

Henry, Murray and Barbara
Stevens
By Henry B Stevens



May with Henry spring of 1933 at the farm May and Joe started out married life with in Morrisville, Vt.



This is the first picture I have of myself, Oct 1934. I was about 14 months old; still a solo act, Murray would arrive later in the month. Over my right shoulder you will see a gambled barn roof. This was the farm May and Joe started out on milking cows. This ended soon as the herd developed mastitis, and we sold as beef, reducing the whole venture to zero. The farm still stands. It is on the left going out of town to Elmore, VT.



Our next home was on Maple St. Gram Spaulding lived next door.



This is still on Maple St and it looks like Henry's second year winter experience. I'm sure he is already planning his escape to Florida.



May and Henry July 19, 1935, at Shirley Morse's house next door to the Clark House.



Same day at Shirley Morse house. Henry Burt 23 months old. Murray Kent 9 months.



This photo is taken at Uncle Brush's camp at Lake Elmore, VT. I'm guessing Murray on the left is 3 and Henry on the right is 4 years old. We visited at the camp many times. The camp was the first one on the shore road branching off to the right after going by the general store in Elmore. The camp had originally been George W. Clark's office building sitting next to the house on Congress St. Francis, Uncle Brush, had the building moved, enlarged and made into a camp. Brush built a garage facing on the shore road and planted cedar trees on the remaining frontage hiding the camp. It has now been taken down and a year round house built in its place. (2002). May and Brush loved to swim in the lake. Joe went in once in a while. Here Murray and Henry learned to fish for sunfish and perch, shoot a bow and arrow when a bit older than this picture, all things Joe did not know or care much about. Later at Garfield Collins Pond camp Brush would teach use to shoot firearms, go hunting, and practice woods lore and observation. Murray had limited

interest in these subjects, but I was eager and attentive. Here at Elmore we had our brief time with our Aunt Ramona who died 1934? from TB.



This is at Pleasant View Cemetery in Morrisville, VT. It is a short distance up Maple St, Summer St and Congress St. Joe is buried here, as is Francis, Ramona, Harold, Bertha, Bert and Susie. Joe taught us boys about life, death, duty, work, and honesty. Looking at this picture I can just imagine the little talk he has just given us about his chance of an early death and that we promised him we would take care of May. Fortunately he lived a long and productive life, but at least I was reminded that his life was short at almost every meeting I ever had with him. Not a bad message, really.



The front room in the house on Summer St is still very vivid in my memory. As is the woodshed- source of heat for our house and heat for my bottom on many occasions. This is where I have so many memories because this is the start of my conscience. I learned to read here, walk in the woods, work in the garden, take piano lessons, build model airplanes, read the newspapers of WWII, sit in May or Joe's lap and listen to poetry

readings, see my grandmother Bertha and actually start living who I am today. In my experience, at least, the boy was the father of the man.

From the right is Henry, Murray and Harold Atwood Clark, son of Francis and Ramona. Harold dies when he was 10 years old.

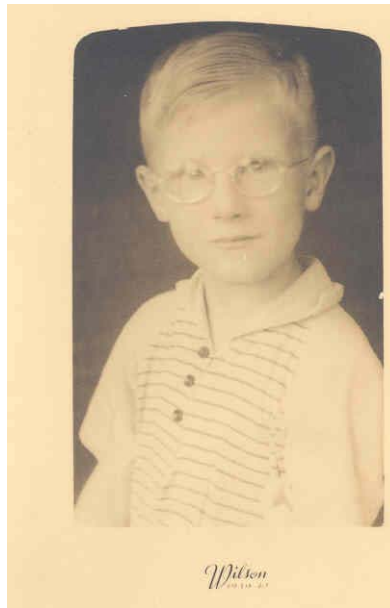
There is a picture, which I need to get, of the Cavalry from Montpelier lined up on Maple St for a 4th of July parade in 1912? which shows the land for Pleasant View Cemetery in the background. There is on large headstone visible. It is the Clark headstone. George Washington Clark gave the land for the cemetery and the first people buried there were his first wife, May Elvira and their infant son. Francis Clark also lost his first wife Ramona and young son Harold. Francis and May were George W Clark's second family, and Francine, Carolyn and Robert are Francis's second family.



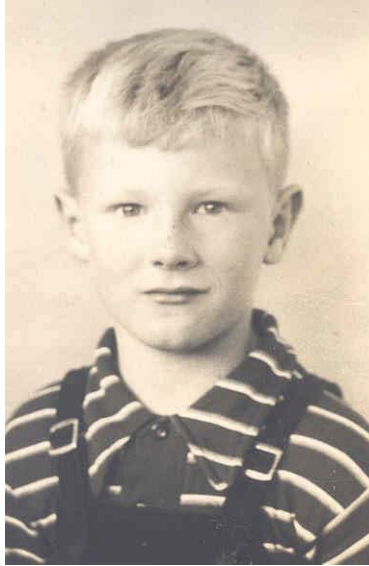
A picture from the Summer St days. Notice the glasses. Henry has been completely dependant on glasses all his life, Murray not as dependant.



Here is group capable of causing serious trouble. We are juicing up on rhubarb getting ready for our next adventure. August 1939 on the side porch of Bobby Jones grandmother's house. From the left, Jim King, Murray, Bob Jones and Henry.



Henry, grade 1, age 6 years, 2 months, in my Mother's handwriting. No guessing here.



Henry, grade 2, age 7 years, 2 months, again my Mother's handwriting so I know this is correct. I'll be 69 years old in a few days, August 24, 2002, and this picture represents a mile stone for me. It was in the second grade I learned that the authorities could impound my body, but they couldn't impound my mind. My usual response when called on by the teacher was, "huh?"



Here is Barbara May Stevens 8 1/2 months, again Mother's writing. This is when things start getting good for the Stevens Family. There is a large story to tell here. But will wait for a few pages.



Same day, but here is Barbara and Francine Clark. The importance of this picture is that it shows the cousins, one year apart in age; a story that has many yet unwritten chapters.



A stand up of Princess Muggsie and also a good shot of the house on Irasburg St, Orleans, Vt



Murray Kent Stevens, Irasburg St, Orleans, Vt.



This set of buildings was our home on Irasburg St, Orleans, Vt. It stands today (2002). The building on the left was a machine shop type building. Strong construction, 2x6 flooring and remnants of overhead shafting. The second story above the porch was a three rooms and full bath apartment that were rented to Mr and Mrs Joe Springer. Joe Springer was a woodsman, hunter, trapper, fisherman, who worked at the furniture mill in the middle of Orleans. He would coach me in my outdoor activities but rarely took me

with him anywhere. My Uncle Brush, however, took me with him hunting and fishing whenever I was down to the camp in Garfield, VT. The Stevens family lived in the rest of the house.



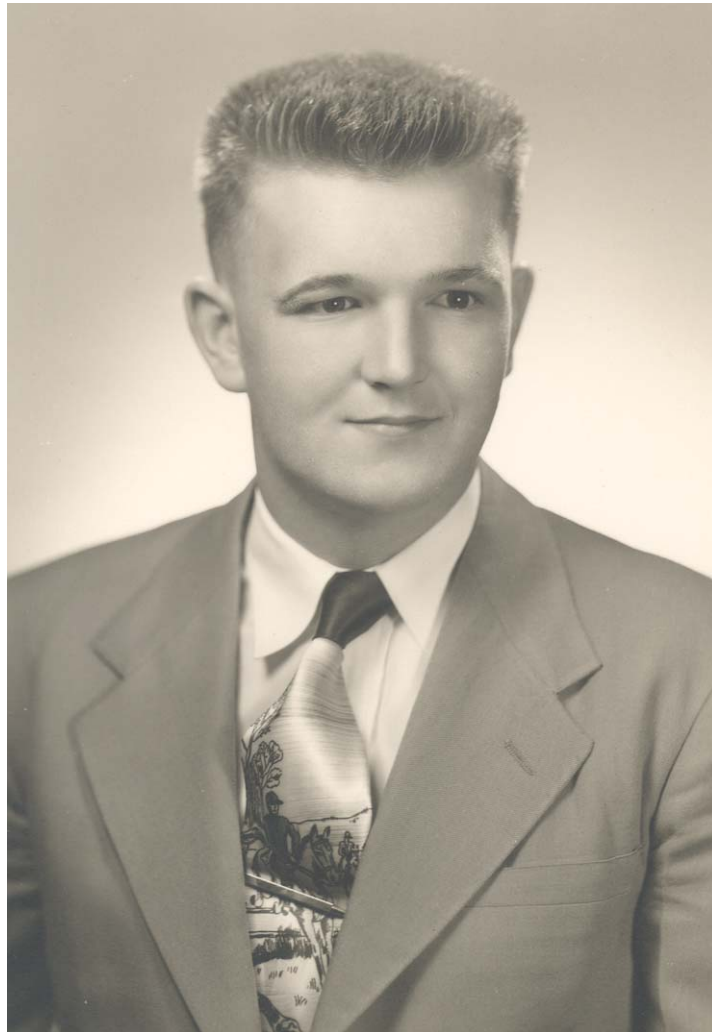
Orleans High School Band was a large part of our social activity. Henry played the trumpet and Murray played the bass horn. Murray also was active in school plays. I played in the school orchestra. I also played in the town band. Sometimes I played in the Barton town band.



This is Henry in summer of 1946 standing in the driveway that went around the back of our house. Behind is Barbara. The fencing is around Dale Eastman's pasture. The farm

buildings were about a mile away at the junction of the Barton-Newport Road. This is now all changed due to I-95 interstate. But at the time of the picture this pasture was my entrance to woods and fields heading over towards Irasburg and I spent many countless hours walking, skiing, hunting in these fields and woods. Then as now I went by myself. Other entrances to adventure for me were the railroad tracks running North and South through the middle of town, the road to Brownington and the road to Evansville.

My wonderful parents tolerated my hunting and trapping. I dried pelts in the back room, cooked every kind of wild game I could get including squirrel, dove, partridge, woodchuck, raccoon, rainbow and brown trout. Joe Springer gave me a very large skunk that had gotten into one of his fox sets. I pelted it out, and almost got myself kicked out of the house.



This is a real good picture of Murray as he graduated from Lancaster High School 1952