The John Norton House sits on a narrow lot on the north side of Farmington Avenue. It is bordered by other historic residences that are associated with it. A small gravel driveway lies on the east side of the building.
This early Colonial-period house once featured a gambrel roof and a center chimney. Today it features three bays and twelve-over-twelve sash on the first floor and eight-over-eight sash on the second floor. Several additions are attached to the north elevation, one of which features a modern bay window.

The earliest record of this house is in 1670 when John Norton listed his property, including a dwelling house with barns and out buildings on 90 acres with 5 orchards, in a deed (FLR 1:34). By 1697 he gave his property to his son Thomas (FLR 1:108), whose son Samuel inherited the house and land in 1735 (FLR 5:565). Samuel Norton, in turn, sold the house and land to John Rew for 700 pounds (FLR 6:257). Rew (m. 1759) died by 1786 because his wife Sarah (Deming) and son Memucan (b. 1753) quit claimed the estate to Heman Judd for 15 pounds in 1786 (FLR 25:482). In addition, James Gridley, Samuel and Lydia Hart, and Aaron and Esther Beach sold their interest in an adjoining piece of land "being part of Heman Judd's homelot" for 5 pounds (FLR 30:158). Heman Judd was the son of Matthew and Esther Judd and born in 1745. In 1793 his son Memucan leased the house to Elizur Judd for 20 years for one shilling per year (FLR 29:512). Elizur (1767-1845) eventually owned the property until 1806 when he sold it to John North for $1400 (FLR 35:154). North sold the house and land to his son John North, Jr., a blacksmith, for $1100 in 1806, giving him ½ interest in the property (FLR 35:269). By 1811 John gave the property to his son Adna, also a blacksmith (FLR 37:340). Adna died in 1822 leaving his wife Lura his interest. Next an unusual situation took place. Adna's executor sold the estate to Charles Frost, however, Lura North still retained her dower rights. Soon the estate was divided and she received the house, although the adjoining land was retained by Frost (FLR 41:456). In 1841 after Lura's second marriage, her father-in-law, John North, Jr., sold the estate to John Reed Smith for $650 (FLR 48:158). He sold it to E.H. Whitmore in 1856 for $1150 (see cont. pg.)
(FLR 55:111) who died in 1871. His wife Mary E. sold it to William DeWolf in 1829 for $1100 (FLR 62:562-3). DeWolf's son John L. received title to the house in 1885 (FPR 66:470) and in 1902 his daughter Jennie M. Gallagher inherited it (FLR 74:90). Gallagher died in 1909 and her estate was sold to Lizzie A. Parker for $2200 (FLR 74:213). Lizzie, in turn, quit claimed it to her husband, A.J. Parker in 1915 (FLR 76:474). From that time, it changed hands several times.

The John Norton House is historically significant to the early development of Farmington Avenue due to its association with early Farmington families: the Nortons, Rews, Judds, and Norths.
The house which stood on this site in 1906, and still stands there, is pictured in the Farmington Book on page 10 as the residence of William Gallagher. It is shown in Baker and Tilden's 1869 Atlas as F. H. Whitmore. It appears to have been built sometime prior to 1670.

Mrs. Hurlburt states on page 365 of "Town Clerks":

"Nathaniel Kellogg was an original proprietor and one of the earliest settlers in Farmington, coming here from Hartford where he was also a proprietor. He and his wife Elizabeth joined the church in Farmington January 20, 1653. Kellogg lived on the Hartford Road just east of William Lewis, Jr. (now Elm Tree Inn) in the house later owned and occupied by John Norton, Sr. Kellogg also owned other large tracts of land in pasture and meadow and mountain, and several acres between the Main Street and High Street.

"He died 1657. His will mentions his wife Elizabeth, his brother John, sister Jane Hallisun and sister Rachel Cave, all of them dwelling in old England, his adopted daughters Susan Newton and Rebecca Merval. Roger Newton (the minister) had a daughter Susanna who would have been about eight or ten years old at this time, and we wonder if Nathaniel Kellogg, childless, chose to call this child his 'daughter'. We find no record of adoption, and must remember that terms of relationship in those years were used with more affection than actual truth. Kellogg also remembered in his will his 'cousin Joseph's three children', who are the ancestors of many distinguished men of that name today".

Julius Gay introduces this house in the text on page 10 of the Farmington Book, as follows:

"The land on which the house next west stands, was successively owned by the families of Norton, Raw, Judd, North, Smith, Whitmore and DeWolf. I do not know who built the house".

Perhaps it was Nathaniel Kellogg who built it.

In 1670 this property, comprising about 12 acres, was recorded as the property of John Norton. See Farmington Land records, Vol. 1, page 34, March 1670. The following is quoted from Mrs. Hurlburt on page 368 of "Town Clerks":

"John Norton, Sr., lived in the house, probably still standing, now second east from the Elm Tree Inn, which in 1670 was the home of William Lewis. April 22, 1697 he gave his son Thomas his dwelling house with lot of twelve acres, barns, outhouses, gardens and orchards, except the cornfield given to his son John. The homestead so given had land of the heirs of John Orton on the east, land of the heirs of Capt. William Lewis on the west, the highway leading to Hartford on the south, and the land of william Lewis on the north......."

December 10, 1973
"John Norton, Sr., had a daughter Sarah, who married Samuel Newell October 8, 1710, a son Samuel who died August 20, 1659. He left a widow Elizabeth who died November 5, 1702."

Note: A brickyard is believed also included in the 1697 transfer.

In 1735 it was inherited by Thomas' son Samuel.

In 1741 title passed by deed (the land now being 17 acres) and including dwellinghouse, kitchen, barn and cider mill, to John Rew, who in 1717 had married Margaret Root.

By will dated 1785 it passed to Memucan Rew, Born 1753, son of John Rew, Jr., who married Sarah Deming, including dwelling house, home lot, other buildings, and a copper still and worm.

In 1786 was sold to Herman Judd, the "home lot of John Rew, described as one-half acre fronting the street". This perhaps should read "Heman Judd", born 1745, son of Matthew and Esther, who in 1767 married Anna.

William Judd and Elizur Judd were later owners, and in 1806 Elizur Judd sold to John North, Sr., two acres, dwellinghouse and barn.

John North, Sr., who bought this house in 1806, had lived and had a blacksmith shop on the site of what is now 53 Main Street, just north of Mountain Road. He had held that property from 1780 to 1786. In or around 1800 he is reported to have built the brick blacksmith shop just a little east of here, at 772 Farmington Avenue. He may however have had an earlier shop, a wooden building, built just after he left Main Street in 1786, in what is now the rear portion of the house at 774 Farmington Avenue, since it seems established that the brick shop at 772 was not built around 1823. Regarding the property at #772, John North did own that, as the land was included in his purchase here, and he deeded the 772 portion of it to his son Adna in 1811. It was John North's daughter Susan who in 1802 married Pomeroy Strong of 1 Waterville Road. See more regarding John North in the account of 53 Main Street, and of his daughter Susan in 1 Waterville Road.

John North, Sr., lived to see, when he was at the age of 80, the opening of the Farmington Canal. He died in 1840, and in 1841 his son, John North, Jr., sold this house to John R. Smith.

In 1856 Mr. Smith sold to F. H. Whitmore, who at that time owned the Lewis house a little west, which was later to become the Elm Tree Inn. Fredeick H. Whitmore died in 1871.
William DeWolf purchased this from the estate of F. H. Whitmore in 1879, and Mr. DeWolf's son John inherited the property in 1885, the property extending back to Barney's brook in the rear. Mr. DeWolf's widow, the former Maria Clark, died in 1901.

John DeWolf worked as caretaker of the property at the home of Mrs. Sarah Brandegee Barney at 763 Farmington Avenue.

William Gallagher, son of George Gallagher and Catherine Moore of 16 Mountain Road, married John DeWolf's daughter Jennie on December 24, 1882. William Gallagher was engineer at the Miss Porter's School laundry on Garden Street. Some think that he may have been one of the two men standing in front of Erastus Gay's store pictured on page 12 of the Farmington Book.

Jennie Gallagher advertised her work as dressmaker, in the Farmington Magazine in 1900 and 1901.

The Gallagher children were Bessie, George, Jennie, and Mabel, perhaps not born in that sequence however.

Bessie Gallagher, born in 1884, married one Mr. Hatheway, employed by Barnum and Bailey, and they lived in Sarasota, Florida.

George, always called "Punchy", is seen at the extreme right in the photo of Mr. Bushnell's 8 & 9th grade class on page 37 of the Farmington Book. As a young man he worked with A. J. Parker of the shop next west, as plumber. He married Stacia Keith and they lived in Bristol, their children being Kenneth, George, Charles, Roger, Alice and Helen, plus their youngest child John.

Jennie was married in 1908 to William Keevers, son of William Keevers and Mary Quinn. Mr. Keevers worked at Scott's store and later at the Elm Tree Inn, after which they moved to Hartford. Their children were George, Lawrence, Robert, Doris, Regina, Mary and Peg. Regina, their eldest, always known as Rena, living in Avon, will be retiring this December after a long employment with Travelers Insurance Company. She is now Mrs. Rena Hodnett, of Avon.

Mabel Gallagher was married first to Charles Henninger of Unionville. They lived here in the family home, as her mother was ill. Two children were born, Regina (always called Rena), and Charles, Jr., God-child of Joan Hooker of Pilgrim Path on Mountain Spring Road. Charles Henninger, Sr., worked at Electric Vehicle in Hartford, died around 1912 after an operation for ulcer. Rena married Raymond Greene of Bristol, where they presently reside. Raymond Green is now retired, after long employment with New Departure in Bristol. Charles, Jr., married Clara Williams and they live in Wolcott, having had two children, Robert and Susan.

December 10, 1973
The widowed Mabel Henninger started a little shop in the building next door to the west, but the next year she married James Keith, son of George Keith and Catherine Toohy of Bristol. James was the brother of Stacia Keith who had married Mabel's brother George. James and Mabel lived in Bristol and one child was born to that marriage, Donald. James Keith, a lieutenant in the Bristol police department, died around 1965. Their son Donald Keith married Claire Messier, and they live in Wolcott, having had a son, David.

As of December 1970, Mrs. Mabel Keith, after having been hospitalized for a time, was living with the Raymond Greences on Vanderbilt Road, Bristol. Although quite elderly, she was very alert and active when the writer met her earlier that year. She died in November 1973.

John DeWolf had died in 1902 and his daughter Jennie Gallagher had inherited at that time.

She died in 1909, and shortly after that the house was sold by her estate, to Elizabeth A. Parker, who owned the house next west. That house was a combination of store, residence, and apartment for rent, and Mr. Parker ran a plumbing business. The Parkers used this new acquisition principally as a storage area. It had been rather run down, and they took out some partitions in order to increase the storage space. By 1940 Mr. Parker had retired from active business and had no further need for this house, to which he himself had taken title after the death of his wife in 1915.

Miss Rebecca Field bought the house in 1940, seeing its possibilities, and brought two other girls in with her when she moved in after its purchase. She was teaching sculpture and water color at the West Hartford Art League at 87 Mountain Road, of which she was a co-founder. Frederic Jones later came into her class in sculpture and they subsequently married.

Rebecca Field Jones, born in Montague, Massachusetts, is a descendant of Zachariah Field, first Field in America, who came to Hartford with the Reverend Thomas Hooker. There are two famous branches of the Field family. Rachel Field, writer, who was in Farmington for a time as visitor at 93 Main Street, and later as the owner of the house at 5 Carrington Lane, was of the Marshall Field branch of the family. Rebecca is of the Edward Field branch.

The following four pages are placed here as an introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, in another's words.

December 10, 1973
Just try to keep up with this Jones

Sunday, The Courant Magazine  by GERALD DEMEUSY
November 9, 1969

He was 67 when he learned to fly.
He's a Welsh mountaineer who served with Lawrence of Arabia in World War I.

He sculptsure scrap iron and displays it wholesale on his lawn—but he'd rather let it rust than sell it to the world famous who beat a path to his door.

He's an agnostic, scavenger, mechanic, carpenter, plumber, free thinker and rugged individualist who delights in describing himself as a "three wheeler."

Frederic E. Jones is regarded by many as a "downright eccentric" and they're correct if they mean he's out of the ordinary. If ever there was an ordinary person it's Frederic E. Jones.

Just about everything he owns came from some town dump—yet he jets to England to buy tweed sport jackets.

He runs his own little kingdom in the heart of historic Farmington Village.
It's probably the busiest two acres in town with a salt box homestead in front and eight other structures in the rear that house tenants, art treasures and a conglomeration of junk.

There's also a 50-foot oval swimming pool and a heavy array of garaged and ungaraged vehicles, such as a 1919 Re-nault (pulled from the bottom of Hamburg Cove in 1959) and a 1919 Overland country gentleman (taken in trade on a 1916 Mack fire engine a few years ago).

The grounds are generously sprinkled with a variety of unusual vegetation, including a potted plant which over the past three decades has grown into a colossal fungus-pocked tree.

Then, there's a scattering of mechanical curios such as an air-borne rotary lawn mower, a noisy Allis Chalmers tractor, snow plow and bulldozer, and a three-wheel British motor scooter Jones affectionately calls his "beast of burden" because he uses it as taxi and truck.

The sight of this long-haired elderly gentleman whipping about the village on his stand-up scooter fascinates tourists more than seeing the old Congregational Church or the Hillstead Museum.

Except for a small circle of close friends, Jones and his wife (she retired as sculptoring instructor at fashionable Miss Porter's School last June) are little known to the community.

"We seldom go anywhere because we have no social climbing to do," Jones said.

Actually, the Joneses are warm and interesting. Mrs. Jones, who still rides horseback daily, is a gifted artist and co-founder of the West Hartford Art League. Now retired, she intends to devote her time to painting and sculptoring.

Jones is highly personable and, despite lack of a formal education, converses with authority on just about any subject. He is an opinionated liberal with a spirit of adventure, a zest for life and an instinct for art. He can't grasp mathematics, still counts with his fingers.

"And for that reason, mathematics enters into nothing I do," he said.

Eight years ago, he obeyed an impulse to paint. He did 400 abstracts and moderns in less than three years and sold most of them as rapidly as he could turn them out.

Questions about his "technique" bring a twinkle to his eyes.

"I just put the paint on and push it around a bit," he confides.

He embarked on his "junk art" career four years ago when he welded an assortment of nuts, bolts, gears and other metal scraps into something resembling human form.

Intrigued, he saw the possibility of combining a new hobby with ridding his grounds of tons of junk iron accumulated over a 20 year period. He went to work with a passion.

Since 1965, Jones has created scores of stables he regards as "environmental" rather than monumental art. Some are as small as a table lamp while others weigh as much as 2,500 pounds. Some are strikingly simple, others dizzyingly intricate.
The collection of rusting stabiles on Jones' lawn today is a breathtaking study of geometrical shapes — curvilinear, circular, rectangular, and triangular — the resurrection of junk into a ballet of graceful three-dimensional form.

Whimsy, fantasy and satire are found in the stabiles put together by the fertile-minded Jones. Some are suggestive of living plant forms, others are unmistakably animals and birds. There are joyous caricatures, horrid behemoths and menacing creatures.

Jones' favorite is a three-foot high stabile he has named "The Maneater." Robot in appearance, it has ice tongs for antenna, nuts and bolts for eyes, tractor hitch nose and metal arms that wield a pointed steel rod and a meat grinder.

"You see, he stabs his victim then grinds him up before he eats him," said Jones, his nose twitching with excitement. "He's a nice creature . . . I kind of like him," he added, giving the stabile an affectionate pat.

Other creations include the "Witch Doctor," the "Clipper Ship," the "Last Supper," the "Troubadour," and "Stratosphere," which Jones made 18 months ago—long before the Apollo 11 moon shot—and which closely resembles the lunar module.

Prices of the stabiles range from $75 to $2,500 — although Jones will sell them only if he's in the mood and then only to people he likes.

"I want to keep them in the town," he said. "You might say this is about the only way in which I'm community-minded."

A few years ago, a smartly-attired woman pulled up in a car bearing New York license plates. She took considerable time studying the paroxysm of junk iron before pausing at length before a trio of elephants fashioned from coiled springs, spikes and bathtub legs. She hailed Jones.

"How much are you asking for these?" she inquired.

"Money isn't the only thing that can buy art," muttered Jones.

"Well, if you were selling for money how much would you ask for these?" she persisted.

"Oh, $500 or $600, but I'm not selling them to anyone out of town," Jones replied.

"Do you know who I am?"

"I have no idea."

"I'm Mrs. Robert Stack. My husband is a movie star."

"Never heard of him."

"He's also on television."

"I wouldn't own a TV set," Jones snapped.

Mrs. Stack gave up and left.

Another New Yorker had better luck. Gov. Rockefeller managed to acquire two stabiles through a mutual friend, Charles Rauch, president of the New Haven Savings Bank, who exhibits Jones' work in the bank lobby. The display won Jones a fan.

"Thank you for greatly improving the local scenery. It almost makes banking a pleasure" wrote Miss Dorian deMore of New Haven.

Although he dislikes selling his art, Jones will gladly loan it for display in schools, libraries and the homes of his friends.

"Isn't this better than money?" he asked, showing a letter of thanks from pupils of Noah Wallace School in Farmington for loan of the same three elephants Mrs. Stack unsuccessfully had tried to buy.

"Almost everything I have is something somebody threw away," he boasts.

This includes his art materials, his clothes, even the houses on his property which were built from such "odds and ends" as reclaimed brick, discarded shingling, World War II blackout shutters and lumber from old bridges, barns and assorted razed structures.

The incredible collection of merchandise he has retrieved from the dumps spills throughout the Jones tract—auto parts, electrical wiring, leather harness, piping, toys, carriage bells, gaskets, batteries, furniture, lavatory fixtures, manuscripts, reels of movie film, and a costly automatic pilot.

Resting under an apple tree, like a flying saucer that crash-landed, is a huge radar reflector.

"I haven't quite decided what to do with it," Jones mused, squinting at the circular contraption. "Say," he exclaimed a moment later, "wouldn't it make a wonderful skitter boat? You could mount a high speed outboard engine on it and away you'd go. Oh, if only I was a boy again."
Jones has a passion for anything mechanical. His collection of cars includes a restored Rolls Royce, a 1930 “Al Capone” Packard Phaeton and a couple of three-wheel Messerschmitts.

He has also owned two boats—one of them a beautiful yacht he salvaged from Boston harbor.

He was fired with an ambition to fly at the age of 7 when he managed to get briefly airborne by leaping from a barn roof while holding a large tin kite over his head. After his son, Oliver Field-Jones, lost interest in sailing four years ago, Jones got rid of his boat and bought a three wheel plane.

In September, 1965, after 40 hours of flight instruction, Jones soloed at Plainville Airport and got his limited license. He has earned extra money by helping fly corpses around the country. He is a cautious pilot and has never had an anxious moment, except for the time he became confused doing too many chores on takeoff and found himself wobbling for several terrifying seconds over a long and terribly expensive line of parked aircraft.

Jones was born in Wales in 1898, the son of a cattle dealer and one of 11 children, eight boys and three girls, all alive and in this country today. He left school when he was 13, hung around the trade shops and garages for a few years, then enlisted in the British army at the start of World War I. They assigned him to an artillery unit in the Italian Alps and the ear-splitting explosions at high altitude cost him 50 per cent of his hearing.

“In fact, I came out of the service an 85 pound physical wreck,” he said, citing shrapnel wounds, malaria and typhus as some of his other problems. “Believe me,” he added, slamming his chest with his fist, “I had to fight my way back to health.”

After his front line service, Jones was transferred to a special corps that taught Russians to drive tanks. A member of his outfit was Thomas E. Lawrence (of Arabia) who was killed in a motorcycle crash in 1925.

Jones and four of his sisters were brought to the United States by his mother in 1920. They took up residence on Niles Street in Hartford and Jones set up a building business, specializing in the restoration of old homes in the Woodland Street area. He also built new homes in Manchester with his uncle, the late E. J. Holl.

During his spare time, Jones built a 36-foot cabin cruiser in 1928, one year before the crash and the great depression.

“That boat kept us alive from 1932 to 1936 when I had to fish for a living,” Jones recalls.

Jones met his wife, the former Rebecca Field of Montague, Mass., in 1938 at the West Hartford Art League where she was a teacher and he a pupil. They married in 1941 and made their home in the early Colonial salt box where they still live today.

They have many mutual and separate interests, and a deep common bond in art. They have just completed a joint exhibit of paintings and sculpture at Loomis School in Windsor.

The Joneses stay close to home as a rule, but visit England every year. This annual trip has become nostalgic tradition and always includes a few days in the village where Jones was born 72 years ago. Always in a festive mood abroad, Jones supplements his wardrobe with a few sports jackets.

Many of the hundreds of tourists who visit historic Farmington weekly are drawn by curiosity to the Jones premises and they ignore the myriad “private” signs to explore the grounds and study the rusting stables. Too polite to order them away, Jones grits his teeth and preoccupies himself with chores until they leave.

Maybe someday—and he admits it’s possible—Jones will decide to clear out everything to give himself elbow room for some new interest.

Prices of his creations range from $75 to $2,500—only if he’s in the mood to sell.
A rugged individualist with his own little kingdom in Farmington Village, Jones (here in one of his Messerschmitts) describes himself as a "three wheeler." The "junk" figure at right is one of his many stabiles.

Not even Jones himself knows the value of all his art work.
Frederic Jones was born in Knighton, Radnorshire, Wales. His father had been a member of the Queen's Guards, and had visited America before he was married, so he was able to tell his son of its possibilities. Fred saw his first airplane take-off at the age of nine, a plane which he watched being assembled, and which took off from a tennis court, and which aroused the desire which was much later fulfilled, to pilot a plane himself! He was 16 when he joined the army in World War I, was stationed in London for a time, then saw service in France and Italy in motorized cavalry.

Rebecca Field Jones is the daughter of Frederick Field and Rosa Small. Her grandfather was Franklin Field of Hatfield, Mass., very musical, both in the choir and at the piano, and her great-grandparents were Elisha Field and Alma Scott. Her great-great-grandfather was Walter Field, a die-hard Puritan. Rebecca was the youngest child of her father, and he the youngest of his, so she unfortunately had no opportunity to know her grandparents, but the Field Society does meet each year at Leverett, Massachusetts, so she has been able to keep up with her family's history.

Rebecca Field studied several branches of art at the Massachusetts School of Art, and returned from Europe and Munich in 1930 after having received some more schooling there. She found little demand for art at that time, the Depression being in full swing. She came to Hartford soon after that. She did Christmas cards, she taught watercolor, she illustrated maps for the WPA, and did dioramas and other work for the Children's Museum, then at Beacon Street. She then became a teacher at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, shortly after she had been married in March 1941.

An item in the Miss Porter's School Bulletin of the Spring of 1942, not long after she had started work there, read:

"With the assistance of Mrs. Jones, herself a recognized sculptress, what Miss Greenwood accomplishes with her pupils is little short of astounding".

She taught sculpture at Miss Porter's, a position which she held for twenty-five years. The last twelve years she also taught at Oxford School for Girls, on Prospect Street in Hartford, both positions being part time. The art department at Oxford included drawing, painting and art history.

The Joneses had taken on quite a task when they decided to restore this house. The old ell at the west side of the house, formerly once used as a barber's shop (or was it a shoemaker's?) had been removed. They added an ell there, which served as a studio, and to it, at the rear, was added a garage which is where Mr. Jones makes his welded sculptures. They put in a new chimney and some partitions.

A huge wide-spread ing ash tree, gnarled and crooked, imported by Mr. Barney it is said, and given to Mr. Parker, has grown immensely, and shades a large area of the rear and side yard.

September 17, 1973

Some photographs supplied by Frederic and Rebecca Jones appear in "Old American Houses" written by H. L. and O. K. Williams, 1957, with which book the Joneses had aided the authors.

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Mr. Jones used his construction experience and his creative ability, and Mrs. Jones tossed in her feminine instincts and artistic bent, and they began building up "Jones Village", a little community of houses to the rear of their own residence. Mr. Jones scoured the area and its surroundings for old lumber when houses or barns or tobacco sheds were being torn down, salvaging the lumber and windows and doors and hardware, and they made up a distinctive little settlement.

The little lane on which are located all the houses is known as Norton Lane, commemorating both John Norton, recorded as owner of this property as early as 1670, and the Jones family's Norton Arms Hotel in Knighton, the town of Mr. Jones' birth.

Their first project was the house known as 1 Norton Lane. It was earlier the barn belonging to 774 Farmington Avenue. Mr. Jones thinks it may have served as a stable, maybe that of Mr. Trotter. It was converted to a residence in 1945 or 1946. The original floor was left in the living room, but the east end had been used as a garage and the oil and grease forced them to re-floor it. Mr. Jones believes the original floor was laid in 1850.

Partitions were added to close off the living room. The partitions followed the original posts. A fireplace was added, using bricks from the home of Connecticut's first governor, when his old home on Governor Street was razed. The chestnut lumber for the stairs in this house was from the stalls in the old stable. Mr. Jones had built a camp once at Winding Trails, using old seasoned lumber. When Winding Trails was closed to the public during occupation by blinded veterans of Old Farms School, he removed the camp, bringing the lumber back and putting it through the mill to make the trim for the house. As in all houses finished by the Joneses, this house has a compass mounted in a convenient place. In this house it is atop the newell post at the foot of the stairs near the front door. See 772 Farmington Avenue for more on the huge stone doorstep at this house.

John Taylor and his wife, newly married, were the first tenants in this first house, and their son was born here. John Taylor, a Yale graduate, with naval service in World War II, joined Connecticut Bank and Trust Company in 1946. He became head of the West Hartford branch and in 1966 was made head of the Branch Office Administration Division. In 1967 he became Executive Vice President, and in May 1972 he retired, living at that time on Pratling Pond Road. The Taylors lived here about six years and then Miss Rose Churchill, formerly of 93 Main Street, lived here for the next 17 years, after which she moved to Plainville Convalescent Hospital.

No. 2 Norton Lane was built about 1948 out of similar lumber and materials and hardware, but it was built as a new structure, not converted from an already existing building.

September 17, 1973
No. 3 Norton Lane was different. It was moved here all the way from Keyes Street, Unionville, off West Avon Road across from Sanford and Hawley. It was reputedly built in or around 1800 by the Langdon family, who earlier had lived on the site of the 1951 home of Robert E. Parsons. The writer thinks he has traced the ownership of this house back to Leonard Beecher, who purchased it on January 26, 1843. Following him came the following, with dates of acquisition:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Noah Preston</td>
<td>July 26, 1843</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eli D. Preston</td>
<td>Oct. 27, 1886</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. N. Preston</td>
<td>Aug. 16, 1906</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. W. Foster</td>
<td>Oct. 23, 1941</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. Jones</td>
<td>Jan. 25, 1946</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Eli D. Preston is introduced by Mrs. Hurlburt on page 331 of "Town Clerks" in speaking of his shop, when she says:

"Here Eli Dewey Preston and his son Edward Preston, Sr., made overshot water wheels and carried on a lumber business. Eli D. Preston was a member of one of the earliest clock manufacturing concerns in the village, that of Williams, Orton and Preston, who started business in 1820."

Two big slabs of stone forming the hearth in front of its fireplace are sidewalk slabs from Hartford streets. The inside walls are of scrub-planed pine.

A bench, which looks similar to a cobbler's, is actually a tool on which horse collars are shaped and formed. It is one of what must be very few of them in existence. It came from Unionville, where many of Unionville's tools and machinery were in the earlier days made of wood. The front door of this house is perhaps 300 years old.

D. R. Hitchcock, ecological scientist, occupied No. 3 for some ten years.

There is no number 4 Norton Lane.

No. 5 Norton Lane, built in 1950, over the brook, is much similar to No. 2.

A swimming pool to the rear of Norton Lane was made early in the Jones' occupancy, around 1942. At first there was merely a hole dug, into which the brook ran at one end and out the other. Later it was lined and the brook was diverted, still supplying the water but not running through it. A pump and filter were installed later. The filter is the drum of a 2-yard concrete mixer, filled with sand and gravel, and the water is circulated daily. Before a public pool was built by the Lions' Club, many were the children who learned to swim here, coming in groups for their lessons.

The machinery of a grinding mill was found at the side of Poke Brook, and evidence of a road which perhaps led down to the Waterville Road.

September 18, 1973

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The tenants of Jones Village are usually a mixed group of individualists, broad minded, and in that way are in tune with their landlord and landlady.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have aided several people in Farmington in remodeling their houses, sometimes supplying only the ideas, sometimes part of the materials, such as bow windows and interior hardware. The bow windows that they install are really English, not colonial. Two are on Mountain Spring Road at #40, another is at 118 Main Street.

The Joneses have had their art works exhibited in several different displays.

In October of 1969 they both exhibited at Loomis Institute in Windsor. Earlier Mr. Jones' works had been shown as part of the private collection of Nelson Rockefeller, and another time at the New Britain Museum of American Art. In 1971 his exhibit was part of the Hartford Arts Festival and entitled "An Artist Looks at Industry". Children attending Farmington's summer session of "Camp Discovery" are shown the Jones works as part of their learning.

It will be noted, pleasurably by most people, that in the sculpture of Mr. Jones there is never a morbid trend. It always seems sort of happy, and is usually amusing and entertaining.

There is a small room in the basement floor of the house at 774 Farmington Avenue, the room built to have been an antique shop, which has a unique entrance. Mrs. Jones drew from her much earlier memories, and it takes only a glance to see that she has exactly duplicated here the drawing of a shop entrance which is on the cover of "Ginger and Pickles", one of Beatrix Potter's well known children's books.

Mr. Jones has never been very systematic about either his work or his art. He says: "If it was up to me, I don't know how the world would get organized". The world is actually lucky that it has a few people who are disorganized perhaps, but are creative, as are Fred and Rebecca Jones.

September 18, 1973

Mrs. Jones was given special mention in the Hartford Courant on April 7, 1974, together with the late Gertrude Patterson, as the founders in 1934 of the West Hartford Art League, saying:

"They started teaching art to a small group of people in an old schoolhouse on Main Street, West Hartford. This small group soon grew into the West Hartford Art League, which then moved its headquarters to the 'little red schoolhouse' on Mountain Road. In those days the schoolhouse lacked plumbing and heating and members had to stoke wood into the stove for warmth. With those beginnings there was still an exhibition and tea in the spring of 1935. The league will celebrate its 40th anniversary with a dinner at the Hartford Club, Tuesday, April 16, 1974".

April 15, 1974