gold or silver wire shaped into circular spirals, these circles were either single as would be appropriate for an earring or in pairs as in a link for a bracelet or necklace. Club suppers were generally a good place to show off any new additions to your jewelry collection. Guy also made silver rings called friendship rings which are a bit difficult to describe. They had a tendency to slide off when the wearer was swimming. I imagine there are quite a few still in the silt off the end of the big dock.

Opie, Carrie Roder and Aunt Ida (Mrs. Peene) all lived together in Burlington. They rented out the camp during the summer and in the fall, they came and mostly fished. Opie's dog, Jefferson

Davis was known around town. He had his own phone listing and numerous bank accounts, for which Opie would receive such things as quilts and other household items as gifts. When Jeff ran out of options, his wife Varina took over. Opie always made a point of telling everyone that Varina was Jefferson Davis' second wife.

The following is probably the most famous story about Opie. Her very good friend, Ernest Braun, a professor at UVM, was very precise, a trait which befits a chemist. Rumor has it that she deposited seven cents in his checking account which drove him crazy when he tried to reconcile his account. I know that she pulled my father's chain, too, especially when she chose to paint only the side of her house which faced his after a lengthy discussion about how shabby her house looked. She was a self appointed vigilante. Anyone unfamiliar to her who found his way to the end of TP Road got the greeting, "you lost?". But, she was known to have become very good friends with and greatly admired by some of those she gave the hardest time to. I bonded with Opie partially because we were both Margarets. Her invitation to Dave and me to watch the first landing on the moon on her TV is one of his best memories of TP.

The Stanton Williams family originally owned a camp between Opie's and the Williams' which burned many years earlier. One of the Williams' sons was Russell. The Browns (Marion was a daughter) owned the camp next door, later known as the Williams' camp (now the Van Zandt's). It was a Thompson's Point romance and marriage of which there have been a number of others, particularly Jack Currier and Mary Hagar. For a while the Williams lived in New Jersey, but Russell travelled a great deal selling textbooks so they decided to buy a year round house on the Greenbush Road in Charlotte, the most beautiful house in town. While the Williamses all had twinkly eyes and good senses of humor, Brownie, as Russell would call her, was more serious. "Oh, Russell", she would say when he would joke about something. She was obsessively neat and clean, and an inspiration to the other housekeepers on the point. No one could keep up. Everyday she swept the cobwebs off the ceiling of the front porch. Ashtrays were emptied before the cigarette's last puff was completely inhaled. In addition, Mrs. Bushy came to clean once a week. One literally could eat off the floor. Her summer wardrobe was a collection of identically styled dresses in slightly different fabrics, clearly custom made. No shorts or pants for her. I never saw her swim. A hair net kept her coiffure perfectly in place. In spite of reading a great deal and enjoying her quiet time, she never seemed to mind our playing the Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall Jazz concert, Tom Lehrer or the Abbott and Andover Academy recording of the Pirates of Penzance over and over and over again. She liked having chats with Mary and me, all the while nervously pushing back her cuticles, fidgeting with her apron or the like. Her friends were from Charlotte and Shelburne's Gold Coast; the Bostwicks, Thompsons, Lawrences etc. Like Marion, Russell usually was impeccably dressed; typically, spotless white pants, a blue shirt and when the situation called for a tie, a bow tie. It suited him perfectly. His hobby was his sail boat, which unfortunately sank one fateful night when a bolt of lightning put a hole in the hull during a storm.

Mary was the only child of Russell and Marion Williams. Russell was a native Charlotter. His father, Stanton Williams was the original owner of the Old Brick Store, and his brother, Bill, the then owner. Rich Williams was a bachelor uncle of Mary's from New York who worked for the Telephone Company with my uncle. Mary, Diana, Stanton etc. called him Uncle Half-Witsy. While we were still summering at Deer Point, and Uncle Rich was visiting Russell and Marion, Mother, Daddy and I were invited for tea. It was then that I first remember meeting Mary and being completely in awe of her situation on T.P.

Mary was blessed with a keen mind and a great sense of humor and did not inherit the obsessively neat trait of her mother's. After a one room school house education with her cousin, Diana and Marilyn Falby, she went to Abbott Academy outside Boston and then to UVM and where she studied nursing. She was clearly my best friend at T.P. and how I have missed her in these recent years. I wish I had written this earlier and been able to check on some of the facts with her. Among many other things, she was my smoking coach. When the Adsit cottage came into our possession but we continued to live at Opie's, Mary and I discovered that the front porch of our new camp was a great place to smoke. One day we were sitting on the glider puffing away when suddenly from the side of the house appeared my father. Quickly we jammed the cigarettes into the pipe of a cute little pot bellied stove ashtray and acted as if nothing had happened. Now, really. Didn't he smell the smoke? He left and we sighed a sigh of relief.

The first time I ever stayed up all night was with Mary. We did it just for the heck of it. That was Mary.

Mary put me in touch with the rural world of Charlotte, especially the telephone system. It was a party line system. A telephone number might read 425-2, party line 425 with 2 short rings, or 425-11, also party line 425 with one long and one short ring. One ring, only, was the signal for the operator. Some of the camps had phones with hand cranks which rang not only the telephone at hand but also the ones on the party line. So, there was no need to go through the operator at all to call any one on your line. You would just crank the proper rings. Since the rings were heard by everyone on that party line, everyone knew who was on the receiving end of a call. It was just a matter of picking up the receiver if one wished to find out who the caller was and of course eavesdrop. To call anyone on another line, however, one did have to go through the operator. The operator in Charlotte, whom Mary knew personally, would sit at the switch board and hook up the two parties. She was also known to have added anyone she thought might be interested in the conversation. Sometimes it was just easier to walk over to the person's house and speak personally than it was to call someone on another line. With automated telephones came the end to most party lines. One of the first to get a private line was Mr. Rutter. He made important business calls to Texas and was not interested in having anyone listen in.

Behind the Williams' twinkling eyes was a bit of devilry and a good sense of humor. Bill Williams, whose real name was Wilson Williams, inherited the family trait. He was the owner of the Old Brick Store which he had taken over from his father Stanton Williams. THE town father. He knew everyone of course, was the source of all the news and was quick to accomodate some of his less fortunate customers. Bill's pants had that annoying habit of slipping down and had to be yanked up at regular intervals. In the summer he worked extremely long hours. The store opened at about 6AM for the farmers and closed about 6PM or after for the sake of the summer people. He spent most of his time behind the cash register (and he always rang you up) generally smoking one cigarette with a second behind his ear. Uncle Bill as some called him was married to Aunt Helen a very happy faced little woman with a bundle of energy. They had three children; Diana, Stanton, a Williams through and through, who left the area for Florida and Becky, who married Chucky Mascott, a TPer. Bill's right hand man was Cliff; taciturn, heavy Vermont accent, bottle thick glasses and a somewhat soiled white apron tied around his waist. He was the butcher and delivery man.

Diana Williams had the style and personality which any teenage girl would aspire to. Her hair was cut about as short as possible, her clothes were the latest and she wore them with a great flair. Her father, Bill, gave her a then 20 year old car, a mid thirties black sedan, which had its problems. With the sound of its horn one knew she had arrived, barefoot and wearing a trench coat with a kitten in each pocket. That was Di. When all of us were just smoking cigarettes, Diana was using a cigarette holder and sometimes even smoking a pipe. The other Williamses had twinkling eyes but Diana's were "twinklinger" and her nose had a way of wiggling when she laughed. A most unique person, her life was cut short by a tragic automobile accident early in summer of '53.

Stanton Williams was named for his grandfather. He was a Charlotter complete with accent and had the Williams' charisma. Most summers he worked in his father's store and helped deliver. With its long hours it didn't afford him too much time for hanging around with us.

The store in the mid 50's was a bit shabby but no one seemed to mind. Bill had a special charm and the store was the happening place in town where groceries were bought and the town gossip was exchanged. The checkout counter was literally covered with receipts of old unpaid transactions. The smell of meat permeated the building. Outside the front door and to the left was the gasoline pump. The fancy new gas station on the corner of Route 7 and Church Hill Road known as Spear's garage was yet to be built. Another IGA store on the corner of the old Route 7 and the road to East Charlotte was run by the Root family. No one went there unless it was out of dire necessity. Other public buildings in the central part of Charlotte included the post office, a small white building a few doors up fom the corner on the left side of Greenbush Road, and a few doors up from that, on the same side, a victim of the hurricane in the fall of

1951, the former Methodist Church now in the Shelburne Museum as the Charlotte Meeting House. There was no fire house, no new post office, no town hall. The quintessential New England town it was not.

Back on the point, and down the path next to the Russell Williams' was the Wards. Clay Ward, quite appropriately studied engineering in college. After all those hours he spent tinkering with his outboard motor (an Evinrude), it was a good choice. His dog, a German Shepherd, was known to be an amazing animal who could open locked doors and the like. Henry Clay, as Mrs. Ward called him, had an older sister, Liz (who probably should have known better). During a storm the previous winter, an old row boat with most of its stern missing had washed up on the Ward beach. It seemed to be a perfect candidate for something special. We filled it with a bale of hay and towed it out to the middle of the lake with, quite unfortunately as it turned out, our canoe and Liz Ward at the helm. Gasoline was then poured on the hay and then with great care, it was lit. What a beautiful sight to watch this burning mass sailing down the lake. The perfect fire work. My parents, who had been invited out for dinner that evening, were on their way home at that moment, just in time to see our celebration sailing toward Westport. "Peggy, come in here". I can still hear the words. "There will be no boating for a week". A familiar-sounding punishment. Although I had offered the use of our canoe, I had not gone along and was completely mistified by my parents' reaction. Perhaps the bourbon had worn off. And, wouldn't you know, Crayton took a boatload of the gang to Barnrock Harbor for a picnic the very next day. When they returned earlier than expected because there were too many flies there, I was secretly very happy.

Mrs. Ward, (also a Marion) and Mrs. Currier (Kay) were good friends. Both were weekday widows and joined by their husbands on weekends. Every afternoon, that is, when the weather was swimming weather, Mrs. Ward would amble down the path in her bathing suit and terry cloth robe on her way to the Currier's dock. Sunning, reading fashion magazines, knitting, playing solitaire etc.; it was a great place to do all these and more. Later she and Kay would change to dresses and spectator pumps and either go to the Wards or the Curriers for their evening drink. Mrs. Currier could be identified from quite a distance walking down the path by the particular gait she had. It must have been a strong gene, as Ditty had a similar one as does her daughter, Shannon.

The Curriers threw some wonderful beach parties. The shoreline in front of their house was a large and relatively flat area, just perfect for entertaining. Mr. Currier, generally bellowing out one of his signature laughs, was quite the chef. One summer Mrs. Currier, whose sentences usually began with the phrase, "Well, I mean really and truly." decided to really and truly spice up the social activities of the gang and extended invitations to two Ft. Ethan Allen boys every weekend. I don't know how they were selected but I do know some became repeats. They would arrive on Friday night or Saturday morning, stay in the Currier's guest house and be treated

royally. Not bad duty! That summer there were a number of beach parties, lots of beer drinking and lots of cigarette smoking

During the week life was lower key. Every afternoon Ditty made the trip to Charlotte for the mail. There was a special tradition connected with the trip. Like most of that era, the steering wheel of the Currier's big Pontiac had two parts, the outside wheel used to steer the car and the inside chrome ring used to honk the horn. They both got a real workout. After lighting her cigarette, we would set out. First a honk by Pete Laberge's house; another at the corner just before the Bucklin's farm; a third at the top of the hill by Bushy's farm (across from the greystone school house); next, a slowing down in front of the rather run down farm just before the railroad track as the handpainted sign requested which said, "Slow Children"; (From the looks of things, they weren't kidding); followed by a quick stop before the railroad track (There might be a train); and then up the hill by the cemetery all the while saying "bunny, bunny, bunny, bunny rabbit" and holding one's breath. I don't know why. Finally a quick turn into the parking spaces in front of the post office.

After the Rutland went out of business, Daddy and Mr. Currier rode the Central Vermont which went to Essex Junction. The train arrived very, very early on Saturday morning. Vermont is very beautiful early in the day, so driving up there at the crack of dawn on Saturday morning never was a problem. Ditty and I usually went. In later years, when I had a summer job in New York City, Daddy and I drove. We left New York after work on Friday afternoon and made only one quick stop for gas. We ate a picnic supper en route. Six hours later, almost to the minute familiar places like the Tallyho Motel, Jimmo's Corners and those pristine dark red cabins, the Cardinal Cabins, located where Dakin Farm now is, became welcomed sights. We had a precious day and a half in Vermont. After Sunday lunch, when the weather was generally its very best, we left. Six hours later we were back in Yonkers.

For the younger members of the family it was much easier to fit into TP than it seemed to be for my parents. There were "the gang", which gathered almost every evening at someone's house, and the "big gang", whose members included Jack Currier, Jimmy and Jane Cartmell, Mary Hagar, Ted and Kenny Bedford, Pepi Nicholson. The two gangs were forced to merge when members of the "big gang" were away from the Point doing important things. Jack Currier, who was in the army someplace far away, went to great lengths to get back to TP at least once a summer. For his visits the Curriers would throw one of their wonderful beach parties and both gangs would be there in full force. Jack's visits were sporadic but long enough to get to know and court Mary Hagar.

The group about my brothers' ages included Ted and Chuck Mascott, the Falby twins, and Carl Braun. Under the tutelage of Carl Braun they spent some time shooting out the street lights around the point with b b. guns much to the exasperation of Pete Laberge who had to replace the

lights. Ted Mascott was the quiet one, a mother's joy; his brother, Chucky was just the opposite. In time he became a successful insurance salesman and married the youngest daughter of Bill and Helen Williams, Becky. The Falby twins, Frank and Fred and my brothers enjoyed such activities as catching football passes as they jumped into the water off the end of the big dock. When that got boring they tried riding their bicycles off the big dock. They tied them to a line and fished them out after the plunge. I don't think that lasted very long. I'm sure there was a handful of girls they were impressing. I'm guessing they may have been Katie Cartmell, Bonnie Hagar and the Marvins. Jumping in the lake from outrageous spots was great sport. Barn Rock, the cliff to the right as one enters the harbor was a favorite. But, for John, it was the cliff in front of the camp which he jumped off one Sunday Morning and broke his shoulder blade and collar bone. The rest of that summer he was in a cast. Between that accident and haying on the Bucklin Farm, his back was a problem for the rest of his life.

The younger group of girls, Ruthie Gibbs, the Bucklins, Sarah McCornack and my sister Caroline were all around but being so busy with our own group we tended not to notice what they were up to. I know, now, that they were doing such things as riding the Bucklin's ponies. And, the likes of Dickie Falby, Mike and Dougie Moore, the LaBerge boys, Hank Hagar, Andy and Jerry Mitchell, were small boys with very large tennis rackets. Again, we didn't pay much attention to what they were up to.

The crazy antics I remember at Thompson's Point generally only involved our group. The leaders of our gang were Dick McCornack and Crayton Bedford, self appointed Ace and Star. I don't remember which one was which. It really did not matter, it was all the same. There were a number of categories one could be including yeah, ney, squash the translation for which I was never too clear on. John Lane was one of them. His family, which included his sister, Vickie, rented the (at that time) Bond's garage for a few summers. Vickie was quiet and got along nicely with no title. The "squash" part of the title was always accompanied by the gesture of pulling the chain of an old fashioned toilet. It was a squelch if that makes any sense at all. John picked up on the lingo immediately and used it to death. Gregg McCornack also did, so she, too, belonged in the squash category. I know Martha Mitchell was prone to saying squash quite often but I don't recall she was officially a squash. Dick Furman, whom we called Furman, was a Furman. I was also a Furman because the Star and Ace had deemed us both as being very naive. On one occasion, Furman was swinging on the swing on the McCornack's front porch. It was evening and the light on Diamond Island was blinking. All of a sudden he announced, "That light is moving" and then without skipping a beat and in a tone of complete revelation he said "Oh, no, it's me that's moving". Maybe 50 plus years later it's not that funny, but it was at the time and it was a typical Furmanism. At another time Kelly McCornack asked him to get some ice cubes from the refrigerator and remove them from the tray. He stood in front of the sink letting hot water pour over the tray for such a time that the cubes were all beginning to melt. Kelly began to scold him for ruining her precious ice cubes. He turned to her and in complete dead pan said,

"Madam, had it ever occurred to you that I might like small tiny minute ice cubes?" There was no question that I was a Furman. Thinking a French kiss was a kiss on the back of the hand, I held out my hand and asked Dick McCornack to French kiss me. He never let me forget that.

Dick Furman lived in what had been Dick Irving's (a TP legend) camp. His father, Howell, a quiet serious scientist, was the head of the chemistry department at Princeton. When he wasn't on the golf course with the likes of Clay Ward, Sr., Bill Nicholson, Howard Mitchell, Bob Drye and Bob Cartmell, he was sitting at his desk writing Chemistry books. The atmosphere in the Furman house was like that of a public library. Mrs. Furman, Hannah, was a warm, lovely person. Cataract problems kept her low key much of the time. Their other child, Carol, her husband and children came to T.P. only rarely and to us they were a whole generation ahead. After Dr. Furman's death, Hannah married Percy Van Zandt. Furman and I were a couple one summer. We went everywhere together especially out for spins in his boat. It was a Thompson boat with a large Mercury motor on it. At full speed it planed quite well even with both of us sitting in the back. We hit some waves quite hard one day and my back has never been quite the same. We were an item, as I said, until my friend from high school, Astrid, came to visit. Furman was smitten. After that we really never talked again.

Buster and his sister Pepi Nicholson were not around very much. They were usually in Florida where they had learned to water ski, an art they introduced to TP. Pepi was the perfect coed - a pretty smile and blond hair. Buster was a man of tall tales which he would tell with much enthusiasm. Run that by me again: you drove a car through a spot which was narrower than the width of the car? There were even more tales after he and Furman drove the Pep-Bus up the lake, through the locks and into the St. Lawrence and Canada one summer.

Crayton was our chief ukelele player and led us in such songs as "Five Foot Two and Eyes of Blue". The summer after his graduation from Exeter, a number of his fellow singers in the Exeter Peacquacks visited TP. There was lots of music then. Crayton inherited his musical bent from his father who was head of the music department at Middlebury College. He also inherited, most enviably, both his father's and his mother's dimples. All that and an accomplished water skier, no wonder he was "Star" of the gang or was it "Ace"?

Molly Bedford, whose husband was Ward and eldest son was Ted, called all the members of her family Wa-Te-Crayte according to Crayton. She was Betty Nicholson's sister. Most afternoons the two would swim from the Nicholson's dock to the float doing the breast stroke and talking non stop.

Marilyn Falby was a native of Charlotte. Her grandfather was the town doctor for many years. By the time I knew her, her family had moved to Burlington. She was the oldest of four; twin brothers Frank and Fred and Dickie. Her parents both worked so she, the sensible older sister,

was responsible for her brothers. Fred was the kind hearted and Frank, the clever one. Neither was noted for using the best judgment, but at that age, few are. Dickie was very goodlooking and always helped it along by keeping his hair perfectly combed. One summer when Marilyn was in college, Mary Hagar was called in to take care of the family. She thinks back on that job as being one of her greatest challenges.

Janet Brown was not around all the time. Her family shared the Simpson cottage with other relatives so she was usually in that camp for half the summer. I don't remember her involvement with any of our stupid antics.

Mr. Rutter was actually a native of Vermont but had gone to Texas to make his fortune in the oil business. There was no doubt that Dorothy Rutter was the apple of her father's eye. Her siblings, a set of twin girls, Char and Alex, and a brother, Bill, were somewhat older. Their house was huge by comparison to ours and the property included a large garage and quite a bit of land. Their speed boat was also the top of the line. Dorothy looked amazingly like Elizabeth Taylor, figure and all, and when driving that speed boat hardly went unnoticed by Stanton, Clay etc.

Finally, way off there somewhere at the end of a dark winding path lived the Mitchells. Five kids, all talented in some way. Martha and Glen were our contemporaries. When Lorraine, the oldest, was around she was part of the group, too. They were best known for their dry wits and "south of the Mason Dixon Line" accents. One was sure to laugh heartily in their company. Mr. Howard Mitchell, took a real vacation from his job as conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, D.C. When he wasn't out on the golf course, he was trolling by our camp with Jerry, Andy, Glenn and the requisite number of fishing lines dragging behind. It was an almost daily ritual. But, did they ever catch any fish?

One evening in the summer of 1951, Diana had a party up in town to which everyone was invited, that is, except me, because we had not yet arrived at TP. McCornack was told he had to be back by midnight. Being an obedient fellow, he was home by midnight. Ditty waited out on the road for him. Dick climbed out the window and drove back to the party with her. Kelly was ever so mad when she found out. She called Mac in Washington and between them they decided that the punishment should be grounding for the rest of the summer. It also somehow became a punishment for Gregg and Sarah, too, as they were house bound as well. But then nothing was logical. The gang was devastated. At first we discovered we could meet him at the post office in town when he made his daily trip there, but soon Kelly got wise. She did allow us to correspond but we couldn't see him. And, there was no use cheating. Sarah would surely tattle. With time on his hands, all kinds of chores got done. Kelly rarely had to cook or clean and Dick's imagination had lots of time to create. Toward the middle of August, about the time of Dick's and Gregg's birthdays, Kelly began to relent. She decided to throw a birthday party for them. The invitations were most imaginative, especially the want ad that ran in the Free Press. Bear in

mind that she was known as the bull whip, that she was on the short side not known for her legs and clearly had a cracked top. The date was the telephone number; the number of rings, the hour. Squash was the word we inserted in almost every sentence. The party was a great hit. We entered the same route Dick had used to escape, up a ladder and through a window. In the living room was the most monstrous spider web I have ever seen with prizes at the end of each string. It must have taken days to create.

When I first knew him, Dick McCornack was a student at Dartmouth College. He had two younger sisters, Gregg and Sarah. His Mother, Kelly, was known as the whip, or more precisely, the bullwhip. All of her children and the members of the gang called her whip to her face. The summer of the McCarthy hearings was the first time I recall getting to know the whip and the workings of this unusual family. Everyone in the household was very much involved with McCarthyism. The crackling radio was always on. It was very serious stuff and guests were pretty much required to be interested, too. Kelly spent the dark hours of most days playing bridge, etc. and the daylight hours sleeping. For good reason, hushed entertaining happened in the kitchen only, usually around the dinette table. Kelly's bedroom was above the living room. God help you if you woke her up. In spite of all, the kitchen, paneled in knotty pine and much fancier than most of the others on the Point, was a friendly place, especially on a rainy day. None of us seemed to mind, in fact, it was rather fun to be set to work peeling potatoes, stringing beans or doing dishes. We also played board games, card games and dreamt up some of our adventures, such as the trip to Diamond Islands. Dick had Irish good looks, a nervous twitch or two or even three and a fabulous way with words. Our most imaginative ideas came from him. It was because Kay Currier had said that she would rather have a ruined daughter than a dead one that the plan for the Diamond Island trip was formulated. It was to be on an evening when at sun down the lake was calm. We would all paddle down to the Islands for a picnic supper. If the weather pattern that day were typical, the wind would start to come up after sundown and we would not be able to return. Scandal on Thompson's Point. We would have to spend the night. The island where the duck blind was located would be for the girls. How chivalrous. The boys would tough it out on the other island. Canoes were collected, enough for everyone. One was propped up against the McCornack's fence and alas, someone backed a car into it a few days before the planned outing. It could no longer be used. With not enough canoes for everyone, the trip HAD to be cancelled, or was it really that we had chickened out? Now we were on to something else.

The Champlain Valley Fair was held toward the end of August every year in the Burlington area. The big draw was to watch the Bostwick horses race. Otherwise it was a typical fair. That year some of us had gone during the day. The Ace and the Star had decided to go in the evening, leaving the rest of us home. This didn't sit too well. Marilyn Falby invited us all to come to her house that evening, the heck with the Ace and Star. We played our favorite game, Charades. At that time Pete was the caretaker. His predecessor was a man named Lucier who had a very, very large family. The odds that one of offspring might, in due course, land in jail was rather good. And, indeed, his son Vincent had been sent to the Waterbury Penitentiary. In the news that day, we learned that Vincent had escaped a few days before. Even though the family no longer lived at the Point, we were sure he would return to his old home at Thompson's Point, to seek refuge. We were a bit on edge but played charades as usual. Some of us sat on the day bed under one of the only windows in the living room. Others faced the window. Suddenly in the window a face, with some kind of white thing draped around it appeared. The scream that was let out was blood

curdling. Furman was ever so brave. He held the curtains closed just in case the face returned. Marilyn locked the doors. Fortunately before we all lost complete control, Crayton and Dick announced that they were indeed the face in the window. They had tired of the fair and returned earlier than expected. With great relief we regrouped and spent the rest of the evening hashing and rehashing the drama. Vincent was later caught and sent back to Waterbury.

In August 1949, the Essex Marina sponsored its first regatta. Held on a Sundays, sailboats raced in the morning and motor boats in the afternoon. We would arrive in time to watch the motor boats pollute the air and water, 1950's style. At the regatta, the first boat to arrive would drop anchor and the others then tied to it. Sometimes there were quite a few boats and the idea that we could remain in a stationary position was ridiculous. Boat hooks, bumpers and lines were all necessary pieces of equipment, that is aside from dry matches and a church key. Don Hammond from Thompson's Point, a flautist by profession, who played with some of the big bands of the thirties like Kate Smith's, and a motor boat racer by hobby, was the only person we knew who entered any of the races. I have no idea what kind of boat he had but I do know it had what seemed to be a very big engine. The slapping of the bow against the water and the whine of the engine at sundown when the wind had died down were very convincing but somewhat marred the peace and tranquility of that time of day. His boat and the Bolo Babe, a long sleek prohibition rum runner generally competed. The latter was said to have an airplane engine and usually won if it didn't flip over. There were many "speed boats" at the Point in the 50's; mohogany stained Chris Crafts with inboard engines. Rumor had it at the time that Gil Shaw purchased his boat and the seller threw in the camp as part of the deal. What, a deal? Mary, his daughter, spent much frustrating time trying to get the engine to turn over. Speed boats were owned by the Cartmells, the Bedfords, the Rutters, the Reids and the Nicholsons. The latter was named the "Pep Bus "for the Nicholson kids, Pepi and Buster and the Reids, the "North Wind". All were used primarily for water skiing. Before and sometimes after skiing the bottomless tank had to be filled. Since the marina had not been built, it had to be filled in Essex. Hey, it was the gas guzzling 50's!

The North Wind (purchased in 1955) was aptly named. There were many north winds, when riding in it was particularly exciting. On one occasion Ditty, Mary, Stanton and I drove it over to Essex for the annual regatta there, only to find that the races had been cancelled. The ride over had been somewhat rough and it had begun to rain. The wind was not dying down, if anything it was getting stronger. We or I decided that we should go and visit my mother's aunt and wait out the weather. Mother's Aunt Nilla lived in Greystone, the big grey house north of the ferry landing. Her husband's sister was my grandmother, so she was a relative by marriage. She was a Hand of the Learned Hand family, a former justice of the Supreme Court. The family was from Elizabethtown, New York, not far from Essex. I don't know why she ended up in Essex, but I know she lived there many years. We, looking completely bedraggled, knocked at the door and were greeted by the maid who was in the midst of preparing lunch. It was to be chicken for two,

vegetables for two, and dessert for two. Now it was chicken, etc. for six. Aunt Nilla was a formal Victorian lady through and through, complete with accent, perfect posture and a gros grain ribbon with cameo which she wore around her neck. She never missed a beat. It was as if she had been expecting us, except that the portions were on the small side. I truly think she enjoyed every minute of it. Mother thought of it as "gulp". After lunch we decided to head back to Thompson's Point. The wind was not being very cooperative. Sometime before, Crayton had tried to teach me how to drive the boat in a strong wind by riding on the crest of the wave. I never really caught on completely, but that afternoon I attempted to practice the art. Ditty got down behind the front seat where she just prayed. Mary was behind the seat, too, but more because it was the only place she could hope to get her cigarette lit. Stanton was the moral support. Generally at such times and this was no exception, there would be a welcoming committee of sorts with binoculars, standing on the cliff in front of the Reid camp. The committee, usually a committee of one, generally did not have a happy expression on its face. I could expect a lecture. Note: At some unknown time, the picture changed. Now it was Mother and Daddy who were making the questionable judgement calls, the ones to be worried about. Often when they were out in their sailboat, the No Wind, another aptly named boat, the Pauls would come to their rescue. Now pay back time, the lecture would come from one of us.

The old light house at Split Rock was just waiting to be explored by us. The grey stone house where the keeper had once lived had been abandoned for some time. Now there was an automatic light and no one was required to live there. One afternoon, four of us set out in two different boats to have a look around. The former keeper's departure seemed to have been somewhat hasty. There were a number of household items still in the cupboards, the most notable of which was an English Breast Pump, still in its original box. No sooner had we helped ourselves to this precious breast pump than we imagined we had heard a noise and that someone coming. So as fast as we could we got into the boats and headed out of there, terrified but happy with our acquisition. We had the perfect plan for it. Mrs. Hicks! Ethel was an older woman whose figure was justified by her age. She apparently was self conscious about it. The breast pump, which we left on her back porch, was not a welcomed gift.

As time went on we ventured off the point more and on one particular evening we decided to pay a visit to Ecole Champlain, the girl's French camp across the bay. We were very aware of the camp's existence as the program chairman had a habit of scheduling sailing outings on calm days and canoe outings on very windy ones. More than once the girls had to pull the canoes out onto the Big Dock and wait for a change in the weather. On this particular evening we arrived at the entrance to the camp in two cars. After much discussion as to what would be the most risqué thing we could possibly do, it was decided that the girls would scream, as if being abducted. They would scream Epar, as if the french oriented leaders could possibly translate Epar into Rape spelled backwards. Mary had master minded the whole thing. I don't think we got chased off the premises. That part has not stuck with me. Epar has.

Automobiles also afforded us a chance to pay visits to the A&W Rootbeer stand in Burlington. It was a typical drive-in where the girls came out and hooked a tray to the side of the car. We would order rootbeers, of course, not so much for the rootbeer as for the mug itself and then hope we could go off with a few without getting caught. Howard Johnson's was another target. We tested more than one waitress by asking her to name all 28 flavors. Regardless, I always ended up ordering chocolate chip. It was the best.

The other memorable party the summer of '51 was the party Electra Bostwick and Mimi Thompson threw on the Ti. (Electra was the oldest of four girls, Electra, Lily, Dundeen and Elliott. What great names.) Everyone got all dressed up, as dressed up as we got for the club suppers; dresses, stockings high heeled shoes or sometimes capezios and of course our Guy Cheng jewelry and ties and jackets for the boys. The Ti sailed out of Burlington across the lake to Willsboro Bay. For four and a half hours we danced and ate. None of us realized then that it would be the last time we would ever sail on her. Not long after that a railroad track was laid which transported her from the lake to that area west of Route 7 where she would eventually reside.

Another one of a kind event was the PTA bazaar at the Charlotte Central School. Surely it was one of the highlights of that summer for the farmers in town. At the time I was particularly taken by the fact that a number of the women from town came with their hair still in curlers. Exactly what other event was going to happen that day and be more important than this bazaar or was it that their hair was always in curlers? I still don't know. It was then that I was introduced to sugar on snow. The organizers had, the previous winter, stored snow in the freezer lockers then located near the Charlotte railroad station. This snow was used as a base for a very different local specialty. Over a dish of snow was poured piping hot maple syrup which had been thickened to the consistencey of caramel sauce. With the ultra sweet maple syrup one ate dill pickles and if there was enough room in ones stomach, doughnuts. It was topped off with a cup of coffee. We all tried it, but I decided that in midwinter it might hit the spot better than in midsummer.

Pete and Edith Laberge were the caretakers. Vermonters through and through. Relatives of theirs lived in a big farm house at the intersection of TP and Greenbush roads. During the years we had no phone, messages (urgent ones) could be left and received there. Pete, Edith and their three boys, John, Carl and Claude lived year round in the cottage at TP. Edith (or Edit as Pete called her) took beautiful care of all her boys and did housework for families on the Point. Pete was there for any problem, from replacing a cotter pin on an outboard motor to fixing a plugged up toilet and always very cheerfully. Every day he was seen going up to the pump house to check the water. Once a week Jimmy McDurfee of fishing fame, came by and collected the garbage.

Some modernizing has certainly been for the good. In the pre-sanitation system days, those of septic tanks, an evening walk down the path could be an experience one would prefer not to think about too much. Some spots were particularly bad. After a rainy spell the area in front of the Gibbs' was a veritable swamp complete with mosquitoes. Thankfully now we no longer have to monitor our showers quite so closely or wash the dishes without rinsing.

But, I am showing my age. The good old days when a summer vacation was from the day after school let out in June to the day before it began again in September are over. A few short years of walks down the path when everyone sitting on the front porches of the cottages had a name I knew, are gone, but the memories are not. The Diamond Islands are still there, as is Split Rock and one can still see East and West Bouquet even on a foggy day. But it isn't the same. Gone, before they ever got to enjoy the golden years at TP, Jesse Gibbs style, just rocking on the front porch, are Jack, Ditty, Furman, Mary, McCornack, Buster, Johnny, Andy, Diana, Carl, Frank. Fortunately they left their legacies and TP wouldn't be TP without them

This is a list of the people I knew were at TP in the early 1950's.

Jack and Kay Currier	Jack and Ditty
Howell and Hannah Furman	Dick
Opie Openshaw, Carrie Roder and Ida Peene	
Russell and Marion Williams	Mary
Clay and Marion Ward	Liz and Clay
Bob and Lorraine Drye	Rob and Ann
George and Ethel Hicks (The Ruggs Live Here)	
Jesse Gibbs	
Don and Jocelyn Gibbs	Donny and Ruthie
Mac and Kelly McCornack	Dick, Gregg and Sarah
Bill and Betty Nicholson	Pepi and Buster
Ned and Dot Fuller	

Pat and Helene Moore
Tex and Jean Rixford
Jud and Fran Booth
Bunny Massacar
Bill and Dorothy Rutter
Ward and Molly Bedford
Bill and ? Carroll
Bea and Brown
Bob and Eve Simpson
Bill and Sally Hall
Sid and Eleanor Falby
Ernest and Isola Braun
(The Indian's house)
George and Edith Mascott
The Palmers
The Bicknells
Howard and Alma Mitchell
Bob and Ellie Cartmell
Gil Shaw
George and Kitty Hagar

Barlow and Peg Reid
Bond Davis
Fritz and Mary Shepherdson
(Col.) Elbridge Colby and Margaret and ? Eagan
Bob and Madge Hawley
The Sacketts
Don and Janice Hammond

Rhodes and Connie Bucklin
Guy and Barbara Cheng

Bill and Helen Williams

Mike and Dougie

Jud and Bobby

Bill, Char, Alex and Dorothy
Ted and Crayton

Janet and Squeaky

Marilyn, Frank, Fred, Dickie
Carl

Ted and Chuck

Don
Lorraine, Glenn, Martha, Jerry and Andy
Jane, Jimmy and Katie
Mary
Mary, Hank and Bonnie

Peggy, Johnny, Billy and Caroline

Dickie and

Diana, Stanton and Becky

