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I'm Bill Jensen, a grandson of Neal's and Sarah Jensen, who owned this farm--

Q: Great, you just stay there-- tell me again--

A: Okay, I'm Bill Jensen, the grandson of Neals and Sarah Jensen, who ran this farm as a business and a home with cattle and crops and came back here to reminisce over it a little.

Q: Approximately when was this built?

A: Well, I was born in 1936, so it was long before that that it was going on and I lived next door until 1945, or through 1945, but always came back and stayed with the Boyce's across the street for times and vacations, weekends, and even though we moved to Newton for a short time, I couldn't leave Lincoln, and eventually we did come back in the mid-50s to live in Lincoln again.

Q: You were going to say something about the bridge?

A: Yes. This is an interesting point here because it's still standing today with-- it looks as solid as can be. My grandfather made this stone bridge by piling rocks in the middle of this gully and then by hand, mixed the concrete and poured the top retaining wall with-- I don't see any really repairs made to it and it's still standing solid there. And it was quite a-- took quite a lot of rock

to lay the foundation for it. I'm glad to see that it's just the way it was.

Q: And as somebody who drives over it everyday, I'm grateful to him.

A: Trucks and cars and everything still standing good, yeah.

Q: About when do you think your grandparents moved here? And what was here when they came?

A: When they came, it was pretty much, you know, I think my uncle-- I'm pretty sure my uncle built this house and they settled here and actually cleared the land because it was wooded way down back there in that field, and they had to clear the land by hand and not with big machines or bulldozers like they have today. And they began farming it for strawberry crop, which was his basic living, and then the animals, such as pigs, horses, chickens, all provided income and food for the...(inaudible).

Q: So, Bill, does it look the same as you remember it?

A: Well, of course, it does look basically the same. As I recall, the barn is just the same. The house had a porch on the back. Not a screen porch, but a glassed-in porch, and then I think since was the two additions that you put on there. And of course, I think the front of the house looks exactly the same with the new windows here looks a

little bit different. And then, as I recall, there used to be a road coming down from out front, and then there was this banking and the drive-- a road going down to the fields here right through the middle here with sheds on the side here. As I recall, there was probably about maybe around four to five sheds here which housed some chickens and I believe, at least in the summer, probably some pigs and then a big grove of white pine over here, which there may be some offshoots of them still here, but there was quite a large grove about where the swing is here.

And, of course, the pond is something new which is really beautiful here. That wasn't there at the time. It was just a grassy area-- and wooded, I should say, out to the open field where the strawberries were grown. And maybe a few other vegetables, but basically strawberries because of the-- the income from the crop. But other than that, it looks-- as I remember it as a child, very close to being the same.

Q: Tell me a bit about what was in that barn.

A: Yes, the barn, of course, had the cow stands, and I believe I remember him having at one point, up to four cows, but I think in the later years, he cut that down to like two, and then one. Mostly, just for himself. But he did sell milk because I know there was a place there where

he stored it with some ice around it until it was picked up by the people that process it.

Q: And the cows were kept in the middle level of that barn? Is that fair to say?

A: That's correct.

Q: And above them? There was a--? The upper story of the barn? That was for?

A: You mean where my uncle sometimes--

Q: No, I was just thinking about this area, this barn, behind those windows.

A: Yes, now that I don't-- that is a place that I don't recall being in myself. I don't really know what that was used for.

Q: And the bottom level of the barn?

A: The bottom level-- I remember some pigs being in on this corner here. I think this was kind of a winter housing for the pigs instead of being outside in the sheds. And now, I believe he had his horses down on the other side there because he had at least two work horses that he used to pull his plows. I believe that was the most he had was the horse. Before you-- I was just-- again, what I was going to say about it was that I believe-- I don't know how he did it exactly but he must have poured-- because they

didn't have these big sandbelt trucks in those days, so this must have been all poured foundation.

Q: And who built it?

A: You know, I'm trying to think-- do you know the year that this was built here?

Q: 1908.

A: The house was built in 1908. Now I'm-- I really am not sure whether my uncle, who was the oldest of the three boys, actually built this farm for my grandfather before he moved up from the city. And I don't know.

Q: His name would have been?

A: Alec. Alec Jensen, yes. And he was a carpenter by trade. And a builder. He did build a few houses on this road, including my father and mother's house next door, and also I believe two more houses up the street and one on Lincoln Road that I know of. As far as I know, I think my brother Bob could probably tell me, being quite a bit older than me, that he would probably know for sure if this whole barn and house was put up by my uncle.

Q: And why would he have chosen the medium of cement or stucco? I think this might be Lincoln's only stucco cement barn.

A: It really-- the only thing I can think of is-- you would think it would be a lot more work into something like

this. To me, there would be, than putting up a wood, an all wood barn. But unless they just had access to cement more or what, I don't know, or whether they just wanted it to last indefinitely, which it's doing very well.

Q: It is doing very well. Could it have been-- actually, there is a train going by-- maybe this is a good time to talk about trains.

A: Trains. Okay. Actually, that was quite quiet compared to the ones that I recall as a youngster here with the locomotives with their big-- here comes another one. The locomotives, of course, had their big smokestacks pouring smoke out and cinders, and it was-- if we had an eastwind here, all the smoke would pour up the road here and you could smell it. We didn't really mind it. It was kind of a-- as funny as it seems, it had a certain odor to it that was pleasant. Between the passenger trains and the freights, it was a very active railroad. And occasionally, when they overloaded the freight trains, this is a grade all the way up here-- a gradual grade from Waltham up here through Lincoln. And quite often, a freight train would actually have overloaded and couldn't make it and it would slow down and slow down, and finally come to a halt, blocking the crossings down here and they had to send another engine down to hook on and get it rolling again down

to Concord and beyond. It was quite a process. But it happened, like I say, probably on the average of once a month or once every couple months, you'd find a big freight parked across the crossings.

And also on the same note, the gates to the crossing were all manually put down by-- they had two attendants. One for Old Sudbury Road and one for South Gate Road, and a man had to stand there-- he had a little house that he stayed in, and he'd get out and he'd crank these big cranks down, which would lower the gates. And then put them up again after the train passed. I guess a signal bell would ring prior to-- because I remember the bells. A signal bell would ring at his little shed, warning him that the train was approaching.

Later years, what they did was, they installed some kind of an underground cable from South Gate Road over to the gates at Old Sudbury Road so he could manually operate them from one station so it would only take one man instead of two to put these gates down. That was a big thing. And it was quite a few years later before they put in the electric gates. I mean, that was long after that. When they had the new cable put in for Old Sudbury Road, I think they built a tower on South Gate Road, which the man could stay up in the tower-- he'd have to climb a ladder because

we used to go up there to see him sometimes and knock on his trap door, and he'd open it up and say hello to us kids. He was well off the ground, he had a clearer view of the crossings and stuff like that.

Q: And when those trains went really slow by this area, would you guys ever do anything?

A: Well, it was a big thing when the long freights used to come through-- yes, we'd run down there or ride our bikes down and see what was going on and I tell you, we did have a lot of respect-- I don't know if it was our parents or whether we just knew that it was not a good place to play or fool around with the trains. We never tried to jump them or jump on board or anything like that. Even though they might have been stopped. We were fascinated. He did say they actually jumped on the side.

END OF SIDE A

A: Okay. My brother said that some of the freights, when they stopped, they did jump on for a little short ride, but they didn't go very far because he got into-- the freight would pick up in speed so it was just a short little thing. Anyway, it was a big part of our childhood, watching these trains go up. That was it.

Q: Did that happen in your years here?



A: It started right near probably my teen years when they switched to locomotives-- oil fired. But I would add one other thing. Occasionally, in the dry weather, the locomotives, with their hot coals and cinders, would fire out these burning cinders and start fires along the edge of the tracks, and of course the fire departments had to come and put them out and sometimes they'd get out of hand when they get into some of the fields. But that was a fairly common occurrence when the dry season was here.

Q: Sounds like it was an important part of life. So, going back to the barn. You described what was in the main body of the barn, could you describe the wing of the barn on the right hand side?

A: Oh yeah, this wing here. Okay, now I believe we had-- he had some wagons stored in there, horse-drawn wagons. I remember seeing them as a child. I believe a horse stall was up somewhere between that wing and the main part of the barn. And a lot of farm equipment-- we had an attic room with a stairway that went up to the second floor there. And between that wing and the main barn, was where he stored his milk there in a cement area with the ice to hold it.

Q: And the upper part of that wing, was used as a--?

A: Yes, the upper part of that wing-- when my uncle got older, so he didn't have to all the time due to his hours at work or something, he would come home and didn't want to wake up the family. He had made himself a little room up there with-- finished the walls with finished wood and he made himself a little room up there where he could sleep and actually not really cook, but just to sleep there. That's still in tact today. I'll describe that there was no water here at the time where the road went and then up this side.

Q: So Bill, when your grandparents came here, and we think it's about 1908, they had to clear the land, and then could you tell us how he laid out his farm? How big is the farm?

A: The total acreage? Ten acres. And it goes way back into the woods down there. And starting over here, where these trees are right now, it was, as I recall it, it was much more open in here with just some scrub growth and very low bushes and it was a black peat area there. And in the summer time, it would dry out, and you could walk through there with this dry peat under your feet which was packed in quite well, so it was fairly solid, but in the weather times-- in the Spring especially, it was very soft and you actually could sink in it. That was another thing

that we used to play in there when it was a little drier. It was kind of a fascinating, you know, place for kids to go. Almost like digging in the sandbox.

I think during the Depression times when money was really scarce, that my grandfather did sell some of the peat to get a little bit of income. Of course, it was very rich for growing things. Now, over here, on this side, where we see the horses' tracks was a road which led down to the big field and on the left side there was a shed down there, too. But then up to the field, which was the field that was cleared by him for growing the strawberry crop and a few other vegetables. But basically all strawberries. And of course, there was no pond here at the time. This was an open area right here with woods. Actually, the woods were in a little bit closer with approximately four sheds on this side which housed some animals-- chickens especially because he had quite a number of chickens for sale, for eggs, mostly. And of course, they ate them as well.

And also over here by the swings was a big stand of white pines that we used to play in as kids. It was kind of a dark area, but fascinating area too.

Q: There was an additional building?

A: Well, it was one of the four buildings that I believe my grandfather used to smoke meats from the pigs and

farm animals there to keep for himself. Because for long periods of time, I'd see smoke coming out of the shed. I don't know-- I think he did it just for his own use, to keep for longer periods.

Q: Tell me, did your grandfather grow up knowing how to farm?

A: No, actually he didn't. This was kind of the funny part of it. His wife, Sarah, was really the farmer, coming from a big farm family in Denmark, and she was really the one with the most knowledge, and probably was the key one to teach him most of the farming methods. I think he really didn't know too much about it. As I recall, they both worked in the fields during the summer. And I believe they did during the peak season-- may have hired some part-time people to help in the fields-- maybe one or two at the most. But Sarah did work in the fields as well as did a lot of-- a tremendous amount of canning for their own use to keep them through the winter and into the next year with vegetables and berries and things like that. So, she took care of the house as well as worked in the fields. We were living right there and I used to hear them, you know-- it was--

Q: Let's back up here for a moment. You wanted to add something about pigs.

A: Well, this is a little subject that I didn't like. It's one of the things about farm life that you have to accept. But the pigs had to be slaughtered for their meat, and living next door-- I wouldn't come over to see this, but you could hear it-- the squealing. I called it screaming, but it was squealing of the pigs. Some man that does this for a living comes and when it's time to slaughter the pigs for meat, they did it right out here, I guess, in the yard and as far as I can remember, I wouldn't come over and see it, but they have some way of killing them quick, but in the process it's pretty noisy.

And then, of course, another thing too-- that's one subject, but the chickens were another thing. As we had our own chickens next door and I didn't like this either, but my father used to be the preparer, and when we needed a chicken for a Sunday dinner, a roast chicken, he would go out, pick one out of the flock that was not laying good or something and with his axe or hatchet, remove the head, and that was the end of the chicken. We would then have to pick all the feathers off and dress it for the oven. My mother actually was in on the picking feathers. I guess we didn't mind doing that either, us kids didn't mind taking the feathers off after they were dead. They too-- it wasn't a good sight. We didn't mind eating them, they were delicious, but

as far as the process of preparing one, was not so good. That's about all I can remember on the preparation of the animals.

Q: What about-- tell me a little bit about the neighborhood at that time. And it would help for people to hear this or see this in the future, if we could refer to specific houses by the names of people living in them now and then we can cross reference that with who used to be living there.

A: Yes. Well, actually, this house, being the second house up the road from Route 117-- this farm. The first house was a very tiny little house next door-- like a two room house, and that housed a cousin of my father by the name of Peter Christianson and his wife. However, she died, I guess, very young. And he lived there alone for a long time. And then there was this farm and then our house next door was the third house up the road.

Q: Going back to Mr. Christianson's-- how was it that his wife died and what was his life like and how did he die?

A: Yes, I don't know if you want me to go into the suicide?

Q: It's part of the neighborhood story.

A: Okay. I never knew his wife and I don't know how long he was married, but he was a very quiet man-- you'd

hardly ever know that he was there. He was kind of a recluse, but every Sunday, he would go out to get the paper up at the store somewhere, I don't even remember where he got it, but he would bring a paper back for us, and my brother Ken would go over there to pick it up. One Sunday morning, he went over to get the paper and didn't get any answer at the house so he went out to the garage to see if his car was back yet from the trip down to the store, and it was. The car was in the garage and Peter was in it. And what happened was, unfortunately, the man evidently felt he was no longer needed or anything and he took his own life by carbon monoxide-- letting his car run in the garage. That was-- how long he had been there? Probably a day. It probably happened the day before. And then going up the street, next to our house, was a long, long dirt driveway. Way down bordering my grandfather's field here, there was a Swedish family that lived down there by the name of Swanson. And they were really a wonderful family. They had two twin boys, which were approximately my age, maybe a year or two younger. And I am happy to say that I am still, after all these years--

Q: We'll pick up with, "You're happy to say--" and you need to come a bit closer Bill so that we can hear you--

A: I'm happy to say that I'm still very good friends-- probably with one of the twin boys, Arnold. We've remained close, we visit a few times a year. He lives up in New Hampshire and the other one I see occasionally. Their parents are gone now, but they lived down there probably until about 1950 or a little earlier.

Q: And that would be in the Conrad-Bradshaw house?

A: Yes. The Conrad-Bradshaw house, right. And then going further up to the next driveway, we had the Peterson's. They lived way down in the woods-- again, on a dirt driveway. And actually--

Q: McKinney's

A: McKinney's live there now. And that house has been-- that was a little tiny, tiny house that was no more than two rooms with a cellar, a poured cellar foundation by hand-- they had no plumbing. They had a hand pump in the kitchen, and an outhouse in the garage, a fair distance from the house, where they had to use even in the winter. That house was only a couple of rooms and there was Mr. and Mrs. Peterson and they raised, I believe, there was one girl and at least three boys. I think either three or four kids in that family. And then the next house up was the John Rooney and Margaret Rooney. And they had three children. And they



were friends of ours too. A rather poor family. And I still am friends with him, too. Jack Rooney.

Q: And this would be in what is currently the Barnes(?).

A: That would be-- yes. The gray house there-- I guess it's gray now.

Q: Yeah.

A: Close to the road. Yes. And that house, too, has been added onto quite a bit. It was much smaller. And I remember-- they were very close to us because, being kids, we used to play together and when they were kids, they did have a bathroom-- I don't know what was wrong with it, but they used to have to take a bath-- they had a big tub, a round tub out in the kitchen floor, and they used to have to take a bath in the tub. I remember going up there as a kid and they'd be having their bath there at times when I'd come in and it seemed everyone had plumbing problems at one time or another-- even though there was town water in the road, but fixtures in the house didn't seem to keep up with the times.

Then if we go next door to them was the James and Priscilla Boyce, who had a son Manley, who I'm still close with and know. And they were actually part of the Boyce farm family. And going up another house, we have the

Mead(?) house-- I should add, prior to James Boyce living there was the Blue(?) family, who were-- he was a paper hanger by trade and I still know John Blue, who lives up in Vermont and has done paper hanging-- the son has done paper hanging for me over the years. And then the next house was people by the name of Noonis(?). They had a boy-- this is the present Mead house. We used to play together as kids out here. David Noonis-- I don't know what happened to him. They left a long time ago.

Q: Maybe you could tell me a little bit about, very briefly, the Lear(?) and Boyce farms, if you remember them-- we have that on another tape, but--

A: Yes. Across the street there-- directly across from the Mead's house, which was Noonis, the Boyce farm was a source of excitement for us kids. I spent a lot of time over there as a child growing up, not just playing in the hills and especially up in the hills there, not only in the summer time, cowboys and indians with other kids in the neighborhood, but in the Winter, it was another source of entertainment. We had sledding, tobogganing, skiing, we had a pond over, which was then Boyce's piggery, which froze over in the winter and we had actually it was a nice open area-- we could have little fires there from scrap wood we'd pick up and we had a lot of fun over there. A lot of fun.

The other part of entertainment. I used to help milk some cows-- this was in later years when I was probably in my early teens. They had narrowed their herd down. It was slowly getting out of the milk business, but they still had a few cows left. I would guess at that time maybe only around six or so, but I used to go up and milk them or help milk them, I should say, by hand. And they would still sell the milk, but because it would be too much for the families, but all the Boyce family used to get their milk from there. And we too would get some occasionally. But then we got a milkman. The milkman started coming up this way from the city in later years. It was a big thrill. I enjoyed that and we even named-- the cow I used to milk was Daisy and Crooked Nose, which actually the cow had a crooked nose, it was bent a little bit.

They also had a couple of horses-- there was Jerry and one other horse too-- Jerry and Ginger, I think, that they used for plowing the fields, but they also were getting into the tractors in those later years. And finally, the horses phased out and the tractors took over. But it was great fun. And haying was another thing, too. Because, as I recall, the Boyce's used to bring in their hay loose, and they'd have these hooks that picked it off the wagon, brought it up and into the barn, and then dropped it. These

great big hooks. And of course, we used to play up in the hay mounds too. So, it was an entertainment center for kids. That's for sure.

Then, Van...(inaudible) farm was another active farm just a stone's throw up the road. A very active dairy farm. And the boys-- two boys and a girl that worked there were part of the family and they worked with the father and worked hard in the fields. The barn is gone now, as well as Boyce's barn. It's sad to see them go, but they just became so dilapidated and were in danger of falling. But I used to go up to Van...(inaudible) in my mid to late teen years and occasionally Hans(?) Jr. there, he would ask us if we would like a nice steak from one of the cows. He would go in the refridge, pull out a couple of steaks and cook them up for us and boy were they ever delicious. I think-- we don't eat much beef today, but boy, they ate a lot of beef up there, and it's still going strong. Except the mother and father are gone now.

Q: You mentioned the piggery-- the Boyce farm piggery, and I was going to ask about-- I know the train often went by and was noisy, were there other sounds that you associate from childhood and smells?

A: Yes. The piggery was a very active, huge piggery with lots of pigs up there. They used to bring-- there

would be this big garbage truck come up every day from the city-- probably Waltham, where they'd pick up the garbage from the houses and they'd dump it and this big truck would come in and dump the garbage in a big cement trough up there, and then as the farm hands would come in and shovel the garbage up onto a little wagon and go around to the different pens and then shovel the garbage into the pens. It really smelled terrible. This was before they even thought of steaming the garbage to kill the worms that developed in it-- maggots. So, if you saw the garbage, you wouldn't want to eat it-- I mean, you wouldn't want the pigs to eat it, but they didn't mind. These maggots were little things that form eggs that hatch out from flies, crawl through it, but when they get into steaming the garbage, which was a new safer method, a lot of the piggeries couldn't handle the cost of doing it and they phased out the pigs for that reason.

We used to go around-- I used to love to go up there and photograph pigs in the pens, as well as some of the other farm animals. And as a kid, it was one of my-- I used to love doing that. But that was a very active place up there. One added thing that was also-- they had a box mill ✓ up in the back side of the piggery there where they used to make boxes to ship their vegetables to the market. And from

what I understand, a lot of the wood that they used for these boxes, came from trees up in that area-- the pines, and there was a lot of pines and stuff up there. They used these trees to make into boxes. They had all kinds of saw equipment and stuff in there.

Q: So, they made their own.

A: They made their own. It was quite fascinating. You know, it's unbelievable how some of the farms ran around here. They didn't go out and buy all the stuff they needed. They made it. And the smells. Of course, I was getting back to the smells. Depending on which way the wind the blowing, we would get various smells on this road here-- first the trains, I said if it was an eastwind, you'd get the black smoke rolling up the road, if you got the south-- the southwind was really the clear wind from this direction here. And if the wind blew in from the north, then you'd get the piggery smell or if you got a little over to the west-- northwest wind-- in the late summer, after they cut the cabbage fields, it would be rotting cabbage in the fields, and that stuff would really put out a tremendous odor, as well as the Spring, where they used the cow manure from the barns and the cow manure was another kind of exiting project to watch. You knew Spring was coming when you could smell that spread all over the fields. There

again, they didn't buy too much fertilizer because when the dairy farm was active, they had plenty of cow manure, and it really enriched the fields. They probably lined them, but that was about it. There again, when the wind was right, you had to put up with that for a few weeks, but it was just part of living in the country and you really didn't mind it that much.

Q: Guns.

A: Guns. Yes. I think everybody had guns around, that I know of. It was just part of country living. For myself, as an example, my 16th birthday, I got a 22 caliber rifle for a gift. And we respected guns fully. Never really fooled around with them. From 16 on, I had probably-- well, I had two of my own, a shotgun that I used for hunting, the rifle I used for target practice, and that was about the equivalent of my arsenal. Of course, my brothers had guns, too. I don't remember my father having any, but I know they had them on the farm here, too, to keep some of the varmints away that-- skunks-- foxes were always after the chickens, so they had to use it to try to keep some of these animals down that were attacking farm animals. And we used to-- out here, on the front of the barn, on the little knoll there, quite often, I remember coming over here. I was a little too young to do it, but they did skeet

shooting(?) right here. I know my brother, I think-- my two brothers, and probably my uncle and father, too-- they had a machine that would throw these skeets up by a spring-- they'd throw these skeets up and they'd fire away at them with their shotguns. Quite a noisy time, but everyone expected to hear shotguns up in the country here, especially in the Fall, when the season was open. But that's about all I can recall offhand about the guns.

Q: So, Bill-- I'm going to ask you a question about-- when you think back on your childhood, were there any traumatic events that we should remember?

A: I remember one very, very scary event-- other than the '38 hurricane, which I was so young, I only remember some after damage, but one earthquake that we had here when I was only two in the '38 hurricane hit, it was scary, but I don't remember much about it other than pictures. But when I was about four, maybe five years old, we had an earthquake here and I remember it was very scary because it was really shaking the ground and I remember Michael Boyce running from the farm across the field back to his house across the street. And my mother yelling out to him that it was an earthquake, I guess she had heard it. It didn't last long. It didn't do really any damage, but it was scary. And then again, the one I'm referring to happened in the summer of



1945. And at that time, I was nine years old and it was a tremendous tragedy that happened right on this farm. Down here, if you can see where the field is down here-- a big Navy plane went overhead, right over the house, and it was flaming, smoke was pouring out of the engine, and it was looking for a place to land. It had taken off from Hanskin(?) field, and one of the engines had caught fire. And it was trying to find a place to land and it spotted this field here of my grandfather's field. He attempted to make a landing right in there. Coming in, I believe he was coming in from the right side and couldn't make it. It was too short-- too short a field, and he veered off into the woods, tried to raise up and came crashing down into the woods as you notice just beyond the field there and hit on the top of a ridge where underneath was some ledge and the plane crashed through the trees, breaking all the trees down and virtually exploding as it hit. And unfortunately, the final result of that terrible accident was that five Navy flyers were killed. I think there was four that had died in the wreckage and one that survived. They brought him-- when the rescue people came, my mother was one that had called because we could see the black smoke pouring up out of the woods there. And she thought that us kids were outside here when it happened. She thought that we might be down there

in the woods because we used to go down there and play a lot of times around the brook in the summer time. It was one of our little playgrounds because it was a logging road that went down there. Just about in that spot where the plane hit.

But I remember the rescue people came and they did get one flyer out and carried him out on a stretcher up to Fanny and Mike Boyce's house, right across the street here. Laid him out and he died there on the porch before they could take him away. The only thing I can remember was that I did see him from a distance. He was pretty bad. His face was rather black from the smoke and fire, but it was really a terrible tragic thing that happened. And it went on for days and weeks later as people came in to take the pieces of the plane out of there.

Now, today you look down there and there's all the trees have regrown, you'd never even know it happened today to look at it. It was really a terrible thing. Other than that, I don't really recall-- there's nothing that could get anything worse than that.

Q: Talk about high drama. I remember, was it Carl VanLeer(?) saying that he had seen it happening from the tractor in his field and he drove his tractor down the road-- probably down to the Conrad-Bradshaw house?

A: It must have come right over here. He could easily see it from his fields. Sure. Actually, it came very close to crashing into-- it could have-- it was so close to, which is now the Conrad-Bradshaw house. At that time, the Swanson house-- it was very close to hitting that.

Q: Switching gears here and doing a little wrap up-- you talked about as far as you were able to provide so much of what you needed in terms of food, shelter, entertainment. But there must have been some things that your households needed that had to be bought in what we would call stores today. But there were not stores at Lincoln to speak of. How did you get these kinds of things like pots and pans and specialty goods?

A: Well, you'd have to go to Waltham, which would be the nearest place really that would have any abundance. Even Concord was a little town where you could pick up a few things, though we seemed to always head for Waltham. I guess it was only another mile or two farther, but for any entertainment such as a movie or anything like that, Waltham was the place to go. However, if we had-- during World War II, we had peddlers that used to come out here. For one thing, we had a phone and my mother used to call this grocer down in Waltham and call in and order for groceries. And he would come out and deliver them. I don't know if he charged

anything for the actual delivery. And then we had other peddlers that came too. There was a man that sold fish. And we had a bread company, milk companies that you'd have so many different people coming to your house selling stuff. We had a rag man that would come by and he would want to buy from you-- not just take, but buy paper-- used paper, clothes, any rags regardless of condition and he'd have a scale on his vehicle there where he would weigh up the papers and rags and give you cash for them. Now, of course, during World War II, these items were extremely scarce. They were valuable. I was pretty young when the peddlers used to come, but I do remember them coming.

A: I'll go out and get them pictures.

Q: ... (inaudible) U.S. Navy plane. This is from 1945?

A: Yes. Actually, it was July 10, 1945 and this picture here, you will see the impact area on the ridge where my brother Ken Jensen is right here in this photo and these are a lot of other volunteers and people and firemen that rushed to the scene quickly. You can see that the path of the plane coming in just sheered off all the trees and disintegrated and burned on impact. Yes. If you look in this picture here, we used to play down approximately at the foot of where the front of the plane stopped. It was a brook and a little logging road here where we used to play

and dabble in the brook. Fortunately, none of us were down there at the time. We were up near our houses. But in this picture, you see the tail section, which broke off and it was lying a little distance from the main impact area.

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