

CHAPTER LXIII

VACATIONS

By Dorothy

What does a vacation mean to you? Probably very little because you haven't begun to do anything but play and then play some more. Visiting cousins and aunts and uncles means a pleasant change, going into New York to send Grandmother or Grandfather off on a big boat means excitement, but a vacation, such as grown-up people have, hasn't happened to you yet.

When George and Dorothy were married, they took an Overland auto which had run many thousands of miles up into New England, to Boston and Portland, Boothbay Harbor, Maine and Skowhegan. In the last mentioned town stands a house where Grandfather Parlin's grandfather lived and where Grandfather visited when a boy.

George and Dorothy camped out in fields or orchards beneath the stars; once on top of a hill from which they might very easily have fallen into a stone quarry. Crossing Lake Champlain at Burlington, they went down the lake section of New York State. Where there were no roads ferry boats plied; from Raquette Lake down to Old Forge, for instance. A ride in the darkness of night, which can be so mysterious in unknown places, brought them at last to Twitchell Lake. Camps surrounded this location, ideal for canoeing, fishing, tramping, hunting or just lazing. All good things must change and so vacation came to an end.

Spring Lake, not very far away from you on the shore of New Jersey, children, provided a vacation ground for Miriam and Charles, George, Dorothy and Steward in 1927. Too bad Steward wasn't big enough to go swimming with the others.

Off to Washington the next year, through Pennsylvania and Maryland, into the Shenandoah Valley in an "apple year". Where could more orchards be found or trees more laden with fruit? And such delightful country! West Virginia was disappointing, but forgotten when the hills of southern Pennsylvania came in view.

Bermuda - to some people it means sunshine and warmth, leisure for swimming and sailing; to others disappointment. Some day you must take a cruise to the coral islands connected by bridges; forbidding the use of automobiles but encouraging bicycling, enticing you to come again to their many colored sandy beaches.

Gardening, just like a bug, got after George at his new home and kept him from taking any more vacations in 1931 than a trip to Boston for Grace at the end of her college year (and possibly for a dinner at Joey Hung Low's, a favorite eating place of his while at Harvard Law School). Dorothy did the traveling for the family by going to Memphis via Mammoth Cave with Grandmother for a visit to Cousin Will and Cousin Susa, Marjorie, Ernie, Helon, Reub and their children. The weather was warm but the hospitality surpassed it by far.

A trip to Shiloh Park, with its markings of Union and Rebel positions during the Civil War, large cemetery and museum, consumed one day; a journey over into the Arkansas delta land another; miles of dirt road in Mississippi, glimpses of cotton fields, bayous, old negro cabins, a stroll through the park along the river - the possibilities for experiencing new sensations and sights was never-ending. You would discover how greatly this part of the country differs from ours if you were to visit it. People talk somewhat differently, but you would like their vernacular and them.