

August 7, 1921

THE "BUGGY" RIDE

Off on our one horse shay!! Driven by Susse which ^{was} the name of our wonderful horse at West Norwood. Susse was really a truck horse, and had seen many plodding days on the farm, but we loved her, and felt our journey would be made so much more pleasant by having her with us. Susse, by the way, our dad told us was Hebrew for 'horse', and though her real name was Cicero, to us it was always Susse, dear old Susse!

Anna, Dave, Milton and I left Norwood, after having had some movies taken of us all by Ben. Ben and Harold hiked a little distance with us, and Norman and Harold bicycled with us to Nyack. Everyone seems to be keen on travelling these days, even though the vehicles used vary. But---- "the horse knows the way to carry the sleigh," and very quickly they were left behind. Our first stop at Tappan for iodine and battery for flashlight, and then we continued on the road to Piermont. It is a most picturesque little town, full of quaint little homes. I was never aware of so pretty a place so near to Norwood. From Piermont we rode to Nyack, arriving there at 1.30 P.M., and from there we were bound for Haverstraw, and lunched at a little roadside spot overlooking the mountains, and other beautiful country. We enjoyed our little meal immensely. Susse had his meal too, and at 2.35 we continued our journey to Haverstraw.

Just gave Susse a drink from a pretty old-fashioned well. She relished it after a hard journey up hill, and lingered after his drink. I think ~~he~~ she's either an artistic horse and loves to linger amongst beautiful hills, or else ~~he~~ dislikes climbing. We had quite a time to get ~~him~~ her to proceed on his journey at this time, and we were a long way from our destination. Little did we realize at this time there were reasons for his ^{HER} slowness of procedure! This we were to find out later on.

We are now riding in a thunderstorm along the Hudson, well protected by our rain covers, and are hardly conscious of the rain. Feels as tho we're in a caravan. Cicero must feel proud! We haven't as yet met one horse on the way. We arrived at Haverstraw at 4.30, and we're now enroute to Cornwall. First stop is Iona Island, and we arrived there at 6.30, after stopping awhile to look at a rainbow over the mountains. It was a glorious sight! Very different from the rainbows one sees in cities. We are just passing the Opelopian Bridge, nearing Bear Mountain. It is 137 feet above the sea, and down below is anchored a replica of Hendrick Hudson's "Half Moon", and tents are camped on the grounds. Arrived at West Point at 8.30. Too late to continue to Cornwall. Stopped at a little hotel over night and breakfasted there, and then continued our journey North! "Tear em Cicero, on to -----?" WE KNOW NOT WHENCE

At 8 A.M. Monday we crossed the ferry at West Point, going to Garrison, and arrived at Garrison 9.45. From there we go to Cold Spring and Beacon, and ride through beautiful country all the way. Such beautiful country, and so near to us! Among the lovely homes, Jacob Ruppert's is most prominent. It has enormous ground extending great distances, with woods on the opposite side through the entire length of the property. All owned by one man! We just passed an interesting sign written by some school children, "School closed, all the kids is married". It was posted two feet from the school, right on the outhouse!!

We are now on the Albany State Road, bound for Poughkeepsie. Ann just discovered she lost her hat! Alas for the hat, but I hope it will be our only (mishap). Just finished a delicious lunch out in the wide open spaces, and now we are en route to Poukeepsie. Susse just slacked up a bit, and we were getting worried. We're having a great deal of fun on her account. We're about fifty miles from Albany now, and Dave just asked some men how far we were from there. They took one look at Cicero, and laughed. Another funny remark, I thought. Dave just told Milton to slow down, "A school house was coming." We have to personify inanimate objects, as Susse bears close watching! Poor Susse, this is too big a journey for her, I'm beginning to think.

Arrived at Poukeepsie at six P.M. Monday, and stopped at the Windsor Hotel over night. Had dinner there, and left Tuesday morning for Kingston. Crossing ferry now to Highland. Susse seems to be going pretty well now. I suppose Milton's delicate manoeuvring has something to do with it. Stopped off at Highland to mail a few things we purchased at Poukeepsie, - a lovely fireplace set, a few books, an accordeon, etc. The accordeon, I forgot, we are taking on the carriage with us. Susse just licked some foamy salt in the gutter. Hope this fortifies ^{her} for the rest of the trip. She licked it with such relish! Just finished lunch at twelve, and continuing our journey to Kingston. Dave just gave Cicero a hair cut. It was with the expectation of making ^{her} go faster, that's what he said.

On the way now to West Park, and we are passing through lovely country. We visited Burrough's home at West Park, and spent a little time on his grounds. Dave took some movies - and we some snapshots. Burrough's little study was particularly interesting, and a very artistic little place. It was built by Burroughs himself. In the little room with the fireplace, which was his library, was everything as Burroughs left it before he died, - all his personal effects, his glasses, his periodicals, all lying in their respective places, untouched. We walked around the place, and tasted some apples and pears which grew in the orchards, and which his brother had invited us to take. He had been occupied with some farming on our arrival, and was very cordial throughout our visit.

Take note "We have to get an automobile. I'm tired of talking." This statement made by Dave on Tuesday, August 9th, on the West Park Road. I don't know why I list the date of this remark, except perhaps as a preview of things to come, (the purchase of a car) if not on this trip, then on some other. Just visited a private cemetery at West Park. Milton suggested that we leave quickly! It reminded him too much of Cicero.

Tonight we stopped at Ulster County at a farmhouse for the night. Ann and I were given accommodations in the house, but the boys had to camp out. Just why, we couldn't understand, but we had to accept very graciously, as it was getting late. Had a delicious supper of a broiler, green peas, lettuce, tomatoes (these were all fresh from the farm) coffee, crackers and fruit. And what was most interesting, after being given all this fine food and accommodations for the evening, the bill for the four of us was exactly three dollars! This covered everything! After dinner, we made a bonfire, and were also given fresh milk from the farm. This was also included in the price. We made friends with the children of the owner, who were most charming, and very intelligent youngsters. We all sang together, and took some pictures of these lovely people in the morning before leaving. Our time there was spent most enjoyably, and we hope to come back there some day, and continue the lovely friendship started.

We are now en route to Kingston. It is a lovely sunny day! Arrived there at twelve-thirty. Now going to lunch in the suburbs, and from there to Woodstock. Just had a delicious lunch of broiled chops and other goodies. Now we are continuing our journey to Woodstock, and are nearing it rapidly. Actually, Woodstock is not very far, and can't exactly be called a journey, but with Susse the slightest distance becomes one. Susse must be scenting something worthwhile. Gigantic mountains face us as we ride along. The country here is truly beautiful! We're now in Woodstock, and Milton is going to try to locate the home of Robert Henri and George Bellows, two great American painters who live here in the 'artists colony', which we have heard is very beautiful. The little homes here are very quaintly built, and each is so different.

Susse almost dumped an automobile in the road today. The owner stared at us venomously waiting for an explanation, so as no one answered, Dave said, "The horse stopped". The man replied, still furious, "Well then why don't you get a horse that goes"?

We're stopping at Woodstock over night, since Milton is visiting Robert Henri whom he knows. He was very much interested in seeing his place and his paintings. We spent a little time there too, and had a very interesting evening. Mr. Henri has a beautiful home overlooking the Catskills, at one of the highest points in Woodstock.

This morning we are continuing our journey to Saugerties. Stopped off in the Woodstock village to breakfast, and arrived in Saugerties at twelve fifteen, continuing to Catskill. Just bought a few things in Saugerties at an antique shop, Anne a table cover, and I a little hand made rug. Dave just asked someone what the speed limit was in Saugerties. Susse was going pretty slowly at the time, so they appreciated the humor.

We arrived in Catskill at five thirty five this evening. Spent the night at the Smith Hotel, and had breakfast at Catskill. On the road now to Albany, at last, - our main destination! We were curious to see if Susse could carry us that far. Reached Athens at 10. The country between Athens and Albany is most beautiful. We just passed thru Coxsackie, another pretty place. "Ahum. giddy op--", Milton's latest in loud strains over the road. Stayed at a little farm house on the way to Albany over night, and bought some nice things which they wanted to sell. Arrived in Albany twelve fifteen A.M. Saturday. We expect to stay here for the day, and then return home, either to-night or tomorrow. We spent a few hours in Albany, and are now returning homewards. We're crossing the bridge at Albany on the New York side for Volatia, New York. Milton just asked someone how far it was to the village? "What village," they asked, and then he was stuck. We stayed over night at a Mrs. Jones house in Castleton, and this morning (Sunday) we are bound for Volatia.

On one of the roads en route we noticed a furniture sign for sale. We drove in, and expected to get some interesting things as the house was inland on a long winding road, but even entrances are misleading. All they had for sale was some tools, of which Dave and Milton selected some at very low prices. We were compensated, however, by seeing the children of the owner who were very beautiful.

I made inquiries in a little old fashioned house for some old things to purchase (Anna and I were enthused about opening a little antique shop when we returned, as we saw so many of them on the road, and it looked as though we could have one on our road at West Norwood too,) but alas, the house was empty! The owner was renovating it with the expectation of renting it. He had an old knocker, however, which he said was used on someone's door in Washington's time. We tried to buy it, not so much for its historic value, but because we liked it, but he wouldn't sell it, no matter what the offers, which started with 25¢ by Dave, who was really joking, but the man took it very good naturedly. He gave us some peaches. For the fun of it, Dave promised to find a nice woman for him, though I'm sure he didn't ask! Dave seemed to sense his bachelorhood, though how I can't imagine. I guess he's clairvoyant, because it seemed to make the man happy.

We've just arrived in Volatia, two P.M. Sunday, and are now bound for Chatham. Dave isn't cured yet of the coffee habit. Anne suggested some cocoa for lunch (we made our meals, some of them) out of doors, since we took along all the paraphernalia for it, pots, pans, etc., and Dave who looked to me as though he were falling asleep, awoke with a start, and looked very querulously at Anna. And so, it was coffee! We just passed a large clover field. It was beautiful, a whole stretch of violet carpeted over the earth! Stopped Susse to give him a little of it. Horses, it seems, like clover.

We've changed our minds. Instead of going directly home, we're taking the road to Massachusetts; new climes seem to rejuvenate us, and goodness knows, we need rejuvenation. There hasn't been much water to spare on our various stopping places.

Today we dined in the rig. It was raining quite hard, so we arranged things as comfortably as possible, and enjoyed our dinner, in spite of the close quarters. We are now bound for Chatham, and arrived there 5 P.M. on Sunday. From here we go to Spencertown, N. Y. Reached there 6.15. Monday night we expected to sleep out of doors. This would have been our first experience. There was absolutely no place that could accommodate us, but as a last resort we tried a little farmhouse at the foot of the Berkshires, where lived a very nice German woman and her husband. They gave us two nice rooms for the night, and were most friendly. We had our evening meal out in the open again. It was quite dark by that time, and a beautiful scene spread before us, with the flickering flame of the fire, and the light of the evening skies. The mountains facing us were gigantic, the darkness magnifying their beauty, and as the Autumnal winds blew, we felt the wonder of it all! The next morning we breakfasted on the grounds again, and now we're bound for Green River. We had enjoyed our little stay here so much. Forgot to mention that Dave and Milton took some very interesting movies of our making breakfast, with the lovely Berkshires in the distance looking on. Anna and I took some snapshots of Mr. and Mrs. Seitz. We then stopped off for a few minutes to pick and eat some blackberries right from the bushes, and then to the road again through the Berkshires, which were most picturesque.

We have just crossed the Massachusetts and the New York lines. Cicero must surmise that he is homeward bound for the fastest he has yet gone was along this road. Arrived in N. Egmont, Mass. 12.30, and in S. Egmont 1.30. Just visited a little gift shop in S. Egremont that was most artistic. Anne and I got a few ideas in case we really open our little place. We both really are very serious about this shop, but just how it will turn out, I don't know. You know the best of 'plans of mice and men.' We bought a few things

here, and then we rode on to Sheffield where we are now stopping for the night at the Tanghomo Inn. It's quite a spacious place, and is over a hundred years old. Had dinner at a little teashop where we enjoyed seeing a little demonstration of an electric dish washing machine behind the store. It was a novelty there. We breakfasted in Sheffield, and are now bound for Kent, Conn. Just arrived in Cannan, Conn. There are a great many limestones in the Cannan region. There are also a great many pine groves, and beautiful country with the Berkshires still surrounding us on all sides. As a diversion, we had our lunch today in the carriage. It was jogging along, and we greatly enjoyed it.

We are still en route to West Cornwall. This afternoon we've been riding thru beautiful country again in Connecticut, a particularly lovely ride of about three hours thru the woods, with the Berkshires on all sides, and the Housitanic River extending the entire length of the woods!

Last night we stopped at a Jewish boarding house at Cornwall Bridge, and this morning we breakfasted around here. We expect to continue our journey to Kent, Conn., from here. We bought something from Mr. Moskowitz, the owner, a small rug of very pretty colors.

Arrived in Kent about 2 P.M., stopped in at the Post Office, and found a number of cards and letters. Ben Miller was most generous. He had sent a number of cards and letters to each of us. Going past Kent, we stopped at a tobacco field, and took some very interesting movies of the men hauling the tobacco plants into wagons. They permitted us to help in the process, and Dave and Milton, alternately, took the movies. Stayed in Kent for a while, had our lunch, and are now bound for Bulls Bridge, Conn., our last stop there. We passed some country fishing bound boys today. They were very anxious to go fishing, but said they had no hooks. However, before we had a chance to discuss the matter with them, and maybe help in some way, Milton appeared on the scene with a fish. He had gone to the pump for some water for Susse, and just incidentally, helped himself to one of the fishes which these boys had fished for or rather caught earlier in the morning. He put it in Cicero's drinking pail. Such behavior was inexcusable, but what could we do? It was difficult to put it back now, so we simply took it along in some water. We're all stopping off for a little while to do some fishing ourselves in the Housitanic River with some improvised hooks, but the fishing is not very successful. We don't have enough cord or proper hooks. Take note: Dave and Milton are calling out to every young lady on the road (after careful arrangement of their collars, etc.) for information they already know.

Last night in the dark rain we rode along for about three hours until we arrived at Pauling. We sang along the road, and enjoyed the great silences about us. We felt sorry tho for Susse in the rain. This was his latest night out, and he seemed to trudge along so wearily, and at that moment I felt like getting out of the carriage, and hugging him. We finally arrived at Pauling, and stopped at the Dutcher House for the night. It is a big hotel, and very clean, the very high-priced. It was the deluxe stop of our journey. This morning we looked at some lovely antique chairs and other pieces of furniture at Pauling. But they seemed to follow the pattern of the hotel prices, and we couldn't buy anything.

From Pauling we started for Brewster, and arrived there at about 5 P.M.. Now we are bound for Katona. Stayed at a nice little Inn (Colonial Coffee House and Inn) over night, after a delightful repast out of doors. We had some freshly caught perch fishes which Milton had bought from someone who had been fishing. They were delicious. We watched some fishermen at Dean's corner hauling in a net. It was a most interesting process. I had never seen it done

in that particular way before. The little Inn was at Dean's Corner too. It was a lovely little place. To-morrow we go to Katona, and expect to visit the Brookside School there, if time permits. Elizabeth's brother Sam spent quite some time in some farming community school there, and he always spoke very interestingly about the place. We should so like to see it.

Today we have changed our plans again. Now that we're so near home, we wont make any more stops, but get home as quickly as we can, since duty calls! Drove to Croton Falls this morning before breakfast. It is the first stop after Brewster, on the road to Katona. Poor Cicero almost choked this morning. ~~his~~^{his} bag was filled too full of oats, which covered the air holes. We noticed it when he began to pull the carriage, while we were having breakfast on the grounds near the carriage. It was a good thing we did. We surely thought this was the end of Susse. ~~He~~^{he} seemed to be choking, panted, etc. But after removing the bag, and giving ~~him~~^{her} some fresh air and water, ~~he~~^{she} recovered!!!!

After this, I have not kept my diary any more, but I remember our last stop was Mt. Kisco on the way home, and a sad last stop it was, tho not fatal. We had not noticed that the harness which Susse had been wearing had been rubbing against ~~his~~^{her} body all the while we had travelled. There had been such friction that ~~his~~^{her} poor body was quite sore in many parts, and it was only visible while ~~he~~^{she} was in action, and then we were in the carriage, and it was impossible to see it. But a policeman in Mt. Kisco did notice it, and we were very severely chastised. Of course we felt very badly about how Susse must have suffered, and ~~his~~^{her} slowing up a good part of the time must definitely have been due to this condition. We left her at some hostelry for a few days until the sores would heal, and in a few days called for her, found that she was better, got the assurance from the veterinarian that ~~she~~^{she} was in condition to go back, and took ~~her~~^{her} back to the farm. Within a year or so poor Susse died, and we all have a lovely memory of the poor old horse who trudged along so wearily at our bidding, even when ~~she~~^{she} least could!

~~Sept 1~~
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Lenna