Pond. Several persons have childhood memories of being carried on their father's back in knapsacks or old mail carrier bags along such paths. At the time the Stillwater area was growing up to evergreens, it was good rabbit cover there so it was a sure source of a meal any day. A boyhood memory of Charles Lord is of a Sunday trip in the first quarter of this century on a power handcar from Groton to Tin Pan having inveigled the local section boss to furnish transportation and spend the day with them at camp. Perhaps the most ardent fisherman was Henry Goodwin of Groton. After he retired from active business life he could be seen in his brown boat fishing every Sunday. Under his direction young lads of two generations learned all the fundamentals of the technique and art of fishing. This regular visitor was also the best of berry pickers and could fashion a pail of birch bark if an unexpected crop of blackberries was discovered during a hike. With little encouragement he could be persuaded to bake a batch of "graham gems" should he have arrived in time for breakfast. There were also women who made fishing their hobby. Mrs. Clara Clark of Barre would stay out most of a summer day up to her 80th year trying her luck.

IX

The Camps

In these days of living museums such as restorations and reconstructed villages one can observe a clear picture of what the way of life was like in colonial times and the years which followed. As yet no one has

opened an "Old Lake Groton" museum but there are still a few camps that remain almost as they were built and furnished in the early nineteen hundreds. Really the set up was mostly a few years behind the times, as it was the rule to send all equipment that needed to be discarded to camp. Nothing at that time seemed too old that it could not be repaired and used at the Pond. Now it seems nothing is too good for camp.

The plans for the early camps never laid on an architects drawing board because the design was purely utilitarian. Usually the result was a narrow rectangular building of two stories and with as few windows as possible. Winter protection seemed to have been kept more in mind than summer living. The roofs were steeply slanted to assist snow to slide off. Heavy undivided board shutters were fabricated to be bolted over the windows when Labor Day came around. Tar paper covered the roofs and the first task of spring along with painting boats was to tar the seams. Often open porches were added to the front and perhaps the two sides. By 1915 a few cottages were built with attractive lines. The White cottage at the south end was a replica of a 90's town house. Clarence Wells showed his training as a master carpenter—selecting excellent quality wood and a low design he built a shingled cottage fitting in with its location over the water's edge to take full advantage of the view. The first camps were put up by the owners themselves—the men all must have been good builders because none of the cottages collapsed and most are still standing and used. The young chaps were sent off to cut poles to be used as beams. Untrimmed tree trunks were also used as supports for the roofs of the porches. All were painted, barn red, brown, grey—not using the traditional white of the Vermont village houses.

Do-It-Yourself in building here still persists. For example, Ernie Desilets has transformed a small duck blind shelter on a point into a most charming modern cottage. Also Rev. A. H. Coons gradually adding each year constructed a rustic log house in a grove of birch trees. And Cliff Jones designed and built a convenient one floor plan camp taking advantage of a wide sweeping view of the length of the Pond. Several others have had success with prefabricated types.

Inside there were few attempts at interior decoration. The walls were bare wood with construction in evidence. But the wood mellowed with the years. The posts and the later two-by-fours were fine places to record the height of children at the beginning and end of

summer. Prize sized fish were always carefully recorded and their exact outlines drawn. The porches were resting places for all kinds of equipment—oars, fish poles (always hung high) sails, canoe paddles and cushions. Some campers wrote out the extraordinary events on the back of a door while others kept a log book or at least a guest book. Remarks by guests are most entertaining:

July 4, 1911—Fourteen guests today. "We picked 6 1/2 quarts of blueberries on the opposite shore and caught 33 perch."

May 30, 1912—Guests up for the day. "We left you a good saw, a hammer, screwdriver and part of a monkey wrench."

August 3, 1919—"We skidded down the path from Rocky Point Station to a nice cup of ginger tea at the camp."

August 8, 1918—"Very heavy rain fell in the night which showed in the projecting rocks in front and to the right of the cottage being almost submerged. One hundred thirty-seven gallons of water were bailed from the Dory."

November 21, 1936—"Ice enough to walk on."

April 26, 1939—"Ice went out of the lake."

Information about guests at Groton Pond often appeared as items in the Groton Times:

August 21, 1903—"Ralph and Waldo Pillsbury and Jesse Heath and George Whitehill are camping at Groton Pond."

August 21, 1903—"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ross were at Groton Pond over Sunday, the guests of Sewell Carpenter."

The cottages were built to be used for two months from July 4th till Labor Day when the school bell rang again. In June only fishermen dared face the blackflies and mosquitoes before the days of "Off" etc. Few camps had fireplaces—the old-fashioned range and the school house stoves gave heat when the winds were cold or a three day rain descended. A fire had to be built in the kitchen range for cooking every meal unless one had a kerosene stove with small portable ovens on top of burners for quick cooking. These stoves needed an experienced cook because a drop of water could cause them to flame up to the ceiling and explosions were always possible. The well used furniture always included a dining table with many leaves to accommodate a crowd of guests. The beds and mattresses were certainly the worst example of "cast offs" but one was supposed to be so weary at the end of the day that comfort did not matter. The rocking chairs and hammocks always seemed in good shape. The dishes and cooking utensils are now treasured antiques. A large cast iron sink had no running water but the kitchen range reservoir held a good supply of hot water. Kerosene lamps were used in the camp at night and a lantern carried to see the way to the far too distant outhouse. In these days before radio and TV, bedtime was 9 o'clock. Aladdin lamps hanging from the ceilings later gave the camper his first opportunity to read easily at night.

As to food, it was partly a case of "living off the land" with fish and berries always needed. Home canned vegetables and meat stew, bread, rolls, biscuits, pies baked in the range oven were a standard menu. Fried salt pork served with cream sauce was a favorite camp dish. Should anyone come in with fresh supplies they had to be eaten soon in those pre-refrigerator days. Milk and butter were hung in the well or a nearby spring or brook. Today's standbys of hamburgers and frankfurters had to wait another generation for their popularity.

Later the old ice refrigerators from town were brought out. Men who were expert cutters were hired for one day to cut the blocks of ice in winter. This meant a building was needed for storage. The blocks were packed away in sawdust and tongs were needed to handle them. The most remembered activity which came with this "ice age" was the making of home made ice cream. Sunday afternoon was a favorite time for this. The cream, sugar, and flavor, custard, strawberry, lemon etc. were carefully mixed, put into the metal freezer packed in ice (crushed in a burlap bag with axe) and rock salt in a wood pail. The handle was clamped to the top and many took turns at churning at just the right tempo until it was pronounced frozen. Removing the ladle caused a breathless moment until most of the ice cream had been scraped from it back into the container. This was then put on a plate to be licked by all the children. The best cooks brought out their delicious cakes to the party. In these "instant" days waiting around under the pines while the ice cream was made may sound rather dull, but the results were delicious. It was exciting waiting for something good to happen.

Other things that were used then but now are seen infrequently include the old-fashioned corn popper—a wire basket with a wire cover and a long wood handle. The corn was put in to cover the bottom and then the popper was shaken again at just the proper height over hot coals or the top of the kitchen range. The delicious white kernels received a generous amount of melted butter, salt-to-taste and surely no better popcorn has since been served.

In the housekeeping department the old scrubbrush was worn down at the end of the summer. The mouse trap was always baited. Mentioning mice recalls the six screens made almost room size that were put together to hold all the bedding during the winter. These storage devices were hooked firmly together and called "the cage". One Labor Day "Rascal", the Clark's cat, was missing and was discovered next day in their cage where he had found a comfortable bed among the patchwork quilts while closing up chores were being done.

There was a time in the 1890's and early 1900's when the thing to do in the good old summer time was to send mother and the children to the country. This often meant a fashionable resort by the ocean or a large lake. Several families from nearby Vermont towns chose Groton Pond probably because it was not a fashionable place, and therefore

for children at least much more delightful. But while the young folks were on the constant energetic search for fun what did the mothers do for their holiday? Their first concern was housekeeping. The standards of town were kept up in spite of slightly primitive conditions. They loved the challenge and the freedom from polishing mahogany furniture and shining silver.

They wore cotton dresses with long skirts and donned manila straw hats with large brims while picking berries which was their chief out-

door occupation. The east shore where the forest had been burned offered a supply of blueberries from which one could fill a milk pail in an afternoon. With raspberries one made slower progress but equal harvest. The charred trees offered some interference and certainly blackened faces and clothes.

These mothers contented themselves with just dipping their feet in the water—no swimming except for Mrs. Shaw, who had grown up by the ocean. She taught all the young how to swim. The mothers hands were never idle, knitting wool or lace, making beautiful braided rugs out of rags, even cutting and sewing old black cotton stockings together to make quilts. These proved heavy and gave little warmth. Probably patch work quilts were the most popular handwork. These brave mothers came out to stay with children of all ages and must have had to cope with many kinds of emergencies, but there is no record of any of them giving up and going home. They all enjoyed the change.

X

"Telling it Like it Was—1915"

A typical letter written by a teenager who visited Groton Pond in 1915 is perhaps the best means of transporting us back to those days. This was of course long before "teenager" was a part of our language. This true picture is an entirely fictional account of young people of that time.

August 5, 1915

Dear Mother,

We arrived at Aunt Clara's yesterday and I shall be leaving Barre for home on Monday. I promised to write an account of my visit by describing what we did each day. Aunt Edith helped by reminding me. She didn't have any ink because it froze in the bottle last winter—no more bottle either so I scribbled with pencil. I hope you received the card I sent out with Uncle Charles when he came out on Wednesday. The place was so different from anywhere I have ever been (of course I haven't been away from home too often). We came up on the afternoon train—passing through dense forests. Getting off at Rocky Point,

we climbed down a steep winding path to the water's edge. Elsie picked some Indian Pipe beside the path. I wish I could bring you some. After we all were seated in the dory boat the last boy pushed it off the shore. Then Bob was chosen to row, but they all screamed at him about rocks until if I had been him I would have dumped them all. The waves were showing white caps in the distance and I felt too, too close to the water but then I had never been in a row boat before. It was great to see Aunt Edith and little Nina on the dock at the cottage. I shall have to wait until I see you to tell you all about the camp. Aunt Clara tells me supper will be ready soon so I must close.

Much love,
Marjorie

P. S. The so-called diary is enclosed.

Monday: We started the day very early by going fishing. It was quite a scramble for the four of us to get settled in the boat with our long bamboo poles. A cork was attached to each line about midway and it bobbed furiously when a fish bit. The bait was worms that we brought from the garden in town. They keep these worms in a box of earth and feed them corn meal, watering them often and keeping the box in a cool place. Between us by breakfast time we had caught half a milk pail full of large perch. I refused to bait my hook or take off a fish, but they all declared the next time I would be on my own. Also I hit Fred in the face twice landing one fish! Believe it or not we had to clean enough fish for breakfast but when we walked in there was a large pan of freshly baked cinnamon rolls on the table (Wednesday—fresh doughnuts). Oh, the fish were delicious fried in bacon fat.

By this time you will be wondering about all the dresses I packed—they are still packed! I had to borrow a camp outfit. I am wearing blue serge bloomers, a middy blouse, black cotton stockings and sneakers because the only way to be surefooted on all these rocks is to have rubber soles. Today I saw a little neighbor girl named Priscilla climbing the rocks on the shore while her father followed along the edge of the water in a boat. The boys seem to wear old patched clothes. We were assigned chores during the morning—some housework for the girls. I cleaned lamp chimneys with pieces of newspaper for the final shine. Also filled the lamps with kerosene. The boys chopped two days supply of wood and cleaned the boats.

After lunch the whole crowd of young folks in the bay set out for

an afternoon of swimming at the log pile. Here is a sandy beach and a safe sandy bottom extending a long way out. I bumped my knee on a submerged log. The swimming suit I brought is perfect, just like the other girls. I think we all looked very smart in the blue serge bloomers under the short skirt and blouse trimmed with white braid. I know you thought them too short, mother, but I wish we didn't have to worry with stockings, bathing shoes, and even the caps aren't very attractive. I found the water rather cold and shivered in the heaviness of the soaked suit. We had to play games like duck on the rock and run races to feel warm between swims.

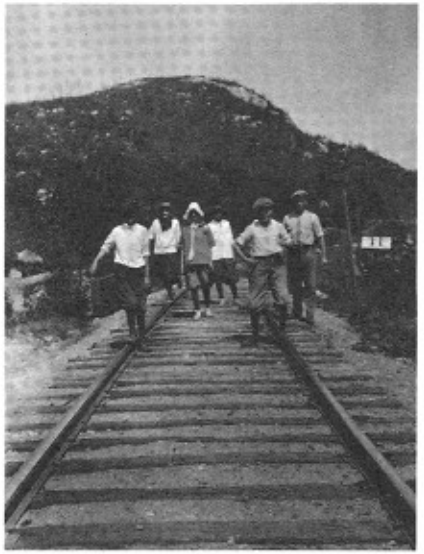
The boys suits are lighter being blue and white striped jersey with no sleeves. They look like a long shirt covering their short pants. I have to use water wings till I can learn to swim. How the rest made any progress in their practice on long distant swimming dragging around all those clothes I'll never know. Some beginners in the art of swimming who did not have store bought "water wings" for "life preservers" use two empty maple syrup cans in a bransack sewed up on the end and tied twice in the middle.

Tuesday: Monday evening was as full of activity as the day but I was so sleepy I could not write about it. One of the exciting things about this place is going to be that there are plenty of boys up here—two from across the pond came over and stayed quite a while. We fished again after supper and managed to land a bass which Aunt Edith baked today. The signal for pulling up anchor was the first call of the whipporwill. "Whip-Poor-Will" is really his song. These birds begin to sing at a regular time each night. They sounded very far away in the woods but people say sometimes one will perch on a camp roof and keep sleep away. This morning I rowed down to Coltons with Esther to get two large pails of spring water. The camp has a well but spring water is best for drinking.

It was a clear, cool day, just right for a hike. After all the morning work was done we packed a lunch, the crowd gathered and walked the tow path to Rocky Point Station and then the Railroad to the foot of Owl's Head. There is a system for walking the railroad, the ties are too near together for one step, too many for two steps so it is a peculiar type of gait we used, one step on the cinder between—one two ties ahead. It was a narrow rough path we had to climb to the top of the mountain before we ate our picnic. The Moxie drink was very good.

The view was so wonderful away up above all the forest.

Aunt Edith wouldn't allow me to go canoeing tonight—haven't learned to swim yet. The other couples paddled out of sight soon. Roger D who is visiting at Gale's came over to sit on the rocks out front with me—he is a non-swimmer too.



Every night after bedtime a bat comes in to fly around the cottage. I hate them. Campers often try to catch them with a fish net. Also field mice intrude. All food has to be under cover. Last night one or two of these little animals (they are rather pretty light gray with long ears pink inside) ventured upstairs and ran along the rafters. One missed his footing and fell down on top of my bed. They tell me one fell into the water pitcher last summer and drowned. Traps are set with cheese every night to catch these little visitors. I like the chipmunks who stay outside. They are very tame and have a favorite snack—ginger cookies. A bull frog lives under the docks. They call him "Paddy-Gurr-Romp" because he croakes a great deal of the time.

Wednesday: We had to go down to Rocky Point to meet the early train as Uncle Will arrived loaded down with fresh vegetables and meat. He came out with us to swim at the log pile. The crowd showed off a lot—

getting in the canoes, tipping them over and going through the whole safety drill. I took a picture of the crowd holding the canoe above their heads while standing in the water. It was the first time I have used my new Brownie camera.

In the evening six of us rowed (at least I have learned to row) one oar apiece down to the mill to buy fresh milk and supplies at Mr. Miller's store in the boarding house. En route up the road past the big mill and blacksmith shop and stables catching grasshoppers was our chief activity. Some we saved to use as bait but I am afraid a few were taken and freed in the store. I spent some money on Necco wafers and "ice cream chocolates" out of the barrel of these vanilla cream centered candies that are tempting everyone. Barbara tells me the chocolate teddy bears in Groton are much better, but no trip to Groton for me—this time.

Thursday: It is raining today. I am writing between card games—Flinch and Hearts. The cards get very sticky as we made fudge and vinegar taffy and popped corn. Rain on the roof wakes me up in the night but it is a good sound and soon puts me to sleep again. Some of us may have nightmares tonight.

Friday: Swimming, boating and fishing always are on the schedule but today we picked berries—rasberries up by the railroad track. It took hours to fill our pails although the hundreds of bushes were loaded. The pies made out of these berries are simply delicious. I am hungry most of the time but there is certainly an abundance of food at every meal.

Saturday: The baked beans have been cooking all day—it is traditional to have baked beans and brown bread for supper on Saturdays. The big steamer here goes up and down the lake twice a day. Three of us went up Coldwater Brook and fished for trout. This really takes special skill but I do think it is the most fun. We had to walk so quietly and not talk while fishing. And you can see the fish bite because the water is so clear in the pools. I felt part of the life in the woods and could have settled there forever. We put the trout in small baskets lined with grass and they looked beautiful. Need I tell you our poles and lines were short. Mine was the small branch of a tree. The three Cole girls came

over with their father this afternoon. They sat out front at sundown and sang so sweetly everyone in the bay came out to listen.

Sunday: This has been a quiet day. Aunt Edith encouraged me to fill in all the blank spaces in my diary. We went on a long hike to a tall pine tree, the only large one left standing at Stillwater—they called it the "Lonesome Pine." We had great fun climbing it. Aunt Edith told us later one of the girls at the Pond had made her fiance climb with her to the very top of this tree to put her diamond ring on her finger. Sunday evening there was a church service at a minister's cottage and we all sang many hymns. The Batchelders across the water had an organ in their camp and played it tonight. All the family have beautiful voices so singing was soon heard too.

The days have seemed long here but I have had only happy times. I hope I can come again next summer. It is my great ambition to learn to swim and be able to go in the canoes down to the end of the Pond—see the dam and help portage the canoe along the path between Groton Pond and Rickers Pond. They say there are marvelous swimming pools in the brook between the ponds. In fact there are so many different things to do I may have to return two or three times. How about us building a camp at Groton Pond!

XI

Groton Trails

To my father, walking was much more than a prescribed exercise. As a boy on a farm, it was his only means of getting where he wanted to go. As he walked, he could observe and enjoy wonder and beauty in what he saw, hilltop views, flowers by the roadside, or birds and animals along the way.

Almost from the time I could walk, he took me with him on Sunday afternoon hikes or his brief vacations at camp. At Groton we often went in a group that included all the young people around. Mothers didn't worry when he took us. He had a wonderful sense of direction and never got lost, even in uncharted underbrush or forest fire debris. We followed the overgrown trails made for winter lumbering; then explored farther into the wilderness. Several of our routes have been mentioned elsewhere in this book. A summer at camp was never com-

plete unless we had traveled each one. We never tried for distance or speed. Even on rough ground, we swung along easily with rhythmic steps and breathing, feeling as if we owned the whole world.

Going up the brook to Osmore Pond, we sometimes took a side trip to the crest of Little Deer Mountain.

In 1913 we started at the Log Pile Beach, followed the pines which still mark the trail over the corduroy road to the foot of Big Deer Mountain, then through the second growth and up until we reached the base of the steep ledge on the eastern side of the mountain. That appeared to stop us; but Dad and two of the boys put their hands against the cliff for steps, and reaching for bushes that we hoped would not pull loose, up we went.

Mother was with us on that trip and waited while we made this part of the climb. Just after reaching the top, getting our breath, and exclaiming about the wonderful view in every direction, we noticed Mother high on a huge rock, waving her arms frantically and calling, "Come down! Hurry!"

We slid down quickly, thinking she might have seen a bear or a wildcat known to be around. The black flies and mosquitos had been eating her up. She calmed down enough to take our picture, grouped among the boulders. That we still have.

Another day Dad and I left the Coldwater Brook trail and turned

southeast over one end of the high hill nearest the lake. Then we went toward the east. I had never seen pitcher plants growing. Here were literally acres of them. We crossed the level swamp land and found lumber camp buildings, surrounded by beautiful wild flowers. From the height of land beyond, we could look across a valley to farm lands in Peacham.

The Forest Service has a map of trails around the lake, and keeps them open, I understand. For companionship, healthful exercise, and appreciation of God's out-of-doors, why not explore them? Too many of us take our mountain scenery and enjoyment of Nature only by way of TV, and miss the fun of first hand viewing and contact.

Evelyn B. Wells

XII

Motor Boats

During the early 1900's there were several other boats besides the steamer and row boats on the Pond. One was an 18 foot inboard launch which Charles Lord built himself. It had a two horsepower engine and was called the "Alice." It was restored by Franklin Clark and is called "08"—(the year it was built). All during the summer of '68 it ran smoothly. A similar one was owned by Pliny Gale Sr. Clarence Wells borrowed the pattern to construct his boat. Bert Shepard from the Plain-

field Camp had a boat about the same size which probably was the first on the lake. This may be seen beside the Cathrew Camp now. It was characteristic of Mr. Shepard to load his boat with people at about dusk and ride around the pond singing in unison. There were several other inboard launches belonging to Messrs. H. Hewitt, Foggy, Bottammi, Ball and Macey made by the owners. These campers were only carrying on the tradition of do-it-yourself practiced at this time. Charles D. Lord writes in some memories of life at Groton Pond. "One fall (in November about 1912) we were at our camp (Greystone) and we needed something to move a sheet iron heater from Lakeside to our camp. So my father, being quite handy, made a hand sled out of odds and ends, but to get the proper shape for the runners he needed something that could be steamed and bent. I remember he went over in the vicinity of Coldwater Brook with an axe and soon he came back with a suitable piece of brown ash which he proceeded to split, shape and steam bend for the sled runners. Thus he made a serviceable sled out of materials at hand without the aid of modern power tools, etc. It is still in the camp. To me it is visible proof of how the older generation could 'make do.' "

Groton Pond followed the pattern of all small lakes during the development of the outboard motor. Here Dean Edson had one of the first Evinrudes in 1920 and Franklin Clark a Lochwood Ash. These first motors were very noisy. As their number increased it seemed there were no quiet moments—not only did people worry about scaring away all the wild life, but wondered if the fish would disappear. Almost everyone now was driving to the lake in the new automobiles and although they made many stops to change tires and spark plugs (especially on the Orange Heights road) it seems quite in tune with the times that power should be required to run their boats (temperamental as these motors often were). Gradually silencers became standard equipment.

One afternoon Franklin Clark was motoring up the pond when he overtook Dr. William Lindsay, his future father-in-law, in his rowboat. He offered a tow. When the doctor was asked why he didn't buy one of these new outboard motors, he replied that, "He brought his children over to the pond for outdoor life and exercise and if they got to the point where they couldn't row a boat they had better not come over." One day in the 40's Elden Ball who had been working at Massena, N. Y. on the Seaway construction brought a new boat from there

back to his camp. Those who witnessed its first run were amazed to see it rise up and plane on the surface of the water at a great speed. An old timer could not believe his eyes—no longer need a boat just plow through the water. These outboard motors increased in horsepower until a 25 was common and a self starting device, a great convenience, saving the long strained muscles of arm and back not to mention tempers.

About ten years ago speed on the water was the status symbol. Sometimes it seemed all the water might be sprayed out of the lake and only mud and rock be left. The water skiing sport made 45 h.p. and higher desirable. Dean Edson of the third generation was the most consistent and ardent water skier during his high school and college days. He took every opportunity to practice from the time the ice went out till October arrived. His efforts brought him the state championship in competition at Burlington.

With the road most of the way around the lake and private roads built to the cottages, the traffic in boats has become less and less. Now the purpose is mostly the pleasure of being on the water, and the more leisurely trip is preferred cruising speed in a motor boat, by canoe, or slow party barge. The small sailboat is becoming popular. Races or regattas are held by the Montpelier Sailing Club on annual holidays like the Fourth of July and Labor Day. The old flat bottom blunt-end row boats are still rented by the state park and the novelty of rowing appeals to those who never had to row to get across or up the pond.

The impact of two world wars was felt by the campers. Those who were of the age for military service had to miss their vacations at the Pond. During the First World War news had to wait the reading of the newspapers. But by 1940 the radio gave us the horrible details of the Second World War as events happened. Most camps had "blackout" lamps. Perhaps those who could come to camp during these times felt as a friend wrote in Averill's guest book in 1941: "It sure has been quiet and peaceful and as far as we were concerned one would never know that the whole of Europe was in a turmoil." There was still left that atmosphere of isolation about the place.

XIII

The Civilian Conservation Corps

Two groups of the Civilian Conservation Corps were established in the Groton area in 1933. The depression days lingered and these young men unable to secure jobs in the large cities, came to do the work in the forest that was necessary before it could be opened up by the Recreation Development for the State. They lived under military discipline in barracks built at the top of the hill above Raymond Ricker's home and at Osmore Pond. The village youth were ready to ridicule the work of these corps boys for they had swung an axe since boyhood and realized this tool was so unfamiliar to these strangers.

But they went away without laughing because the C.C.C.s did a remarkable job of learning to clear and build. The corps cut the road from Rickers through the forest to Marshfield. An old local stone mason trained these boys to work with stone and mortar. Together they constructed the beautiful huge fireplaces at the Stillwater Picnic area, in the buildings at Osmore Pond and Owl's Head. The original excellent picnic and campground fireplaces were built by the crew and they are practically everlasting in quality. The C.C.C.s also did some reforestation and bush-whacked out trails for hiking up the streams and mountains. When opportunities for work increased in their home cities most of them left at the time the corps disbanded. But two of them married area girls and remained in Vermont. One Tony Pyne married Irene Gill and became Superintendent of Groton State Forest serving until his death in 1967. Michael (Mike) Murphy married Carline Page of Groton. They now live in St. Johnsbury but spend as much time as possible at their cottage. They have remodeled the old Miller camp at the head of the Pond. This house had originally been a logging camp in Coldwater Brook but was moved to its present location by a lumber company in the early 1900's.