Interview with Ron Farr

Ron and Ellie Farr, Dick Baughman and Liz Marshall met to talk about Ron's early life in Lebanon and Etna.

Jan. 30, 2025

Transcript

Liz

Let me introduce everybody. There's a group of us here in Etna. We're going to talk about some old memories. I'm Liz Marshall, and we have Dick Baughman here, Ron Farr, and Ellie Farr. We're all Etna residents, and we're here to talk about some old memories that Ron had growing up on a farm on the Etna-Lebanon border, let's say. Yeah? So anyway. OK. So Ron, yeah, why don't you tell us just a little bit about, you know.

Ron

I grew up on a farm in Lebanon, on Hardy Hill. My grandfather had made arrangements with some of the people up on King Hill in Etna. He rented the land, which turned out to be the Remson Place, the next one up on the left, Eggery King's. We hayed all of those fields when I was a kid. We also hayed up on Morgan Road, up in Hanover Center, left of Labombard's place. We hayed over on the Dogford Road as well. So I have a lot of memories from that. To predate that, before that, when I was, I think this would have been in the 1940s probably, late 40s. We pastured our cattle on, we had a couple hundred acres up on Moose Mountain, and we pastured our young cattle up there. Well, in those days, we didn't have a truck, so we drove them up the road. My grandfather sat on the Farmall H. My father stood on the drawbar with a bucket of grain and had the lead cow halter. Mother followed behind with me hanging on the running board, and we drove them up the road. I don't know, it must be six or seven miles. So when one of the cows went astray, my job was to go shoot back into the herd. And it took all day.

Liz

Yeah. You know, so your house, just to orient people who are listening, your house was on what is now Farr Road, right? So if you, that's Hardy Hill Road, going up from where the covered bridge is and the interstate passes over, up towards Blueberry Hill, Laramie Road, up in there.

Ron

My grandfather bought that back in 1928. I think he paid $8,000 for it or something like that. Big, big dollars. Yeah. Well, farming then was a big deal. Those farms were state of the art. And then when the tractors came in, the mechanization came in, it changed everything. The farmers weren't big enough to support enough cows to buy the machinery, and it's been downhill ever since. So, well, so once we got the cows up on Moose Mountain...

Liz

So these were milking cows?

Ron

No, they were young cows. They were a year old, and they had another year or so to go before they were bred to milk. Getting them up there was difficult. Getting them back was even more difficult, because they spent the summer up there on that 200-acre lot.

Liz

So where abouts is that two hundred acre lot?

Ron

When you go up over King Hill, you come over, you go down like that. When you stand down there, you look up there on that whole side hill, almost 300 acres. He sold it well after we were married.

Liz

So almost on the other side of Ruddsboro Road.

Ellie

Yes, where Ruddsboro Road was just on the opposite side.

Liz

And that was a very long walk for you.

Ellie

And they were still doing that when Ron and I got married boy because the first year or two I remember going up behind the cows.

Ron

Then there was an interesting thing that happened. So I'm up there with Dad when I was probably a teenager. We were walking, checking the fence with him every year to check the fence. So we went down over this ledge and slip and slide and Dad stopped and he pulled up a pair of fencing pies and he said he had lost those pies when he was with his dad and he found them 20-30 years later.

Liz

Funny.

Ron

Well okay we did that until something better came along. Then my grandfather bought a truck from the town of Hanover. It was a farm truck. The body on it was 7 by 12. I don't know what it's equal to today but bigger than a ton. And we could truck the cows which made it more efficient.

Liz

Oh, yeah.

Ron

At that time, we had pastured right across the road from—well, when you go up King Hill on the left, that piece of wood there, it's like the Omni range, we had pastured there. So we took the cows up, I think it's seven or eight at a time, and we took them up there and unloaded them and put them in there. We used to visit them all summer long with a bucket of grain, so they were used to us.

Liz

So it was open fields, it wasn't as wooded as it is now. No, it was pasture. And did you have a fence to keep them in? They were all fenced in, so you didn't have any get loose.

Ron

No, hopefully they probably did.

Dick

The only house up there was Labombard's, wasn't it?

Ron

Got Remson's on the right, then there's not another one until you get to Eggery's back in those days.

Ellie

Who is that? I mean, who is there now?

Ron

Campions lived there later. It's gone now. And Eggery's hired man was Mr. Carter, who lived in the Red House, and that was all one property. And it was quite a rodeo when we got him in the fall to get him out.

Liz

Oh, I bet.

Ron

Well, the deal that my grandfather had made with the people that owned the land was he could have the hay, but he had to service the fields. So I always had to put lime on them and some fertilizer. To that end, we used to get our fertilizer, we'd come in on a railroad car. So we would take the truck down to where Clop's used to be in Lebanon, used to be a railroad siting there, and we would unload a truckload of lime in bags, and then we'd have to lug it up there and spread it.

Liz

Oh wow what a lot of work.

Ron

Yeah, and then we started haying.

Liz

So you didn't hay the same fields where the cows were. No. Yeah, you left the grass there.

Ron

All of those fields up there we hayed. And we filled Remson's barn and we filled the Eggery's barn and the rest we brought home. And that took all summer. In addition to the other places we hayed on the Dogford Road, Hanover Center, Morgan Road, probably some others. We hayed all summer long. We had partnered with another farm. Bob and Harry, Osher and Sheridan, up by Blueberry Hill, they had a farm. And we partnered with them. So those guys had a couple of tractors. Dad had a mow machine and a baler and a truck. And they had some other equipment. So between there were two of them and Dad and I and every teenage kid that they could find that would work. So we had enough people. My job of haying all those fields usually was to rake. So as soon as the dew was off in the morning, I would be gone on the tractor until the dew came down at night. And I was always by myself and I hated that part of it. Because I could see the guys across the field picking up hay. There'd be somebody driving the truck. One or two guys walking around it and somebody on the truck piling the hay. And they were talking. And I was there all by myself. So I used to sing.

Okay, so now we filled the barns full of the hay. We had to get the hay home. So that meant hauling.

Liz

Well, you bailed the hay. You had it all bailed so it was easier to transport.

Ron

So in the winter every weekend, we had to come to Etna to get the hay, because we were milking thirty cows, plus the young cattle that we had. So that meant up over Hardy Hill, up onto Laramie Lane, and then down over King Hill. Well, in those days, the Laramie Road was a

dirt—a mud road. It wasn't even mud. It was ledges. It's all paved now. And there were the ledges and stuff. So we get to the end of the road by Joe Pearly's place, and Joe Pearly was a selectman in town, and his barn was falling down, and he had goats. Did you ever know about that? Joe Pearly. He had goats, and he must have had a hundred of them. They were all over the house. All over the barn. It's completely gone now, and they moved the house back a little bit. So we had to put chains on the truck.

Liz

Mmm, to get through the mud.

Ron

Yeah, so that meant you had to crawl out of the truck. Now this is the old farm truck that's been around for, I don't know how many years. The windows didn't close all the way, the heater didn't work, there were probably holes in the floor, and the passenger sat on a pile of chains when we got to the end of the road and put chains on. And that meant crawling under the truck in that mess and getting wet. We did that. So then we get down to Remson's place. Now back in those days, there weren't a lot of snowplows. So the way we got into the barn, we had to go up around back to the barn. It was by shovel, we shoveled our way up into it. Yeah.

Dick

Now, remind me where Remson's place is.

Ron

Top of the hill on the right, King Hill. Yeah.

Ellie

Where Morris's used to live.

Dick

Where who?

Ellie

Morris lived. Morris, what was her name? Anne Morris. Anne Morris.

Liz

Oh, okay, that's at the bottom, sort of just up King Hill, a little ways, yeah.

Ron

He was a really nice guy. He was very helpful to us. Every weekend, that's what we did. We went back to the barn. Now, the disadvantage to that was this barn was made on the ground floor, was where you put the cattle, and above it was the haymow, and above that was a road

into the barn. You could drive the truck right in, but it was 15 to 20 feet above the stable. So unloading the truck in the summer was easy. We threw everything down.

Liz

Yeah.

Ron

In the winter, when we took it up, we had to pick everything up, up, up, up to get it on the truck. So that was, and we'd make one or two loads a weekend, and it had to be done because we had to have it.

Liz

Yeah, yeah.

Ron

That was my youth doing that.

Liz

No wonder you're still so strong at age 82, you know, it's because you built up all that strength.

Dick

Now you were living in Lebanon then.

Liz

Do you know where Farr Road is?

Dick

Yeah, I know. Yeah, I know where that is. And you see the house as we come up Route 89, we look all over there and we see your former home. Yeah. So when did you leave that home?

Ron

I left in 1960 when I graduated from high school.

Ellie

And we moved to Etna in May of 67.

Dick

And we moved in in 65.

Ron

After I graduated from high school in 1960, I went right in the Navy. I was in the Navy until December of 1963, I got out. By then we were married, and I worked a couple of places, ended up at CRREL, which was very fortunate for me to have worked there.

Dick

You worked at CRREL, and you were in the Navy?

Ron

No, after I got out. I got out in 1963, December. I worked in the Bakery and White River for a while.

Liz

The Tip Top Bakery?

Ron

I worked there for three years. Then I went to Split Ball, but I hated it. It just wasn't the kind of work that I would, for me, I need to be freer than that. But I was able to talk my way into CRREL. I didn't have any education beyond high school, and the Navy didn't send me to school, but I knew it. Finally there was an opening that I could get in. I started on the night shift.

Ellie

September of 60, no, 69 or 70.

Ron

So, I would always volunteer for anything, and that worked really well. And I spent my time—I volunteered for anything anybody wanted to do, I would help them. And that got so—I got to know some of the engineers. So when we had a break in the cafeteria, I'd sit with the engineers because they were interesting. And then they got to know me, so I ended up—when I retired, I ran the fabrication shop.

Dick

See, I had no idea you were doing—I was probably living in Rivercrest, then. I lived in Rivercrest from sixty to sixty-four, and so that's a—

Liz

Now long gone. Rivercrest has been mowed under.

Dick

You see, Etna, one time, this was the middle village, when Etna was thriving, we needed the water power. We no more needed the water power, but there were still these industries, of which you might say CRREL was an industry, even though it was governor. There was Rivercrest right next to it, so its business was moving out, but it was still conducted around here. And then, of course, the amazing thing is, when Creare came in—I remember when they burned—had the airplane engine down there.

Ron

It rattled the windows. They were developing, they needed an efficient source of high pressure gas. So they used a jet engine and captured it, and they were doing something with turbines or something. I don't remember which.

Ellie

I don't know, but it was loud. Oh, it made my windows. Yeah, really.

Ron

So we had a meeting downtown and the guys from Creare got up and said, well, we canvassed the neighborhood and everybody said it didn't bother them. I said, wait a minute, you didn't talk to me and it does bother me. And they had to stop doing that.

Ellie

They ran it all day. It was terrible.

Ron

It was terrible.

Liz

And then what year was that?

Ellie

I don't know. It must have been the 70s or...

Dick

It was early, but in terms of our evolution of Etna and so forth, the mills closed down, but industry moved then back towards them when you get Creare and look at the Hypertherm and everything else that arose. So much of it came out of Creare, people spinning off from Creare. So much of what's going on down on Etna Road, Great Hollow.

Ron

An explosion of technology at that time. That's when they developed the plasma torch. That was developed down on the river at Mitchell Lane. Split ball, not split ball. Thermal. Thermal dynamics started that. And I remember when they did it, Bruce Hatch, our neighbor, he was one of the guys that helped develop it. He ran a machine shop. And Creare was a result of that.

Liz

So, can I just go back to some of your life on the farm, which is what we were talking about earlier? Can you just tell the story of the fire?

Ron

Oh, on Easter Sunday, I think in 1955, we went to church. My brother and my dad stayed home, so I went to church, and church was over, and I wanted, so I'm at church, and we go get in the car, and I'm trying to talk my mother into stopping at the store so I can buy some penny candy. There was a note on the steering wheel written on the back of a milk slip, come right home the house burned down. So I said, somebody's joking, that's not real. Mother said, well, we're going to find out. So we went right directly home, came over the hill by Pringles and looked up, and the house was standing there, it was just a skeleton. Just before the covered bridge. Just a skeleton.

Ellie

You know where the covered bridge is in Lebanon?

Dick

Yeah.

Ellie

Okay, it's the hill coming down to the covered bridge.

Ron

Okay. You could look there and see the farm on the hill there. We finally got up to the house, and sure enough, it was gone.

Dick

This was your house? Your father's house?

Ron

Yeah. Yeah, Tom's house. The house had been there for a hundred years or so. It had been in it one time. It was built by the people—the covered bridge, Packard bridge—there had been a mill there one time and very successful, and part of that family built the house up there. I see.

And the road to Boston used to go right up over there. They didn't build their roads along the rivers and streams and stuff. They was afraid of swamp fever, and it was very difficult. So the easy way was to go over the way they did. So that's a real sinker of a hill. And now the road went up past the house, and then it went up again, and there were flats places on the hill they had dug so the horses could rest.

Liz

Oh, huh.

Ron

We went up over Sunset Rock and then down over.

Liz

Thank you, moms. Yeah, I sort of remember the little hills, you know, if you're on a road, an old road, and there's a little rise and then a dip on the other side, those are called thank you moms. I remember that. Yeah. I just, I'd forgotten about that until just then.

Ron

Yeah. So, the house is gone. Dad's got thirty cows to milk and four kids. Six, five because Ruthie was milked. No power, and the water had been in the house. I don't know how he did it. He milked the cows that night. They sent me home with somebody for that night and I came back.

Dick

And you were 10 years old, you think?

Ron

We had a hired man's house. My grandfather had bought an old school house from Plainfield and transported it to the farm in pieces. He put it back together for a hired man's house, and it was an old one-room schoolhouse.

Liz

Oh.

Ron

So we revived that. The problem was, there wasn't enough room for everybody to sleep. There was the kitchen level, a bedroom, there was a shed, a kitchen, a bedroom, and a bedroom. And there was a little. A split level. Yeah, and it was primitive, really. It really was. No insulation, nothing. And so, but there was a chicken house there. So dad says, get a bucket of water and lie and we're going out and clean that chicken house. We made a bedroom out of it. So my brothers and I spent the summer in that bedroom, in that chicken house. And it was a wondrous

thing. When the thunderstorms, it was loud, cloud, and really wonderful. In the morning, the dew was on our bed clothes and everything. So dad went to work in the woods and with the hired man, and he got enough lumber out and they started the house. And we moved into the new house that fall. It wasn't done. There was no ceilings. The walls weren't done. The bathroom was complete. And so during my childhood, the house was in a state of flux. It never was done. It later became done, turned into a nice house.

Ron

So when I left home

Dick

That was after the Korean War?

Ron

Yeah. No, it's something to say. Fifty-five. Korean War was over. It was over. Yeah. Korea was fifty-two, wasn't it? I can't remember. I can't remember either. Right around. It's early, though.

Ellie

Yeah, I think early fifties.

Liz

So tell me about, you had mentioned that the road going up to your house was the road that went to Boston. So tell me a little bit about how the roads, you said they did not run alongside the brooks?

Ron

No. And they were, swamp fever, whatever that is, was a problem. So they stayed away from the wet areas. And now there is a road along the Mascoma River that goes to Mascoma Lake, the old road, down at the bottom of the hill.

It's around like this and there's a lot of it. It was just cheaper and easier to go up over the hill. And that was, they were using only horses. And probably when the road was originally put through, it was mostly on foot and horseback, probably.

There's some stories in the history of Lebanon about why they built what they call now the Roller Coaster Road, the other one up on the room.

Ellie

By the Lebanon and junior high. Oh yeah.

Ron

There was some politics involved. Somebody owned an inn on one side and they got the road changed from here to here because of politics. It's in the... Oh, interesting. Yeah. It never goes away.

Liz

So that's, yeah, so Route 4 came after, maybe it was also there at the time.

Ron

I don't know what they called it. I should know what it is. My childhood growing up on the farm in Lebanon was wonderful. I grew up in kind of the time between the horses and tractors, more to the tractor side of technology, but all of that old technology was still there. They never threw anything away. That farm was a dairy farm. It also had been a poultry farm. My grandfather raised chickens and sold eggs, went to Boston in the meat stuff. So it was also a chicken farm. So there were all them chicken buildings. They had a huge incubator in the cellar, as big as this room, where they put the eggs to hatch the chicks. And there was a brooder house where they put them to raise them until they got feathered up and ready to go into their laying house. And it was a two-story building where the laying hens were. Yeah, and they mixed their own grain. But it was, I call it, tumbledown. There was too much work for one man and not enough money for two. And that's what happened to a lot of the places around it. And some of the stuff that just didn't get done. And Dad, he worked from dawn to dark, and he was losing all the time. Then in, I forgot, the year after I left home, he ended up stopped farming. They changed the rules from making milk. You had to milk your cows on a cement floor. And that meant he had to build a new barn. Because we had to, it was so difficult to get enough feed to feed just the cows we did. It just wasn't feasible to do it.

Liz

How did it happen with the milk? I mean, he milked the cows, but there were no big milk trucks coming around back. Oh, yeah. Or was there a milk truck with a tank?

Ron

No. We had these 40-quart milk cans to fill, I forgot how many. We had cows tied up, 30 or so of them. We had two milking machines that we put on them, and then we'd have a bucket full of things. We'd pour it in a pail, and then we'd take into the milk room and we'd pour them into these 40-quart cans.

Ellie

Through a strainer.

Ron

Well, the difficult thing was then the milk can had to be put into a cooling medium until the guy came to pick it up. Unfortunately, the tank was down there. He had to go downstairs into a milk can tank, and the tank was a water filled vessel with a refrigeration unit and kept it cold. And then the milk man would come, and it was Merle Wilmont's family. Merle Wilmont's father used to be our milk man, and he would come at five o'clock in the morning or so, back up to the cans, and take them with two or three kids asleep in the cab.

That's how I met Merle when he was just a boy and then they would take him to a creamery that was in Enfield at that time and then they went to Boston Hood it was a company

Dick

Why didn't you use a spring house to keep the milk cool?

Ron

Originally they did.

Dick

Because that's what my Pennsylvania relatives did so that was, I mean, it worked. That was the only refrigeration we had.

Ron

Originally, that's the way this was. There was a spring up on the hill, up on the hill above the sunset rock, and a lead pipe that came down to a huge tank in the cellar, a big oak tank. From there, the water was distributed to the barns. There were three or four barns that had water. And then later on, the demand for water was great, and that could supply. So they dug a well down by the river, by the Mascoma River, and then pumped it up the hill into that tank. So when the house burned, that was gone, so now you've got 30 cows that are thirsty and no water. Well, somebody came by and figured out how to do it. The electricians must have hitched it up or something, I don't know. Fixed up a pump. Somehow, I don't know how it worked.

Ellie

Because the pipe would have still been there.

Ron

Now the interstate's in that spot. In the turn of the century, these farms, like the Manchester Place up on the hill here, and the Masons and all of those others, they were the state-of-the-art places. But they were very labor-intensive. Everything was done by hand, and the tractor made a huge difference all over the country. When they—the tractor took the place of eight or ten men. And so then that's what happened. My grandfather was one of the first ones in town to have a tractor. He had a Fordson, and on those side hills, the Fordsons didn't have a break.

They had to keep them in gear. How they did that, I don't know. In 1942, he bought a brand-new Farmall H. My brother has it now. That tractor has hayed every year since 1942.

Dick

You still have that in the family.

Ron

My brother has it now. The engine's been rebuilt once.

Dick

I learned to drive on an H.

Ron

I learned to drive on a Ferguson. That's the one that I raked with. I had to decide to live your rake on the back. I didn't like doing that, but that was my lot in life. I'll tell you another short story. So we were sitting in the living room after chores are done. We were sitting in the wood stoves there, and everybody's kicked back, relaxing. And I'm reading one of Dad's farm magazines, and it had talked about a gutter cleaner. Now, the way we used to clean the gutters was with a shovel. You'd pick up a hole in the floor, and you'd shove everything down. When it got too full, you'd go down under the band, and you'd shovel and make room for more. And I said, Dad, we got to get one of them. I thought there might be one somewhere else. And he says, well, I don't need one. And I said, how come? He says, I got two. I said, what do you mean? He said, you and your brother.

Dick

I don't know how many people there are, just slightly younger than us, who never worked in a barn like that, but I did it, you did it, but how many of the other people in Etna did that?

Ron

Not a lot, and certainly not the younger people. You learn stuff. When I left home, I knew something. I knew how to do stuff. Well, how I met Niles Lacoss. Niles went to college for a couple of years, engineering. Him and Dad were in the same class in college, that's how I knew him. In the winter, we used to log so we could have enough money to pay the hired man. So we'd go out in the woods and cut enough trees down, and in those days, the logging wasn't like it is now. We snaked it out of the woods with a tractor to a skidway, and then a truck would come up and roll him onto the truck and we'd take him up to Niles. So I was up there one day and he was soaring in. He sent me into his shop to get something, and he had a hook, a round hook, a chain hook that he had made. And I couldn't imagine how anybody could make that, and that's how I started with Niles. I was still a teenager then.

Liz

He taught you blacksmithing? Yeah. Oh, I didn't know that.

Ron

And I'd go up there whenever I had any spare time and hang around and he was really good. He put me on the forge to doing things and he even gave me the material, the metal and stuff to do it and showed me how and then he'd watch and he'd go to work.

Dick

He wouldn't put up with anybody who was just screwing around. No. He was demanding.

Ron

Yeah. I never had any trouble with Niles at all. Well, I had worked with him a little bit on the saw mill, taken away, you know what that is? Taking what? Taking away. On the saw mill, you got the guy that runs the mill, you got a guy with the other saw on the dumb end of the log, rolling it on, and then you've got some poor soul taking away the boards that are coming off the saw. And that's where they tested you. He could make them faster and he could make them heavier. So you had to take the boards off and put them in a pile and be ready for the next one. And he'd test you too. Oh yeah.

Dick

Yeah, that's right. He he did that intuitively. Oh, yeah Yeah, I didn't I didn't work with him that much cuz I thought he'd live forever I took Scott up there with me. Oh, yeah I figured he learned from Niles and when Niles blew out his colon I said you can't die. We're counting on you I mean, I just wiped out a whole year of existence up there. Is there anything much written about his life history? His accomplishments?

Ron

I have an article from the paper. Yep. I think that's all I know of. It's a fairly good article.

Dick

To me, he was a Renaissance man, if there ever was one.

Ron

He was lonesome up there, because he was up on the hill there by himself, and he loved the company. And there were a lot of other guys like me that went there over the years. I don't know them all, but some of them.

Ellie

He drove in our driveway one time after Ron had started learning blacksmithing with an anvil. He had a Volkswagen Beetle and he had this anvil in the trunk, which is in the front, and came knocking on the door and said that he got him an anvil.

Ron

185 pound anvil in the boot of a Volkswagon. I don't know how he got it in there and I don't know how we got it out.

Hers's another story. Niles had made something for some lady from Woodstock. She showed up to pick it up in a convertible with the fur coat on. So he brought it out to her and handed it to her and she said, how much is this? He said it was $20 or whatever it was and she says, oh my goodness. This isn't worth $20. He said, let me see that. He took it and he dinged it in the brook. Yeah, that's the way he was. One time, somewhere along the line, somebody asked me to fix something and I didn't know if I could or not. So I went to Niles and I said, Niles, can this be fixed? He looked at me and said, man-made ain't it? He said what? Man-made ain't it? Yeah. That's the way he was. He was a very talented guy. He got all the licenses, you know, for steam locomotive and stuff. Yes. And in later life, he had to... He built an engine for the Cog Railway. He built the running gear up here in Hanover Center and then he put the boiler on it when he took it up to the mountain. So I got to work with him a little bit there and up to the mountain as well.

Dick

This is fantastic stuff that has to be recorded. We need to have a session all about Niles Lacoss, I think, we need to talk about his story. I visited him in his shop up there, and that was an amazing thing. I mean, not only did he build that engine, but then he took over the maintenance running the shop. Yeah.

Ron

How he started was, during or after the Second World War, he got a hold of a generator out of an airplane. He made a welder out of it. So now he had a welder that he could take around to jobs. That's how he started. Along the way, he built that sawmill. The heart of the sawmill was probably a manufactured mill, but lots of the auxiliary stuff, the stuff he made out of old cars and old trucks. So I remember one time I was up there and he needed a new heat exchanger. He went out in his junk yard and found a pipe, and the pipe and the pipe, and next thing you know he's got a heat exchanger. Scott is like that, your son, he's like that, too, and Gary Conrad was. Yeah, Gary. Yeah.

Dick

Scott's still sees Gary occasionally. I hear from him once in a while. Scott and Gary spent a lot of time in my shop.

Dick

These guys are now in their 60s. Now here I am 90, you're 80, and our kids are in their 60s.

Ron

Well, now my grandchildren are in their thirties, and they're something, my grandsons. They're something. They're good workers. They're smart. They did well in school. They mostly work with their hands. One of them works in the computer industry, but Ryan, David's son, he's working in the area as a contractor, and he's a can-do guy.

Liz

So, we've been talking for about forty minutes, and I think should we end it and then come meet again? Do you want to end it for today?

Ron

Sure. My suggestion would be, we've kind of went all over the place.

Liz

Well, we can edit the text.

Ron

If you started with a context, if I was going to talk about haying it up on King Hill, and I had an outline in front of me that I could stick to, so I could paint a picture of that. That's how I see words is a way to paint pictures in your mind.

Liz

Thank you.