Granville's Country Caller

"Long Ago Days"

Leona Aldrich Clifford

1912-1990

A Collection of Articles by Leona Clifford

From 1980-1990

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Granville Historical Society

MY GRANDMOTHER

Growing up, I had the best kind of grandmother. It seemed as though her only role in life was to spoil my sister and me. When we were very young, her husband (my grandfather) passed away and shortly thereafter she retired, so she had lots of time to spend with us.

If there was ever a woman I would aspire to be it was she. Grandma was a giver, the kind of giver who never asks for anything in return. By that I do not mean money (although she gave away most of that), I mean a giver of time, values, and most of all love.

She had a love that knew no bonds. She loved nature, animals, people, history and Granville. She spent much of her time researching Granville's ancestors for her own knowledge. But she also did research for people all across the country so that they could fill in the blanks of their family tree. And all for no charge. It wasn't a job for her -- it was a passion. So with her love of history and her love for Julie and me, we spent much of our childhood in cemeteries with her. Once we could read, it became a game with us to race to find the stone Grandma was looking for and to be the first to find it. Often times we would travel to a far off cemetery and make a "rubbing" of a stone. But for the most part we spent our time in the West Granville Cemetery where she rests today.

Because of all the time she devoted to us, I felt I knew everything about my grandma, but it wasn't until I was an adult and began to read the articles herein, that I realized there was so much I didn't know.

As I said before, Grandma was a giver. But of all the gifts she gave to me, these articles were the most important because they have given me the gift of history, a sense of self and that is the best gift of all.

Happy reading,

Darcy Clifford Cooley
November, 2000

January 1980

Long ago Days

Christmas has passed by once more but it never fails to bring back many memories of my childhood.

We lived, my father, mother, sister and I, with my grandfather in his home, often with a boarder- a teacher during the school year, a ministerial student in the summer.

There was not much activity for youngsters sixty years ago in the small towns. The thing we looked forward to every two weeks in good weather was the church supper, followed by a square dance with my father fiddling and prompting and my mother playing chords on the piano. If for any reason I had to miss one of these "bashes" it was the absolute end of the world!

The highlight of it all however was the annual Christmas supper with a children's program and a tree! This was usually held at church, heated, when I first remember, by wood stoves, one on each side.

Many people contributed to this happy occasion but one stands out.

Mr. J.E. Downs was a summer resident who lived many years where William Heino does now and he saw to it that the children had many extras as oranges, nuts and candy and that the Sunday School had enough money for every child in town, regardless of creed for a gift.

He was our Sunday School Supt. and gave an annual Sunday School picnic for us. One year there was a miniature golf course to play on!

He also gave Bibles to those young people joining the church, I have mine still, each leaf edged in gold and my name on the real leather cover. It is a prized possession!

He encouraged us to read it and gave prizes for learning passages from it.

At his death the West Granville Church was a beneficiary of a large amount of money, for those days, as was the Sunday School. Over the years the income has been put to good use.

He encouraged us to be good and to do good and I would like at this season with a New Year rolling in to keep his memory alive for a bit. All too soon it will pass into oblivion.

Leona A. Clifford

Joseph Duris

On November 29th one of West Granville's oldest citizens was laid to rest in the cemetery there. Joseph A. Duris loved his town and his country. He was a veteran of World War I and was interested in veterans affairs as well as town affairs.

I believe, however, that what he enjoyed most was working for and in the West Granville Cemetery. For many years he mowed and trimmed, mended and cleaned ancient stones, caused the driveway and parking places to be paved.

He visited an old cemetery in Salem, N.Y. and noticed that they raised the American Flag daily(That cemetery has a large proportion, for its size, of Revolutionary War dead.) He came back and had a pole set and put up the flag there each day. He installed a visitor's box and I have seen many compliments in it on the condition of this yard by people looking up ancestors, as well as strangers, who like to look over old cemeteries as I do.

Joe and I had many long talks about old times we remembered and others stretching back into the earliest days of the town and I learned a lot.

He used to visit shut-ins and when he was able, visited the nursing home where my mother was, bringing small gifts of fruit or candy. Believe me, this was deeply appreciated.

West Granville will never be quite the same again. I will miss him.

Leona A Clifford

February 1980

Long Ago Days

This is winter??? Of course that could change, and fast, but in almost no case are any of the winters we have now like the ones in my childhood. Winter came and stayed then. You could almost say they were dependable!

When it finally settled in, usually by mid-December we always butchered our corn meal fattened hogs. We could look forward to a nice Christmas dinner of roast pork and all the fixin's. Most of all, by then it was safe to store all the fresh meat in what had been years before the old cheese room. (Did you know that in the early and mid 1800's Granville shipped TONS of cheese to the market? Well, they did.) Later the sausage, hams and bacon would be kept there too. In those days, with refrigeration poor or lacking, we didn't have much fresh meat for a large part of the year, and we appreciated the cold that keeps our bounty from spoilage.

And the snow came and stayed! We had many mini-vacations on account of it. We looked forward to them. We didn't have the vacations and holidays the school system provides now. From Christmas to "mud-time" we had classes.

The roads were often drifted full and there were no snowplows. Some towns had snow rollers drawn by teams of horses or oxen, which packed the snow down, but whether Granville ever used one I can't say. It took a long time to "break-out" all of Granville's roads. Sooner or later, however, we could look up the road and see snow being tossed left and right into the air, and there would be the town crew with shovels and teams of horses, usually Nelson Frisbee's, with a large wood shod sled which he used also in his logging business. This made road tracks where it hadn't drifted and the men had to shovel the rest. It was cold hard work and all of them weren't young, but young or old I remember no job related heart attacks! If they were near a house at lunch time they would be invited in to eat their lunches, which I am sure many times must have needed a bit of thawing. It also gave people a chance to find out what, if anything had been going on while they were isolated-- not many telephones then and often out of order from the storms.

These times were hard on the mailman and the family doctor. The former got through if, when, and anyway he could, and I have heard many tales of how they went about it. The doctor's position was the crucial one. There is no comparison between delayed mail and a critically ill person. My grandmother had a severe stroke during one of these winters. Dr. Clifford White came as far as he could by sleigh and the rest of the way horseback across a neighbor's pasture. Grandma's two sons had been called home, probably arriving the same way, and were anxiously waiting his arrival. As he

stepped into the kitchen, my uncles grabbed him and rushed him back outdoors where they liberally rubbed his nose and ears with snow, for they had seen at once he had suffered frostbite. Snow was the old time remedy for this and is frowned on today. I don't know if it helped the doctor but it sure scared me half to death- I didn't know what was happening!

We made the most of those winters and went sliding and skiing on the nice homemade skis my father fashioned for us. There were plenty of hills, no traffic, and no bare roads. Our mail was left at the corner, so we would ski to pick it up. Some big boys owned a double ripper, and we made good use of that during our noon recesses and sometimes at night if there was enough moonlight. Sometimes a few grownups came along and that usually insured that someone would pull the rip back up the hill with their car which left a lot more time for sliding down!

We never lacked for plenty of winter entertainment. I think we had better roast pork and more fun than people do today.

Leona Clifford

March 1980

Long Long Ago Days

Our rose bushes have leaf buds and our hyacinths are up three inches. Will there be in this crazy year, a maple syrup season? Making some syrup and sugar was once one of our long ago spring pastimes. It needs warm days and cool nights. At present things are looking a bit better in that direction. Only time will tell.

Today maple products are big business with all the most modern equipment. Many places have restaurants where one can sample their products at the scene of operations. It is a nice Sunday afternoon trip to visit one of these places and enjoy a supper of waffles or pancakes with bacon or sausage, or a snack of "wax" on snow with crackers and dill pickles which are said to enable you to eat more, or a nice piece of homemade apple pie with ice cream and maple syrup. I enjoy going to these places as well as the next one, but there is never the thrill we felt as we prepared to make our own when we were children.

We had quite a few maples about our yard. Our method of producing the tasty treat was quite primitive but it was adequate. My father was a Vermonter and knew all the tricks of the trade from primitive to modern. As soon as we saw the sap beginning to run, (as kids we watched for sap icicles coming from small breaks in the tree's bark---they were good to eat---) we were after him to set our trees. We used homemade "quills." These had to be cleaned and sometimes new ones had to be made. For buckets we had for many years, large tin cans that I think were purchased from the Ames butter store in Westfield. These had to be washed. We had a homemade gadget-- a long, long wire set into a wooden handle. This was thrust into the fire in the kitchen range, and it was red hot it was run through the old quills to clean them out, or through the new quills to make a hole through. I think pieces of staghorn sumac were used for these, for they had a soft center. Possibly this burning did for the sap what oak charred barrels do for whisky! When this equipment was ready, father bored holes in the trees, tapped in the quills, set the cans under them on anything that would keep them level and we were in business.

As the buckets filled, we carried the sap home, usually twice a day. Mother strained it through several layers of cheese cloth to remove any "foreign bodies" and then it went into a large "sugaring off" pan, a relict of the old sap bush which, before my memory, had been part of the farm. There it boiled away on the kitchen range, changing pots as it boiled down until it was syrup at last.

There wasn't much of it. It takes gallons of sap to make a quart of syrup, but we enjoyed every last drop. We had wax on snow or we stirred the hot wax until it became fudge. Mother made banana fritters or hot biscuits, or boiled rice in milk, all served with generous amounts of our prize! Sometimes we had it on homemade ice cream!

It hadn't been come by too easily, but we thought the time and effort had been well worth it. It had been a lot of fun too, and when the last drop was gone we began to look forward to anther spring.

Leona Clifford

April 1980

Long Ago Days

We are about at the end of winter, and about at the end, hopefully, of a bad flu season, which caused many schools to close down for a bit. As of March first, it was reported that 120 people had already died of it in this country. I suppose it was called an epidemic but it was surely not in the same class with the ones caused in past generations by such scurges as small pox, the "bloody flux" --a killer type of dysentery -- yellow fever, typhoid, diphtheria, etc. Indeed there are not many cases of the diseases experienced as a child, fifty or sixty years ago, such as measles, whooping cough, mumps, chicken pox. We are blessed in these days for escaping so many of them, thanks to vaccinations, inoculations, antibiotics and modern medical know how.

It was a precarious existence in the long ago days; for when an epidemic struck, destruction reigned. Granville had its share of many of them. An old record says of one siege of the small pox, "five corpses unburied in this town". Quite a few old gravestones give this as the cause of death. Diphtheria -- "throat distemper", --wreaked havoc. In Tolland, during an outbreak of it several people died, including the doctor from New Boston, who was attempting to care for them. In Southwick, a raging epidemic about 1802 or so, did away with a large percentage of the populace including a doctor. Children seemed to be the most vulnerable, but not always. There are five graveyards in Granville. In all but one it seems that each was first opened to receive the body of a child, a tragic situation!

In 1777, there was a terrible loss of life everywhere from "camp distemper". Granville was no exception. What was it? I don't know and I have so far been unable to find out, but it surely seems that it came home with soldiers returning from the war. The beloved Dr. Timothy Cooley almost lost his life to it and one of his brothers and a sister did. At the burial of one of them the grieving father picked out a spot for Timothy's last resting place, believing his death was also imminent. However, he survived, after a painful recovery, and lived many years.

Probably the greatest tragedy in one family that ever occurred here was in the family of Deacon Levi Cooley --no relation as far as I can find out to Dr. Timothy. He was probably brother to Noah Cooley who ran the store in West Granville. Levi married his first wife, on Nov. 7, 1795, Rebecca Dickinson. From the layout of graves in the old cemetery on Granville Hill it appears that she was probably a daughter of Capt. Richard Dickinson. She died "in child bed" August 16, 1809, age 34, leaving six or seven children and had already buried one, Rebekah, who died being scalded in 1905.

One can imagine what a crushing blow that was to them all, but especially the father. There were few places to turn for help in those days, for a man in his situation. The best solution was to remarry as soon as it was respectably possible and Deacon Cooley did, Dec. 24, 1811. His bride was Elizabeth Adams of Otis. It must have been a big relief to have a complete home life again, but it did not last for long.

In 1812, a new epidemic swept New England with a tremendous loss of life. I have found records of it in several states. In a town in New Hampshire a farmer butchered hogs in the morning and by night he had died of a strange malady. Of course the pigs were blamed, which was not the case. Again I don't know what it was. I would like to. Here in Granville it was called "spotted fever". It struck the Cooley family! On February 23rd, Mirilla, age 2, at whose birth the mother had died, succumbed to it. Next on March 31st, Melissa, age 9, on April 2nd, Richard, age 11, and on April 16th, Henrietta, at age 14, joined the others in the old cemetery. Another child, Rebekah, age 12 died of it, but no month or day is stated. She was no doubt another sister.

Someone erected a monument. It says---
In Memory of Mrs. Rebeckah Cooley, wife of Mr. Levi Cooley who died August 10, 1809, age 34 years.

Behold, here I lie with six children
round me---one on my right, two
on my left, and three at my feet.

I can find only one more reference to this family. It is the death of Lt. Levi Sherman Cooley, age 26, son of Deacon Levi, Jan. 8, 1832. He too is buried near the others.

I would like to know what became of the Deacon and his wife but I don't. It is not too hard to imagine that they may have moved far away from all reminders of their terrible tragedy.

Leona A. Clifford

May 1980

Long Ago Days

May is a special month for me. In it my father, my husband , and one of my three beautiful granddaughters were born , and in it my sweetheart and I were married. It holds a great many of my life's dearest memories. The following is a childhood one.

When I was in grammar school, eleven the pupils had the task---and I remember it as a pleasure---- a little variation from everyday events--of decorating the soldier's graves in the West Granville Cemetery, on Memorial Day, with bouquets of flowers.

This is the second oldest cemetery in town, the one on Granville Center Hill being the oldest.

Up until my grammar school days ended in 1927 , there had been in this country , since Granville was settled, six wars, French and Indian, Revolution, 1812, Civil , Spanish-American, and World War I(I remember the bell in the church on the green being rung on the day the latter one ended).

It is hard to determine who might have fought in the French and Indian War but Mr. Wilson, in his Granville history, names James Burt, of what is now Tolland . Also, Edmund Barlow is supposed to have been one. He is buried in the oldest graveyard .

There is at least one veteran of 1812 in west Granville--Henry Clark--who has no stone but thanks to the late Joseph Duris has a flag marker.

Several civil war soldiers rest here, including Charles Terrett, whose monument says "wounded at Cold Harbor," Calvin Dustin, the grandfather of Art Sheets.

However, most of the graves are those of men of the Revolution, and most of the veterans from Granville who died here are in this cemetery.

My father was the caretaker for several years and he had a list of veteran graves. Each year our teacher would divide the list as evenly as possible, giving us each two or three names.

On The Day , we brought to school the appropriate number of bouquets of whatever flowers we had been able to gather. It seems to me, looking back, that most of them were lilacs or apple blossoms, but now-a-days both are usually long gone by May 30th-(or the new date--May 26th this year-- that we now use). The climate has warmed up a lot! There would be a few narcissus but also many wildflowers, I think especially of the dainty wild red columbines, with which many of our offerings were laced..... we were also expected to provide on odd assortment of vases, mostly old pickle jars or tin cans, and a little water for each one so those soldiers could have their flowers

as long as possible.

One year we had the help of the small burro that belonged to Jay and Steve Welch, who carried our flowers in pails hung across his back. He was a great addition to our parade.

At the appointed time we marched in a body to the cemetery. Then, standing under the beautiful old maple trees that separated the "old" part of this yard from the "new " section we held our "exercises"--- salute to the flag, recitations we had learned especially for the occasion, such as Paul Revere's Ride, Gettysburg Address, etc., songs such as Star Spangled Banner, Battle Hymn of the Republic, Tenting Tonight.

Then we scampered away to find "our" soldiers and fix our bouquets properly in front of their stones. Flags had been placed there as usual. Then we marched back to school, feeling we had made a great patriotic gesture.

I guess this custom has now almost or entirely vanished. Quite a few years ago, having occasion to go to the cemetery right after May 30th I found bunches of flowers on each grave but they were already dead---just a little pile of withered rubbish .

That once a year remembrance for those men who fought so that we might enjoy life as we know it today seems to me to be worthy of both a pickle jar and some water. Even then it is a short lived one, but then as you probably know by now, I'm old fashioned! The old ways mean a lot to me.

Leona A. Clifford

June 1980

Long Ago Days

Humanity and bees have had a long association---ever since man first found out about honey. It would be interesting to know how and when he discovered this delicious treat, probably stuck his fingers into some and then licked them to get the sticky off!

Among ancient customs was that of sending a member of the household to "tell the Bees" when someone in the family died. How this originated I can't say, but at least three poets wrote on the subject. My favorite is the one I remember from my high school days, written by John Greenleaf Whittier. It has fourteen stanzas and is quite sad---telling of someone coming home, after a long absence, to find a loved one gone. Part of it goes so---

Nothing changed but the hives of bees
Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.
Trembling I listened---the summer sun
Had the chill of snow,
For I know she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go.

When I was a child my father kept bees. I went with him when he bought his first swarms from Talcott Banning, who lived in Hartland Hollow. They were Italian bees--much prettier, with their gold and black striped bodies, and for some reason, with much nicer dispositions than black bees with their black bodies. After that he accumulated several wild swarms. Sometimes, as the occasion arose, he purchased a new queen, who would arrive with several companions, in a fine wire cage, in our mail bag. In the cage was a sugar cake. They always arrived in fine shape from some beekeeper's supply house.

I liked to go into our old tool shed and watch through a window when he inspected the hives, or when a "super" had to be added or removed. Supers were put on top of the regular hive as the bees ran out of honey, storage room,--rather like adding new stories to a house, and in a good year sometimes each hive would would have three or four of them by the fall. He would point out "queen cells" if there were any, and he would find the resident queen for us to look at. She was much larger than the others and very illusive. The other bees always attempted to hide her, for she laid all the eggs which hatched the new bees needed to keep the swarm at full strength, and they protected her as best

they could.

He showed us the drones, many of which would be killed in the fall by the workers. In the last warm days of the year we would watch many an execution! Drones only being sex symbols, so to speak, the workers didn't plan on feeding too many of them all winter! Their workers were diligent and business like. You would never see a healthy one that wasn't in a hurry.

In the fall the supers were removed and its frames were carried to Lester Treat on Beech Hill. He had an extractor which removed the honey from the combs. We kept some and the rest was put in glass jars with the pretty colored labels and sold. After this the hives were readied for winter. Their food supply was checked to see if they would need to be fed. Wire net was tacked over entrances to keep out the field mice who, if they got in would annihilate the colony. Then the whole business had to be well packed on all sides with hay or straw to keep the bees warm through the long winter. During that time my father might build a new hive or two, or more supers, or make new frames for the next season.

The most fun of all was to go bee hunting. My father had a "bee box" which sat on a stand, a little below eye level. In it he sprinkled a few drops of anise, a scent that attracts bees. On top of that went a piece of honey comb filled with sugar syrup. He would catch a bee from a flower in a small receptacle and drop it onto the comb in the bee box. While the bee was usually upset a bit by this it immediately found it had been introduced to a land of plenty and would settle down to business. When it had taken on all it could carry it would fly out, circle a few times to get its bearings, and make a "bee line" for home. We watched until it disappeared from sight and then moved the box along his path as far as we could. Sometimes quite a few moves occurred. Sometimes we discovered that the bees, for it had soon brought many, many companions along, were coming from the opposite direction, which meant that we had by-passed their hid-out. Then we had to back track, but at this point we were usually very near their home, most usually an old hollow tree. When we finally discovered it, we would look, rather in fear and trembling, to see if, by any chance it had already been found and marked by someone else. If so then all we could do was try again another day. If not, my father, with a helper of two, would go at night with a hive and a smoker---a contraption that held burning punk and which stunned the bees enough so they could be handled without too much trouble. One expected to get stung some, in spite of gloves and veils but the prize was worth it, as to buy a swarm was very expensive. If there was honey that could be salvaged that was a bit of a bonus.

Off and on one of our hives would become overcrowded. A new queen would be raised and the old one and part of the bees would leave. They usually

went to a nearby tree or bush and congregated in a mass for a while. Rather like a group of hikers trying to decide what to do next. When they made up their mind they would take off barreling through the air in a mass. If, however we noticed them in time my father would hurry to set up a hive with its top off nearby, cut off the limb or branch they were on and shake the biggest part of them into the hive. That was all he had to do. As soon as the rest of the crowd discovered where their queen had disappeared to, it didn't take them long to crawl into their new quarters, like pigeons going home to roost! As night fell my father would remove this new hive to a place by the others and things were back to normal. It was exciting, and then of course, we now had two swarms instead of one. The earlier in the year that we could find a wild swarm, or save a swarming one, the better. They need all of the long summer days to fill their honeycombs.

My father used to say,---" A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon. A swarm in July ain't worth a fly".

There is a song. "It's a long, long time from May to December, but the days grow shorter when you reach September." I think this applies to the honey making process as well as to peoples lives!

Leona A. Clifford

July 1980

Long Ago Days

The Revolutionary War began April 19, 1775 at Lexington, Massachusetts with "the shot heard round the world", and ended with the Treaty of Paris, September 3, 1783. On July 4, 1776 the Declaration of Independence was approved by the Continental Congress. We are now approaching the 205th anniversary of that famous date.

The war was not 100% popular in America. There were many Tories, so called, that felt it was foolish, or downright hopeless, or both, to try to shake English rule. They began to be persecuted and many of them fled to Canada, the Maritime Provinces, the West Indies, or back to the "mother country".

It was, all things considered, a small war. Probably not more than 15,000 men were engaged in it at any one time, and its battlefields reached from Quebec to Florida. It certainly was not fought as wars in our lifetime have been It was a rather hit or miss affair. It is amazing to think that such conflict, fought as it was, could ever win anything. It was fought in many diverse places by men of all ages--many only boys--who "joined up", left, went home, joined again, some of them for several enlistments. They were for the most part, ill housed, ill clothed, and ill fed, and they suffered terribly from epidemics which were very often carried to the folks back home, where they again reaped a fearful harvest. A case in point--

Luke Hitchcock died of the camp fever in 1777 at New Lebanon, New York on his way home from the battlefields. Eventually, however, in that same year it reached Granville. Thirty-seven of its citizens died of it within two months. They also brought home the small pox. Granville endured three set to's with that! One old record tells of there being " five unburied corpses" in town at one time from this illness, doubtless there were many others, before and after!

However, as it has in all wars that have occurred since it was first settled, Granville did its part. It is reported that in 1775 sixty men answered the Lexington alarm, and that in 1776 seventy-three more enlisted, though it is quite likely that some of these were going for a "second hitch". Sixty-five of these veterans are buried here and fourteen reportedly died in the service. Besides all these, many with their families moved away after the hostilities ceased, to what I supposed they considered "greener pastures".

Two of these were:--

1. Captain Lebbeus Ball

He commanded the Granville troop of Minutemen who marched to

Lexington on the alarm of April 19, 1775. He and his family moved to New York State. Later on one of them married a Jerome and from that line came Jennie Jerome, mother of England's Winston Churchill.

2. Jacob Bates

He was called Colonel in Granville records, and was supposed to have been with General Washington when he crossed the Delaware in December 1776 and captured 1000 Hessian soldiers, as well as seeing much more service in various places, married Ruth Chapman. She was the widow of Isaac Chapman who died at Ticonderoga and the mother of Content Chapman who married Dr. Timothy Cooley. They removed to Northampton and from there came a long line of illustrious citizens, including the Hon. Frederick Gillett of Westfield, one time United States Senator.

Many lived out their lives here however, including Col. Timothy Robinson, Capt. Benjamin Barnes, who was with Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga in May, 1775, Capt. William Cooley, and Capt. Aaron Coe. There were lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and many, many privates in the great struggle for liberty, who showed extreme devotion and spirit. They marched weary miles, fought grueling battles, suffered tremendous deprivations and hardships, including the afore mentioned diseases, that in some places killed more soldiers than the British!

Because these men lived and fought for their freedom we live today in the best nation in the world, regardless of what we think of its faults. They made it possible. For each and every one of them we should be truly and eternally grateful.

In closing I give you the war record of Capt. William Cooley as taken from the records of Massachusetts men who served in this war. William Cooley, Capt. 9th Company, Col. John Mosleys 3rd Hampshire regt. , listed in officers of Massachusetts militia; ordered in council, April 26, 1776, that a commission be issued; reported commissioned April 26, 1776; also Capt. in a detachment from 3rd Hampshire regt. commanded by Lt. Col. Timothy Robinson, marched October 21, 1776; by order of Gen. Schyler to reinforce the army at Ticonderoga; also Col. John Mosleys regt. engaged September 23, 1776, discharged November 16, 1776: service two months 1 day, travel included. Roll dated North Castle; also Col. John Mosleys Hampshire County regt. engaged July 9, 1777, discharged August 12,1777, service 39 days travel included, company marched to reinforce the Northern army; also same regt. engaged August 17, discharged August 19, 1777, service 4 days, company marched toward Bennington, Vermont on an alarm. Roll sworn to at Granville.

Leona A. Clifford

August 1980

Long Ago Days

Sometimes, seeing and hearing about the vacations and "fun times" that children of today enjoy, it seems as if good times in my day were entirely lacking---that there were just about no good times, but of course that isn't entirely true, and what we had beat those of the generations before by a mile!

We have a diary kept by my Aunt, Anna Nelson Clark, when she was a teenager in the early 1880's and her days, fun and all, were certainly boring compared to my own. Between visiting Grandpa (Aaron Nelson, who lived where Avery Bates does now), a short walk from her home, taking her weekly music lesson from a man who I think was a Mr. Wheeler, and a very rare birthday party, her life must have been really DULL! She finally married at eighteen and lived in New Britian, Conn. for a while before moving back to Hartland Hollow where she died at the young age of 29. I have always hoped that in the city, for a little while, she finally had a few good times!

As children, we didn't have most of the amusements that young people have today---movies, radios, T.V., roller skating, disco dancing, etc., etc. We also never had cigarettes, alcohol or drugs. As to the later three, our parents knew where we were and what we were up to about 99/100% of the time and it absolutely wouldn't have been allowed—not as long as we lived under their roof tree, and there was no place else to live. No teenager had their own "pad" then!

In the cities young people smoked—even a few girls, and drank, including bathtub gin during prohibition. The girls wore short skirts and high heels and rolled their stockings, but no way were we "country mice" allowed such scandalous behavior as that!

We had a different school vacation system then too. Of course we had Thanksgiving and Christmas but the next one came in "mud time"—two or three weeks in March or April as the condition of the dirt roads of those days demanded, they became impassable. In June, however we finally arrived at SUMMER VACATION, the best of all.

As soon as we were old enough—about six or seven as I recall, we spent two weeks every summer with my uncle, Olin Nelson and his wife Aunt Mayme, in Bristol, Conn. How we looked forward to that! Oh the great things we got to enjoy that we never did any other time of year! We got to go to the movies once or twice If my Aunt thought the current attractions were suitable. We saw lots of Charlie Chaplin and Our Gang and similar films, and there was always the vaudeville show. Of course we went to the matinees, being too young for much if any, night life!

One day, during the time we were there, a picnic lunch was packed and we would go by trolley car to Rockwell Park. There we could play on the swings, and see-saws and wade in the pool. It was always looked forward to. There were no playgrounds in Granville—not even at the school grounds, such as are there now.

In the afternoons we could take out nickels and go to a small nearby shop for ice cream, or go down to the big stores to shop with Aunt Mayme. At night we went for little rides to a near-by farmers for vegetables, or for more ice cream. Uncle Olin never would buy any Coca-Cola, which somewhere I had tasted and liked, as he said it was full of "dope".

On the Sunday we were there, another picnic lunch was packed. There were ham sandwiches with mustard, hard boiled eggs, pickles, coffee and cookies, (does anyone remember coconut bars and Mary Anns?), and away we went to the beach. Usually we went to Light House Pt. in New Haven. After lunch we looked for shells and went wading in the ocean. Getting ready to indulge in the latter sport called for great preparation—not just like shedding our shoes and stockings a Rockwell Park. First, Uncle Olin put the side curtains on the car. Inside we took off shoes and stockings and had our dresses tucked into our bloomers, I think we also shed any miscellaneous underwear, as well. That done we were ready to face the world, not having shocked any other vacationers by a chance peek at our bare bodies! When we finished, usually when we turned blue and our teeth chattered for we had to make the most of this one chance per year, back to the privacy of the car where we reassembled our selves. Then the side curtains came off and things were back to normal. Once in a while we went to a place called Oyster River to dig clams. We ran about the sand stamping our feet and when a clam squirted Uncle Olin dug it up. When we got back home we had them to eat---another great treat, for we seldom had any at home, although my mother made the best clam chowder in the world.

One year we spent a whole Saturday or Sunday in New Haven at the Ringling, Barnum and Bailey's circus. We saw everything there===the show under the Big Top, the side show tent with the fat lady and the wild man and all the other poor freaks of nature. It was here that we were introduced to cotton candy. I can see it all yet!

We also spent some of our vacation with my Uncle Leland Nelson in East Hartford, Conn. but that was not much fun. My Aunt Jennie, being I believe, one of the world's most patient woman, had the job of taking us to a dentist for necessary check-ups and dental work. I think I gave her a hard time about it too. The only fun part was riding on the trolleys to Hartford. We went to church a lot while we were there too, Aunt Jennie being of a very religious frame of mind.

Other vacations periods never compared to summer. During them we played house, making lots of mud pies, hunted for wild flowers in the spring, and tagged my father around when he was cutting wood, trimming the orchard, haying or doing any one of the other numerous jobs the farm required.

Sometimes we went to the corner of our road to play with Ralph and Russell Cooley, or they came to play with us. They were the only playmates we had outside of school. We lived a long way from others. We would go to the old mill dam on the Hubbard River, (only remnants were still there in the 1920's), and hunt for black clams. We looked for pearls in them but never found any. We caught crayfish and shiners in the river too. In late summer there where lots of black berries along the river banks. We picked blueberries for neighbors, high bush for Charles Sheets and low bush for Cora Welch, when we were a bit older, but that wasn't for fun, that was to earn "pin money", but we had a good time doing it.

All of this seemed a lot of fun in those days, but now when I recall my wonderful vacations and the different pleasures we enjoyed, first my children, and now my grandchildren say "Gee, Ma or Grandma, as the case may be,) I'm sure glad I wasn't you"! As far as I'm concerned though, life was <u>really</u> good then!

Leona A. Clifford

September 1980

Long Ago Days

A short while ago I heard that someone had written that nostalgia is a deep longing for the good old times and things that never really were. I don't buy that. I suppose, in retrospect, many things seem to have been much better than they really were, but oh how dear most of the memories of the old days are to me and how very real!

I have, once again, just attended Old Home Day in West Granville. This has become a regular custom in many towns, and I believe, especially in New England. This one I think, got off the ground with the 150th anniversary of the church in 1931, and has been held ever since on the third Sunday of August.

As one of the young generation, fifty years ago it was eagerly looked forward to. We worked hard cleaning and decorating the sanctuary, and practiced long and hard on our choir music under the patient direction of Alice Frisbie. There was no older choir then as there had been when I was real small. We looked forward to seeing old friends and former neighbors who returned for that day-- people who member Frank Ives, who grew up where Avery Bates now lives, coming with his sons, also William Atkins and his sister Mary, with their families, who once lived on the State Forest Road in the house, now torn down, where Lester and Edith Sattler lived. Both these men lived in South Amherst, Mass. At one time the three deacons in the Congregational Church there were all transplanted "Granvillites". The third one was Truman Coe. I think this says something about the quality of these native sons.

There were many others, members of Nelson and Mary Frisbie's family, and the Brunk family who, though they lived in the edge of Tolland, attended this church, my Uncle Olin Nelson and his wife, and my Aunt Jennie Nelson, who lived here as a girl, and was the niece of Mr. Marks who ran the tannery where Dave Day now lives-- I could go on and on-- needless to say, the day was a full one of worship, picnics, visiting and reminiscing. It seemed to us, the young generation, that it was a very happy time indeed.

However, "tempus fugit" and things change. It is very depressing to find suddenly, 50-60 years later that I am now of the old generation even if I don't feel as if I were--at least <u>some</u> of the time! Now each year there seems to be more and more people I don't know. I feel rather like a stranger in the place where my mother, myself and my children were born and where my family lived for over 100 years.

Like Martin Luther King, I have a dream, a different one for he looked

ahead in his and I would wander back in time. I would go back to Old Home Day some wonderful, magical year and see all the old friends. I would hear Charles Sheets booming bass voice, and Martha Brunks soulful soprano as they, with many others sang in choir, while my mother did the best she could on the old pump organ. They would never have won a prize but they gave their musical all!

I would see all the student ministers who served that parish when I was growing up. They came from the Hartford Theological Seminary and made our home their home each summer plus many weekends. There would be Dr. Howard Short who was serving in 1931, and who wrote a booklet on that occasion. He is now retired after long service with the Christian church (Disciples of Christ), in St. Louis, Missouri, but keeps busy still on a world wide level. There were others, George Owen, Fred Thompson, Glenn Holman, Walter Couch, and William Booth. Fred and Walter have joined most of the people in my dream, in their eternal resting place, and the others have, or are about to join me in the old generation.

As time never reverses itself however, my dream is just that and nothing more. I find it depressing, but next year when the 200th anniversary of this grand old institution rolls around and someone says to me, "My goodness, have you lived long enough to have attended two of these affairs?", that will be, as the kids say, the bitter end!

Leona A. Clifford

October 1980

Long Ago Days

We have had, it seems to me, an exceptionally hot and sticky summer and I, for one, am glad it's on the wane. Now we are coming into fall, my favorite season of the year. Mother never liked fall--she said it was only a reminder that winter was nearly upon us. To me, it is more like nature getting ready for a good long rest before the resurrection of spring, even though I'm not a lover of cold and snow. It is a beautiful time, especially in our part of the country. I like to see the hills and valleys turning to red and gold with a hefty sprinkling of evergreens to set them off. I like to see the leaves lazily falling, gradually baring limbs and trunks of the trees with their different colors and patterns of bark. I like to see the flocks of wild geese joyously winging their way south. They carry on such a continuous conversation! I would like to know what they are so happily discussing. Are they telling of a summer well spent, their new brooks, conditions in the far places they have been this summer, or are they discussing where to stay tonight, how long before they'll arrive at winter quarters, what pitfalls to look out for on the long journey? They seen to be happy, very interested in life and to have a definite purpose in mind.

As for us, "Harvest Time" is here once again and that always takes me back to days on the old farm in West Granville, and the wonderful gardens my father raised there. We were kept busy canning, pickling, and preserving. The old wood range in the kitchen ran 365 days a year but in this season it was really kept blazing, no matter what, as mother and I canned (no freezers then), quarts of peas, string beans, corn, beets, tomatoes, peaches, pears, plums, and berries. You could name it and if we raised it we canned it! Sometimes we canned chicken or fresh pork. One night in tomato canning time stands out in my memory. George Owens, our student minister at the time, brought his father to spend the weekend. They arrived well after dark. As they opened the kitchen door they were met by a tomato holocaust! They were all over the place--some just peeled, some in jars ready to process, some just out of the canner, and the canner itself furiously boiling away on the stove with a full load. The room was HOT, and the windows were all steamed up. The dear old man was so stunned that all he could say was a weak, "My goodness"! He acted a bit flabbergasted!

Then there were all the pickles; pickles packed in brine which you had to freshen in cold water and then pack in jars of vinegar for a few days; pickles packed in a crock with a mixture of vinegar, mustard, salt, etc. These had a layer of clean grape leaves on top and were my favorite in the long ago days. Now they give me the same sensation in my jaws that I got when I had the

mumps sixty years ago! There was chili sauce, piccalilli, corn relish, mustard pickles, bread & butter pickles, sweet pickled seckel pears, green tomatoes and ripe cucumbers. Sometimes it seemed as if there was no end to it. When it appeared however, that the first frost was imminent, we still scurried around to bring in the last remnants of whatever was still in the garden. One way or another it all got used up! Some of you will remember the Hampden Country League's "Garden Special" was such a good way to use these tidbits, and was great in wintertime casseroles. Only one thing remained in the garden all winter-- parsnips well covered against the cold, and oh such a welcome fresh addition to early spring and winter-weary meals!

When all was over, the cupboards in the cellar were cram-jam full. They looked pretty and they sure added to the winter's meals which would have been pretty mediocre without them. For the most part we would not have any fresh vegetables until summer rolled around once again.

There were always many other things in our old cellar--winter squashes, huge dark green hubbards and the only kind we raised, rutabagas or winter turnips, winter cabbages pulled root and all and hung up that way, a bin-full of potatoes. (Dad raised Irish Cobblers for early potatoes but in the bin were Green Mountains.) Another bin held many bushels of apples--Baldwins. There was always a barrel of Northern Spys, my favorite in the old days. We had in the farms two orchards, an assortment of Red Astrakans, Early Harvest, Hurlburt Stripes, Russets, Sheep-Noses, Greenings, and two trees of Golden Sweets for baking. We also had Wolf Rivers and a "new" kind, Opalescents, that Grandpa bought for a "trial run". Both kinds tasted like rubbery cardboard. My dad loved baked apples and his favorites were Pound Sweets which we didn't raise but we could get them from "Uncle Steve Roberts". They were good just as they came from the oven with a little cream, or cut up when they were cold in a bowl of bread and milk. I can taste still!

Today we get every kind of vegetable and fruit imaginable all winter long but they don't taste the same. There was something special about the first "mess" of greens, the first crisp cucumber, juicy wine ripened tomatoes, and golden bantam corn that went to the table minutes after it left the corn patch that no "store bought" ever approximated. Those from the store are better than none I grant you, but they were so travel weary and shop worn by their long trip from the far places capable of producing them during our winter while we battle snow and cold here in New England, that they are poor substitutes at best.

Like everyone else I eat them too but in the Good Old Days anticipating all the good food to come another summer whetted the appetite more than all the off season offerings of all the supermarkets anywhere. It was one of the great fun parts of living. After all, to me, anything and everything in its own season is much the best and has no equal!

Leona A. Clifford

November 1980

Long Ago Days

Today health care in this country is a disaster! We have all sorts of specialists, miracle drugs, and sophisticated treatments and machines to keep us alive. If you are extremely wealthy or downright poor, or have health insurance you are probably going to weather the storm. However, there were too many ordinary people in this country who can neither afford the care or the insurance.

I got to thinking about how it was in the old days, beginning with the Indians. They had their medicine men and all of nature to provide for their health needs and were remarkably skilled along those lines. I bought a book this summer--"How the Indians Used Wild Plants for Food, Medicine, and Crafts." A most interesting story. Many of the medicinal plants they used, have, over the years, been listed in the U.S. Pharmacopedia, including mint, burdock, wild ginger, boneset, wild cherry, blood root, prickly ash, plantain, Labrador tea, which they considered a tonic and which is said to have replaced regular tea for the settlers during the Revolution. There were many others. Many of them have been used down through the years and some old "die hards" like me still use them!

Many towns back a ways had a "live in" Doctor. It gave one a sense of security to know he was there. He held office hours twice a day and sometimes more, and if you couldn't get to him he came to you. If you were dying he stayed until the end if he possibly could. He was a neighbor and a friend as well as an M.D. He traveled by foot, horseback, horse and buggy, or sleigh, depending on the season, by car, and in very remote places today by plane. Now-a-days he doesn't come to you--dying or not, you go to him or to the emergency room, where oftener than not you find that you land in the hands of a complete stranger. This last is better than nothing but there certainly isn't the sense of caring and trust of yesteryear.

There were many local healers, if you will, in earlier times. My great aunt Anna Barlow who lived with my Nelson grandparents for about thirty - five years,(from her husband's death until her own) was such a one. She was called a "homeopath". For a long time her chest containing all kinds of pills and potions and her "doctors book" that went with it, languished in our attic. Finally mother threw them out, having decided they were dangerous to have around. From that chest I first learned of digitalis, belladonna, calomel and quinine and many other things still used today. She was not alone. Many areas had their practitioners who, though having no formal training, were endowed

with the natural ability to heal.

"Dr." Nathan Fenn lived on the Albert Sheet's place. He visited many a sick bed and these visits along with his prognosis were often noted in the local news item of the daily or weekly paper.

When my uncle Josiah Aldrich left the comparative comforts of Vermont in the mid 1800s for the wilds of Minnesota, he became the only doctor for miles around. A few years ago I received a letter from a woman in his home town, Star Lake, and she told me quite a few tales of his success in that direction. I expect many people thanked God for these pioneer men and sometimes women as well, who did what they could for the sick and injured under what must often have been the most trying circumstances.

In my early and not so early days Dr. Clifford White lived in Granville. He brought me into the world, pulled my baby teeth, and saw my sister and I through all our childhood woes of mumps, chicken pox, whooping cough, etc. I am sure many of you still remember him.

In the fall my folks harvested an ample supply of spearmint from our spearmint spring and hung it in the attic to dry. When we had colds and fevers mother brewed up a batch of tea for us to drink. It seemed to help. My father favored boneset for such purposes but it was bitter as gall. He made a concoction of alcohol, camphor, rum, black and red pepper and, prickly ash bark. A couple of spoonfuls of this in a glass of hot sweetened water warmed you all over in a hurry. We soaked our feet in a tub of hot mustard water. It helped to clear a congested head by drawing your blood to your feet which became red as beets. In the spring one got dosed with sulfur and molasses to "cleanse the blood." In mother's day, and before, people wore assefoetida bags about there necks to ward off diseases. As its vile odor was guaranteed to keep everyone as far away from you as possible, it probably did. My dad made a drawing salve of beeswax, rosin, and sweet oil, equal parts--that would cleanse a wound, head up a boil, and help draw cut slivers. I still have some and use it. Cobwebs were used to stop hemorrhaging--every barn and attic had plenty of those. We always had a supply of puff balls--a type of mushroom--on hand for the same purpose. Only a few days ago I picked a nice one from our lawn. I may never use it but I'm hanging on to it--nosalgia!!

A while ago a small visitor at the old farm was bitten, probably by a spider. My son applied to pack of plantain leaves until she could get to an emergency room. The doctors had a fit!! None the less this was an old time remedy used by the Indians and early folks for all sorts of bites and stings. If we were stung or bitten out in the field, berrying or whatever, we used mud, and if we were at home, a paste of baking soda and water. Both worked as I had, personally, many occasions to find out. Boiled onions were made into a

poultice for congested lungs. Flaxsees could be used, or mustard paste but onions were more readily available, at least of the farm. Juice from the onions, cooked long and slowly on the back of the ever burning kitchen stove mixed with sugar and used for coughs. A poultice of well peppered salt pork bound around the neck worked miracles overnight on the worst sore throats. I still use it too. Beef bones burned to charcoal in the kitchen range, and powder were my father's remedy for the stomach that "didn't" feel just right. My uncle Leland Nelson who suffered from what is now known as post-nasal drip, smoked dried mullien leaves for relief. He too, was great on doctoring folks as well as himself, and he lived until his late eighties. There were some who thought he lived in spite of his remedies--some were pretty drastic!!

The list is endless. Many folks also supplemented their income by gathering the wild herbs for drug manufacturers. I had a cousin, Charles Aldrich of Londonderry, Vermont who spent a lifetime doing just that along with his farming and trapping.

No one really wants to go back to the time when acute appendicitis or double pneumonia was likely to be a death sentence but old time doctors and old time remedies proved their worth thousands of times over and they didn't cost so much that they were unattainable, or prolong, in misery, a life that was beyond usefulness.

Leona A. Clifford

December 1980

Long Ago Days

I hope that all of you remember an attic in your childhood. If you lived in a big old house in the country as I did, I am sure that you must have and I hope the memories are as happy as mine. Todays attics are very often only crawl spaces -- no room for any fun at all!!

We had two attics on our farm-- the regular one and the back attic over the ell. They held the accumulation of years! No doubt there were many things from long before my grandfather's day, and he came there in 1872. Henry Peebles and several others had lived there before him. No Yankee ever threw away much--you might need it someday--so it piled up.

Attics were a great place to play on rainy days. We never bothered much with the back one though we checked it out now and then. It only had one tiny west window, a rickety floor and a very low ceiling. It was quite dark and full of wasps. You could only stand up in the middle of it. It held some cast-offs, including a great many stone bottles, an ancient sewing machine, several old chairs, ice fishing gear, and a strange assortment of odds and ends including many small pieces of boards, none of the better left overs so to speak.

The main attic was a different story. There were wasps there too, and all my life I have abhorred them, but there was also much more room to dodge them in. The main chimney ran up through it and kept the place fairly warm except in the dead winter. Then it became the drying room for the weekly laundry. While it was chilly it beat battling with snow and wind outside. The chimney at this point was a solid brick one. It left the old huge stone one with its three fireplaces and its dutch oven about half way up the the second story. It was modern compared to the rest of the place!

There were many treasures here to be explored . There were old cradles, churns, a butter worker, picture frames of many styles and sizes, boxes of old books and magazines, odds and ends of dishes, a bird cage, a guitar, a dulcimer, a spinning wheel, old trunks, several feather ticks put to rest expect for winter time when each bed in the house sported one, a hoop skirt frame and a large box of clothes. There were stacks of sheet music, magazines, old town reports, etc. etc. It also had two windows, south & north, which, while it was not too brightly lit, was ample for playing house with our dolls while we dressed up in old clothes.

Many of these had belonged to Aunt Anne Barlow, along with the hoop skirt frame, although my grandmother, Francena (Reed) Nelson had worn hoop skirts in her day. Her wedding dress had one and grandpa used to laugh and

tell us he couldn't get within four feet of her on their wedding day. All that was then left of the wedding dress was the jacket which I still have. It was bright purple wool challis with a tight bodice and several little tails and it is trimmed with pounds of black jet beaded braid. It was in the box then along with pieces of silk ribbons, several shirtwaists including a fine black and brown silk one with a skirt that fitted the hoop frame and was trimmed with yards of pleated ruffles. There was a large black crepe mourning veil and a small black bonnet that tied under the chin and the last house dress that Aunt Anne ever made for herself. It contained yards of brown figured calico, high necked and long sleeved. All of those garments, many quite intricate, with linings, interlinings, boning, pleating, etc. were hand sewn with hundreds of stitches. There was a small black heavy net cap with four small black bows, such as ladies wore in the house way back then. I have the cap and a fine picture of Aunt Anne wearing it.

It was just the greatest fun to be allowed to go up there on rainy or otherwise inclement days and delve into all these treasures. When we tired of playing house and " grown-up" we could read the old books and magazines with their quaint pictures or look over newer additions such as the box of our own baby clothes carefully packed away by mother or old school papers or old postcard albums of which there were several. There was a bountiful supply of all sorts of entertaining things.

The house next door also had a similar attic. One day after my sister and I were both married, Carrie Cooley who lived there then, walked down for a neighborly visit one afternoon and she told us that in her attic there were two chairs that were there when her father bought the place and she wanted to give each of us one as she felt sure they must have belonged to our great grandfather, Aaron Nelson, who lived there before they did and sold it to her father Cyrus Ives. We were very pleased to have them and I use mine at my desk. In later years, new owners discovered quite a few other interesting things, including some sketches of places in West Granville made by the girl who came to town as a school teacher and ended up marrying Cyrus Ives' son Frank. Her name was Nellie Gage and she was a life long friend of mothers. We visited her once in a while at her home in South Amherst.

After I was married I lived for a short while in the house which had belonged to Gilbert Miller. Its attic had a small collection of leftovers, too. The thing I remember most was an old wicker baby carriage with an attached pink silk parasol and huge wheels.

Long ago families quite often lived for several generations in the same place, especially in the country. Over the years, the things great grandpa saved for fear these might come in handy someday, became more of less useless to

later generations. They ignored it and when they died or moved on it was left behind. I am glad it happened that way. In my case it was responsible for some very happy childhood hours.

In my old home, no other child will ever have that pleasure. In the fairly recent past the old house has been robbed at least twice. Now what was left has either been removed to a safer spot or wound up in the dump. PITY!!

Leona A. Clifford

February 1981

Long Ago Days

I suppose, that as another year is beginning, it is a time for making New Years Resolutions and looking ahead instead of backwards. Somehow, thought, with the state of things in-general, country and world-wide, one is almost afraid to look ahead. However, pausing to remember that our beautiful town has weathered the adversities of two hundred and more years--it was incorporated in 1754 but a few people were living here, possibly some twenty years before that--it will probably be able to weather what ever lies ahead.

I have always been deeply interested in whose early days of Granville, its settlers and old original (?) homesteads, and being raised on one of them surely enlivened that interest. I am trying to find out as much as possible about that particular place because living there for forty years accounted for a great many of my happiest memories.

In the beginning, according to the earliest deed I have found so far, it was the "so called Chapman farm--60 acres. more or less."

Isaac Chapman had come from Conn. possibly from Saybrook of vicinity, before 1776. He had married Ruth Robinson, the daughter of Phineas and Susanna (Fenn) Robinson about 1773. These Robinson's had come to Granville from Durham Connecticut about 1760. I have never found any record of Isaac in the rolls of Mass. soldiers of the Revolution but Dr. Timothy Cooley wrote wrote in his records that Isaac Chapman enlisted in his fathers -- Capt. William Cooleys Co. in Oct. 1776 to go to Ticonderoga, N.Y. and the same record says that six weeks later Isaac, age 28, died there of camp fever and states that "He was buried near Lake Champlain with all the decencies and sympathies of a camp funeral--he was a man of great piety.

Back home he had buried a two year old daughter, Ruth, in April 1776 and he had left, behind, besides his wife, a six months old girl whom he had named Content, "as an expression of his Christian resignation under his recent bereavement." Much later Content grew up to become the wife of Dr. Timothy Cooley and the mother of ten! The widow Ruth remarried in 1778, Col. Jacob Bates, whose home was that now of Brooks on South Lane #2 in West Granville. He was also a veteran of the Revolution and one story says he crossed the Delaware with Gen. George Washington on that freezing night of Dec. 24, 1776 at Trenton, N.J. I wonder if he knew my gt,gt,gt grandfather, John Richardson of Nelson N.H. whose war record makes the same claim for him! The Bates family moved on to North-Hampton where they eventually died and are buried..Their first son, Isaac Chapman Bates became a brilliant lawyer and they were the ancestors of many illustrious descendants including

the late U.S. Senator, Frederick Gillet of Wesfield.

But to get back on the "Chapman farm" and my old home. The house had all the appearances of being very old--small rooms, low ceilings, many exposed ceiling and corner beams, wide board floors, a stone chimney with a huge fireplace and Dutch oven in the kitchen, as well as a smaller fireplace in each of the two front rooms. In later years when my sister and cousin opened one of these smaller ones and attempted to use it it was a smoke bomb and a dismal failure. Mother got William Cooley to brick it all up again! How did one keep warm with them. My dad used to tell us you really didn't. He said what happened was that you blistered front and froze your behind!

There was a cellar which was mostly taken up by the base of the chimney and so low almost no one could stand straight in it. There was also a never failing well of the best spring water I have ever encountered! In its first days the house was what was called a "story and a half". Grandpa Nelson knew that another owner, (probably Dwight Wheeler) built on the present second story and the attic. I want so much to know who built that first story that it hurts! I probably am never going to find out. There was an ell running from it of one long room and two small ones. Maybe that was all the house there was to begin with. It had small swirly panes of glass in its little windows and some of these are still there. It seems to have been painted red at some time but I never saw any signs of this red paint elsewhere on the main building. After a while "modernization" set in. An early photo shows small pained windows and no veranda. My uncle Olin Nelson built that on about the time I was born. While not an authentic part of the original it was a most pleasant place to sit on hot afternoons and evenings--family, friends and boarders--all enjoyed it. Before the veranda two large stone hitching posts stood near the front door. They are still in the yard in the new locations and it has been many a year since either of them has made the acquaintance of a horse!

There is another mystery here. As a child there stood in the door yard, just south of the driveway, a small salt box house of three rooms. It had no cellar but it had a stout chimney and probably a fireplace that my two uncles, when they were boys, decided to dismantle one day when their parents made one of their infrequent trips to town. Why they did it is anyone's guess and I expect they were duly chastised for it, but it was never replaced and no signs remained of it in my day. The rooms were low and plastered and each one had one or two windows with small panes. On the east side, accessible only from the outside, was a "two holer". The whole building had become a combination pig sty and hen house by the time I first remember it. The pigs occupied the west end and the hens the other two rooms. There was a long

row of hens next on the inside wall where I made one of the happiest discoveries. Having been sent to collect the eggs, I forgot all about that and rushed into the house to tell my mother that our mama cat had "LAID five kittens in a hen nest!" There was also a well near it but we used it for watering stock, its situation near the barns having damaged it some what.

No one knew the origin of the house. Grandpa thought it might have been moved from somewhere else to be used as a barn of sorts. As the years have passed I have a deep feeling that IT was the Chapman house. I would dear-love to know. Today it is in the hands of its eighth owner. It is no longer in good condition and needs a lot of work but I hope it will last for a few more years, selfishly, because it always was and always will be my home, I at least hope it will outlast me!

NOTE

Lena (Yarmitsky) Hunter died Jan. 1, 1981. She had been a long time resident of Bloomfield, Conn. Who was the daughter of the late Jacob and Sarah Yarmitsky, for about seventy years either full time or summer residents of West Granville. She leaves a son Bruce in California, a brother Abraham of Springfield, and two sisters--Rose Copeland of West Granville and Molly Potoff of Waterbury, Conn. as well as several nieces and nephews.

From the time they came to town, before I was born, they were close friends of my family so that I knew all of them all of my life and that situation continues. For a time Lena was a part of our family and I had occasion to know her as kind, generous, warm hearted LADY. I ha ve very many pleasant memories of her. My world will be a little less bright now, as it always is when one of my old friends goes from it.

Leona A. Clifford

March 1981

Long Ago Days
School Days- Part 1

When this years Lions Club calendar came out I began to get a lot of questions about the picture that was on it. When I finally obtained mine I was delighted to see a picture of my old " alma mater", so to speak, where I struggled, most of to time enjoyably, through the first nine years of my education. When I graduated from it in June 1927, along with the late Edith (Reeves Sattler), Jay Welch, and my sister May(Aldrich) Hague, Edith and I had completed the last ninth grade ever held there, or anywhere else in town for that matter. At that time it was decided that from then on there would be only eight grades of grammar school in town and that those pupils finishing eighth grade that year were perfectly capable of continuing on to high school if that was their intention, which the four of us did, and one, my sister went on to graduate from Westfield State College. She retired in 1978 after many years of teaching school, first in North Canton, Conn., and later in Wells Road School in North Granby, Conn.

It so happened that I had recently been going through boxes (!) of my mothers pictures, preparatory to zeroxing many of them for my records, and I had seen an original picture of that scene among them and had saved it out to copy. I knew mothers very good habit of writing pertinent information on the backs of most of her pictures as well. (This is an excellent habit for some of my most frustrating moments have been when I came across some of the photographs my father took years ago in Vermont and not a whit of anything to tell on who or what was the subject of the picture. Some might have added a great deal to my Aldrich Genealogy!) I therefore, immediately looked it up. Mother had written across the back that the picture was taken by George H. Aldrich in 1908. In those days he photographed many local scenes to put on the postcards to sell, having shortly before this been a photographer in Grafton, Vt.

The teacher was Florence MaDan, a graduate of Easton Mass. high school. At the time she received $9.00 per week for her labors! Later she married a local boy, Sherman Decker Jr. and they lived in Westfield for many years, but both were well known to West Granville people. They always attended Old Home Days there and it was their habit to contribute much sweet corn and other produce from their garden to the noon lunch always held on that day.

Mrs. Decker attended the showing of the redecorated West Granville Academy in 1976 but has since passed away. Mr. Decker, I believe died before her. He was the son of Sherman Decker Sr. and Harriet Frisbie, sister to Nelson

Frisbie. They had a lovely home north of the West Granville church at the corner of the old abandoned Otis Road. It burned down before I could remember but I have a good picture of it that my father also took.

Mother listed seven of the ten pupils as follows, Gladys (Barnes) Roberts, Harriet (Sheets) Julian, now living in Westfield and sister to Albert Sheets, Ernest Decker, Miss MaDans future brother-in-law, Warren Magrannis, step-brother of the late William Cooley, who lived where Lester Sattler formerly did on the road to West Hartland, Joseph LeClaire and his brother Edward LeClaire and Franklin Miller. That left three "unknowns" but after some digging I discovered that Joseph Kanesky "Blueberry Joe" was on the honor roll at Ore Hill that year as we also Caroline Sargent. She was the daughter of Rev. Edward Sargent, pastor at West Granville and lived in the parsonage. When the parish could no longer afford a full time minister the place eventually was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Porter Frisbie. The honor roll was quite different then, nothing to do with grades but with attendance - absences and tardiness.

There were many times more boys on it than girls as the distances they had to walk were long in many cases and out of the question for the "weaker sex" many winter days I expect. That leaves one girl unaccounted for - I would make a guess that it was Charlotte Frisbie. She was the daughter of Theron and Lucinda (Barnes) Frisbie but her mother died and she was brought up by her aunt Mrs. Decker. Also she was on the honor roll a bit previously. Well I may be wrong about the three, as children did stay out sometimes or another but as far as I can see I'll never find out for sure, so I played a guessing game.

The school building may be the oldest standing one in the town of Granville. I have not found any record of just when the one on South Lane in Granville, now a home, was built, so it may be - I just don't know.

On Oct 22, 1807 it was " voted to build a school and set it on Mr. Hezekiah Parsons garden lot near the west end of the stone wall - it to be one story high with two chimneys - (probably fireplaces too) - and to be twenty by thirty feet and arched overhead, and further to raise $ 400.00 for the purpose and $ 50.00 additional to be paid in work and materials. The latter was to be paid in by Mar. 1st and the cash paid in by June 1, 1808. Levi Curtiss, Perry Babcock, Joel Parsons, Charles Curtiss and Nathan Parsons were chosen as the building committee.

Something happened to this school. In view of the fact that no other reason has come to light it probably burned and this is given credence by what was voted in regards to Ore Hill school next.

On July 7, 1814 it was " voted to build a schoolhouse in the Southeast corner of Hezekiah Robinson's land, and to level off the ground where the late school house stood and build a house without a fireplace - (which no doubt

"did in" the previous one) and build it twenty by twenty-four feet with a porch in front about four feet square. This building was to be nine feet between floors and to be finished by Nov. 15, 1814." It was also voted "to bid off the building of the house to the " lowest" bidder. On Aug. 1, 1814, it was voted to raise money enough to pay the entire expense of building it and to pay it by Nov. 1, 1814.

I can find no record of this building ever being replaced so I believe it is the same one I attended. It certainly is in the right spot and Hezekiah Robinson lived probably in the huge house that was standing but trying its best to fall down when I was a little girl. It was about in back of where Arthur Sheets now lives. It had a very large slippery elm tree growing beside it. We liked to go in the spring and get some of the bark to chew. The good Lord only knows why as it was slimy and tasteless - Just that it was a novelty I guess.

I have another much older picture of this school taken probably about 1879 or 1880. My mother's sister, Anna (Nelson) Clark is in it. She is in the back row with her hair up on top of her head. Near her is standing Nelsie (Harger) Sheets, Albert and Harriet Sheets, mother, and her two sisters Alice (Harger) Carpenter, who lived where Richard Woodger does now, and Addie (Harger) Stevens who lived in Hartland Hollow and was the mother of Mrs. Andrew Duris Sr. Oh the memories of picking blueberries summers for Nelsie and Charley Sheets! and the fun we had - she was so jolly and full of fun - never a dull moment, and oh, the red raspberry pies, (my favorite) that she made. It still makes my mouth water to think about them.

The school then had one large double door in front which was later changed when an ell was built on that end and two doors were put in for a separate boys and girls entryway. In back and south of the schoolhouse itself was standing the same as it did in my day, a large woodshed which held not only wood but the toilets - a cold trip in winter! The shed is long gone and the school closed in the nineteen thirtys. It has for many years been the home of Leroy Clink and family.

It served its district long and well for about 125 years. I doubt very much if the present one ever makes that kind of record!

Leona A. Clifford

April 1981

Long Ago Days
(With a large assist from Albion Wilson's History of Granville)
SCHOOLS IN THE OLD DAYS

Granville was settled circa 1730-1740, but if schools such as they had in those held in the homes, I have found no record. However in 1763 at the annual meeting of the District of Granville, formerly Bedford, twenty pounds was raised to support schooling and it was "to be distributed into several of the said districts for the benefit of the whole." Thus it appears that something had been going on before. There were at this time six districts, first, second, third, southeast, northeast, and middle. In this order they were allotted, 6 lbs-0 sh; 3 lbs-0 sh; 1 lb. -16 sh; 3 lbs -15 sh; 1 lb. 11 sh; and 3 lbs -18 sh. Keep it in mind that Tolland was then a part of Granville also. Where these were and how long they existed I cannot find out for sure but finally there was much pulling and hauling as to where to build a schoolhouse, and at a District meeting, Feb. 3, 1764, the selectmen approved the location that the District had finally selected near the " Great Rock"(also near the first meeting house). This was in the general vicinity of Marion Hopper's home. In 1769, it was voted that " Nathan Barlow, grand juror, shall appoint the times when grammar school shall be kept in each District. Something went awry there for on March 16, 1772 it was voted that "the selectmen have the whole business of the schools in Granville as to teachers, times, places and money for the ensuing year". As to where the schools stood in the importance of things, the annual meeting of March 1774 is significant. In that year Rev. Mr. Smith received 55 lbs, schools 40 lbs. and all other town expenses 25 lbs!

Finally, in 1797, a town school committee of three was chosen. They were Dr. Timothy Cooley in the East Parish, who held the job for 50 years, John Phelps, lawyer and later High Sheriff of the County who lived where Mr. and Mrs. Hills do now, in Middle Parish and Bela Scoville in West Parish now Tolland. This was the first indication of any order in the school system and a great advancement. After a few more years the Committee consisted of the Pasters of each Parish: Rev. Timothy Cooley, Rev. Aaron Booge, and Rev. Roger Harrison and affairs were conducted in a more systematic and methodical manner. They were the first to define the districts which had increased from six in 1763 to thirteen in 1802. In East Parish were five--Meeting House, South Lane, North Lane, Northeast and Southeast. In Middle Parish were also five-- Ore Hill, Beech Hill, Capt. Barnes, North Lane and South Lane. In West Parish were three, Meeting House, Northeast and Northwest. Southwest Quarter was established in April 1806, and Northwest in May 1806. On

November 7, 1808, Ore Hill divided and South Lane was formed. On April 3, 1815 Stowe district was set off. School enrollment declined to 403 in 1846 and by 1857 it was 267. They were all between four and sixteen years of age.

There was always much argument about how tax money for the schools should be divided-- on April 4, 1825 it was voted "to distribute the school money to each district pro rata for the children in attendance May first from four to sixteen years old" and it was voted to take a school census. More and more order was coming out of chaos! How much money was involved? In 1836, it was $500.00 and in 1838 it was voted that all this amount was to be for teachers salaries. This being merely a manifestation of the old desire of the taxpayers to force the school districts to pay part of their own expenses and the desire of the districts to get all of their expenses out of town money. Money was not the only problem.

Wood was the only fuel and a vital necessity. In 1806, it was voted to raise $16.00 for wood at a dollar per cord for Ore Hill(sounds like a bit of inflation was around then too). In 1811, it was voted "to get 1/2 cord to each scholar and to draw for the getting of the wood". Further it was voted that " if 1/ 2 cord per scholar was not enough then the Committee was to get the rest". Questions arose as to quality, etc. of the wood furnished so that, after a time, a committee was chosen to inspect the wood and see that it conformed to the bid--right amount, right length. etc. In 1824, Northeast districts was bid off at 75¢ per cord. In 1826, it had to be furnished by the parents of the pupils--3/4 cord per "scholar" and if they fell short of their quota the value of what was missing was added to their school tax. Pity the father of a large family! In 1831, it was bid off for 59¢ per cord and in 1857 at 45¢, quite different from 1806.

There were usually two terms per year--summer and winter, and their length depended on the amount of money at hand. The winter term was usually 3 or 4 months long, generally beginning the first Monday in November. In 1824, it was voted to use 2/3 of the available money for the winter term and to have a summer term to last as long as the money held out.

In 1830, it was voted to hire a "school dame". Lady teachers had not been popular up until then and especially for the winter term, though one was hired for that term in 1837-1838. In the summer, boys especially were needed at home on the farm, but in the winter they attended sometimes to the age of twenty or more and it was thought only a man could handle the situation. In early days, teachers were just out of grammar school themselves. In 1873, Annie Hull, the first Normal School graduate to be hired in town taught the upper room of the school which stood where Alice Peterson lives now. More and more were hired as time went by. In 1904, Emma Fisher, a

graduate of Smith College came to teach at Ore Hill. She received $10.00 per week. She became a life long friend of my mother and died in Newfane, Vermont about four years ago at the age of 101! She was a fountain of knowledge about all of Nature--she knew flowers, birds, animals--I learned quite a lot from her myself, always having been a lover of such things myself.

The pay these teachers received for their labors is interesting. For example in 1834, Northeast paid William Baker $37.00 for three months. In 1846 a man teacher received $3.00 a week. In 1847, he received $1.75 per week for twenty weeks in summer, plus $6.95 for board--(a grand sum of almost $0.35 per week!) In 1848, it was voted that the teacher board about the district Sabbaths and through the term and have no bill brought against the town. It was quite usual for the "Boarding Around" to be in the homes of the pupils.

Some of the old records of the committees are interesting--original in spelling and crystal clear in meaning. In 1837 voted "to repair the school house and make church repairs as they shall think proper. We argued this meeting for weeks."

Vandalism raised its ugly head a bit way back then, though not at todays rate. In 1839 it was voted that "if any scholar shall be detected in cutting the bleachers in the schoolhouse, his parents of guardian shall pay 25¢ damages." It was not a deterrent however! How well I remember desks at Ore Hill and in the Southwest school near the old C.C.C. camp which my father took down about 1922 or thereabouts. They bore many carvings, especially initials made with some students prized jack knife!

The town, for many years did not furnish books. Parents equipped their children with such books as they thought necessary. There was no uniformity and as Mr. Wilson writes, more varieties of textbooks than there were colors in Joseph's coat! Our attic bore mute witness to this custom, old readers, spellers, etc. Probably most belonged to my great great Aunt Anna Barlow who no doubt was in school by 1806. In 1840 there were supposedly 65 pupils in Ore Hill district, probably with at least three books apiece. Some teachers think they have it hard today even though most of them have teachers aides and special classes, but that old system certainly was food for an Excedrin headache! In my day books were furnished but the teacher might have nine grades in one room so that was no picnic either!

Well, one by one the old one roomers went out of existence and in January 1934, the new school opened on Maple Street in East Parish. It cost $31,147.69. The highest salary paid a teacher that year was $1,282.50. West Granville continued with Ore Hill with 17 pupils and South Lane with 15. They began to think about a new school too and after much discussion and

argument, somewhat reminiscent of earlier days, their new school opened in West Granville Village about 1936 at a cost of $18,172.76. Tolland now a town in its own right, no longer has a school of its own and transports all its children to Southwick -- a long distance! Today Granville's last two schools serve the town well but now there is talk of a Regional School. I for one, am heartily in disfavor of it. I have seen in my 68 years much proof of what happens when the Federal Government becomes involved in state, city, and town affairs. There are abundant promises and very little follow through.

Today there is a lot of fuss about students entering College who cannot read, spell or figure. Supposedly they have had a much more superior education than I did. I don't agree. I know my failings but I have been able to read, spell and do my multiplication tables for almost as long as I can remember--about 57 years. All of them have stood me in good stead.

Those old one room schools were way ahead of a lot of our present institutions of learning. Granted, we didn't have what I call " extracurricular" and what the present generation considers "necessary" activities but I didn't miss them. If we wanted those it was up to our parents to provide them. We got the basics and that is what, in my own lifetime, has paid off most.

I don't stay awake nights worrying about what is going to happen to education next. But I wonder about what will happen to my grandchildren and future generations if nuclear warfare doesn't put an end to our entire civilization. I am glad I am going to miss out on all of it with any luck at all!

Leona A. Clifford

May 1981

Long Ago Days

The first dandelions have appeared on our lawn. Local gardens are being plowed and harrowed for planting. Baby chick and piglets are on folk's minds. The seed catalogs have been well checked and this year's chosen are ordered. All of these things have been going on for more years that I care to remember and then some! That hasn't changed very much, but there is a big difference in the way we eat now and the way we did then. In the past days almost everything was eaten only "in season" As I remember it. Looking forward to those different seasons was one of the greatest joys of living. Nothing beats pleasurable anticipation,---sometimes it is better than what was actually being looked forward to.

Now-a-days my sister and I hop in the car and go to town to one of the big food chain stores to get our weekly supply of groceries. There, if one is so inclined, they can buy almost every kind of food they have ever heard of and possibly quite a few that they haven't, in or out of season, from all over the world. Once home again, perishables go into the freezer or the refrigerator and we proceed to eat better than I think Kings did of old, for another week.

In my long ago days cold weather was the season for lots of meat and summer was vegetable time. My father always bought two baby pigs in early May and butchered them just before Christmas when the weather became cold enough for the meat to keep. Sometimes he butchered a beef and we kept a quarter of that while neighbors bought the rest. Our old "back pantry", which I was told was once the "cheese room".---most old farms had them and I hope you remember that I once told you of the cheese that was once shipped from town---, would be brimming with fresh meat and a bit later with ham, bacon, and sausage.

We had hens year round who went into the pot as soon as their laying days began to wane. We never kept them years on end for a new crop of pullets came along every year. Sometimes a rooster might join them. I remember in particular one real mean one that did! You could boot him clear across the hen house and he would return like a charging bull! He was much better eating than he was acting!

Down in the cellar my folks always had several huge crocks. some were for brining hams, bacon, ribs, and so forth, but two held that old-time country peoples stand by----salt pork. It was a STAPLE. Besides being sliced, scalded, dipped in flour and fried until crisp and golden brown, and served along with plenty of boiled potatoes and milk gravy made with the drippings, (it is still one of my favorite meals) it was used in frying fish or liver or most anything else that was to be fried, and in cooking most kinds of vegetables, It was cooked with a New England Boiled dinner of cabbage, carrots, and whatever else you might like to throw in the pot. In the fall mother often added thick slices of rutabaga. It was cooked with baked beans and string beans, and with all sorts of "greens" wild or tame, from the first dandelions through cowslips, milkweeds, beet greens, cabbage, swiss chard, or whatever, it Made the dish.

We used pounds of it and had never heard of cholesterol. Grandpa Nelson lived to 86, my father to 89, and my mother to 93! Not one of them ever had a heart attack.

We made our own lard too, for pie crust, frying doughnuts, and all sorts of baking. Of course when warm weather came we had to start buying it, but our supply usually held out until then. Like potato chips you couldn't eat just one! I can distinctly remember overdoing it now and again but it never cured me of liking them. When next years batches rolled around I was as eager as ever---ready and waiting.

Of course in summer we could have such things as cod fish or dried beef gravy. I can also remember having salt mackerel and salt salmon. Sometimes mother freshened large pieces of codfish, dipped it in flour and browned it in pork fat. It was then put in a deep dish covered liberally with milk gravy made from the drippings. Sometimes she added small pieces of it that had been freshened to a large amount of scrambled eggs. Once in a while, if we went to town, we could have fresh meat for Sunday dinner, or my uncles, coming from Connecticut for the week end might bring fresh meat or fish---usually a whole one that my mother steamed and served with plenty of melted butter.

However, by the large, most summer meals were the vegetables from my father's superb garden. What could taste better than a meal of fresh picked sweet corn, along with a platter of potato salad, garnished with hardboiled eggs, plenty of hot sliced, buttered beets and large dishes of fresh tomatoes, peeled, cut into chunks and dressed with sugar and a little vinegar. We always ate them that way, Mother made boiled salad dressing but when I was little I had never heard of mayonnaise. When Hellmans made its first appearance at one of our church suppers, thanks to my dear old friend, the late Josie Barnes, I immediately resolved that when I grew up and kept house I would have plenty of <u>that</u> and I did and still do.

I have a memory of coming home from a long hot exhausting day of picking high bush blue berries for a neighbor and finding this supper waiting---a large bowl of Kentucky Wonder green beans boiled with plenty of salt pork scrapes, another of mashed summer squash, liberally buttered, (there was always plenty of milk, butter, cream, and sometimes cottage cheese) new potatoes boiled in their skins and a dish of sliced cucumbers just off the vine. There was plenty of home made bread, or, sometime, Johnny cake or hot biscuits, and a pitcher of the best and coldest water in the world from the well in the yard. It seems to me, looking back, that no supper, before or since, ever tasted so good! I don't remember the desert but we always had some and I ate my share, though today I almost never do.

Mother sometimes spread layer cakes with whipped cream. Once in awhile a bit of cocoa was added. Sometimes she whipped egg whites very stiff and added mashed strawberries or raspberries and frosted with that. These had to be eaten up at one sitting, as they wouldn't keep. That didn't hurt anyone's feelings! All desert wasn't cake however. Her list was practically endless.

Now-a-days I can sit down any day of the year and have a meal of fresh meat or seafood with fresh vegetables of all kinds---anything you want to name.

As always one of my favorite pastimes is enjoying a good meal but none of them can hold a candle to the ones we had long ago. I can remember coming home from Ore Hill School when I was real small and smelling the first batch of

dandelions of the year cooking on the old kitchen range. (School got out at four P.M. in those days and we dawdled home). We probably had some of the aforementioned Johnnycake with them. In case it seems to me I would never survive until suppertime. I was starving!

There is a line from some poem, "Make me a child again, just for tonight." I really wouldn't want to live through another lifetime, given the present condition of the world in general, but I would gladly go back if I could have one of my Mother's old time feasts again!

Leona A. Clifford

June 1981

Long Ago Days

May is the month when we remember our veterans and our mothers. This is as it should be. The first have so far succeeded in keeping our country the best place in the world in which to live, and the latter brought us into it, by birth or otherwise. Now June is again upon us and Fathers Day. I am going to write this article about them for not a single one of us would be here unless we had one, but we don't seem to hear much about them. Mothers seem to have stolen the show as it were! I guess I'm prejudiced when it comes to fathers because from the first moment that I remembered mine I adored him. There has never been or ever will be a day in my life that I do not think of him and what he has meant to me, nor one in which I do not thank the good Lord that he was mine.

My father was George Henry Aldrich, and he was born in Danby in the state of Vermont, May 10, 1865, the youngest of 8 children. His parents were Isaac & Harriet Richardson Aldrich and his father was a stone mason. Therefore, they did a lot of moving from job to job and daddy once named off something like 21 places they lived while he was growing up. Finally, moving on a cold windy day, his father contracted pneumonia and died within a very few hours, leaving my dad at 15, the sole support of a mother, no longer very young. Other brothers and sisters were by then either married and gone or they had also died.

Life was hard then and money was scarce The first money he ever earned was by picking up potatoes as they were dug at harvest time. He worked from practically day-light until dark, and he received a grand total of 25¢. He was so proud of that quarter that he said, tired as he was, he ran home as fast as he could to tell his parents of his great good fortune. He was 12 years old!. Most available jobs in the country-side back then consisted of farm work for neighbors or in lumbering operations, although for a short while he fired the boiler on one of the railroad trains on a "narrow gauge" line from Brattleboro to Londonderry, Vt. The fuel was wood and, until the day he died his back and shoulders bore the scars of burns he received from hot cinders everytime he had to stoke the boiler. In his early 20's he had an operation for appendicitis on the kitchen table at home. He survived but was not able to do hard jobs for a spell so his uncle got him a job in a shoe shop in Keene, N.H. While there he learned enough about shoe construction so that he was always able to "sole & heel" our shoes, and he had the equipment for it, some of which we still have.

For what you might call hobbies, he learned to trap for furs, to play the

fiddle for old time dances, and through a correspondence course from the Kodak camera Co. in Rochester, N.Y. he learned to take, develop & print pictures. I still have the lesson pamphlets they sent to him. By that time he was living in Grafton, Vt., where he did quite a business with all sorts of photographs & postcard scenes of the surrounding countryside, which he sold in the town stores.

I wonder how many people today would put in those old time long hours, (no 8-hour shifts and 40-hour weeks in those days) and then tend trap lines or hop into a carriage or sleigh, as the weather demanded and travel, in many cases long miles to play for a dance that lasted into the wee hours, so that sometimes a breakfast was served as the dance ended. Then came another long trip home and another days work! I think my father enjoyed that part of his life though. I have as mementos of those days, a couple of printed dance programs and a beautiful shawl that his "best girl" knitted for him to bundle up in on his winter trips. He played the fiddle and prompted while his nephew accompanied him, usually on a pump type parlor organ.

In 1890, his mother died and he decided it was time to hunt greener pastures. He had worked in Springfield, Ma. about 1888 for his brother Albert, who ran a bakery on Spring St. I have a good picture of this bakery with the whole family including the pet dog standing in front. He learned to make pies and made all they sold. He also made pulled molasses, and cream candy which they also sold. We still have his candy marble used for cooling the candy before it was pulled. He made it for us now and again and I thought the molasses kind, when finished, was one of the prettiest things I had ever seen, with an undescribable sheen and delicious taste.

SO, he came down again to this area. He worked for Samuel Bodurtha in Agawam, doing general farm work and peddling milk. At that time the large cans of milk, along with various measuring devices were loaded into a wagon and each customer would come to the wagon with a pail and the milk would be measured into it and paid for.

Mr. Bodurtha had married Martha Fenn, daughter of Nathan Fenn, who lived where Albert Sheets house now stands, and she had 3 brothers who lived in Meriden and worked in the clock shop there. They liked to go hunting and fishing and my dad became well acquainted with them. They knew my dad liked to trap and they told him many stories of their boyhood days in West Granville. They thought he should go out one fall and try his luck in that territory as there was a surplus of game, to the point where they were a nuisance, and no trappers. That sounded like a good idea, but "Where?," he asked, "would I live?" They advised him to to write to their old neighbor, Major Nelson, which he did, and grandpa wrote back that he would board

him, and he knew he would be welcome to trap anything anywhere abouts, except his daughter! Well we know how that turned out! I am glad it did, although earning a living on grandpa's old farm was no picnic either.

My father passed from this world April 7, 1953. He was within a few days of being 89. He was kind, friendly, and always willing to lend a hand to a neighbor. I never knew him to have an enemy of any kind in all those years.

On this Father's Day, if luckily your father is still alive, stop and think what he really means to you, and tell him you love him. It will mean more to him than any gift money can buy. If like mine, he has passed on, I hope you have as many wonderful memories of him as I have of mine.

Leona A. Clifford

July 1981

Long Ago Days
The West Granville Church

Part 1

In 1978 the Second Church of Christ in West Granville was 200 years old. This refers to the building itself, not to the church body which was first gathered on Nov. 18, 1781, with 28 members. They were Ebenezer, Elizabeth, Ezra & Lois Baldwin; John & Edith Bates; Aaron, Hope and Mary Coe; John and Elizabeth Cornwell; Aaron, David and Thankful Curtis; Lemuel Haynes, the black man who was pastor of the church from 1781-1786, though not ordained until 1785, and who became famous in his day. Later while preaching in Rutland, Vt., he was called the leading preacher in the state; Isabelle Miller; Marvin & Mary Moore; David & Rebecca Parsons; Timothy & Hannah Robinson; David & Achsey Rose; John & Caroline Seward; Oliver & Jane Spelman. The church, being the heart of town in those days, they were determined to have one, and so, as Mr. Wilson says in his town history, "they would build a cage and trust to luck to get a bird to put in it". The Revolutionary War was going on and I have read that the reason for having the "cage" ahead of the "bird" was because Col. Timothy Robinson, commissioned in Boston, Feb. 7, 1776, and a leader in town affairs, was off to the war and they awaited his home-coming to help get the ball rolling! Be that so or not, he was discharged that year and is no doubt true. He became a deacon at that time and remained so for many years until his death in 1805, as is noted on his gravestone in the "old part" of the West Granville cemetery.

Since then at least two anniversaries have been celebrated as regards the church body. If they had a 50th one I have, so far, never found a record of it, but in Nov. 1881 they held a large reunion, according to one of mothers scrap books, which has a newspaper article of that date in it with all the details. In 1931 the 150th anniversary was held on Old Home Day, August 23rd. I was there and nineteen years old, so I remember that one, as well as having a good account of it also in mothers papers. It was a great day. Programs were printed for the occasion, and a booklet about the village and the church written by the minister, Howard E. Short, a student from the Hartford Theological Seminary, was also printed in pamphlet form and given as a souvenir to those attending. The church was decorated with large numerals made of laurel--1781 on the left front wall and 1931 on the right--as well as with many flowers. My father took a good picture of it at the time. A choir of young people under the direction of Mrs. Porter Frisbie, sang "appropriate selections", mother played the old pump organ and Frank Laird

the trumpet. Singers were Ralph & Russell Cooley, James and Phyllis Matthews, Louise Reeves, Dorothy Goodness, and my sister, May Hague and myself. After the service most towns-people, as well as many from afar whose roots were here, attended the lunch hour in the Academy Hall. A group of musicians played several selections. This little band was composed of Frank Laird, 1st trumpet; Leona Aldrich, 2nd trumpet; Howard E. Short, trombone; George Aldrich, violin and Ruth Aldrich, piano. A great day of visiting and reminiscing was enjoyed by all, and many a visit was made to old home sites and to old friends who, for one reason or another, had not attended.

Time more than flies. Over the past 50 years the now Rev. Dr. Short has had a distinguished career in his field as minister, professor, a member of the U.S. Strategic bombing Survey in World War 1, and in other directions too numerous for me to mention here. In 1958, he became editor of the "Christian Evangelist", published in St. Louis, Missouri, from which he is retired, and where he now lives with his wife, Margaret. I must add that this "retirement" seems to be in name only for he keeps busy worldwide. A few years ago he wrote that he had visited 45 countries, fifty states, and every Canadian province on various missions, so to speak. He and his wife will be guests and he will be the speaker at Old Home Day, July 19th, with the service being held at 11AM. He certainly will see many changes in the church and in the town since the early nineteen thirtys!!

The "old ranks" are rapidly thinning, but I hope there will be many people who can attend. Most, from away, will probably be descendants of those who came in 1931. I feel sure everyone will find it a most enjoyable day. As for me, I feel very fortunate to have been privileged to attend two of this churches anniversaries. It played a great part in my life as a child in West Granville.

Leona Clifford

August 1981

Long Ago Days

Because of the problems with the P.A. system on July 4th, I have been asked to put my memories of that holiday in the Country Caller, so here goes. Part II of the West Granville Church later!

First, I would like to say that I considered it a privilege to be asked to introduce the guests of honor, Granville's two longest married couples. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Hayden, 68 years, and Mr. & Mrs. Edward Jensen Sr., 64 years. I certainly congratulate them and wish them many more happy years together, as I am sure everyone else does. Next, Butsy Boughton and Tony Degano who made it from Mercy Hospital in Springfield and the Governors House in Westfield, respectively, and Mr. Ed Walrath whose newspaper articles we all enjoyed for so long. We hope to see you all again soon!

This is a grand and glorious 4th in the 205th year of our great country's freedom. So far the Lord has smiled on us and we have had good weather for our parade.

I have been asked to tell you how we celebrated this holiday in my young and not so young years, boring as I am sure it will be, especially to todays young people.

I certainly don't remember the succotash and blackberry short-cake parties described in July's issue, with the West Granville people trekking down into and up out of the Great Valley to attened--a long trip then--with the cannon announcing their arrival, but, oh, I sure would have loved every minute of it! Wouldn't you!

Neither do I remember any such celebration as our most capable recreation committee has put together for today. Never the less, it was a time we looked forward to. I can't remember making much of other holidays except for Christmas.

I was born on the old Nelson farm in West Granville 69 years and 2 days ago. You see I made sure to arrive on time for the great day! Of course I don't remember that either and it was just as well for reasons I'll go into a bit later. While I am <u>sure</u> I received a warm welcome from my parents and grandparents, I heard, many times over the years, grandpa's opinion of ladies who had the audacity to have a baby in haying time and right at noon time when everyone was starving for their dinner. When mother pulled the repeat performance a year later she and dad took off for Newfane, Vermont, where my sister bowed in at my Aunt Mins and one and all waited out the storm at home!

My first few days were rather rough. First, with the temperatures

soaring, I was wrapped in a log cabin quilt that Grandma Aldrich had made for my father, and witch incidentally I ruined forever! Then I was bathed and encased in a full set of woolen clothes, long sleeved shirt, belly band, long stockings, long petticoat, and a dress. I think it was then that I got the reputation of crying a lot! The next day Sarah Yarmitsky, mother's old friend, then living on the Harger place, came to see the new baby. She was aghast at the clothing I wore and she stripped me down tore up an old sheet and swaddled me--tightly--. I guess mother was a bit perturbed but I lived through all of it with no memories of it, which is just as well.

For many years the 4th meant summer boarders form New York, as well as the current student minister, chicken dinners, homemade ice cream, many a game of croquet--they had to be GOOD to beat mother-- and a few fireworks. The traditional dinner for the date was supposed to be fresh salmon and the first green peas from the garden, but I don't remember that we indulged. Farmers may have vied with each other as to the peas but the era when salmon ran in just about every stream in New England was long before my day.

My uncle, Olin Nelson, always brought us fireworks. Most of our school mates managed a supply too. I remember the little packages of Chinese firecrackers which we unbraided, lit with a piece of punk and fired one by one-too precious to fire the whole pack at once. We had small cones we called snakes, which, when lit , sent up a curl of grey ash. We also had plenty of sparklers for night time. Some big boys had salutes and bombs, but they were too noisy for my taste. We had cap pistols and once in a while one cap might be louder than the others and make our ears ring! One year my cousin, Wilbur Nelson brought us some railroad flares--really nice for they changed colors as they burned. We never had sky rockets, roman candles or that kind of thing--too dangerous.

As young adults we might drive over to the highest point of Irish Lane--North Lane #2 to most of you--and we could watch the night displays from Holyoke to Enfield but they were to far away to be splendid.

When we were old enough to get to see more modern displays I remember vividly disliking the noise and keeping my fingers in my ears most of the time.

Sometimes we had fourth of July picnic on the village green. All our mothers pitched in and brought sandwiches and cakes and cookies while the Ladies Aid made coffee and lemonade. No "beer busts" in those days. Anyone needing and alcoholic stimulant chose stronger "fire water" in more or less privacy. I remember no accidents, except once when little Billy Barnes lit and threw a firecracker which didn't go off so he went to investigate and it

exploded in his face. It scared everyone, especially his mother and himself half to death but that was all. Some dad might undergo a lapse of memory and not show up at chore time but he got home sooner or later none the worse for wear. After all Independence Day didn't roll around but once a year!

Today fireworks are illegal unless licensed, in this state and it is just as well, for while I don't personally remember any bad accidents on the 4th some terrible disasters did occur in many other places from their use.

Today, as a Senior Citizen, the type of celebration we're having here today suits me to a T. Could it be that my age is showing?

Leona A. Clifford

In Memory

In a very short time the deaths of three persons has been a blow to our Senior Citizenry.

Lester Sattler was born in Holyoke but spent the greater part of his life in Granville, married a local girl, Edith Reeves, now deceased, and was always a kind and helpful neighbor. For many years he and his brother Harold WERE the Granville State Park as its foresters.

Wendell Hardy was born in Cabot, Vermont but spent almost forty years in Tolland. He carried our mail for a long time and held many offices in his town. He and his family made many friends both in Tolland and Granville. A devastating blow was the death of his son Richard, several years ago, an accomplished musician of great promise.

Alice Hoskins Frisbie came from Woburn, Mass to teach school in West Granville and like many others in those days, married a local boy. Porter Frisbie, son of Nelson and Mary Frisbie, and stayed on. She was always interested and engaged in town and school affairs. She too, with her family suffered a great loss in the death of their son, Donald in World War II.

Each and everyone of them is going to be sorely missed, but as one old epitaph says in the West Granville Cemetery:

YEA, THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS AND THEIR GOOD WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM!

Leona A. Clifford