

By Carol Sprague

When Dr. S. drove up to a farmhouse door in his cutter, faces brightened. Apple-cheeked, beaming, his carefully brushed suit hidden under a huge buffalo coat, he would stamp in with a word of greeting for each member of the family and special gifts for the children. There he would stay, sometimes the entire night, holding and administering to a gasping child or helping a new little life into the world, with perhaps no other aid than that rendered by the frantic husband. Doctor's mere presence brought healing and hope to anxiety-racked households.

Although Old Doc's body was small, his soul was gigantic. No drift was too deep, no winter's gale too biting to keep him from answering a call. A born New Englander, he had the sturdy character and determined fighting endurance of that pioneer stock.

His dignity was tempered with a whimsical humor that never failed. Once, after service, he said to his pastor, a twinkle in his eye, "We listened to a fine sermon today; too bad you couldn't have heard it!"

Such sense of humor, such tranquillity of spirit put fresh courage into all of us, old and young.

Our town used to get all worked up over homeopathy and allopathy. Dr. S. was one of the few who refrained from criticizing those who differed from him in medicine, and his tolerance extended to politics and religion. True to his own convictions always, he conceded to every man the right to his.

City doctors probably wouldn't consider Dr. S. a success. You see, he wasn't businesslike. He wouldn't dun his patients, so bills accumulated year by year. In addition to a little home off Main Street, his practice yielded him only a modest living. "They'll pay when they get 'round to it," he would say, if a friend protested.

So a while before he died, he called in his friend, the editor of our weekly. "Mac," he said, "I've got a few papers here I'd like you to see me destroy. I don't want anyone bothered with these old things after I'm gone."

Whereupon he took the sheaf of bills (the lot represented thousands of dollars) and burned them in the presence of and against the protest of the witness, who is also an officer of the law. He was leaving, enough, he said, to take care of his responsibilities and to bury him, so the folks who couldn't pay—well, he'd rather not have them bothered. "Never did like this dunning anyway," he chuckled.

That was our old Doc S.
—The Country Home

From a Sinner's Diary

Brother has been dumping this long time. When a fatal malady is pried loose from one vital it at once clutches into a couple others. I've had to set out peach trees and harness my own team and trail off to borrow a roller when all I like is to climb on after it's here, and oiled, and slung in gear. I'd been thinking of changing the name of this place from Rumpus Ridge to Brother's Wailing Wall; but I'd rather hear him grumble again over my making him farm when he could be making \$7 a minute if he didn't have me on his sore back, than to have all the money the welfare spends in twenty minutes.

UP NORTH

Mrs. Herbert Howe, Janet Viele and Lawrence Hawkins returned Monday from a camping trip with the 4-H club members from Friday until Monday at Stewart Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Loucks and Marjorie and Shirley and Mrs. Mary Loucks of Grand Rapids and daughter Myrtle of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. John Viele were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Viele.

Mr. and Mrs. Bret Bosworth and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hawkins visited the oil wells and Crystal Lake Sunday p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Royer and son Harry spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Viele bringing Rachel and Mary home.

Earl and Harold Townsend of Vermontville spent Friday and Saturday at Roy Hager's.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bosworth spent Sunday at Eaton Rapids attending camp meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Shaffer and children, Mrs. Bret Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Ole Bosworth and Lyle were callers at Ray Hawkins' Monday night.

O. F. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hager were Sunday visitors of H. D. Bedford of Grand Ledge.

Mrs. Ray Hawkins had the misfortune to fall Saturday night and hurt her arm quite badly.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bailey and daughter Joan and Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Bursley and son Philip called on their uncle Roy Hager Sunday evening.

FIRST SETTLEMENT AT VERMONTVILLE

TABULAR KEY

Began in 1835 When a Minister Started Movement For Colonization

Special to The State Journal: VERMONTVILLE, Aug. 1 — The Vermontville centennial August 5, 6, 7, and 8 recalls to mind the beginning of the settlement which began in 1835 when the Rev. S. C. Cochrane, a Congregational minister of East Poulney, Vt., came to Michigan with the intention of locating a permanent home.

He learned after his arrival that settlements were so small and families so scattered that no group was large enough to maintain a school or religious organization, therefore he returned to Vermont and spent the winter in an endeavor to interest those who desired to move to the west and worked out a plan for a colony.

Rules and regulations were drawn and signed by 42 men, but only 22 signers became residents of Vermontville and all but three were citizens of Vermont.

A committee of three was appointed, S. S. Church, William J. Henry, and Waite Squires, to go to the west and find a suitable location for a settlement. After covering considerable territory they decided on the present site of Vermontville. At first each colonist had only his town lot of 10 acres and a farm lot. They lived community fashion in a large log house until each could build his own home. The land of the township was distributed at a general meeting when each drew for their lot.

In 1844 there were 51 resident taxpayers.

The first log schoolhouse was built where the chapel now stands.

The first post office was in 1840 with Dr. Dewy Robinson as postmaster.

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From a Sinner's Diary

Hear that old robin jaw! She's mad at me because she stole my cherries. Thanks to Reos cats I harvested enough cherries here by the house to cross with red rasps to make me a saucer pie. The trees in the orchards have had only their green-stripped pits to offer for days. "I'm going to tie a cat in every tree," I told a woman. "It would be all right to tie a stuffed one there," she answered. "H'll stuff himself," says I. Neither would I toll nor spin if I could see as many others doing it for me.—Plowing me up bait, and planting me fruit. Personally, I seem to have pardners when the dividend is declared more than on the road to it. Right now I need 100 men and 80 teams. Or another woman.
Lynette Freemire.

SHIFT KEY

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in 1935

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g.

hair ribbon I wore in a play. To the State school.