Life and Times

of

JOHN BAKER

Farmer

by

John Earl Baker

Presented to the

Eagle Historical Society

by John Baker's Great Granddaughter,

Eleanor Hulce Normington

and his Great Grandson,

Richard West Baker

JOHN BAKER
At the age of 83

Dear Cousins

On Sunday, June 12, 1949, some sixty-five of us gathered to generate the hundredth anniversary of the arrival of our Baker grandparents in the United States and their purchase of the farm which was the scene of our family gathering. For some time previous to that date I had entertained the idea of writing some sort of biography of our common ancestors, hoping to have is ready for distribution at the centennial gathering. But procrastination plus an unexpected appointment to a government task in China forested not only my proposed timing to the distribution, but even the writing.

At this late date, however, I feel that some attempt at the story of our forebears may have a certain value as well as interest. Book in England they lived in a rather remote portion of the country, which at the time was only indirectly affected by the industrial revolution. If I can succeed in depicting the life they lived at various stages from birth to death, I may be able to contribute a little to an understanding of how that revolution affected common people.

Grandfather came to live with us after grandmother died in 1891. I was not quite eleven years old - the age at which the mind is "wax to receive and granite to retain". I was full of questions, and be a lonely old ma, living mostly in the past, needed little encouragement to tell stories of his boyhood and youth. Grandfather was not voluble but given an audience he would talk at length. Hence, it is possible that I have stored in my mind many word pictures of that far-off time which have been denied the rest of you.

Nevertheless, I shall include several anecdotes which I have received from other members of the family, and perhaps several of you will send me more which can be circulated later. Kost likely, I shall give versions entirely at variance from those which you have received from your parents or other relatives. All I can say is that my own version is faithful to the memory which I have of grandfather's tales.

In 1945, being grounded by plans in England for nine days, I spent five of them in Devon and Cornwall, visited North Petherwin and the old Baker home, Pattacott, I hunted up Will Baker, grandson of Grandfather's brother William.

Will lives near Camelford, in Cornwall, not many miles from Pattacott. His farm of 140 agree is known as Treclaygo, and was purchased by his grandfather when the latter sold Pattacott about 1870. In 1952, I visited this area again, examined the baptism, marriage and burial records at North Petherwin Church of England and other likely places, visited certain libraries and Somerset House, London, besides comparing stories with elderly residents and reading the inscriptions on tombstones. The results will be indicated in the following text.

I think I should add that there is no scarcity of Bakers in the area visited. About the first name I saw over a shop in Launceston was that of "J. E. Baker" - Joseph Ernest Baker, but we could trace no relationship - he did not know the given name his grandfather. Another soon found was Gilbert Baker - no relation, but his eldest son was a ringer for Uncle Ed and his youngest looked much like Erv. Gilbert. So also a Mrs. Bray who was born a Baker and a Mrs. Uglow whose father was a Nathaniel Baker.

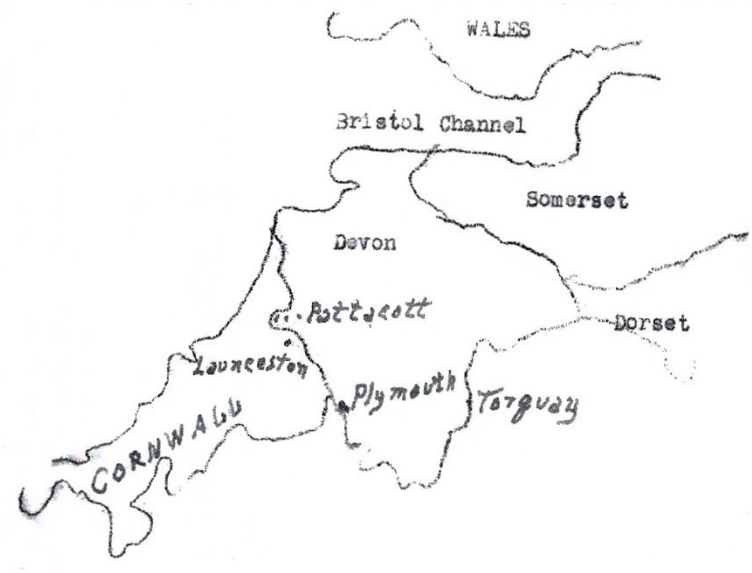
Of course, the relationship with these other Bakers, in some instances, may be closer than we know. According to the recollection of William Baker of Camelford, William, the Soldier, had five brothers, John George, Degury, Robert and Thomas and a sister Ann. That goes so far back, and the same given names are repeated so frequently in the succeeding generations, that it is difficult to trace connections with certainty.

But, Will of Camelford is the last descendent of William, the Soldier, remaining in England and bearing the name of Baker. Only William and Ann, of his children remained in England) the others emigrated to America, John being the first. William and Carolina Cann, his wife, had only two children of whom the younger, Thomas, was an invalid, living only past his teens and dying a bachelor. The elder son, William, married but had only two sons, William of Camelford, who at the age of sixty-eight is still a bachelor, and Thomas, now deceased, without issue from his marriage with Margaret Pern.

CHAPTER 1.

BACKGROUND AND YOUTH OF JOHN BAKER

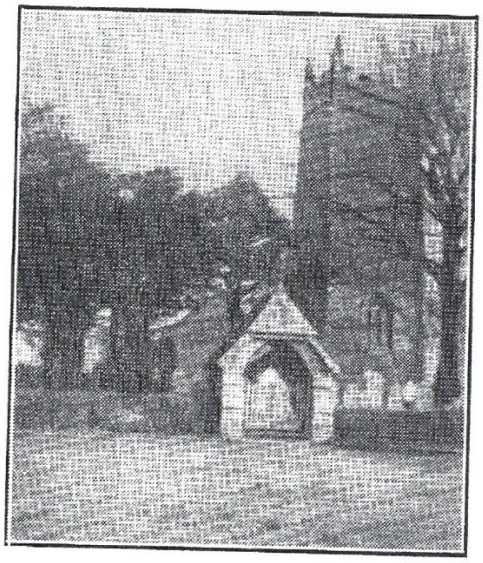
Spread out the map of England in front of you. Cornwall is the county in the extreme southwesterly tip. Devon is the county just east of Cornwall, its southern coast carrying the ports of Plymouth and Torquay, its northern coast washed by the Bristol Channel. Note that the boundary line between these two countries at one place makes a sharp bend into Cornwall. This protrusion of Devon into Cornwall makes up the parish of North Petherin.



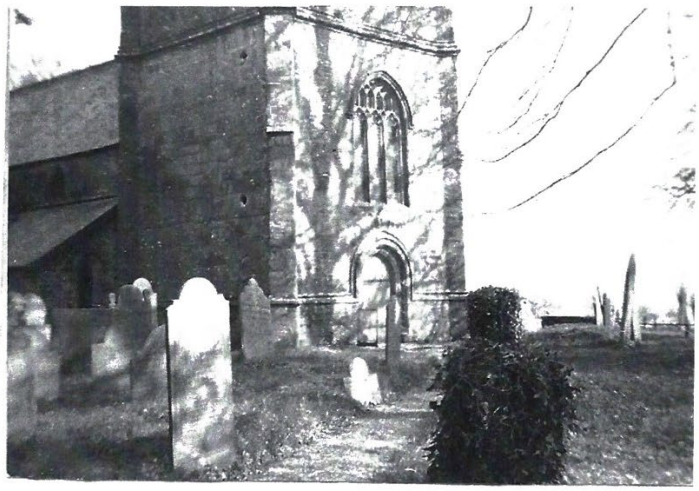
The Tamar river which provides much of the boundary between the two counties, serves to divide North Petherwin from the parish east of it. One legend has it that in the long ago when the counties were formed, one party of surveyors, under orders to use the river as boundary, were so under the influence of Devon cider that they missed the Tamar under the bridge they used to cross it and recovered possession of their senses only when they reached the Canworthy. Another version is that the abbot of Tavistock, just over the line in Devon, held lands in the area between the Tamar and the Canworthy, wanted them all in the same county and so influenced the surveyors. It could be that the first legend explains how the holy abbot implemented his wish.

Petherwin Gate,(North Petherwin hamlet) consists of some ten cottages and a #non-comformist" chapel.

North Petherwin Church of England.
(Taken from Petherwin Gate)



NORTH PETHERWIN CHURCH.



Headstone of William Baker
1785-1834

Cornwall and Devon make a region of hills, rolling meadows, woods, creeks and rivers. They form the playground of England during the holiday and vacation season. Fishing is the principal sport but so green are the pastures that both counties will always be the objectives of these who seek rural beauty. In such a scene in North Petherwin Parish, on June 4, 1809, John Baker was born. He was therefore a contemporary of Abraham Lincoln and William Ewart Gladstons, in point of time.

Cornwall and Devon today look much as they did in 1809. During and since World War II power farming with its tractors, gang plows and harvesters, milking machines, skimming stations and other features of large scale farming have been introduced. But it is still predominately a grass county, the fields are still small, two or four acres, divided by hedgerows so rocked that only dynamite on a large and expensive scale, or powerful and expensive bulldozers can remove them. However, one important change has taken place. In 1809 the landscape was dotted with thatched cottages. Six or eight acres were all one man could till when most of the work must be done by human labor. Only here and there such a cottage still remains. Alongside each of the larger new houses, which the Duke of Bedford built seventy or eighty years ago, when he consolidated these small farms, one such cottage generally will be found. It is occupied by the hired help or by the retired parents of the present operator. Also, a few scattered specimens are occupied by the occasional handy-man serving the neighborhood. The others have disappeared.

At the far westerly edge of North Petherwin was a farm known as Pattacott, owned by William Baker. It is to be presumed that John Baker was born at Pattacott. The book containing his baptismal registry has been lost or destroyed. But the marriage register recording the marriage of William Baker to Rebecca Gimlet, November 9, 1806, gives Pattacott as the home of the groom. These were the days of primo-geniture (inheritance of the ancestral home and lands by the eldest son) and from the days of Queen Anne, so the tradition runs, Pattacott had been held by a William Baker. The only cause for debt is to be found in the baptismal register of the sisters and brother born

after 1812 (The register begins with the year 1813). These are all shown as born at Coudray - a nearby farm. Was John also born at Coudray? Will Baker of Camelford, believes not. He points out that a sister of Rebecca Gimlet Baker was the wife of the owner of Coudray and that she well may have gone to her sister later for her lying in, three older children being small.

John was the first-born son of William and Rebecca Baker. Why was he named "John" instead of William? This is something of a mystery, for it broke the rule that the eldest son should be named “William”, a rule that John himself and his first-born son followed in after years. Could it be in anyway connected with the fact that while John was the first-born son he was not the first-born child? John was preceded by a sister Ann.

The house in which John Baker probably was born still stands. It is a “cob” house, a type of construction which if given proper maintenance lasts for centuries. A "cob" house is constructed with a wooden frame, well braced, resting on a masonry foundation, the walls consisting of pebbles and larger stones, bound by a mixture of clay and lime, rammed hard between the uprights and braces. If whitewashed at intervals of a few years so that the weather cannot attack the clay mixture, the walls are practically impervious to time. How many generations of Willians preceded the birth of this one John, no one seems to know.

The old Pattacott house was and is two stories high, with the two larger rooms and two smaller ones composing each story. The rooms on the first story now have slate floors, but when John was born, and probably for nearly a century later, they were of pounded clay, thus constituting in all verity the "ground" floor. The roof now is of slate, but in 1809 at least half of it was thatched with straw. The present owner states that the whole roof has been of slate during his connection with the place; but one slope of the roof appears bright and fairly new whereas the other slope is mousy and the dates have weathered edges indicating great age. I remember grandfather saying that part of the house was roofed with slate and part was covered with thatch.

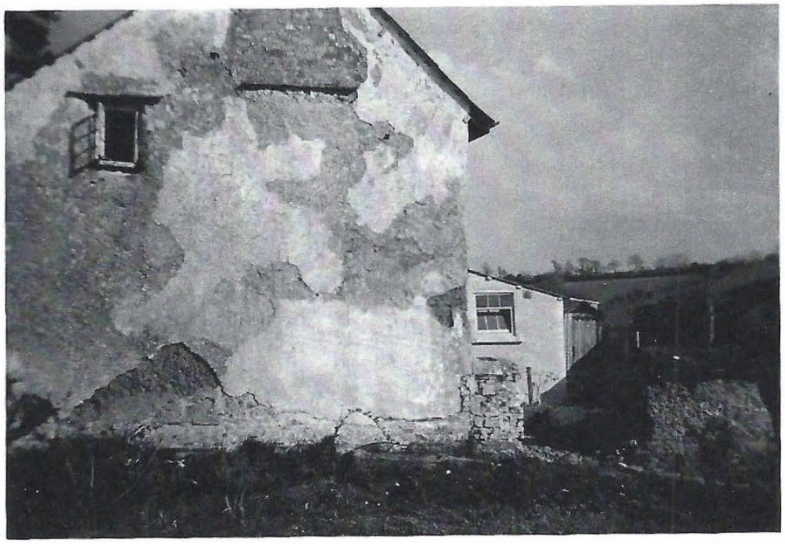
At one end of the house is an evidently later addition, referred to by the present owner as ‘Baker shippins”. This was an animal shelter with a capacity of five or six cows and horses. At the side of a detached two-acre field was a

"sheep hyre” large enough to shelter no more than eight er ten sheep. This consisted of a "Cob" wall perhaps three feet high, with posts holding up a thatched roof, leaving space of about two feet above the wall open to the weather. It must be remembered that this part of England is warmed by the Gulf Stream, that snows are infrequent and short-lived and that pastures are green the year around. Present in 1946, this sheep byre was gone in 1952.

How large a farm was Pattacott? On this point, I have much doubt. My recollection of grandfather's replies to my questions, is to the effect that there we eight acres in Pattacott, added to which he farmed four acres at Coudry Park. This was confirmed by the present owner, Mr. Hutchins, when I visited the place in 1945. He had maps showing that it lay in two parcels, one of a little less than two acres and the other just six acres. A small field under other ownership lay between the two parcels. All of these fields sloped gently toward a creek known as Caudworthy Water, but shortened by local usage into "Coudry watter".

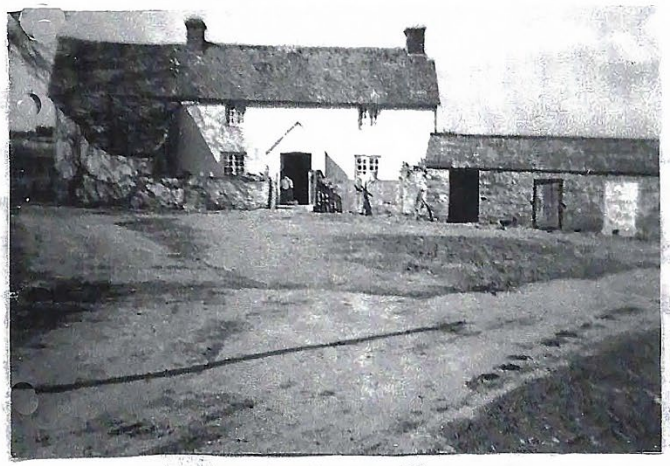
VIEWS OF COUDRY PARK HOUSE

(April 1952)

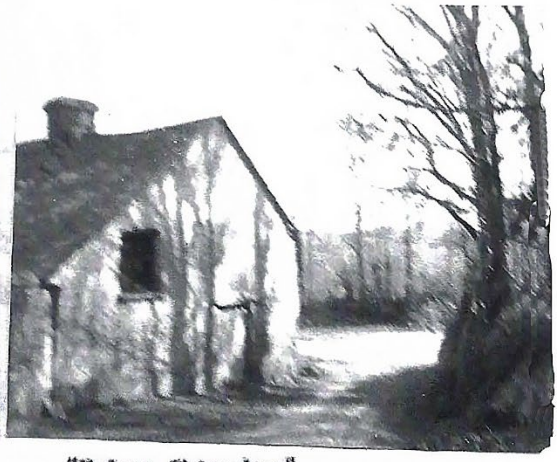


But Uncle Alf, who visited England in 1886, or thereabouts, was of the opinion that Pattacott included some forty acres, but I was inclined to think he was led astray by the size it had attained under the consolidation efforts of the Duke of Bedford. However, Will Baker of Camelford, inclines to the view that it was even larger than fifty acres, because he has in his possession receipts for money paid by his grandfather to his sisters for the use of a one-firth undivided interest" in sums of such amount as would indicate, at the rates current a hundred years ago, an area equal to at least ten acres for each "one-fifth. These receipts serve to throw doubt on several matters in addition to the one of acreage -- as will be seen in due course.

In 1867, in his attempt to revive farming in southwestern England, the Duke of Bedford acquired Pattacott farm, consolidated it with several other small farms to a total of 180 sores. In a corner of a field adjoining, he built a pretentious stone house and other buildings commensurate with this acreage. But the combined holding still bears the name of Pattacott; the names of the other small farms have disappeared. This fact may indicate that Pattacott hours was a little bit larger or better built than those on the other farms; or it may only indicate that it was more conveniently located with reference to the surrounding fields. These buildings are a full half-mile off the highway. How came these many small farms to be combined into larger ones? Two factors; the industrial revolution coaxed farm youth to the factories and a wave of migration to America and Australia by their sons and daughters left only the old and decrepit on the farms. Every few miles along the roads will be seen a country chapel, Baptist, Wesleyan, or other "non-conforming" denomination, which once was packed on a Sunday afternoon, but now is attended by only a pitiful handful.



Pattacott House (Taken from the east)
"Baker shipping" is the portion at the extreme left.



"Baker Shipping"

(Taken from a southwesterly angle)

Pattacott House (Taken from a northeasterly angle)

A portion of the new house built by the Duke of Bedford appears at the left. It is about fifty yards distant from Pattacott house.

And the Church of England fares little better. The population has departed. And so the Duke of Bedford, perhaps foreseeing Britain's need to raise more of her own food, but abo believing that the English farmer could compete with his American rival if his farm were large enough to employ the same kind of machinery, set about the combining of the many small farms into a relatively few larger ones. At his death, however, in order to pay the heavy inheritance taxes, his heir was compelled to dispose of most of his holdings. But the larger farm had proved itself and has not been broken up in the process.

What manner of man was William Baker, father of John? Again the testimony is not consistent. Grandfather told me little about him and that little was generally some reference to illnesses. Of his grandfather my grandfather often spoke pridefully. It appears that this latter was a vigorous character who “vit the Vrench” and brought home many a tale of camp and battlefield. Over and over again I heard the story of the time ammunition ran low and when the fact was brought to the notice of the line officer, that worthy replied, "You's got you's bagonets, bant thuh?” Where-upon the company fixed bayonets and charged the French position, “pitchin' they Vrenchies h'over ‘ead like sheaves of grain".

Grandfather told stories of walking to Plymouth to consult his "w’it-witch", concerning his father's health and of other trips to secure medicine. On a last trip he carried a sample of urine and was commissioned to ask the “w'it-witch", "Will I live or die?" As grandfather told the story, the "w’it-witch” held the bottle to the light, pulled a long face and stated "I think 'ee'll die". "And die 'ee did", grandfather testified. On William Baker's tombstone in the North Petherwin churchyard, there is a verse which reads:

"Sad affliction and much pain
To me on earth was given
But here I lie in hope to find
A recompense in heaven.

Dear wife see how my life in past

You faithful loved me to the last
So now for me no sorrow take
But love my children for my sake."

This epitaph was composed by Willian pers and at his direction was engraved upon his headstone. It was the custom of the times to refer to life as a burden and to experience as continuous pain; but these lines seem definitely a tribute to a wife who had borne with the woes and weaknesses of a sick man.

But Will of Camelford has quite a different impression. He sat at the feet of his grandfather much as I did at the feet of mine. That grandfather told him of being born while his father was in Spain fighting the French in the Peninsular War. Married in 1806, aged 21, he was soon conscripted and sent to Exeter for training. How long he served in the home guards before being sent to the Peninsula we can guess approximately -- sometime in early 1811. The history of the Peninsular War reveals that the predecessors to the Duke of Wellington lost practically entire Armies by starvation in the winter of 1807-8, and those who survived did so by diet of scavenging, most of them being permanently incapacitated by the illness which followed the consumption of such garbage. The Iron Duke himself suffered many reverses. William “the Soldier”, as Will of Camelford calls him, survived to victory under Wellington, but it is quite likely that he returned from the French Wars an invalid. John was some three or four years old when “the Soldier” returned, a stranger to his older children whose loyalties had already been given to their grandfather. Thus, William grandpers out a much more dashing figure then did their ailing, probably whining, father who died at the early age of forty-nine.

But Rebecca (Gimlet) Baker was no invalid and no whiner. She bore six children and managed her household so as to make ends meet. The record is as follows:

Name	Born/Baptized	Married
Ann	1807	Wm. Turner, Fb. 1, 1836
John	June 4, 1809	Grace Bone, 1836 (Registry missing)
William	1811	Caroline Cann, Jan. 6, 1842
Eliza	Oct. 30, 1814	Thomas Baker, Dec. 21, 1837, Emigrated to USA
Rachel (1)	Mar. 9, 1817	Walter Bray, June 2, 1841
James	Dec. 24, 1820	?

(1) Registered as "Rebecca", but when she witnessed the marriage of her sister, Eliza, she signed as "Rachel Rebecca" and grandfather always referred to her as "Rachel".

The present owner of Pattacott called my attention to a certain discoloration of the wall around the kitchen window. He states that local legend has it that a sort of bay window had been built from which Rebecca dispensed needles, thread, 'baccy and small articles of daily use, the meager profits on which added to the family income. In those days of numerous farm families on their small holdings, and fully two miles from Petherwin Gate, she may well have conducted a considerable trade. Cows and geese could graze on the commons. She made butter but it was all sold. A pig or two was raised, fatted and killed, but the family never had meat except on Sundays and "feast" days. She carded, spun and wove the wool from their few sheep and so made family clothing. She gathered peat and faggots for fuel on Exe moor, some two miles away -- not the big Exmoor north of Exeter. She lived to be eighty-five, dying February 7, 1870. The unmarked mound beside that of William is probably her grave.

The Bakers were free-holders: that is, they owned their land and no one could take it away from them. But if they couldn't make it produce a living there was no Social Security to supplement it. Being free-holders, they had a position to maintain in the community -- decent clothes in which to go to church, tithes to the church, taxes. The vicar maintained a school and in this

school John learned to read, write and cipher. Later he was sent to a "public" (private) school, probably in Launceston, seven miles away, for a period of six weeks. That be learned to spell with considerable accuracy and write clearly is evidenced by a diary, to which reference will be made in some detail in later chapters, and a tithing record of his which various descendants still preserve.

I noted with some interest while looking over the marriage register that while many female witnesses signed by making their mark (x), Rachel Rebecca Baker wrote her name in a clear, bold hand. Evidently the sisters of John were given schooling by the vicar also. This gives some light on the standing, economically at least, of William the Soldier.

Passing most any cottage in North Petherwin, one will notice a pile composed of bundles of twigs not more than foot in length and varying from an inch in diameter down to the stems of leaves. These are the trimmings from the hedgerows and are stacked to dry for use as fuel in the fireplaces. Fireplaces are invariable fitted with cranes by which kettles can be swing over the flame. A tripod or two is at hand to stand among glowing coals to hold a teapot or other cooking vessel. Most fireplaces have a brick oven built into the masonry, in which bread, scones and cakes are baked. Hot coals are first shut in the oven to heat it and then raked out before the baking is inserted. Pattacott house today has such a fireplace so fitted. It is surprising how soon a kettle will boil or a skillet will sputter on a tripod set over coals from which the ashes have been stripped back. But these coals give out little heat when covered by ashes, and, during damp winter months and many evenings at other seasons, small windowed rooms are chilly and cheerless unless something of a fire warms and dries the air. So, in John's boyhood one of the considerable chores was not only to gather faggots but to dig peat on Exemoor, which he and his mother carried on their backs to Pattacott, some two and a half miles distant.

Milking was women's work, as was the care of the milk and churning of butter so, John did none of this, not even after he migrated to America and the number of his cows made considerable of a herd. But plowing, sowing, reaping, flailing, winnowing, these were men's work, and of these he had his share, probably beginning at an early age. For plowing and harrowing he had a

horse. I never heard him describe his plough, but I assume it was of wood, covered with thin plates of iron, according to the pattern of the day. The harrow was composed of three or four parallel bars of wood with wooden teeth driven tightly through holes in the bars, sowing was done by hand from a sack hung from the shoulder waist high. At times birds were so many and so hungry that it was necessary to lead a horse hitched to the harrow immediately behind the sower and broadcast the seed no wider than the harrow could cover; else the seed would be eaten before it could be covered.

Reaping was done by hand hook. A few stalks of wheat would be seized by the left hand while the right hand swing the hook to out them off. A skillful reaper would lay the out grain in a straight row; the binder would follow with her rake, pull a rakeful from behind and another from the front, enough to make a bundle. With a deft kick of the rake at the stubble and she would force the loose straws into line so that the butt of the bundle would be square. Then seizing a handful near the heads, with a turn of both wrists, she would make a band with the heads inter-locking, stoop over and thrust the band under the bundle, drop her knee on the bundle so as to draw the band tight, give the two straw-ends of the band a twist and show them under the band, so that the interior pressure of the bundle would keep the band tight. Bundles were left lying in the sun to wilt for some hours, unless rain threatened, and were finally brought together in groups of ten or a dozen and “set-up"; that is, they were stood on the bust and leaning towards each other enough to give the group stability in the wind, and then "capped” with one or three bundles, depending on the size of the "shook" and the length of the bundle, so as to shed rain. While binding was generally considered as women's work, both reaping and binding were performed by both sexes and whole families participated at times. From tales told by Uncle Will, his father was not a proficient binder; hence we may infer that he did little of it when growing up.

Grandfather frequently told a story of how he outwitted his father on one occasion. He wanted to go to a church festival, but there was wheat to cut and he was told that he must stay home and reap it. However, he wheedled the concession that when the wheat was reaped and "set-up", he was free to go to the festival, his father well-knowing that the task was a full day's work. But grandfather interested his sister Ann in the problem and between them they

finished the stint in less than half a day. When John appeared at the festival, his father threatened him with dire consequences for running away from his job, but the boy so stoutly maintained that it was finished that the promised punishment was postponed until his father could take a look at the field.

At the end of the day on his return home, father William went direct to the field. He took one look and burst out with “You little devvils; you'n been yo-ing!” John kept his distance while he argued that the stint laid out was to reap and set up she wheat; this had been done, there had been no stipulation as to the technique by which it must be done. And he succeeded in avoiding a hiding. But what is “yo-ing”? In "yo-ing" the reaper laid the handfuls of cut grain in front of his feet and scuffed them forward as he cut. When he had accumulated enough for a bundle, he bound it and threw it towards a pile where eventually he would set them up in a "shock”. The bundles would not be so even at the butt, the shocks would not be lined up very straight, but the process was much faster than the conventional method. With a sister to help, a boy could get something of a holiday.

After wheat had stood in the shock and dried out, the general practice was to haul the sheaves close to the farm buildings and pile them into a conical shaped stack. They were left in the stack long enough to “sweat” and dry out after the sweat. Then the grain could he threshed out at any time.

The method of threshing in the early 1800's was by flail. A flail consisted of two pieces of wood hung together by a swivel. The handle was of a size and shape like an ordinary fork-handle, except that it was straight its entire length, The other piece was somewhat thicker, tapered a little at each and, and only about three feet long. A threshing floor, generally surfaced with pounded clay into which a little lime had been mixed, was generally maintained in the barnyard.

As weather and other work permitted, the famer pulled out sheaves from the stack, untied the bands and spread the whole evenly over the threshing floor. Then he swung his flail so as to beat out the grain from the straw. If the heads were fully dried out, grain and chaff fall off from the straws under these blows. An awkward flailer sometimes gave himself a stunning blow on the head as the flailing piece swung around.

The next step was to lift off the straw with a fork -- which in those days was of wood, a suitably shaped branch of a tree, and pile it in a heap convenient for use. After this the wheat and chaff were swept together in the middle of the threshing floor and then put either into bags or baskets and sheltered until a day when sun and wind were suitable for winnowing. Winnowing consisted of tossing the chaff and grin high into the air by handfuls or shovelfuls so that the wind would blow away the light chaff and allow the heavier grain to fall on the threshing floor. Then the grain would be swept up and bagged. Generally a second winnowing was necessary to blow the dust out of the groin. This second winnowing had to be over a cloth or a wooden floor so as to leave the wheat clean enough for grinding into flour.

All of this work was done by man power and so the acreage which one man could manage was severely limited. In Russia on the unmechanized collective farms, only eight acres is assigned person. Here is another reason for believing that Pattacott farm was about standard for the times. John and his ailing father, or later with his younger brothers and sisters, had plenty to keep them busy on eight acres. Camelford Will has preserved the indenture papers by which his grandfather was apprenticed to another farmer in the neighborhood. The rector of the parish saw to it that surplus sons and daughters were not permitted to grow up in idleness but had an opportunity to learn the skills necessary to the life of the times and learn them under families that were known to be proficient. So, John did not have the assistance of his younger brother William except during his younger teen years.

Yet, there is the fact of Coudray, or Coudry, Park with its four acres. Coudray Park is still known by that name. Its fields and those of Pattacott slope toward each other and toward a small stream shown on the map as Coudworthy Water. How this came under the same tillage as Pattacott, I never heard nor could I find out. It has been in the possession of a family by the name of Pearce for nearly a hundred years. Camelford Will suggests that it was owned by John Baker in fee simple. It is not included in the present Pattacott farm.

Up the hill from Coudray Park is a cross-roads with a few homes known as Maxworthy. Ann Baker Turner lived there and from her home Rebecca Gimlet Baker was borne to the church yard in 1870. Seven years later Ann Turner was similarly carried. In John Baker's boyhood a great-uncle identified only as "Uncle Rich" lived there. Camelford Will suggests that his name was Shearer. Uncle Rich was a country fiddler and apparently to his joy discovered that John had "an ear for music". He offered to teach John to play the fiddle and made available to him a cheap violin, (This was not the beautiful instrument which he gave John later and which became a pride of the family).

But William (the Soldier) declared that "viddler's naver come to nort" and that violin was the devil's own instrument. But his anger could not have been deep for in the end the boy was allowed to take lessons, with the stipulation that "Thuh shan't learn on my time; if thee's bound to go to the devil it shall be on thee own time". So, the practicing and the lessons had to be at night after the day's work was done.

In the early 1800's superstitions flourished in the countryside. None was more alive than the belief in ghosts. Even in his old age grandfather spoke of ghosts in tones of respect, so it can well be imagined with what trepidation he set forth after dark for Maxworthy to take his lessons. Ghosts could not cross water, such was the belief, and so once he reached the bridge across Coudray "watter", he felt safe; but only for a moment -- other ghosts could take up where the baffled one left off. But it was only a quarter mile from the bridge to Maxworthy or to Pattacott.

However, many things can happen in a quarter mile. Once he saw something white; it seemed to be beckoning him. He had to pass it to reach Pattacott; it was against the hedge on one side of the lane and was waving its arms at his. Stopping as lightly as he could and keeping to the far side, he advanced with his heart in his throat. Just as he got opposite the white thing, it emitted an unearthly cry and John lit out with the speed of the wind. This burst of speed took him almost home before he identified the cry. It was the bray of a white mule which had strayed from a neighboring farm. A few experiences like that with the mule, whose waving enquiring ears had been exaggerated by

a fearing mind into beckoning arms, tended to fortify John's courage, but it did not completely dissipate his belief in ghosts. One eerie October night, with the wind blowing a gale and the limbs of trees creaking against each other, he again saw something white on the side of the road. It was moaning and squeaking at the same time. But now, with much misgiving, the boy decided to investigate. With simulated boldness, he walked toward the object; but only a short distance, for while he was still a rod away, it sprang up and with a great "woof" started to run -- and so did John, in the other direction. This proved to be a sow suckling her pigs.