

understanding of the feelings and activities of the people. They were not caricatures, for they expressed appreciation of the life Tom Brown saw around him.

At first the carvings were quite simple—a single figure like a woman churning, a mountain preacher preaching. Soon they became more elaborate and might consist of two or more figures in a group—a woman milking her cow, three or four people caught in the midst of a folk-dance figure. Tom's carvings became very popular and it was hard for him to keep up with the demand.

When Tom Brown left Pleasant Hill, I hoped to keep in touch with him, but I didn't have any luck. I knew that Tom went off somewhere to study art. But I finally lost track of him completely. What a very pleasant surprise it was, then, to learn recently that the great new Rich's store in Knoxville was displaying a big and very detailed piece of Tom's work, depicting the coming of the Dodge family to Pleasant Hill and that Tom had been awarded a scholarship at the Ecole Nationale Superiore Des Beaux Arts, Paris.

I have not seen the new carving, though I have seen two pictures of it. It seems a splendid consummation of Tom's early promise as a craftsman. The carving shows the Dodge family and some of their assorted belongings on the last and undoubtedly hardest stage of the long journey from their native New England, the seventeen rough miles from Sparta. The figures represent the Rev. Benjamin Dodge, his wife Phoebe, their daughter Emma, an old family friend and retainer, Fred Williams, and Mr. Amos Wightman, who had driven down to Sparta in his wagon to bring the Dodges to Pleasant Hill. It is a worthy memorial to "Father Dodge" and his family.

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FATHER DODGE came by oxcart into Pleasant Hill. For his school building he hauled lumber over the mountain road; it took the wagon two days to cover seventeen miles.

The most recent news from Pleasant Hill, a letter from the Rev. Paul Reynolds, director of the Community Center, has this to say of the roads: "... our 'mountain' is being bisected by one of these new, modern, four-lane highways. We are not sure whether we are

going to like it or not, especially since it cuts our dairy farm squarely in two. . . . we are very skeptical as to whether a night and day stream of modern traffic will make our cows more contented."