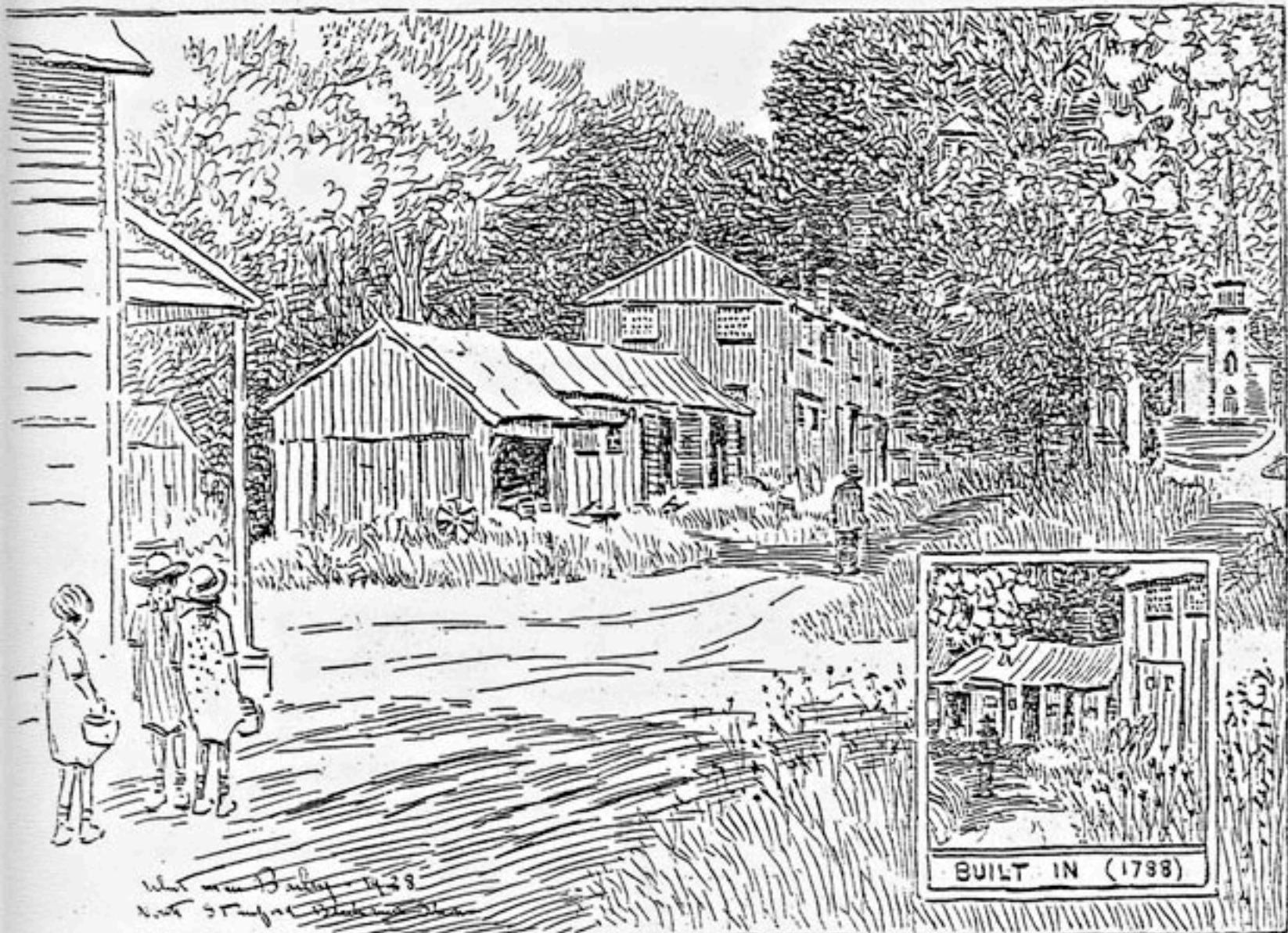


ARTIST'S VIEW OF SAUNDER'S BLACKSMITH SHOP



er since the days when the vil-
blacksmith shop was immor-
ed by the famous poet Long-
w, we never fail to enjoy a
glimpse of one of those old
ures which are now fast dis-
ring from the landscape.

North Stamford Center we find
same type of old building which
red Longfellow to write those
known lines, "Under the spread-
chestnut tree, the village smithy
is." It was this particular poem
ed by the children the world
for two or three generations
has made the village black-
smith shop, a magnetic curiosity to
the youngster.

day we find that the automo-

bile has sent many of our old black-
smith shops almost out of existence.
And moreover when we do find one
it is always with great delight.
Maurice Saunders can tell of the
days when his father had to be at
the shop very early in the morning,
for many of the farmers had to drive
to Stamford with fresh vegetables
and their horses must be in good
condition even for those few miles.
As in those days the smooth road
bed such as we ourselves enjoy, was
a far away dream.

When we trace back in history
we find that this blacksmith shop
was built in 1788, and its warped
doorways and sagging roof plainly

denote its age. Its first owner was
a man by the last name of Pardee,
and whose first name has been lost
to this present generation. This
honored New England gentleman
sold the shop to the late William
Henry Saunders, who remained in
charge up to the time of his death,
31 years ago, at a ripe old age. His
son, the present Maurice Saunders,
started to learn his father's trade
early in life and still finds more
than enough work to keep the old
building resting on its pegs, thus
that prominent name, again rings
through the village.

The old building has a very at-
tractive location, a scene that one

could hardly say had been changed
to any marked degree even from
the long ago.

To be sure we have the new com-
munity house, which in my above
sketch unfortunately lies hidden
beyond a background of trees, and
is perhaps the most modern touch
in this immediate neighborhood,
while the village church, which can
just be noticed on the extreme right
is the second structure of its kind
to look down from this sacred in-
cline. Its needle-like spire, giving
that charming touch, which has al-
ways been so common throughout
our New England country.

WHITMAN BAILEY