

Vermontville had "local option" and as long as I can remember liquor was not sold in the village. The tempo of life was quiet and peaceful. People were born, lived, married, earned a modest competence, raised a family, died without experiencing many high points of change or excitement.

It was a farming community served by the small village stores; two or three groceries, a meat market or two, a furniture store, a shoemaker, even a jeweler.

Two blocks comprised the Main Street business district; beyond that the tree-lined streets became residential.

Every house, little or big, had a large yard, usually surrounded by a picket fence. One of the pleasant pastimes of a stroll along these streets was to hold a stick loosely in the hand and carry it across the pickets making a wonderful clack, clack, clack, varying in speed and intensity as one loitered or hurried.

Almost as interesting was the hoop rolling. The most common hoop was the discarded flat iron rim of an old wagon wheel, to be picked up occasionally back of the blacksmith's on East Main. The most prized hoop, made to order by that same blacksmith, was fashioned from a round iron bar. The hoop circled through a ring on the end of a stick. The best hoops were large, nearly as high as we were and required considerable skill to keep upright and flowing along over the uneven board sidewalks.

Saturday was the big day of the week when all the farmers came to town to buy their week's supplies. We did not say