

Discovering the families who settled on the farmland that became the FourWinds Country Motel takes us back more than two hundred years.

Jonathan Benedict, who was born in 1723, moved from Connecticut in 1785 to settle on this land two miles north of Manchester Center on what was known as the Rutland Road. (now Historic Route 7A).

The original house, a Greek Revival built in 1854, stands on a marble foundation which is a good example of early stone work.

Jonathan had a very large family (twelve children), and the farmlands were passed down through the family for three generations when in November 1866, they became the property of William H. Benedict. William was Jonathan's grandson.



Three years after William died in April 1927, what was known as the Old William Benedict Farm was purchased by Orrin and Mildred Buell of Springfield, Massachusetts. Over the next nine years the farmlands and buildings were divided up into separate properties.



A Pre-World War II aerial view of The FourWinds

Harry Way purchased sixty acres, and named the present property the FourWinds.

The mountain behind the property-Mount Aeolus- is named after the Greek God of the Four Winds. Harry took his inspiration from the meaning of the mountain's name.

In the late 1930's, he was the first to run a tourist house on the property.

Thirty acres across Route 7 were filled with meadows, a small apple orchard way down near the Barnumville Road, barns, and carriage sheds. There were thirty acres on the main house side; 20 acres in meadows and ten in woods, a wood shed, chicken coop and a small spring house.

Harry sold the FourWinds to Helen Richardson in September 1945. At that time the size of the property was 28.5 acres.

David Richardson remembered that his mother continued to run the residence as a tourist house. She charged \$4.00 a night per person and should they want breakfast, that was

another \$1.00. The food was fabulous: pancakes, Irish oatmeal, eggs, bacon, ham, homemade bread, and coffee from Africa.

In the back of the kitchen stood a huge black iron wood stove. When this giant was fired up there was nothing that compared to the embracing warmth and smell of maple and birch.

The guests were very well fed, and a few made second and third visits. Mrs. Richardson did no major advertising, so all of her visitors came by word of mouth or they were stranded in storms.

On the north side of the FourWinds was a vegetable garden that had the reputation of growing the best cucumbers in town. People would stop by to try to buy them. There was also a raspberry patch that produced berries the size of your thumb.

The wood shed was about fifteen feet in back of the house behind the cold room in the back of the kitchen. It was always loaded with many cords of stove wood. Near the wood shed was the chicken coop. It held about twenty unhappy and frustrated Rhode Island Reds that laid so many eggs, that Mrs. Richardson could take the surplus and sell them to Healey's Market in the Manchester Depot (now an Italian deli known as Al Ducci's). (continued on the other side)



FourWinds with Mt Aeolus in the distance