



Daniel took pictures of everything, herself included — in garden clothes!

by Helen M. Pettengill

Art by Ben E. Denison

**T**OMORROW WOULD BE his last day in Vermont. Called back from Chile by his company, he was taking a few days to revisit his home before starting to work in New York.

He had been an exile for 20 years, hunting copper all over the world. Yesterday he had driven around the

old college campus and now he was driving through the river valleys.

Stopping on the crest of the hills, seeing the red barns and white houses, the cattle and sheep grazing on ancient pastures, the old folks sitting under the elms and young housewives weeding their gardens, he said to himself: "Maybe I should have stayed." Copper country had no such scenes as these.

But that was water over the dam.

Maybe, now that he was to be in one spot for some years, he would get back home once in a while.

Today he must visit his birthplace, burned to the ground when he was two years out of college and not rebuilt. Had the fire killed the big maples, the lilacs, the tiger lilies?

When he reached "High Mowing" as his mother had named it, he was glad to find the trees unscathed. The lilacs had been spared, too, but were

bent by the wind until they looked like question marks asking why they had been left alone so long.

They were past their bloom. But surrounded by a tangle of brush and briars, the tiger lilies were in blossom, lifting toward the sun. They had been his mother's favorites, in part because, as she said, they came up by themselves and withstood the cold Winters, and so required little care.

Farm wives had little time for a