

September 1983

Long Ago Days

School days, school days,
Dear old Golden Rule Days,
Readin' and writin', and rithmetic
Taught to the tune of the hickory stick--- ,

Anyone remember that old tune? Well, summer vacation being about over here they come again! ---minus of course, the "hickory stick"! I dare say discipline problems were fewer when it was around. Be that as it may, those days are gone for better, for worse, who can tell. That problem has, in many cases, become much worse---all you have to do is read or listen.

Long ago on the first day of school off we went to Ore Hill schoolhouse. Everyone had something new and special to wear. It might have been a "hand-me-down" but it was new to us and we felt pretty special in it, whatever it was! New shoes were always on the agenda although, Sept. being still pretty warm, at least part of it, many boys still went barefoot. Then there was a new pencil box, had to have them, not that such things weren't furnished but a new pencil box, perhaps with your name on the pencil carried a certain amount of prestige!

Some years the same teacher would return who had "struggled" with us the year before, possibly longer. When you arrived on the grounds there was usually time for a game or two before the bell rang at 9 A.M. There was really nothing exciting then about the first day unless a new pupil or two showed up. BUT OH! if there was a new teacher coming in, one went agog with curiosity and some trepidation. One tried to size up the newcomer through a window or open door and wondered what the coming year was going to be like.

In long, long, ago days most teachers were men. Sometimes a woman would teach the summer session. Many of them had little education. Very often they went from being a ninth grade pupil to becoming a full fledged teacher. My own aunt Jennie Nelson was one of those, and when I lived with her during my high school years, she could help me with any problem.

In my nine grades of Grammar school our teachers were coming mostly from the eastern part of the state and from two years of State Normal School. My first teacher was the only exception during my nine years. She was Ruby Smith and had graduated from Monson Academy. I know very little about her except that one day, taking her for an easy mark, (I was almost five at the time), and being bored stiff, I told her I had to go right home at noon because my mother was taking me to the Doctor. She let me go and I don't remember the outcome, which is probable just as well, but she must have smelled a rat.

However I was only in school that year from April until June. Mother thinking a little indoctrination before first grade might do me good!

My teacher was Bernice Dole from Billerica, Ma. and Lowell Normal, and before she finished her four years she was Bernice Nelson and also my cousin. I suppose I may have pulled a fast one or two on her also but I really don't remember. After her marriage she boarded for a time with my parents. Her husband was Harold Nelson Sr., mothers nephew, who still owns the Nelson farm in West Granville. Now, one had to be fairly good twenty four hours a day as it were. We got in wrong with her once while she lived there though. In her closet were many empty candy boxes, souvenirs from previous "beaux" and they had beautiful ribbons on them. We decided as they were empty she wouldn't care if we took some for our dolls, which we proceeded to do. We found out almost immediately that she did care very much! Mother may have, and probably did "warm our bottoms" but she also promptly made some paste and we had to put back every single ribbon on every single box. I remember that lesson plain enough--- even at 71; You don't ever steal anything from anybody and if you do you pay! (one of the Golden Rule items.)

Then for three years I had someone many of you know and all of you should, if not, yours is a great loss. Helena Duris Womboldt came from Newton and Framingham Normal. All the children loved her and she not only taught us but she did so many extra kindness, beyond the call of duty, for us, sometimes long after our school days with her were over. When she found out my sister and I were going out of State to High School, two years after she left Ore Hill, she gave us each a beautiful black shiny suitcase. What a thrill! Our very first ones! That will stick in my memory as long as I have one! There were many other things but I don't want to risk embarrassing one of the best friends I ever had or ever hope to have, I must mention one more thing. You must know, if you have lived here long, her dedication to the beautiful Historical Room in the Library and to the Granville Historical Commission. Any town anywhere is fortunate to have her kind.

My last two years Elsie Broga from Lee, Ma. and Westfield Normal came. She left then---- didn't marry here as many teachers formerly had---. I lost track of her until long afterwards when she came to Old Hone Day in West Granville and brought along her children. Children!? All were grown up and one was following in her footsteps at Westfield State College. Hard to believe. Where had the time gone? Your kids had grown up but somehow you hadn't expected her to!

Good old days! Education has changed so much. There are lots of frills that we never had or ever wanted, which is not only costly but which would never get you a living. Most people I know don't agree, but boy! Way back

then, sixty years or so ago, when we finished those nine grades we knew how to read, write, spell, sing, after a fashion and we had an introduction to art on Friday afternoons if we'd been good and if there was time to spare. We got our "gymnastics", if you will, on the school grounds in all our games, some of which were pretty strenuous as I recall. Most except for tag and hide-and-seek were products of our imaginations. Never a still moment at noon or recesses and we walked three quarters of a mile to and from the school house each day. Many walked farther. Those were really the Good Old Days, though I'm positive not one of us realized it then.

As a sidelight I studied up on those days and ways in my collection of town reports of which I have a complete set since 1900 except for 1982 if it ever gets to town! They used to be on hand for town meeting but this another story.

1900:

Nine classes, eight buildings. Teachers were paid for summer, fall and winter terms, \$2183.60 for all! The Superintendent got \$435.00 from the town but he was Supt. of the district so he must have received more.

1917:

My first year. There were still nine classes and eight buildings, but things were looking up. The teachers got \$3591.00. The Supt. \$485.00.

1927:

There were six classes, four buildings. The teachers got \$6875.00. The Supt \$1020.00.

1981:

The last report I have, two buildings, eight grades and the teaching bill was \$159,334.00. 206 pupils. This is about twice as many as when I attended.

Only one thing remains the same---school expenses were and still are the biggest item on the town budget, while all we read in the papers and see on T.V. is about the many kids going into college who can't read, write, figure or spell. They're great on getting sport scholarships however, so I suppose all is not lost. WOW!

Leona A. Clifford

October 1983

Long ago Days

A while ago Ed and Anna Jensen told me that there was in Granville some years ago, a farmers Co-operative Exchange and they thought it would be interesting to tell about it. Very few remember it and very few are living who belonged to it. Shortly after I talked with them one of their record books, or possibly the only one was turned over to the Historical Room by Walter Phelon.

When it was in existence and active I was very young. At that time just about every man in town was a farmer and kept a few cows, chickens, a pig or two, in some cases sheep, farm horses or whatever. A few sold milk. The Champlins, who lived where the Galegos do now, had a dairy business and delivered milk door to door. Others sold butter, eggs, chickens, potatoes, half a freshly butchered pig or quarter of beef if they had a surplus. Cyrus Ives and later his son-in-law, William Cooley had a regular butter and egg route in Winsted, Ct. every Friday for years, but the other things were sold when they had too much of a given thing for home use. Each farm had at least one orchard, large or small. Most of these were in East Granville but Grandpa, (Major Nelson) Will Reeves, Gilbert Miller and later Steve Roberts had sizable ones in West Granville, and Austin Phelon on Beech Hill. Now there are only a few large ones where apples are the chief business of the farm where they are raised. Only two or three large dairy farms remain. The rest of the old ways are long gone. Pity!!! It was fun to have animals around and it was fun at apple picking time at home. Every weekend Uncle Olin Nelson would bring up men from Bristol, Ct. where he lived and worked for New Departure Co. to help and the rest of the time daddy and grandpa did the best they could. When load after load had been taken in the old farm wagon to the house and those for our own use were safely in barrels and bins in the cellar, and the others had been sorted and sold to the dealers who came every fall, it was fun to gather up the cider apples and carry them to Howard Dickinson's Mill. It was even more fun to more fun to go after the cider whilst anticipating how good it was doing to taste and thanksgiving would never have been the same without it.

But to get back to the Co-op. On page 74 of the Treasures book there is a notation that the date of the chapter for this organization was Jan. 17, 1917. It was No. 121 under Mass. law. On its first page there is a list of some 37 names and it seems as if the late Peter Hedrickson was the one who got it started. However the shertter itself is missing and actual records begin Feb. 14, 1921. Receipt accounts were for grain, fertilizer, spray materials, sheres of

stocks, cider mill account and interes. Its disbursements were for grain, fertilizer and spray materials, plus \$10.00 to Alex Brunk for a sap pan and \$1.50 to silas Root for a deed. Later they mentioned salaries for their manager and treasurer, names not given, filing a "certificate of condition" and taxes of various kinds. In 1921 it sold 102 shares of stock at \$5.00 a share, bringing in \$510.00, and \$567.00 worth of cider. This seems to me to have been a considerable amount for those days. In June of 1921 they began to accumulate a building fund which by years end was \$1905.72 and they bought land and built what is now Humphreys garage. They also bought a cider mill, value Dec. 31, 1921 \$300.00, an engine, value \$175.00 and a fertilizer sower, value \$25.00 which they rented out for \$1.00. (per day?) They seemed to be doing rather well but by 1925 the cider buisness was slipping and they gave it up. The building was sold to Ernest Humphrey Mar. 19th and on April 24th the cider mill was moved by "E.J. K.H. and R.D." --no doubt Ed. Jensen, Karl Hansen and Richard Dickinson.

In 1923 312 shares of capital stock were listed, still at \$5.00 per. and the surplus was healthy but the writing was on the wall--farming except for apples was slipping a bit. The spray material was growing. By 1928 the grain account was dropped . The rental of the fertilizer sower remained at some time back there. The late Cosepin Dickinson became agent for Eastern States Farmers Exchange and and s7v to the farmers needs as to grain and fertilizer and I presure anything else to do with farming. Also various dealers in Westfield would deliver to the door. There were several then but now down to Agway and Methé. Apples don't need grain: In 1935 59 members received a small dividnt.

The Co-op must have filled a great need in its day but "the timed they were a changin" and big things were gobbling up small things. I think this was especially true of farms in America. By 1968 several years were showing a loss and no business can run that way. The last year of records was 1973 although the other years to 1981 are listed. On July 16, 1981 they had some money in their bank account and on Aug. 21, that year the few living members voted to dissolve the organization. They turned over as gifts, \$731.17 to the Ambulance fund and \$500.00 to the Restoration fund of the Granville Historical Society. Thus enden one more of the formerly very worthwhileprojects in town. It had lost its usefulness for many reasons and had joined the "limbo of the lost" if you will!
Call me a "fuddy duddy" if you will!

P.S. I would love to hear from anyone who ever knew anything more about the Co-op. There must have been much more to tell.

Leona A. Clifford

November 1983

Long Ago Days

If we could only see far back into the early days of Granville we would be in for some surprises. It is easy to picture Sybil Root coming on horseback from Hebron, Connecticut in 1767 to visit her betrothed, Edmund Barlow, who was busy setting up their future homestead and returning whence she came. What young lady would like to undertake, now-a-days, a similar trip of 40 miles or better each way thru what amounted to a wilderness for the most part, with its compliment of bears and wolves roaming about---Oh yes---a bounty was paid in Granville beginning in 1767 on the latter, two pounds per grown animal and one pound per wolf whelp for they become a nuisance. I'm sure I wouldn't have dared! Not me! Or, how about the Twinings and Rodgers families coming into Tolland, a few years later from Eastham on Cape Cod? Did they walk? I have heard they led a cow or two all the way! It has been said they carried a very young pear tree with them and that it prospered and bore fruit for many years.

Most of the settlers arrived the hard way but it was the way of the times, either on horseback or by "shanks mare"! Not everyone was affluent. Many had very little of this worlds goods as we think of them now-a-days.

Because of this fact I was quite startled to hear of a record of a very wealthy settler who came to town about 1758 and of whom I had never heard. I decided to look into it further. What I found was both interesting and frustrating. Who was George Lason? There are two deeds, one to him and one to his wife. Sarah at the registry in Springfield and an inventory of his estate plus papers granting guardianship of two daughters to his wife in the Probate records in Northampton(All probate records up to 1812 are there but all property deeds are in Springfield). He left no will and may have been fairly young at his death.

One of the deeds reads, in part, date of Oct. 27, 1758, know ye that I Samuel Hubbard, Jr. of Granville in the County of Hampshire and Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, weaver, for, and in consideration of the sum of 40 pounds, lawful money, to me in hand paid before the ensealing hereof by George Lason, etc. etc. etc. do freely, clearly, and absolutely give, grant, bargain, sell, aline and release, convey and confirm unto him land lying in Granville and containing 105 acres. etc. (After all that I think you might assume he did indeed own it!) His wife, Sarah, bought 20 acres about the same time.

Sad to say.in 1760, George died leaving Sarah and at least two daughters Sarah June and Anne who were put under her guardianship at their request.

He dying intestate, Stephen Hickox, Samuel Coe and Timothy Robinson were appointed appraisers of the estate of which Sarah was administrator. The complete inventory fills many pages and I can't list all of it but among the most interesting items were:

	Value
105 acres of land	73 lbs.--10 shillings
1 negro, Primus by name	44 lbs.
1 negro, woman, Sable by name	44 lbs
1 negro boy, Peter by name	9 lbs.
1 set silver spoons	1 lb.--10 shillings
1 pair silver shoe buckles and knee buckles	1 lb. --5 shillings
1 gold ring	12 shillings
1 quadrant and 8 sea books	4 lbs. (also a sea chest)
(Could have been a sea captain at one time)	
32 assorted books, Bible, prayer books, histories and sermons	
18 pewter plates	1 lb.--16 shillings
1 chain of gold buttons	7 shillings

And much more of all kinds of animals, farm crops, household goods, and on and on to the value of 357 lbs 14 shillings 2 pence.

I read a lot of old wills and as regards Granville people of that period I have never seen an inventory like it.

On October 30, 1969 there is another deed. Sarah Lason, wid., Sarah Lason Jr. and Anne Lason Alias Joyce, all of Middletown, Connecticut for consideration of 60 lbs. sold to Timothy Ives of Wallingford, Connecticut 105 acres of land. It is the same 105 acres purchased in 1758. This land lay on what is now the State Forest Road and seems to have been on the west side of the present road. The 20 acre plot was about where Alfred Latham lived in grandfather's day and was purchased by him, though more than 20 acres then, when Wid. Mary Latham sold it. So it is now part of the present Nelson farm, so far I haven't found the sale of Sarah's plot but I shall keep trying. There is no record of the burial of George Lason in Granville in those early days and information about him is pretty scanty but I shall try to trace him back. Knowing that he spent even two short years on the land where I grew up and which I shall dearly love until I die will keep me looking. So far it continues to be a fascinating mystery.

Note-In the Published Granville Town Records to 1850 in the deaths: "Primus, colored man, found frozen on the mountain in 1768".

Leona A. Clifford

December 1983

Long Ago Days

Granville Beginnings Part 1
Albion Wilson's History.

On June 10, 1686, a large tract of land which included what is now Granville and Tolland was sold by Toto, an Indian Sachem, living near Hartford Connecticut to one James Cornish. Cornish had settled in Northampton and was the first school master there. He later moved to Westfield and was appointed Clerk of the Court of Hampshire County by Sir Edmond Andros, personal representative of King James II, who had instructions to call in the charters already granted to settlers of New England and set up instead Judges and officers for His Majesty's judicial courts, which is where James Cornish comes into the picture. (When Sir Edmond tried to take the charter of the "Colony of Connecticut" the people refused and hid theirs in the famous Charter Oak! He became a very unpopular man. In 1689 King James II was overthrown and Andros was imprisoned at Boston and sent to England for a trial that never came to pass. In fact, he returned to Virginia in 1692 as Governor and became very popular. He died in 1714.

When the plans of Andros went awry and Massachusetts resumed a government under its charter, Cornish lost his job but the Court "applauded his good services and recommended him to public favor". He had been a petitioner for Westfield to become a town on Jan. 21, 1668 and was one of the Grantees named in the deed of Alquot, the Indian Sachem, which conveyed the greater part of present Westfield, then Woronoake, to its inhabitants on June 30, 1669. He became very interested in Real Estate and knew a lot about the surrounding territory. He became the first white man to lay claim to that portion of said territory, then a wilderness, which included in part the present towns of Granville and Tolland. He was not attracted to the arduous process of actual settlement to gain land as was the common custom in those days but preferred to purchase it outright.

It was not difficult to find the Indian Sachem who claimed to be its owner and possessed it by virtue of being the son of his father, who possessed it before him and the grandson of his grandfather who had possessed it before that! The Sachem was Toto and he deserves more than passing mention. He was a Poquonoc Indian and his tribe lived around the Farmington River area in the town of Windsor, Connecticut, near where the present village of Poquonock now is. The Tunxis Indians lived to the west

and the Podunks to the east of them. The grandfather had had dealings with the whites previously and were on good terms with them.

Toto is credited with being in a class with Massasoit and Uncas and he richly deserves the gratitude of the people of the Connecticut Valley. But for him the now city of Springfield would have been wiped off the map and probably all the settlements along the river. He learned that the Indian fort near Longmeadow had received 300 of King Phillip's warriors and that they would attack the town the next morning. Tradition says he ran all the way to Springfield and back home that night, and also got word to Major Treat who was in Westfield. Fact or fiction, he got the word to them. The people were incredulous and in spite of the warning suffered the surprise attack and were barely saved by the arrival of Major Treat and his troops. Thirty-two houses were burned and several settlers killed, including John Keep with his wife and infant child. John Keep was the direct ancestor of the Chapman and Henry Johnson families of West Granville and Clarence Mott of Tolland.

So far as is known no Indians ever lived in Granville at that time. (John Mohawk owned land in the vicinity of South Lane I much later). The town boasts no Indian names and no relics have been found except one or two arrowheads by the late Raymond Noble in what is now Ralph Hiers' meadow.

James Cornish got in touch with Toto and purchased from him a six mile square tract in the area in June 1686. Tradition says the price was a gun and sixteen brass buttons and a short time past, Bonnie King wrote a delightful children's story about this, but it has never been proven. The deed says "for good and loving considerations" which could have been the said gun and buttons or most anything else that Toto considered of sufficient value and that Cornish was willing to pay. The deed is recorded in Book A page III of the Hampshire County land deeds, now in Springfield Registry of Deeds. It reads "the land to be six miles square, or contents thereof if the area is not square. It was bounded South by Simsbury, as it was then Westerly toward Housatunnick, bounded by the mountains, Easterly by land belonging to Westfield and Springfield, and Northerly by land previously granted by Toto to John Williams. How long and how wide does not appear.

Toto personally appeared at Hartford June 28, 1686 and acknowledged "the above written deed to be his free and voluntary act and deed", before me, John Allyn, Assistant of His Majesties Colony of Connecticut.

Thus was the first page of Granville's history written. (And recorded by Granville's historian, Albion Wilson).

Leona Clifford

January 1984

Long Ago Days

Granville Beginnings

What became of James Cornish after 1689? It is believed he went to Simsbury, Ct. to live with a son. He had two, Gabriel and James Jr. James Sr. died in Oct. 20, 1698, intestate, and our "Town of Granville" became theirs. Gabriel married and had two children- James and Demaris, he died in 1702. He also left no will and the owners were now three, those two and James Jr. James (3) joined Queen Anne's Army or Navy about 1710 when he was twenty-two but before leaving for Port Royal he made a will Aug. 17, 1710, and well that he did for he never returned. Damaris, who married William Fuller of Simsbury, came into possession of her brother's estate.

However, the impulse for speculation was still thriving and brought about further progress toward settlement, when Atherton Mather, a planter of Suffield, Ct. , which at the time belonged to the Mass. Bay Colony, found that the tract of land west of Westfield could be bought at a price. He looked it over and agreed to pay thirty pounds in current bills of credit for this wilderness and the deal was consummated June 26, 1713 at Simsbury. Once more the parties to the transfer went home happy-- the sellers with their thirty pounds and the buyers with their deeds. Land values had risen from the traditional gun and sixteen brass buttons!

Another page had been written but there was neither name nor settlers. Indeed, up until this time, no definite line had been settled among Mass. and Conn., but one was finally decided upon July 13, 1713, less than three weeks after the sale by a commission appointed by both colonies.

Mr. Mather was a very different sort from Mr. Cornish. After having secured his title, he next desired to turn his land into cash as speedily as possible. In order to do this, though land was fertile and there was much timber, it was of little value without settlers... so settlers must be had! His acquaintances must have been wide, his business connections extensive and his energy without limit for in about twenty years he had sold the entire property between the western boundary of Westfield and the Farmington River, interpreting the expression in Toto's deed "westerly towards Housatunnick" as "westerly to a river," (known as the Farmington now), and the " six miles square or contents thereof" as being of no significance. More than a third of his buyers lived in the Boston area, the others lived in the various towns in the Conn. River Valley. His first sale, Aug. 13, 1715, conveyed 2,000 acres in three tracts to Dr. Oliver Noyes of Boston, Vol. C, page 180, Hampden County Registry of Deeds. (The lake at Tolland's Tunxis Club has always been known as Noyes Pond--- the last reminder, as far as I

know of any of these original owners). In April 1719 he conveyed 1400 acres to son William and described said acreage as "being in the tract of land called Bedford, lying west of Westfield." So, at last, the wilderness that was someday to become Granville, had acquired a name and it was so called for the next twenty-five years. After these two sales he moved more rapidly toward his goal, two more in 1719, three in 1720, five in 1721 and ten in 1722. The ball was really beginning to roll! These deeds often referred to the "Plantation of Bedford". A plantation, however, presumes the existence of settlers and these it did not have. The Proprietors, as they were called, had no plans to live there. Profits were what was uppermost in their minds.

All or part of Bedford had been surveyed and boundary points established as early as 1721 when a deed from Mather to Timothy Woodbridge and William Mather both of Simsbury, Ct. , conveyed 2,000 acres included in a survey by Jonas Houghton "and a deed of 1,000 acres to Timothy Boylston of Boston in 1731/32 reads", according to a survey by Mr. Timothy Dwight, Surveyor. It is probable, though, that a single survey of the entire area was not made until 1738. On Oct. 19, 1733, Mr. Mather conveyed the last bit of his land. If he received all the "considerations" set forth in his forty-four deeds, and there is no reason to believe he did not, he had taken in 5377 pounds, 18 shillings, a tidy sum to realize on an investment of 30 pounds even though it took him twenty years.

To go back to the 1738 survey. The proprietors, around fifty of them listed by Mr. Wilson, were having problems. Apparently there was no mad rush by the public so they decided to give some of their lands--- one fifth of each man's holdings, as an "encouragement to settlers." They would give 4,000 acres to forty families and any residue would be for Public uses. This came about between 1722 and 1736 as they prepared for the 1738 survey. It had been rumored for some time and finally said out loud that there was trouble about the title which covered " six square miles." Bedford had become much more than that ---Nathaniel Dwight's survey dated Nov. 12, 1738 showed not 23,040 acres but 42,532-----quite a difference! They prepared, or had prepared, a petition to the Great and General Court in Boston saying that they "had purchased their land in good faith but that, while Mather sold the whole of the land they had bought, it didn't appear that he had the right to do so, of which, nevertheless, the petitioners were, at the time of their purchase, all together ignorant." They asked that their purchases be confirmed upon the condition that they "Do, within three years from the end of the Present Session of the Court(1738), Build so many dwellings Houses thereon with what are already built to make Seventy in the whole and have Seventy families settled thereon and each of said families to have

six acres of land plowed or brought to English Grass and Fitted For Mowing, also within said time to build a Meeting House for the Publick Worship of God and settle a learned Orthodox Minister." It was quickly confirmed and bears the signature of Richard Saltonstall and date of Jan. 5, 1738, old style. They had wanted settlers and now the die was cast--they must have them by 1741!

Mr. Wilson wrote; "Truly a Herculean task but what must be done is likely to get done especially if it hits hard on the pocketbook. It was unthinkable to go anywhere but ahead!

Leona A. Clifford

February 1984

Long Ago Days

Tradition has it that Samuel Bancroft was the first settler, arriving in 1735, but no deed is found. One from Jonas Clark of Boston in 1759, however, described a square mile "excepting, out of the same 100 acres granted to Samuel Bancroft and 18 granted to Nathaniel Bancroft for settling land," so he was an owner before that. (Lately, what is Samuel's first deed has been discovered in the Southern Berkshire Registry of Deeds in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. I do not know the details but I certainly plan to go out there when winter is over...) Rev. Timothy Cooley in his address at the Granville Jubilee of 1845, said he remembered Samuel and that he used to come to church in his great wig and cocked hat--- a conspicuous figure" He lived in the area of the Westfield Reservoir and I think there is a marker on or near his home site.

Other prospective settlers, hearing of the proprietor's proposal to get seventy of them with 100 acres each, decided to look the situation over. One fact is very interesting. In some way, David Rose, who lived in Durham, Connecticut, heard about this promised land. He came, liked what he saw, picked his acreage, built a cabin, started his clearing, and moved his family there. In 1741, he bought 1500 more acres. He lived in the area around North and South Lanes in West Granville. As a child his home site was pointed out to me in the so called elm tree lot at the top of East Hill. It is pretty well covered with brush now, but I think the old ridges of its foundation must still be there.

Either Mr. Rose had great powers of persuasion or else he was looked up to as a man of good judgment for as a result of his settling in Bedford no less than 26 other families very soon followed him from his former hometown in the "new township." They were as far as is known;

Amos, Ebenezer and Ezra Baldwin
Benjamin Barnes
David, Jacob, John, John Jr. and Nathaniel Bates
Isaac Bartlett
Aaron, Samuel and Enoch Coe
Aaron, David and Ebenezer Curtiss
Roswell Graves
Stephen Hickox
Benjamin and David Parsons
Phineas, Dan and Noah Robinson, also Timothy
John Seward and

John Tibbals

Later came Thomas Spelman, Israel Bartlett, Ezra Baldwin Jr., and Jonathan Rose. So far as is known, no other group of this size ever came from any other single town, but came they did in ones, twos, and threes from other places in Connecticut and Massachusetts and the oncoming "tide", after some trials and tribulations, kept on coming until the required 70 families had arrived. There is a list of 76 plus "three residents" June 20, 1750. They had built 73 dwelling houses and brought more than the required land to cultivation. They had become "embodied" in a church state and had chosen and ordained the Rev. Moses Tuttle to be their pastor (1747) and there was built a meeting house, which, "being by the Providence of God, consumed by Fire, " another was built and "all has been effected by the Carge of Owners said land." These churches are to presumed to have been near the corner of Regan Road and Rt. 57, near the Great Rock, long since gone. Although the way had been long and hard and beset with difficulties, the goal had been reached even though it was nine years later than the original requirements. Granville, nee Bedford, was all set to grow!

Very few paths being easy, by now more problems raised their ugly heads. TAXES, the only sure thing except death, were needed--also assessors and other town officers to see to the needs. This called for a town meeting. Early records are missing or sketchy, but one was held in 1750--another in 1751. There was no clerk and neither was signed by anyone. After 1751 Ephraim Munson described himself as "Clerk of the Society." About that time also it was "voted said collector, Samuel Church, for collecting two year's rates, have 2 pounds." Not a very well-paying job! Approximately half the tax in those times went to the church and the rest for roads. So things went on rather muddled still.

Up until this time, Bedford had no official existence. The inhabitants called meetings when thy needed money for public uses, levied the taxes, chose a collector, who collected and reported his take. It mattered not a whit what the Great and General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony really had no knowledge of their existence. With the self-reliance of hill-dwellers, they were quite able to take care of themselves. The spirit of America was in the making.

However, then as now, demands for more and more public services arose. Each man's efforts along these lines were no longer adequate. They needed some legal status and petitioned to incorporate on October 26, 1753 at what turned out to be the last political meeting of the inhabitants of Bedford. Incorporation had failed once before. Now Phineas Pratt, who had come from Hingham via Worcester, had become a prominent citizen, was voted to be the man to do something about it. He was the decisive type. It was a pretty safe

forecast that he would accomplish what he set out to do or know the reason why, and he either sent or took a petition to the General Court. It must have been complete and persuasive in its description. The bill was introduced to the legislators and it passed January 4, 1754. One change came, though-- it emerged with a new name. The Great and General Court, so far away from Bedford hills, knew practically nothing about it and so, when parts of Billerica and Concord had asked for incorporation as a new town in 1729, they were called Bedford. So it was necessary to find a new name and Granville was chosen.

It seems very likely that some friend of Lord Carteret, Earl of Granville and President of the Kings council suggested the name. At any rate it was chosen.

This year of 1984 the Lions Club calendar bears the likeness of the Earl of Granville and it was donated for the purpose by George Sattler who did quite some research into the man in London, England a while back. I hope that shortly George will write something about this research for the Country Caller. Get with it, George!

NOTE:

Taxes were, then as now, a burden sometimes, no doubt. Money is the current problem but in 1751, and for some time thereafter, Provincial and County and other taxes could be paid in certain marketable commodities-- such as GOOD codfish, iron, winter wheat, rye, Indian corn, barley, barrel pork, beef, long whalebone, beeswax, tallow, peas, wool sole leather, etc. Wouldn't we have fun scratching up the where-with-all for our taxes that way---as much if not more than our hardy forefathers did scratching up currency!

Granville Beginnings
Albion Wilsons History
Part Three

Leona A. Clifford

March 1984

Long Ago Days

Yesterday, after what seemed to me a cold winter, suddenly the thermometer shot up to 55 degrees. Every winter bird was peeping, chirping or singing and the promise of spring was in the air. In a very few days March will be here and usually March brings some very nice days.

As a child this season brought about one of West Granville's event of the year. . . . the annual oyster supper. It was a special feast ---one did not suffer from an over-abundance of seafood in those days in the back country towns so it was a rare treat and greatly looked forward to. The oysters arrived in a large metal can from one of the Westfield stores. I believe it may have been from Schermerhorn's, which was there years ago. They probably arrived on the stage as most provisions did in those days.

Huge kettles of oyster stew were served up by the Ladies Aid along with quantities of oyster crackers and other little goodies. There were always one or two souls who desired to have a few raw ones served up--- not like today's fancy appetizers---ice cold with cocktail sauce, lemon or a variety of accompaniments, but just plain to be downed enter a dash of vinegar, salt, and pepper. They looked sort of slithery, but, always having had the desire to try any food that others seemed to enjoy, I finally, after some years, decided to try them myself and found them very good indeed! I can't help but think that people who dislike lots of kinds of food never tried them and have missed out on one of the great joys of living!

Church suppers were our social events back then in the small towns along with an occasional shower for a new bride or a new mama and an occasional housewarming. I was deeply hurt, if on rare "big nights" I missed one for some reason such as illness, which left me to the tender care of Grandpa Nelson for the evening!

There was one of these suppers every two weeks in good weather (spring, summer and fall). They began with the oyster suppers and ended with the annual Christmas supper which was a "freebie." All the townspeople brought food and all ate it and enjoyed the Sunday School's Christmas program in the church next door complete with a tree and Santa Claus. Each child in town, without regard to race or color or creed, received a nice gift plus an orange--- no small thing years ago, plus a bag of candy. These were provided by the Sunday School with a BIG assist from our superintendent for years---the late James E. Downs. Mr. Downs was a well-to-do summer resident from Chicago who lived where Betty and Bill Heino do now. I remember him with great affection.

The general "run of the mill" supper was the one based on good old home baked beans. Whoever dreamed of using "boughten" ones then? These luscious, juicy viands were accompanied by homemade pickles or relishes of various kinds, with plenty of Grandma Sheets homemade rolls and her homemade butter. If those rolls she baked all the time were placed end to end I am sure they would have circled the Earth! For dessert there would be a mouth watering array of homemade cakes and pies and one ate one's fill while enjoying a good visit with friends and neighbors that, in most cases, one hadn't seen since the two weeks before. All this for the magnificent sum of ten cents!! After the eating was over all the ladies pitched in for the clean up. My mother was a dish washer par excellence, and I hated to think how many dishes she must have "shampooed" in the old West Granville Academy---thousands! Meanwhile the men removed the tables to the kitchen and folded them against the walls and pushed all the chairs back. The two that were relegated to the kitchen were stacked, one on its legs the other bottom side up on top. These also received several sleeping babies before the night was over.

Now it was time to sprinkle powdered wax on the floor. The children had a great time sliding until my dad got his fiddle tuned up and he, along with my mother at the piano, played for square and round dancing until midnight and "Good Night Ladies" heralded the end of another good time.

As the years rolled away, the suppers changed as does everything else in the world. Usually potato salad, scalloped potatoes, macaroni and cheese, coleslaw, sliced tomatoes in season, with sometimes boiled ham or dogs, began to appear on the menus. Homemade baked beans were still king, but now the rolls were delivered by a bakery truck and the butter came from the store. The price climbed ever upward and onward but you always got your money's worth. If you didn't, it was no one's fault but your own!

Besides the oyster feast, two other special events occurred. In June the Strawberry Supper rolled around. It had the regular menu but dessert was strawberries---as they were on BISCUIT shortcakes---none of these sticky sponge cups! Accompanying them was homemade ice cream, several freezers of which, well packed ice, sat just outside the kitchen door on the old walkway. One year one freezer full had a slightly scorched taste. Whoever made it had burned down the custard that was used as its base, but ice cream was not such an everyday occurrence that it was thrown out. We ate it all --- better by far than no ice cream at all. Then too, all those strawberries helped to make it palatable.

Later, in October, the chicken pie supper was held. It took a lot of "doing" on everyone's part. Each family furnished a large chicken pie AND

their own chickens--- (fat hens most likely whose laying days were over), a quart of gravy, a kettle of either mashed potatoes or squash, or turnip or boiled onions, plus one or two dessert pies. We went to that one loaded down, as we ourselves would be later when we had polished off our share. I believe those suppers were about a dollar a person.

Now all of this is long gone. The oyster suppers went first, after a disastrous date when the oysters arrived on time along with a blizzard that blocked the whole area and no one could attend. The oysters were salvaged by being sold around town, but the discouragement was complete. All the other ones continued on until well after I married my husband whom I had met first at the annual Strawberry Festival of 1933. I don't know the exact date when they were dropped on a regular basis, but will guess about 1940 or so.

Today other churches and organizations are holding them once in a while so you can get to one or another most times and there are some excellent ones. Granville Federated Church has a great chicken pie supper. St. John's Lutheran in Westfield serves, and is coming up right away, an absolutely splendid sauerkraut feed. The church on Chester Hill has, in the summer, monthly suppers that are superb. Westfield Grange has fine ones the third Friday of the month. I can really enjoy any of them.

However, I do miss the old fashioned ones I used to dote on. Most of all I miss those dedicated, friendly neighbors who worked so hard to make them all possible. There is a lot of pleasure and much sadness looking back to all those good times--- the highlights of my childhood as well as some later years in West Granville. As one song goes, "Those were the days, my friends."

Leona A. Clifford

April 1984

Long Ago Days -- Hubbard Mills

In July 1747, Nathaniel Hubbard of Middletown, Ct., began to acquire land in Bedford. He bought 400 acres for 400 pounds from Noah Ashley of Westfield. In 1748 he bought ½ of 1534 acres from Jonothan Worthington. That same year he bought 100 acres from Daniel Brown, blacksmith, to be his "settlin lot." Quite a sizeable estate! This man seems to be the father of the Nathaniel who had the mills.

April 7, 1750. Book Y pg. 21

"I, Nathaniel Hubbard, of Middletown, Ct., for consideration of the paternal love, I bear my three sons, Nathaniel, Samuel and David, all of Bedford, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and for 60 pounds, which said Samuel paid towards it purchase, I do give....etc.....to my three sons my (by estimation) 400 acres in Bedford that I have bought of Captain Noah Ashley, July 17, 1747." Here follows a description of the boundaries in south west Granville. THEN----

First I order that a highway be laid out athwart said land beginning 10 rods eastward of the brook called Mill Brook, at the south side of said land and running two rods wide northward, where the path now is, to the north side of the land. Then I order that a piece of said land be laid out on the west side of said highway at the southern end for the convenience of a mill or mills to lie 30 rods wide and extend so far as, with said highway, to contain 10 acres. The said 10 acres I give to all my sons in equal parts." The rest was divided between them, so many acres each.

Thus, as far as I can ascertain, was born Granville's first mill or mills. There are hints of a "first mill, location unknown", and as Hubbard's deed calls his brook "Mill Brook", it may have been on it earlier.

My family supposed that Hubbard's Mill was north of the Rt. 57 bridge near the Tolland line where much later Cyrus Ives had his shingle mill and that his house was probably, where old foundations and a small very ancient apple orchard and a good spring of water where, on the road that ran through Ives' sheep pasture to the river. However, from other deeds through the years, many clippings and Elizur Moore's letters, which I sent to the Country Caller a while ago, appears that they stood just west of the present bridge on the State Forest Road on the south side of the brook where large "laid up" stone foundations still stood until 1938/39 when the flood the former year and the building of a new bridge the latter year completely destroyed them.

There was a gristmill and a sawmill, probably of the pit type. Nathaniel seems to have been the operator most of the time. Samuel sold his 1/3 to him and David in 1752 and I find no more record of David except that he died in the Revolution. In any case the mills did run and the town had 2 mills that were necessities if progress was to be made. For poor Nathaniel it was a rather short-lived venture for on April 20, 1762, he "drowned there at the time of a freshet while trying to repair his dam!" (having seen several "freshets" at this spot during my life-time, I can believe it!) Account of death is from Edward Days Hubbard History --- He left a wife Ruth (Barnes) and 6 children -- one yet

unborn. She was a fourth generation descendant of Thomas Barnes of New Haven. Ancestor of all the early Barnes in town and on down to Sheldon Barnes still living in Granville.

By 1764 the town had a surveyor of clapboards, shingles, hoops and staves, suggesting that the manufacturer of these commodities had reached a considerable volume, probably in more than one mill. Jonathan Rose had been granted the "sawmill Lot" for his settling lot and in 1780, Elinu Stowe, also a Middletown man, settled in the north part of town and set up a mill that was in operation for about 142 years and was in operation in 1894 when it was called the oldest in Massachusetts.

In 1774, Nathaniel Hubbard (Jr.?) sold his holdings to Timothy Robinson, Aaron Coe and David Parsons --- "the Hubbard Mill lot: --- on which there is a corn mill, a saw mill, two houses and one barn --- and he conveyed all but his mother's third to them. She was by now Mrs. Joseph Clark. Later, David Parsons sold $\frac{1}{4}$ of the gristmill and $\frac{1}{8}$ of the sawmill with the mill lot to Timothy Robinson, by then known as the Robinson Mills.

In 1805 David sold his sons, Joel and Seth, $\frac{1}{4}$ of the gristmill lot. In 1812, Joel and his sister Catherine Booge, sold $\frac{1}{8}$ part the Robinson Mills to Jesse Cornwell. Each was said to be "seized with their right of $\frac{1}{3}$ of $\frac{3}{4}$ of said property." There's something to figure out!

It is a long story, but many transactions later, James Johnson came into possession. He made wooden articles -- no more about the gristmill --. My grandfather, living just north of the mill during the later part of Mr. Johnson's ownership, called it the Bowl Mill and said it also made piano keys; the wooden parts---. About 1881 the whole thing burned and Mr. Johnson declined to rebuild. Instead he sold out and moved to east Granville to the house where Miss Skelling lives now. Many people still in town certainly remember his daughter Jennie who married our town's Dr. Clifford White, and her mother who was the sister of Milton Whitney to whom Granville is indebted for its nice Library.

After some years and various owners, all of this old mill tract and several hundred more acres were purchased by the State of Mass. In 1933 the C.C.C. Camp came in and turned some of it into the nice camping and picnic grounds, which are still there and much used.

Since 1939 not a vestige of this once thriving enterprise remains. All that reminds us of the Hubbard Family is Mill Brook, now Hubbard River; and a small family burial ground in the "North Quarter" the final resting place of Nathaniel's great-grandson, Alanson Hubbard, a Revolutionary Veteran.

Two members of the family remain. One is Pearl Phelon, a ninth generation of George from Middletown and sixth from Nathaniel of the Mill. The other is G. Earl Miller who is the tenth generation from George and seventh from Nathaniel. To still have family members after 237 years is quite a record!

Leona A. Clifford

May 1984

Long Ago Days

I like Andy Rooney of TV's 60 Minutes. I have just read his book "And More by Andy Rooney." I think he's my kind of people. In it he brought up the subject of Memorial Day and his opinion that it isn't what it used to be..... that if we are remembered, as those who have gone before are, things don't look too good. He speculates that we are all a part of the lives our forefathers lived in the way we do things. Our habits and customs are oft times theirs. True!

Memorial Day began in 1868 as a way of honoring the veterans of the Civil War. It has come to honor all veterans of the United States as well as our relatives and departed friends. The Stars and Stripes fly over all soldiers including those of the old French and Indian Wars who were loyal British subjects. There were several such in our town.

I, too, think the "honoring has slipped from what it was when I was in grammar, and later, high school." The Civil War veterans still rode in parades on that day. Children put their small bouquets of wild flowers and lilacs in old cans or jars of water and placed them and a small flag on each of the two or three graves the teacher hadassigned to them. Then we had "Exercises" in the cemetery---poems and other recitations such as Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, song, Tenting Tonight and Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory. Our little hearts swelled with pride even if we didn't, in those long ago days, understand exactly why. Those were solemn, stirring moments!

Understanding or not, I was impressed by the number of veterans buried in West Granville, mostly of the Revolution--Forty-two of them--with a few of 1812 and the Civil War, where we went each May albeit I knew nothing about any of them. Over the years I have learned a thing or two!

Col. Timothy Robinson comes to mind, a real patriot and town leader. He was commissioned in Boston, Feb. 8, 1776, and was in the Third New Hampshire Co. Regt. Samuel Thrall of Granville was Quartermaster in the same outfit. Timothy served in many places and was respected citizen and 'leading light' in town affairs. His grave stone says, "He was a Deacon of the church 30 Years. He lived respected and died lamented." There follows an inspiring epitaph!

Jacob Bates was in Capt. Lebeus Ball's Co. of minutemen--was in Roxbury went to reinforce the northern Army under General Gates, supposedly was with Washington when he crossed the Delaware and also went to "quell the mob in Northampton" in 1782.

Capt. Benjamin Barnes was at Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen when it was captured from the British. We have all heard of Thans dramatic words on that

fateful night in 1775 --"Surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental congress." Some historians think that more than likely, his speech was a little more "earthly. " When he disagreed with someone's idea that "cool it" at one of the conventions of the military, possibly the one at the Dorset , he informed those who didn't care much for his tactics that he was going home (into the mountains) and that the "law of the hills wasn't the law of the valleys, by God! He and his Green Mt. boys proved it, too! Over the years some descendants of Capt. Benjamin have had their ashes brought to rest near him. There's family pride for you.

Capt. Aaron Coe was in Col. Robinson's Co. and went with him to lots of hot spots and also to the fracas in Northampton.

Lemuel Haynes , West Granville's first minister, went through Bennington on his way to the War and is still remembered in town where he preached an at least one Sabbath day, by a large portrait of him in their museum.

There were many,many more from our town who went to do what they considered their duty. They suffered extreme hardships and must have been foot weary, or if they were lucky enough to have a horse, saddle sores!

Recently I received a letter from a friend, Don Hamill of Chicopee. He is descendant from the Stewarts, Halls and Potters in the "North Quarter." He sent me Thaddeus Potter's deposition taken May 30, 1832 , when he applied for a pension. He describes marching through Danbury to Fishkill, N.Y. and across the North River to New Jersey. He said they were frequently exercised by Baron Von Steuben. He saw General Washington several times-- saw Major Andre the day before his execution at West Point-- and saw Benedict Arnold before he escaped to the British at Nelson's Point. He said he had been blind for seven years and wanted a pension. He was turned down for he was discharged as disabled from exposure in 1780 by Gen. Washington and fell short of the required time. Later-through his son Pierpont Potter -a lawyer in Jamaica, Long Island, an award of \$10,000 to the date of his death in 1836 and \$10.00 until the time said award was made, was granted him. Thaddeus died at his son's in Jamaica, and is no doubt buried there. But his wife Sarah, another son Joseph and Joseph's wife, Wealthy, are forever in the old part of 'my ' cemetery.

We can scarcely imagine the trials of those who fought to free us from England, who fought to keep the country united a hundred years later, and who fought 'the war to end all wars' fifty years after that. Since then there has been a steady stream of wars, hot and cold. I guess we're so busy worrying about nuclear war and "The Day After" that we have just about given up on the good old-fashioned honoring we used to do.

One more thing. The late Joseph Duris, veteran of WWI, after visiting an old New York State graveyard where many Revolutionary soldiers lie, decided

to do what they had done and erect a flagpole with a large flag in the West Granville Cemetery. He tended it faithfully as long as he was physically able. It was a grand idea, for in every such place there are veterans who, for one reason or another, never had monuments or flags and who are unknown now, like the Unknown Soldiers in Washington, D.C., only to God. A large flag on a staff honors one and all.

Leona A. Clifford

June 1984

Long Ago Days*** (And some new)

California---here is one certainly aware of both. Mid California had a nice write up in a recent National Geographic and it is in this section that I have spent the last five weeks with my daughter, Kathleen and family. Some people tend to think of California as a "Johnny come lately" being the 31st state admitted to the Union, Sept. 9, 1850---quite a bit after Plymouth, 1620--but not so!

In Oct. 1542, Spanish adventurers sailed into the Santa Barbara channel let by Juan Cabrillo, the first to name the California area. In 1579 Sir Francis Drake explored part of the coast and claimed the land for England, naming it New Albion. Spain sent out Sebastian Vezcaino in 1602 who was impressed enough so that settlers came and established a few villages along the coast and owned huge cattle and sheep ranches, some of which are still in the same family name. Russia got a foothold in 1809 to carry on a fur trade but by 1824 agreed to limit their settlements to Alaska. In 1769 Junipero Serra, a Franciscan priest with other missionaries arrived and built their first mission in San Diego. By 1823 they had 21 of them, each about a days walk apart along the trail, now a road, the Camino Real. Mexico claimed theirs in 1825 and set up a government of sorts. In 1796 the first American sailing ships reached Monterey and from then on many more arrived. Jedediah Smith, the famous "mountain man" came overland in 1826. Others, including Kit Carson and John Fremont, followed. By 1841, many settlers were clamoring to belong to the other United States and finally, in 1848, after the U.S./Mexican War, Mexico surrendered it to them. That same year gold was discovered and some of us tend to think that that was the beginning of California. Many from "back east" started for the gold fields with dreams of making their fortune. Granville had its "gambler" Alfred Searle who married Betsy Whiting in Barkhamsted in 1837, moved to Granville in 1845 where he ran a blacksmith shop with his brother Daniel. He and Betsy had several children but he got the gold fever and started out. He never realized his dream of great riches, dying on the journey, March 13, 1849.

He left three children. In 1858 Betsy married Benjamin Clark, Sr. who had lost his wife a year before. They lived in Hartland Hollow and had three sons---Benjamin, Jr. who married Mary Winchell of Granville; Fred, who married my mother's sister Anna Nelson; and Delbert who was an optician in New York State.

Benjamin Jr. ran a sawmill in the Hollow and Fred and Anna lived nearby. Benjamin and Mary had 12 children. While I was in California, I

received word of the death of one of the last of them, Ella (Clark)Thrall of Poquonock, CT age 97. She was my mother's lifelong friend, having established a lasting relationship when Mother visited her sister. Today, Benjamin, Sr. and Betsy, as well as his first wife, Marcia Rockwell, lie in the extreme northern section of the West Granville Cemetery. At least one Searles child is there, too.

But to get back to "LONG AGO"---it is thought that for about 10,000 years, the Chumash Indians lived along this mid coast in their thatched wooden huts, clad in skins and sporting elaborate "hairdos". A trip to the museum at Lompoc shows that they were quite skillful. They wove baskets depicting wildlife very realistically. They made excellent pottery often inlaid with abalone shells and other things. They had weapons and tools as fine as any in the country and in those days, rocks in the surrounding hills have a lot of pictographs. At the present time an archaeological dig is taking place on the Vandenburg A.F.B. and other interesting artifacts are coming to light there. Today only a remnant of this civilization remains on the reservation at Santa Inez, the smallest in the U.S. containing less than 100 acres.

PAST TO PRESENT: Across the street from Kathleen lives an elderly retired Air Force Colonel. He is a grandson of the great Sioux warrior Sitting Bull nemesis of General Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876. The missions have become mostly historical sites. Most pleasant to visit!

Lompoc and other towns are near to or adjoin the huge Vandenburg A.F.B. All are noted for their flower fields where Burpee and three other seed companies raise them for seeds. They are gorgeous. Right now there are acres of sweetpeas in full bloom but all kinds are raised. Along the mountainsides white spots show where the Johns-Manville Company is carrying diatomaceous earth for industrial uses. It is there for this section was once a sea bed. Gantrys stand on the mountain tops and May and I were lucky enough to see a Titan III missile streaking into the wild blue yonder one day, leaving a wide curly vapor trail. Some of them shake the houses when fired. This base is readying itself for the launching and re-entry of our spaceships in the very near future---hope I get to see that! In this state are designed and made many of our most sophisticated technologies. In this computer age we've all heard of Silicon Valley. Sometime ago California had become the aircraft and shipbuilding center of America. Tons of produce and thousands of cattle and horses call this region home. There are no citrus groves but artichokes, avocados(7 for \$1.00), strawberries, grapes, all kinds of nuts(not human ones, but you wonder about some in the big cities). The list is endless. Prices are very good, too, for what they raise.

This California, as far as I have seen parts of it, from San Diego to San

Francisco, is a great place in our great nation, right now, and it's surely bound to play a tremendous part in the future of America. I wish everyone who has never seen it could do so.

Leona A. Clifford

July 1984

Long Ago Days

You can't go home again.
The past is under lock and key,
All that is left is what you remember,
What you've read of it,
What you imagine,
You can't open the door and go back.

Whoever wrote these lines was almost right. I have found that one can't go home again, but you can open the door and go back a little bit.

This past Wednesday I was working at the Registry of Deeds in Springfield, and Bill Heino was more or less concentrating on Granville's southwest quarter. On coming home I dug into Mother's papers and found her account of "West Granville People and Places in the Old Days." Most of it had to do with that part of town, and I thought some might be interested in what was her "home territory." She began:

"Where Nelson Harger lived on the road leading to the Otis Road, there previously lived Charles Curtiss, Henry Clark, Samuel Granger, Dwight Wheeler, William Jones, Eli Beach, Dewitt Coe, Lawrence Smith, Nelson Harger, and last of all, Jacob and Sarah Yarmitsky and her brother and his wife, George and Minnie Ominski(They were living there when I was born). Nelson Harger married Harriet Hunt, daughter of James Hunt. She had a sister that married Charles Moody, who lived in the north quarter of Tolland, one who married Duane Hall, and I think one who married a Fay in Chester. Dwight Wheeler later bought our farm from Dennison Parsons, who sold it to Henry Peebles. Dwight later moved to Barkhamsted's Center Hill section. William Jones was Ben Jones' father, who married Lucy Bell of Chester, Ma. Ben had a sister Lucy who married Ariel Frost who lived where Fred and Nellie Coe later lived on the Hartland Hollow Road. Ben married the widow of Lawrence Smith, who was brother to Emmiline, wife of Cyrus Ives and mother of Carrie Cooley.

The next place south was Roswell Smith's house who married Eliza Harger and I remember "Aunt Liza". Just below them was the house of Leander Harger who married Marcia Coe, daughter of Seth and Rebecca (Bishop) Coe. This house was moved and added to Aunt Liza's place and Charles and Nelsie Sheets lived in it. The cow barn stayed at the Roswell Smith place but Sheets used it.

Below these was Lyman Granger, who might have been Samuel Granger's son. He never married and later lived in the north of Tolland. When

he died he was buried in Pine Hill Cemetery in Westfield.

(At the four corners mother left out Avery Bates's house, thinking, I guess, that it belonged to her reminiscences of the Main Road.)

Opposite this road was the one south leading to West Hartland, CT. I shall always think that Isaac Chapman and his wife Ruth Fenn Robinson were the ones who built the house, a story and a half affair that was later made into a two story with an attic by Dwight Wheeler. The next owners were Capt. Cyrus Webster, Ephraim Root, Dennison Parsons, Dwight Wheeler, Henry Peebles and Major Nelson in Company with Anna Barlow. (They moved there in 1872. Still in the family 1984.)

As I was asked to write short pieces I will finish this story in August.

Leona A. Clifford

August 1984

Long Ago Days

Last month I began a copy of a paper my mother wrote years ago that she entitled "West Granville People and Places in the Old Days". This month I will finish what she wrote about the West Hartland or State Forest Road.

Next South on the left was Isaac Miller, Dwight Hamilton, and Alfred Latham. Later it belonged to John Brodrib, Major Nelson, and presently Harold Nelson. (I believe Myra Reeves told me that her parents lived in it once but don't think they owned it). She had a picture showing one of her sisters sitting on the wall south of the old house. It was all down by the time I can remember. All that was there was uncle Olin's shingle Mill, but he set the woods on fire with that so Major wouldn't let him use it anymore. It too is all gone and the whole "Latham Place" is now woods!

Almost opposite I shall always think there was a house by the big maples, as there was a well there and a barn below it, which was sold and moved to the south part of Tolland (Rivers place, now John Battistoni). I feel that the house was moved to our place and used for the hens and pigs. It was plastered inside and had a chimney, which my brothers took down one day when my father was away. (I don't agree with this. The "pig pen" house had a well too and I think it may have been the original house on that farm, probably belonging to Isaac Chapman).

At the corner of the old Pease Road was once a house. A cellar hole and a well are there but no one has been able to tell one of its early owner. (Harold Sattler filled in the wall for he felt it was dangerous to hunters, etc. It had tremendous lilac bushes until the woods grew about it so high they are about gone). Lydia Taylor's cellar hole is down the hill a little way on the right. ("Aunt Lids cellar hole" my folks always called it. A son of theirs, James, born in Sandisfield, died there 1847.)

The next house on the right belonged at different times to Chauncey Johnson, Chase, Weatherwax, Mosely for a short time and John Brodrib. My father bought the barn there and built a horsebarn at his place. (This is still standing in poor condition). The house sold to Ab Johnsons' sons. Later Mr. Howell owned it and then the state.

(Across the bridge) on the left at the foot of the hill lived Calvin Fuller, father of Lawyer Henry Fuller of Westfield, who married one of Milton Whitney's daughters. Calvin was killed by Jesse Hall of Hall Pond and thrown in the pond(1837).

(Across the road the old River Road runs all the way to Rt. 57. In the corner of it is an old cellar hole. I have seen an account saying a Ransom lived

there but this may not be so).

(At the top of the hill the Jeff Miller Road runs across to Tolland).

On the next right, George Atkins bought and lived in an old house and later built a new one which has been torn down by the State (1961). I don't know who lived in the old house previous to Atkins. In the new one, after Atkins was Albert Hitchcock, and after the State owned it, Joe and Dorothy Boehm and Lester and Edith Sattler lived in it. It too, has been torn down and a pity for I thought it was a beautiful house! (Chas. Magvanis lived there for a time-Wm. Cooleys stepfather.)

Next right Ed. Chase. I don't know if others lived there before but Burt Magvanis lived and died there. Afterwards the State bought it and tore it down.

Next right stood the Southwest district schoolhouse. My husband, George Aldrich, bought it from the town and made it into a henhouse at the farm in 1920's.

I'm getting ahead of myself! Just before the schoolhouse on the right lived James Johnson, son of Eli Johnson, (who lived on the Sattler farm on Jeff Miller Rd). I don't know if James built it. Fred Dutton who married 1st Minnie and 2nd Lena Hunt lived there when it burned. I was around eight or nine.

Next right beyond the school (and across Halfway Brook) lived William Keep who married Eliza Perkins of Colebrook River. It was sold to the State. Mattie Hunt, mother of, Ruth Broughton was a Perkins also and related to Eliza.

The next right---Talcott Coe and his son Ward Coe (whom I remember) lived. Later it was sold to the State and has been the home of Harold Sattler, State Forest Supt. (When he retired he move to Colebrook, Ct. The house is now torn down.)

Next left lived Harlow Coe who married Emily Hopkins. Later the Edward Ransom family got the place for caring for Emily's sister until she died. It now belongs to James Krasnoff. (Now a Snowmobile Club.) Here Mother continued on to West Hartland for she knew just about everyone there but today things have changed. Often we don't know the people next door and there is not much old-fashioned neighborliness!

Leona A. Clifford

September 1984

Long Ago Days

There is an old saying, "In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." There was probably more to it, but I don't remember.

Anyway, September and fall are coming up now and a lot of people's thoughts are turning to "School days, school days, dear old golden rule days." Seeing the children off to school again certainly turns my thoughts back to my days as a pupil at Ore Hill in West Granville.

Last spring a friend celebrated her 80th birthday at a lovely party sponsored by the Library Club in town. I was asked to say a few things about my sixty year association with this lady, which I was very happy to do. Since then several older people who have attended told me they had heard almost none of my remarks that day and that they wished I would put them in the Country Caller. I can't think of a better time to do so than in September where it all began, so here goes

There came into my life in September 1923, a red letter day, although I didn't realize it at the time. The old Ore Hill School in West Granville got a new teacher! This was an outstanding event! For all my grammar school years there had been one teacher until then, Bernice Dole, later Nelson, and by that marriage, my cousin. I am sure all the pupils were early on that morning so as to get a peek at the new teacher through a window and try to size her up before the bell rang. Well, she wasn't very big and didn't look mean. She didn't look like anyone to be afraid of but time would tell. At nine o'clock the bell rang and we found ourselves under the tender, loving care of Helena B. Womboldt and the beginning, for me, of the happiest years and memories of my nine grades at school, plus the beginning of friendship now spanning some sixty years.

I wonder, looking back from this far, what it must have been like coming from a big town like Newton, Massachusetts to a "back in the hills" town like Granville- from all the comforts of city life to the more primitive farmlife then existing in most West Granville families. No running water, some of the more fortunate had pumps at the kitchen sink but several still depended on a bucket and windlass, sometimes in a shed sometimes out. No bathrooms, no central heat, only privies, pumps and wood stoves!

Well, as we can see, she stuck it out and also became one of the many who, back in those days, quite often married locally and never left. She was married to Joseph Duris, Nov. 27, 1930, in her home town church.

Therein lay Granville's gain. As most of you know, I am very interested in Granville's history, and the genealogy of its early families, but NO ONE, in

my lifetime so far, has spent more time in that type of research here than she has. No one has answered more letters to more people seeking "roots" here and no one else can take the credit for the beautiful historical room at the library that Granville is so fortunate to have today.

My Aldrich Family Association reunion was held here, in part, in 1983 and they were most impressed with it. Nathan Aldrich Jr. of Farmington, New York was especially thrilled with the framed document to do with a debt owed by Job Stiles and signed by Oliver Phelps. He and his family before him live on a farm that was originally part of the Phelps-Gorham purchase in New York State. They all also have enjoyed visiting the Historical building on the hill, to which Helena has given much time and effort. When any town anywhere has such a person in their midst, they can be most thankful. They are a credit to their community!!

Leona A. Clifford

October 1984

Long Ago Days

" Once upon a time" Tolland was a part of Granville. According to Elias Nasons Gazateer of Mass, published in 1873, it had 509 inhabitants and 108 farms. It was incorporated June 14, 1810 and became Tolland instead of West Granville, that designation going to what, up to then, had been Middle Granville. It had, in 1873, eight sawmills, two shingle mills, 1 turning mill, 1 bedstead factory and one tannery. There were eight school districts. The tax rate was \$0.75 per thousand! It sent twenty five soldiers to the late war, (Civil), twelve of whom died. Rev. Roger Harrison was its first minister, also post master, town clerk, and Representative. The Rev. Gordon Hall, 1st American missionary to Bombay, and well known author, was born here Apr. 4, 1784 and died in India of the cholera, Mar. 20, 1826. Tolland is a pleasant village, having a Congregational Church on elevated ground, supposed to be the highest lying in the same latitude between the Connecticut and Housatonic Rivers." So much for Mr. Nason!---right or wrong.

Here came, fairly early, several settlers and among them were Jabez Rogers and Thomas, Elijah and William Twining, brothers who came from the town of Eastham on Cape Cod. The father of Jabez was Nathaniel (4) son of John (3) who had married Elizabeth Twining in 1699 at Eastham. There was at least one more marriage between these families at Tolland.

My sister and I spend a week at South Wellfleet every September and this year I finally got to the County Seat in Barnstable to look them up. Thomas (1) Rogers the first in the country, came over on the Mayflower with a son Joseph (2) about twelve years of age. Thomas died in the " Great Sickness " in the first year but Joseph survived and removed at some time to Eastham. He married Hannah, (possible) Houghton and had several children. Joseph (2) Rogers left, what was to me, a very interesting will. Amusing was the fact that he left his daughter, Hannah, a cow of her choice " if she is unmarried before my and my wive's decease, and that until his wifes decease, " nothing (of mine) to be disposed of save only Hannahs cow"! He owned considerable land, some of which " I bought off the Indians, Francis and Joseph". His holding included the Cedar Swamp, now a part of the National Seashore, and a visit to it is one of their guided tours which I have taken and enjoyed, and

he owned Billingsgate Island which I understand has now sunk, the area of the Cape having changed pretty drastically since his day. He was all in all a pretty large landholder which he designated as "purchased and unpurchased". He is buried in the ancient Cove Burying Ground at Eastham, probably with others of his family but the very few stones there are mostly worn away to "nubbins" and unreadable. I took pictures of the monument erected there by his descendants in the 1960's a large boulder with a bronze plaque. Two other Pilgrims are also buried there, Giles and Constance Hopkins. It is a well kept spot. I was disappointed not to see the volume of Probate Records to do with the early Twinings as it was in use and my time was limited.

After Probate I visited the beautiful Sturgis Library, also in Barnstable, which has an outstanding genealogical and historical collection and there both families came to light right up to the births of the Tolland settlers. This was due to several volumes of "General notes of Cape Cod families" put together by three Duxbury, MA ladies and dated 1967. I was delighted and could have spent hours there, but again we were on our way home and short of time. Also it was Saturday and the library hours were few on that day.

I certainly hope to get back there sometime for it may be that other Tolland families such as Higgins came from there too.

Topping things off the cottages where we have gone for several years belonged to a man whose wife is also a direct descendant of Thomas (1) Rogers through his grandson James (3) brother of the Jone (3) of the Tolland line. We compared notes and she kindly let me copy her records.

Supposedly these two families came to Tolland about 1783. What a trip that must have been and what a wilderness they landed in. Thomas Twining (5) is said to have built on what is now the Deming place and Jabez Rogers on the "old north road", not far from them. It is on this road that the Twining Cemetery is situated and signs of the old road are still plain in spots. It meandered considerably and parts of it were still in use until what is now Rt. 57 first built. When my great grandfathers lived at the Bates place they were still arguing which road was the better to use, especially in winter! Soon though it was abandoned though as a child I walked the part on the Bates place many times.

Well, in any case they stayed on in town many years. Jabez (5) was among the first eleven members of the Tolland church and some

of them are still in Granville and Tolland, including Florence Sussman and Alan Moore. I am not sure about the Twinings but I believe Robert Alden is one. They were also intermarried with the Parsons family this name also having disappeared.

However it is exciting to study up on those early settlers who dared the "howling" wilderness--- and there were wolves about on which a bounty was paid about 1790--- so long ago, and who stuck with it and helped to build the two towns into the beautiful one town it is today.

Leona A. Clifford

November 1984

Long Ago Days

Someone wondered a while back as to how long one must live in a town before their home would be called the "Smith place" instead of the "Jones place" ---their name! I suppose it is annoying to always have your property known as the "Smith place," said Smith long ago departed for that realm where "moth and dust doth not corrupt nor thieves break in and steal," and whom nobody living remembers, in most cases. However that seems to still be the case in small country towns, not only here, but also in rural Canada and maybe everywhere for all I know --- especially where one family lived for a long time, possibly for several generations.

I am reminded quite often that an owners name on a deed does not necessarily mean that he lived there, but when said land is still called the "old Moore place," the "Harlow Coe place," the "Spelman place," or the "Cooley place" by the present day inhabitants, someone by that name lived there long ago! This also applies to old cellar holes of which there are many in our town, as well in any of the hill towns around us.

There is a good example of this in West Granville where a road long abandoned, leads from Leroy Clink's place to the Hartland Hollow Road running South from Benton's store and joining it just a good long jump from the Connecticut line. Today it is a wilderness but there were at least four farms there 100 years or so ago. The first was the Pease place (Sylvannus) and it was about where the old Cross Road leaves it on the right and connects with the State Forest road, at the top of the "Brodrubs Hill". Next was the "Hayes place" (Thomas). In later years I believe his daughter, Augusta, owned the Tavern stand in West Granville. It was on his farm that there was said to be a huge old hollow tree that, for a time, someone lived in. I believe he was born in England. "Uncle Tom Hayes," as mother called him, gave her a silver dollar when she was a small girl. She must have felt quite rich! I am sure she never parted with it. After Hayes came the "Hall place"--- (Chauncy). His son Steven married my grandfather's half-sister, Jennie Nelson, and was living within my lifetime, first where Helena Duris does and later where Ernie Sattler does. He died a long time ago in Plainville, CT.

After the state bought a lot of property in the area one of the old houses, and I think it was probably the Hayes house was burned

to make a documentary film about forest fires, while our neighbor, Carrie Cooley and her two little boys played the part of a family whose home was being destroyed by the fire. ---needless to say, all escaped unharmed! As this road turned South East and met the Hartland Hollow Road, was the "Cornwell place." Jesse Cornwell, not the first of the name to live there nor the last, at one time was a part owner of the old Hubbard Mills about which I wrote a short while back. I remember aunt "Gusty" Cornwell, daughter of Anson and I believe great granddaughter of Jesse, who was a friend of mothers.

Eventually all these names will be forgotten and maybe some day new houses will appear on the road---it really is a very pleasant one--- although the whole area is just about one vast woodland. Until then us "old folks" will have to be pardoned for remembering them as our grandfathers, great-grandfathers and possibly even an earlier generation remembered them.

We still love you newcomers--- pardon the expression--- We're just sticking with a bad(?) habit we've had for years!

Leona A. Clifford

December 1984

Long Ago Days

Another year has rolled around faster than any I can remember in my whole lifetime and I have realized more than ever that I don't want to do so many things that I used to enjoy. I've just about gotten to the point where reading, record searching and answering letters from all the people nationwide who believe their roots lie in Granville is what I mostly keep busy with and enjoy! Quite often the search is useless. Whether this is due to the poorly kept records in "long ago days" or on the fact that the people in question never lived here is anybody's guess. There is one problem that constantly appears. The Town Clerk registered many babies as son or daughter of John Brown and wife, or worse yet as child of said Brown. I suppose in the very long ago days the time of year played a part. Granville including Tolland covered a lot of territory and it was cold several months of the year. Also transportation was slow and poor! There was a large family born in the later 1800's who registered all their twelve children except the oldest. Later I found out that she was born in January in the Granville section of Hartland Hollow! It apparently didn't appeal to her father to take the long trip by horse and buggy or sleigh as the case might have been to register her. So many reasons kept popping up for skipping records.

In any case I now have several problems. First was the letter from a man in California who was writing a dissertation for a degree who had to know how the town of Granville voted in June 1754 on Governor Shirley's proposed excise tax on lemons and oranges! My goodness! At that point the town had finished quite a battle to get themselves incorporated besides trying to earn a living and no doubt many other more pressing things than to worry about lemons and oranges which few possibly none, ever had. After two letters from him, I told him to write to the Secretary of State's office in Boston and I sent the address. That suggestion was Sam Wackerbarth's idea and I guess it worked. At least I have had no more letters. I would be surprised if that office had records, either. That was about the time they discovered Bedford and as they already had one of those we got the name of Granville to be incorporated with. The Great and General Court seems not to have known of us back in the western hills!

Another was from someone interested in Lester Strickland. There is no record here, but if I was a gambling woman I would bet on Blandford or Otis(once Glasgow and Loudon). There were many families by that name in those places and Millie Strickland still lives on Beach Hill.

Robert Hubbard married his wife Mehitable Turner in Middletown,

Connecticut, but they both died here and are buried in Woodland Cemetery with many of their family. He had a son Linus and Linus had a son Emerson but I can't connect them with the earlier Hubbards, also from the Middletown area. Linus married Elvira Cooley and their son Robert 2nd married a Beckwith I think, still, who were Robert 1st's father and grandfather?

Another person is looking for Seth Granger, supposedly the son of Nathaniel. Suffield, Connecticut would be a good bet on that one. The Grangers in Tolland and Granville came from there but they had more high-minded names--Lancelot, Lafayette and George Washington. Not a Seth in the bunch that I can find.

Amos Spring and his wife Reliance Snow. There were two Snow families in Tolland, but she isn't listed. Tolland records were in Granville until 1810 and missing since then until 1844. The ones since then are very scanty due possibly to the fire that destroyed the schoolhouse when it was being used for a Town Hall a few years ago. Amos was of Otis and there were several there. In fact--I talked with Olive Spring widow of Martin, son of Sammy the old time fiddler, a few weeks ago. Some of us old timers danced many a time to his music!

James Searle; he and his family lived on a farm in West Granville on the old abandoned road opposite the Krasnoff place. The wife was Susan Olive Gillet, although our records call her "Gilbert". They had their own private graveyard across from the house and in it they buried their first child Melvin, who died young. Three other sons went to the Civil War. George died in the South but Dwight and Julius got back home though in such poor health that they did not long survive. They finally joined Melvin and their father James, who died in 1868 of cancer. About 1889 or so, Susan, mother joined them. Only Julius had a gravestone. Each Memorial Day the state of Connecticut sent a flag and a geranium for the grave. He also had a Civil War marker. Local men saw to it that the decorations were placed but as time went on it became an impossible task.

In 1957 permission was given by the authorities in such things as to remove Julius to West Granville. At the same time, the mother's remains were put into a small casket with those of Julius and they were buried near the East Wall in the "new" part of the cemetery where they can be better cared for. Nothing was found of any others for they had been there too long and had been badly flooded in 1955 as well as probably other times. Hunters had used Julius' stone for a target which damaged it somewhat. Also lumbering operations had turned the whole place into a disaster area. It is much nicer where they are with the gravestone at the head and the government marker

at the foot of the grave.

Well, all in all, it is a fascinating and frustrating puzzle to unravel some of my inquiries. Thank God for the New England Historical Genealogical Society in Boston. I still hope to find some of the answers there as I have often done in the past. In the meantime I would love to hear from anyone who knows anything about any of these people.

I need help on one more very important search. In 1909, the Reverend Henry Coolidge, minister in West Granville, made a chart of the West Granville Cemetery. It was 30 or so inches square and was on a frame. The whole thing was in a cloth or canvas bag. When my father took care of the cemetery for several years, he had the chart at our house. When the job went to someone else the chart went with it. Now it has disappeared! It doesn't seem possible that anyone would discard it. I am sure it was in existence in 1975. I would appreciate seeing it regardless of the shape it now may be in.

Last, but not least-- MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OF YOU FROM ME!!!

Leona A. Clifford

February 1985

Long Ago Days

A while back we took a trip down West Granville's State Forest Road and we also explored the Sheets Road. It seemed like a good idea to copy one of my favorite folk singers, Willie Nelson, so I'm "On the road again."

Will Rogers used say something to the effect that all he knew was what he read in the papers. Well, part of what I know is what I read in old newspaper clippings, old records, what I've heard from old-timers and what I remember. Going back to the first settlement of Granville covers about 250 years. Things are pretty dim on the way back to those days. I know I am bound to make mistakes and be wrong sometimes, and I'd only be too glad to hear anybody else's versions of what used to be.

Today I'll take a stroll, and a stroll is about all I can manage nowadays, from the Tolland line to the east. We always thought of the Hubbard River as being the town line but a marker stands a little west of the present bridge. This bridge, having been replaced several times and not always in the same spot over the years, probably it was the line in Grandpa's day. In any case, we'll go up the hill east of the bridge and then we will leave the present Route 57 and follow the old road if we can find it. When Cyrus Ives, and later Will Cooley, owned it there was a barway across this road at both ends for they enclosed a sheep and cow pasture. They were good markers but are long gone now so one has to look closely. It turned right for a short distance-- (there was quite a large gravel bank where red foxes had dens and a spring with a huge beech tree nearby where my uncles, who had lived at the Bates place, had carved their initials as boys). About there you turned right again and went up the hill coming out about in Lennon's dooryard. My mother wrote, "How many times I remember Mr. Ives driving his sheep and cattle to that pasture." About half way up the hill there were many signs of an old homestead: stone foundations, an apple orchard, and a good spring where a tin can was kept on a stake driven in the ground. When the Cooley boys and May and I walked that road we would have to have a drink, thirsty or not, with never a thought of acid rain or PCB's or any other dangers. That water was cold and delicious and we are still living! Who lived there? My mother thought Nathaniel Hubbard did, but so far I've found nothing to verify this. I wish I could. Unsolved mysteries such as this really bother me! It must have been a pleasant spot with a nice view to the west, but it was gone long ago, for a map from 1855 does not show it. The road was a matter of controversy as the residents argued over whether to maintain the "old" or the "new" road

especially in winter, and at one session great Grandpa Aaron Nelson threatened to close off the old one. It ran on his land!

Now we'll go through Mr. Lennon's dooryard and we'll be back on Route 57 once more and near the four corners whose side roads I've already written about.

At the northwest corner of this intersection stands the home of Avery Bates, who has made extensive changes in it. It used to be a rather large two storied grey shingled house--that in 1864 Aaron Nelson III bought off the widow Elisha Miner. The Miners had come from Stonington, CT. At one period several Granville families seemed to have come from there, including Benjamin Clark Sr., the Terretts and possibly the Babcocks. Great Grandpa and Cyrus Ives claimed the house was built around 1810 by Perry Babcock. Some believe (I suppose because of its situation on the cross roads) that it was a tavern, but there is no record I can find of any of its owners ever holding a license. In 1881, the roof of the house caved in because of the weight of the snow--nobody was injured. In 1884, Aaron Nelson sold or gave the property to their sons with the stipulation that they should provide for their parents during their lifetimes "as children should do for their parents." The Nelson 'boys' finally moved to Westfield where job prospects were better and sold in 1885 to Cyrus Ives a native of Tolland who had been living in the Pease place south of Leroy Clinks. Mrs. Ives was formerly Emmeline Smith of Sandisfield. I remember Mr. Ives. At his death the place went to their daughter Caroline who married William Cooley(Mother was her bridesmaid when they married). Next Russell, Carrie's son had it, then Durand Miller and now Bates.

There was another owner but not for long. In 1866 Aaron sold the place to a Mr. Streeter. Others think it was not Streeter but a similar name. Aaron went to Iowa to visit his oldest son Riley Nelson. He thought Aaron would like living there better than in West Granville but I guess Aaron was too old to undertake such a big change so he came back and bought the place over again.

Next month we'll go beyond the crossroads to an interesting(mine) house.

Leona A. Clifford

March 1985

Long Ago Days

I thought my story in the last Country Caller ran along somewhat smoother than usual until I got to the end and there it was, the line that read "to an interesting house place. . . .mine." That was supposed to read "to me." It was never mine!

Oh well, as little batches of homemade leaven were saved in the old days for the next batch of bread, pancakes or whatever, that can become leaven for my "on down the road" story this time.

Across the four corners where the Sheets Road and State Forest Road cross Route 57, and on the north side of the road a short distance east, there stood for many years a large old house, Several sheds and barns stood across from it. Here in the earliest days, Col. Timothy Robinson probably lived. He owned land here so it is easy to assume that he built the house. In his day he seemed to have been THE leader citizen! East of the old house and on the south side of the road are still signs of the building site and I've heard that the Colonel had a store there. Alfred Latham (born 1802 died 1887 age 85) was my Grandpa's neighbor for some time and he told my Grandpa that story and said that store was very similar to the one now at the village run by Helen Benton. It may be that it could have been moved there. People did move buildings in the Long Ago Days. I suppose they could have used logs for rollers and oxen for power. In any case, I know- of several instances when it was done, one being the Farm Museum in Hadley, Mass. that had been a barn about two and a half miles north of the village at the Porter-Phelps Huntington House. A most interesting place.

In 1855 a map puts Samuel Marks living there. He was no doubt father to Lyman Marks who lived where Dave Day does now; the Nelson Frisbie place, and ran a tannery on the brook there. The Marks were from Hartland and both men and their families are buried in West Hartland except for Lyman's son Julius who is buried in West Granville. Lyman's daughter Anna married J. Wilbur Gibbs and his daughter Jennie married my uncle Leland Nelson.

Sometime after that Rob Carney owned it. He was an Irishman who came from Meriden, Connecticut(I have his picture). He sold to Nathan Fenn, also from Meriden, and lived for a time in a shed across the road. Mother said she would bypass his place any way she could on her way to Ore Hill School to avoid his ugly geese! She said Rob later went back to Meriden and so did the Fenns. They were still in West Granville in 1881, but Nathan died in Meriden in 1905. While in town he assumed the title of Doctor and had considerable

success, though in his own hometown he was in the clock and jewelry business.

He had a daughter who married Samuel Bodurtha of Agawam and had three sons. The sons did a great deal of hunting in Vermont and were the means of getting my father to come to town where he later married Mother. I have always been grateful to them for that for he was the best father in the whole world and I adored him!

My mother remembered the big fire when this house burned, but I don't know the date. I never saw it...for years it was just another old cellar hole, but then Albert Sheets, son of Charles and Nelsie (Harger) Sheets, married a teacher Lucy Warner, from Belchertown, Massachusetts and built a new house on the site around 1917-1918. The Sheets' have passed on but I have fond memories of being taken by them to the Sammy Springs dances at the Otis Fireman's Hall on Friday nights, and of many good times spent in that house when I was young.

To be continued next month.

Leona A. Clifford

April 1985

Long Ago Days

Most folks in town no doubt know where the "Berry Patch" is in West Granville. It is a little distance east of the old Fenn place. A large swamp lies on both sides of the road between them, which in my day accounted for most of our problems in mud season. A kid could sink in up to his knees in some places!

From my earliest memories of the house at the "Berry Patch" the farm, with its large house belonging to Gilbert Miller, son of Milo of South Lane 2 and father of Earl Miller. He owned both sides of the road.

My map of 1855 names Nathaniel Ives as the resident. I have found so far, nothing about him. He may have been related to Cyrus at the Bates place, but I just don't know.

Gilbert married Laura Robinson the daughter of Henry and Elizabeth (Richards) Robinson -- she of Blandford. Henry was the son of Chauncy and Polly Hubbard. The Robinsons and Hubbards go a long way back! I recently received a copy of Henry and Laura's wedding picture from their granddaughter Doris Thatcher of Palmer, Ma. and I treasure it! They lived for a time on the Harger place on Sheets Rd., but in 1886 Henry Robinson died in an accident with his team of horses and Gilbert and Laura moved in shortly after. Laura died rather young leaving 3 boys, the youngest about 6. Having possibly heard of or known of "wicked stepmothers" she made Gilbert promise never to remarry. So it came about that he hired "Aunt Libby" Ives as a housekeeper and she held that position until her death in 1925. She was a good friend of Mother's and a dear old lady, very generous with cookies and other goodies for the water carriers from Ore Hill School. She was a sister of Cyrus Ives at the Bates place. She was born in Holland, daughter of Truman Ives, and had a sister, "Aunt Lindy" living on the old home place there, west of Tolland Center. She was a good cookie maker, too! Neither ever married and both are at rest in the West Granville Cemetery near Gilbert and Laura. Sometime after Libby died, Gilbert went to live with his son Henry who owned a large dairy farm in East Longmeadow.

Several owners since that time. Joseph and Dorothy Boehm, she sister to Millie Sattler, owned it for quite a time and finally sold it to Byron Bronson of Illinois, a relative of Steven Roberts. Morton and Josephine Barnes and their family lived in it, also for some time, and she died there. Later it was sold to Andrew and Pearl Duris who did much restoration on the house and planted and cultivated blueberries, now the "Berry Patch." However, Mr. and Mrs. Baker were the ones who christened it that. Both of them are now dead and

I'm ashamed to say that I don't know who owns or lives there.

At some much earlier time this house had had drastic changes made in it and not for the better---probably to "modernize" it! It's big central chimney was torn out which caused the whole place to sag. The Duris's corrected what they could. I would love to have seen it when it was first built. I'm not too much for modernization; restoration, yes!

Leona A. Clifford

May 1985

Long Ago Days

I intended to go through West Granville Village and all the side roads where different people lived in the long ago and not so long ago, but I guess I have spring fever, and having 'bogged down' as it were, at the Baker place. I am going to take a break from that until I can get to Springfield to the Registry of Deeds or until Bill Heino gets back from Florida with his vast amount of material on West Granville properties.

I was very glad to read the nice remarks about Russ Avery in the last Country Caller, whom I have known since my high school days in East Hartford Ct. 1927-1931. I remember the first time I saw him as he walked down the aisle in the high school auditorium. His family attended the Methodist church there, as I did with my Aunt Jennie (Gibbs) Nelson. Indeed she and Uncle Leland Nelson were among the founders of that church. I not only knew Russ, but his mother and sisters as well, and Fran (Atwood) Avery's family, too. She and I were in the same graduating class at E.H.H.S. At church there was a young peoples group—Epworth League. All of us enjoyed some good times there traveling about by trolley car to neighboring towns for suppers and entertainments at their churches.

I will never forget the day I got a letter from Fran asking if there were any places to rent in Granville. I was sure she was fooling! Well it didn't turn out so and because they came here and have stayed, I've known her almost 60 years! It doesn't seem that long, and attending Russ' funeral was a sad and nostalgic occasion! Still it was nice to see members of their families for I seldom do. Time goes so fast, especially the older we get; and I think sometimes everyone I ever knew has gone on.

Not just yet, however, for last Monday I had a lovely visit with our neighbor of the old days, Harriet (Sheets) Julian and her son-in-law and daughter, Arthur and Margaret Moore. I always enjoy talking to old friends and there are very few now. Harriet lived with her family on the Sheets Road north of where Charles Sheets lives now, but the old home is gone.

When I was a kid, she was a young lady and I thought SHE was really something- the height of fashion! Her mother was head of the Ladies Aid for years and there were church suppers every two weeks, church and Sunday school services, plus Wednesday night prayer meeting every week. I just waited to see what Harriet would be wearing! I yearned to grow-up and wear her kind of clothes instead of ferris waists and bloomers and wooley underwear and wooley dresses in winter that itched! To this day I detest wool clothing—I itch thinking about it. It seemed that day would never come! The epitome arrived the first Sunday she attended church after her wedding to Frank Julian of Winsted, CT. She was, I thought, a vision of beauty! How I envied her! Frank and his 3 brothers had a great quartet and they would sing at our church suppers. They were really good. Looking back now the years flew like lightening. For a while when I was in high school they lived in East Hartford and I loved to go to their house. It was a 'piece of home' so to speak, in a vast land of strangers. I would ride up home with them sometimes when they went to visit her folks on a weekend. Later, at Westfield, for convenience in getting to work, Dennis boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Sheets, and Harriet and family lived upstairs in the same house. So you see that friendship lasted all my lifetime. one of the few

that has, and looking back it seems like only yesterday that my mother and sister would walk up to the Sheets for an afternoon visit or when I picked blueberries for them in the summer at their farm, or the Harger place, or Chestnut Hill near Hall Pond where we would go by horse or farm wagon with pickers, pails, crates, lunches, etc. with Albert Sheets driving the whole shebang!

It brings back so many memories that I think I could write pages, but I won't so don't get nervous! I am just thankful for the nice visit I had with an old friend and I will keep the memories with myself for dark days when I really need them. Meantime I hope Harriet, her family and I get in a few more. The time grows short when we reach September, as the song goes and I think maybe our time is more like November.

Leona A. Clifford

June 1985

Long Ago Days

I still haven't gotten to the bottom of the heap as to the Blueberry Patch, but until I do, we'll explore some more. A little building stood east of it and on the same side of the road. It may have been an old house but when I was little it was Mr. Gilbert Miller's "pig nursery" and fun to visit. To my mind there wasn't any cuter baby animal than a piglet!

Just beyond it on the corner of Lover's Lane (according to old maps), stood a school. It was voted to build it in 1807. In 1814 it was voted to "save the remains of the late school" and a new one was voted to be built on Heziah Robinson's southeast corner. He seems to have given the land for both. The first may have partially burned for the new one was to have no fireplace! Today, and for many years, this building has been the home of Minnie and Leroy Clink. It appears an old blacksmith shop stood there for "old clinkers" from a forge used to be quite commonly found there.

Across the road from there was, and still may be, a well. Whether a house was there is unknown to me, but probably was. Below it, some distance Earl Miller's father built the house where he and Olive live. It might be an old home sight, too, but I don't know that either.

On the south of the highway across from them stood an ancient, very large house, wood colored. It was at one time the home of Rev. Joel Baker, West Granville's pastor from 1795 to 1833, and much revered. At his death it was sold by his son Francis to the Sheppard Family and so on down to the Treats and Bruneaus, in the same line. I have a poor picture of it at the east, and wish I had taken a picture of its front before it was torn down. It was a beautiful old house, somewhat on the style of the Merrill Brooks home on South Lane. It had all the old features of paneling, fireplace etc.

Beyond it, down Ore Hill, (a West Granville old timer once told my mother that a man named Ore lived on it, but I have never found any record of him anywhere). It seemed to me that it was probably named that for when there was any water in the ditches they were red with iron ore. There seemed to be plenty of water in that old hill and in spring it turned to a bog. Down at the foot a little brook runs under the road and in the old days a large hop vine grew on the south side of the road on the west side of Said Brook. It was the only one I ever saw and disappeared when, at some time, the road was widened. I wonder? Do you suppose they made beer around there?

Up the small rise between the brook we arrive at the village. The village and the first house there on the north side of the road is John Phelp's house. It is a brick house and I have heard that the bricks were made from a

small deposit of clay somewhere on the Hartland Hollow Rd. Strange, but there are no more brick houses in West Granville. Hon. John Phelps was the High Sheriff of the then Hampshire County and it is said that when he set out for the county seats in Springfield or Northampton, he was quite a sight to see with his fine clothes, powdered wig and his "retinue." He supposedly was a friendly man who always spoke to everyone he met including the children.

Across the road, where Helen Benson lives now, a pretty old house was trying to fall down when I was little. The doors and windows wore out and the paint was just about off. Like all the kids we had the desire to go in and look about but mother was forever telling us to keep out of it. It wasn't ours and it was in very dangerous condition. William Reeves finally restored it and it is one of my favorites in town. Francis and Ethel Reeves lived in it for a while and, as they were good friends of Dennis and I, we spent many happy times there 45 or so years ago. Way before my time Horatio and Mary (Reed) Wheeler lived there for a while. He owned a factory in New York City and made all sorts of blank books. I think for a time he dealt in dry goods, too. When he retired they came to West Granville for May Wheeler was sister to my great, great aunt Anna (Reed) Barlow who was living on the Nelson Farm with my grandparents.

They were the daughters of Israel Reed, master mason from Harvard, Mass, and were born there. Israel Reed built the piers for the old Springfield toll bridge and many other such jobs. He is said to have built the foundation for one of the monuments on Lexington Green, to do with the Revolutionary War.

I have yet old account books of Horatio Wheeler that were stored in the attic at the farm. At one time at one business exposition in New York his company won a prize for the excellence of their product. All four are buried in the Silver Street Cemetery in Granville. I should have liked to have known all of them. Well of course that was not to be. What I find out about my ancestors I do the hard way. Reading reams of papers and books with the likelihood that I shall never really know all the story of them---frustrating to a "would be" (especially amateur) genealogist!

In July we get to the old Church, Academy, Store and Hotel. I do not claim to be an authority on any of them, but will write what I've found. I am always interested in hearing any one else's opinion and welcome them. I would consider it a favor.

Leona A. Clifford

July 1985

Long Ago Days

The Village Green

Some time ago I wrote for the Country Caller a rather long piece about the church in the middle (West Granville). It is the oldest church building in the town, dating from 1782, so I will not go into it again but will go on to the West Granville Academy.

Mr. Wilson's history states that "it was about 1835 when a wave of private Academies swept through New England" and it was about then that it struck our town. Middle Granville had quite a few highly educated men from those days, and being convinced that a knowledgeable higher education was desirable, some of the more progressive residents set about getting it. They decided to start a subscription, and if possible, raise funds for it in this way. The list has survived!

Nathan Parsons	\$50	Elizur Robinson	\$5
Rev. Henry Eddy	\$50	Leander Harger	\$5
m.H Squires	\$50	John Kent	\$5
r.Vincent Holcomb	\$50	Jesse Rose	\$9.50
Samuel & Luman Parsons	\$30	Josiah Atkins	\$10
Dea. H. Robinson	\$25	Wetmore Baldwin	\$5
Seth Coe	\$39.91	D. L. Munn	\$3.67
Jabez Atkins	\$10	E. G. Baker	\$5
Frederick Hodkins	\$5	Joel D. Harger	\$5
. W. Shepard	\$5	Samuel Wilcos	\$2
Lyman Shepard	\$40	Edmund Munson	\$5
Noah Cooley	\$100	George W. Terrett	\$5
r. Moss	\$15	Nathan Atkins	\$5
L Curtiss	\$25	J. R. & M. K. Bates	\$5
Ezra Baldwin	\$10	Levi Parsons	\$7
Eoderick Spelman	\$6	William A. Baldwin	\$10
Ethan Coe	\$5		

Grand Total of \$674.63

Probably there were others who gave time and labor. In any case it was first used in 1837. In 1850 the Parish voted on April 3rd to choose a board of trustees to have supervision of the Academy School.

There is a very Fragmentary list of teachers that has been handed down none of which is of much interest now, except for Russell Conwell, the famous founder of Temple University and author of "Acres of Diamonds", who lectured for it. As a child I met the man at his home in Worthington, Ma but mother wouldn't let me shake his hand for we had just had a picnic and my hands were covered with plum juice!

This old Academy survived until 1869 when George H. Atkins was the last on to conduct it, modern high schools having become more common.

After some years of idleness it became a hall for the use of Ladies Aid and of the church and a place where all town "doins" were conducted. In 1891 it was used to lay out the body of John Gallagher who had been killed by a falling tree. The same evening some sort of church services were also held

there. I don't know if the deceased was among the congregation or stashed away upstairs! (An account of this is in Leland Nelson's diary).

Many delicious suppers, and in my day many lively dances for which my mother and dad provided the music, followed suppers. It seems now that most of the good times of my youth occurred there. It too, like the church is now only occasionally used. It was beautifully restored for the Bi-Centennial as someone said "in true Williamsburg style" I really doubt, that its beginnings could have held a candle to the real Williamsburg, VA. having visited their buildings built in the very early days of our country. I can't somehow imagine there being the kind of buildings that were built in tiny old West Granville! However, it is gorgeous and we are lucky to have it and the church after so many years.

To close, I quote from an advertisement in Ben Jones' scrapbook WEST GRANVILLE ACADEMY. This institution will open its winter session Monday, December 2, 1844 and will continue, as formerly, under the care of the subscriber. Thorough instruction will be given in all branches pursued and in effort will be spared for the intellectual and moral improvement of the pupils. (Here follows a long list of the textbooks used in classes, including Cicero and Virgil.)

There will be weekly exercises in Declamation and Composition. The Tuition for the term of 11 weeks will be:
\$3.00 for the Common English Branches
\$3.50 for the Higher English Branches
\$4.00 for French, Latin and Greek
Good board can be obtained within a short distance of the Academy for \$1 & \$1.50 per week, fuel, lights and etc. included.

H.S. Bartlett, Principal

There were 37 students, 16 males and 21 females. Most were local but there was at least one from each Springfield, W. Springfield, Norwich CT, Hartland, Stutesbury, Whately and Farmington that year. IT MUST HAVE ENJOYED A GOOD REPUTATION!

Leona A. Clifford

August 1985

Long Ago Days

In the early days when stores were finally opened to supply settlers with what they could not raise or make, such as salt, tea and molasses, etc. Also rum, indispensable for house and barnraisings, funerals, and ordinations, to say nothing of warming the inner man's in the days of primitive heating. Some women, too, as the records plainly show. I imagine the hotel, next east of the store, was well patronized between the Sunday a.m. and p.m. services in the old days. They were also the social centers of the town.

Supposedly Timothy Robinson owned a store east of Albert Sheets and for years its location was well defined. It is said it resembled the present one and may have been moved there but some records seem to have been pointing to Daniel Gillett as the one builder of the one still owned and operated by Helen Benton.

The late Lester Sattler said the very first one was in what is now called Tolland on the Hartland Rd. in someone's house.

Possibly so, for it was some distance from village to village then and no rapid means of conveyance.

] Mother, some years ago, made a list of the owners of Benton's store. It may not be absolutely correct. They were:

Samuel Wilcox, 1780-1802	Kent & Shepherd
Squires and Stowe	Rufus Smith
Daniel Gillett, 1804-1811	Crocker & Parker
Marshall & Hills	Joseph Welch, Sr.
Noah Cooley	Charles Winchester
Cooley & Curtiss	Helen Benton

In 1818 a Post Office opened up in this store with Reuben Hills as a Postmaster. It has been 83 years since the town's settlement. News had traveled mostly by word of mouth until then, I guess. It lasted until 1909 when the population had really dwindled and two other Post Offices had opened on Granville Hill and in Granville Corners from whence mail came by stage to West Granville and Tolland. The first driver I remember was Ed L. Holcomb with his team of white mules! The postal boxes were sold to Wiggins Tavern in Northampton and I saw them there, but do not know if they still survive.

The early stores not only kept up a supply of necessities, but did much bartering. They took the cheese, butter, eggs, chestnuts, veal, in fact, whatever the farmers had a surplus of, and they received groceries or cash in return, or in some instances, an item, such as an umbrella, or a merino shawl

ordered by a wife. We got our groceries from J.M. Gibbons in Granville Corners for many years. We sent a large order of eggs and the grocery list one day by stage and received the groceries and the crate the next. We walked to the corner to pick them up. There was no door-to-door service-- simple and easy!!

The West Granville store had ceased to stay open all day when I remember it as a child. You had to go to Mr. Welch's house, where George and Rudy live now, and get him to open up. I imagine he got a little sick of opening it for 5¢ worth of candy, but he always obliged. In earlier days, and now, it was open all day and evening. My uncle's diary of 1891 tells of going to the store in the evening mostly to visit with other customers and also to get the mail, papers and latest gossip. He had recently married Jennie Gibbs and they were living where David Day does with her parents, Joseph W. and Anna Gibbs. In that year they finally went to East Hartford, CT where they spent the rest of their lives.

One sees many pictures of an old country store with the cracker barrel handy to the wood burning stove and to the checker game going full tilt, along side. I don't know if this went on in our store, but I expect it did. Outside of church services, which seem to have been held several nights a week at that time, and visits to the neighborhood, the store was the only source of social life.

It was somewhat different from the huge modern impersonal supermarkets of today. They have everything one could wish for, are cheaper, but for some time have been slowly bringing an end to the village stores and neighborhood groceries. This is called progress. I call it rather a shame!

Leona A. Clifford