

October 1985

Long Ago Days

Who Dun it?

Every town, if it has been in existence long enough, has its mysteries and Granville is no exception. It has also had its crimes, human nature being what it is.

In this month of Hobgoblins, witches and things that go bump in the night, I will try to remember what I've been told by past generations about some of them.

About 1868 to 1869 Grandma and Grandpa Nelson were living in Tolland with Aunt Anna Barlow on what was later the Marshall place, formerly the Bill Snow Place, later the Wendell Hardy Place and now the ????? Place, recently sold. One day a strange man came to their door. He was a peddler with backpacks full of small household commodities such as pins, needles, thread, hair pins, combs, etc. In those days quite a few men made their livings this way, stores being some distance from many small country towns, and it was a long trip by horse and buggy. One could go on the stage, but it, too, was by horse and buggy and took even longer due to its nature --- picking up and delivering mail, often groceries and many times passengers.

Peddlers of larger items such as pots, pans, lamps, wash boilers(What in the world is a wash boiler? Ask my grandchildren). They came along with a horse drawn wagon, and mother's cousin, Fred Drake of Westfield, ran a 'tin cart' for a long time. I have a good photo of him and his rig.

But, to get back to the Tolland stranger, after the ladies selected their needs and the man packed his bags and walked off westward. No one gave him another thought. No one knew who he was or whence he came, he disappeared, supposedly, on his way to other towns and other homes.

Several years later, a town derelict who drank too much, never worked if he could help it, and who had such a vile disposition, began to make the rounds of Tolland and vicinity. He was carrying backpacks like those of the long gone peddler and selling the same wares. People began to talk, but not where he could hear them, you may be sure, and no one dared go to the authorities, such as were available at the time, either. After a while the talk died down and the whole thing was only mentioned once and a while by the old timers.

Are the original peddlers bones lying in some remote part of Tolland? Grandpa and others, were always sure they were.

In West Granville, some years later, 1880 or thereabouts, there lived a man who was a 'wanderer', albeit he had married and had several children of record were born to him and his wife from 1878 to 1888. Again, here was a habitual drunkard and 'ne'er-do-well'. On the rare occasions that he revisited the town, he seems to have paid unwelcomed calls on various in-laws.

Very late one night he showed up at such a home, and, arousing the man of the house, ordered him to cook a meal. Shaking in his shoes, the relative-in-law complied, getting plenty of verbal abuse while doing so. As the old reprobate began to enjoy (?) his repast, the cook decided he'd had enough. This was not the first such occurrence and not likely to be the last.

Many years later, as a very old man whose conscience was bothering him, he told of going to his well-filled wood box, picking up a hefty stick, and bashing in the head of the abuser. Hastily, in the dark, he then buried his victim in one of the holes already dug near the house where a new orchard was being planted. Then he planted a tree on top of him.

No one ever missed him. If they ever gave him a thought as years passed and he never reappeared, it was probably that " he'd come to some bad end just as they always knew he would!"

Are his bones buried somewhere in that old and now totally dead orchard? Grandpa always thought so. He also thought " he got what was coming to him! "

Not many years ago, an older woman visiting in Tolland, simply vanished from the face of the earth and no trace of her has ever been found. She simply went for a short walk and disappeared.

Will we ever know the complete story on any of the mysteries? I doubt it, but I sure would like to!!

My apologies for missing last month's Country Caller. It was quite a summer and I guess I simply ran out of steam!

Leona A. Clifford

November 1985

LONG AGO DAYS
MURDER!!!!!!!

In 1837 a man was murdered in the northwest part of West- Granville. The perpetrator of the crime, who was 'fond of the cup that cheers, learned that a friend living in that section had just purchased a new keg of rum and he decided to pay him a call, although it meant a walk of some distance.

In the course of the visit the friend mentioned that his wife had left him and being pretty well 'loaded ', he began to carry on about his ill fortune and the fickleness of women, etc. The visitor, trying to help out, began to make some pretty disparaging remarks about his wife. They proceeded to get in a drunken row about it and said friend hit said visitor over the head with a stout wooden club. It seemed that he didn't mean to kill him, but it also came to seem that he had! There upon, the guilty one dragged the body out to a pond near the house and threw it in. Later on that day, still in a pretty inebriated state, he told another seeker of the rum that he had done his first visitor in and he was "where nobody would ever find him". However, he was found a day or two later floating in the pond. The trial at Springfield lasted quite a while and at the end of it the Gazette, Springfield, January 3, 1838, printed the following, "We regret that we could not obtain the sentence which the unfortunate criminal received last week, that we might spread it before the public". I have tried, in a vain, to find out what happened with no success.

The murdered one left a wife, who lived to be almost 100 years old, and a batch of kids that 'turned out', as folks say, very well. One became a lawyer later a judge. For awhile it caused quite a furor in town. An old account book tells of a man being paid for trips to town with witnesses, for food and lodging for them, and for other necessities. The whole affair was dimmed by time as is most everything else.

About 1908 or-so, a family moved into town from New York City. They had come from Europe, originally, and they bought the old Harger place. There were two women and two men. One woman and one man were brother and sister and with them was their mother. There were also one or two small children....they, liked everyone back then, made some money in the summer, picking the high bush blueberries that were abundant in the pastures. They hired some young men from away to help with the harvest. I believe they were from the area of Chicopee, Mass.

My dad had just recently arrived in town from his home in Grafton, Vermont where he had been a photographer, and the family decided they

would like him to photograph them at that time the hired help decided they would like their picture taken also. He was glad to oblige, but thought it was very strange that they wanted to have it taken sitting around a table with several liquor bottles on it and holding guns in their laps. However, they were young, and young men are very often "showoffs!" Girls? Never! Ha!

They never came to Dad for the picture, however, for in the meantime they discovered that the old mother kept the money for the blueberries on her person and they decided to steal it. They waited till the four younger people drove off to Tolland for the day to buy some little pigs, leaving the mother and children at home. The hired hands proceeded to lock the children in a closet, killed the grandmother and throw her in the well, and take off across the lots, with the money. Later on in the day the family returned and became much alarmed, and called neighbors and one of them discovered the body in the well. Then the search was on! The police came to Dad, hearing that, my father had taken that picture of the murderers and that he still had them. They were printed in the newspapers, circulated in the factories where they might try to find jobs, and were generally spread around. It worked and they were finally caught and wound up in prison. I think there were three of them, but one was found not guilty. Two were sentenced to death. One died in prison, I believe of TB, before his sentence was carried out and the other was executed.

As far as I know, these were the only two murders to take place in West Granville, though there may have been others long ago. Strange that both happened on the same street! Today only one family lives on it, where in 1910 many did and in 1837 even more. Now that whole part of town had gone back to wood and underbrush--only the old cellar holes with their lilacs and day lilies remain, and they are sometimes hard to spot. Even the memories of the two gruesome occurrences have just about faded away.

John Clifford Ivory, grandson of Leona A. Clifford, who graduated with honors from the high school at Lompoc, California in June, and who was awarded a lifetime membership in the California Scholarship Association, has entered the pre-engineering course at the University of California at San Diego. His mother is the former Kathleen Clifford and was a graduate of Westfield High School and the University of Massachusetts. His father, John F. Ivory was graduated from Springfield, Massachusetts schools and American International College. No two ways about it, Leona is very proud Grandma!

Leona A. Clifford

January 1986

Long Ago Days

In 1884, Mrs. Ansel King of Granville was a reporter for the Westfield Times and News Letter. She used the pen name of DAN. I invite you to take a trip through town with me via the poem given to my mother, Ruth Aldrich, by the late Bertha Lindercum Broadbent of Westfield. Seven words seem to be missing, but I think it is interesting and hope you will, too. I know nothing about the King family, but I think Ansel was a butcher---probably the one referred to in the poem.

Dan's Address

You ask how do we manage to live
Out here in Granville, among the hills?
Take a seat in my sleigh, while we ride
I'll show you our village, with a great deal of pride.
First, up Water Street we will drive,
To see how Edward Holcomb does thrive,
Making ladders, kegs and shingles.
Yes, tis cold, your ears will tingle,
But we will stop at Clem Holcomb's & Son;
They make planers which are very well done,
Also several kinds of screws,
While Catfield Carpenter mends our shoes;
If he cannot, to suit, and quickly,
He'll turn you over to Jim Ripley.
M. T. Gibbons makes the screw bung;
But there, I forgot, was a slip of the tongue,
(For--it's a very private affair,
And carried on with a great deal of care.)
Here, Noble & Cooley all kinds of toy make,
We hope they'll live always, for the Corner's sake;
Their boxes, croquet, drums and tambourine,
Can in all of our cities be seen.
Then everyone wants, (especially 'bricks',) (?)
Some of their lighters and toothpicks;
Here, too, some curious machinery you'll see,
For Noble can fix such things to a T.
Yes, there are men to bring in the money,
While Godard's the man to furnish the honey.

Now, if you are not in too much of a hurry,
We'll just step across and see friend Murry. (Gibbons?)
Here we can buy meal, flour and feed,
In fact, almost anything we need.
While King's just the man to furnish us meat,
And Friday night oysters, luscious and sweet.
T. C. Gillett will keep us in prints,
Teas, coffees, sugars and peppermints.
While Gustin Holcomb our cattle can shoe,
He, for this winter, has fixed something new.
What's that you say? You are getting dry?
Then we'll stop into Hayden's; how's that for high?
Now we are ready to go down to Dick's,
He makes drums but not toothpicks.
Talismans and hooples round,
As good as any that can be found.
Now as we turn to go up the hill,
We'll stop a minute at B.C. Dickinson's mill.
If your fingers get cold, or you horse ever skips,
Frank Holcomb will furnish you mittens and whips.
Then if we want our horses to feel merry,
Why, we just get them shod by Jerry.
Now Henry will make you cart, wagon or sleigh,
And no one will do it for any less pay.
Largely in tobacco, deal Seymour and Rose,
And are making money, as we suppose.
Now we have reached the top of the town,
We will enter the store of R.S. Brown;
He always a good assortment will keep,
Sometimes, we can buy of him quite cheap.
J. H. Andrews buys, sells kills,
Besides running several other mills.
Linus Hubbard can mend their shoes,
And while doing it, them the news.
If you'd ride in the stage without capsizing,
Just get aboard with Philo Rising;
But if East you intend to go,
Get in with Rob, he ain't very slow;
If West, you must take John Robert's line,
I think, it's beautiful if the weather's fine.

Then we've educated priests, lawyers, doctors and clowns,
But most of them we've sent out of town.
We've one Congregational minister, Baptist two,
(The Universalist 'sorter' fell through).
We have only three ministers that preach,
But they practice about as they teach.
We are inclined to think they had a call
To tell us about old Adams fall
So while your physical needs but _____
Your morals need the attention of _____
Not so, but ministers can't _____
But are ready long before to say amen. Not so.
Then we have reporters, one, two and three,
As all that read the newspaper can see.
Inventors, we have more than a span,
Beat this, any small town that can.
Children! Yes bless their small hearts,
For we often think that they are the charts,
To point us to the 'Father' above,
The Father of patience, goodness and love,
Then, most of our fathers get from the soil,
Enough to repay their labor and toil.
Of course we have rich, while some are so poor,
That the wolf comes unpleasantly near the door.
But, as a town, I think we are blest.
We are glad of the good, of the ill make the best,
Now we have reached the end of our drive,
Just in time to commence 1885,
Which I do by wishing a " Happy New Year,"
To the old, and young, and children dear.
All through the year, I hope you will thrive,
While I continue my ' one horse' to drive.
Around, picking up news, which I'll try to give,
So that both the Times and I can live.
Overlooking the faults of all that I can,
Hoping you'll do the same by your servant.

Dan

(Leona A. Clifford)

February 1986

Long Ago Days

(The Sunday Springfield Republican, September 13, 1903)

"Bits of old New England, Granville's West and Center"

West Village's Resurrection

A vacation ground which is growing into the favor of local people. Twenty-five miles west of here, 4 1/2 hours in time, an hour further than New York City, lies the Silent Country. Each day from Westfield the dusty stages drag heavily up along the same old roads from new New England to Old New England--a land of fifty years ago; to where the dead towns of Center Granville, West Granville and Tolland stand upon their hills. No greater change in circumstances of life could be found in circling the globe than in this long quarter of a hundred miles. No electric cars, shrieking motors, no street lights here. Through the long day you sit and take your fill of silence; the crickets sing about the hedgerows and the old cellar holes, the swifts fly over the uncut grass in the old mowing fields. And through the long nights, under the wide dark skies unblemished by electricity, you hear in intervals of sleep the apples in the neglected orchards falling to the ground. No place can give the nervous city dweller more rest than this. By half past nine or so, the day is thoroughly done, and the natives of West Granville and Tolland have shut the old front door and officially buttoned themselves up in their sleeping rooms with their old fashioned wooden buttons, for another night of country sleep.

In 1790 things were looking up in Granville; the Secretary of the Granville Board of Trade (???), (Who??) stated he was much pleased with the town's advance. It was bigger than Springfield by four hundred souls. Moreover, it had grown from 682 in 1765 to 1176 in 1776 while Springfield only had 1574 compared to Granville's 1974 in 1790. West Springfield was queen of Hampden County then --(it was still Hampshire County until 1812) with 2367 population. Westfield came in second with 2204 and here was Granville third with it's 1974 -- trebled you see in twenty-five years. In 1800 it had only three less people than Springfield, which had 2312 to Granville's 2309. From that time on things have turned different ways. Granville of 1900 was half Granville of 1800. Springfield was nearly 30 times the Springfield of the century

before, and 50 times both Granville and Tolland, which town was included in the Granville at the early days (until 1812). The hills have grown lean and the valleys fat with the advent of machine-made urban movement. All these years eastern Granville has kept pretty stationery, has even made some little noise in the world, as it were, having a drum shop as its principle industry; but these same years West Granville has withered away until at last it became the sad, unpainted, half-ruined hamlet which was discovered by the little Springfield colony which started there five years ago, 1898.

West Granville has the distinction among the hills towns of being the one which was blown off the hill. It is bleak in West Granville when the winter winds are blowing - especially on Liberty Hill. They started their town there 250 feet higher than Mt. Tom. In a patch of Tansey by the roadside you may still see the last ruins of the old stone block house which they built for protection from the Indians; on South Lane which leads along the southern slope of the hill stood the old tavern, whose keeper spent a versatile life between the extremes of selling rum and shoemaking. There was a tavern further down the hill and a store. Then the winds blew and the snow came and blew against the town, so that the inhabitants broke up housekeeping and moved bodily, store, tavern and all -- down into the little hollow. Little remains of the oldest settlement but old Liberty Hill, bare among its wooded sister peaks. (This was the hill opposite Bill Heino's I think). Where it was cleared more than a century ago for a single man's occupancy; with its fallen Liberty pole and its one little schoolhouse, which maintains the proud distinction of being the highest institution of learning in Hampden County (again??). Down below the grey country roads leads into the green pocket in the hills, where lies the present village of West Granville.

The village of West Granville is not large, as histories go. It has had its church, something rather striking in the line of New England's wooden cathedrals, with a horned altar tower and horned subsidiary elevations on either side, apparently intended for the reception of statues of defunct deacons, its Academy and its village store. It raised, in old days, one celebrity in the person of Rev. Lemuel Haynes, a Negro preacher of such eloquence that he was settled over white congregations. He was raised by good old Deacon David Rose; got his education by reading nights, by pine knots, edified the deacon's family Saturday nights by reading sermons. One night he read a particularly exciting one. "Lemuel," said the Deacon very

earnestly, "Whose work was that you were reading? Is it David's sermon or Watt's or Whitfield's?" The deacon favored the idea it was Whitfield's. "Sir" said the youth, and he blushed, according to tradition and local historians, "it was Lemuel's." From that time on it was smooth sailing for Lemuel; he was discovered. President Dwight of Yale listened to him at New Haven with zest; many of his own fellow students favored him for the West Granville pulpit. And when good old Mr. Booge, the final pastor was settled, the Hayne's experience went so far as to ask sneeringly, "Do you call this white preaching?" Lemuel was called elsewhere, however, and died, honored and respected, at the age of 80 in Granville, New York.

At this time, and ever since, people who knew his article, were, to put it mildly, upset. The writer, who should have known better, certainly did not raise very high in his neighbor's estimation, and showed much ignorance.

Leona A. Clifford

March 1986

Long Ago Days
Francena (Reed) Nelson's Scrapbook

West Granville, too, had its industries. There were sheep and cattle on those New England hills in the old days; the farmers fattened them up and drove them down the valleys to Hartford, which in contrast with Springfield, had been for long years principle market city. But cattle and sheep naturally led to tanning and within a quarter of a century the town had its tannery-- quite a prosperous institution too, for which hides were supplied by neighboring herds, and from which were shipped away in the rough to the cities. Tanning naturally led to the making of pocketbooks and harnesses, the latter industry flourishing in war times. Moreover, this was a great center, a radiating point, from which the peddler went out to forage in the wide, wide world. They fitted here at one place of supply and went as far as the southern states, where, according to old accounts, they sadly gouged the chivalrous but ignorant southern gentlemen, sometimes getting 2 and 3 hundred dollars for five dollar items, according to the gullibility and intoxication of their victims. All this happy order of events is gone with the remaining industries; even the wood is worked out; on the roads at the four corners of the compass, saw mill and shingle mill lie; roffs down, old up and down saws rusted out, old overshot wheels falling to ruins along the little crazy mountain brooks which once ran them. One wheel was 30 feet across, they say. Even the farmers are not worked for lack of workers and means of transportation. The apples rot in the orchards and hay stands withering into the fall, not worth the effort of its cutting.

It was a desolate April morning in 1898-- stormy skies, bare brush snow squalls in the air when its "discoverer" stood on the brow of the Liberty hill and Hamlet was at a low ebb; half the houses empty, chimneys down, hearthstones fallen into the cellars, dull gray unpainted clapboards, half molted. In the principle dwelling in the village, the roof was so far gone that you could see through in places, and in the main part, although the "L" was still inhabited, the water filtering through the walls and ceilings, stood in pools on the unsteady floors. The old Parson's Tavern, in the center of the place, lay in ruins where it had recently burned down. The church with its horned altar steeple and the chapel, once the old academy, odd old mother and daughter sat brooding wistfully over the bleak little common. The cost of the land and dwellings was preposterously low. The whole town was

evidently fast driving back to its original valuation when it was bought from a kind Indian for 1 gun and 16 bright buttons!

My Commentary on the Last Two Articles!

In 1903 I was certainly not even a gleam in my mother's or father's eyes, for that matter! It would be nine years before I arrived on the scene. However, West Granville never seemed to me to have been quite the gruesome condition the "discoverer" describes. There was more to his description but most of that wasn't worth copying for he begins to give whoever might read the piece, the idea that it was a small group of Springfield big-wigs that finally were the salvation of the town.

I wonder what my dear departed grandfather, Major Nelson, Cyrus Ives and Gilbert Miller, the Ripleys and others of the town fathers, thought of the "discoverer's " ideas of "uncut mowing lots" and "apples left to rot on the ground " Grandpa, for one, and I dare say the others, would have been indignant, to say the least.

As for the wooden buttons used to lock their doors for the night-- as long as any of us lived on the Nelson Farm, no door was locked, wooden button or otherwise! I imagine the others did the same.

The settlement as he calls it, on East Hill may have blown down into the valley but there are still houses standing, almost from the earliest days that were so fortunate as to be built in all corners of the town and Tolland as well.

Its seems to me, in 1918 when I started school and became also acquainted with Mr. Joe Welch's penny candy, that most of the town was in pretty good shape. The only decrepit house really giving up and falling down by bits and pieces was the Terret place where Helen Benton now lives, I remember very well when it got its new lease on life from William Reeves.

Well, everyone to their own opinion as the old lady said when she kissed the cow, but I think the "discoverer" was a dreamer giving himself a great big pat on the back for claiming miracle as regards West Granville. For sure he did not take the time to really investigate its true history.

By now most of you know what I think of Granville and West Granville in particular, where I was born-- The best Little Town in Massachusetts!! I pray we are never discovered in such a light again, by such an ignoramous!

Leona A. Clifford

April 1986

Long Ago Days

With February just around the corner, our good neighbors the Leupinskis are sending once more for all sorts of seeds. They raise many vegetables and my sister and I are lucky to have them and their vegetable stand next door. We wouldn't have any produce as fresh if we raised it ourselves. They work extremely long hard hours with many difficulties such as too much rain, not enough rain, all kinds of bugs and worms that like fresh vegetables as much as we do, plus raccoons in their corn patches come fall.

From somewhere a while ago, I think one of Mother's numerous boxes of papers, I found the following clipping. I thought it was hilarious and also very true. I'm sure Granville garden growers, large and small will agree!

A SUMMER FABLE

There was once a man filled with vim and vigor, and yearned for a garden, for he had been reading a seed catalog and gentle Spring had come. "Gee whillikers!" he chirped. "Just look at those tomatoes and that corn! And those beans! And the cucumbers, too! Ain't they the cat's whiskers? Mmmmmmmmm, me thinks I'll plant a garden and raise vegetables. It's great sport, they say, and you live on top of the world."

So he sent in a large order for corn and beans, etc. and he bought himself a hoe, a spade, and a work shirt, too. And a bag of 4-5-6, or something like that. Then when the merry month of May was outside, and the ground was mellow, he rolled up his sleeves and spaded up his back yard. There he planted his corn and beans and cucumbers, and there he set out his tomato plants. Aye, it was May and the robins were singing in the trees, the sun was smiling sweetly and all was lovely as a marriage feast. And when he had finished, "Ha ha!" he chortled. "This garden business is sure great stuff. It puts the bezum into a fellow. It will make a man of me." And he went inside and washed up.

Now it came to pass after a week or so that the man sauntered out into his garden, and lo, his corn and beans, etc., were all up and smiling at him, and his tomato plants were no longer droopy. Then did his soul rejoice for the nonce. That is, until his eyes beheld' something else: to wit, a measly mess of ragweed and little shoots of parsley grass and clover sprouting up all over the place. And they were smiling up at him also. Then did he wax exceedingly wrothful.

"Ye Gods!" he snarled. "So you are here. Well you watch. I'll settle your hash." So with his goodly hoe he waded it. But now the sun was hot for it was June, and when he finished mauling the weeds he wiped his brow and

whistled, "Gee whiz, but this garden business is warm work. It makes a fellow sweat." And he went in and changed his shirt.

Now it came to pass that during that very night the clouds came over and there were copious showers. And when the morrow morn had come, and the strong man strolled again into his garden, lo and behold, ragweed, parsley and company were all standing up once more and ready for business. It was even so, and the man's spirit was sorely vexed.

"Holy smoke," he whistled. "What's all this? Have I got to weild the hoe again? Gad zooks, but it looks like this garden business isn't all it's cracked up to be. It ain't all beer and skittles. Oh well, I'll give the place a lick tomorrow, yes, tomorrow I'll do it so help me Isaac." And he put on his hat and went to town.

But when the morrow morn had come, his Isaac hadn't showed up. But the sun did and it was plenty hot. So it came to pass that when the man took his hoe and sauntered into his garden, again with his spirit troubled. He looked upon his feeble corn and beans, and then again upon his lusty weeds, and he frowned. "Heck," quoth he, " all this talk about raising your own vegetables is just a lot of hooie. Why should I blister my skin and wear myself out doing it? It means work and the market is full of vegetables. Blah!"

So he hung his hoe on the fence, put on his best shirt, and strolled off down to the park where a ball game was going on. And there he enjoyed himself. And that is why around the middle of July his garden looked liked a Hooraw's nest, and his wife had to go to the market with her sheckles to get her corn and beans and cucumbers and tomatoes. And through the long winter there was nothing in the cellar but cobwebs.

MORAL: Watching a ball game is a lot more fun than hoeing corn and beans.

Someone named H.J. Fenton wrote this. My father and mother, farming under many difficulties, the same as the poor soul above, made a very good job of it, but she apparently saw the humor of the situation and saved it for posterity-----ME!

Leona A. Clifford

July 1986

Long Ago Days

Having been in a low frame of mind lately, possibly spring fever, I haven't been writing much, although "Kill or Cure" was in the last Stone Walls magazine. Life was as busy as ever mostly with doctors visits and funerals. The only bright spot was my beautiful granddaughter's graduation. Also, I am slowing down and everything takes longer to accomplish, it seams.

I wanted to tackle the old West Granville Tavern Stand as my next project but I ran into problems. In spite of several trips to the Registry of Deeds, I found only two deeds where someone bought the property as a Tavern Stand in West Granville. I more or less gave up---there is still a lot to do on the rest of the town. So, I give you a list of owners, correct or not, that I found in Mother's papers about the place which she called the "Hotel Property."

Thaddeus Squire & Stephen Stowe.	1802
Frank Baker.	?
Abiel Pease.	1837
Frances Clark.	1843-44
William Squires to Aaron Curtiss.	1847
David Merwin.	1852
Aaron Curtiss to Samuel Harks.	1857
Samuel Marks to Dennison Parsons.	1861
Dennison Parsons to Horace Parsons, I.	1870
(Here she left a blank with a note saying "Dwight Merriam and Henry Soule came in here somewhere.")	
William Wallace to Augusta (Hayes) Tift.	1893
Augusta H. Tift to Horace Parsons II.	1894
Horace Parsons to Vincent Barnes.	1896-mortgage?
Vincent Barnes to Augusta H. Tift.	1897
Augusta H. Tift to Eva Rice.	1897

Alcohol is a worrisome thing today as it was then. A most interesting history of Hadley, Massachusetts, settled in 1659, incorporated in 1661, tells of the settlers' worries about alcohol consumption and what it was doing or might do to their descendants. I don't think things have improved much!

There were many taverns in town. Given Mr. Wilson's list of tavern keepers and license holders, one can count several hundred names albeit some were listed more than once. There were 1126 people in town to drink up the goods from 1776 and on until Granville went dry in 1886 or so. In

spite of that fact, BOOZE was always available, if only hard cider!

Our picture shows the old tavern as a large two story house between the store and Helena Duris' house. It has a full length porch in front with two entrance doors over which is a sign, "Groceries." There is also a larger grocery sign propped up against one wall. All this, in spite of the fact that the village store had been next door for years. Thaddeus Squire bought the property from the heirs of Calvin Coe in 1806. Who built the house, I do not know. In any case it survived about 100 years before it burned in the late 1900's . The Rice's from Springfield built the 'beginnings' of the house of the late Joseph and Cora Welch, now standing there and which they made into a nice year round home. To the Rices it was a summer place.

In the earliest days, and much later, the churches held two services per day. One can imagine that with almost no heat, (my father said he "liked to have froze to death" enduring this type of Sunday services at Winham, Vermont as a child) the Tavern must have been a popular spot where the men could warn their insides, at least! What the rest did is fearful to think about--maybe their little foot-stoves helped them but I am surprised that the whole congregation didn't die of pneumonia or quick consumption. Indeed, in most ways our forbearers were a hardy race!!

*Note: Henry Soule gave a dance at the Hotel which was largely attended. Henry Fancher prompted, (Scrapbook of Anna Nelson Clarke, no date) Mr. Soule was the grandfather of the late Cora Welch.

Leona A. Clifford

September 1986

Long Ago Days

Teaching In The Good Old Days

Some stern rules, by our standards, for teachers, were posted in 1872 by a New York principal. They are listed here for your amusement and perhaps, thankfulness!

1. Teachers, each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys and clean wicks.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the days session.
3. Make your pen carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual tastes of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening per week for courting purposes, or two evenings per week if they go to church regularly.
5. After 10 hours in school, the teachers should spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry, or engage in unseemly conduct, will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of money from his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so he will not become a burden to society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop, will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labors faithfully and without fault, for five years will be given an increase of 25¢ per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.....WHEW!

The above from a Columbia University Weekly Newsletter of Teachers College
(And today's teachers think they have it hard!)

Leona. A. Clifford

October 1986

Long Ago Days

This has been a pretty mixed up summer, at least for me. I thought to keep on with old West Granville houses, etc. However I got off the track and am in the "twilight zone" to one extent or another, so that will have to wait awhile.

However, I had good luck in regards to my personal paternal genealogy so I'll bore you with some of that.

On July 19th and 20th the annual Aldrich Association was held in Bellingham, Ma. near Medway and May and I attended. I know she is not much interested in it but it was a case of bribery! She would go with me if I would go to Cape Cod with her this September, as I have for several years and which I had planned not to do in 1986. It has become a very frustrating vacation for I can no longer negotiate the hundred or so steps from the beach and I can no long walk long distances, or in rough going, as I used to love to do.---better to forget it!

I have has a lot of pressure and much aggravation tracing my "Roots". This is pretty common when said roots lead back to the 1600's-- you find a dead end or two sooner or later. Sometimes it's more of a dead middle!

George Aldrich. The first to come, a tailor from Derbyshire, England arrived in 1640(?), He lived in both Dorchester and Braintree for awhile then became one of the first settlers of Mendon, Ma. Where he spent the rest of his life except for a short period when the town came under Indian attack. He returned to it though and lived and died and is buried there. The family increased and multiplied in that area for just over the line in Rhode Island is an old Aldrich cemetery.

For a long time Ralph Aldrich of Port Washington, L.I. spent his retirement years, with his wife, compiling a history of the family but though he finished it, he died before he could get it published. Penacook, NH, attended and she brought along one section of their work for members to see. It happened to be of my "line". She now plans to get it printed and I can hardly wait. I did not get to read all of what she brought but I got the "hi-lights" and after years of searching and coming, As she said, pretty close, I know "who I am" as people say today.

We decided that one of the drawbacks to good accurate family records is that people are just so busy living when they are young, and only getting interested as they become older, is that many of the family who could have told them so many, many things are now dead. This means long periods of looking for what those fathers, mothers, grandparents, and in many cases

great grandparents knew about and could have told them, and that happened to me on all of my lines---Aldrich, Richardsen, Nelson and Reed. Also, at retirement the time left to us is SHORT for careful, meticulous research such as Ralph's and Pearl's.

Every year we attend these reunions we are apt to pick up some more bits and pieces about our forebears even though most of the people who come are not, so to speak, closely related to me, but all of us go back to George (1), Jacob (2), or David(30 or David (3) and then spread out. Today we reach from shore to shore, possibly further.

In the 1850's during the great migrations westward, five of my grandfather's children joined in it, moving to Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio and Iowa. 1892 is about the last any of the "stay at homes" heard from any of them. Most had died that had known each other in either section of the country. News, as it were, petered out!

Two years ago I had the extremely good luck to find a descendant of my great uncle Henry Aldrich who went so long ago to Indiana. (He was brother to my grandfather, Isaac Aldrich. This man, much younger than me. Lives in Andover, Minnesota. He has sent me scads of materials on the five of the "Westward Ho" group and many of them have now reached the coast of California, just has my daughter, Kathleen.

On Aug. 24, 25, and 26 this year he (Jan Scott Aldrich) and his wife Suzanne visited us. They were just great people! We crowded a lot of things into those three days! We had a quick tour of Granville, and on the 24th we visited Londonderry Vt. Where Isaac, Henry and ten more of their brothers AND sisters were born. (Two others died young) We visited cemeteries, old home sites (Great Grandpa's house is now gone- torn down to widen the road- It was a beautiful two story brick house) He was Clark Aldrich, born 1774, died 1854, and his wife Jerusha Bidwell, born 1779, died 1849. We also visited the town clerk's office where they were very helpful, and the Windham Registry of Probate at Bellows Falls. In general we covered a lot of ground and in general had a wonderful day, winding it all up with an excellent dinner at the Sheraton restaurant in Westfield.

How I hated to see them leave! It is hard to cover the one hundred and eighty years of our family members in Vermont in such a short time. We did our best though, and their visit was the "Highlight" of my life for 1986.

Leona Aldrich Clifford(9); George (8), Isaac(7), Clark (6), Alexander (5),
Jeremiah(4), John (3), Jacob (2) and George (1)

Leona A. Clifford

January 1987

Long Ago Days

The old year, as it was slipping away, brought me a fascinating experience! On Nov. 10 I had a most interesting visitor; Gloria (Stewart) Leith and her husband John, of Bonita, California. She was following a trail of over 200 years back to her west Granville ancestors. With Helena Duris, we enjoyed a lovely tea party and an interesting discussion as to her forbears. Earlier, before darkness fell, we had visited the cemetery and the church where Rudy had opened and warmed a bit for us. She fell in love with it and with the old houses in town, especially the brick house west of the town green and the house on East Hill formerly Abraham and May, which seems to have been the house of Aaron Jordan Booge that he bought of the lawyer Thomas Lloyd in 1786. She took many pictures in and hopes some day to write a book about her family.

Gloria, a perfectly lovely lady, is a direct descendant of Capt. Benjamin Barnes who has been quietly resting in the graveyard for 10 years along with his two wives, Mary coe, daughter of Ephram Coe, born in Durham, CT and mother of all his children, and his second wife Lucretia Sackett already married twice daughter of Benoni Sackett of Westfield. Many of his family is around him in that peaceful spot! Benjamin was a veteran of the last Indian war circa 1766, and the Revolution and conquered and escaped many difficult and dangerous situations, especially the massacre of unreadable (English then) troupes at Fort Henry by General Montcalm's Indians even though he had Unreadable.

Gloria is also a direct descendant of the first ordained minister of the church at west Granville, the Rev. Aaron Jordan Booge and his wife Grace Thrall Booge. Rev. Booge a graduate of Yale was also in the Revolutionary War in it's early days, but about 1777 he went to preach at Turkey Hills, then a part Simsbury, CT but now East Granby. Times were HARD for some time after the war and a discussion arose over MONEY! He therefore left and came to West Granville in 1786 where he bought the Loyd place. He was the son of Ebenezer Booge (John) born in Scotland, who had come to the church at that part of Farmington, now on West Avon, CT where he and several other brothers and sisters were born. He was the oldest and the youngest Rev. Publius Virgilius Booge, married Catherine daughter of Timothy Robinson and preached at Winchester, CT of which Winsted is a section.

Capt. Benjamin had a son named Elijah who married in Oct. 1792 Sally H, Booge whom we assume to have been the oldest child of Rev. Aaron's 8 children. In 1787 Elijah bought land from his father; one boundary being a

heap of stones in the middle of Peebles brook(Beech Hill?). About three months after his marriage, he sold the property back to his father and he and Sally moved to Schroon, NY where they eventually died and are buried. Their daughter Lucy married David Hall of Blanford, MA and they too moved west. As time went by, with much more "west ward ho" , and some name changes, it came about that Gloria Tewart Leigh was born in St. Louis, MO. Still further on, she married John Leith in San Diego, CA. She has two children who are also interested in family. Goodness knows where they may move to!

Before she came, Gloria mailed me 80 pages of charts, clippings, etc. Which she had xeroxed. She hoped to get it all together some day and she had planned for some time to visit the several New England towns of her " roots."

It is hard, yet impossible to cover 200 years in two weeks but she did nobly. She had been to Schroon, NY and looked up graves and to Lebanon where Rev. Aaron and several of his family lie. She went to Boxford, MA where a great grandfather (?) preached. Here she had seen the only remaining item of the Rev. Aaron, the grave, near the Barnes lot, of his 17 year old son, Ulricus Zuyinglices Booge. Leaving here they visited several Connecticut places but Veterans Day interfered with some and they at last returned home.

About a week ago I had a letter from Gloria and she now thinks she has found that Sally Hall Booge was born in Pomfret, VT. This may be right. I heard of certain connections to Vermont before but did not know when or where. She sent a donation to the church.

It was a real pleasure to meet her and be able to find more yet on these two families. Such early settlers are a project dear to my heart. I was thrilled and only pray that some time she can come back.

Leona A. Clifford

1982 – HENRY JOHNSON – 1986

Henry Johnson, one of Granville's oldest citizens, passed away on December 16. He was born in Tolland, MA on June 10, 1982, the son of Abner and Wealthy (Keep) Johnson. He spent most of his life in Granville. He was a woodsman and carpenter.

Through his mother, he was a direct descendant of John Keep, one of Springfield's early settlers, circa 1650, who was somewhat prominent in town affairs.

While he, his wife Sara Leonard Keep and infant son Jabez were on their way from their home in 'the Longmeadow' to church in Springfield, they were attacked and killed along with several others, in the attack and burning of Springfield on March 26, 1976. Their other children, who had stayed at home, were raised by their Grandmother Leonard in Agawam. Through the Leonard line they were said to be descended from William the Conqueror.

Henry was one more of the fast disappearing veterans of World War I, a member of Company E., 102nd Infantry and was a member of American Legion Post 124 for fifty-eight years.

His wife, Bessie (Peebles) Johnson died in 1967. He leaves four children; Bernice of Southwick, Beverly of Westfield, Marilyn Brasier of Derry, NH and Thelma Barnes of Oakfield, ME. He also leaves several grandchildren and several cousins. Clarence Mott and Maurice Carr of Tolland and George Carr of Southampton, MA. He descended from a distinguished pioneer family over 300 years time. Our sympathy goes to his family. I know he will be missed.

Leona A. Clifford

March 1987

Long Ago Days

South from Granville Center (West) runs the "Hartland Hollow" road. It was a quiet peaceful place and we traveled it some in those old days. I don't know when it came into existence but it was not there real early. (I think the first road came to the "Hollow" was no doubt South Lane 2). Eventually it came to be and several families lived there. Pond Brook pretty much followed it on the east meandering hither and on until it crossed into the Hubbard River near the Conn. line.

The first house on the right was that of Elvira Chapman and her sons; her husband was Edward and he was a Civil War veteran who died in 1900. I never saw him. They had five children and Charley and George lived with her. Another son, Will, was the first person I remember, as "retiring" from his job and coming home where he kept house for the rest. I think he worked all his life for a lumberman, Rob Ward, in Conn. When I was small one of the boys had found a pure white (albino) crow which was kept in a box in the kitchen. Daddy took us down to see him. He was beautiful but noisy like all of his ilk, also messy. but I was fascinated. I had never seen one before nor have I since. I was also fascinated to see Grandma Chapman smoking a pipe, which many old ladies did years ago. My husband's grandma came from Ireland and she smoked clay pipes. This family owned simply a huge iron kettle, probably in days gone by, used for making soap, etc. They were most kind in lending it out in hog butchering time and I think it made the rounds of the town in the fall. I know Daddy used it as a scalding tub. He would go after it and then either take it back or to the next "burrower" on his list. On trips, to and fro, we visited with Mrs. Chapman, an interesting old lady. When she died in 1932 she was ninety and had a lot of memories to tell. On February 6, 1934 the house burned to the ground and Charlie died in the fire. It was a bitterly cold night and all got out safely, but for some reason Charlie went back in, possibly for some money or some treasured possession and didn't make it out. Lester Sattler eventually built a new house there. My mother always referred to it as the "Rice place." Below on the left once stood the home of Elvira Chapman's parents, William and Sophia Keep, and not so many years ago her grandson Wallace Chaman raised a new house on the property. I never remembered the "Keep place."

Across the road was a small house, the home of Etta Harrington. She was the daughter of Elvira and lived there with her three children, Myrtle, Olive, and Frank, Jr. Her husband, Frank, Sr., went insane and died after many years at the Northampton Insane Asylum in 1923. (My husband used to think it

strange that when he said he was from Northampton, Granvillites would say, "Oh, yes, where the crazy house is! No one ever mentioned Smith College or anything else of note in the place of which there was so much!) I never saw Frank Harrington but went to school with the three children. The oldest girl, Elsie lived with her Grandma Chapman to help out there but she finally married Anson Barnes, whom I believe was from the Winsted-Colebrook, Ct. area. The house went-burned, I think but I think newer house stands on that property, too. Below Etta was the old home of Edward Chapman's parents(?). His father was Jehiel and his mother was Elize Griffen. He was born in Glastenbury and she is Granby, Ct. I suppose Edward lived there until he married his neighbor, "up the road apiece." In my day, Fred, another son of Elvira's, lived there with his wife and former Naomi Cook of Blandford, Helena, much younger who died at fourteen in 1943 of encephalitis. She was a red head, (my favorite color) and smart and it was a tragedy as young people's deaths always are.

Below them on old forest place (Mother again) lived Fred and Nellie Coe. She used to tell a horror story of being married off to an old man by her father when she lived in Chicago. She was like fifteen years old! How she met Fred I don't know but I think he descended from West Granville Coes and lived in Springfield when they married. I remember going down there and finding Nellie, her palm leaf hat firmly on her head, fishing in the small stream that ran through the meadow south of the house. It was a most pleasant place as I remember it. It was finally sold to the Hartford Ct. Water Co. and torn down. After that Nellie lived opposite Mercy Hospital in Springfield. We used to take mother to visit her but Fred had died by then. Fred was not socially minded but Nellie took in what ever bits of it there was in those days. She never missed the main events, the ..church suppers followed by dancing. She loved to dance! She would arrive at the hall carrying a kerosene lantern and a revolver and when she decided to take off for home she would light the lantern and take off on foot prepared for anything getting in her way. She had the reputation of being a fine shot!

Below lived once Ed Smith, the Cornwells and . Stevens. I think the first two were in Mass. and Mr. Stevens in Conn.

Next month I am going to carry this a bit further for we went to visit down in Conn. section and there was some goings on between the people there and those in West Granville. There are too many memories to ignore and this story is getting to long!

Leona A. Clifford

April 1987

Long Ago Days

We're going to sneak into Connecticut a bit this month--Hartland Hollow, now underneath the waters of the Hartford Reservoir. In earlier days there was considerable communication between West Granville and the Hollow (has it ever occurred to you that most of Granville's water goes to the cities of Westfield and Springfield, Massachusetts and Hartford, Connecticut? The latter has three reservoirs for drinking water and a fourth for power.)

Well, after leaving the old Cornwell cellar hole where Henry Green was living in 1855 and 1870 - He married Harriet Cornwell - you find across the road the sites of Dr. Ed Smith, Phineas Stevens and Ed Barnes who ran a mill where Pond Brook meets the Hubbard River. Phineas Stevens who married Harriet Persons of West Granville. Her father, Horace, ran the West Granville Hotel. Their son, Fred married Addie Harger, great aunt of Arthur Sheets and Alice Petersen and mother of Pearl Stevens who married Andrew Duris, Sr. of West Granville.

I am not any longer able to remember just where you crossed the state line but it wasn't far. You then connected with Connecticut Route 20, and if you turned left you came to the home site of Benjamin Clark, Sr. and his mill on Valley Brook. His brother Fred, married my aunt Annie and they lived on a dead end road just before Ben's place and just before South Lane #2 comes out. Aunt Annie taught the North Hollow School once in a while as a substitute, though she never went beyond the ninth grade herself. The poor women died in her home at age 29 after an operation on the kitchen table for appendicitis! Benjamin Clark, Sr., lost his first wife - he and she were probably of Stonington, Connecticut - and he married, 2nd, Betsy (Whiting) Searle of Granville. She whose husband Alfred went to the Gold Rush in California and died on the way. Benjamin Clark, Jr. married Mary Winchell of Granville and had 11 children. He lived on the homestead and they later move to Windsor, Connecticut. Today only two remain. As long as they were able, several of them always attended the Granville chicken pie suppers. They and my mother were life-long friends.

Further up the brook Isaac Hall had a mill. I know little about him. He was there in 1870 but in 1894 the map shows only "Mrs. Hall". All these homes and all gone now were in the town of Granville.

Now back to track and follow the road almost opposite the one from West Granville village that went down the valley some distance and connected with the now "drowned" road connecting East and West Hartland Villages. Near the beginning of the road was, and I remember it, the old Newgate Coon

Club. It had formerly been the Red Lion Inn, built about 1796. Stanley Ransom, in his history of Hartland, says it was moved a little later to Stockbridge where it still is , and by 1911 the Coon Club came into existence. It was a "going" concern for a long time. Coon hunting was a nighttime operation and pretty popular years back. On any fall night the mountains round about would resound with the baying of coon hounds hot on the chase.

I know I won't get the houses in order but in this area was probably born the noted architect Asber Benjamin. Below on the left was the home of Fred and Addie Stevens where we visited sometimes. I can still spot the locale by a small island, formerly a little hill in their meadow. A daughter, Pearl, married Andrew Duris, Sr. of West Granville and now lives in Florida. Clifford and Alfred Gables lived below on the right. Their sister Alice married Henry Miller who was raised where the Berry Patch is now on top of Ore Hill.

In earlier days Henry had taken my mother to a party at the Magrannis place- later Lester Sattler's home on the State Forest Road. They were in a horse drawn conveyance and going down Magrannis Hill on the way home some vital part of the rig broke. The wagon hit the horse in the rear end and they had a short but wild ride! I imagine that was the last of Ma's dates with Henry as far as Grampa Nelson was concerned!

Talcott Banning lived in the valley on the left and raised honey bees. Daddy bought several hives of them and used to go down for equipment which Talcott kept on hand. Mother would take May and I in to see Talcott's mother. She and my grandma both had severe strokes in the same week in 1916. Grandma lived for six months, knowing nothing but poor Mrs. Banning lived bed-ridden for many years, though quite alert. Near the end of this road lived Leonard Dickinson who married Laura Welch, daughter of Joseph Welch who ran the West Granville store in my day. He and the Cables raised tobacco. The large Feeley farm was in the vicinity but was mostly, I think, a dairy farm. The Miller Tavern was here too, a large wood colored building, built in 1760 but later in the Miller family for about 150 years.

All are gone, including no doubt many I've forgotten, and for which I apologize. There was a cemetery in the south section removed to other places before the "flood" and a town house and two schools, also a Post Office. It was a cozy place if a valley can be called cozy. As a sophomore, in high school in 1929 my biology class had to make a collection of pressed wildflowers. Being a "hick from the sticks" I had an advantage here, also a boyfriend who visited his Cable relatives often. Many flowers grew in the Hollow that did thrive on Grandpa's farm on the hill. I corralled a large collection for which I received an A+ and I still have it but pretty decrepit after 60 years.

At the time I suppose I may not have thought so but " Those were (really) The Days, My Friends. "

Leona A. Clifford

August 1987

Long Ago Days

Years ago we felt spring had finally arrived when the first robins came. they usually arrived in small flocks then and the day they showed up was a joyous one. Winter was over! The neighbors vied with each other to report the first ones. we wait for them now too but they seem to come in "dribbles and drabbles"- one or two at a time. I can't remember when I've seen a flock!

This year a pair spied an old beaten up remnant of a nest just outside our kitchen window in the dogwood tree. some years back a succession of them had tried nesting there but were usually devastated by the cats, much to my mother's disgust. Finally it was given up for some years. Now this year's pair speedily took over and worked diligently for quite a few days. then they decided to do things up right. when the job was almost done, one of them brought quite a piece of what seemed to be a child's blue balloon and hung it on one side of the nest. A short time later one brought what seemed to be a long piece of 1/4 inch white baby ribbon. They wound it in and around and about anchoring it to a small limb and letting a six inch piece hanging down to flutter in the wind, next a common piece of twine was added to the display. When it all suited them the mother laid her eggs and hatched three little homely, blind, scrawny, bald and bare creatures whose mouths were perpetually open begging for food. In not time at all they had pranced about their nest, oiled and preened their feathers and flown away. I saw one, a day or so later, chasing after his mother in the shrubbery at the edge of the lawn while she hurried to find choice morsels to feed him. we hated to see them go to face the dangers in their world but---- voila! some days later back came "Mom and dad" and began all over. Not much refurbishing had to be done and soon Mom was snuggling down and getting back in the egg laying business. Three more babies arrived in due time and again the parents were out straight keeping them well fed.

Having been "laid up" for some time, it has been fun watching the growth and antics of all six. The mother went through some strange (to me) behavior, too. She sat on the edge of the nest and made lots of strange sounds to her eggs and she would sit on them and sing real robing songs to the unborn. they say people should sing and play music to their unborn son babies. did she know that? Maybe she is the reincarnation of a loving, human parent. what a delight it would be to come back as either of these dedicated and beautiful birds. we hope to see them for many more seasons. Yesterday, the last babe flew away. six new robins are now around the neighborhood.

P.S. Yesterday, in a fallen nest which the man who mows our lawn found and had placed at the edge of May's little pool, sat a beautiful green frog. He is still there this morning. Maybe he is the reincarnation of a robin!

GLORIA LEITCH: In May, at Bonita, Calif. Gloria Leitch died. She was a direct descendant of West Granville's first ordained minister, Aaron Jordan Booge. she was a lovely lady who visited me last fall. We went to the cemetery where one of Aaron's sons is buried, and to the church which Rudy thoughtfully opened and heated for us. she was really thrilled. We spent some time visiting with Helena Duris who insisted on serving tea. I know Gloria was thrilled with the town and the friendliness shown her. She passed away after a long battle with cancer, at what was to me, a young age. Her husband, Jack, was kind enough to call me and I appreciated it. It hurt though for she was, in that one day, a new friend whom I hoped to see again some day.

Leona A. Clifford

January 1988

Long Ago Days

In 1740, one David Rose came from Durham, Ct. to what is now West Granville, and built the first house there on his 100 acre "settling lot". It was in what we used to call "Elm-Tree Lot" a very large elm then standing sentinel over the whole area at the corner of now Rte. 57 and South Lane #2. As a child I could still see a ridge around a small square spot that I was told many times, marked all that was left of that original home.

In that home I expect David and his wife Elizabeth Fowler King, with there family of several children, lived the very spartan lives of those times like the rest of the twenty six families that soon followed him from Durham. One story tells how the family dared not have a light burning one night when a new baby arrived for fear Indians. However it is pretty certain Granville had no Indian troubles. It was mostly if anything, a hunting ground for them. Still the house was built mostly of stone as fortification.

To that home in 1754 David Rose brought a little black boy, Lemuel Haynes. He was the son of a white servant girl in the Haynes home in West Hartford and an unknown black man. He was given the Haynes name. He became as one of the family, was educated by them as best possible and later studied with Dr. Timothy M. Cooley, pastor of Granville Center Church. He became the first to preach in the West (or middle Granville) Church---the first black minister to a white congregation in America and the first black to receive a college degree, from the college at Middlebury Vermont

As one of the Rose family he wrote of the great sorrow there when little Lucy Rose died in her 4th year and their grief at having to leave her in "that dark lonesome place". She is buried in the old first cemetery in town in Granville Center and was the first to be laid there. As in most of the other five cemeteries in our town a child would be the first occupant. Lemuel was also to see the woman who was as a mother to him be buried by the side of Lucy in 1775 age 70. This cemetery has not been used for many years and the old stones are crumbling, but it holds the remains of many of our earliest settlers.

David Rose outlived his spouse for twenty years. A second wife died in Suffield, Ct. in 1809. At his death in 1795 the West Granville cemetery having been opened, again for a child Calvin Coe three year old son of Capt. Aaron and Mary Coe David was buried there. His stone is in

poor shape and is on the west of the driveway in the old part. His son Robinsons, Coes and Baldwins are there too. One of them Ezra Baldwin gave an acre for this graveyard in 1787. Additions have been made over the years. Ezra lived where Henry Miller does now.

Two hundred and forty eight years later a new house is standing in the elm tree lot. I know not to whom it belongs. I have been out now. The new house stands very near to the original first home site it and the majestic elm both having disappeared. It is in a very scenic spot and I wish the new residents a very happy life there. It will be I am positive an easier and pleasanter one than that of David Eliza Beth or of any of those hardy early settlers who first braved the hills of Western Mass so long ago!

Leona A. Clifford

February 1988

Long Ago Days

The old timers often remarked, when caught in the deep freeze we have just now experienced, "When the days begin to lengthen then the cold begins to strengthen." Very often it does and, if you can manage to live through it, then came the "January thaw". Well, I for one, can hardly wait for that!

I began to think about winter time in my grammar school days and how we coped, compared to now. How differed! We walked, roughly three quarters of a mile, to Ore Hill school and back at night--- 9 am to 4pm--. It was apt to be cold at 9 and getting darkish at 4. Of course we had days when the roads were too drifted and impossible and we reveled in being home. There were no working mothers then, and ours were always home.

We would be roused from our nice cozy feather beds and hustle down to get dressed by the living room stove which daddy had coaxed back from its bed of coals to a nice living blaze. We crawled into our long part wool, union suits (How I hated that for wool and I don't get along well, and they kept me scratching and bawling!) until its a wonder the teacher didn't think I was infested with "creepers"! Then on went long black stockings and were fastened to our garter equipped ferris waists. With some stretching and pulling, as they passed over the ends of the long john legs, it left a knobby lump for all the world to see. After those, we donned bloomers. At one time I remember black satin ones. Then came a petticoat. Many times these were trimmed with mamas hand crocheted lace. Last of all a heavy dress of skirt and sweater was added. Boy, we were ready for most anything winter had to offer. (given our outer apparel which was coming up.)

After breakfast, which was not, as a current T.V. ad proclaims: "Muslix, what breakfast was meant to be", we had real breakfasts, hearty ones, pancakes, bacon, ham and sausage from late fall butchering in winter and in summer salt codfish of mackerel or dried beef in milk and gravy with boiled potatoes and biscuits and muffins. I remember very little cereal except oatmeal and corn meal mush, and that too often. Those other things were that what stoked the fires for our up- coming trip to Ore Hill.

We have a picture daddy took of my sister and I standing in the door yard, holding our round tin buckets in which was a good substantial lunch, ready for "take off". We are wearing heavy coats, toboggans, (ski hats now), each has a long, heavy scarf wrapped securely about our necks and on our legs are heavy woolen pacs and real rubber boots that laced and came above our ankles. It almost looked as if we should be unable to move under such a load, but we made it and so did the rest of our schoolmates, dressed likewise. When

I see how the school children dress today, most of them give me goose pimples. Sometimes I have occasion to pick up one or two grandchildren after school. Out they come,--- no hats, no heavy coats or possible a thin one, no boots or gloves . Underneath, no nice winter underwear. On their feet sneakers, (pardon that expression, today they have sophisticated ? names, Reeboks, etc) The laces are untied and flopping and these darlings of my heart will declare they are as warm as toast! They may want a car window open ! Where is the old fashioned double pneumonia? Well, at least they have what we didn't---a warm school bus for both trips, to and fro!

The aunt with who I lived in my high school years some sixty years ago told of a friend of hers, probably some forty years before that, who setting her wedding date for when it was winter weather, shed her union suit for fancy underwear, got married in it and died a few days later of "quick I.B." Lord, have mercy! It was meant to scare me and it did. Old timers still believed in the old saying, "Ne'er cast a clout till May be out". I guess that stayed in my mind too. I am cold earlier in the fall and later in the spring than lots of folks I know. My thermal underwear sure feels good in winter-- all four months of it or longer.

In the meantime, when as the only person for miles around to wear an undershirt kids think I'm strange, I can only say I'm old fashioned!

Leona A. Clifford

March 1988

Long ago days

Now that I've been one for twenty years, there is nothing like being a grandmother!---with loving grandchildren! I think I missed out in my lifetime by not knowing my own grandmothers. Grandma Harriet Aldrich died at Grafton, Vt. in 1899, of heart disease at age 75. All I have of her is a picture of a rather sad faced woman, probably in her sixties. She had lived a sad life, poor, and with many troubles. She was a widow for 18 years, living with my father who was the youngest of her eight children. I like to think that she was like daddy which would have made her a super person. She was born in Nelson, N.H. in 1824, descended from a long line of Richardson, Bracketts and others, many going back to Americas earliest days. There is in, what was Braintree, now Quincy, Ma. , a communion set given to the church there by first settler, Richard Brackett and wife Alice Blower. I would dearly love to see it.

Grandma Francena Nelson I remember a little, especially once when I was having a snit fit because my parents were taking my sister, May, to Dr. Whites in Granville for some problem and weren't planning to take me. I so wanted to go along for the buggy ride! Grandma gathered me up in her arms, sat me on her lap in the old corner chair by the living room stove and said if I'd be a good girl she would make me popcorn and a "birdies nest", that being an apple cut crosswise, cored and sprinkled with a bit of salt. As I remember the bribe worked. I have her picture too, several in fact. IN one, she is holding me in her lap, dressed in my best white dress, and looking down at me. I can feel the pride in that look! I've been there four times myself. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for all four of mine if it were humanly possible. Grandma Nelson died at West Granville in 1916. She was born in Harvard, Ma. in 1841, a descendant of the Park and Reed families of that place. They were stone cutters and stone masons. Her grandfather, Israel Reed, "well known master mason of Worcester county" was well known in his day, built the abutments to the old toll bridge at Springfield and the base to the monument for fallen soldiers of 1775 on the green at Lexington, MA plus much more. He died of small pox fairly young and has hastily buried in a field near his home but today he rests in the Harvard graveyard. Grandma's father, Robert Reed, died young and his sister, Anna Barlow, brought her to Granville, age 5. Later on she married his younger brother, Major, my grandfather. The Nelson's during those years ran the tavern on Granville Hill, now gone. She too had many trials and tribulations in her life but I know she was the kind of grandma I would have adored!

Now I have a handsome 20 year old grandson from whom I lately

received one of the most beautiful "love letters" of my life, and three beautiful granddaughters whose every wish is my command in so far as I am capable of granting them. They are among the great blessings of my life of seventy five years. I have been privileged to see them grow up. Somehow now though the thoughts of great grandchildren doesn't thrill me. I am contented with what I have. Still it would be nice to hold tiny new baby in my arms again.

P.S. I am back from my 6th operation at Mercy Hospital in Springfield for my cancer and the end is not in sight. I hope however that I will be able to write for the Caller. I have Bogged down on finishing my trip through West Granville. I hope to continue it---lots of interesting stories there!

Leona A. Clifford

November 1988

Long Ago Days

Like Martin Luther King Jr., I stood on a mountaintop (in West Glover, Vermont) Last weekend and a beautiful sight it was. I did not see the promised land but it couldn't be a lovelier sight. The White Mts. of New Hampshire lay to the east, Mt. Stowe to the west, Jay Peak to the north and my friends herd of 52 beautiful Holstein cows all standing around their fall pasture. I hated to leave, but Granville and my old friends there are my "first love". I just thank God, that so far with my brand new chauffeur, I could visit up there.

The story goes that it was first planned to erect the Statue of Liberty on Glover's highest peak. It would have been a magnificent, peaceful, and outstanding sight, but it serves better being where it has been able to welcome so many to their "Promised Land" as they came into New York harbor.

Now that I am back to feeling more like myself, I hope to resume writing a few more stories for this paper, at least to cover West Granville. Wish me luck even though I feel, at this point that I've had more than my share.

Leona A. Clifford

January 1989

Long Ago Days

After a long "vacation" from getting around town very much, it has been a blow to me to see so many places --- land, houses, etc.—going up for sale in every part of dear old Granville!

In the Long Ago Days, we lived as had generations before us, on the old farm in West Granville. As children, at least, it never entered our heads that all of it could change and "strangers" be living in "our" house! The same went for many of our neighbors, near and far, for Beech Hill, Granville Hill, and the so called Jockey Corners. (I'd like to know where they ever came up with that one). Year after year the same people lived in the same homes and it seemed that only death or disaster made changes in the status quo. In the first circumstance only one person was gone and the rest generally intended to stay put. In the second, fire was probably most often to blame for rebuilding might occur or another place come up for sale but the people hung in there! Three generations under the family roof tree was certainly not unusual, but more often the "status quo".

A lot of this, of course, was due to the fact that hospitals and nursing homes were not around corralling up the old, sick or infirm family members; and many, many times these two and possibly three generations living together, cared for each other until the end. No doubt more could be done for the comfort of the ones institutionalized, but the old lady or old gentleman, very likely hugging his chimney corner or lying in a senile cradle by the fireplace, rocked by children and grandchildren, in any lucid moments, had the satisfaction of knowing he or she was in their own home and seeing the dear and familiar faces they were used to seeing. I believe there was a lot of comfort in that. Well, times change and not always for the better.

I guess the biggest surprise to me amongst the big changes going on, was to see a "For Sale" sign on the lawn of the Curtiss Tavern in West Granville. This old home or at least the property it stands on was deeded by John Curtiss of Durham, CT. to Aaron Curtiss October 1, 1773. He deeded to sons Levi and Nathan, joiners, December 16, 1797, and Nathan quit claimed to Levi September 21, 1807, "all my land in Middle Parish". If right, this was the Tavern's beginning.

I miss going to the Registry, and having Bill Heino and Helena Duris presently out of reach, so if I make errors, no doubt George and Rudy will correct me.

A Levi Curtiss, merchant's clerk, age 16, died of spotted fever in 1812 during the devastating epidemic that swept New England at that time. A while back I read that a Dartmouth College professor called the illness spinal meningitis. Men rose from their beds feeling fine in the A.M. and were dead by night. Whatever it was, Granville lost 15 people to it in almost no time. Another Levi Curtiss died, age 63, in 1830. The record says "life wasted by fits". They were no doubt part of the Durham, CT family who came here. If I had another lifetime, I could really place all of these early comers, but at present. I have no idea of how much of the lifetime I have will last.

Oh, well, next month I will finish what I know or can find out about this beautiful old home. In the meantime, A Happy and Healthy New Year to each and every one of you.

Leona A. Clifford

I am ashamed to write this note, but after thinking I had written a fairly good thank you to family and friends for all the kindnesses shown me over the past two years, I never mentioned my beloved daughter-in-law, Donna Clifford. Six times this girl, with almost more to do than for her family than she ought to, insisted on taking me, once at 5:30 A.M. (!), to Mercy Hospital for my six operations that I have had so far, and standing by until they were over so she could nail my doctor to see what was what. After one of them, when some trouble developed, she also took me to her home and turned me over to the T.L.C. of my darling Julie, who could be a super nurse(hint, hint). I was waited on hand and foot until things died down and I came home.

No words can ever adequately thank her or the family. She is a shining light in my now-a-days precarious existence. I am a "very luck old lady" as my dear old friend, Dora Barry would tell me every time I went to visit her, to have them and my sister around to see me through my "final chapter". No words will do but thank all of you from the bottom of my heart!!!

Leona A. Clifford

HARRIET (SHEETS) JULIAN Died in Westfield, Ma. November 24,
Harriet (Sheets) Julian, 87, after a long illness.

She was born in West Granville, Ma. the daughter of Charles and Nelsie (Hunt) Sheets and was the sister of the late Albert Sheets. She was a member of the 1st Cong. Church in Westfield and the Apremont Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 1847 Auxiliary.

Her husband, Frank Julian, died some years ago, but she is survived by a son, Frank Julian Jr. and daughter Margaret, wife of Arthur Moore of North West Rd. of Westfield with whom she lived.

For many years her family lived north of Avery Bates--house now gone--- and were among the real old time neighbors of those days.

When I left home for high school in East Hartford, Ct. in 1927, lonesome, scared and green as grass, not knowing a soul, I was overjoyed when later the Julians moved there. I visited them often and how great to see and be with those dear familiar faces from "home". It sure eased the pain of my being a "stranger" in a "strange Land"!

The last time I visited Harriet at Noble Hospital, she was heavily sedated but she roused to tell me she hoped she'd be around when I came again. It was not to be, for three days later she was gone, leaving another of many "vacant" spots occurring in my life more and more now a days.

At least I have many pleasant memories of all of that family as I was growing up. I wish I could write a book!!

Leona A. Clifford

February 1989

Long Ago Days

RUDY HENDRIC 1912-1988

On Christmas Day, after a long illness, Rudy passed away at Noble Hospital, Westfield, MA He was 76 years old.

It brought to mind that most of my husbands relatives, especially the Cliffords and Morris's, "come over" from County Kerry, Ireland, believed that those who die on Christmas Day or Easter Sunday go straight to heaven. No waiting around in Purgatory, (a word I never had heard before I met them.) - a place for expiating sins before moving on to eternal bliss. They were the chosen children of God! I am sure Rudy fitted that category.

He lived at the Curtiss Tavern some fifty years , from the time that Carleton Stafford and he came and they beautifully restored it. Carleton moved on to Florida and then to the Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, where he died some time ago. He was from "Who's who in America" could have stated many other instances.

Rudy was one who did not talk much about his accomplishments. He as a kind, friendly, quite, amiable and soft spoken man, - as George told my sister - a "beautiful person" - we agree.

The West Granville Church, beautifully decorated for the annual Christmas service, was left that way for the funeral. (One of the nicest funeral services I ever attended). How many weddings, funerals, memorials and other important events in the lives of Granville people had decorations by George and Rudy? Many, they gave it their all. No famous place has ever got the attention given by two to our "little old church in the vale".

Who can forget the series of Ethnic suppers put on by this pair? Italian, German, and others, each with an appropriate glass of wine, and, age beautiful decorations. I think George did a lot of the cooking for these too--a man of many talents! I am sure that the memories of all that those two did for Granville's populace will never be forgotten or reported. You have to gratitude of everyone including me. This is my native town and and church where I was baptised in 1912.

Now the house is for sale and things will never be the same. It is and will be George and Rudy's place. It is a fine asset to our beautiful little village. Our fondest prayer now is, as it goes into new hands, that we don't lose you, George! Stick around! We need you. Our hearts go out to you. We extend our deepest sympathy, knowing, especially us older ones, a little bit of your feelings. You also have our everlasting love.

May the lord Bless and keep You.

May he make his face to shine upon you and be Gracious unto you,
May he lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you
Peace! Amen

Leona A. Clifford

This is my swan song as far as "Long Ago Days" is concerned. I can no longer continue it - at least not on a regular basis. Thanks for everything in past years.

April 1989

Long Ago Days

1897-Franklin E. Waugh-1989

Tolland's oldest citizen, Frank Waugh, died Feb. 2, 1989 at Noble Hospital in Westfield after a period of ill health, although on his birthday, last April, he was able to renew his drivers license for four years, and until a stroke last fall was doing about as ever. He was 91 years old.

He was a dedicated member of Granville Senior Citizens and, now that he is gone, they have lost a most loyal and helpful member who will be missed very much.

He was a veteran of World War I, a former selectman of Tolland, a forty-four year continuous member of Tollands board of assessors, for some time in charge of the towns cemeteries and a member of the Fire Department.

He and his wife, the late Nellie Chandler, raised a family of five children. Two, Robert Crockett and Marion Barnes pre-deceased him. The others are Charles Waugh of Tolland, Eleanor Waugh Westfield, and Pearl Messenger of Tolland, who with her husband Ronald Messenger own the Twin Brooks Camp Grounds there and have a considerable maple sugar business. He also leaves an older sister, Marion Reilly of Westfield.

I had known Frank since I worked one fall at the Tunxis Club in Tolland in 1931. He was a quiet, friendly man and knew a lot about the town and towns people, having lived there some sixty-six years. I got a real Cooks Tour of the towns old homes and home sites as well as lots of information on the residents of times past. This was most interesting to me as Tolland was once part of Granville and my grandparents, Major and Franceca Nelson, lived some years on the Marshall and Hardy place and all their children except my mother were born there.

Frank was a steady hard worker. He worked many years for the O'Connor Lumber Company in Westfield and he told me he was never late or absent, quite a record considering the daily trip in all kinds of weather down out of those hills!

On retirement, as a side line, he rushed and seated chairs, built picnic tables and benches and repaired small engines. He just couldn't bear to be idle. He was an avid fisherman and hunter. Until about three years ago, he told me he never had a deer season pass empty handed.

He was the old fashioned kind of neighbor always willing to be helpful when there was a need of any kind.

I know Tolland has had a big loss and so have I. Since my own illness of

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I know Tolland has had a big loss and so have I. Since my own illness of

the past two years, he always stopped in once or twice a week to see how I was getting along. Before that happened, we played cards at Senior Citizens, the Tolland card parties, and with friends. We went to church suppers or out for pizza. I know my life will never be quite the same again, but I am sure he has found eternal rest, he so well deserved, in that heaven to which God has called him.

Leona A. Clifford

May 1989

Long Ago Days

In Memoriam

1889 Laura (Welch) Dickinson 1989

On April 8th, Laura Dickinson died in a Suffield, Connecticut nursing home at the grand old age of 100!

When I was a little girl, she was a pretty young lady still living at home, unmarried and 23 years older than me. As a baby, the last of the three daughters of Joseph and Laura Miner Welch who owned the West Granville Store and lived directly across the street in what is now the Curtis Tavern, she was allowed, so I've been told, to wait until she was old enough to pick her own first name. When that time arrived, she chose Laura, the name of her mother who was also very pretty and always smiling. As I remember, it was a good choice for she was a great deal like her mother in looks and temperament. Until the choice was made, she had been called "Babe" and this name stuck, at least as long as she lived in West Granville.

On December 1, 1920, she married Leonard M. Dickinson of Hartland Hollow and they lived on his farm until the Hartford Water Company bought out all the homes in that valley to make room for the Barkhamsted Reservoir. At that time, they removed to Suffield, Connecticut. They lived towards the upper end of the main street and I believe he raised much tobacco. Their home was a squarish, large distinctive looking house where they spent many years.

Her husband predeceased her as did her two sisters, Mary Gardner of Westfield and Sadie Warner of Springfield and her only brother Joseph Welch, Jr. of West Granville - one of the penalties(?) of living to be 100 years old! She had no children but leaves several nieces and nephews, one of who is Steve Welch of Westfield that most folks remember. He was in school with me but younger.

Laura was buried beside her husband in the Center Cemetery in East Hartland, Connecticut, April 10th.

On this Memorial Day, Granville will be remembering a great many more old and young friends and relatives than usual. It is one of the great sadnesses of living to an old age ourselves. Keeping them all in our hearts and minds and prayers is, in a way, giving them "eternal life." We miss them, but I feel assured there will be a great reunion some day when we too can lay down life's burdens---PEACE at least.

Leona A. Clifford

June 1989

Long Ago Days

My "Long Ago Days" are rapidly being brought up to "Right Now Days" and it's mighty unsettling to replace what few more stories I might be able to get in, off and on, with one obituary after another.

A few days ago, I received word of the death of Pearl Phelon in Vineland New Jersey where he had been in the care of his son and daughter in law, Mr. And Mrs. Philip Phelon. He had reached the ripe old age of 92, and I had known him and all of his family as long as I can remember.

He was a direct descendant of one of the earliest settlers – Dan Robinson -. Not many families can lay claim to over two hundred years of remaining in the same town. Most descendants of those early pioneers move on to other places all over America as I've found out by my mail from quite a few of their descendants. I've had very interesting conversations with some of them, once in a while in person, more often by mail.

As children, May and I often visited in the old Phelon home on Granville hill. Pearl's sister Susan, and mother, Sarah (Robinson) Phelon boarded state children with whom we would be invited to play. Sue was a graduate of a hospital in Augusta, Maine, (where her sister, Lucy had married a Mr. North a direct descendant of one of Augusta's founders—a marvelous woman with a fantastic sense of humor.) and it was to her that my parents always gave the credit for saving my sister's life after she suffered first from whooping cough and immediately following that from pneumonia—a desperately sick child when Sue first arrived on the scene. Good old Dr. White, whom all depended on day and night had informed us on one of his trips that she wouldn't last the night! Well with Sue's expert care, she fooled him!

Pearl was a retired apple grower, a member of the Board of Directors of Mass. Food Growers Association. He was a former selectman, a former choir director and a member of the Board of the Congregationalist Church in Granville. He played coronet with the first Infantry Band in Mass.

In his last years, he attended our Senior Citizens Tuesday "get-togethers". His diet restricted him from our lunches, but he loved to play "set back" and was an excellent player! Because I passed his home on my way to the lunch, etc. I picked him up and later delivered him back to his home. We had many enjoyable talks as he remembered many interesting stories of people and events. Some were sad and some were funny, but I loved hearing him tell them all.

I enjoyed talking with his wife, Ruth too, and we spent a wonderful afternoon, sitting on apple boxes in her attic looking over old photographs of their family, friends and places, many of which she graciously allowed me to copy.

When both, due to the infirmities of old age had to give up their home, Ruth to her son John's in Utah and then Pearl to his son Philip's home in New Jersey, our town suffered a great loss whether they realized it or not. Our "old folks" are our treasures—irreplaceable! I wish for God's blessing on them both forever. I loved them both and MISS them!

Leona A. Clifford

July 1989

Long ago Days

Everyday the paper gives us yet more on the wonerful plans for the rejuvination of the center of Westfield, which now, as long ago and in between, is Granvilles nearest place for what we call city services. (I belive it is an "impossible dream")

Looking back in Grandma Nelsons scrapbook, I found a plan for Westfield written in 1898 by Riley P. Nelson, my grandfathers oldest brother who went to Brandon Iowa to teach about 1860. He was born in Mundale in 1837 as were most of his twelve siblings, some of whom rest with their parents and grandparents in the "new Mundale cemetery". I thought it quite interesting but no doubt no more workable than the plans now, though much cheaper.

Brandon, Iowa Mar. 5 1898

Mr Editor:---

We were one among many young men who left many years ago the glorious old Bay State, with its many advantages, to seek a home and a broader field of action in the west. Through the kindness of friends, we found both, and we find also that our interest in the land and state we left has not dimined; we feel an honorable pride in the state of Massachusetts. Her past record has been indeed glorious, and I do not wish to see her glory dimmed nor her strength in any way diminished. I wish to see her stand in the front ranks among the states of this nation; in the superior managment of her natural advantages, that Nature has conferred upon her; we wish to see her improve to the utmost limit all the strength that has not yet been developed. And the strength of Massachusetts in the future must depend more and more upon her cheap water power, to help support a dense and thrifty population. Competition is sharp, and how can the state with all its thrifty and intelligent citizens, hope to maintain her place in the future, in wealth and population, unless she has something of an enduring character to build on?

She has not an inexhaustible supply of coal and iron, nor the rich and fertile lands of many of the western states to support a dense and thrifty population. In these respects, she can never hope to compete with them; but Massachusetts is rich. She has some of the best water power in the world for manufacturing purposes, and of these the state may well be proud. Power obtained by coal can never hope to successfully with water for cheapness or durability. The state of Massachusetts is

rich also in its inexhaustible beds of the best granite to be found anywhere in the world, and it has the capital and the men that will develop them, and as the country gets older and the business men look more to the best interests of the state and its citizens, the grandest houses, churches, public buildings, and monumental work will be built of polished and enduring granite.

Westfield is rich in this material, and I see west of her in the mountains two tremendous water powers, and granite enough and sand and gravel, when set in motion by this power, to polish enough stone for all the public buildings in the state; work enough to employ thousands of men for hundreds of years. Men are in need of the work now, and when will the business men of Massachusetts take in this rich field of investment that will be more sure and enduring in its character than all the gold fields of Alaska?

By building a dam near the old canal feeder, power could be transmitted by electricity to the old "Four Mile house, and a suburb started there that would give more business to your street railway, and also furnished the road with cheap power. The polishing shop should be built near there, and it would give me pleasure to help set them in motion. I hope that you will bring this subject to the attention of the business men of Westfield and oblige.

Leona A. Clifford

October 1989

Long Ago Days

About 225 years ago several of the Barnes family, descendants of Thomas of New Haven, made their way from Middletown, Connecticut and environs to Bedford, now Granville, Massachusetts. I believe that in one of Dr. Timothy's last addresses to his flock, he took as his theme "Let the work of the Fathers Stand. I have a copy of that address but now I can't place it.

Well, the Barnes family have moved to every part of our country with a few still clinging to the Tolland and Granville hills. Marriage has changed many names but the Barnes blood is strong in their veins, and they are one of a few family's in our town who have hung on for so long a time. Dr. Cooley's message is as true now as then, and we now have a SHINING EXAMPLE.

On the weekend of August 5th and 6th the Rev. Kingsley and Milly Roberts came back here from Florida, where he is now Pastor of a new church, that has been built for him, to celebrate their golden wedding in the church they were married by Frederick Thompson in 1939. With them were several of their wonderful family of ten children, including Rev. Dr. Joseph Roberts of Hudson Falls, N.Y. and Rev. John Roberts of Peabody, Mass. Kingsley is the oldest son of the late Stephen and Gladys (Barnes) Roberts- (Thomas, Jeremiah, Anson, Curtis, Henry). Milly is the daughter of the late Joseph Boehm and Antonette Boehm, now of Bonita Springs, Florida.

On Saturday a great time was had with a delicious luncheon catered by Joan and Con Clendenin, and visiting with old friends and family members of this couple, including Mrs. Boehm, Lucy Stebbins, and Millie Sattler of Winsted, Connecticut formerly residents here.

It was just a great day for me. When this family lived on North Lane #2 in West Granville, I stayed sometimes with the children, went there to get my "hair done", and worked in blueberry season for Uncle Steve. He and Aunt Gladys always seemed like family to me.

On Sunday, a beautiful service was conducted by Kingsley, Milly, Joey, and Jackie at ten AM. I can tell you the whole thing was just an occasion as has never happened, to my knowledge, in the old West Granville Church, where the first Barnes worshiped, before or ever will again I imagine. It was a red letter day and I felt as proud of them and the others as if they were mine. Kingsley and Milly sang a touching duet and Joey's daughter, Amy, played a nice piano selection during the collection which was presented to the church.

These days were enjoyed by everyone to the fullest, but while my own heart was running over with joy, some sadness crept in for I probably shall not see them altogether again. It was a day to be entered in the church records with a great deal of pride!

Leona A. Clifford

November 1989

Long Ago Days

It's amazing how a long life seems to shorten time! It was like few weeks ago that I attended a beautiful golden wedding ceremony in the old West Granville Church for Gilbert Earl and Olive (Bull) Miller! Children and grandchildren, also a few great-grandchildren. It was a lovely party and I was pleased to be able to go for I went to school when young with Earl at Ore Hill School.

He is a direct descendant of the early Robinsons from Durham, Connecticut, among Granville's first settlers in the Beach Hill area. Captain Dan Robinson living in the area of the Ripley farm. He was a veteran of the revolution and supposed to have been with Ethan Allen when he captured Fort Ticonderoga. He is also a direct descendant of General William Sheppard, Westfield's Revolutionary War hero, on his mothers side. His line is Captain Dan, Dan Jr. Earl's grandmother. A long line, like the Barnes of my last story still hanging in there in the old home town. Also a long line on his mother, Alice Treat's side!

The party was put on by the family's children and very nice. I thoroughly enjoyed meeting as many as I could. I easily lose track of the small fry, but I tried my best and was glad I was invited. I know that Oliver and Earl are proud of the fruit of their sixty years of togetherness, and I am proud to know them too. May they reach the next milestone- their seventy-fifth! Wherever I am then, I'll be there in spirit- wouldn't miss it.

A rather sad note crept in when a few days later, Eva (Miller) Voight lost her son-in-law due to a terrible automobile accident. I extend my sympathy to all (for what it is worth.) Then too, I hear Olive is a patient in Noble Hospital's I.C.U. Certainly hope that doesn't last. I haven't heard that she is out, but I get news from out there pretty slowly. Anyway, my best to all of them in their troubles. I am sorry!

Leona A. Clifford

Long Ago Days (January 1990)

Note from C.C. Editors:

The following article of "Long Ago Days" by Leona Clifford was written just before she entered the hospital on December 23rd. where she passed away early in January. She, as well as he many contributions to the C.C. will be sadly missed.

Another New year has arrived- clean slate- what will it hold? First of all, lots of parties, and then, lots of morning after, and then back to the old routine.

What was this like in the Long Ago Days? From hear, it is hard to know. There were in our country towns no nights spots. There may have been house parties and hay rides. They were fun- everyone packed together in a sled full of hay with a pair of horses outfitted with sleigh bells jogging along. Most times the ride wound up at some neighboring town hall for refreshments, and then off home again, snuggled warm in the sweet scented hay. Quite often there was singing of lots of the old time songs as they "sleighed" along through the night. I'm sure more than one couple plighted their troth on such a journey.

However, I guess for most of us, life went on as usual, unless we engaged in one of the above a activities, we were off to bed early and up early too, as our farm animals, cows, chickens and Old Pet, our first horse that I remember, knew it was just another day to be fed, watered and cared for.

After some years, radio came in and it was thrilling to have so many nice (in those days!) shows to listen to listen to, and a majority wouldn't miss Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians swinging out "Old Lang Syne"! The radio was nice and gave us a look at the outside world. (We tried to tell Grandpa Nelson that, But he wouldn't have any part of it and listened in only once or twice under duress). Now, as it has led to TV and Cable, we are assailed by so much not fit to waste time on. Besides, there is too much guesswork on the part of reporters, looking for sensational news. Lately a poll was taken as to the culpability of a great many of the TV shows on war, crime, pornography- one bad thing after another, and repeating so often. You'd think they could come up with something new and interesting, if their minds hadn't got channeled into a rut! We had a chance to vote by phone for or against today's programming, and I for one, couldn't wait to dial 1-800-400-0000 "No"! One can write and I will, for a report on the out comes, with fear and trembling, the whole business of TV entertainment has gotten out of hand.

Still, I wish for all of you a healthy, happy and prosperous New Year with many more to come- with lots of good things and very few bad ones.

Leona A.Clifford

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

When Leona Aldrich Clifford passed on in 1990, her Country Caller articles were compiled by Ralph Hiers and reprinted in book form. All these copies were sold to benefit the Granville Library Club.

In April of 2000, the Granville Historical Society invited Leona's granddaughter, Darcy Clifford Cooley to talk about her Grandmother at one of their series on the history of Granville.

The talk was so well received that the Society asked Teddi Daley's 6th and 7th grade media classes at the Granville Village School to retype the articles for republication. Chris Teter, Joan Clendenin, and Tiffany Blakesley also assisted with the typing and the Granville Historical Society members assisted with the proof-reading and publishing.

