

WESTFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS

1669-1919



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WESTFIELD QUARTER-MILLENNIUM



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

The Green—Westfield, Massachusetts

The History of the Celebration
of the
Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary
of the Incorporation of the
Town of Westfield
Massachusetts



August 31, September 1, 2, 3, 1919

and

Appendix

with Reminiscences of the Last Half-Century

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PRESENTATION OF VOLUME

*William B. Reed, Chairman,
and Fellow Members of the Executive Committee:*

In pursuance of your commission to prepare and publish a report of the proceedings of Westfield's Quarter-Millennial Celebration in September, 1919, I have the honor to submit the following:

Immediately after the celebration I made as complete a collection as possible of all available material.

I then solicited the aid of Miss Clara M. Reed to edit the report. She most kindly consented to undertake the task and promptly entered upon it with characteristic diligence and zeal. Wrought upon by her trained mind and loyal heart, the work soon made progress that promised early consummation.

The sudden termination of her earthly life—a life of large achievement under physical stress that would have daunted a soul less highly endowed, or less imbued with the best ideals of old New England—necessitated the enlistment of another mind and heart for completion of the enterprise.

We were exceedingly fortunate in securing Mrs. Patty Lee Waterman Clark, another loyal daughter of Westfield, who had, as you know, already rendered invaluable service in producing the brilliantly successful historical pageant. I am sure you will all most heartily appreciate the painstaking thoroughness with which she has carried the work to fulfillment.

Together they have given us a record that I trust will not only interest our citizens and former residents, and especially those who participated in the celebration, but

WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

also prove a source of pride and inspiration to the Westfield yet to be.

Respectfully submitted,

Frank Grant.

WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
December 1, 1920

FOREWORD

This volume, modeled after that published fifty years ago,—“The Westfield Bi-Centennial,”—will, it is hoped, prove one of a series to which each successive half-century shall add its characteristic contribution.

Therefore it has been our endeavor to provide a book which in workmanship and in contents shall be indicative of its period. There are many pictures which would have aided the endeavor; yet if any are disappointed at their absence they should remember that this is primarily a history of the quarter-millennial celebration, and as such quite properly gives preference to pictures connected with that event. At the same time we have tried to keep a nice balance between the present and the past by means of the various speeches reproduced in full together with pageant and hostess house pictures.

As originally sketched there was between the far-away time and the foreground of the present, a space corresponding to the last half-century, which required additions in order that the picture might be complete. Miss Clara Reed, inspired by the success of the impromptu gathering held on the third day of the celebration,—Tuesday, September 2,—later published a letter asking for reminiscences of the fifty years just past. The responses are printed in the Appendix. These, we trust, will not only waken to happy consciousness many dormant memories, but will also arouse respect if not love for the Westfield there portrayed, in those who can never know the town which is fast passing away.

Just as back of the celebration and assuring its success was the splendid co-operation of our townspeople old and young, so within this history of the celebration may be

found such a working together of town events past and present as should make for the success of the volume. Yet to us, who because of our fond memories and love of the old town, have labored in the preparation of this book, its success means not merely that it shall interest, but that it shall inspire in the Westfield of the future pride in the town's past and a desire to emulate the Spirit of old Westfield.

Patty Res Waterman Clark.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,
December 1, 1920.

THE HISTORY OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIF- TIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE IN- CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

PRELIMINARY ACTION OF BOARD OF TRADE

The matter of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Westfield's municipal life, was first taken up by the Westfield Board of Trade. At a meeting of the directors held September 12, 1917, a committee was appointed, consisting of Frank Grant, Herbert N. Kingsbury and George D. Roe, to suggest ideas or plans at a meeting of the entire membership to be held October 10, following.

At the meeting of October 10, held at the Bismarck Hotel, a goodly number were present and Frank Grant as chairman of the special committee of three, reported for the committee in substance as follows:

The town of Westfield will doubtless in due time take formal action in regard to celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its organization. It being impossible now to say to what individuals such duty may fall, it has seemed to your committee entirely proper for this body to immediately take steps in the way of preparedness for the event. With that end in view we suggest that a general committee be appointed at this meeting with what might be termed a "roving" commission, whose first duty would be to meet with our present town officials and propose the calling, at no distant date, of a meeting of townspeople to consider the matter.

When the proper time arrives, invitations will doubtless be issued to every known former resident of Westfield and in many instances to descendants of the older families. A good amount of time will be necessary for this work. Anticipating such formal invitations by perhaps a year, it might be wise to send to all such possible guests a less formal notice with the suggestion of planning their 1919 summer trip or vacation with the thought of being present with us at the time of the celebration. We might perhaps invite no less a personage than the President of the United States, for we hope at the time of the celebration to dedicate a monument to the memory of a citizen of the town who in his day had a national reputation, being a personal friend and host of the first President of the United States.

Your committee would suggest that committees be appointed for such matters as:

1. Pageant.
2. Historical addresses on different days, perhaps under such sub-heads as:
 - Civic history,
 - Religious history,
 - Commercial history.
3. Banquet.
4. Shepard Monument dedication.
5. Marking of localities or sites of interest and providing conductors to same.
6. Place and provision for meetings.
7. Ways and means.
8. Committee to garner information for use and presentation.

And many other details that will suggest themselves, on some of which there is no time to lose.

The report of the committee was accepted by the meeting and it was moved that a committee be appointed to take

up the work in general, to submit plans and suggestions, and to do anything which their judgment suggested which would forward the work efficiently and make the celebration a complete success. The motion was adopted and the following were named as members of the committee, and they were by vote, approved by the meeting:

FRANK GRANT	WILLIAM T. SMITH
EDWIN W. SMITH	GEORGE W. LOOMIS
FREDERICK F. SHEPARD	S. AUGUSTUS ALLEN
HERBERT N. KINGSBURY	JOSEPH A. KENYON
JOHN P. FOGARTY	EDWARD T. FOWLER
ROBERT GOWDY	JOHN J. HEARN
CHARLES J. LITTLE	EDGAR L. GILLET
CHESTER H. ABBE	GEORGE D. ROE
WILLIAM B. REED	

The eleven months which passed before any action was publicly taken toward calling a town meeting were filled with activities and anxieties connected with the Great War. An early peace seemed unlikely, and thoughts of a local celebration were not in harmony with the prevailing serious mood. The summer of 1918 brought hope that a cessation of hostilities might not long be postponed, and in consequence a special town meeting was called for September 18, 1918.

The following report of the action of the town includes votes on two other matters—the Welcome Home to our Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, and the erection of a Statue to General William Shepard. By harmonious arrangement with the two committees in charge of these events they became important features of the town's celebration, so that action in regard to them is here included.

VOTES PASSED PERTAINING TO THE CELEBRATION OF THE TOWN OF WESTFIELD'S TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Article 3. Warrant for Special Meeting Held September 18, 1918

Art. 3. To see if the Town will vote to appoint a Committee to plan, arrange and carry out a program and take any other action in connection with the 250th Anniversary of the Town in 1919.

Voted: That a Committee of one hundred be appointed, under Article 3, to make plans for the proper celebration of the Two Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the Town of Westfield, this Committee to consist of the four living members of the Bi-Centennial Committee, Mr. L. F. Thayer, Mr. J. C. Greenough, Mr. E. B. Smith and Mr. L. H. Beals, the present Board of Selectmen, Moderator, Town Clerk, and Chairman of the following Town Boards: Board of Assessors, Board of Health, Board of Water Commissioners, Municipal Light Commission and School Committee, the President of the Board of Trade and eighty-five citizens to be named by the Moderator.

In accordance with the above vote the moderator appointed the following committee:

COMMITTEE OF 100—250TH ANNIVERSARY

Reappointed from the Bi-Centennial Committee of 1869

LUCIUS F. THAYER

EDWIN B. SMITH

JAMES C. GREENOUGH

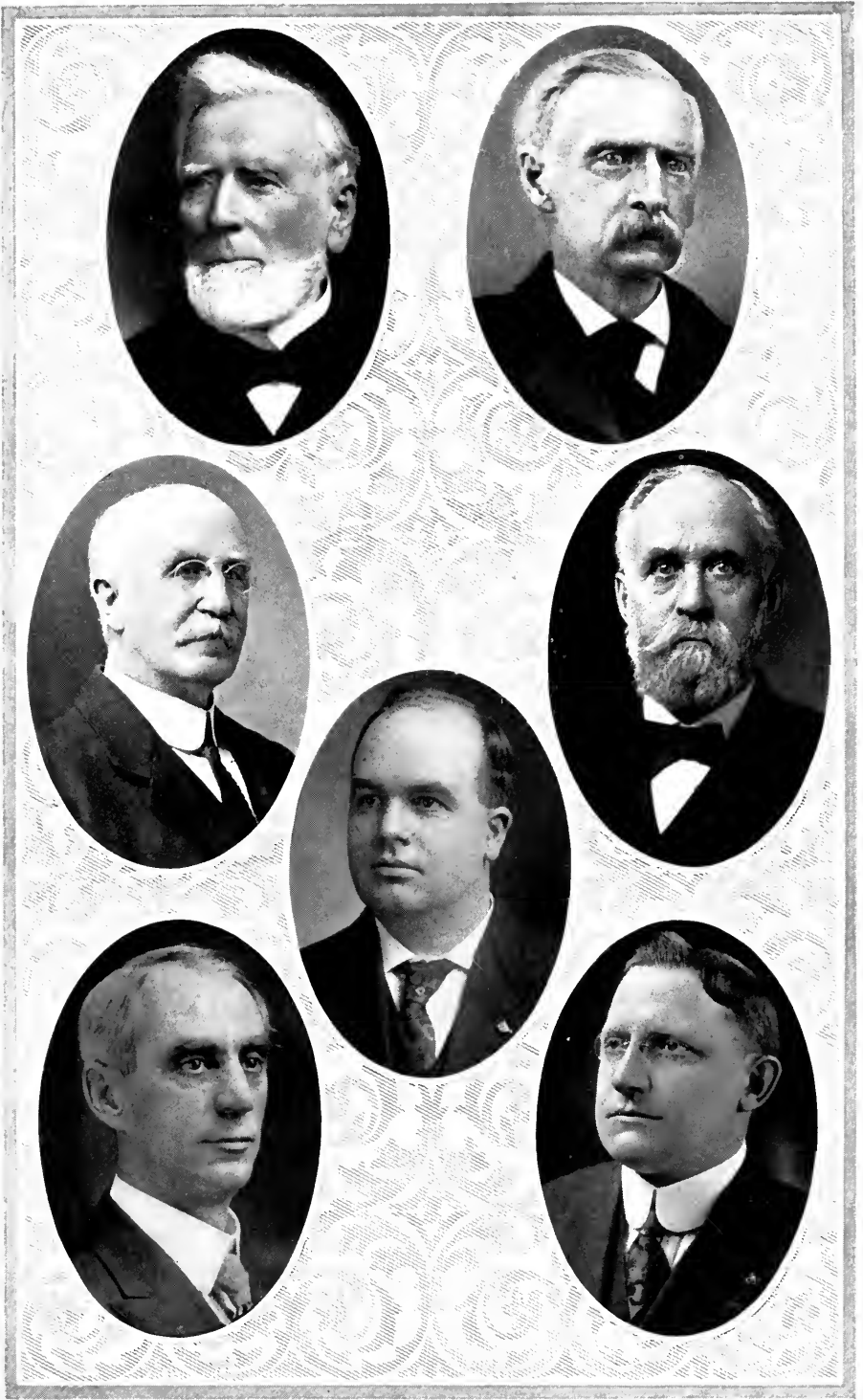
LUTHER H. BEALS

Board of Selectmen

MORRELL H. MOORE

WILLIAM K. BUSCHMANN

LOUIS L. KEEFE



James C. Greenough
Edwin B. Smith

Lucius F. Thayer
Luther H. Beals

Honorary Committee (reappointed from 1869)

Louis L. Keefe

Morrell H. Moore
Board of Selectmen

William K. Buschmann

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

CLARENCE A. BRODEUR, *Moderator*
GEORGE W. SEARLE, *Town Clerk*
FRANK A. SNOW, *Chairman Board of Assessors*
DR. ARCHIBALD J. DOUGLAS, *Chairman Board of Health*
HARRY C. LANE, *Chairman Water Commissioners*
CHESTER H. ABBE, *Chairman Municipal Light Board*
ROBERT CHAPIN PARKER, *Chairman School Committee*
GEORGE B. CHURCH, *President Board of Trade*

S. AUGUSTUS ALLEN	MRS. HENRIETTA PHELPS HOLLAND
MRS. LEWIS B. ALLYN	MISS ELIZABETH M. HOOKER
MISS IDA C. ASHLEY	HAROLD E. HOWARD
DR. JAMES B. ATWATER	GEORGE JACHYM
CHARLES E. AVERY	JOHN JAKOBOWSKI
MRS. LILLIAN C. AVERY	WILLIS S. KELLOGG
GAMALIEL E. AUSTIN	JOSEPH A. KENYON
JONAS BLECH	JOHN R. KING
MISS FRANCES T. BOISE	HERBERT N. KINGSBURY
HOMER BUSH	JOHN R. KIRWIN
WILLIAM J. CHAPMAN	HERBERT W. KITREDGE
EDWARD G. CLARK	ARTHUR S. KNEIL
JAMES H. CLARK	GEORGE L. LEWIS
SANBORN S. CONNER	MISS MAUD A. LEWIS
THOMAS J. COOLEY	MRS. LILLIE LAMBSON LILLEY
FRANK E. COWLES	CHARLES J. LITTLE
LOUIS M. DEWEY	REV. JOHN H. LOCKWOOD
EUGENE DOHERTY	GEORGE W. LOOMIS
STURGES DORRANCE	MRS. MARION NOBLE LOOMIS
HENRY W. ELY	WILLIAM F. LYMAN
JOSEPH B. ELY	WILLIAM B. MAHONEY
WILLIAM H. ENSIGN	PETER MARICHAK
JOHN P. FOGARTY	GEORGE W. MINER
MRS. ELIZABETH BUSH FOWLER	RICHARD J. MORRISSEY
EDWARD T. FOWLER	HARRIS B. MOULTON
EDGAR L. GILLETT	DR. A. FOWLER NOBLE
MISS LUCY D. GILLETT	HOWARD G. NOBLE
ROBERT GOWDY	LEWIS C. PARKER
FRANK GRANT	HARRY B. PUTNAM
PERCY N. HALL	MISS CLARA M. REED
JOHN J. HEARN	WILLIAM B. REED
EDWIN B. HEDGES	CHARLES REHOR
CHARLES A. HICKSON	ARCHIE D. ROBINSON

GEORGE D. ROE
LEIGH SANFORD
ANGELO SANTUCCI
MISS ADDIE E. SHEPARD
FREDERICK F. SHEPARD
EDWIN J. SMITH
EDWIN W. SMITH
WILLIAM T. SMITH
LOUIS O. TAYLOR
JAMES TIERNEY

GEORGE A. UPSON
GABRIEL VAN ROTH
KONSTANTINAS VASILIAUSKAS
CHARLES B. WARREN
ARTHUR F. WAY
MRS. FLORENCE FULLER WHITNEY
MRS. MARIA MOSELEY WHITNEY
GEORGE E. WHIPPLE
MRS. ALICE WALKLEY WINSLOW

Art. 2. Special April Meeting Warrant 1919

Voted: That the Town appropriate the sum of \$500 for the celebration of its 250th Anniversary in 1919.

Art. 1. Warrant for Special Meeting Held July 18, 1919

Voted: That the Town appropriate the sum of \$10,000 plus all receipts for the celebration of the 250th Anniversary of its incorporation; that payments from this appropriation be made as designated by the Executive Committee upon the approval of the Committee Chairman incurring the expense and the Finance Committee of the General Committee.

VOTES PERTAINING TO WELCOME-HOME
CELEBRATION, 1919

COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE SELECTMEN JANUARY 11,
1919, TO WELCOME THE RETURNING SOLDIERS,
SAILORS AND MARINES

REV. CLEMENT E. HOLMES

PERCY N. HALL

WILLIAM C. WHOLEAN

JOSEPH A. KENYON

GEORGE JACHYM

DANIEL F. DOHERTY

EMIL MOTAK

VOTE UNDER ARTICLE 31 OF ANNUAL TOWN MEETING
WARRANT FOR 1919

Voted: That the Town appropriate the sum of \$1,000 to celebrate the return of soldiers and sailors now, or late in the service of the United States.

VOTE UNDER ARTICLE 1 OF WARRANT FOR SPECIAL TOWN
MEETING HELD AUGUST 19, 1919

Voted: That the Town appropriate the additional sum of \$1,000 to celebrate the return of soldiers and sailors now, or late in the service of the United States.

VOTES PERTAINING TO THE ERECTION OF
THE GENERAL SHEPARD MONUMENT

Chapter 547, Acts of 1907

The Town of Westfield may, at a town meeting called for that purpose, raise and appropriate a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars, for the purpose of erecting a monument or other suitable memorial in said Town to the memory of General William Shepard, a native of said Town, a general in the war of the Revolution, and a representative in Congress from this Commonwealth for the period of six years.

Article 21, Special April Warrant 1913

To see if the Town will vote in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 547 of the Acts of the year 1907 to erect a monument or other suitable memorial in said Town to the memory of General William Shepard, and make an appropriation therefor.

VOTE PASSED UNDER ABOVE ARTICLE

Art. 21. That the subject matter of Article 21 be referred to a Committee of three to be appointed by the Moderator and to report to the Town at a future meeting.

COMMITTEE APPOINTED

HENRY W. ELY

JAMES C. GREENOUGH

ARCHIE D. ROBINSON

VOTE PASSED ON REPORT OF ABOVE COMMITTEE AT TOWN
MEETING HELD APRIL 17, 1917

Voted: That the Town appropriate the sum of \$3,500 under Article 21 of the warrant for the Special April Meeting in 1913, and that a Committee of five be appointed to procure and have charge of a suitable monument to General Shepard.

COMMITTEE APPOINTED

HENRY W. ELY

ARCHIE D. ROBINSON

WILLIAM T. SMITH

JAMES C. GREENOUGH

ARTHUR S. KNEIL

VOTE PASSED UNDER ARTICLE 7 AT TOWN MEETING
HELD JUNE 2, 1919

Voted: That the Town appropriate an additional sum of \$750 as authorized by Chapter 547 of the Acts of the year 1907 for the erection of a monument to the memory of General William Shepard.

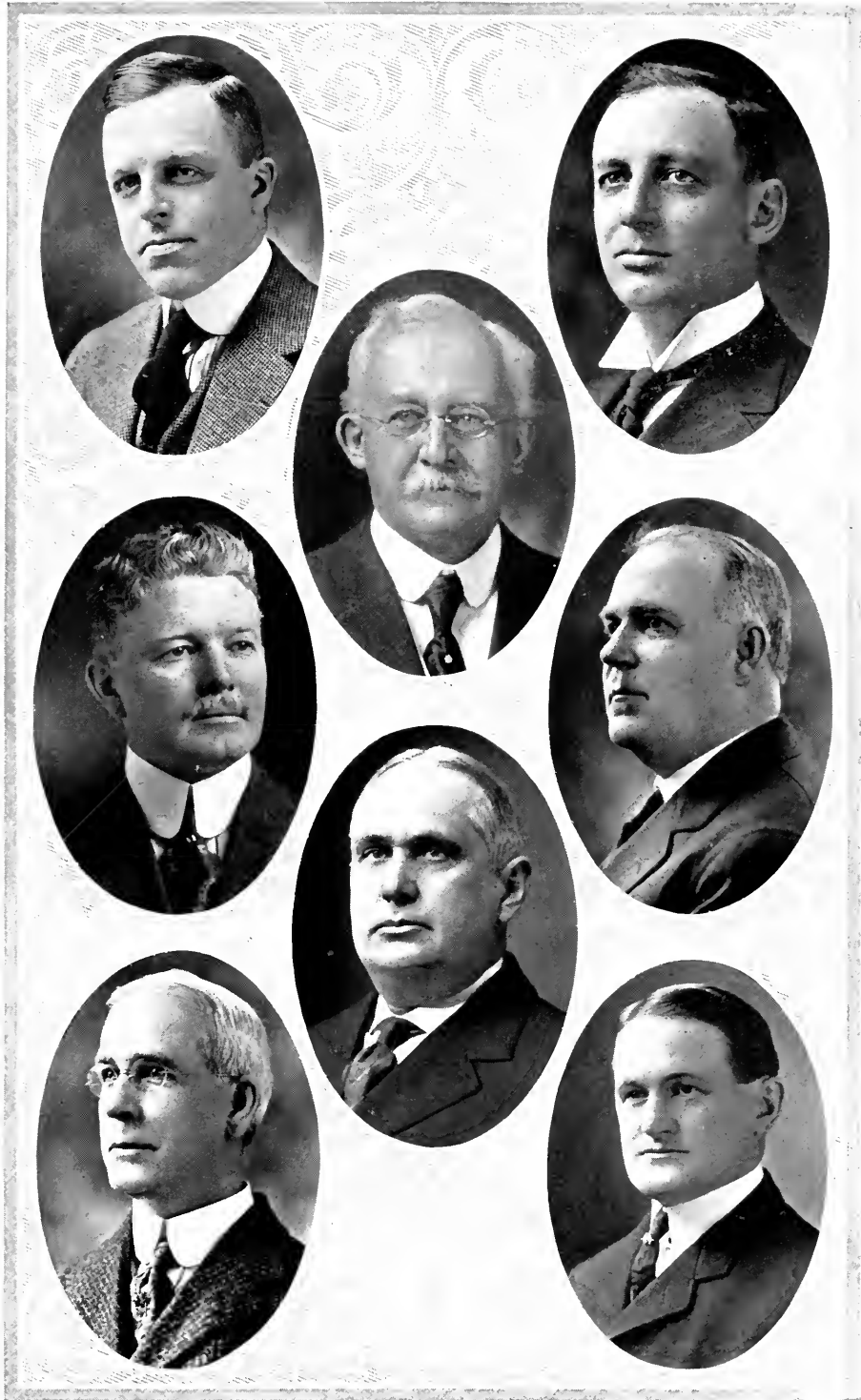
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



William B. Reed
(Chairman)
Edwin W. Smith
(Secretary)

Willis S. Kellogg
(Vice-Chairman)
George W. Searle
(Treasurer)

Executive Committee



Joseph B. Ely

John R. King

Frederick F. Shepard

Frank Grant

Charles J. Little

Executive Committee

Edgar L. Gillett

Joseph A. Kenyon

Matthew W. Shine

The Committee of One Hundred elected officers for an Executive Committee which should have general charge of the Quarter-Millennial Celebration, and empowered the chairman, William B. Reed, to appoint the balance of the committee.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

WILLIAM B. REED, *Chairman*
WILLIS S. KELLOGG, *Vice-Chairman*
GEORGE W. SEARLE, *Treasurer*
EDWIN W. SMITH, *Secretary*

JOSEPH B. ELY
EDGAR L. GILLETT
FRANK GRANT
JOSEPH A. KENYON

JOHN R. KING
CHARLES J. LITTLE
FREDERICK F. SHEPARD
MATTHEW W. SHINE

The Executive Committee appointed an advisory board to work with it in order that a broader viewpoint might be obtained as to the nature of the celebration.

ADVISORY BOARD

CHESTER H. ABBE
GAMALIEL E. AUSTIN
JOSEPH D. CADLE
DANIEL F. DOHERTY
HENRY W. ELY
EDWARD T. FOWLER
MRS. ELIZABETH BUSH FOWLER
MISS LUCY D. GILLETT
ROBERT GOWDY

JOHN R. KIRWIN
ARTHUR S. KNEIL
MRS. ELIZABETH MORGAN WAY
LOZIER
RICHARD J. MORRISSEY
FREDERICK L. PARKER
GEORGE D. ROE
MRS. FRANCES ABBOTT SACKETT
WILLIAM T. SMITH

After duly considering the type of celebration desired, the following committees were appointed:

COMMITTEES

FINANCE COMMITTEE

LEWIS C. PARKER, *Chairman*

JAMES H. CLARK

LORING P. LANE

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

GEORGE W. SEARLE, *Chairman*

JOSEPH D. BATES

EDWIN W. SMITH

COMMITTEE FOR PUBLICATION OF HISTORY OF TOWN
OF WESTFIELD

JAMES H. CLARK, *Chairman*

JOSEPH A. KENYON

GEORGE W. MINER

To some lovers of Westfield and her history it was known that Rev. John H. Lockwood was working upon a history of the town, and therefore a committee was appointed to consult with him upon the appropriateness of publishing the work as a feature of the celebration. But the committee learned to its regret that it would be impossible to complete the manuscript until a later date.

EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE

ROBERT CHAPIN PARKER, *Chairman*

CLARENCE A. BRODEUR

CHESTER D. STILES

MISS MARY A. LONG

GEORGE L. LEWIS

The work of this committee was confined to a special effort with the public schools of the town of Westfield. A brief history of the town, compiled by Chester D. Stiles, superintendent of schools, from the historical data of a longer sketch written by James C. Greenough, former principal of the Westfield Normal School, was printed and distributed among the grades for the use of the teachers in conducting their classes during the spring term. Plans were made for the lower grades to hear stories of Indian life and local historical events; also to make short pilgrimages to local historical sites where this was practicable. In

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES ON PREPARATION



George W. Searle
(Publicity)
Robert Chapin Parker
(Education)

Frank Grant
(Invitations)

Lewis C. Parker
(Finance)
James H. Clark
(Publication of History of
Town)

Chairmen of Committees on Preparation



Percy N. Hall
(Decorations)

William F. Lyman
(Souvenir Program)

George E. Shepard, Jr.
(Housing and Information)

Louis M. Dewey
(Marking Historic Sites)

Harvey J. Cleveland
(Music)

George D. Roe
(Transportation)

Chairmen of Committees on Preparation

addition to this the graduating class of the High School, under the direction of Principal Herbert W. Kittredge, took for the subject of the graduation exercises the history of the town and all members of the class prepared papers on some phase of local history. Those who received commencement appointments presented their productions at the regular graduation in the Methodist Episcopal Church June 27, 1919.

INVITATION COMMITTEE

FRANK GRANT, *Chairman*

CHESTER H. ABBE

WILLIAM B. MAHONEY

LEWIS B. ALLYN

FREDERICK F. SHEPARD

HERBERT W. KITTREDGE

This committee began its work many months in advance. It endeavored to procure as complete a list as possible of former residents and descendants of Westfield families living elsewhere. To these four thousand or more, whose names were obtained, was sent literature concerning the proposed celebration. Notably the *Valley Echo* of July 18, 1919, which was known as "The Celebration Issue" and contained the following articles:

- "The Celebration" *William B. Reed*
- "The Bi-Centennial Celebration" *Miss Mary S. Thayer*
- "The First Settlement at Woronoco" *Charles H. Bartlett*
- "General William Shepard" *Arthur S. Kneil*
- "The Pageant" *Mrs. Patty Lee Waterman Clark*
- "The Souvenir Program" *William F. Lyman*
- "A Pen Sketch of Westfield" *George W. Searle*

In a conspicuous place in the issue was the accompanying "Summons," which was forerunner to the formal invitation also reproduced here. The records show that invitations were sent to every state in the Union, except Mississippi, and New Mexico; to the District of Columbia, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, and to some fourteen other foreign states or countries.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

TOWN OF WESTFIELD }
COUNTY OF HAMPDEN } ss

*To any and all who still hold love for and fond memories of Westfield—
Greetings:*

*You are hereby summoned in the name of said Westfield to appear before
its present inhabitants on the 31st day of August next, at such hour of the
day as may best suit your convenience, and to continue with them from day
to day thereafter, especially through the 1st, 2nd and 3rd days of September,
happily to celebrate the Two Hundred and Fiftieth anniversary of the incor-
poration of said inhabitants as a town in this Commonwealth.*

*At that time to give evidence of the memories you treasure relating to life
in said Westfield, then and there to be enjoyed between old friends. You are
invited whether once a sojourner, to the manor born, or a descendant of any
so fortunate.*

*Hereof fail not as you will answer your default under the pains and
penalties of lost opportunities.*

Given under our hands and seals this eleventh day of July, A. D., 1919.

FRANK GRANT
HERBERT W. KITTREDGE
FRED F. SHEPARD
WM. B. MAHONEY
LEWIS B. ALLYN
CHESTER H. ABBE

Committee on Invitations

The Town of Westfield Massachusetts



will celebrate the 250th Anniversary of its incorporation on Sunday the thirty first of August, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the first, second and third of September Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen. We cordially invite all absent sons and daughters and all others interested in the history of the town or its welfare to come again under the old roof-tree. We intend to make this the happiest homecoming good old New England has ever enjoyed.

Frank Grant
Herbert W. Kiltredge

Frederick F. Shepard
W^m B. Mahoney
Committee on Invitations

Lewis B. Allyn
Chester H. Albe

HOUSING AND INFORMATION COMMITTEE

GEORGE E. SHEPARD, JR., *Chairman*

DENNISON H. LOOMIS

FREDERICK H. SCOTT

FRED SCHMIDT

GEORGE T. SLAUTER

Owing to the numerous inquiries concerning accommodations, it early became apparent that housing was an important part of the work of this committee. The accompanying information slip was therefore sent to thousands of possible visitors.

While the celebration was in progress the committee had its headquarters at the Town Hall and the duties of the Information Bureau were manifold.

250th Anniversary

WESTFIELD, MASS.

PLEASE RESERVE FOR ME

- single room \$1.00 per day
 double room \$2.00 per day
in private home (no meals)

For the following dates _____

Name _____

Address _____

Q Check should accompany reservation, same to be returned if reservation is cancelled on or before August 23rd, 1919.

Evening, August 31st Historical Address.
September 1st Historical Pageant.
(cost of 800 people).
September 2nd Community Picnic.
September 3rd Unveiling of General
Shepard Monument.

Return promptly to F. H. Scott,
9 Mill St., Westfield, Mass. or
write him for further informa-
tion.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES ON ENTERTAINMENT



George L. Gaylord
(Industrial Exhibit)

Daniel F. Doherty
(Parade)

Gamaliel E. Austin
(Community Day)

Henry W. Ely
(Dedication of Monument)

Rev. Clement E. Holmes, Ph.D.
(Welcome to Service Men)

Chairmen of Committees on Entertainment



Mrs. Henry D. Chadwick
(Hostess House and Loan Exhibit)
Lester Paige Breckenridge, Eng. D.
(Reminiscence Meeting)

William T. Smith
(Historical Address)
Mrs. Patty Lee Waterman Clark
(Pageant)

Chairmen of Committees on Entertainment

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE

GEORGE D. ROE, *Chairman*
ROBERT C. LOOMIS, *Vice-Chairman*
ROY CHAMBERS
LUKE CORCORAN
THURSTON S. CUDWORTH
HARRY LAMPMAN
DANIEL F. MCCALL
ARTHUR C. SAUERS

SOUVENIR PROGRAM COMMITTEE

WILLIAM F. LYMAN, *Chairman*
RAY L. BARTLETT
EDWARD G. CLARK
MISS ELIZABETH M. HOOKER
MISS LOUISE E. SNOW
MISS MARY S. THAYER

MUSIC COMMITTEE

HARVEY J. CLEVELAND, *Chairman*
LEWIS B. ALLYN
MRS. PATTY LEE CLARK
GLENN B. COWLES
GEORGE L. GAYLORD
FREDERIC GOODWIN
MRS. MARY MYERS PARKER

COMMITTEE FOR MARKING HISTORIC SITES

LOUIS M. DEWEY, *Chairman*
S. AUGUSTUS ALLEN
HOMER BUSH
JAMES A. CONDRON
J. CHAMBERS DEWEY
MRS. HENRY HOLLAND
GEORGE R. KEIFE
GEORGE L. LEWIS
DR. A. FOWLER NOBLE
MRS. MARIA MOSELEY WHITNEY

Under the supervision of this committee, more than one hundred residences and places of historic interest were marked.

The Celebration Committee referred the matter of an industrial exhibit to the Board of Trade who appointed the following committee:

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT COMMITTEE

GEORGE L. GAYLORD, *Chairman*
NORMAN R. CLARK
RALPH G. ROGERS

The exhibit was placed under a tent, measuring 30 by 180 feet, erected at the Court Street end in Holland Avenue, the

street being closed to traffic by order of the Selectmen. Here, from 10 in the morning until 10 at night, visitors might obtain an idea of the diversity of Westfield's manufactured products.

Charles J. Iles had general oversight of the exhibit and someone was always present to assist in the reception of guests, or to furnish information. Representatives of the various manufacturers were also on hand to explain their products. Twenty-five entered exhibits:

Atwater Knitting Co.	Underwear
Adams Nurseries	Shrubs
Alrutz & Hadley	Pipe dampers
Brien Heater	Heating boilers
Crane Bros.	Paper
Foster Machine Co.	Winding machines
Git Mfg. Co.	Hand soap
Hampden Toy Co.	Toys
John Klar	Monumental designs
Kenwood Printing Co.	Printing
Mars Paper Co.	Paper
New England Whip Co.	Whips
M. B. Nelson	Preserves
Noble Cigar Co.	Cigars
Planet Co.	Folding pails, etc.
Robinson Mfg. Co.	Memorandum books
Rogers Silver Co.	Casket hardware
The H. B. Smith Co.	Boilers and radiators
Textile Mfg. Co.	Casket hardware
United States Whip Co.	Whips
Vitrified Wheel Co.	Abrasive wheels
Warren Thread Works	Threads
Westfield Clay Products Co.	Brick
Westfield Mfg. Co.	Bicycles
Westfield Boys' Trade School	Tools

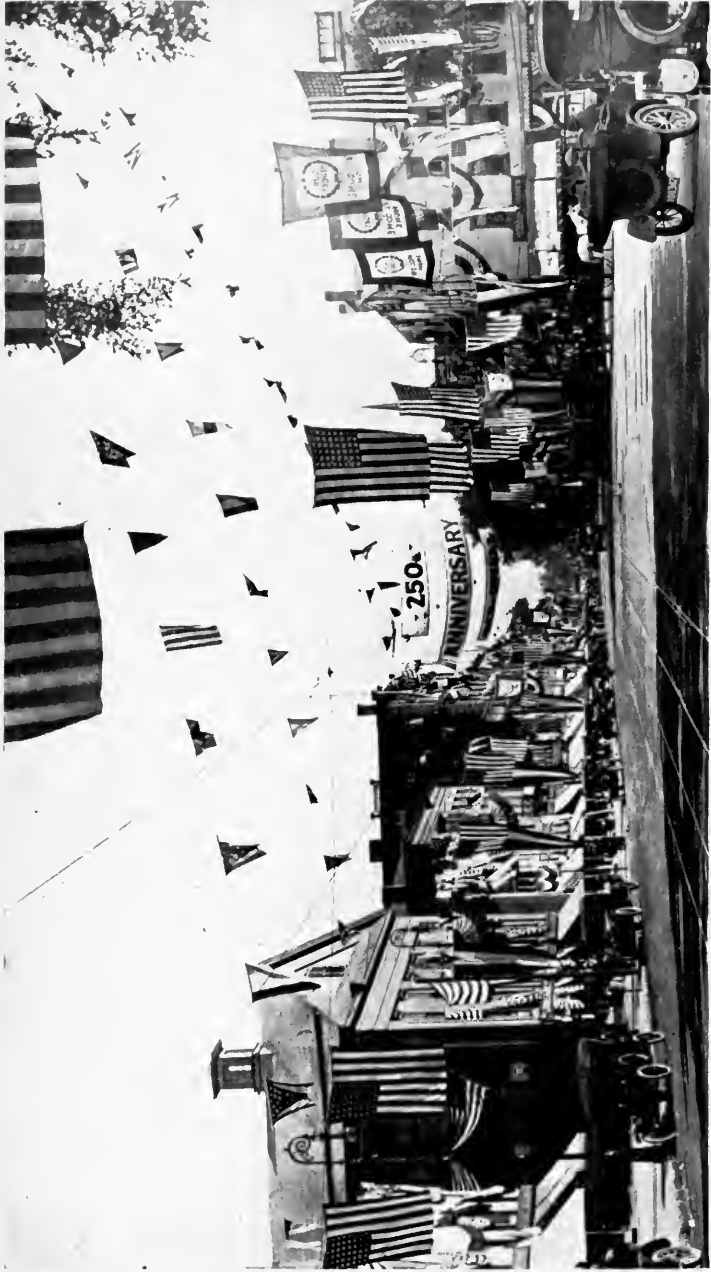


Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Elm Street

DECORATION COMMITTEE

PERCY N. HALL, *Chairman*

JOHN CARL

CLARENCE A. KINARD

WILLIAM J. CHAPMAN

M. R. KING

JAMES CONDRON

JOHN H. POWER

FRED E. BEALS

FRANK L. SQUIRE

FREDERICK G. FARR

LOUIS D. WHEELER

“Garbed in a riot of color, which has never been equaled in the town’s history, Westfield rested tonight, after strenuous days of endeavor, on the eve of the greatest festival of its community life, the four days observance of the 250th anniversary of its founding, which begins tomorrow and ends Wednesday night.

“Centering on Park Square, every thoroughfare which leads into it is a canopy of flags, pennants and bunting. The Square itself is a fairyland with hundreds of banners, streamers and decorations. The centerpiece of it all is the huge flagstaff towering above the trees of the town Green and the Honor Roll of those who entered service, which stands at its base.

“Festoons of pennants in long strings radiate from the staff across trees to every corner and to fixed points along the side. Crisscrossing beneath these are lanes of flags and the Welcome Home banners dedicated to the town’s soldier sons. Intermingled with the national colors are the flags of all the Allies, blended so that all form a brilliant-hued mass. Viewed from the Shepard Triangle, Elm Street and other highways leading to Park Square seem to be a series of arches which out-rival any rainbow for kaleidoscopic coloring.

“To carry out this effect still more, every telephone, telegraph and trolley pole is bedecked with arms of bunting, and the cornices, sides and copings of buildings are blooming with red, white and blue. Symmetry in the scheme of decoration rules. It shows on every hand the result of care-

ful planning. Now and then on the larger buildings there are centerpieces consisting of paintings of men famous in these and other times. These range from pictures of Washington to that of Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, former beloved leader of the Fighting Yankee Division, which decorates the headquarters of Westfield Post of the American Legion.

“Private homes, public buildings and even bridges have not been forgotten. Westfield is in holiday attire from its outermost limits to the heart of its business district.”—*The Springfield Union*, Saturday, August 30, 1919.

HOSTESS HOUSE AND LOAN EXHIBIT COMMITTEE

MRS. HENRY D. CHADWICK, *Chairman*

MISS AVIS WATERBURY

MISS LOUISE E. SNOW

MRS. ELLSWORTH H. PLUMER

MRS. LILLIAN AVERY

MRS. FREDERIC GOODWIN

This delightful and instructive feature of the celebration was under the direction of the art committee of the Woman's Club of Westfield.

The brick house just south of the High School was selected. It was built about forty years ago by Noah Strong; but being acquired by the town it has recently been used for school purposes.

Here tea was served every day to thousands of guests, who were received by hostesses in quaint, old costumes. Mrs. E. R. Hawley was in charge of this department, assisted by the following committees:

SATURDAY

Mrs. Peter Prout, *Chairman*

Mrs. Charles E. Cooley

Mrs. Edwin L. Gannett

Miss Helen Austin

Mrs. Walter C. Ring

Mrs. Percy N. Hall

SUNDAY

Mrs. Robert Marr, *Chairman*

Mrs. George H. Janes

Mrs. James B. O'Brien

Miss Virginia Noble

Mrs. Robert Gowdy

MONDAY

Mrs. Fred Nash, *Chairman*

Mrs. Fred Rice

Mrs. Harry C. Washburn

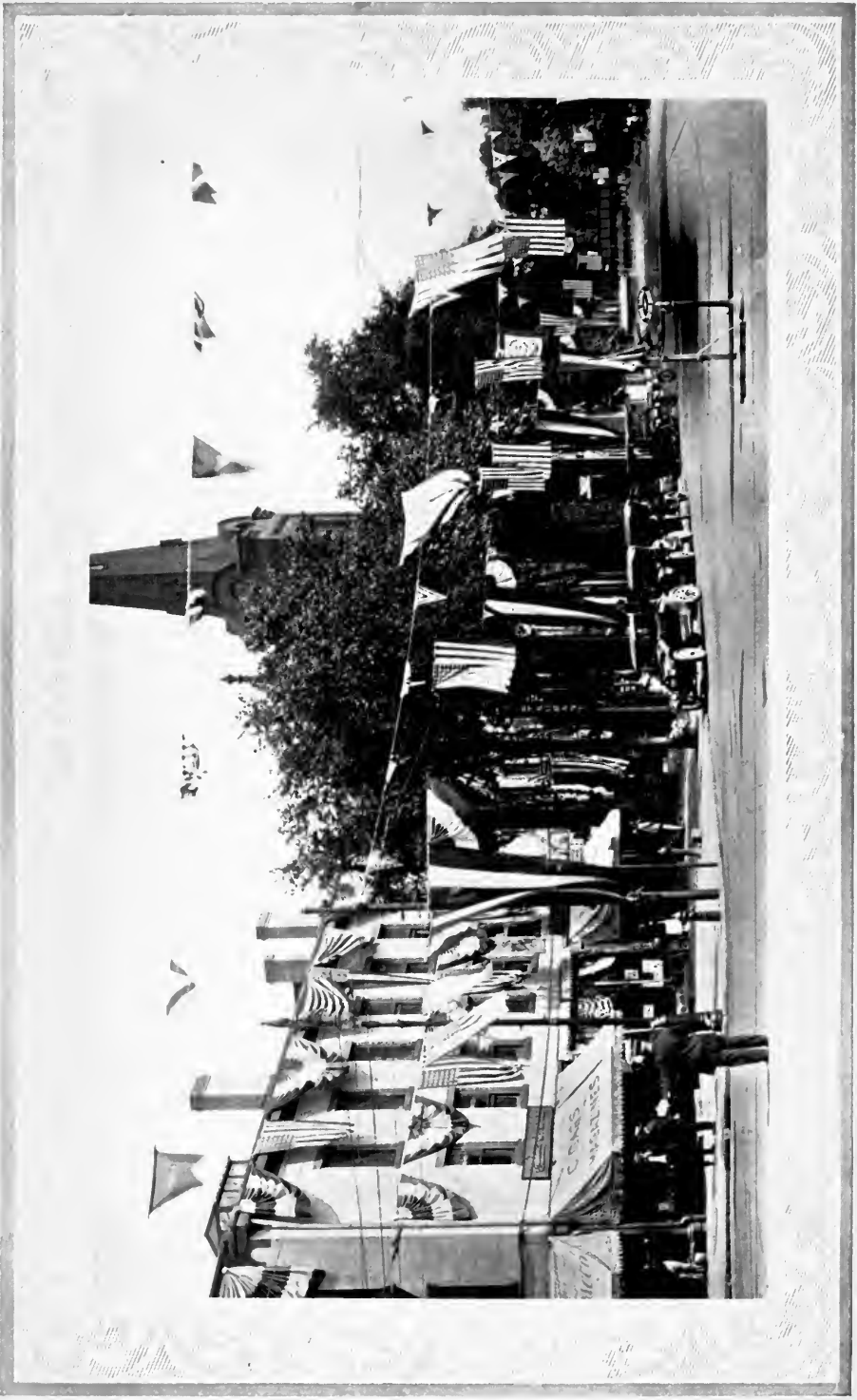


Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Main Street

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

TUESDAY	Mrs. Herbert O. Sanford, <i>Chairman</i>	
	Mrs. George Clark	Mrs. Louise F. Martin
	Mrs. Harry Hammersley	Mrs. Clifton Moore
WEDNESDAY	Mrs. J. Wells Loomis, <i>Chairman</i>	
	Mrs. Charles H. Beals	Mrs. John Long
	Mrs. L. D. Harden	Mrs. B. A. Edgar
	Mrs. Burton Prince	

“Many groups of children came without guardians and the hostesses made up ‘personally conducted’ parties, telling the children the story of the bit of an old Continental flag, in the upper hall; of the landing of the Pilgrims, bringing the primitive family treasures as shown in the early colonial interior, such as the Governor Carver chair, pewter, etc.

“Small boys stood enthralled before the old drums of 1812; the Revolutionary muskets; the guns and swords of the Civil War.

“One group of Italians were so impressed with the fireplace in the old cabin interior, its kettles and griddles, its spinning wheel, etc., that they exclaimed: ‘Why! This is just as it is in our own country now! All is just the same at home!’ An old foreigner pointed to the spinning wheel and said: ‘My mamma she do this just same.’”—*The Springfield Republican*, September 3, 1919.

REPORT OF HOSTESS HOUSE AND LOAN EXHIBIT

MRS. HENRY D. CHADWICK

I think, to many of us, the celebrating of the 250th Anniversary of the settlement of Westfield was a glad time; a time of inspiration that brought with it a sense of pledge to all those splendid New England settlers, the imprints of whose lives we are constantly coming across in all our doings.

We were glad too to unite with this feeling a joy in the home coming of our soldier boys and the end of war. We felt all through the celebration the spirit of the splendid past of our New England and were glad to turn from the tumult of war to do honor to those ancestors handing down to us such a heritage of loyalty and right living.

And so we entered into all the plans with great enthusiasm and the great things accomplished did not seem burdensome in the doing. I think it might be called Americanism that possessed us and Americanism written large!

To me the idea of an historical loan exhibit seemed the very first and closest expression of our nearness to, and interest in, the early days of the settlements. I felt that we should bring together and gaze once more upon those souvenirs, utensils and belongings which had really been a part of the life of old Westfield, used and lived with, by those people once peopling the town as we do today.

So it was with real delight and pleasure that I carried on this work with the sanction of the General Committee of the Celebration, and the enthusiastic promise of support from the Westfield Woman's Club. The plan as developed was to unite the Loan Exhibit with a Hostess House project or Welcome Home House, where the many strangers and returning Westfield people could find a touch of welcome, and a large bit of the old town gathered together again for all to see and enjoy.

The brick building next to the High School, built by Noah Strong as a home about forty years ago, and lately used as a vocational school, the building belonging to the town, was decided upon as the place for this combination of work to be carried on by the Woman's Club during the celebration.

Now it devolved upon me to fulfil my promise to get together such an exhibit, prepare the building for it and have all in readiness for the Woman's Club to take it over and "carry on" the five days inclusive of Saturday, August 30 to September 3. Then the darkest hours of the project dawned for me, for the committee did not think I needed very much money and the building proved to be in a very sad state after its occupation as a sort of machine shop and trades school. It was a worrisome time then to watch the precious dollars leak away to pay plumber, painter and cleaners. But slowly cleanliness and freshness crept over the old house and soft grey walls replaced the unspeakable paper and paint. Then came the delightful days of hunting about the old homes and garrets and treasure chests for the wealth of material to fill the bare rooms. I shall never forget the happy hours spent with some of the older people and listening to their stories and memories of other days; in climbing dark and dusty stairs to old garrets, store-houses, etc., to bring forth many priceless, almost forgotten, treasures to the light. One of our most precious old homes in Westfield is the "Moseley Mansion" on Union Street and to few families is given the privilege of keeping safely together under one roof so many wonderful old heirlooms of the long ago. Mrs. Maria Moseley Whitney, living there today, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Moseley, joint owner of the place with her, were so generous and so appreciative that the treasures from this house alone made a fine exhibit. This old house has the spinning-wheels, chests, etc., of the seventeenth century; the Revolutionary

relics; even portraits brought over from England. It is a shrine for all old Westfield lovers and long may it stand and the famous Moseley hospitality be offered to us there.

Mrs. Holland, though an invalid, gave from her treasures with the traditions of other days about them. Dr. Burge, with his memories of Indian wars, as well as the Civil War, gave generously of both treasure and story. Indeed before the exhibit was announced closed to further loans from lack of space so many treasures from so many notable and old families came forth we were really amazed at the quantity Westfield could show if she really tried. As it was the Strong house, filled as it was, showed only a little beginning of what the town might have shown with more time and space, even using careful selection.

As the work on the Loan Exhibit progressed new problems developed. Where I had hoped to make candlelight do for lighting I found it would be impossible as we would wish to keep open long evenings and even in the daylight the house proved dark, so it seemed necessary to add electrical fixtures. Then it seemed right to insure so valuable a collection against burglary and theft. When, however, I brought these troubles before Mr. William Reed and other officials of the General Committee they were troubles no longer as they assured me funds to cover these added expenses. Then again when it was found best to have watchmen stay in the Hostess House nights, as the value of the exhibit grew, offers came to me from several men to arrange for that. And so the way smoothed out.

Mrs. Lewis B. Allyn, president of the Woman's Club, called a meeting of the Executive Board, where plans were formulated for committees to take charge of the tea rooms in the Hostess House through the five days we planned to keep it open, namely from Saturday, August 30 to September 3 inclusive, with Mrs. Hawley as general chairman. Mrs. Lillian Avery was appointed chairman of the host-



Photo by Tookie

Reception Room Hostess House

esses to act as guards and guides as well in the rooms containing the Loan Exhibit. These hostesses took charge in three shifts of six each, from 9 to 1, 1 to 5 and 5 to 10, each day. All hostesses were to wear old fashioned costumes and carry out the spirit and the flavor of the past as far as they could, which they succeeded in doing most admirably. Other members of the Woman's Club volunteered to help in the arranging and cataloguing of the articles as received. Miss Florence Smith acted as secretary and clerk and did much valuable work in marking, cataloguing and listing everything as far as possible. Others loaned their cars to go for small and fragile things. Mr. George D. Roe, as chairman of the Transportation Committee, helped tremendously by sending trucks for heavy furniture. Also he, as well as other newspaper men, helped by notices in the papers.

Having gotten the material promised, the house ready and the first day of receiving the loans having arrived, another delightful phase came to me, the arranging of all these beautiful and precious things to the best advantage and with the best effect. It was like painting a picture to arrange the rooms. The large room on the first floor was to be a colonial parlor. Against the grey walls the raspberry damask hangings from the James Fowler home, which is now the Atheneum Building, and which were loaned by Miss Lucy D. Gillett, granddaughter of James Fowler, gave a delightful touch to the windows and room. Then, as a glowing center, the beautiful gilt mirror from General Shepard's family, loaned by his direct descendant, Mrs. Ronan, hung over the mantel. There were two old corner cupboards filled with precious china, glass, silver, pewter, etc. One of these cupboards was from the Moseley house on Union Street and one was from the old Day-Spencer house, now remodelled and standing on the State Sanatorium grounds. The first piano brought into West-

field, and loaned by the Prout family, was a thing of grace and beauty but age had removed its music. Some very fine and priceless loans came from the family of Congressman Gillett, descendants of Samuel Fowler, Esq. One was a letter from Paul Revere to Mr. Fowler about the Academy bell which he had cast in his foundry and the tone of which had been criticized in Westfield. This bell fell later, during the burning of the Academy Building and a few pieces of it are still owned by people in Westfield. Another Gillett loan was a "licquor case" of fine inlaid wood, delicate flasks, bottles and glasses handed down from the old days. Also a mahogany piece which may have been a "licquor cooler" in the early days but since has been a "washstand" and now is a beautiful little cabinet, whatever its use might be.

From this family also came remarkable portraits of very early work. A very interesting high backed, black walnut chair, in which Captain William Moseley or "Captain Bill" used to read family prayers; a Windsor armchair once owned by General William Shepard; chairs from the Gillett, Gaylord, H. B. Smith, Harold Moseley, Holland and other families, representing several periods, graced this beautiful room.

A very fine Chippendale "chest on chest" loaned by Mr. J. J. Carl, collector and connoisseur of old furniture, added a great charm and dignity to this room. The family of Mrs. John R. Reed of Court Street loaned a portrait of Norman T. Leonard for many years a prominent attorney in Westfield. There were other fine pieces of furniture, old tables, etc., as well as portraits, candlesticks, fireplace fixtures, first oil lamps, the silver baptismal bowl of the First Congregational Church, date 1824, dainty snuff boxes, little boxes containing sand for blotting letters and wafers to seal letters in those old, old days. There was a pewter ink-well and goose quill, the old "toddy-glass"

and mixer brought out to entertain the minister when he called way back before 1800. There was a King George "toby" or mug from the family of Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin Van Deusen, of the United States Army. There was a very remarkable communion service of lead, the old jug-like pitcher and little mugs coming from Granville and loaned by Mrs. Ralph S. Brown. On one wall hung a piece of hand woven tapestry, a part of the large collection loaned by the collector and dealer of antiques, Mrs. Willard S. Fuller of Franklin Street. Lamps and candlesticks hung with the old time crystal pendants added grace to the room. Lustre ware pitchers, egg shell china, old glass, wrought silver, wine carafes, all kinds of pewter; in fact more than one can ever describe made this room a most perfect ensemble to greet the visitor on his or her first entering the house.

Then on the right were two smaller rooms opening the one into the other which were used as tea rooms, where refreshments were served by members of the Woman's Club. Each day several groups of ladies attended to this part of the Hostess House activities, which was greatly appreciated by many visitors. These two rooms were also furnished with old furniture and heirlooms of Westfield, as well as garnished with lovely flowers. In one was a great old sideboard which once belonged to the family of Governor Hale; a wondrous tall "grandfather's clock" loaned by Dr. A. Fowler Noble; also two other fine old clocks from Mr. James Brown, one a French banjo or hour glass clock, the other a still older shelf clock.

One of the interesting things in this room was a strange old painting in water color loaned by Miss Lucy D. Gillett; another was a group of four Westfield sisters, of the Kneil family.

A really beautiful oil portrait of a youth of about 1800 was the center of interest over the mantel, loaned by Mrs. Edwina Chaffin.

Some very fine old lacquered trays were used to decorate the walls in the next room, as well as unique oil paintings from the Van Deusen family. In this room was an old serving table from the Moseley home; a low-boy of the Silas Root family, from the home of Miss Frances T. Boise and Miss Elizabeth M. Hooker; candle stands, folding tables, old chairs, clocks, etc. Some very fine mirrors and a huge old pewter communion service loaned by Mrs. Charles Cooley added much to these two most attractive tea rooms, where it was a delight to sit and rest and taste the viands offered by the gracious hostesses.

Upstairs was reserved a rest room. In the hall was a remarkable collection of Indian relics from this locality, loaned and in charge of Mr. Henry Miller of Southwick. He showed types of stone receptacles, arrow heads and hatchets, making a most instructive and interesting exhibit.

One of the very best and I think quite the most popular feature of the whole Loan Exhibit was the pioneer or Puritan interior or kitchen. In planning this I made use of a stage setting which I had painted for a group of Puritan scenes presented one Thanksgiving Day on the stage at the State Sanatorium. The scene depicted a log interior with small high windows, a little wall cupboard and a rough stone chimney and fireplace, as well as old heavy doors with great iron hinges, as we know those earliest cabins were built. By putting up this whole scene in a rough old shop in the "ell" of the Strong house and adding logs and a red light to the fireplace, a most gratifyingly real effect was given as a background for the heirlooms of the days as far back as the seventeenth century. Dried apples and herbs were hung upon the walls; about the fireplace were the old implements—tongs, shovels, "slices" (long handled shovels used in the brick ovens), toasters, "grids," a crane upon which hung kettles of copper and of iron; little three-legged iron skillets; the old bellows to blow the fire;



Photo by Tooke

Cabin Interior Hostess House

ladles, etc., etc. A huge brass kettle loaned from the old Greenough house and the Bates family, as well as a fine Governor Carver chair were in this quaint and ancient appearing room. One of the old wooden cradles, spinning and flax wheels, as well as winding wheels, an old rush broom, a Revolutionary flintlock musket, ancient snowshoes and threadbare very old rag carpet of lovely hues added their interest here. In this room were two very, very old wooden chests, the leather covering hanging in tatters from the brass headed nails. One of these is marked 1672 in brass nails and came from the Moseley garret. The other came from the old Dr. Mather garret and was once used by the sheriff to hold the town records of Westfield. There too was the old painted, wooden tall clock brought up the Connecticut River on a schooner from Saybrook before 1750 to the Moseley family.

Here also were very old leather saddle bags used by Westfield doctors and farmers; the queer, round, first tin bathtub of old Dr. Mather's time; the stone mortar and pestle, heavy beyond words, used by Dr. Holland; a queer, most unusual and mammoth cheese basket of reed, used to make cheeses in old Granville. In a set of shelves against the wall were many curious relics of those very early days, such as candle moulds of many kinds; wrought iron shears and "frizzles"; iron candlesticks; a compass carried by Colonel David Moseley before the Revolution. Here were old stone jugs; foot-stoves for charcoal, which kept the feet of colonial dames warm in heatless churches; Paul Revere lanterns of pierced tin; later square lanterns with glass; both crockery and wooden butter churns of the ancient kinds. This room certainly stirred one's imagination and one's interest to the depths and appealed to all ages and classes of visitors. It was most interesting to see the children, of both American and foreign birth, sit or stand here and brood over these primitive furnishings

and utensils. They asked many questions and the hostesses were very glad to explain it all.

Some of the foreign born were happy here to see things so much "like we do at home." Some of them said that "Mother used the spinning-wheel now, just the same," or the fireplace was like that in the home "in the old country." One dear lady of one of our old Westfield families, whose eyes are growing dimmer, made me go back with her to prove the walls were not *real* logs nor the bark *real* bark. This interior seemed to make us all long to linger and reconstruct in our minds the customs and the life of our old New England; the days of few and simple things all made by hard work and effort. Perhaps life was the bigger and fresher for that.

Perhaps when we compare that restful quiet interior with those of our more complex life of today we feel a little weary and wonder if we are not missing something after all, that belonged to those other days.

But opening out from this came another room and more precious things to study. Here were gathered the souvenirs of my lady, the dainty as well as the ruder fabrics. There were home spun linens; hand spun and woven blankets of wool; woven counterpanes and later marvelous quilts. There were all kinds of samplers worked by tiny hands of those far-away days but so real to us today, bringing up pictures of tired little maidens toiling over daily "stints" of fancy stitches. Here also were the ruffled shirts and "small clothes" of ye gentleman of past days; his embroidered satin waistcoats and silk stockings. There were bonnets of many quaint and lovable styles worn by Westfield girls of 1750 to 1850 perhaps. In glass cases in this room were wonderful glimpses of the belles of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. From the Fowler and Gillett families, from the Nobles, Shepards, Allens, Moseleys, Topliffes, etc., were laces,

wedding things, dainty high-heeled slippers and riding boots, old high backed combs and lockets; all my ladies' finery, even corsets, or as they then were called "stays." Wonderful things were these with stiff board or steel placed in the front and which we are told were used "to spank the children sometimes." Here were the great old carpet bags and queer high hats of the early nineteenth century. And here we see so many of the fine old treasured things loved by us as well as the dear little grand dames who first put them in their "dower chests" so long ago. And baby things of daintiest gossamer, and even dolls! Yes, little, queer, old dolls and quaint little wardrobes for them to wear!

Then came the colonial bedroom with its great four poster of curly maple and hand-carved posts, loaned by Mrs. Willard S. Fuller. But drawn out from under that was the object that the children all loved best! This was the trundle-bed, loaned from the Reuben Noble garret, with its hand woven tick, blanket, sheets and all. So many of the visitors to the exhibit could remember sleeping in one of those over fifty years ago, while so many younger ones were so amazed at it, never having heard of such a thing as a bed to be drawn out at night from under mother's bed to tuck the children in. And then the set of steps to climb up to the big bed piled so high with feather beds and all the rest! It seemed as if nearly every one, young or old, must climb those steps.

In this room too were quaint old pictures and mirrors, a fireplace, old bureau and washstands, with a real old willow ware pitcher and bowl, as well as a very quaint pewter bowl and a pewter "pig" or hot water bottle, besides the copper warming-pan we know much better. This room appealed as a lovely picture of the peace and rest of earlier days; much like the bedrooms at Mt. Vernon and other colonial houses preserved for us to see today.

Last came the "museum room" where were shown the relics of our wars; the precious documents relating to the history of families of the town, etc., etc. Here were not only a tomahawk from the French and Indian Wars; swords, sabres and guns from the Revolution; spurs from the War of 1812; relics from the Indian Wars of the West; swords, haversacks, canteens, guns, mess-kits, etc., from the Civil War; souvenirs from the Spanish War in Cuba and Porto Rico; but also souvenirs of our great World War just ended. This room the boys loved and specially the drum of 1812.

A very remarkable incident happened just before the celebration, which brought to us one of the choicest bits of the exhibit. This was an old spoon unearthed by ploughing on the J. Wells Loomis estate, the site of the first settlement of Westfield near the river on Main Street by the first bridge out from the center of the town. This spoon had the date 1670 on the bowl. It is of copper foundation with the silver plate worn off in places. It was cast in a mould. How strange that just now this spoon should come to light! It seems as if the spirits of those old settlers guided the hands that found it.

Here too were priceless papers from the Royalist days of the Colonies; through the Massachusetts Bay settlement days of Colonel Pynchon and Elder Chapin; through the Revolution and the great deeds of our hero General William Shepard; through the days of the churches and ministers, doctors and lawyers and farmers of old Westfield by deeds, writs, ledgers, letters, etc., which will remain as a most precious heritage to all future descendants of old Westfield families. Many were loaned by Rev. John H. Lockwood, who is writing a history of the town.

In fact as we describe this Loan Exhibit of 1919, for the 250th Celebration of the settlement of the town, we cannot but feel we are writing this for the benefit of those future

generations who will celebrate the 300th and again the 350th anniversary of this eventful date. And for that reason I have dared to test the patience of those future readers by so minute a description of the articles, heirlooms, relics and souvenirs shown at this date, because it may be that fifty and one hundred years hence many of these things will be gone past recall into the decay and destruction which time most surely brings to all things.

We can only hope that the cherished plan that some of us have for some safe place to guard and keep many of these relics will yet come to pass for we realize that so much is already lost.

Today we think we can feel and say that the Hostess House with its Loan Exhibit was a great success in every way. Four thousand people registered at the door and two thousand more at least were hindered from registering by the crush and crowd that surged in at times. Several times we were obliged to close the doors to the public until the crowd thinned out.

Another thing that showed the appreciation of the public was the request to keep the exhibit opened longer, which was done, extending the time to nine days in all. Many have expressed regret that it could not have remained a permanent exhibition. I myself feel most grateful and happy that the undertaking was so well furthered and appreciated by the people of Westfield and for the many kind and most gratifying expressions from so many people as to its merit and success.

Official Program

WESTFIELD'S

Quarter Millennial

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION



Commemorating the 250th Anniversary
of the Founding of the Town of
Westfield, Massachusetts.

Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3,
1919



Published by the Executive Committee

Scheduled Program

Sunday, Aug. 31.

10.30 A. M. Special Services in all the Churches.

7.30 P. M. Historical Meeting in the Methodist Church. Addresses by Frederick H. Gillett, Speaker United States House of Representatives, Rev. Lucius H. Thayer, Judge Michael H. Sullivan, Edwin W. Smith.

Special Music by 250th Anniversary Chorus.

Monday, Sept. 1.

9.30 A. M. Baseball Game at the Playgrounds.
Shop League Teams.
Music by Westfield Band.

4.00 P. M. Westfield's Historical

Pageant.

Over 500 Performers in the cast.

10 Episodes.

Short's Orchestra, 22 men.

Tickets of admission for sale at the grounds, Wolfpit Meadows.

Three entrances to the Pageant Grounds.

1—End of Mill Street Trolley Line.

2—Highland Avenue (Highland Cars)

3—Junction Western Avenue and the Granville Road. Cars leave Park Square 2.52, 3.00, 3.07, 3.20, 3.22, 3.37, 3.40.

Automobiles will be parked in Crane Driving Park, opposite Pine Hill Cemetery.

Scheduled Program

8.00 P. M. Band Concerts—"Old Home Night".
104th Band, Depot Sq. No. Elm St.
Short's Band, Park Square.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.

Grand Community Picnic

12. M. Parade Park Square to Picnic Grounds
Mill St.

12.30 P. M. Luncheon and Band Concerts.
1.30 " Community Singing.
2.00 " Folk Dancing and Aesthetic Dancing.
2.00 " Program of Sports.
3.00 " Championship Baseball game.
(Father Mathew versus All Stars)
Automobiles parked on the grounds.

Community Dancing Carnival

7.30 P. M. on Park Square.
Band Concerts by the 104th Band
and Short's Band.
8.30 P. M. General Dancing. 24 Dance Numbers.
9.45 P. M. Miss Barker's "Old Colonial Minuet".
(All through Square Traffic closed at 6 P. M.)

Wed. Sept. 3.

Anniversary Military Parade

1.30 P. M. The Parade forms on North Elm Street.
2.00 P. M. The line of March is through Elm Street
to Court Street, to Day Avenue, to
West Silver Street to Broad to the Post
Office. No Traffic allowed on these
streets during the parade.

Scheduled Program

3 P. M.

Unveiling of the Major-General William
Shepard Statue
and Dedicatory Exercises.

5 P. M. "Welcome Home" Banquet and Sports in
in honor of Westfield Service Men of the
World's War, at Woronoco Park, Western
Avenue.

Free to the Public

The Information and Housing Bureau is located in the
Town Hall. Open Day and Evening from August 30th to
September 4th.

The Hostess House, containing the historical exhibit, is
located in the old Strong house, Broad Street, next to the
High School. Open 1 to 10 P. M., Saturday and Sunday. 9
A. M. to 10 P. M. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Westfield's Industrial Exhibit is located on Holland
Avenue facing Court Street. Open 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. from
Saturday through Wednesday.

112 Historical sites are marked by appropriate signs
placed upon buildings or in windows by Westfield's Historical
Committee.

Fort Ethan Allen Machine Gun Cavalrymen are en-
camped on the northeast corner of the M. B. Whitney Play-
grounds.

COMMITTEE ON HISTORICAL ADDRESSES

WILLIAM T. SMITH, *Chairman*

LEWIS B. ALLYN

EUGENE DOHERTY

DR. JAMES B. ATWATER

ROBERT CHAPIN PARKER

THOMAS J. COOLEY

REV. ROBERT KEATING SMITH

“Leaking skies early Sunday morning, followed by occasional showers even as late as noon-time, served not to dampen the ardor nor the enthusiasm of the hundreds of guests who arrived for the celebration period. Nor did clouded skies at church time prove a deterring feature to large congregations. All the citizens, former residents and guests were urged to attend divine service at the churches of their choice, or the churches of their fathers, and the clergymen had been requested to prepare sermons appropriate to the occasion.

“In the afternoon the sun broke through the clouds and as a result Westfield was visited by thousands of residents of this section, traveling both by trolley and auto. Most of these stopped and became imbued with the holiday spirit occasioned by the festive appearance of the town. The Hostess House on Broad Street was the mecca of large numbers, who visited the Loan Exhibit. The industrial display in Holland avenue was closed for the day.

“Family reunions without number were recorded and there was hardly a Westfield home that did not have some returned member to take part in the celebration of the town’s birthday anniversary.

“The arrival of the Fort Ethan Allen Third Cavalry troop machine gun company early in the day resulted in many townspeople visiting the playgrounds to see Uncle Sam’s seasoned fighting men in a miniature of what Westfield witnessed during the time that Camp Bartlett was occupied in preparing fighting men for overseas service, two years ago.

“In the evening long before the church bells began to chime their welcome and invitation to the meeting, streams of residents and visitors began to wend their way to the church. Some time before the opening of the program, every choice seat in the vast assembling-place had been taken. Had it been possible to secure an auditorium twice its size there is little doubt but that this too would have been filled. The auditorium of the Methodist Church was selected because it is the largest one in Westfield; but for once in its long history it was entirely inadequate to comfortably house the crowds which sought admission. Nearly two thousand persons came to the opening of the town’s 250th Anniversary Celebration, and to greet its four native sons who spoke.

“Speaker Frederick H. Gillett of the National House of Representatives was Chairman and spoke to his fellow-townsmen. Rev. Lucius H. Thayer of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, delivered the historical address, his subject being ‘The Spirit of Old Westfield.’ Edwin W. Smith, secretary of the executive committee of the 250th Anniversary Celebration, presented the welcome of the committee and the townspeople to the guests. These are Westfield’s native sons. Judge Michael H. Sullivan of Boston, Chairman of the School Board in that city, also spoke, his subject being ‘Westfield’s Future.’ Although a native of Granville, his early life was so identified with the history of Westfield as to make it proper to class him as one of its own sons.

“An appropriate musical program was given. Mrs. William B. Reed, of Westfield, sang ‘Home Sweet Home’; and the 250th Anniversary Chorus under the direction of Frederic Goodwin, with Mrs. Harriet Shaffer of Springfield as soloist, sang Charles Gounod’s ‘Jerusalem, O Turn Thee to the Lord.’ In the latter part of the service it sang the 250th Anniversary Hymn which was written by Miss

Mary S. Thayer, a sister of Rev. Lucius H. Thayer. The congregation also took part in the singing of this hymn. Miss Lena J. Bartlett, the church organist, gave an organ recital previous to the opening of the meeting and again at its close. Rev. William S. Ayres of the Baptist Church offered the invocation, following which the chorus sang Sir John Stainer's composition 'Sevenfold Amen.' Rev. Conrad Hooker, pastor of the Methodist Church, pronounced the benediction."—*The Springfield Republican*.



Lucius H. Thayer, D. D.

Edwin W. Smith

Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, Speaker of the National House of Representatives

Rev. William S. Ayres

Judge Michael H. Sullivan

Speakers at Historical Meeting

1669

1919



Historical Meeting

commemorating the

250th Anniversary

of the incorporation
of the town of

Westfield, Massachusetts

Sunday Evening, August 31, 1919

250th Anniversary Hymn

We have read the valiant story of the founders of the land,
For their home the trackless forest, with fierce foes on every hand,
Men and women of stern fibre, here for truth and God to stand,
For faith was marching on.

We have seen their children's children in their conflict over fate,
High of heart and strong of purpose, rise unconquered and elate,
Having won their independence, and in justice reared a state,
For right was marching on.

Here have lived the many thousands, men of brawn and men of brain,
Giving faithful, loyal service, recking little toil and strain,
So they wrought some goodly labor, so their town and state made gain,
For hope was marching on.

We have known the awful sorrow of a nation crucified,
We have thrilled with holy fervor o'er its heroes who have died,
We have seen the gates of freedom, here forever opened wide,
For truth was marching on.

We have lived thro' days of anguish, while lads' souls were passing on,
All aflame with love and ardor, that a world might be new born,
They the crown of all our service, in the century's glad morn,
When peace is marching on.

And we sing the wondrous vision of the days that are to be,
When the angel of His presence hovers over land and sea,
And all men shall live as brothers, ruled by love and equity,
For God is marching on.

1919

Mary S. Thayer

Historical Meeting

HON. FREDERICK H. GILLETT,
Speaker of the National House of Representatives, Chairman

Organ Prelude, "Allegro Appassionato,"
(First Movement 5th Sonata) *Alexandre Guilmant*

LENA J. BARTLETT

Anthem, "Jerusalem! O Turn Thee to the Lord,"
(from Gallia) *Charles Gounod*

250th ANNIVERSARY CHORUS
HARRIET SHAFFER, Soprano Soloist

Invocation

REV. WILLIAM S. AYRES

Response, "Seven-fold Amen," *Sir John Stainer*

250th ANNIVERSARY CHORUS

Address of Welcome

EDWIN W. SMITH

Address

HON. FREDERICK H. GILLETT

"Home, Sweet Home," *Sir Henry R. Bishop*

ERNESTINE GAUTHIER REED

Historical Address

REV. LUCIUS H. THAYER, D. D.

250th Anniversary Hymn *Mary S. Thayer*

250th ANNIVERSARY CHORUS AND AUDIENCE

Address

JUDGE M. H. SULLIVAN

Organ Postlude, "Hallelujah Chorus,"
(from the Messiah) *Georg Friedrich Handel*

LENA J. BARTLETT

Benediction

REV. CONRAD HOOKER

INVOCATION

REV. WILLIAM S. AYRES

We thank Thee with great rejoicing, O God! thanking Thee for the large place in which Thou hast set us. We thank Thee for our beautiful homes, for the spirit of fraternity which prevails in our midst. We thank Thee for all the prosperity of these days. And we thank Thee that even in the midst of bitterness and grief we have come to know how wondrously Thou art verifying Thy kindness in the lives of Thy children.

We thank Thee for the hardy race who have gone before us. Do Thou grant that the memory of all these things that are gone may idealize the upbuilding of our lives in all that is strong and noble and good. May it be our joy more and more to try to found our community life upon those great principles of righteousness and fraternity which shall enable us to realize something more of the blessedness of the Kindgom of God on earth.

So when we turn to Thee this evening, in the midst of our rejoicing, with deep gratitude for the blessings of the days that are gone, that through these things we may have a clearer vision of the better life into which still Thou would lead us, let Thy serenity rest upon our community, make Thee more and more dear to us, that we have come to realize what it has meant in all the years that are gone, in the training of our own lives and the fitting of ourselves for the fullest realization of the divine purpose among men.

We ask these things in Jesus' name. Amen.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

EDWIN W. SMITH

*Lovers of Westfield and Every Friend, within or without alike,
we give you greeting:*

It is not possible to translate into human speech the voice of welcome, nor to explain the attachment of humanity for a particular spot of the earth. Your welcome was being made ready for you when first these mountains which we love and cherish were brought forth and when the streams first made glad the valley. For the hand of Nature had much to do in moulding the character and lives of the people that have lived here. Your welcome is found in the treasured memories of the past, in the associations so dear to your heart, and the influences since removed.

We have not summoned you here for joy alone, nor to simply mark the passing of time, but we have gathered you here in order that we might express to you our heartfelt gratitude for all that you have done to make the Westfield of today. For we are the happy inheritors of all the past. And rather than to the years that have gone we ask you to join with us in doing honor to the character, and to the conditions that produced that character, that made the Westfield men and Westfield women.

Your welcome will be what you bring here in your own hearts. To that we will try to add as hearty a handclasp and as warm a heart as was ever extended to a home-returning people.

Our forefathers in the fifty years that have passed since our last gathering built so securely and well that thousands have come from distant shores to join us and to share our civilization with us. We trust that you will find in returning home that in our citizenship with them you perceive the best that is in them, and that you have remained con-

stant to something of the inheritance of the idealism which is New England. If you have not done this you have not kept the faith. But we believe you have kept the faith, and that before you leave us, like the watch of old, you will cry "All is well!"

Our summons to you went out in love for Westfield and all the things that have ever been Westfield, and in the loyalty of your affection have you responded. Let us, then, in the light of the fire kindled by our common love make glad.

Welcome, friends! A thousand times welcome!

Fifty years ago, at the bicentennial celebration, an honored and eminent citizen of the town delivered an address full of the gracious sentiment that expressed his mind and his heart toward his fellowmen. We of a later generation have seen that attitude expressed in a descendant resident among us in works of good. Other gifts had Edward Bates Gillett than that of eloquence. One of those gifts has given a life of service to the republic. To few sons of Westfield is it given to occupy the seats of the mighty. Why I know not, unless it is that the supply exceeds the demand. But when they do achieve the heights Westfield loves to honor them.

Your chairman of the evening, the Honorable Frederick H. Gillett.

ADDRESS

HON. FREDERICK H. GILLET

Speaker of National House of Representatives

I thank you my friends for this cordial greeting and I assure you it is a great pleasure to be with you here tonight.

It is very difficult for me to leave Washington nowadays, and this is the first time I have been home since the session opened in May, but I did not feel that I could miss this celebration. On the similar occasion fifty years ago my grandfather was president of the day and my father delivered the address of welcome, and although I have not lived here for many years it has always been home to me, and tenderer ties draw me to it than to any other place.

I think the familiar lines of Hood are appropriate:

I remember, I remember the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn,

for as I stand here if that window in front of me was plain glass I could look across the street and see the window of the room where I was born, and this whole area just about us is impressed on my memory probably as indelibly as any spot on the globe. In front of the academy where the statue of General Shepard is to be dedicated was the scene of my schoolboy sports. So little traveled was Broad Street in those days that we considered that football and baseball had the first right and that every passing team was an unjustifiable intruder upon our preserves. Never, I believe, was there a happier boyhood than I passed in the country village which Westfield then was, and seldom, I believe, have there been healthier and wholesomer ones.

A boyhood in a New England town was then the purest education in democracy. There was an absolute democratic equality, without a thought or suspicion of difference because of wealth or occupation. The qualities of the boy

himself were the only elements of popularity or leadership. I think all of us, as we advance in life, as we see the future growing shorter and the past stretching out longer behind us, indulge more and more in retrospect and turn back far more often and more fondly to the childhood days and to the old home. The changes which I see in the Westfield of today are only symptomatic of the changes which have swept over all America. In the last fifty years there has been more change in the methods of life than have occurred in a thousand years before, except perhaps for the introduction of steam. The development of electricity for street cars, for light, for power, the telephone, the typewriter, the automobile, all these have so revolutionized life that we seem to be living in an entirely different age.

We are wont to complain of present conditions. It is human nature never to be contented and indeed I think it is fortunate that we are so constituted, because it is that spirit of discontent which makes us ever strive for something better and is a perpetual promoter of progress. But the inventions of this last century and the mastery which man has achieved over Nature have put in the hands of every citizen amazing possibilities. Our mechanic of today, who lives in the ordinary tenement house, has more comforts, conveniences and luxuries in his daily life than Queen Elizabeth, with all her wealth and power, could command.

And so, while we are discontented, let us occasionally think of what we have to be happy over. I suspect that any of the residents of the Westfield of two hundred and fifty years ago, or a hundred years ago, or fifty years ago, if they could only come back today and see it in its decorated loveliness, its fine buildings, its commodious residences, its broad and trim streets and lawns, they would be amazed and astounded and wonder what sons of theirs had created such a magnificent domain. Certainly, as we look at West-

field today any native or any stranger may well feel proud that it seems to be representative of the very highest type of the prosperous progressive modern town.

But after all the supreme test of our achievements is their effect on man himself. Have all these triumphs over Nature improved our race? Is the environment of Westfield today developing a better character of citizen than it did at our last anniversary fifty years ago? We are bigger, the appearance of our streets and buildings and grounds is much finer, greater luxury is evident, but is the atmosphere better for the upbuilding of character?

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,

and I confess that I am not sure, despite all of which we can justly boast, that when we come to the core of our problems, the upbuilding of a better race, how much our country has advanced.

The old New England town had much that was unlovely and yet its very poverty and the struggle and self-denial which that compelled developed sturdy character. It was the life of the small town that naturally stimulated those qualities which have made the greatness of America—self-reliance, enterprise, equality and respect for law—and as a country grows in population and wealth, produces large and congested cities, new problems arise which are far more difficult than the simple hardships of country life.

Those are the problems which our country is facing today. Just now not only our country but the whole world is in a state of ferment. This greatest war of history has so disjointed production and stimulated special activities that it has left industry unbalanced and we are striving now to attain an equilibrium. The process must necessarily cause great inequalities and many just complaints and hardships. The enormous cost of living bears hard on every one, and yet I am disposed to think that those who suffer most have

not been loudest in their complaints. It is the salaried men, the men whose regular but small allowances have not been raised in proportion to the rest of the country, who I believe have the justest grievance. There never was a time when a workman was so certain of employment or at wages so high, compared with his living cost, as today. Of course there are exceptions, but that is the rule. Today any man who is industrious and reliable can be assured of remunerative employment. But the unrest occasioned by our extraordinary conditions, the temporary shortage of labor, and the selfish profiteering by every class have constituted a consistently increasing occasion for alarm. It may be that only by a general crash, which will make the innocent and the guilty alike suffer the pangs of loss and unemployment, will we be awakened to the instability of our present condition. It will be suicidal and cruel if we do not develop now the self restraint to cure gradually our temporary ailments instead of letting them bring us to a sudden general disaster in which we all must suffer and from which we must emerge slowly by building up from the bottom again the industrial structure which we allow to be demolished.

It is, I believe, by exercising the dominant spirit of the old New England town that our present threatening condition can be remedied. Thrift and self-denial, work and saving, is what our country needs, and that is what our hard-headed, determined, sometimes unattractive nation-builders developed. They could sacrifice the pleasure of the moment for permanent future enjoyment. It is such self-denial that builds character—it is that which we need today. I believe that by harking back to the old town spirit of Westfield and the other towns like it, which not only developed themselves but sent out to the rest of the country a strong tide of enterprising, thrifty life, we shall learn a lesson. The people, a dangerous number of the people, are today living a life of excitement and pleasure, of

restlessness and extravagance. And this is abnormal living and abnormal thinking. It is far from the homely New England methods of life and of thought which first made America. We must go back to those methods.

Those men looked life as it was in the face and found it good. They respected themselves and each other and their fellowmen, and were in turn respected. They owned their houses and there made homes for their families. With no prospect of immediate wealth, their point of view was not embittered by the fact, and they watched their savings accounts grow with pride and satisfaction. They were not ashamed of their work, knowing it to be a useful contribution to society. They were democratic in their point of view, took a keen and intelligent interest in politics and lived the life of free men to whom that condition meant high responsibility fully met.

The women folk, wives of these men, met life with no less healthy a point of view. They took the home which their husbands' earning capacity builded for them and put their minds and their hearts into the problem of managing it efficiently. Theirs was the task of finding contentment in what was theirs and they found it. Their happiness lay in their healthy children, in their pleasant homes and in the consciousness that they were aiding their men folk in the work that was theirs.

Together such a couple lived in happiness. They furnished and insisted upon education for their children which would enable them to win any success their individual ability might make possible. Satisfied with their estate, peace was in their hearts instead of restlessness. Their ambitions were conceived in reason and they pursued them with a healthy appreciation of the fact that steady and sober methods are in the end more effective than rash and spectacular gambles.

This was New England town life—not so many years ago. Today we see a different picture throughout the nation.

We see men clamoring for the immediate attainment of extravagant ambitions—restless and discontented in the estate which is theirs. We see their women aggravating the condition by seeking costly and ephemeral excitement under the misconception that they constitute the source of true happiness. We see the boys and girls of today emulating the mental attitude of their parents toward life, thinking far more of the “movies,” the soda fountain, the dances and so forth, than of how they may develop sound minds and healthy bodies for the life that lies ahead of them.

I shall not attempt to analyze the whys and wherefores of this condition today. It is sufficient that it is here. Any thinking man or woman is conscious of its presence. The citizens of the land must discard the abnormal for the normal. And the old ideas, the ideas that we of New England are proud to call our own, the ideas of soberness and thrift, are the ones that will see the nation through the crisis of the present to a secure and prosperous future.

How shall we reduce the cost of living is the question on everyone’s lips today. There is but one way in my opinion, the old New England way, produce more and save more, increase supply and you will reduce the price. But today the tendency is all in the contrary direction. Every one wants to work less hours—to reduce his production but to increase his expenditure and live better. The war has begotten great extravagances both in expenditure and expectation. Until the world’s stock is again made good every nation ought to economize, and the nation can only do it through its individual citizens. We ought all to pare our expenses and stimulate our productive energies, be stingy in our living but liberal in our work. That is what this emergency demands, that is the only way to meet the world problem that is staggering us. If we will all take a lesson today from the old New England town like Westfield, it will invigorate our national life and promote our national safety.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WESTFIELD

THE STORY OF A DEMOCRATIC COMMUNITY

REV. LUCIUS H. THAYER, D.D.

Mr. Chairman, Sons and Daughters of Westfield, born of the old stock or by spiritual adoption equals of those to the manor born:

We are gathered here with a common consciousness of a history covering two hundred and fifty years. There is central in it a great purpose, tenaciously held and honorably developed. It is characterized by a spirit which that purpose evoked. It is marked by the homely and interesting features of the changing customs of eight generations. It is replete with entertaining and revealing incident. It has to do with the careers of many men and women whose names ought to be recited and whose stories might well be told. It rests down upon the daily fidelities and the humble services of a great body of simple folk whose names are forgotten and who have left no memorial. It is colored by the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the triumphs and defeats, the aspirations and failures, the sins and repentances of men and women of like passions with ourselves. It is the narrative of one countryside but it may not be understood or interpreted apart from the great movements of world history.

I am conscious as are you of the scope and interest of the field that opens before us and, as I face the summons of this hour, I recall the story of a convert of John Eliot in the early days of New England who, when asked to give his religious experience, said, "I am only a poor Indian. I know but little and therefore I will say but little."

And indeed but little of the abundant story need be told.

The significant material, laboriously gathered by the early historians, has been so set forth in detail in recent newspaper articles and in the official program that he who runs may read. For those who would be more fully informed there are available the classic address of my predecessor, William G. Bates, the competent sketch of James C. Greenough, the invaluable papers of that devoted and painstaking son of Westfield, Louis M. Dewey, and we are promised soon the full and connected history from the pen of Rev. John H. Lockwood. We shall leave then to the historians their work and their meed of praise, and rehearsing some features of the long story, hope to lay hold upon the purpose that underlies it and to receive a portion of the spirit that animates it.

This preliminary gathering and the well planned events of the days to follow are justified by four ancient records from which we quote. At a meeting at Woronoco, January 21, 1668, it was:

"Voted, that James Cornish, George Phelps, Thomas Dewey and Tho. Noble shall goe to Springfield the first Tuesday in February next, at a towne meeting, to propound to the town for the settlement of our place and affayres, . . . to lay out the bounds granted us by the Honor'd Gen'll Court, and to allow us to be a township of ourselves and signify the same to the honored Genl. Court."

"Springfield att a Towne meeting ffeb. 2nd 1668. Upon ye motion of ye inhabitants at Woronoco This Town being willing to promote and further their desire to be a township of theirselves, . . . Doleave the Inhabitants there to themselves to manage their own matters . . . and we hope the Corte will cause to order them to be a Township and that they through the favor of God may grow up into a comfortable society, and bee a happy neighborhood to us and Our ffriends and Theires."

From the records of the General Court 28 May, 1669:

"There being a motion made to this Court in ye behalfe of ye inhabitants at Woronake belonging to Springfield, that they be a township of ymselves: Springfield being willing theretoe . . . This Court (therefore) Doth hereby grant them to be a Township, and allows them all Privileges ac-

ording as other townes have in the Collony, And that Sd Towne be called Westfield."

From a deed of 30th June, 1669, witnessed by Wollump and Wollamunt, we read:

"These preasants testify that Alquat the Indian Sachem of Waranoake and pochasuck for and in consideration of the sum of forty Pounds . . . fully satisfied and contented hath Given, Granted, Bargained and sold . . . unto Capt. Aron Cooke, Mr. James Cornish, Mr. Joseph Whiting, George Phelps, Tho. Noble, David Ashley, John Roote, of Westfield, alias Warranoke, For themselves and ye Present Inhabitants of ye aforesaid Place or Plantation and their successors and assignes From time to time and unto their hires forever,"

tracts of land fully described and including the major part and central portion of the present town.

Thus by the grace of Springfield, by authority of the General Court and by the payment of forty pounds Westfield became a town.

It was an orderly and honorable beginning, but not the good-will of neighbors, or the purchase of land, or even the act of a General Court could constitute a town or assure the two hundred and fifty years of worthy community life which we recall today. The future was in the hands of a little group of men and women whose courage, whose patience, whose fortitude, whose cheerful labor and unremitting toil, whose prudence and sense of justice, whose mutual good-will and trust in God would alone enable them to endure the difficulties, dangers and privations necessary to subdue nature to the uses of civilization, to meet the assaults of a savage life challenged to a death struggle, and, in spite of natural self-seeking and inexperience to accommodate themselves to each other, and in parts remote from constituted authority to lay the foundations and develop the institutions of a just and authoritative civic order.

But Westfield's future was secure and its essential char-

acteristics guaranteed because they were inherent in a purpose that so possessed its founders that it had led them forth from fair countrysides and well-loved hearthstones beyond the sea. It was the very purpose that declared itself in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and brought out of England the great Puritan migration, made up of sturdy middle-class folk, shepherded by godly university men, for whom England, then, had no place. These people settled the Bay Colony, established themselves along the Connecticut River, and in time, some by the way of Dorchester, some by the way of Windsor, some by the way of Springfield and Northampton came to this pleasant valley. Here, their wanderings over, they well endured the tests to which their purpose subjected them, building and occupying as free men, fearing none but the God who spoke to them in their own consciences and vindicating their right to be named among those who were the fore-runners of a new day. That purpose, never fully apprehended, often uncertainly held, sometimes disowned, yet really dominated these Westfield men in common with the other settlers of New England. That purpose was central in their spiritual experience. It determined the form of their ecclesiastical life and the expression of their religious feeling. It disclosed itself more and more in the form and quality of their citizenship. For this purpose had been awakened by the principle of liberty, growing strong in the seventeenth century. It involved the determination to realize the fact that all men are born free and equal. It was nothing other than the urge of Democracy that was at the heart of this purpose. It was the glory of these men that they felt the urge, and their greatness that, according to their light and for the purposes of their day, they were obedient to it.

A HABITATION AND A NAME

When in 1669 Westfield became a habitation and a name, it was made up of three small settlements in distinct localities. The oldest was on the north side of the river in the region of Union Street. It was called the "Cellar Side," for here the contour of the land enabled the settlers to make their houses larger and more snug for the winter by excavations in the earth. Here in 1663 George Saxton, and Walter Lee of Northampton bought land of one Ensign Cooper who had received a grant in 1658; and here in 1664 John Sackett of Northampton bought the second early grant, farther east, of Deacon Samuel Chapin. The oldest highway, that from Northampton to Windsor, laid out in 1662, ran through this first settlement, connecting it with the so-called "South Side," where had been a trading house in 1639, which had involved Massachusetts and Connecticut in a contention as to jurisdiction. This was the Little River District and here in 1668 Captain Aaron Cook had opened the first tavern, having for neighbors James Cornish, Thomas Dewey, John Osborne and John Ingersoll. The third locality, shut off from the main route of travel and enclosed by the meeting of the waters, was called the "Fort Side." Settlers had been established here for a few years, dwelling in home lots near together. In 1668 the meadow land, through which the street of that name runs, and the two divisions of the plow land extending away to the river and up to Squawfield, were allotted to some thirteen men. The Fort Side grew in importance and became the center of the town life. Here, near the old Indian fort, was built the meeting-house in 1672, and the schoolhouse hard by in 1700. On the same north side of the Great Street Joseph Whiting had opened the first store, selling out his holdings in 1677 to John Moseley of Windsor. It was during this year that the

increased activity of the Indians brought the order for "Compact Dwelling." The home lots were divided in a spirit of co-operation, and except two households in fortified houses, Westfield was for a period an enclosed village, some two miles in circumference, protected by the rivers and a high palisade.

In these days when the old Indian names are much in vogue, it at first seems strange that the designation Woronoco, spelled in various ways in old documents, was not given to this town. Woronoco flows sonorously from the lips. It has dignity and was significant for this fertile valley. But in common with all the early settlers, our fathers had no liking for the Indian vocabulary of names, and seemed determined to christen the lands converted to the uses of a new civilization in good Anglo-Saxon terms. In a record of August 11, 1668, the town was called "Streamfield," a natural and pleasing designation for the region of two rivers, of Tomhammuck stream that turned the early mills, and of the town brooks that then meandered through the meadows or seemed to tarry in the sluggish spruce swamps. The name Westfield is in itself prosaic enough. It obviously designated a settlement west of Springfield and of the meeting place of the General Court; but with this fact was connected another fact that gives to the name a deeper significance and invests it with real dignity. For fifty-three years this town was the frontier of civilization in the old Bay Colony. The first inhabitants were not only pioneers but frontiersmen in the name of liberty. The men and women of Westfield were the responsible keepers of the outposts of civilization both against the Indians, those outward foes who threatened the whole enterprise and against those inward powers of darkness which ever assail the souls who under discouraging conditions seek noble ends.

THE PERIOD OF TESTING

During the period of King Phillip's War and of the Indian raids that followed, the people of Westfield gave a good account of themselves, but it must be confessed that in actual loss of life and property the settlement suffered little in comparison with others. When we read the records and realize the dangers that threatened, we accept reverently the judgment of the first pastor who records that "this handful was sorely pressed yet sovereignly preserved." The hindrance to the growth of Westfield in this period is evident. Settlers were not likely to flock to the frontier, and the natural expansion of the town's life was impossible to men who sowed and reaped under fire. The anxious days of men, women and children, whose fortitude made possible this day, must not be forgotten, but for our purpose we turn with special interest to two occurrences in connection with these trying days, occurrences which reveal the democratic temper of mind.

One of these incidents makes evident that these settlers possessed the qualities of independence and hardy self reliance, qualities that fit men for citizenship in a democratic order. In March, 1676, the General Court, evidently in a state of panic, advised the inhabitants of Westfield that they could not supply them with ammunition or with men to protect the settlement and called upon them to remove to Springfield. A town meeting was held and a vigorous letter of protest, cogent, convincing and high spirited, written by Rev. Edward Taylor and signed by an Ashley and a Dewey, was sent to the Council. It was "generally thought strange that Springfield should be judged a better place for fortification than Westfield." To remove to Springfield that "hath been sorely under ye blasting hand of God," they said, "seemed such a strange thing that we find not a man among us inclining thereto." The selectmen made a

canvass of the town, "to see who are willing to depend upon God in the use of means for our own defense here." And as I read the record and remember the decision, I think of that early settler, the Miller from Weymouth, whose name was Fearnot King. It was during this period, on March 26, 1676, that the action of the town gave evidence of an appreciation of the common weal without which no democracy is possible. The record tells us "that the town considering the hand of God upon us in having or letting loose the Indians upon us" they find it is not a time for them to carry on their affairs as before or to extend their private enterprises, but rather to give up their former personal advantage, "that so we may carry on something together for the good of the whole, that so by God's blessing on our labor we may be in the way of getting food for our families . . . and we agree to plow and sow and carry on improvements of this field in general." To this agreement were appended ten names, all but one of which are known in this community today. As a still further evidence of the same spirit was the compliance of the settlement in the compact dwelling order of 1677, whereby some gave up their beginnings outside the "Town Plot," and those within "yielded to break their home lots and foregoe part of their interest in them to such other persons as should come to settle on them."

PATHS TO DWELL IN

The territory granted Westfield at the first was nine miles long and from four to five miles wide. Additional land was granted in 1713 by the General Court, and in 1737 the New Addition of 6,000 acres to the west was granted, the town being desirous of a good supply of building stone. The district to the south of Poverty Plains was incorporated as Southwick in 1775, and the great grant of 1737 was later divided between the other daughters of Westfield,

Montgomery born in 1780 and Russell born in 1792. From the beginning and of necessity the fathers were road builders. They first opened up paths for feet to tread in and then laid out streets, some of them so wide that we, who rush about in the unforeseen motor cars, have reason to bless these men for their liberality. The streets were finally named in 1832 by a committee of which James Fowler was chairman. But very early South Street was opened up to the plow land, and the present Silver Street led out of it to the west, going in time on to Squawfield. The center of town life crept slowly up the Great Street, now Main Street. The second meeting-house was built on the corner of Meadow Street in 1721. The brick schoolhouse was located quite beyond this in 1753, and finally in 1805 the great white meeting-house, with its fine lines and comely spire, crowned the new and permanent center at the Green where long before the Great Street had found an end. The present Elm Street ran away north to Franklin Street along which went the way to Pochassic. Not knowing its great destiny, Elm Street did not venture on its way to Meadow Street and the river until 1716. Our Court Street started west at an early date, making an entrance for the Sheffield Road in 1736 and the end of a way of great service to the traders and warriors of the eighteenth century. Broad Street completed the four great ways as it went south to find the road that perpetuates John Ponder's name, going out by way of the hollow to Southwick. The county road to Springfield was laid out in 1673, but the bridle path that allowed communication with Boston did not become an open way until late in the eighteenth century. For nearly a century the trade between the Bay and Western Massachusetts went by water around the Cape and passing Saybrook Fort, where it was wont to evade toll, came to Windsor or Hartford where the merchandise was loaded on carts and brought up the country road. Thus town roads be-

came streets, along which in time new homes were built and the evidences of a diversified industrial life appeared, while the trails became highways connecting a growing community with the larger centers.

Set at the crossing of the ways, then as now, Westfield even in frontier days kept in the main currents of contemporary life and thought. The information which formed the citizen life and gave direction to its democratic purpose ran more swiftly and surely than one might suppose. The policies of arrogant and unsuspecting autocrats of Europe were known and discussed by these men who lived far from courts and kings. They recognized their own unnecessary suffering caused by the personal pride and ambition of far-away rulers. When the time came the colonial bands made quick steps along the trails to oppose the aggression of France from the north. Later on the Continental troops hastened along the highways to every front where the folly of their so-called "Rightful Sovereign," George the Third, summoned men who had learned to live orderly under law quite independent of kings.

The experiences of the French and Indian War served as a training for the greater events of the Revolution. In the first war, Westfield did her part, added to her honor roll of men dead in the name of liberty, and had ready at hand, Captain Warham Parks, Lieutenants John Shepard and Richard Falley* to lead a company of their fellow-townsmen to Boston when the news came from Lexington, while Lieutenant-Colonel William Shepard found opportunity for such talents as rightly make him the central figure in the present anniversary.

It is a significant fact that in every crisis Westfield has developed a competent leadership. Eldad Taylor, Elisha Parks, Captain John Moseley, John Phelps, Dr. Samuel Mather, Daniel Fowler and John Ingersoll were among

* Great-grandfather of Grover Cleveland.

those who so guided the community in determining "what measure may be best done to secure our privileges and whether it is advisable to take up government," that appropriations were duly made for carrying on the Revolutionary struggle, and that 250 men of Westfield, all the able bodied men of military age, were at one time or another in the war. In addition to this the town was kept steady in those most trying experiences of exhaustion and impoverishment that came in the period after the war. When mob rule threatened and some well-meaning patriots became a menace to the public order, Westfield furnished in General Shepard the man of sufficient command and civic wisdom to meet the crisis. He persuaded men having just grievances to further patient endurance, in order that they might prove themselves worthy of the estate of freemen, and by legislative enactment and constitutional procedure make secure that liberty for which they had fought.

With an independence characterizing democratic assemblies to this day, the town, in 1786, voted to accept the state constitution, excepting certain articles objected to by its committee; and in 1788 the town objected to the proposed constitution of the United States. Finding itself, however, possessed of a larger and more important citizenship the political consciousness of the town seems to have awakened. Party feeling ran high at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it is recorded that the democratic or Jeffersonian party, under the leadership of Hon. Samuel Fowler, was usually victorious over the Federalists. This fact, in itself, is an indication of the radical type of political dissent which characterized the community.

THE TOWN MEETING

The same Samuel Fowler in 1820 gave the land for a town house, "to be used, occupied by said Town of West-

field for all town purposes on week days, and equally free for all and each Religious Society or denomination in town." In 1837 the original part of the present town house was built on this land at an expense of \$3,000, the building being designed for a high school as well as a town hall.

From the beginning the public business of the community was carried on in that most natural, fundamental and democratic of all assemblies, the town meeting. There, in open and free discussion, the affairs of the little community were considered, and the decisions were made by majority vote. Special committees were often appointed, but in general the business of the town was entrusted to selectmen. As we read over the long list of the town fathers, it is apparent that Westfield was a wise democracy, accustomed to select strong men who became their title to carry on its affairs. Five men constituted the board in the years from 1730 to 1844, but the earlier custom like the later has been to elect three.

A fine sense of the responsibility of the citizenship of freemen is evident in the record of 1698 when it was "voted, anyone failing to attend town meeting shall be fined one shilling for each neglect." Because of present conditions we read with interest of a vote in 1771 whereby, in accordance with an act of the General Court, there is established a scale of prices for merchandise and for labor. It was an evidence of early co-operative action, but we wonder whether the difficult problem of the relation of wages to the cost of living and the cost of living to wages was satisfactorily solved. Much attention was given to the rivers in town meetings. They are our well loved rivers and sources of our pride. But it is to be confessed that they have proved themselves to be avid, vagrant and unruly. Unmindful of the life upon their banks they have seized upon the deep loam that would fain enclose them and have

hurried it out to sea. Unrestrained by old landmarks, they have made new channels for themselves or demanded that new ones be made for them if they were to be controlled. Impatient of the bridges, they have carried them away with great frequency. Several times breaking out of all bounds (1692, 1819, 1839, 1869, 1878) the Great River has searched out the heart of the town to its great loss. There have, then, been frequent appropriations to restrain the river, to rebuild bridges, to repair dikes, until by the wise engineering and large expenditures of 1879-1880 it is believed that the river has been taught its place.

There is evidence that the town meetings in general have been conducted with dignity and decorum, that they were attended in earlier periods by the body of the citizens, and that they were marked by serious and forceful discussion. I venture to speak especially of the town meetings in what I shall call the closing period of old Westfield, when among others Reuben Noble, H. B. Smith, Thomas Kneil, Joseph M. Ely, E. B. Gillett and L. F. Thayer were heard. Then we had the democratic forum at its best. I doubt if in any halls of legislation the conduct of business has been more efficient or the utterance of opinion surpassed in argument, effective illustration and real eloquence.

THE RELIGIOUS SETTING OF THE CIVIC PURPOSE

The purpose which animated the settlers of Westfield had its roots in religion. They felt that it was by the hand of God that they had become pilgrims and strangers in a new land. They sought the conditions of both civil and religious liberty. We are not surprised, then, to find church and state closely allied at the beginning. The town as such acted on the business affairs of the church, and on the town records are spread the votes that had to do with the material facts of the early religious history. The town meetings were held in the place of worship for many years.

The town called the minister, appointed him house and lands, and was responsible for his salary. Committees of the town built three meeting-houses and at the first assigned seats to the people. Some less important but interesting items may be noted. In 1678 Widow Noble and Edward Noble were to be paid two pounds, five shillings, for sweeping the house and beating the drum. In 1795 a committee of five was named "to confer with the singers and endeavor to revive and ameliorate the singing on the Sabbath." What happened to these rash men is not recorded. In 1812 \$100 was voted for singing, the Baptists and the Methodists to be exempt from the tax. By a vote decided by the moderator the town voted in 1823 to furnish stoves for the meeting-house. A corporation was formed in 1816 to administer the ministerial fund, resulting from the sale of the "Ministry Lot" off Elm Street, which Samuel Root left to the ministry in 1712. It was as late as 1829 when the old church was made separate from the town.

One of the conditions of becoming a town was the seeking out and settling of a godly man for minister. Mr. Holyoke of Springfield ministered for six months and was invited to settle, but "as Mr. Holyoke did not give satisfaction he was allowed twenty pounds for his prayers, labors and charges." Moses Fiske was then minister for three years, but the first settled pastor, Edward Taylor, was waiting at Cambridge to be found and brought to Westfield in 1671 by Thomas Dewey, by a four day's horseback ride guided by the marked trees. It was eight years later when the church was organized with seven foundation men whose family names continue with us.

Mr. Taylor had been educated at an English University. He had been a vigorous advocate of Oliver Cromwell and of civil and religious liberty. An ardent anti-monarchist, he was a man well fitted to nourish and inform the spirit

of democracy in the settlement. For fifty-eight years Mr. Taylor gave a leadership as preacher, doctor, educator and publicist that well became his office, leaving an impress that remains to this day.

Five men of such quality that they lived and died in the service of the parish brought the succession in the ministry of the old church down to 1866. The last of these was Emerson Davis, whose practical talents and genial personality won the regard of men. When his body was borne to its resting place on Pine Hill, some of us walked in the great procession of children who carried flowers to lay on the grave of their friend.

During the pastorate of Dr. Davis in 1856 the Congregational fellowship became so large that a new church was desirable. The second Congregational Church was formed by a colony of sixty-three from the old church. A church building was erected in 1862, since when this church has continued to serve the community with numbers and prosperity equal to that of the mother church.

It is one of the anomalies of history that dissenters from England developed an established church in New England. An ordered and vital religious organization was undoubtedly a necessity for the full realization of the purpose of the Puritan migration. Yet it remains true that the establishment bore hard upon the new groups of dissenters, and in time the old church failed to afford certain people a type of religious life that was grateful to them. Hence sprung that opposition and those contentions that accompanied the rise of sects in New England. These troubles seem to have been less evident in Westfield than in many places. The town, however, did drive out its first doctor, one George Filer, "who did confess that he entertained Quakers for the reason that none else would, and further that he would own before the world that he was one of them." He was ordered to pay a fine of five shillings or to be well

whipt for venting his heterodoxy, absenting himself from public worship and scandalizing the community by his contemptuous speech of the word and work of the ministry, in saying "that they turn over twenty or thirty authors in a week to patch up an hour's discourse or two on the Sabbath."

The Baptists in early days often served as a needed irritant to the establishment in New England. In 1784 a First Church of that denomination, with a building near the County bridge, was organized by a group of people who had been members of the church in Suffield. This First Church, together with a Second Baptist Church which had been organized in 1787, in the district soon to become Russell, lived but a few years. In 1806 we find a reorganized First Baptist Church which later built a meeting-house near the Iron bridge and in 1819 a second one at West Farms, continuing as a united church until 1830 when the people at West Farms organized as a separate body, under the name Second Baptist Church. After an experience of division and a period of unrest, we find in 1833 the members of the First Baptist Church united and well established, as the Central Baptist Church, at the corner of Elm and Church Streets. In their new home, occupied in 1868, they became one of the four strong churches of the town.

Methodism came in by the way of *"Hoophole," where a church of that order has existed since 1794. The Methodists so recommended themselves that in 1830 the unusual step was taken of the town's purchasing a site for them on Main Street, where they became an independent church in 1836. In the commodious building with stores beneath on the corner of School Street, they so grew and flourished that in 1875 they dedicated this great building in which we are gathered where, as the largest Protestant body in the city,

* West Parish,—now Mundale.

they worship with a more formal order and less unction than in the early days.

Episcopacy had little opportunity in the average New England settlement for a century and a half. [It is recorded that about the time of the Revolution, Episcopal Church services were held in Southwick which was then included in the township of Westfield. But the Tory sentiments of the officiating clergymen led to the determination that "Episcopacy shall never be established in Westfield"]; and it is some evidence of the persistence of the original Puritan type in this community that there was little demand here for an Episcopal Church before 1863.

The reinforcement and change in population, and some change in thought, have finally given that church a real field of service and established it on permanent foundations.

By the organization of an Advent Church in the Bicentennial year and its recent occupancy of its new church home the circle of Protestant churches in the city has completed itself, and this, happily, with less diversity of name and with a larger unity than prevails in most towns of the size of Westfield.

EDUCATION IN THE DEMOCRATIC COMMUNITY

In that remarkable and forward looking program of the English Labor Party put out last year the ideal of the opportunity for a full education for all was set forth convincingly. This was the noble democratic idea of the Puritans. They desired to provide the best possible instruction for all. They set the school beside the meeting-house symbolizing the importance of education. The law of 1647 in Massachusetts contemplated a great and wise system of public schools for the education of the whole people. Where there were fifty families there must be a school, and where there were one hundred families there must be a grammar

school to fit for college. The early settlers undertook to carry out the provisions of the law as best they could. Before 1678 parents taught their children under penalty of a fine for neglect of duty. Their education was to include perfect reading of the English tongue, a knowledge of the capital laws, the grounds and principles of religion, and the bringing up of the children and apprentices in some honest, lawful calling, labor or employment, profitable to themselves or the commonwealth. As one considers these requirements he has before him a program of education that the present day might well emulate.

To the first schoolmaster, who evidently did not remain long, the town assigned a home lot and two tracts of out-lying land, with an allowance for teaching. There was a provision that in order to secure proper respect the wife of the schoolmaster should be accommodated with a pew next to the magistrates. The first schoolhouse was built in 1701. The second was built near the old Main Street school in 1753. A grammar school was opened in 1724, with Mr. Bull for teacher. Mr. Bull was the assistant minister and was allowed Friday and Saturday in which to get his sermon.

But it must be confessed that in Westfield, as in all the commonwealth, the ideal while cherished was very imperfectly realized. Not until the last decades of the nineteenth century was the educational system at all adequate. The lack of schoolmasters is given as one reason for the founding of academies, so generally done at the end of the eighteenth century. The Westfield Academy opened in 1800 was the first in Western Massachusetts, and evidences the sincere purpose of this town to advance education as they "rejoiced that this happy lot has fallen to us that we have an opportunity to impart a small portion of our property in laying the foundation of so useful an institution." For many years this school provided unusual advantages for

the youth of Westfield and added to the life of the town that interest which attaches to an educational center. Emerson Davis, later a member of the first State Board of Education, was preceptor for fourteen years, and of William Goldthwaite, a later principal, men of the last generation were wont to speak with gratitude. In 1867 the Academy, yielding to changing conditions, was practically merged into the High School, where for many years Abner Gibbs, that great teacher and rare spirit, awakened and inspired youth, ably seconded for a time by Sarah M. Kneil whose helpfulness to the young people of an earlier day will not soon be forgotten.

The selectmen had been the School Board until 1826 when a separate school committee was elected. The lower schools struggled on under the district system until 1863, when the town system was adopted and two grammar schools were opened. The establishment in 1844 of one of the State Normal Schools was of special advantage to the local enterprise of education. In recent years the High School, in an enlarged building and competently led, has become an important institution. By the adoption of modern methods in the schools at large, by enlarging appropriations and equipment, the New Westfield is gradually achieving the main features of the democratic ideal of education which the fathers cherished but were unable to realize.

INDUSTRY IN A DEMOCRATIC COMMUNITY

The first settlers left the pleasant scenes and accustomed occupations of England for far other than economic considerations. They did not adventure the sea and the wilderness to hunt and to fish, to appropriate new acres, or to buy and sell and get gain. But the success of any ideal undertaking involves an adequate material setting. It should never be forgotten that the fathers' purpose was

achieved only as the result of such hard and protracted labor as the temper of the present seems to disdain. Their success depended upon a thrift, a self-denial, and a simplicity of life such as this self-indulgent, pleasure-seeking age appears to scorn. It may well be that the nation they helped to found, and the newly created democracies which are its associates, may be compelled to learn that a democratic world-order cannot succeed except as honest and sustained labor produces and self-denial and thrift conserve the material resources sufficient to appease physical hunger and to make possible the satisfaction of the soul cravings.

Beaver skins, turpentine, rosin, tar and bricks were the first products marketed by the settlers, but the rich alluvial soil made Woronoco in more senses than one "fat hunting." Its first real development was as a village of independent and prosperous farmers, a type of citizen naturally tenacious of an ordered democratic life. Farming has remained a leading industry, although great areas of tobacco have appropriated the acres where once diversified crops grew. The farms long remained centers of varied industries which largely supplied the wants of the household. In time the little shops of the blacksmith, of the wheelwright and other artisans appeared by the wayside. In these shops master craftsmen, with honest pride in their work, turned out products warranted to last. As industrial life changed, the country store became more of a feature in the town and in 1813 the splendid structure of the "Brick Store" appeared at the center among the less pretentious wooden buildings, forerunner of much other brick construction in which has been carried on the lucrative trade of the enlarging town and the outlying communities.

Saw and grist mills ($\frac{1}{14}$ of wheat and $\frac{1}{12}$ of corn for the miller) were built very early on the streams and then on the rivers. Some of these mills continued to be of importance far into the nineteenth century. At Springdale, at Horton's

mill and at Cowles' mill the older industry made way for the manufacture of paper, while the power at Great River was appropriated for the use of varied industries. Westfield like many other villages in New England developed a characteristic industry, the manufacture of whips, which continues with full success. This business gave scope for the abilities of a competent group of men like Hiram Hull, Jasper R. Rand, Hiram Harrison, Henry J. Bush and Reuben Noble. As the whip salesmen went through the land, first with their peddlers' carts and later with sample cases, they carried the name of Westfield far and wide. About 1840 the manufacture of cigars was begun. The business grew to relatively large proportions and the letter heads of some old firms read "Whips and Cigars." The piano leg factory disappeared and we failed to maintain the interesting business of building organs, but other lucrative industries have been established so that the farming village has become a manufacturing community, with the evident problems of industrial democracy.

THE COMING OF THE CELT

One of the most important features of the story of the town in the last century was the coming of the Celtic people to this region. It was a part of the great migration of the Irish stock to this country. As the early settlers had cleared the land and built the roads, these new people, forced out of their own land by the hard experiences of overlordship and famine, came with their brawn and willing minds to do their share of foundation laying, by building the canals, the railroads and other public works of their adopted country. These young and active men and women also lifted a part of the work which had become too burdensome for the shoulders of the farmers in their cleared fields and of their wives in their busy kitchens. Westfield like other places waited for the coming of these Irish people and

their service has been invaluable. And here I am constrained to pay a heartfelt tribute, in which I am sure not a few of my generation will join, to an early group out of Ireland, who by their friendly interest, their honest toil, their unfailing loyalty found a sure place in the affection and home life of many Yankee families, and did much to make that home life possible.

The first Irish immigrants came in the second quarter of the last century as builders of the canal and the Western Railroad. By the middle of the century they were well established here. By immigration and a high birth rate the stock has increased until it has become a strong people, who by talent and industry have enriched themselves and added to the prosperity of the town.

The devotion of these people to religion has been evident. The first mass of record was said in 1851 in the town hall, on the site free for all religious societies. The first Catholic Church was occupied in 1853. Father Carroll became the first resident pastor in 1862. By the long pastorate of Rev. Thomas Smythe the parish was greatly extended and strengthened; today the English-speaking Catholics of Westfield number some 3,500, in two parishes, with large resources, and having a full equipment of worthy ecclesiastical buildings. These people, in accordance with their genius, have become influential in the civic life of the town. They have taken a full share in the wars of the republic. They are a people desirous of liberty and we trust them to maintain with the older stock the traditions of a democratic community.

THE ANCIENT NAMES AND THE GROWTH IN POPULATION

We are interested in the spirit that animated them rather than in the numbering and naming of the independent, liberty-loving Anglo-Saxons whose intention it was to help form a Christian commonwealth, all the members of which

should understand and obey the laws of God and of the state. Yet there is an interest in noting how "the little one became a thousand," and it is a matter of true sentiment that leads us to record and cherish their names.

In 1669, the year of the incorporation of the town, twenty-four names are given of those who were landholders, and in 1676 the population was estimated to be 150. A study of the early lists of grants and the table of selectmen gives us with very few exceptions names that have been perpetuated to this day. These important and enduring names are: Ashley, Dewey, Fowler, Ingersoll, Loomis, Lee, Moseley, Noble, Phelps, Root, Sackett, Taylor, Weller. The names Kellogg, Shepard and Bush were added early in the eighteenth century. The Board of Selectmen for one hundred and fifty years, with only here and there an exception, was made up from these families. These were the names usually appended to important documents. They predominate in the lists of soldiers who went to the French and Indian and of those who fought in the Revolution. There are other names of great significance to the story of Westfield, some of which happily are being perpetuated as family names, but these that have endured for two centuries and a half in this countryside are of special interest at this time.

Fifty years after incorporation Westfield consisted of 107 households. The Massachusetts census in 1765 made Westfield the second town in the region with 1,324 inhabitants. At the time of the first United States census in 1790, Westfield with a population of 2,204 was larger than Springfield. For some twenty years the population was stationary. Then the town, assuming the features of a pleasant and prosperous village, grew steadily to a population of 4,180 at the middle of the century.

The great expectations created by the building of the canal were never realized, but the railroads gave adequate

outlets for trade. Industries, employing native stock for the most part, grew in importance. Public improvements were begun. The challenge of the Civil War was adequately met and sixty more sons of Westfield gave up their lives that the principle of liberty might more fully prevail. Aspects of village life remained after the war, but by the end of the second century Westfield with a population of some 6,500 had been transformed into a town.

THE PASSING OF OLD WESTFIELD

The Bicentennial came at a time that marked the passing of old Westfield. The old tradition was still strong. Men who incarnated its spirit were still alive. But they appear to have remained largely oblivious to what was happening. Some old customs of neighborliness and some old ways of trade still persisted. The atmosphere of a simple, hearty, democratic social life had not entirely disappeared. But the end of a period had come. It had been a good period, rich in the things that strengthened the mind and informed the heart. Its simplicities, its lack of modern conveniences, its homely ways are apparent enough now. We may not regret their loss but those of us who knew something of that period treasure our memories. We like to recall the park with its fence and bandstand and the town pump then still an institution. A real stage-coach carried us to the trains and drew up in front of the Woronoco House with becoming flourish. The yeastman rang his bell from door to door. The hulled corn and hominy man made his rounds. In season a kind soul brought us oysters weekly from the Sound. We played ball on the unkempt green in summer, often men and boys together. We skated on the old canal in winter. We were entertained by Cattle Shows on Moseley's Park and by fairs, held for worthy objects, in Whitman's Hall. Every fire was an opportunity for community co-operation,

and always held an element of joy because of the rivalry between the "Bay State" and the "Rough and Ready" engines. We were expectant when Major Taylor's fat ox was to be killed. We waited at the gate once a week for Mr. Buell's *News Letter*, or later for the *Hampden Times*, papers which recorded incidents of the countryside and interpreted the community life. It was literature not to be replaced by more ambitious publications. Elm Street as yet did not belie its name and houses still stood in open yards telling of the street's earlier day. We drew our water from wells or cisterns and we heated our rooms with stoves. On dark nights we steered our courses by the aid of dim and infrequent gas lights. We were without many things which this age deems necessary, but many lived glad and contented days, and even the life of a town consisteth not in the things a town possesseth.

* * *

THE LAST HALF CENTURY

The last half century has seen a growth and expansion grateful to all who care for the town's material prosperity. The old center gradually changing remains the center of a new town. Elm Street has found its destiny, and its side streets yield themselves to trade. On miles of new streets and the highlands beyond are built the attractive homes of a prosperous people. An adequate water and sewer system, electric lights, paved streets and new bridges are features of the new Westfield. Electric cars run along the old streets while the steam cars on elevated tracks no longer endanger life. On two parts of the old plow land extensive manufacturing have been built, and about one of these has grown up a Slovak village. On the North or "Cellar Side" other industrial plants have been erected in the old fields. On the old canal and under Prospect Hill the business founded by H. B. and Edwin Smith in 1854, and developed by John

Reed, has greatly enlarged its borders. The Atheneum has changed its home, having outgrown its earlier benefactors, and now a large library waits to be housed by the Whitney bequest. The hospital bearing the ancient name of Noble stands as a house of mercy on yonder hill, while the Gillett home and the Shurtleff home have opened doors to the homeless. Decade to decade has shown a steady increase in population, which was 12,310 in 1900, 16,400 in 1910. In this, the 250th year, approximately 20,000 people make up the town.

It is the character of this population that presents us with the most important facts of the town's growth, and more than any other thing leads us to speak of the "New Westfield." At least one half of the present population is of other than Anglo-Saxon stock. Some 6,300 persons are not of the English-speaking races. There are estimated to be in the town some 80 Hebrews having a synagogue, a few Greeks and 800 Italians. There are 200 Spaniards, and a group of 650 Lithuanians with their own church. The new Czecho-Slovakia is represented by 500 Czechs or Bohemians, beside 500 Slovaks forming a community of their own about their church, 3,500 Poles with their large religious establishment comprise the largest element of the new population. A prosperous Lutheran Church serves the religious needs of a group of that denomination. Many of these people are employed in the factories of the town. Some on the land as farmers, and some in other ways bear much of the heat and burden of the present day.

But other men and other races have labored and these newcomers have entered into their labors. They find here fields cleared, roads built, railroads constructed, many public works completed. They find provided conveniences of life which the immigrants of other periods could not enjoy. They find here the foundations of a free govern-

ment, laid at great cost of blood and treasure. They find here the delicate fabric of a democratic order built thereon. These people have come of their own will. They have come to better their conditions. Many of them have come to escape the tyranny of old autocracies. These people have reason to appreciate the purpose of the founders of this town and to cherish a like spirit. We welcome them at this time as sons and daughters of Westfield by a spiritual adoption, asking them in their day to make their primal offering of labor, laying some good material foundation, and with us to develop and maintain the institutions of civic and religious liberty.

My friends, when I read on the town's Roll of Honor the names of so many men of the new immigration, I am of good courage.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WESTFIELD

It was the purpose of the founders of this town to lay some good foundation in the name of the God of liberty upon which a better future might be built. The story of the passing years has proved beyond a peradventure that the purpose of the early days was so loyally held, so practically expressed, so surely handed on, so truly developed, that here the principle of democracy has always had a vital existence and has prevailed to such a degree as to mark Westfield as peculiarly a democratic community.

Here all facts have been given consideration and all forces have had their opportunity. Here competent leadership has always been available and wisely accepted; but here no individual has dominated and no aristocracy has established itself. Here no family has been established in great wealth with its group of dependents; but here not a few families have accumulated comfortable livings and many have shared in a becoming prosperity.

Old Westfield in all its history may be characterized as

a community of well-to-do, independent, self-respecting people, incapable of subserviency and able, in spite of strongly held opinions, to so co-operate as to maintain a public spirit and to ensure the common weal. May we not add that Westfield has so practically entered into the good will of the Gospel that what the Fathers of Springfield hoped for us has been true, namely: "That they through the favor of God may grow up into a comfortable society and be a happy neighborhood to us and our friends and theirs."

And now, Mr. Chairman, I venture to speak for those sons and daughters of Westfield who have left the old home and are rarely privileged to cross old thresholds and commune with old friends. In fancy we often walk these streets, oblivious to much outwardly and materially new that is matter of the town's just pride. We behold things that are not as though they were. The associations and adventures of childhood again refresh our spirits. We yield ourselves once more to the instructors and guides of our youth. We look upon the faces of men and women whose example, beyond any knowledge of their own, influenced our ideals. We take part again in those community events of long ago that awakened in us social insight and civic purpose. We seek out every spring that made glad the mind and heart of youth, thus refreshing our tried and burdened spirits so that faith and hope and love may still endure. With reverent steps we visit the places where we had our God-given visions that in the later days, having done all, we may stand. Perhaps, to us who thus often dwell here in imagination, rather than to you who in reality abide here, it has been given to realize the full significance of such a community life as Westfield has achieved and to be thankful that our youth was nurtured in this valley, where the Great Spirit once made revelations to the youthful Alquat, and where so often since mercy and truth have met together and righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

We have made place for other and we may hope better servants of the old town's later day. We have served in other and perhaps less pleasant surroundings, but baptised in the spirit of old Westfield we have sought to keep the faith. In the instructor's chair, in halls of legislation, in the pulpit, in the laboratory and office, amid the whirling wheels of industry and in the marts of trade, in some places of eminence and many places of obscurity, we have sought to be true to our heritage. More than this, we have sought to hand on the tradition. Our sons empowered by the same spirit have fought with your sons in the Great War for the right. Some, bearing names honored in the last generation and carrying the high hopes of many old time families, have laid down their very precious lives that democracy might prevail in all the earth.

This spirit will endure in the new Westfield and will empower it for future adventures in the field of human freedom. For there press upon us the very difficult, dangerous and yet necessary problems of democracy seeking its logical development in the field of industry. The spirit will endure though we have carried out to burial the men of the past in whom it lived, developed and expressed itself. For it is the spirit of liberty that can never die. It is that urge at the heart of life whereby men seek to come into fellowship with the eternal Spirit, seeking the freedom of the Sons of God. Through much weakness and weariness, through mistakes and failures, through new ways of prejudice, injustice and violence, which arrogance and tyranny have evoked, by the highway of public service and the low-way of private devotion, the race moves on to its goal. The movement is necessary and the goal is sure. The purpose that characterized old Westfield is part of an eternal purpose, a part of the constant struggle of the human soul to answer the call, "Son of man stand upon thy feet and I will speak with thee." Speak with thee! Not with an-

ADDRESS

JUDGE MICHAEL H. SULLIVAN

Friends of the Town of Westfield:

I deem it a great honor to be here this evening, and to be invited to say a word; because, in the first place, I am not a native of Westfield, and, of course, to be invited to a birthday party is to be admitted to the bosom of the family; and, secondly, because I have a great affection for Westfield.

Born in a little town to the west—Granville—I very early in life yearned to come down into this beautiful valley and see what Westfield was like. Thirty-five years ago Westfield to me was a huge city. I recall now the pungent odor from the tar sidewalks as I came to the head of Court Street. The drive down through Court Street, with the Soldiers' Monument at the end, was almost enough for one day.

I recall, better than I do what is there now, the view on Elm Street as I turned from Court Street by the monument. The old mortar and pestle sign pointing out Holland's drug store and the great clock that indicated the place of J. A. Lakin, the optician. I never could quite tell by that clock whether it was twenty minutes of four or twenty minutes past eight. Then, immediately across the Green, that cameo of the town, were the old feed troughs, where the country horses took their lunch. In the center of the roadway part of the Green was the old watering tub, where the horses of this and adjoining towns quenched their thirst. The view down Elm Street, looking north, with the rows of hitching posts on either side, nearly always tenanted, sometimes by horses that proclaimed humane and conscientious owners, and sometimes—I fear oftener—by horses that proclaimed inhumane owners.

Finally the trip across Great River, over the bridge that was then nearly new. It was a long time before I associated Great River with Little River. I thought that Great River meant that it was among the great rivers of the world.

Then, after crossing Great River bridge, to come to the Boston & Albany Railroad, with its huge gates, that to the country youngster seemed lifted and lowered in some mysterious way. To view all these things once or twice a year were great events for a boy who lived where the whistle of a steam engine could not be heard and where there was not water enough in one spot to drown in.

Decoration Day in Westfield was the event of the year! To hear the band play; to see the Soldiers' Monument beautifully decorated by the high school boys; to march with the veterans,—or at least to go along on the sidewalk beside the marching veterans,—with the band playing, to the cemetery, and to see and to hear the exercises,—that day did for a full twelve months.

And later on, when the educational opportunities in the hilltop town had been exhausted,—or an indulgent teacher said so,—to come down to the Westfield High School! The thing, I suppose, that will stay with me longest as an impression about the High School was the fact that there were men teachers there. Men dressed up, working but four or five hours a day, teaching boys and girls, was something new to me. All the men that I had theretofore known did no such work,—not one of them. Usual as it may seem to us now, yet it was a very outstanding fact to me my first year in High School. The principal was some wonderful man! The superintendent, of course, was only to be looked upon from a distance!

My first week in the High School was the longest week mentally that I have ever known,—even to this day. When Friday came and school closed for the week I could not wait until the next day, when the team was to come

for me, but went the nine miles home, all uphill, a rise of eleven hundred feet, as you know, in less time than it was many times made by a horse. Because I was going home!

And that is the thing about this meeting that makes it intimate and serious. It concerns itself with home, with the days of youth, the days of small things, and the days of impressions that are most deep and most lasting.

But I was asked by your committee to say something of the future, and so I must not digress further. As the speaker intimated, it would be only a very courageous man who would attempt to forecast for more than a day what is before us. I doubt if, in the mad race which we are all engaged in, we ever think more than a week ahead. At any rate, very few of us do. A decade seems like an age, as we look forward to it, and when we realize what has been achieved in the world since you had your last celebration we are amazed. Indeed, the race has traveled very far! It becomes all the more astounding when we realize that most of the wonderful material progress has come in the last half of that fifty-year period.

Your committee should have selected a man with imagination—great imagination—I have none—to tell you simply a little about what the next fifty years will bring forth. But before I attempt to give you the slightest suggestion of what I believe will happen I would like to recall to your minds briefly what wonderful things came out of the last fifty years.

To speak alone of one thing,—electricity. What wonders have come out of that one thing! I was not born when you had your last celebration, but I was four years old when the first electric light was made,—the very first one; and that was long before the electric light became commercialized; yet we find ourselves thinking now that electricity has always been with us.

I am about the age of the telephone, and yet we hardly

think of the telephone now, any more than we do of the air that we breathe; it is so common. We were reminded of its part in our lives, however, a short while ago in Boston, when a week's strike almost disrupted many lines of business and about one-half of our homes.

Out of electricity have come the telephone, electric light and power, and from the power came electric cars. The explosive engine was not possible without electricity. And so the automobile and aeroplane would not have come to us were it not for the explosive engine. The graphophone is another result of electricity, the X-ray, that has saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars, and the moving pictures, perhaps the youngest member of electricity's family.

What tremendous things have come out of electricity! What a tremendous difference electricity has made in our lives!—just those few children of electricity!

And there should be added two other things,—not children of electricity, but just as wonderful as any of them, and perhaps more useful, for it is perhaps due to their discovery that many of us are here tonight and thousands of others are living. I refer to the antiseptic method of surgery and antitoxins.

Most of the above named inventions and discoveries have been developed and put into practical use in the last half of the fifty years that we are concerned with. That is, in the last twenty-five years. But even more astounding, perhaps, is what has taken place in the last five years, which is only a tenth part of the period we are concerned with.

A great World War has been fought, and, we hope, the world purged of much of its evil thereby. One of the greatest handicaps, perhaps, that the human race has ever had has been abolished in this country, we believe,—namely, intoxicating liquor. Finally, one half of the population

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heretofore disqualified from taking part in our government is now to be admitted to full partnership in government. Women are about to come into full suffrage. Therefore, with these three tremendous happenings in the last five years, who can say what five years more will unfold, to say nothing of what the next fifty years will reveal!

But, my friends, I venture that in the next fifty years—and whether in the first twenty-five or the last twenty-five I do not say, but in the next fifty years—we will have turned our attention to art, to the finer side of nature, to a greater extent than we have in the past. I think the coarse, material age is about ready to stop for a breathing spell. And what will it mean?

First, it will mean wonderful things in education. We will educate to live and for life, both. Schools will combine living and life, and I hope those two will be combined so that neither one will run away with the other.

Secondly, I believe that we will do more to beautify the places wherein we live, the towns and cities, than we ever have done before.

Have you ever considered what we have done with the most beautiful things that Nature has given to us,—our rivers? We have settled upon them. We have harnessed them. We have made them unsightly, instead of using them for what I think some day we will come to see was their real and most important function.

We have allowed the railroads to run through the parlors of our houses,—right through the center of the towns. We have built our guest houses—the hotels—in congested districts and upon railroads. We have not tried to show strangers the place where we live and to make them comfortable and happy while with us, so that they would talk pleasantly of us when they went away; but we have been more concerned in putting them where we could commercialize them.

Now, I think those things are going to pass in the next fifty years. I hope in the first part of it, too, because I wish to live to see it happen. But if it does not come until the last part of it, even then will this prophecy be fulfilled.

Now I wish to make the suggestion concrete. I believe you will retain the Green,—a cameo on the breast of the town. At any rate, I hope you will. I believe that you will establish on one of the four corners of it a great City Hall,—for this town will be a city in a few years, and in fifty years from now it will have a population of 75,000 people, at least. On another corner of the Green will be built a great Chamber of Commerce; on the third corner a Community House,—a house for community interests, where all interests may be welded and amalgamated,—a melting pot, as some people vulgarly put it sometimes; and, lastly, on the fourth corner you will have the old Atheneum—but probably called the Public Library. And with these four edifices, representing government, industry, community co-operation and interest, and mental development and recreation, you will have the ideals of the old town as they have been enunciated here this evening, and which have made Westfield great, and will make it even greater, as the fathers intended.

At that time I think you will have great broad highways crossing at about the Green, running east and west and north and south. I hope that you will extend Broad Street at its present width directly south to the sister town of Southwick, which in the day I speak of will be annexed to, and a part of, the city of Westfield. I believe that, running north from the Green, Elm Street will be made a continuation of Broad Street. Great River will be unchained, the dam removed and the river bed sunk. The banks will be grass or flower covered, with no white sand islands appearing in the lowlands nine months of the year. The river will be a line of beauty.

Your Boston & Albany Railroad will be diverted as far back as Lee's Crossing, to the east of Sunset Hill and Upper Pochassic, joining the present line again below Woronoco. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad will use the Boston & Albany tracks from the East Mountain district to Lee's Crossing, and then by a new route of its own across Little River, joining the present location below the old Southwick line.

Your hotels will be on your terraces to the east and to the west of the town,—one on Prospect Hill, with a golf course attached, that will extend away nearly to Camp Bartlett. Another hotel on the terrace to the west, where your present Country Club house stands, with a golf course extending along the ridges of the river.

You will have four of the best air route stations in Western Massachusetts, one standing on each point of the compass. Travel by railroad in the future will be very little known. Nearly all travel of any distance will be through the air. Street cars will be only a memory. Horses will not be allowed within the city limits, and can only be seen as curiosities in corrals and equitation fields. The streets will be paved with a noiseless substance and cleaned by vacuum process.

You will have, perhaps in the location beyond the present Woronoco Park, a large campus, with a beautiful cluster of Normal School buildings on one side of it, in which courses will be offered that will prepare teachers for every grade offered in the public schools. On the other side of that campus will be a beautiful cluster of buildings called the State University.

To the south will be clustered all your manufacturing industries, and not a wheel of one of them turned by power made on their sites. They will be run by electricity, which will be generated far beyond the city limits, on the hills to the west, where there is abundant water power now

wasted. There will be no coal, with its smoke nuisance, used in generating power.

The farming land from Westfield River Valley to the Farmington River Valley will be used as intensively as the farming land of Germany was used before the war. It will be covered, I hope, with a goodly number of the returning soldiers, who have already applied for opportunity to own and develop farm land. Then every year you will see upon those hillsides the annual encampment of the American Legion,—the men who actually fought for and preserved our liberties.

Forests will be grown and tended as crops are now. New England, I am astounded to find, now has to import about one half of the lumber that it uses for building purposes. I can remember the day when New England exported lumber, and that day will come again, I hope. But it cannot come unless forests are cultivated.

Now, if you can for a moment look at the picture of Westfield fifty years from now, you will not feel a bit more astounded than the people who were here fifty years ago, and did not stay but a year or two after that time, would feel today,—as one speaker has already said, if they were to return and see it now.

I heard a story a short time ago of a man who had been dead forty or fifty years and suddenly returned to earth. He found it so hard to accustom himself to the traffic underneath the ground in the large cities, as well as on the surface and in the air, that, without saying which of the two places he came from, he expressed a desire to return immediately.

And so, friends of Westfield, this little picture that I have drawn is so short of what will actually befall in the next fifty years, so short of the actual exploits and achievements that will have come when this town is again celebrating her birthday, the three hundredth, that I think I

shall apologize for it. But I do say to you, that if, after the purging of the war of the last five years, with the two great forces,—one evil, about to end; the other constructive, about to begin,—I say that if you cannot get somewhere in the next fifty years far beyond the imagination of anybody now living to suggest, even, it will be because you have not followed the ideals that have been Westfield's for two hundred and fifty years,—it will be because the vigor and enterprise and initiative and ingenuity of the American people in this section have failed. But I cannot believe that they will fail.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1919

LABOR DAY

“Gayly decorated booths all around the Green blossomed forth today with soft beverages, banners and ‘red hots,’ to say nothing of the dozens of other articles offered for sale. The historical exhibit and Hostess House on Broad Street were visited by scores, who especially admired the New England cabin interior; and the tea room was well patronized. The Boy Scouts erected a tent headquarters next door south of the Hostess House and radiated from there all over town selling souvenir programs.

“This, the second day of the 250th Anniversary Celebration opened with a parade by the Westfield Brass Band from in front of the Town Hall to the M. B. Whitney playground on the south bank of the Westfield River, which at the jubilee of fifty years ago was under water because of the flood which wrought all manner of havoc. Here Uncle Sam’s dare-devil acrobats in khaki, on spirited, careening mounts, gave an exhibition which will long be remembered by the three thousand Westfieldians and guests who witnessed the stunts performed. The riding took place in plain sight of the grand-stand and bleachers, but just northwest of the diamond.

“The program of the cavalry troopers from Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., first of all displayed the regular cavalry drill in troop formation. Then there was executed, with splendid horsemanship, a fancy drill by the whole troop. This involved spirals, corkscrews and the double circle. One of the most dramatic parts of the whole performance was what is termed the ‘rescue race.’ Cavalrymen came onto the field, dismounted and fired their guns as a signal of distress as they would do if their horses had been shot under them. Their companions then dashed into view

and effected a rescue. Cossack riding, cross-stirrup fashion and standing up, furnished thrills a-plenty for the spectators. But doubtless the most thrill-starting number of all was the Roman race with one man astride two horses. A couple of the men performed the 'monkey drill,' which is often done in the Wild West shows; also in range riding they did the Wild West saddle vault and picked up handkerchiefs from the ground with ease. Another drove a team of four horses, and two others risked their necks to supply fun for the crowds which swarmed the fields and slopes around.

"The troop was made up of sixty-five men, and in addition to its many horses, brought with it two motor-trucks and an automobile side-car. The men have been sleeping out in the open in pup tents since their arrival early Sunday. This morning at 11.56, at the shrill of a whistle, six of the troop's nine, dust-colored, large tents went up into place simultaneously, and soon tent-stakes were pounded in and the men had things shipshape for any kind of weather. The troop will march in the big parade on Wednesday afternoon."—*The Springfield Republican*.

BASEBALL COMMITTEE

WILLIAM J. CHAPMAN, *Chairman*

Baseball enthusiasts keenly enjoyed the baseball throwing contests and the base-running contests which were held Monday morning on the Whitney playgrounds. Participants were stationed far out in the field, and attempted to throw the sphere so as to hit the home-plate. John Dowd won the first prize, and Lester Robinson the second prize. Henry Miller won first prize in the base-running contest and "Clickey" Clark came out second. The first prize in each contest was \$3, with \$2 as a second prize.

SHOP LEAGUE BALL GAME

One of the most enjoyable events of the morning was the baseball game between the two leading teams of the Westfield shop league. The Westfield Manufacturing team had hoped to be one of the two teams to play, but the Foster Machine Company and the H. B. Smith Company nines finally were the ones to clash. The Foster players defeated the foundrymen 4 to 0 in a game of tense moments.

Monday afternoon the central streets of the town were jammed with hundreds of automobiles bearing parties from nearly all points in Western New England to the historical pageant at Wolfpit meadows. The police should be complimented upon the masterly way in which they handled the immense influx of traffic. The Boy Scouts who helped in many places also deserve much commendation.

Crane Park was black with the cars parked there under a check-system of the Pageant Parking Committee, who agree that over twelve hundred cars were accommodated, and the number of people attending the pageant was estimated to be from eight to ten thousand.

The diversions in the evening were more of the "homey" than spectacular sort. "Visiting round" was in order and many from out of town called on old acquaintances. There were informal family reunions, notable among which was a reunion of the descendants of General William Shepard with about forty in attendance. In this group was former Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island, great-grandson of General Shepard, and one who contributed largely to the Monument Fund. Candles glowed warmly in not a few windows and crowds were out to listen to the band concerts at eight o'clock. The 104th Regiment band played on Two-mile Falls Park and Short's Band on the Green.

PAGEANT OF WESTFIELD

PRESENTED AT

WOLFPIT MEADOWS

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1919

EXECUTIVE BOARD

MRS. PATTY LEE WATERMAN CLARK, *Chairman*

WILLIAM K. BUSCHMANN

MRS. MARY MYERS PARKER

MRS. GRACE DILLON DOHERTY

MRS. FRANCES ABBOTT SACKETT

MRS. HARRIET DYSON ELY

REV. ROBERT KEATING SMITH

MRS. ELIZABETH BUSH FOWLER

MISS CATHERINE E. VEASY

EDGAR LATHROP GILLETT

MRS. EVA PHELPS WRIGHT

EDWIN BANCROFT HEDGES

Pageant arranged and staged under the direction of

HARRY E. MUNSEY AND MISS JOSEPHINE C. REED

MUSICAL DIRECTOR

E. R. HAWLEY

HISTORICAL CENSORS

LOUIS M. DEWEY

REV. JOHN H. LOCKWOOD

FRANK GRANT

LUCIUS F. THAYER

JAMES C. GREENOUGH

MRS. MARIA MOSELEY WHITNEY



Wolfpit Meadows
Part of the Audience

PAGEANT COMMITTEES

COSTUMES

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J. CHAMBERS DEWEY
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MRS. J. WELLS LOOMIS
MATHER MOSELY
FREDERICK J. TOOKE
BERNARD C. WOLCOTT

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REV. ROBERT KEATING SMITH
MISS CATHERINE E. VEASY
MRS. EVA PHELPS WRIGHT } *Vice-Chairmen*

WILLIAM AHERN
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MRS. EDWARD CARROLL
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MRS. EDWARD CROTTY
MRS. WILLIAM P. DOUGHERTY

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

CHARLES F. ELY
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MRS. PETER MALONE
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ROBERT McMAHON
MRS. HOWARD NOBLE
MRS. MORRIS POMERANZ
MRS. GEORGE PRATT
MRS. BURTON A. PRINCE
MISS MILDRED REHOR
JAMES G. RIVERS
MRS. FLORENCE SACKETT RIVERS
MRS. ARCHIE D. ROBINSON
MRS. FREDERICK H. SCOTT
MRS. FREDERICK F. SHEPARD
MRS. MATTHEW W. SHINE
MRS. HARRIET STRONG
MRS. HENRY G. TAYLOR
MRS. MICHAEL WHOLEAN
MRS. CHARLES B. WILSON

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GEORGE E. ROBINSON, *Vice-Chairman*

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MRS. S. AUGUSTUS ALLEN
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MRS. COLLINS ATWATER
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MRS. CHARLES COOLEY
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EDWARD T. FOWLER
DARWIN L. GILLETT
MRS. DARWIN L. GILLETT
MISS LUCY D. GILLETT
MRS. JAMES HAGAR
MRS. E. R. HAWLEY
MISS ELIZABETH M. HOOKER

MRS. GEORGE HUBBARD
MRS. JEANNETTE ATWATER IVES
MISS MARY KASPER
MRS. JOSEPH A. KENYON
MRS. ROBERT LANE
MRS. LILLIE LAMBSON LILLEY
MRS. ELIZABETH WAY LOZIER
MRS. RICHARD J. MORRISSEY
MRS. NAN WILCOX MOSELEY
MRS. MARY SNOW PARKER
MRS. BERTHA BROOKS PARKS
MRS. HELEN SADOWSKI
MRS. FLORENCE ELY SMITH
MRS. JAMES TAYLOR
MISS MARY S. THAYER
MRS. JENNIE AUSTIN WARREN

SYNOPSIS OF PAGEANT

EPISODE I

FATHER TIME AND THE DAWN OF CREATION

In the distance a form can be seen approaching accompanied by many white-draped figures. These are followed by a group of beautiful wraith-like creatures, clad in exquisite colors, with veils drawn over their faces. As they advance, voices are heard singing a weird chant. Behold! It is Father Time who sings: "I come I know not whence,—I go I know not whither,—for I am Time." Thus he passes on with his ghostly followers. But the others remain, and as the chanting almost imperceptibly changes to soft music and the alluring strains increase in volume, they lift their veils and begin a dance symbolizing "The Dawn of Creation." This dance of joy is suddenly interrupted by an Indian war-whoop, and they flee in confusion.

Father Time GEORGE BAILEY

CHORUS

BEATRICE ABELL
FRANK BODURTHA
PAUL BRODEUR
CHARLES BRAZEE
CARL BOYD
RUTH BAILEY
MINNIE BUSCHMANN
ELSIE BEAUDRY
MARGARET BARRY
MARION BROWN
GORDON COBURN
ROBERT COTTER
WALTER Q. CARL
MICHAEL CORCORAN
NAN CARL
MARJORIE CADLE
NAN CHAPMAN
NELLIE CARR
INEZ B. CHATLOS
AGNES CHAPMAN
NORA DOWD
JAMES ELLIOT
CHARLES F. ELY

RALPH EMERSON
ARCHIE FINLAY
THOMAS FERRITER
NAN FERRITER
RAYMOND GIBBS
RICHARD GAYLORD
CARLYLE GOWDY
ANNIE GIBBONS
ANNA GEEHREN
JOSEPH HOLSINGER
HOWARD HERRICK
JAMES HALLORAN
MILDRED HUBER
MARY HOWARD
MAIDA HANCHETT
DOROTHY HUBBARD
DOROTHY HAMER
WILLIAM KOBERA
HAROLD KING
JOSEPH KVITSKY
ALICE KEEFE
MRS. KINARD
ANNA KENNEDY



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Father Time and the Chorus



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Dawn of Creation

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

MARION KLAR
EVELYN KLAR
JOHN LYNCH
IDA LYONS
WILLIAM McGRATH
FLORENCE MAHONEY
MILDRED MOORE
ANNA B. NELSON
ARTHUR PORTER
MRS. BURTON A. PRINCE
GENEVIEVE PRATT
ELENE PORTER
DUDLEY SHAW
HAROLD STEVENS

HOWARD SMITH
AGNES SULLIVAN
GRACE SHEA
ANNA SEARLE
LEAH SIME
ELSIE SMITH
ARTHUR TIERNEY
ROBERT TUBBS
HERBERT WEBSTER
J. FREEMAN WOOD
JOSEPH WHOLEAN
FRANCIS WHOLEAN
ELIZABETH WATERS
SADIE WATERS

CREATION BALLET

ELIZABETH BARNES
LEONA BARRE
EULA BUSH
HELEN BOLTON
PHYLLIS COOLEY
THELMA CHAMBERS
VIRGINIA COSBY
JANICE COOPER
MARGARET CRANE
EDITH CLARK
MARY DOOLIN
SUSAN DOOLIN
MARJORIE ELLIS
GRACE FERRITER
BEATRICE FERRITER
ETHEL FULLER
HELEN GOODMAN
ANNIE GIBBONS
BARBARA HEDGES
ELEANOR HEDGES
VESTA GANNETT
MARY KASPER

JOSEPHINE KENYON
GENEVIEVE JOHNSON
RUTH LANE
BETTY LEVIE
LEONIE LEVIE
BLANCHE LE VERE
FRANCES MANNING
ELIZABETH MARTIN
MARJORIE McWORTHY
MARY MAHONEY
IRENE MILLER
HAZEL OTTO
GLADYS POMERANZ
ROBERTA KING
ELLA RICE
JANE RICE
HELEN SPELLMAN
RUTH SUNDBERG
ALMEDA TAYLOR
FLORENCE TYLER
JESSIE WILLIAMS

CHAPERONES

MRS. G. W. DEMING
MRS. LELAND M. GILMAN

MISS CATHERINE WESSON
MRS. S. LEROY LEVIE

THE COMING OF THE INDIANS

When this land was first explored by Europeans it was inhabited by the Red Man. Where this race came from, how many years it had dwelt here, and what peoples it displaced, we do not know. There are historians who believe that the Indians were preceded by another race who built beautiful palaces and large cities, which long ago crumbled into dust. Others suppose that mounds and various evidences of an earlier occupation were the works of the ancestors of these Indians. Therefore, with no direct knowledge or evidences at hand of the ancestry of the Red Indian, their coming is merely symbolical.

They were found living in small villages and scattered in roving bands. Everywhere, the early settlers came in contact with these people.

Extremely improvident, they cultivated the soil very little, and depended almost entirely upon the chase. Hunting and dancing constituted their chief enjoyment. Their great interest in life was to procure food and devour it, and to subdue their enemies.

INDIAN CAMP WITH ITS PRIMITIVE OCCUPATIONS

Indian braves on foot and on horse-back appear, followed by their squaws and little ones, with the drags on which are their tepees and simple equipment. A fire is started, the camp is set up and the primitive home life of the Indian is presented.

INDIANS

METACOMET TRIBE OF RED MEN

Chief, JOHN FRASIER

Runner, FRED J. KILLIPS

BRAVES

EDWARD J. DURKIN
VICTOR DITZNER
LEO GELINAS
BENJAMIN ANDREWS
GEORGE GILMAN
EDWIN SHEPARD
HOWARD GREEN
GEORGE STRONG
HARRY MOSELY
WESLEY BEST

RAY GIBBS
ARTHUR PORTER
ALFRED WEBB
ELLIS ABELL
WILLIAM MALLEY
DONALD WATSON
PHILIP SAUNDERS
F. LOGAN
HARRY PENDLETON
H. AGAN

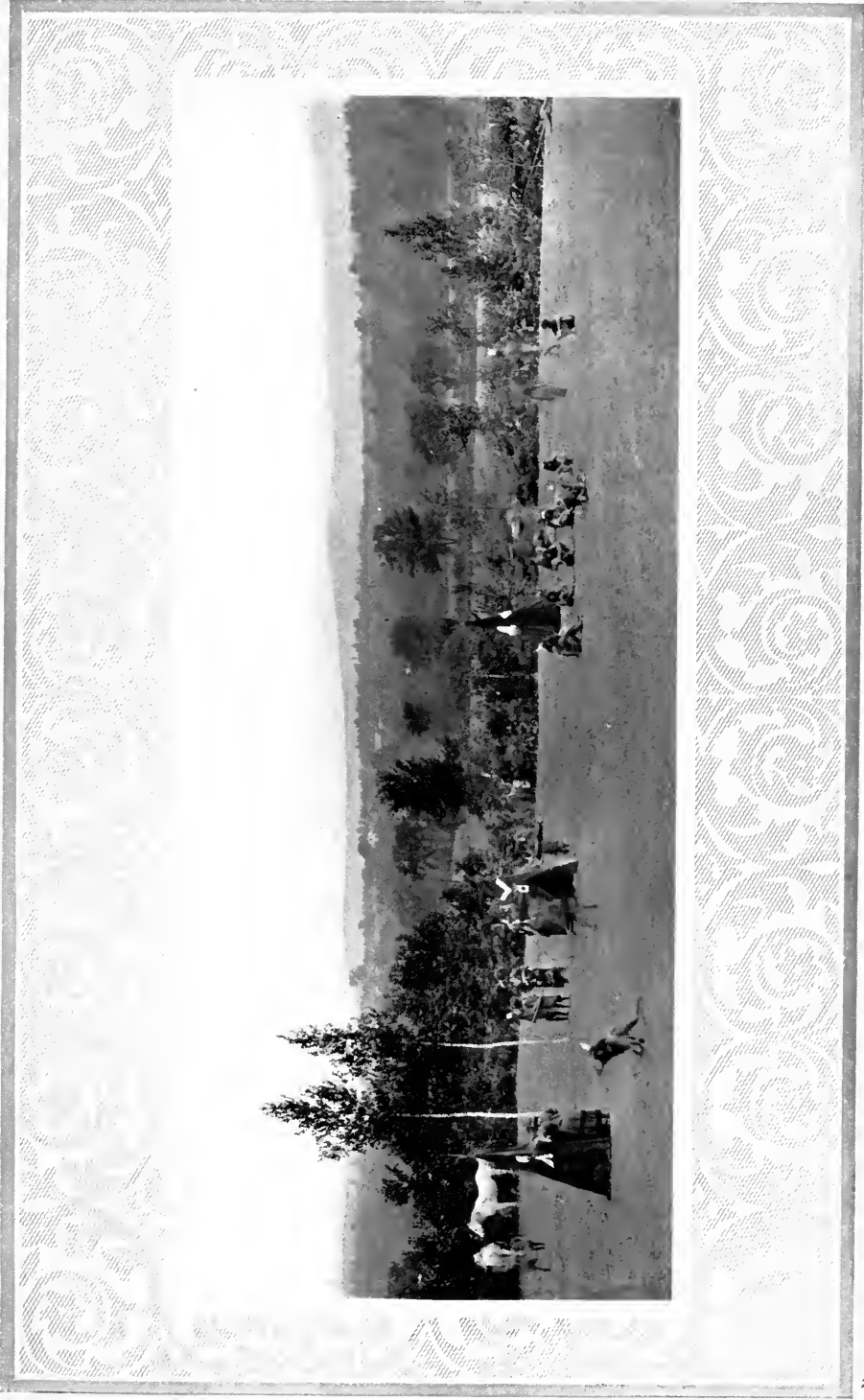


Photo by M. V. L. Coe

Indian Encampment

MATOAKA COUNCIL NO. 14

DEGREE OF POCAHONTAS

MISS AGNES VEASY	MRS. HORACE FULLER
MISS BESSIE MALONE	MISS MARY SHAY
MRS. HARRY MOSELY	MISS M. REGINA HAMMOND
MRS. LINA JONES	MISS ANNA I. CARROLL
MRS. GEORGE FARRELL	MISS MARGARET CLEARY
MRS. PETER MALONE	MISS CHRISTINE MOORE
MISS KATHERINE MALONE	MRS. JOHN McDERMOTT
MISS EMMA HEUN	MISS MAY McDERMOTT
MISS CAROLINE BERGMAN	MISS ALICE QUIMPER
MISS BLANCHE CHASE	

INDIAN BOYS

ALLEN BUSH	WILLIAM O'BRIEN
HOWARD BURKE	GEORGE O'BRIEN
BERNARD POMERANZ	JAMES FITZGERALD
FRED KILLIPS	RICHARD PORTER

INDIAN GIRLS

MARGARET BEST	MADLINE NORTHRUP
MARY MOSELY	MARGARET KILLIPS
DOROTHY STIMPSON	LENA BISSELL
MARGARET SHAY	

EPISODE II

1636-1669

About 1636, the company of William Pynchon and Deacon Chapin traveled up the "Bay Path" from Boston to Agawam, afterward Springfield.

Mary Pynchon met John Holyoke on the journey from Boston, and they became lovers and were afterward married. In his story called "Bay Path," Dr. Holland has Mary Pynchon name Mount Holyoke after her lover, and Mount Tom for a pet deer.

The meeting with the Indians was friendly, and after the land was transferred, the "Pipe of Peace" was smoked. This ceremony always followed such transactions between the Indian and the White Man.

The meaning of the written deed of transfer was explained to the Indians, and their representatives signed it by each drawing a picture on the parchment.

The price paid was:

10 fathoms of wampum	10 knives
10 hatchets	10 blankets
10 hoes	

The western portion of the land bought by William Pynchon and the settlers contained a trading-post called by the Indians "Woronoke." Gradually the settlers took over grants of land at "Woronoco," the earliest recorded being in 1658. Because of its situation at the fork of two rivers which were watered by many streams, the name "Streamfield" was suggested; but in 1669 it was incorporated as the Town of Westfield.

This historic scene is depicted in Episode II. An Indian runner comes bringing some portentous message. As he approaches, the chief and other braves gather round. He points behind him and in the distance soon appears the little band of settlers.

After signing the transfer and smoking the Peace-pipe, John Pynchon and his party leave. The Indians have a farewell dance, break camp and move to a distant place where they again set up their tepees, and whence the smoke of their camp-fires is visible throughout the next few scenes.

<i>William Pynchon</i>	CHARLES B. WARREN
<i>Deacon Chapin</i>	DEACON FRANK P. SEARLE
<i>Mary Pynchon</i>	MISS NOONAN
<i>John Pynchon</i>	HAROLD HILTON
<i>John Holyoke</i>	RICHARD MORRISSEY, JR.
<i>John Woodcock</i>	RAYMOND POWER

Same Indians as in Episode I



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Arrival of William Pynchon

EPISODE III

1676

In 1676, an order came from Boston urging the inhabitants to abandon the town and move to Springfield for protection from the Indian uprising known as "King Philip's War."

"If you people be averse from our advice," wrote Boston, "we must be necessitated to draw off our forces from them (you), for we can not spare them, nor supply them with ammunition."

A meeting was held with all the settlers attending, and after very little debating they returned to their homes, having decided to ignore the order from Boston. . . . "there is not a man among us has any ye least inclination to remove that way," they replied.

At the beginning of this episode children are playing on the Green, and men are busy at work, when a messenger arrives by way of a canoe on the river. Immediately the peaceful scene is broken by the voice of the town-crier calling to a meeting. All come running to the Green where the town clerk reads the order from Boston. After the vote is taken they all kneel in prayer before appointing sentinels and making other arrangements for their own defense.

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| <i>Town Clerk</i> | | JUDGE ROBERT C. PARKER |
| <i>Town Crier</i> | | FRANK THAYER |
| <i>Messenger</i> | | ELLSWORTH CAMPBELL |

TOWNSPEOPLE

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| RACHEL PACKARD | MRS. MYRON CADY |
| RUTH MERRITT | F. G. FARR |
| E. R. POST | MRS. F. G. FARR |
| D. R. LOOMIS | MISS ANNIE REISTER |
| B. H. ELLIS | MISS ELSIE SUNDBERG |
| GASTON SMITH | MISS HELEN NYE |
| FRED CANNON | MISS INA MCKELVEY |
| WILLIAM J. TATRO | MISS MARY CROWSON |
| SIDNEY PACKARD | MISS MARY ADZMA |
| WRIGHT PHILLIPS | W. B. NELSON |
| DR. G. W. DEMING | MRS. W. B. NELSON |
| CHARLES COWLES | HARRY PERSON |
| E. L. GANNETT | JAMES BLACK |
| MRS. FRANK THAYER | MISS LULA DAVIS |
| MYRON CADY | MISS MABEL J. LAMB |

CHAPERONES

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| MRS. MILES D. CHISHOLM | MRS. E. D. HERRICK |
|------------------------|--------------------|

THE PIONEERS CONQUERING THE WILDERNESS

The labors, the trials, and the sufferings of the pioneers are remarkable features of the early life. The long and distressful winters, with sickness and famine, together with the savage warfare of the Indians were very depressing; but by a determined, holy purpose which has given to their times the title of "the heroic age of the Republic,"—they conquered.

"The Powers of the Forest and Powers of the River
 Here shall obey thee, working thy will;
 Pine boughs that whisper, aspens that quiver,
 Sing to thee, 'Conquer still.'"

This second scene of Episode III is a symbolic representation of the pioneers struggling with and conquering the wilderness. The powers of the forest, the powers of the river and the mist-maidens, portrayed by different groups of young girls, come forth in obedience to the call of the Spirit of the Wilderness. With her they dance their symbolic dances. Then a man and woman are seen pressing on, encouraging each other as they come. Upon them descend the powers of the forest who circle round and beat upon them. The man overcomes them with his strong arm only to be attacked by the other groups,—the powers of the river and the mist-maidens. Fever, clad all in red, attacks him while the wife gathers herbs to make him cooling drinks. Gray famine follows, but is also overcome, and finally death appears. A desperate struggle ensues, out of which the man emerges triumphant. Then the Spirit of the Wilderness appears offering obeisance and the pioneers pass on as conquerors with those whom they have subdued in attendance.

<i>Pioneer Man</i>	RAYMOND H. COWING
<i>Pioneer Woman</i>	MRS. FLORENCE ABBOTT RIVERS
<i>Spirit of Wilderness</i>	MISS FLORENCE BARKER
<i>Fever</i>	MISS ZILPAH MEYER
<i>Famine</i>	MISS MARY KASPER
<i>Death</i>	HOWARD HERRICK

POWERS OF THE FOREST

ROSE ANNUZZI	JENNIE PAROLI
HELEN WELCH	MARY BRYDA
CLARA O'DAY	ELIZABETH MURPHY
HELEN O'DAY	VENETTA BRISSETT
ALICE REDMOND	FRANCES PITKIN
MARY DEPOPOLI	ALDORA JAROSH



Photo by Tooke

Spirit of the Wilderness and Powers of the River



Photo by Tooke

Powers of the Forest and River



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

The Mist Maidens



Pioneer Man and Woman Overcoming the Powers of Forest and River

Photo by John Farnum

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

ROSALIE DEJKUS
MILDRED POLMATIER
HELEN BURKE

FLORA BERNAQUER
ELIZABETH WALSH
MARY DENTZNER

CHAPERONES

MRS. PETER MALONE
MISS MILDRED WARNER

MISS MARGARET BARRE
MISS ANNA B. NELSON

POWERS OF THE RIVER

MARY EVANS
LEOTA ABBOTT
LUCY DEVINE
GERTRUDE DEVINE
NINA CONNER
MARY MAHONEY
MARY KANE
EILEEN GRIFFIN
AZOLA BANKS
EVA CARLSON

FERNE TERWILLIGER
HELEN ONERFREY
MILDRED KOBERA
MARGARET BLANCHARD
PAULINE MARCOULLIER
MAY PIERCE
RUTH DUFFY
SOPHIE KALAFUT
MARY WARERSAK

CHAPERONES

MRS. CHARLES J. ILES
MRS. GEORGE H. JANES
MRS. PETER PROUT

MRS. BERT RANGE
MISS NAN CHAPMAN
MISS MILDRED KOBERA

MIST-MAIDENS

EMMA CONDEL
NORA MURPHY
MARJORIE O'DAY
CATHERINE HIBERT
ROSALIE GONZALEZ
MAY O'HARE
LILLIAN O'HARE
ALICE HOSMER
IRENE LA FONDA
THEODORA NOBLE
GRACE FITZGERALD
DORIS NESBIT

FRANCES BERGMAN
MARION LIPPE
MIRIAM RING
LILLIAN LOCKWOOD
ELLA NELSON
KATHERINE MURPHY
DORIS MACBRIAN
JEAN HALL
MAY TRYON
MILDRED BEAN
BEULAH CHAPMAN

CHAPERONES

MRS. PERCY N. HALL
MISS MAY HASSLER

MISS FLORENCE MAHONEY

EPISODE IV

1725

In 1725 the first Dame school was established in Westfield, with the "Widow" Catherine Noble as the teacher. The Dame pursued her spinning and household affairs while she taught the children. The girls were taught to sew and make "samplers," while lessons were given by means of the "Horn-book,"—a paddle-shaped piece of wood with printed matter fastened on it under a layer of horn so thin as to be transparent.

The children came into their own and performed realistic antics in Episode IV, as they came trooping onto the Green accompanied by the "Widow" Noble and her spinning-wheel. The little girls, in caps and kerchiefs, busied themselves with samplers; while the boys, in short coats and long tight trousers, divided their attention between horn-books and mischief.

DAME SCHOOL

"Widow" Catherine Noble MISS IRENE CASH

PUPILS

KENNETH NASH	ETTA BEESAW
HERBERT WEBSTER	JULIA DEPARO
PAUL BRODEUR	JOSEPHINE OSPROWISKI
VERNON WAGER	ELOISE TINKHAM
ALFRED SCHEIP	THELMA FRASER
EDWIN HOSMER	ADELAIDE WALL
HERBERT BRYANT	LAURA BETTINGER
DONALD LOOMIS	FLORENCE HANNUM
ANDREW TAGGART	SOPHIE OSPROWISKI
RUTH STEARNS	

CHAPERONES

MRS. DENNISON LOOMIS	MRS. THOMAS ROONEY
MISS DELLA COUSE	MRS. PETER JENSEN
MRS. SAMUEL WALL	



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Dame School

EPISODE V

1776

This episode deals with thrilling Revolutionary days. A messenger is seen hurrying onto the Green, bringing news of the battle of Lexington. From all the countryside the minute-men rush into the town, a few with musket or sword, many with implements from the shop or farm, but all eager to fight, and shortly a company of seventy men under Lieutenant John Shepard leaves for Boston; while sweethearts, wives and children cling to them and bid them sorrowful farewell.

Lieutenant John Shepard SERGEANT G. LUKE LAMB

MINUTE-MEN

RALPH SIZER	WALTER Q. CARL
ARTHUR PORTER	HENRY LOCKWOOD
RAYMOND POWER	JAMES HALLORAN
IRVING BARNES	RAYMOND EMERY
RAYMOND GIBBS	ELMER TAYLOR
EDWIN SHEPARD	THOMAS KILLIPS
CHARLES R. KUPEC	EDWARD DAVIS
RICHARD GAYLORD	R. H. LAMBSON
J. F. MCHUGH	DUDLEY SHAW
WILLIAM DANIELS	FRANK BANTA
AUSTIN WARREN	HARRY BARNES
ROBERT ROBERTS	HARRY COLLINS
GEORGE RORABACK, JR.	FRANK ALDRICH
RICHARD MORRISSEY, JR.	ARTHUR LIZWELL
GEORGE HUTCHINSON	MERTON EMERY
ELMER PENDLETON	GEORGE FOX
LEONARD ATWATER	RAYMOND ROBERTS
MATTHEW KALAFUT	WALTER FAULKNER
LEON STOMSKY	HAROLD GANNON
W. MORGAN WADE	WALTER RICE
C. C. BABB	HUGH LAMB
RAYMOND F. FOWLER	GRANT L. LAMB
MICHAEL RUKOWICZ	ORTA KENNEY
THOMAS COLLINS	J. J. KENNEDY
HAROLD WHITTEMORE	O. ARKOETTE
GEORGE KEEFE	A. CODDING
WILLIAM EVANCHAK	F. BOYLAN

WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

N. LEVERE
F. MOBRICE
W. F. KOBERA
LESTER BAKER
OSCAR BAKER
W. J. BENJAMIN
H. DUNCAN
I. DAGATUS

F. MACKAY
J. GEORGE ROWE
E. REHOR
E. MESSENGER
G. CARLSON
JAMES DESMOND
J. E. NOBLE

TOWNSPEOPLE IN EPISODE V

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT LOOMIS
ALICE BERING
MR. AND MRS. CLINTON SMITH
MORRIS POMERANZ AND FAMILY
MRS. TATRO AND CHILDREN
MR. AND MRS. FRANK MERRILL
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE TUCKER
MR. TERWILLIGER AND FAMILY
MR. DE VORCHA AND FAMILY
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE CLARK
ALTHINE CLARK
MISS LENA WEST
MISS PRENTICE
MISS DURANCE BANKS
MISS LODEMA BANKS
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES ALLEN
EULA BUSH
MRS. MOSSMAN
MR. AND MRS. FRANK HARVEY
CLAIRE O'DAY
MARGARET WELCH
HELEN WELCH
ESTHER CRITTENDON
JOSEPHINE HUNT
MRS. HARRY STILES
ALICE REDMOND
MRS. DAMBACKER
EMMA HINES
CAROLINE BERGMAN
MARION HOSMER
MRS. HARRY KEYES

WILLIAM TOOPIN
LILLIAN TOOPIN
MARIE TOOPIN
ANNIE BOYLE
JAMES CLEARY
MINNIE BUSCHMANN
MRS. JANE A. PACKARD
DR. WILLIAM P. BURGE
MRS. JENNIE MORAND
MRS. HARRY ANGELL
MR. AND MRS. G. SILIBERG
AND DAUGHTER
MRS. E. E. BUTLER
MISS GWENDOLYN SMITH
MR. AND MRS. WASHBURN
MISS MILDRED WARNER
MRS. SUMNER HILDRETH
MRS. CHARLES BUSH
MISS ALICE REAGAN
MISS RUTH LINCOLN
MISS GLADYS PHILLIPS
MRS. C. E. BAXTER
MISS ANNIE DELESKY
MISS SOPHIA DELESKY
MR. AND MRS. DERORCHA
AND BOYS
IRENE BEMIS
HILDA LISWELL
BESSIE WILLS
GRACE WILLS
MRS. WEST



Departure of Minute Men

Spirit of 1776



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Ballet 1776

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

HELEN DUBIAN
MRS. GEORGE E. PRATT
MR. AND MRS. BEAMAN
MARY BRYDA
BLANCHE LEVERE
ANNA ENGLISKI
VIOLA GADRAULT
BEATRICE SHEA
D. BANK

P. DOUGLAS
LOUISA COLLINS
CORTLAND ROCKWELL
FRED ROCKWELL
MRS. HELEN L. ROOT
MRS. J. ANNA MOSELY
MRS. JENNIE POTTER
MISS ELLEN MITCHELL

CHAPERONES

MRS. ROBERT C. LOOMIS
MRS. GEORGE W. CLARK

MRS. EDWARD S. ROCKWOOD
MRS. FRED BUSCHMANN

The departure of the minute-men is followed by a symbolic dance ending in a representation of Willard's great painting "The Spirit of 1776."

Fifer, FRED J. KILLIPS
Drummer, HARRY SISSON
Flag-Bearer, GEORGE STRONG

BALLET 1776

BLUES

MARY SCHOENROCK
ETHEL MARSH
SYLVIA GOODMAN
BEATRICE BEST
MARGUERITE CAVANAUGH
LINA PEPIN
PAULINE NYE
CATHERINE PITKIN
FLORENCE QUINN
MILDRED ABELL
BERTHA JAROSH
HELEN ORGANEK

ALTHINE CLARK
OLGA SAMBORSKI
HELEN VESELAK
STASIS KISSEL
MARY YEFKO
JOSEPHINE MINKSTEIN
HELEN SAMBORSKI
FRANCES ROBERTS
HAZEL DUPREY
ALICE RING
GENEVIEVE JOHNSON
ESTHER POST

CHAPERONES

MRS. FRED NASH
MRS. ERNEST POST

MISS LUCRETIA SANFORD
MISS MAUD HILMUTH

REDS

MARY DOOLIN	JESSIE WILLIAMS
SUSAN DOOLIN	PHYLIS COOLEY
GLADYS POMERANZ	ELIZABETH BARNES
ELIZABETH POMERANZ	VIRGINIA COSBY
GRACE FERRITER	FLORENCE TYLER
THELMA CHAMBERS	ELIZABETH MARTIN
MABEL SMITH	LEONA BARRE
HELEN SMITH	BEATRICE FERRITER
ROBERTA RING	ALMEDA TAYLOR

CHAPERONES

MRS. MICHAEL WHOLEAN	MISS VIRGINIA NOBLE
MISS HELEN AUSTIN	MISS LOUISE MAHONEY
MISS IRENE KING	

WINGS

MARY MAHONEY	RUTH SUNDBERG
MARJORIE ELLIS	MARGARET GURKOSKEY
ETHEL FULLER	ELLA RICE
MARY GOODMAN	JANE RICE
LEONIE LEVIE	DOROTHY KING

CHAPERONES

MRS. EDWARD G. CROTTY	MRS. FRED BAKER
MRS. HAROLD MOORE	MRS. WESLEY ELLIS



General and Mrs. Shepard, Captain Parks and Lieutenant Shepard
Four of the Townspeople

EPISODE VI

1783

General William Shepard, a veteran of the French and Indian War, won great renown in the Revolution.

In 1783, when peace was declared between Great Britain and the United States, a great celebration was held in Westfield and General Shepard who had just returned from the war was the hero of the occasion.

General William Shepard . . . EDWIN SHEPARD
Mrs. Shepard MRS. MABEL SHEPARD ROBINSON
Captain Warham Parks. . . . CAPTAIN JAMES B. RIVERS
Lieutenant John Shepard . . . SERGEANT LUKE LAMB

The minute men of the preceding episode returning as Revolutionary soldiers; also the townspeople of the preceding episode. Among the latter were four who had participated in the Bicentennial Celebration:

MRS. MORAND, aged 76
MRS. ROOT, aged 78
MRS. PACKARD, aged 85
DR. BURGE, aged 86

Both Mr. Shepard and Mrs. Robinson were descendants of General William Shepard.

INTERMISSION

PAGEANT RESUMES AT SOUND OF BUGLE

EPISODE VII

1860

DANCE SYMBOLIC OF CIVIL WAR

Joyous dancers symbolize peacefulness. Black clouds of war approach in the distance, and the dancers rush away. The Blues and Grays line up for battle. Others representing Love and Devotion make one final plea for peace, but are cast aside, and the battle begins. The Grays are defeated and the victorious Blues dance with joy. Love and Devotion return and plead with the Blues to help the Grays through their time of stress. The Blues then join the Grays and all are reunited in a spirit of love and reconciliation.

CIVIL WAR BALLET

BLUES

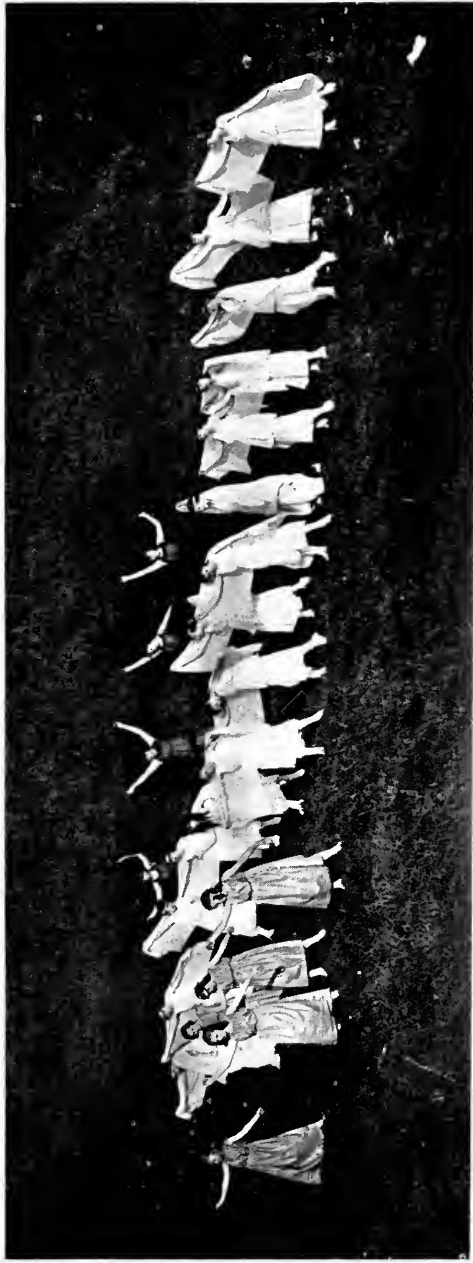
ALICE LONG	MINERVA McCONNEL
ESTHER GOODMAN	MARY SONOLEN
CATHERINE MAYETTE	MARY BLASCAK
MARTHA SIZER	ROSE OLEKSAK
ELLEN LONG	CATHERINE MESSENGER
AGNES SEARS	MARTHA QUIMPER
CATHERINE BROWN	HELEN MASCHIN
SARAH GILLEN	SOPHIE KNAPIK
LOUISE MORGAN	GLADYS PHILLIPS
DOROTHY HAMMOND	PRISCILLA ROBINSON
MILDRED SMITH	HELEN RICE
EDITH O'CONNOR	

CHAPERONES

MRS. FRANK C. PARKER	MISS CLARA AVERY
MRS. PETER JENSEN	MISS ANNA WELCH
MISS MARY ROWLAND	

GRAYS

ESTHER MICKLE	MARGARET MAHONEY
MARIE EVANS	MARY ARMSTRONG
MARY FERRITER	ELIZABETH TRIBULA
ANNA SEARS	MARY GOGOL
HELEN BROWN	SADIE LABROVITCH
HILDA MASHIN	EDITH LABROVITCH
OLIVE MCGILL	KATHERINE RYAN
MARY BURKE	MARGARET LONG
HELEN TARALA	VIOLA GADREULT



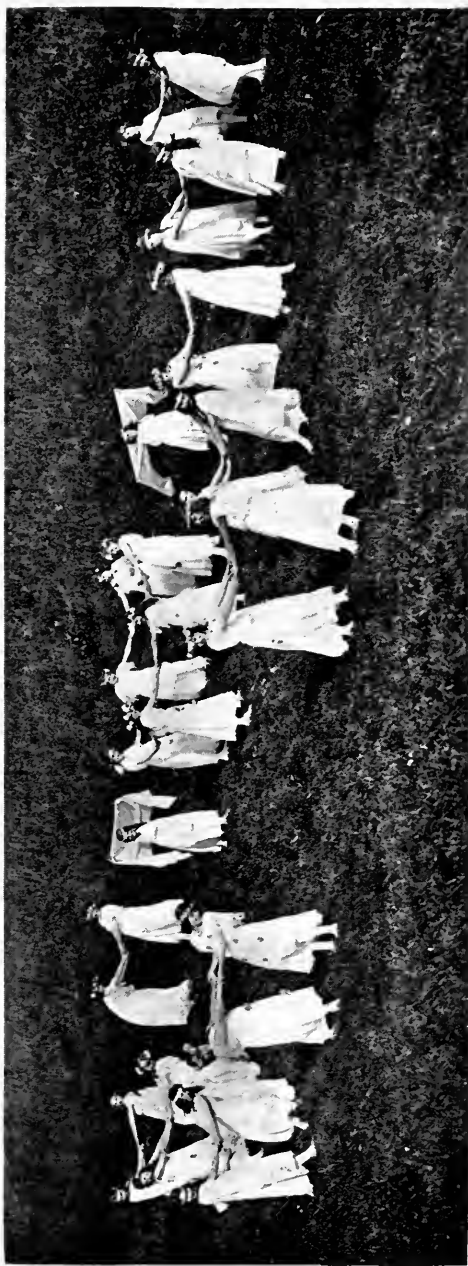
"Blues," "Greys," and "Black Clouds of War," Civil War Ballet

Photo by M. O. T. Coleman



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Dancers Representing Love and Devotion, Civil War Ballet



Dancers Representing Joy, Civil War Ballet

Photo by Tooke



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

The End of the Conflict, Civil War Ballet

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

CHAPERONES

MISS BESSIE NASH	MISS ALBERTA BARRE
MISS ELIZABETH WATERS	MISS THERESA WATERS

BLACKS

MILDRED SMITH	HELEN SEARS
RUTH LINCOLN	MARTHA SEARS
GRACE WILLS	GWENDOLEN SMITH
SOPHIE JEGELWICZ	ANNA DELSKY
SOPHIE DELSKY	MILDRED WARNER

CHAPERONES

MRS. F. S. CANNON	MRS. GEORGE FLOURD
MISS EVA DORMAN	

PINKS

HELEN RYAN	VIRGINIA BARNARD
BEATRICE GROSSMAN	MYRTLE DICKENSON
ETHEL FLETCHER	PAULINE SIZER
FRANCES MORIN	ETHEL ALLYN
DORIS MESICK	SALLY FOWLER

CHAPERONES

MRS. GEORGE C. PRATT	MRS. EDWARD MESICK
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SPRITES

ANNA EVANS	ELEANOR BURKE
BETTY WELLER	SADIE MINKSTEIN
MARGUERITE LANE	CECILA CHENEL
ELIZABETH CLARK	EILEEN QUIMPER
RACHEL ALLYN	MARGARET MAYNARD
MARION PHILLIPS	ALICE BURKE
BEATRICE GAYLORD	TERESA BURKE
MARY DEVINE	CELESTINE MORRISON
RHEA DOTY	LILLIAN BRYANT

CHAPERONES

MISS ANNA KENNEDY	MRS. JAMES FITZGERALD
MRS. JOHN CORCORAN	MISS MATILDA GUINASSO

EPISODE VIII

1919

DEPICTING THE BEAUTY AND GROWTH OF WESTFIELD

This is symbolized by a ballet of children from eight to twelve years of age, representing Farming, Manufacturing, Inventing and Mining, with the Arts depicted by older girls in Grecian costumes.

BALLET WESTFIELD

FARMERS

VERA EKHOLM	AVERY BATES
ALICE STILES	WILLIAM POIRIER
ALICE WHITE	PAUL BRADY
ELIZABETH LONG	HERBERT MARCOULIER
THERESA FITZGERALD	CHARLES HUNTER
RUTH BRADY	FRED STRONG
EDITH MACBRIAN	ROBERT AVERY
RUTH KVITSKY	CARL WELCOME
LOUISE LAWTON	ALBERT FOWLER
FLORENCE HARRON	HARRISON TAYLOR
ALMA RIX	CARLTON WOOD
MARGARET COFFEY	LAURENCE RING
GUILA HAWLEY	GEORGE TULLER
BLANCHE BUTLER	DUDLEY EARLE
EDITH MILES	EDWARD HIBART
MARY SPELLMAN	

INVENTIONS

FLORENCE SNOW	MARY MACKAY
YVONNE BELLERVE	KATHLEEN SEARS
ANNA MIHALEK	MARY O'CONNOR
NANO DEVINE	FLORENCE LYNCH
WINIFRED EDWARDS	ELIZABETH LYNCH
ANNA MURPHY	FLORENCE LENOIS
MAY WYMAN	CATHERINE CLEARY
CATHERINE SULLIVAN	MILDRED FIELD
MILDRED EDWARDS	

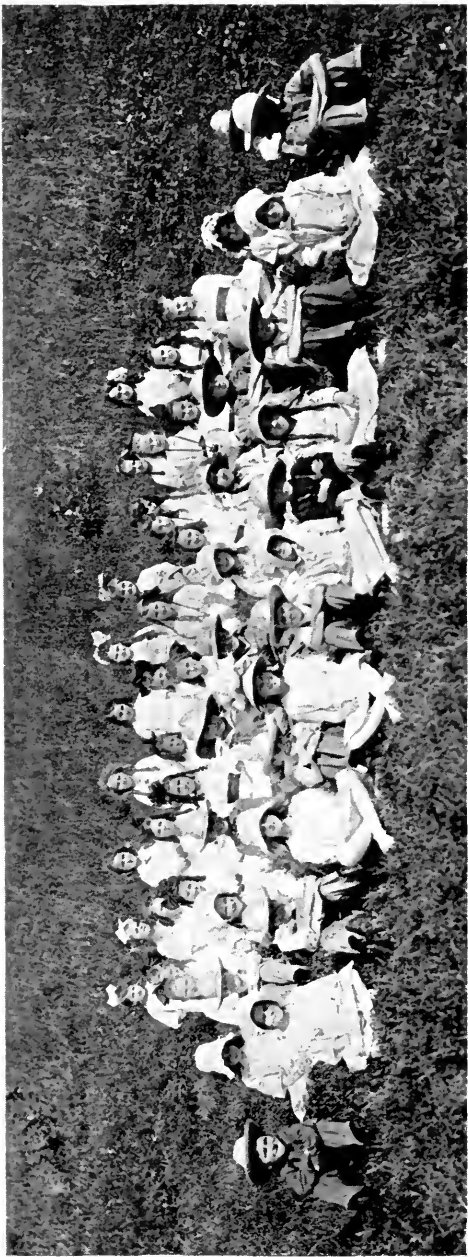


Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Little Farmers, Ballet Westfield

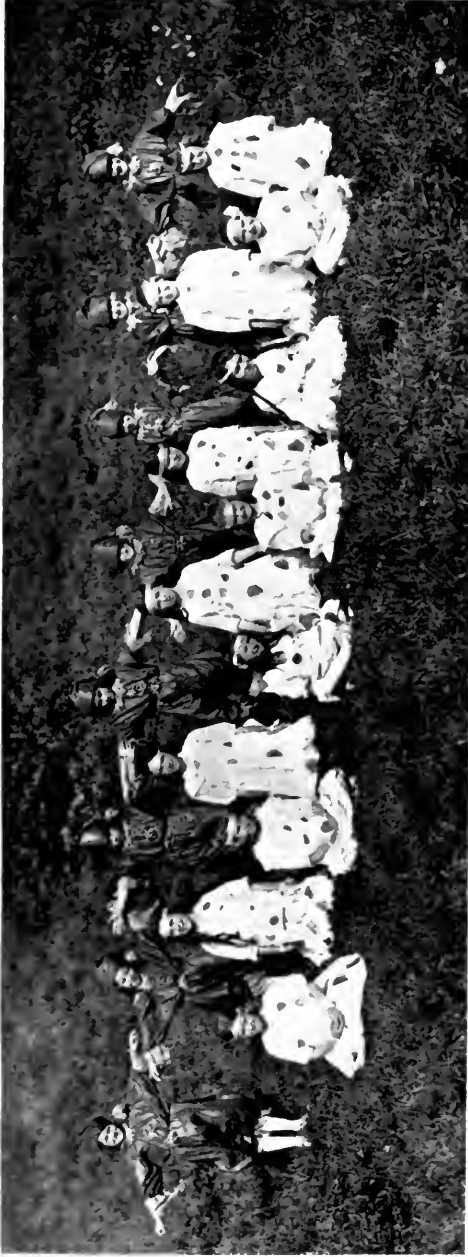


Photo by Tooke

Manufactures and Mining, Ballet Westfield

MANUFACTURES

CAROLINE STEVENSON
LILLIAN TOUPIN
MARY TOUPIN
MARGARET DOUGLAS
EVELYN DOUGLAS
DOROTHY HUNTER
MARGARET DINEEN
ANNA ASHE
ELSIE CLEARY
FRANCES MINKSTEIN
KATHERINE BAKER

MARION AGAN
ELIZABETH MOCHAK
DOROTHY NYE
ROSE KUPEK
MADELINE NORTHROP
FREDA LEVINE
THELMA VONDEL
EDNA RIX
ISABELLA MACKAY
DOROTHY FLANAGHAN
IRENE MOCHAK

MINING

GERALDINE FALES
HELEN PAROLINE
CATHERINE MAHAR
ANNA HENCHEY
MARGARET BROWN
RUTH MUNSELL
WINIFRED PALMER

LILLIAN PALMER
AMY BOYLE
HELEN DOUBRAVA
DOROTHY LONG
HELEN SCHOENROCK
HELEN LEARY
LEOLA ROBBINS

ART

DOROTHY BOWLER
DOROTHY BRODEUR
ROSE GONZALEZ
DOROTHY SMITH
JULIA BRADY
NORA MURPHY
RUTH NESBIT
MILDRED BRAZEE
MARY DOUBRAVA

MARY HARRON
NINA BUFFUM
ELIZABETH QUINN
HELEN LANDERS
FRANCES BERGMAN
LODEMA STRONG
SYLVIA KIMBALL
STELLA BROWN
CHARLOTTE RICE

CHAPERONES

MISS ETHEL WALLACE
MRS. CHARLES DAMBACKER
MRS. CHARLES ALLEN

MISS ELIZABETH CASH
MISS MARION HOSMER
MISS JESSIE CLEARY

EPISODE IX

THE LAST EPISODE IS A PAGEANT PARADE

At the close of the preceding episode the Ballet Westfield is seated in a semi-circle at the back of the stage. Between them and the audience there passes in review all who have taken part in the various episodes, together with the floats—Victory, Peace, Columbia, and Miss Westfield—followed by representatives of all the war activities in which Westfield took part during the late war.

FLOATS

Victory MISS MARY HEDGES
Peace MISS VESTA GANNETT

DOVES OF PEACE

ELEANOR PEABODY RUTH ABBOTT
LUCY KASPER ARLINE HOSMER
BESSIE KASPER ELIZABETH BROWN
AGNES BURNES CATHERINE UPSON
BEATRICE BRAZEE GLADYS SMITH
CARLEE PALMER
Columbia MISS GRACE WILLS

Attended by

THE FORTY-EIGHT STATES OF THE UNION

Miss Westfield MISS ANNIE GILLETT

REPRESENTATIVES OF WESTFIELD'S WAR ACTIVITIES



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

The Arts, Ballet Westfield

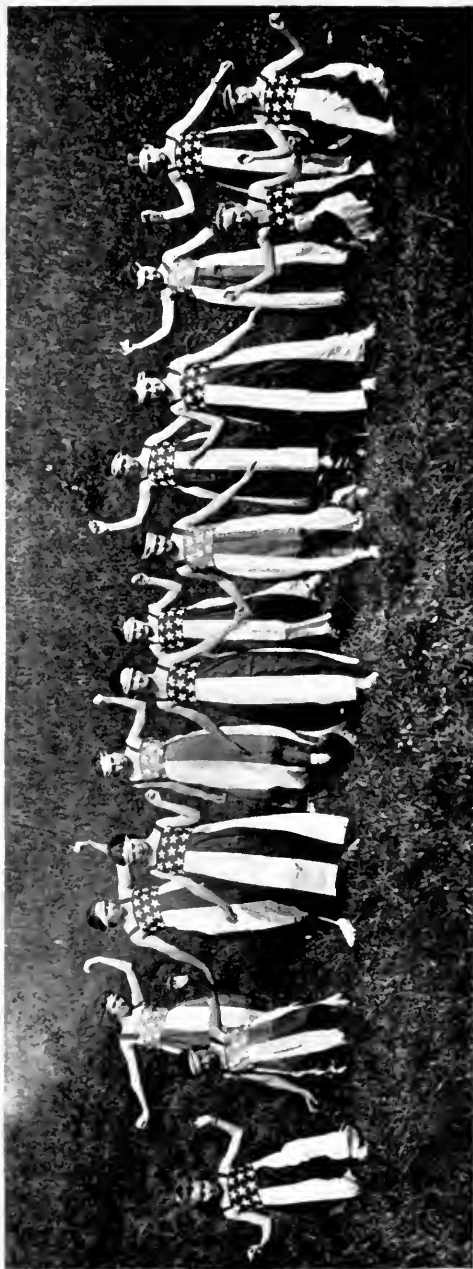


Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

States Accompanying Columbia

COMMUNITY DAY COMMITTEES

GAMALIEL E. AUSTIN, *General Chairman*

PICNIC COMMITTEE

HARRY C. LANE, *Chairman*

HOWARD ALLEN	CHARLES J. ILES
ALBERT BAHLEDA	JOHN J. HEARN
T. R. BRIEN	JOSEPH KVITSKY
WILLIAM J. CHAPMAN	JAMES R. JEFFERS
CHARLES H. COOLEY, JR.	PETER JENSEN
HARRY E. COWLES	ROBERT P. LANE
ROBERT E. DOHERTY	W. B. LOOMIS
TONY FRESCO	EMIL MOTAK
JAMES W. HAGAR	JAMES C. TAYLOR
MALCOLM B. HARDING	CHARLES B. WARREN
LUTHER E. HOLLISTER	

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

FREDERIC GOODWIN, *Chairman*

MISS FLORENCE BARKER	MISS MARY KASPAR
MISS BESSIE CARROLL	MISS MARY LONG
GEORGE T. CHAPMAN	MISS IDA M. LYONS
MISS NAN CHAPMAN	MISS FLORENCE MAHONEY
THOMAS R. COOLEY	DR. ROBERT M. MARR
MISS HELENA ENSIGN	FREDERICK L. PARKER
ARCHIBALD L. FINLAY	MRS. BURTON A. PRINCE
DARWIN L. GILLET	MISS MILDRED REHOR
HARRY W. GLADWIN	RAY M. SANFORD
L. D. HARDEN	CHARLES G. SMITH
E. R. HAWLEY	MISS CATHERINE WESSON

COMMITTEE ON PARKING AUTOMOBILES

G. FRED DILL, *Chairman*

HARRY F. BAILEY	L. O. PECK
LEROY C. COBURN	SILAS POMEROY
DAVID H. COMSTOCK	E. S. ROCKWOOD
GEORGE F. MARCOULIER	JAMES H. WHITTEMORE
HARRY S. MILLER	

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

CHARLES H. BARTLETT, *Chairman*

MRS. LEWIS B. ALLYN	MRS. JOSEPH A. KENYON
MRS. GAMALIEL E. AUSTIN	LOUIS L. KEEFE
MRS. MARGUERITE FOWLER BRIDG- MAN	MRS. HERBERT W. KITTREDGE
MISS HILDA BRACE	MRS. ROBERT M. MARR
HOMER E. BUSH	MISS VESTA MITCHELL
MISS ALICE CADWELL	ARTHUR G. NORTON
DENNIS M. COLE	HOWARD G. NOBLE
MRS. CHARLES H. COOLEY, JR.	MRS. HOWARD G. NOBLE
B. A. EDGAR	MISS RACHEL PACKARD
MRS. B. A. EDGAR	OREN E. PARKS
CHARLES F. ENSWORTH	MISS ELLENE PORTER
MISS KATHERINE M. FOWLER	MRS. C. K. PRINCE
HARRY M. GOWDY	MRS. FLORENCE SACKETT RIVERS
MRS. HARRY M. GOWDY	MISS ROMAINE RONAN
MRS. ROBERT GOWDY	MISS HELEN SANDERSON
MRS. L. D. HARDEN	FRANK P. SEARLE
MISS RUTH HARDEN	MRS. FREDERICK F. SHEPARD
MRS. JOHN HIBBS	MRS. MATTHEW W. SHINE
CHARLES A. HICKSON	CHESTER D. STILES
MRS. CLEMENT E. HOLMES	V. G. WILLIS
MRS. EDWARD HULL	MISS ELIZABETH WINSLOW
MRS. FREDERICK HULL	MRS. GEORGE W. WINSLOW
	MISS RUTH WOOD

COMMUNITY DAY

Tuesday, September 2,—the third day of Westfield's anniversary celebration,—was known as Community Day.

The general program as planned by the Picnic and Entertainment Committees was to have begun at noon with a parade from the Green to the picnic-grounds. The place selected for this mammoth gathering of townspeople was the large, open tract of land on the east side of Mill Street, accessible also from West Silver Street, and including the wooded hillside overlooking the south part of the town. Here was erected a huge tent for the reception. A large

committee was delegated to greet and introduce people; and that those who desired might meet or learn of old-time friends, the Invitation Committee, represented by Mrs. Charles H. Beals, was prepared to answer inquiries concerning former residents to whom invitations had been sent.

People were expected to bring their lunches, although provision had been made for the sale of food, soft drinks, etc., on the grounds. Twelve thirty was the hour named for the luncheon and band concert. Following the "eats" the band music was to be interspersed with community singing led by Frederic Goodwin who has done much toward organizing such singing in the town. A song-sheet for the occasion was printed having the words of the following well-known, favorite songs, so that all might join in the singing, to the accompaniment of the band, "America," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "The Long, Long Trail," "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "My Old Kentucky Home."

At two o'clock the dance program of the afternoon was to have been given near Pine Tree Grove, at the brow of the hill. Miss Florence Barker had charge of the esthetic dancing and Miss Mary Long, principal of Fort Meadow School, directed the folk dancing.

DANCE PROGRAM

1. "School Days"
2. Folk Dance—"Shoemaker's Dance"
3. "Snow Queen"
4. Folk Dance—"Highland Schottisch"
5. Suite (a) "Night and Storm"
(b) Dance
6. Folk Dance—"Danish Dance of Greeting"
7. Irish Lilt
8. Folk Dance—"Chimes of Dunkirk"
9. Military Drill

After the dancing, sports were to take place on the running-track as follows:

MEN

Tug-of-war contest between teams from the H. B. Smith Company, north-side works and the south-side works—Prize, \$25.

Tug-of-war contest between teams from the Foster Machine Company and the Westfield Manufacturing Company, for a prize of \$25.

Peter Monahan to referee the two contests.

GIRLS

50-yard dash—First prize, kodak camera; second prize, roller-skates; third prize, bracelet.

Egg race—First prize, wrist-watch; second prize, necklace; third prize, mesh bag.

BOYS

100-yard dash—First prize, Ingersoll watch; second prize, cord bicycle tire; third prize, baseball glove.

50-yard dash—First prize, flashlight; second prize, baseball mitt; third prize, electric bicycle lamp.

Potato race—First prize, Ingersoll watch; second prize, baseball glove; third prize, pocket knife.

Three-legged race—First prize, baseball and bats (2); second prize, knives (2).

The officials at the races follow: Starter, James T. Welch; judges, Harry W. Gladwin, Chester W. Stiles, Archibald L. Finlay; umpires of baseball game, Thomas W. Bowler, Louis F. Burns.

At three o'clock the star event of the afternoon, the championship baseball game between the Father Matthew team and the All Star team was to be played.

A Community Carnival was to be held on the Green in the evening from 7.30 until 11.30 o'clock. Carefully planned by the Entertainment Committee, it was to prove a most unique occasion, with much of interest and pleasure for the thousands of citizens and visitors of all ages who should flock to watch, or to participate in, the dancing on the Green.

However, the clouds which had been watched so anxiously during the pageant the day before, opened their floodgates late Monday night and neglected to close them throughout the entire day, Tuesday. As one paper said: "Instead of a dance surface where thousands of couples were to glide to the music of two bands, beneath the gorgeous decorations and hundreds of electric lights on the Green, the place was deserted and there was not even a band concert which might assist in relieving the spirit of disappointment caused by an all-day rain. The slogan of the Community Picnic Committee and the Community Dance Organization had been only too true. It was a case of 'something doing every minute,' and that something was rain."

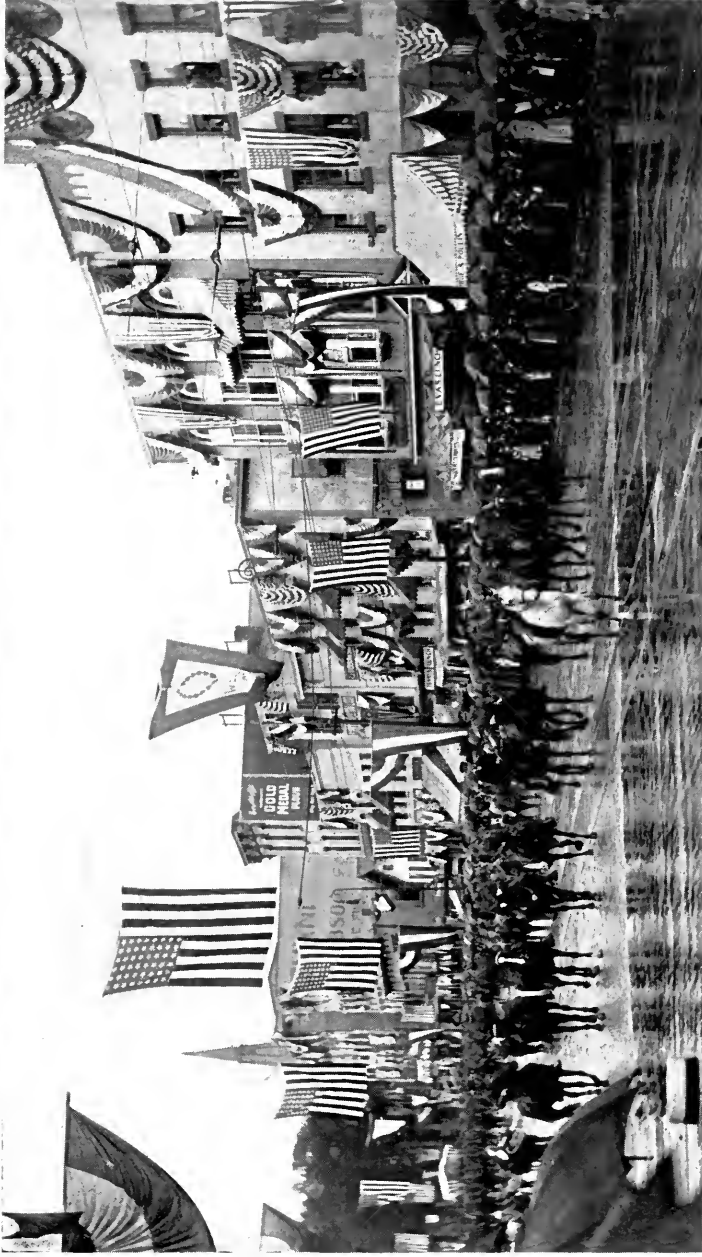
REMINISCENCE MEETING

Although it was necessary to postpone the numerous features planned for the Community Day Celebration, there was one event which made the whole day bright for those who participated in it. That many failed to share in this pleasure is a source of regret to those who attended the Reminiscence Meeting; but it was entirely impromptu and the time was too limited to permit of more than hastily posted notices and telephone calls.

An orchestra selected from the 104th Regimental Band was commandeered and, in spite of the downpour, there gathered at the reception tent on the picnic-grounds, many representatives of Westfield's early families, who cherish fond memories of "The Old Town."

Professor Lester P. Breckenridge, of Yale University, presided and was an ideal chairman. His delightfully informal manner was so contagious that soon those present had drawn their chairs around in a circle, like a big family gathering, and were calling one another by the old-time names of "Breck," "Bob," "Jim," "Phil," etc.

The old Westfield, its leading men, the boyhood and girlhood days of the speakers were subjects for reminiscence. Most of the talks were humorous, and all so intently interesting that the company came back to the present, at the end of the extemporaneous program, surprised to find that nearly three hours had elapsed; and many, if not all, carried away from that delightful meeting one more fond memory to add to those they already cherish of dear old Westfield.



Marshal and Aids

Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

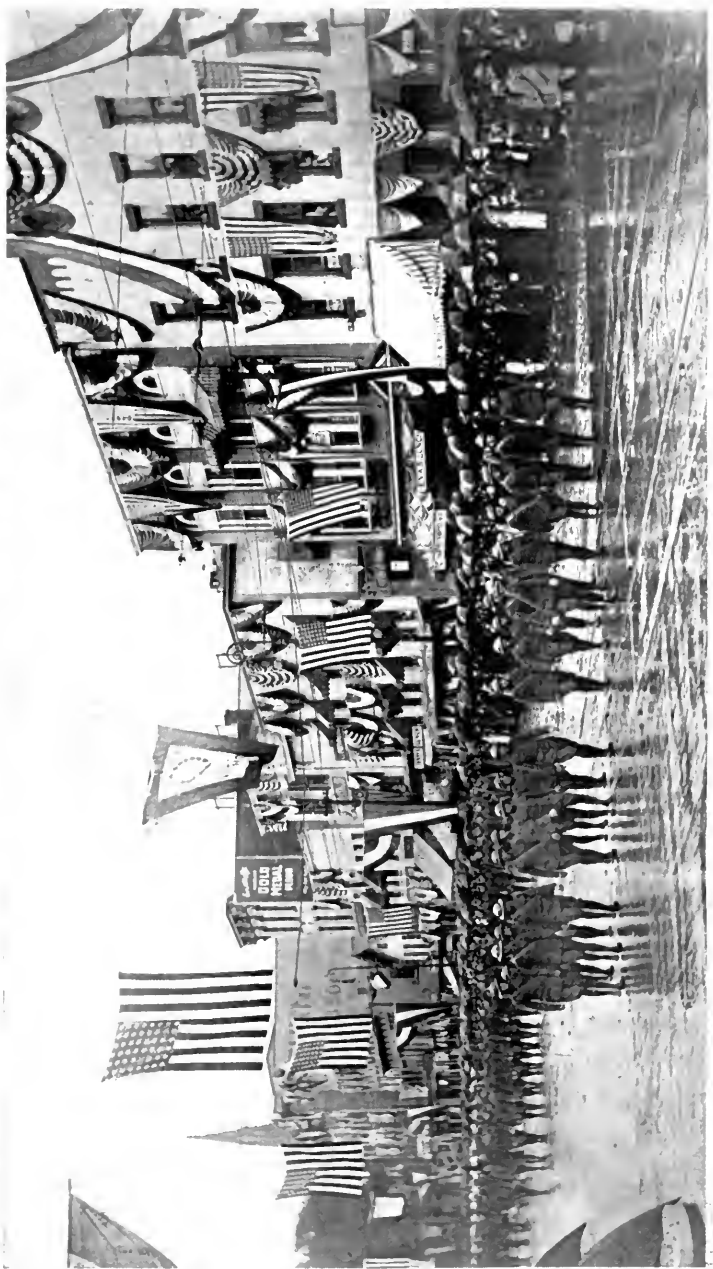


Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

First Platoon

MILITARY PARADE

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

“It sprinkled, it drizzled and it poured on Westfield’s last day of the celebration of her 250th birthday. The curfew rang at nine o’clock in the morning, signifying that the morning activities were given up, but 20,000 people braved a terrific rainstorm in the afternoon to watch the passing of the military parade. More than 1,000 persons, 200 of them women, slogged and slogged their way through rain, puddles and mud, determined that no matter how great the deluge, their enthusiasm could not be dampened.

“Thousands more would have watched the parade if the day had been fair. Hundreds more would have been in line under the same conditions. As it was, it was a spectacle worthy of the town’s best traditions.

“Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin Van Deusen, of the United States Army, led the parade as marshal. In line were the Third Cavalry Machine Gun Troop, Red Cross workers, G. A. R. veterans, the Worcester Continentals with their own fife and drum corps, veterans of Foreign Wars from Springfield, Westfield Fire Department and more than 400 service men.

“The cavalrymen made a splendid appearance; so did the service men, the Continentals and the Fire Department. But the bouquets were reserved for the Red Cross workers. Clad in white and drenched to the skin, they remained to see the finish and were marching just as smartly at the end as at the beginning. The crowds were generous with their applause, and every group of marchers was honored.

“There was a float with group representing the return of the soldier-son, and another with a miniature K. of C. hut from which showers of candy and gum fell at intervals, to the delight of the small boys.

“At the Green the parade was reviewed by Governor Coolidge, Former Governor Samuel W. McCall, Major-General Clarence R. Edwards and members of his staff, invited guests and town officers.

“When the parade reached the reviewing stand the cavalry swung to one side, as did the 104th Infantry Band, which played, as the marchers swung by in column of platoons, the stirring 26th Division battle tune, ‘The Battle Hymn of the Republic.’”

PARADE COMMITTEE

DANIEL F. DOHERTY, *Chairman*

HARVEY J. CLEVELAND	WILLIAM B. MAHONEY
AUGUST BUSCHMANN	DR. T. E. POWER
CHARLES F. ELY	ARCHIE D. ROBINSON
EDWARD T. FOWLER	STANLEY K. SMITH
GEORGE JACHYM	

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF WESTFIELD SERVICE MEN'S SECTION

REPRESENTING WESTFIELD POST, AMERICAN LEGION

WALTER Q. CARL, *Vice-Commandant*
THOMAS SCANLON, *Adjutant*
EDWARD SHEEHAN, *Finance Officer*
NOAH DUPERRAULT, *Historian*
LEROY C. CODDING, *Chaplain*

REUBEN BEMAN	ROBERT P. McMAHON
JOSEPH CULLEN	HAROLD WHITTEMORE
ERNEST DECKER	JOSEPH C. WHOLEAN
ARTHUR B. LONG	

LINE OF MARCH

The parade formed on Depot Square and adjacent streets and marched through North Elm Street, Great River Bridge, Elm Street, the Green, Court Street, Day Avenue, West Silver Street, Broad Street, to the General Shepard Monument for the Unveiling Ceremonies.

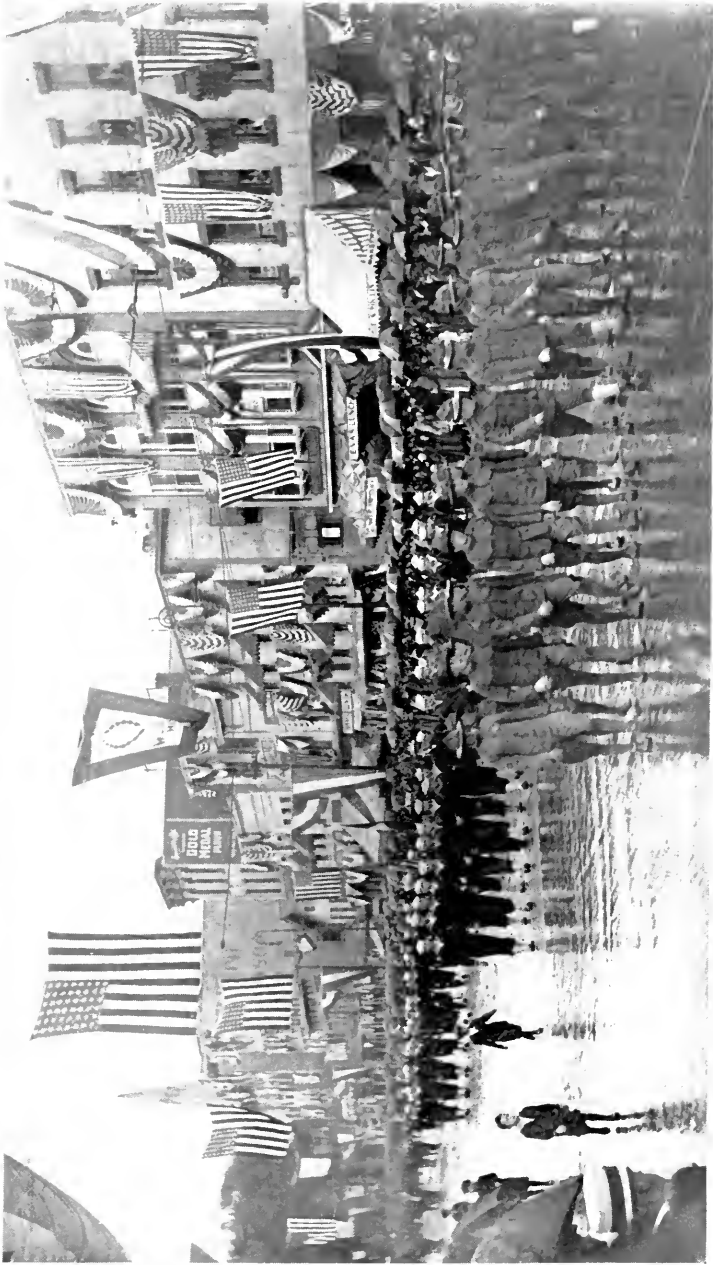


Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

Navy Service Men's Section

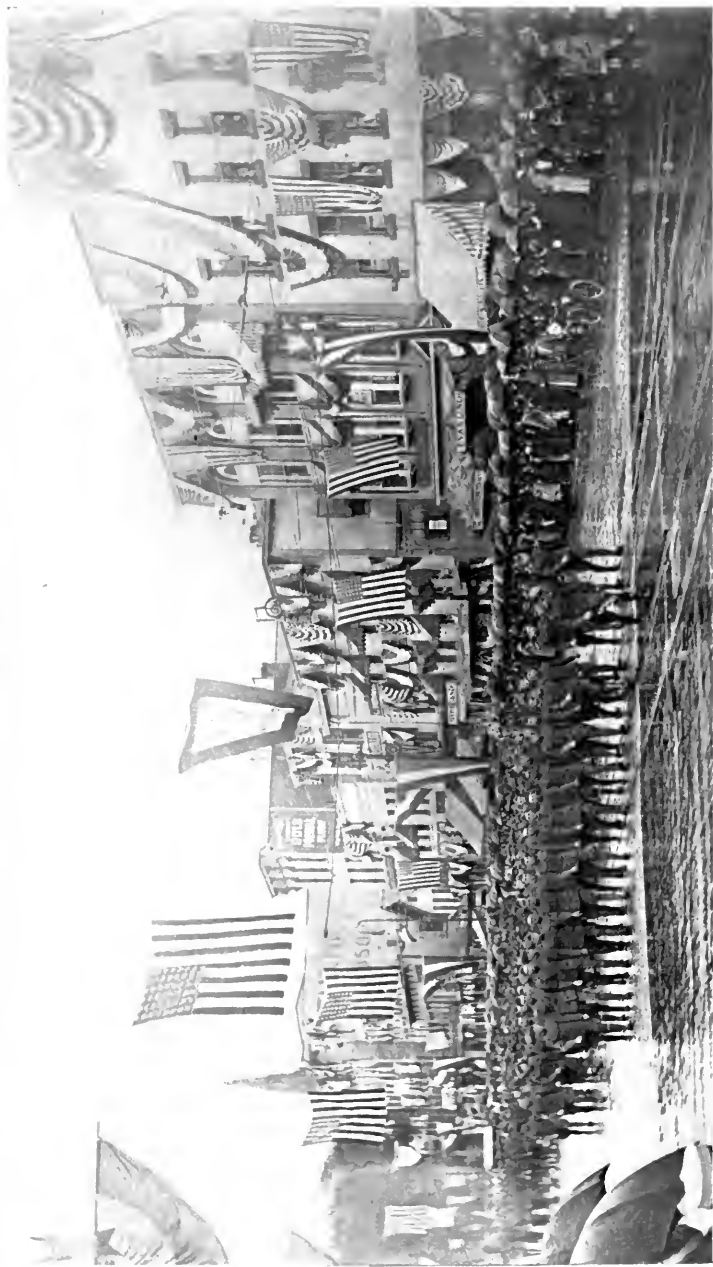


Photo by M. O. T. Colemann

Third Company

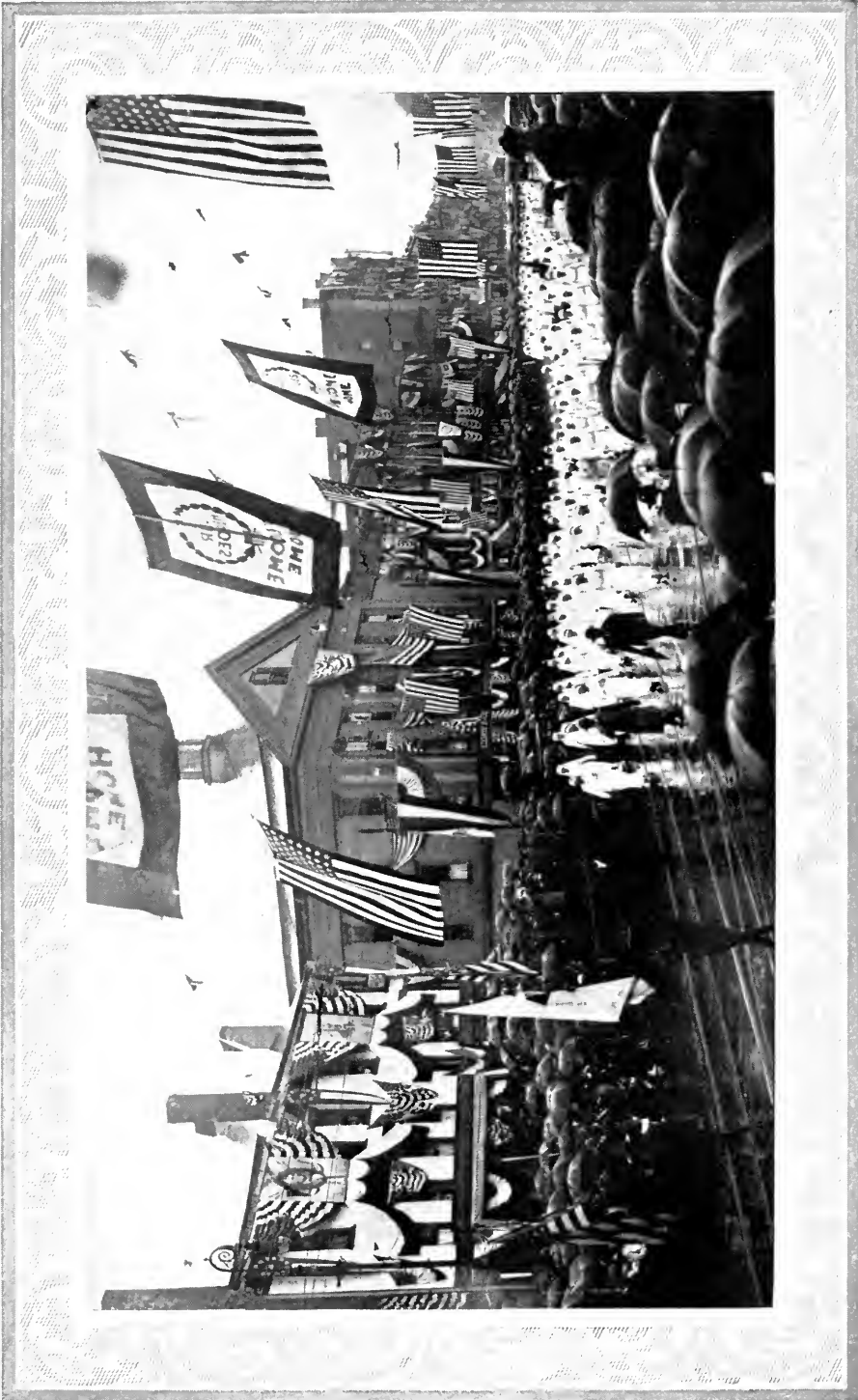


Photo by Tooke

Red Cross



Photo by Tooke

Second Section Red Cross

ORDER OF MILITARY PARADE

Platoon of 12 patrolmen under Police Chief William A. Flouton.

Lt.-Col. Edwin R. Van Deusen, marshal and aids, including Capt. James W. Hagar, Lts. Matthew Kalafut, Archie L. Finlay, Joseph E. Wholean, and Darwin L. Gillett, Robert P. Lane, Robert P. McMahon, Howard E. Green, Arthur B. Long, Charles Nicholas and Maj. Frederick T. Clark.

104th Infantry Band (25 men).

Machine Gun Troop of Third Cavalry (65 men) under command of Capt. Cornelius M. Daly.

Welcome home float, in which George Fox as the returned soldier, dropped his gun on entering the home, rushed into his mother's embrace, was received by his father with a handshake and pat on the back, while the little brother and sister rushed to greet him.

Service men's section, under command of Capt. Stanley K. Smith of Westfield Post American Legion, and Adj. Lieut. Charles F. Ely.

Aids to Capt. Smith, Lt. Comdr. Charles H. Depping, Capt. Thomas E. Power, Lts. Robert M. Marr, Richard P. McCarthy, Robert E. Bodurtha, James S. Doherty, Raymond H. Cowing, Glenn B. Cowles, Sergt. Walter Q. Carl, Corps. Edward J. Sheehan, Jr., Noah Duperault and Thomas F. Scanlon, the latter quartet representing the officers of Westfield Post.

First company—Lt. William J. Wholean in command.

First platoon—Lt. William J. Wholean in command, 24 men wearing trench helmets and carrying gas-masks.

Second platoon—Lt. Hedges S. Freeman in command, 34 men wearing overseas hats.

Third platoon—Lt. Arthur Porter in command, 34 men wearing campaign hats.

Navy service men's section, in command of Ensign Edgar F. Tierney and Flight-Ensign Howard S. Robinson.

First platoon—Flight-Ensign Howard S. Robinson and 24 men.

Color guards—Reuben Beman of the Marine Corps and Charles McConnell of the Navy.

Color bearers—George Barnes with national flag and Michael Rukowicz with Westfield Post service flag with 26 gold stars.

Second platoon of Navy service men—Ensign Edgar F. Tierney and 24 men.

World War veterans not in uniform, 10 men.

Short's Band of Springfield, 20 men.

Third company—Army service men, Capt. Edward A. Austin in command.
First platoon—Lt. Walter J. Ungetheum in command with 24 men.
Second platoon—Lt. William C. Doering in command with 21 men.
Third platoon—Sergt. William J. Dalton in command with 31 men.
Fourth company—Capt. Thomas T. Logie in command.
First platoon—Lt. Alfred O. Sanford in command with 34 men.
Second platoon—Sergt. John J. Guinnasso in command with 34 men.
Third platoon—Lt. A. D. Snively in command with 30 men.
Auto with severely wounded and incapacitated service men, including
Priv. Leroy E. Coddling, Priv. Geonizy Popko, and others.
Worcester Continentals and drum corps with 17 men.
Worcester Continentals, "Spirit of 1776," with 3 men.
Worcester Continentals with 19 men.
Spanish War veterans and Veterans of Foreign Wars of Springfield with
26 men in line.
Westfield and Springfield G. A. R. Veterans, 55 men in twelve automobiles.
Westfield Band of 20 men.
Westfield Red Cross nurses, Richard Lotherington and Misses Helen
Miles, Rena Ahrens, Leona Phelps and Theresa Sopko.
Westfield Red Cross executive committee.
Westfield Red Cross workers—70 women in uniform.
Second Red Cross section, including 50 young women carrying immense
Red Cross flag.
Two Red Cross floats with 10 workers in charge of each.
Fifteen automobiles with 75 Red Cross workers in uniform.
Knights of Columbus hut float.
Boy Scouts in command of Deputy Commissioner Rev. Robert Keating
Smith and Scoutmaster Harry A. Stillman with 40 boys.
Liberty Drum Corps, 20 men.
Westfield Fire Department under command of Fire Chief Thomas H
Mahoney, 40 men.
Five autos and trucks of the Fire Department.



Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

General Shepard Monument

THE GENERAL SHEPARD MONUMENT
COMMITTEE

HENRY W. ELY, *Chairman*

ARCHIE D. ROBINSON
JAMES C. GREENOUGH

WILLIAM T. SMITH
ARTHUR S. KNEIL

GENERAL COMMITTEE

HENRY W. ELY
JOSEPH B. ELY
EDGAR L. GILLET
FRANK GRANT
JAMES C. GREENOUGH
WILLIS S. KELLOGG
JOSEPH A. KENYON
ARTHUR S. KNEIL
JOHN R. KING

CHARLES J. LITTLE
WILLIAM B. REED
ARCHIE D. ROBINSON
GEORGE W. SEARLE
FREDERICK F. SHEPARD
MATTHEW W. SHINE
EDWIN W. SMITH
WILLIAM T. SMITH

The name of Henry Fuller, Esquire, should stand first in any account of the statue of General Shepard, for his bequest in 1913, started the work of raising funds for a suitable memorial to Westfield's Revolutionary hero. The matter was brought before town meeting and, while no appropriation was made at that time, a committee consisting of James C. Greenough, Henry W. Ely and Archie D. Robinson was appointed. This committee secured pledges from descendants of General Shepard and others and in 1917 the town made an appropriation, added the names of Arthur S. Kneil and William T. Smith to the committee, and empowered it to erect and dedicate the monument.

After careful consideration of designs submitted by various sculptors, the committee selected Augustus Luke-
man of New York. Mr. Lukeman is the designer of the McKinley statue at Adams, "The Circuit Rider" in Washington, and other works of merit. "In the statue of General Shepard, Westfield possesses not only a dignified and

worthy memorial to her distinguished son, but a valuable and enduring work of art which she may always regard with pride and satisfaction."

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

HENRY W. ELY, *Chairman*

CHESTER H. ABBE	MRS. JANE BUSH DYSON
S. AUGUSTUS ALLEN	HERBERT S. EATON
LEWIS B. ALLYN	MRS. SARAH BUELL ELY
HENRY W. ASHLEY	WILLIAM H. ENSIGN
MISS IDA C. ASHLEY	REV. GEORGE M. FITZGERALD
MRS. LUCY COLLINS ATWATER	CHARLES R. FOWLER
DR. JAMES B. ATWATER	EDWARD T. FOWLER
MRS. LILLIAN CAMPBELL AVERY	MRS. ELLEN SIBLEY FULLER
REV. WILLIAM S. AYRES	JOHN J. FULLER
MRS. MARY MORSE BARTLETT	MRS. FLORENCE LAWTON FURBER
CHARLES H. BEALS	CHARLES M. GARDNER
MISS FRANCES T. BOISE	MRS. ELIZA SMITH GAYLORD
DR. GEORGE W. BRACE	MRS. SARAH DEAN GAYLORD
CHARLES J. BRADLEY	MRS. ADA HEDGES GIBBS
MRS. MARTHA INGERSOLL BRECK- ENRIDGE	MISS LUCY D. GILLETT
CLARENCE A. BRODEUR	ROBERT GOWDY
WILLIAM K. BUSCHMANN	MRS. ELLEN PEEBLES GRANT
ANDREW L. BUSH	MISS MARTHA GRANT
HOMER BUSH	MISS GRACE HALL
JOSEPH D. CADLE	FRANK D. HAMILTON
MISS GRACE CARROLL	EDWIN B. HEDGES
MRS. CARRIE TOBEY CLARK	DR. ROBERT D. HILDRETH
DR. FREDERICK T. CLARK	MRS. JOSEPH B. HILL
MRS. NELLIE ENSIGN CONNER	MRS. HENRIETTA HOLLAND
THOMAS J. COOLEY	MRS. FRED A. STEIGER HOLLISTER
HARVEY J. CLEVELAND	REV. CLEMENT E. HOLMES
MRS. JAMES ARTHUR CRANE	MISS ELIZABETH M. HOOKER
REV. ADOLPH DASLER	REV. CONRAD HOOKER
MISS ELIZA M. DOANE	DR. GEORGE H. JANES
DANIEL F. DOHERTY	MRS. MINNIE CADWELL JANES
EUGENE DOHERTY	MRS. WILLIAM H. JOHNSON
DR. ARCHIBALD J. DOUGLAS	LOUIS L. KEEFE
MRS. THEODORA REED DRYSDALE	REV. H. ARTHUR KERNEN
	MRS. EMMA PROVIN KING

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

MRS. JANE AVERY KINGSBURY
HERBERT W. KITTREDGE
EDWIN R. LAY
MISS HELEN E. LEWIS
MRS. LILLIE LAMBSON LILLEY
MRS. ELIZABETH LAMBERTON
LITTLE
MRS. GRACE WELLER LOOMIS
MRS. MARY SHEPARD LOOMIS
WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY
PATRICK J. MCMAHON
WILLIAM B. MAHONEY
DR. ROBERT M. MARR
MRS. IRA MILLER
MORRELL H. MOORE
RICHARD J. MORRISSEY
MRS. NAN WILCOX MOSELEY
DR. A. FOWLER NOBLE
HOWARD G. NOBLE
JAMES NOBLE, JR.
MRS. ELIZA NOBLE
DR. JAMES J. NORTON
MRS. SADIE MORSE NOBLE
REV. PATRICK J. O'MALLEY
MISS EMMA J. OSBORNE
REV. A. D. PAGE
FRANK C. PARKER
FREDERICK L. PARKER
MRS. MARY SNOW PARKER
MRS. ROBERT F. PARKER
OREN B. PARKS
OREN E. PARKS
REV. AUGUSTINE E. PHELPS
CLARENCE K. PRINCE
MISS CLARA M. REED
MRS. ETHEL MALLORY REED
MRS. JOHN R. REED
RICHARD D. REED.
MRS. WILLIAM B. REED

MRS. WARD REES
MRS. MABEL SHEPARD ROBINSON
MRS. BELLE SHEPARD RONAN
WILLIAM R. RUSSELL
RAY M. SANFORD
MISS ADDIE E. SHEPARD
CHARLES WILLIAM SHEPARD
FRED H. SHEPARD
GEORGE E. SHEPARD, JR.
MRS. HELEN FOOTE SKIFF
MRS. ALICE SHEPARD SMITH
DR. EDWARD S. SMITH
PHILIP C. SMITH
MRS. PHILIP C. SMITH
REV. ROBERT KEATING SMITH
MRS. ROBERT KEATING SMITH
DEXTER A. SNOW
FRANKLIN A. SNOW
MISS ELLEN W. TALMADGE
MRS. EDWARD TAYLOR
MISS HARRIET A. TAYLOR
HENRY G. TAYLOR
MRS. HENRY G. TAYLOR
MISS MARY S. THAYER
MRS. ETTA SNOW TURNER
MRS. DELLA LEE VAN DEUSEN
LT. COL. EDWIN R. VAN DEUSEN
REV. GABRIEL J. VAN ROTH
REV. KONSTANTINAS VASILASKAS
MRS. MARY OWEN WALKLEY
MRS. ETTA SNOW WATERMAN
ARTHUR F. WAY
JOHN T. WAY
GEORGE E. WHIPPLE
MRS. FLORENCE FULLER WHITNEY
MRS. MARIA MOSELEY WHITNEY
DR. WILLIAM H. WHITNEY
MRS. ALICE WALKLEY WINSLOW
MRS. ANNE SAUNDERS WHITCOMB

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

ARCHIE D. ROBINSON, *Chairman*

Mrs. Lucy Little Abbe	Cornelius F. Donovan
Park W. Allen	Dr. Julius M. Dutton
Leonard C. Atwater	Mrs. Catherine Freed Ensign
William E. Atwater	Charles F. Ensworth
Miss Helen M. Austin	John P. Fogarty
Charles E. Avery	Albert E. Fowler
Miss Fannie Baber	Miss Eloise I. Fowler
Frank P. Barber	John H. Fowler
William L. Bartlett	Mrs. Mary Allen Fowler
Joseph D. Bates	Louis M. Fuller
Lindsey A. Bolio	Lester E. Gibbs
Miss Alice Crary Brown	William E. Gibbs
Edward C. Bryan	Darwin L. Gillett
Florence W. Burke	Harry W. Gladwin
William Seth Bush	Mrs. Leona Hale Gowdy
Sumner B. Campbell	Archie O. Granger
Wilbur G. Cargill	Arthur E. Green
Miss Rose Carroll	Miss Mary Grant
Miss Anna G. Clark	J. Lyman Gray
Edward G. Clark	Mrs. James W. Hagar
James H. Clark	Henry W. Hallbourg
Dennis M. Cole	Derwin G. Hamer
Mrs. George W. Collier	Mrs. Isabelle Gladwin Hedges
Dr. Wallace J. Collins	John J. Hearn
Arthur G. Cook	Malcolm B. Harding
Mrs. Ethel King Cowles	Mrs. Edward A. Herrick
Frank E. Cowles	Charles A. Hickson
Glenn B. Cowles	Edward E. Hinsman
Harry A. Cowles	Robert C. Hollister
Edward G. Crotty	William W. Hosmer
Charles A. Dewey	Harold E. Howard
Frank S. Dewey	George E. Hubbard
Louis M. Dewey	Edward H. Hull
Thomas J. Dewey, Jr.	Frederick Hull
Edward F. Diehl	Edwin M. Humphreyville
Mrs. G. Fred Dill	Mrs. Charles J. Iles
Mrs. Eugene Doherty	George E. Judson
Miss Nellie A. Doherty	Miss Eliza E. Kellogg

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

MRS. MAY SIZER KENYON
MRS. SADIE BARNES KNOX
MRS. HARRY C. LANE
MISS MAUD A. LEWIS
REV. JOHN H. LOCKWOOD
MRS. AXIE VAN DEUSEN LOGIE
MRS. FRANCES PARSONS LOOMIS
GEORGE W. LOOMIS
MRS. MARY NOBLE LOOMIS
MISS MARY E. LYMAN
DR. JOSEPH MARONEY
MRS. JAMES C. MCCARTHY
PRESTON T. MILLER
MRS. FRANCES HASSLER MORRISSEY
ARTHUR C. MOSELY
HARRIS B. MOULTON
HORACE G. NELSON
CLIFTON A. NOBLE
MRS. HOWARD G. NOBLE
JAMES M. NOBLE
ARTHUR G. NORTON
MRS. FRANK C. PARKER
MRS. ROSE TRACY PARKER
HENRY B. PROUT
HARRY B. PUTNAM
WARD REES
MISS EDITH M. ROBBINS
HOWARD SHEPARD ROBINSON
GEORGE E. ROBINSON
MRS. JULIA NOBLE ROCKWOOD
MISS A. ROMAINE RONAN
MISS LEONA S. RONAN
DR. EDWARD J. SAMMONS

HERBERT O. SANFORD
MRS. IRENE SAUTER SANFORD
LEIGH SANFORD
FRED SCHMIDT
DR. ARTHUR T. SCHOONMAKER
FREDERICK H. SCOTT
GEORGE H. SHARP
DR. WALLACE F. SHAW
MRS. MARY AVERY SHEPARD
EDWIN F. SHEPARD
MRS. MARY CHAPMAN SHINE
GEORGE T. SLAUTER
CHARLES G. SMITH
MRS. CLARA GIBBS SMITH
EDWIN J. SMITH
MRS. FLORENCE ELY SMITH
MISS LOUISE E. SNOW
MISS MARY E. STEIMER
HARRY R. STILES
EDWARD H. TAYLOR
JAMES TIERNEY
FREDERICK J. TOOKE
GEORGE A. UPSON
HENRY M. VAN DEUSEN
MRS. MAY VAN DEUSEN
SPENCER M. VAN DEUSEN
DR. GEORGE A. WALKLEY
MRS. JENNIE AUSTIN WARREN
MRS. NELLIE SHEPARD WEST
WILLIAM C. WHOLEAN
BERNARD C. WOLCOTT
MRS. IRMA DYSON WOLCOTT

UNVEILING CEREMONIES

"If rain failed to halt the progress of the parade, it did disrupt the ceremonies planned for the unveiling and the dedication of the Major-General William Shepard monument. Optimists to the last, the committee made every arrangement for carrying out the program according to schedule. The Red Cross stand was built, and occupied by a few brave women. Hundreds of seats had been placed facing the exedra and the statue for the unveiling exercises and the accommodation of those who wished to remain for the speaking. The prescribed areas were roped off also, to handle the dense crowds which had been expected. The weather forced the abandonment of this plan, and at the last moment it was decided to have the exercises in the Methodist Church which is located within a few rods of the statue.

"Almost before the military parade had finished passing the reviewing stand, Miss Elizabeth Grover Shepard, of Short Hills, N. J., great-great-great-granddaughter of the Revolutionary hero, accompanied by Edwin Shepard of Westfield, a great-great-grandson of Westfield's General and a returned overseas service man, stepped to the statue exedra. Chairman Henry W. Ely of the Monument Committee spoke briefly. Miss Shepard placed a wreath at the base of the statue and then pulled the unveiling-cord, and as the shroud slipped from the great bronze figure, two huge American flags unfolded slowly at either side. This completed the unveiling ceremony.

"Notices nailed to trees and buildings told of the change of arrangements and within a few moments the Methodist Church was packed to capacity. Before the opening of the official program there were selections by the church organist. As the party of distinguished guests and members of the several committees filed to the pulpit platform, the audience rose in greeting and remained standing while the 104th Infantry Band played 'Gloria' from 'Twelfth Mass' by Mozart."—*The Springfield Union*.

SPEAKERS AT DEDICATION
OF THE GENERAL SHEPARD MONUMENT



Arthur S. Kneil
John H. Lockwood, D. D.

Henry W. Ely
Louis L. Keefe

Speakers at Dedication of the General Shepard Monument



His Excellency Calvin Coolidge, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Hon. Samuel W. McCall, former Governor of Massachusetts
Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, United States Army
John C. Robinson

Speakers at Dedication of the General Shepard Monument



STATUE OF
Major-General William Shepard

Unveiled at Westfield, Massachusetts,

SEPTEMBER 3, 1919

ORDER of EXERCISES



“Gloria” from “Twelfth Mass”	<i>Mozart</i>
104th REGIMENTAL BAND	
Address of Welcome	Henry W. Ely, Chairman
“America”	<i>Samuel F. Smith</i>
BANDS, CHOIR AND PEOPLE	
Invocation	Rev. John H. Lockwood
Unveiling of Statue	Elizabeth Grover Shepard attended by Edwin Shepard
Introduction of Augustus Lukeman, Sculptor	Chairman
Presentation of Monument	Arthur S. Kneil
Acceptance of Monument	Louis L. Keefe
Address	John C. Robinson
<i>“General Shepard, Citizen and Soldier”</i>	
“American Hymn”	<i>Keller</i>
CHOIR	
Address	Governor Calvin Coolidge
Oration	Honorable Samuel W. McCall
Address	Major-General Clarence R. Edwards
“Commandery March”	<i>Carter</i>
CONSOLIDATED BANDS, 104th and SHORT’S	

INVOCATION

REV. JOHN H. LOCKWOOD, D.D.

Thou Eternal God, our Father, Father of all men, of every nation, we lift to Thee this day the voice of thanksgiving that our lot has fallen in such a goodly heritage, that we have so great a domain and so noble an ancestry to remember at this time. We call upon our souls and all that is within us to bless and magnify Thy great and holy name, and, remembering Thy many mercies, we remember especially today the heroic lives that have made this land what it is, in character and in blessedness.

We thank Thee for those noble souls who from generation to generation have sought not their own, but have merged their personality into the weal of the common good. We thank Thee that we have one especially to remember this day, who went out from this region, a lad, to fight the battles of his country; and again when his country was menaced went out to spend years in faithful, devoted, efficient service.

We thank Thee that as we gather today so worthy a leader is impressed upon us. We thank Thee for those who have come after him who, like him, have considered their own personal good but a privilege by way of offering upon the nation's welfare. And we pray Thee, O Lord, that as our poor minds are stirred up by way of remembrance, our wills may be energized to do our part in this goodly line, to take the torch that has come down to us undimmed and pass it on with quickening glow to those who shall come after us, so that this land shall continue to be a heritage for all the oppressed, for the poor and the needy, and shall continue to be instinct with high purposes and holy ideals.

Bless those who shall take part in these exercises, and grant that everything that is done here in concluding this memorial celebration shall redound to Thine honor and may tend to provoke to nobler manhood and worthier citizenship all who relate it to this goodly town.

Hear us, and do unto us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask of Thee. Amen.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

HENRY W. ELY

Fellow Citizens:

Citizens of no mean country,—a country of unnumbered acres; rich in natural resources, producing under its own flag every necessity and luxury sufficient to feed, clothe, arm and transport from continent to continent half of the civilized world; first in primary and industrial education and in the practice of the useful arts; courageous, without fear; invincible in war; the refuge for more than two centuries of the poor, oppressed, and of such as seek liberty and happiness from everywhere, that seek conscience freedom, without distinction as to race, creed or religion; the home of the sower and the reaper, of the scholar, the artisan and the mechanic, the homemakers country, we welcome you.

Your country has not been, and is not now, a quitter country; it is in no sense a negative country; it is not a neutral country; no country in a hundred years has exercised indirectly at least a more potential and commanding influence in all lands, than has the United States of America. Its missionaries of every kind have carried to the ends of the earth backed by the strongest public opinion at home, the gospel of right living and the establishment of right government. Your country carries in the forefront of civilization the torch that is lighting the way of human progress through the ages. From the force of circumstances and by reason of its inherent fundamental rightness and soundness the United States holds in its hands responsibility for the future conscientious conduct and civilization throughout the world.

The right of this Republic to live, to everlasting life is not based on our uncounted acres or our material resources,

but on moral sovereignty, the tenacity with which our people have clung to this ideal; to the Pilgrim and Revolutionary fathers who came into this wilderness world and with their bare hands established a new nation for themselves and their posterity; in short, this government is a composite man not like the chain as weak or strong as the weakest link, but stronger than the strongest man, wiser than the wisest man, more patient than the most patient man, more altruistic than any man. While I have seen men who would take advantage of or receive special favors from their government through weakness or selfishness, I have never yet seen an American who would for a moment tolerate departure by his government from the highest type of morality, justice, brotherly kindness or be willing that his government should do less than its utmost in the interest not only of his countrymen, but all distressed and suffering peoples everywhere.

Westfield remembers today, with satisfaction and pride, the thousands of its sons and daughters who, in the gone by years, wrought worthily and effectively and have passed over to the majority. We feel the influence of their potential lives; they are not lost to us, these inhabitants of another country are with us now. It is our great good fortune and pleasure to welcome as our guests His Excellency, the governor of the Commonwealth, a former distinguished governor of the Commonwealth, a major general of the United States Army, and distinguished citizens occupying high places in the government of our country, our Commonwealth, our county and our town; one and all we welcome you.

And you venerable citizens, soldiers of 1861, who came forward at your country's call to take part in the irrepresible conflict for the preservation of the union, and to bring freedom and opportunity to an oppressed race, you boys in blue,—God bless and keep you each and every one,—we

greet you. And you sons approaching middle life who went forth in accordance with the best traditions of this country to bring liberty and opportunity, to establish orderly government in Cuba, and in the Philippines, we extend to you a most hearty welcome.

America, the child, has proved its regard for Europe, the parent. You sons of Westfield, who but yesterday rallied around the banner of the great republic and in the fiercest struggle of the ages hurled back the forces of political and moral reaction on the battlefields of France, on the sea, in the air, and in the training camps of America, we acclaim and applaud you for the battles won and purpose accomplished; we mourn with you and for the comrades who gave their lives that the cause of freedom and liberty might live. We receive you back into our arms with hearts of thankfulness and with confident smiles for a glorious future.

And you, who were not born in this freedom and citizenship, purchased and defended at such great price by our ancestors, men and women to whom such freedom is not an inheritance, but who have been made citizens under just laws and by court's decree, as though you were to the manor born, we welcome you. And you who represent peoples to whom the friendly hand of the United States has been outstretched, feeding them when they were hungry, clothing them when they were naked, and delivering them from the hands of their oppressors in the generations that have passed and in this generation, although we cannot, and no organization or aggregation of citizens can, grant to you the privilege of participating in any way in the direction and control of the affairs of the government, to whom we cannot properly grant the right even to create public opinion that can in any way give direction to the country, we recognize you as brothers, as friends, and your great service to us. We trust that we may be of

equally great service to you, and extend to you a hearty welcome.

If there is here today any man, like the guest especially invited to John Norton's Christmas in the bleak, snow-bound wilderness, the vagabond, the man who had lost his courage,—if there is any man here, or woman here, or anywhere, over whose eyes events and circumstances have so woven a web that his vision is obscured, who does not see quite clearly, and through some real or fancied grievance is in some doubt as to whether or not this great country can meet its problems and solve them, is in some doubt as to whether or not in the goings and the comings this country has or will establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, and promote the general welfare,—if there is one here that is in doubt whether or not this nation can and will meet all its enemies, foreign and domestic, and strangle them to death, we especially welcome you, that you may today hear voices out of the great, whispering galleries of the past, that you may see the movement of marching men at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Trenton and Yorktown. We welcome you one and all to take part in the doings of this day.

PRESENTATION OF MONUMENT

Introducing Mr. Lukeman, Mr. Ely said: You have all seen the beautiful statue of General Shepard on the Green. I know it will be a pleasure to you to greet the gentleman and distinguished sculptor who fashioned that statue. It gives me great pleasure to introduce Augustus Lukeman of New York.

Mr. Lukeman did not speak, but he received prolonged applause as he rose and bowed.

In behalf of the committee who had charge of its erection, Arthur S. Kneil presented the statue to the town, and Louis J. Keeffe formally accepted it for the citizens of Westfield.

ARTHUR S. KNEIL

Fellow Citizens of Westfield:

I have the honor, in behalf of the committee appointed by the town to procure and erect a suitable monument to General Shepard, to report the completion and erection of a statue in accordance with the vote of the town.

It is my further high privilege, on the part of this committee, now to officially transfer this statue and memorial to the town, through its selectmen.

It is the work of a noted sculptor, one of the highest achievements of his great art and, we believe, is destined to be one of the distinguished works of sculpture in New England.

Its setting is in an exedra of artistic beauty, which is designed for practical and common use, as an agora or forum for public concourse and civic or political discussion and debate.

It is placed in the heart of the town. It is close to the site of the church through whose doors he went many years as a member and deacon. It is near to the old Academy, an early school of higher education of which he was a founder and an original trustee. It is opposite the site of the old Town House where he often presided as moderator

of the annual meetings and elections and in which he sat as a member of the Committee on Correspondence and Safety, as the dark and portentous clouds of revolution were gathering; from which he went out as a selectman when the news came of the fight at Lexington, and to which he came back to serve again, though then exalted in national honor, as selectman of the little town.

It is placed on our beautiful town Green, co-eval with our earliest life, where he gathered and drilled his minutemen and whence he led them out to Dorchester Heights and the great Revolution. It stands upon a spot interwoven with all our history and traditions, with which much of his later life was associated, and where, in his later years, he was an inspiring and beloved figure on training days.

It is not for me to recite his history and state his record of military and civic performance and achievement. That is to be told to you by others.

Distinguished as a general, legislator and statesman; distinguished, also, for faithful performance, throughout his life of the plain, primitive duties of good citizenship, and for constant fulfillment of his obligations to his country and his fellowmen, it has seemed a fitting thing to erect a statue to him and his memory. He was a soldier of many years active service in two of his country's historic wars; rising from the position of private to that of high general command; a statesman taking part in the legislative councils of his fellows and, with equal talent and wisdom negotiating treaties at the councils of the Penobscot Indians and in the Long House of the Iroquois.

He was a soldier and a statesman; but above all things and at all times he was a citizen of the Republic and of democracy.

It is a grateful tribute to a great and worthy man who, in the classic words with which the Roman people conferred their highest honors, deserved well of his town, his

colony, his commonwealth and nation. It is a memorial of the sacrifices, the heroic deeds, the inspired principles and lofty purposes of our Revolutionary forefathers. It is a token of our recognition of the cardinal, vital worth of good citizenship, both in war and peace; and of the fundamental importance of ready and constant performance of civic duties.

On no other structures can the certain and abiding foundations of a state be laid.

We rear today a memorial to the ever memorable past; we rear also a memorial and a pledge for both the present and the future; and this we do at a time when the farmers' shot at Lexington, once heard around the world, now sounds around the world again in tones of thunder.

To quote great words which it is almost irreverent to repeat, it is not for us to dedicate but rather for us to be dedicated to the great tasks and mighty purposes before us.

The long, eternal march of human kind goes by. We are in the front but for a moment. Far off, against the almost inaccessible skies are the banners and spear heads of the mighty army which has gone before. Behind, fast crowding upon us, come the advancing generations. We present this memorial to be a public testimony and affirmation, through the presence of this voiceless but speaking bronze, that we have kept faith with the great and heroic past; that we have held and fulfilled the sacred tradition, handed to us by the fathers; and, further, to be a token of renewal, by those who follow behind us, of the solemn covenant that the republic which the men who won our liberties and framed our government ordained for themselves and their posterity, shall never perish from the earth.

ACCEPTANCE OF MONUMENT

LOUIS L. KEEFE

It is quite evident that you have listened with attention and pleasure to the gentlemen who have spoken, one extending to you on this inclement day the welcome greetings of Westfield and one presenting you with a work of art of surpassing design and execution, something which we believe your children will cherish and which will be to distant generations an inspiration and delight.

Have we not this day beheld the consummation of genius and art, of art revealed through the hand and the eye, and of genius whose noblest expression comes through the lips from the heart! And, having reached the summit, it were as well no doubt that we might now rest content, for in every affair of consequence there are supreme heights beyond which genius cannot go, and those bounds seem to have been irremovably fixed, whether it is Stevenson who stabs a woman in the wilderness at midnight, or Victor Hugo who kindles a divine and celestial light in the dark conscience of some poor, unhappy convict slave. But custom and your tendency for detail seem to require a few words in acceptance and reply,—a privilege for which one might be truly grateful, but an honor hardly to be repaid.

In the Apennines there are shadows so somber and deep and dark that a cautious soul hesitates to advance. It is not our purpose, therefore, to attempt a further inquiry into a subject which has been so well, though briefly, discussed. Our duties lie in simple, humble ways, like those who dim the lights after the banquet is over.

In the long train of events, culminating with the exercises of today, and stretching back for two centuries and a half, so many glorious things have been achieved, the record of human progress has been so amazingly advanced,

individual effort has attained to heights so singular and extreme, it is of slight consequence—of no consequence—what may be spoken here. Here are all those glorious memories revived, of Concord and Lexington, and here have we once again been brought very close to the pain and suffering of those desperate, dark days.

For when that army of half starved Continentals at Valley Forge was the most that stood between liberty and oppression, how beautiful and singular to reflect that out of suffering may come happiness, that out of the darkness of war, that out of discord and tumult and of loud alarm may come a kind of universal harmony, plaintive and sweet, like the rich voices of those musical southerners singing their plantation melodies in the night time.

In the battle at Concord Bridge—something which today would be called a skirmish, but yet a battle which stirred all civilization to its very depths—in that battle were killed two English soldiers whose names were never learned, and there a few yards from the bridge, in among weeds by the roadside, their grave was made, which in time has been surmounted by a plain, flat stone, bearing this inscription by Mr. Lowell:

“They came three thousand miles and died
To keep the Past secure upon its throne.”

“To keep the Past secure upon its throne!” That brief tribute to the patriotism of the dead soldier is an epitome of all England’s glory.

And have not you in some wise been animated to the same purpose in building this memorial to a soldier man, and that the past might keep its place in your memory and not be forgotten? And so it seems that the spirit of 1776, the call of the past, the call which led the patriots through the hardships of many a bleak winter, has led you here

today, just as the call of the woods leads many a social spirit into their solitary, appealing haunts.

It is well for the soul that it has ways to expand. That memorial which you have come today to dedicate, appealing as it does to the intellect as well as to the eye, has a power that shall irresistibly draw you, speaks with a voice you cannot choose but hear. To some it will be a symbol of strength and resolution and strong will, qualities which befit a patriot and soldier. To a few it will mean only so many hours of labor, which were as well spent in the wheat fields or mending the roads, for humanity is a vast sea in which the soundings are not always deep. But to you, who look upon it with grateful eyes, and with eyes drawn to beauty and truth, it represents more than so many strokes with a hammer. It represents the soul struggling to express an ideal. And, by the same token and in some such way, life is not made up of great events and cunning strokes, but somewhat of devotion, of sacrifice and faith and love.

Mr. Chairman, gentlemen, your committee: In behalf of the citizens of Westfield, in behalf of her youth, who, growing soon familiar with the character of General Shepard, shall the sooner learn that truth, that integrity is the only nobility, and shall learn to reverence their country, for which men in very love and devotion have yielded their lives; in behalf of those who toil in factory and field, who may see in that Shepard statue something which cheers and exalts, and who, reflecting at times on the tranquillity of a useful life, shall learn there, if nowhere else, that content is the only wealth; in behalf of her scholars, who, remembering the glory of Thermopylae, shall not forget the sacrifices at Gettysburg; in behalf of posterity, who, from age to age, shall pass that way and shall confess their gratitude for an ancestry so generous, so prominent, so mindful, so thoughtful of the future; and in loving remem-

brance of those heroic young men who sleep today on the hills of France, we accept this Shepard memorial, which, if you will, shall this day be dedicated to the eternal principles of justice and freedom.

And to you, gentlemen of the committee, in all sincerity our thanks are extended for the labor which you so generously, thoughtfully and—may I not say?—lovingly have performed. Our citizens of Westfield from your committee's hands through mine receive this memorial to one whom Nature blessed with a courageous mind. I know not from what great depths it came, what labor wrenched it from its ancient bed, or in what flaming furnace it was fashioned to that fair design, but this we may assert—if you are true to the ideals which are there so plainly set forth you cannot fail. Courage, it seems to say, and faith, and the victory is yours!

Receive it, then, in the spirit in which it has been so graciously presented, and sometimes when you pass that way reflect for a moment upon the courage and piety and dignity of the life which has gone, and see if we do not agree in this—that from the contemplation of the beautiful and of the sublime we gather strength for the heroic things in life and a better comprehension of its wonderful possibilities.

Introducing Mr. John C. Robinson, Mr. Ely said: Probably there is no family in Westfield better known than the family of Moseley. From earliest times of our town history they have occupied places of importance, trust and honor. Permit me to present one of the sons of that family, John C. Robinson, of Springfield.

GENERAL SHEPARD, CITIZEN AND SOLDIER

JOHN C. ROBINSON

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I appreciate your courteous introduction, and I am very glad that my ancestors were the friends and associates of General Shepard. When he was made a brigadier-general it was my great-great-grandfather, David Moseley, who, having formerly served as his lieutenant-colonel, succeeded him as colonel of the Third Massachusetts Infantry. And later General Shepard's son William married the colonel's daughter, making the association of the families still closer.

As a boy in Westfield I knew a number of men who in their youth had known General Shepard. My own grandfather was a young man of about twenty when General Shepard died, and I remember with what universal respect his name was always mentioned. But it is more than a hundred years since he was laid at rest in the old cemetery on Mechanic Street, and there is no one alive today who can speak of him personally. To most of you he is little more than a name, and it seems altogether fitting that we should consider, as simply and as briefly as possible, who he was, what he did, who were the men with whom he was associated, what were the events in which he played a part.

William Shepard was born in Westfield in 1737. His father was John Shepard, a tanner, and his mother before her marriage was Elizabeth Noble. His grandfather, also a John Shepard, was born in Suffolk County, England, and settled in Westfield about 1700.

William Shepard was the fourth child in a family of nine, and after attending Westfield's single school he enlisted, at the age of seventeen, as a common soldier in the colonial forces at the outbreak of the French and Indian War. After about two years he was promoted to a sergeancy, somewhat later to a lieutenantcy, and reached the rank of captain before the end of the war.

He served under Abercrombie in the disastrous attack on Fort Ticonderoga, and later, under General Amherst, took part in the campaign that drove the enemy from Lake George and Lake Champlain, and, in co-operation with Wolfe's capture of Quebec, brought the war to an end.

It is an odd and interesting coincidence that in this war he should have served first as a lieutenant under Colonel Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College, a scholarly man, who inspired him with an ambition to improve his limited education, and later as a captain under General Amherst, for whom the other of our older western Massachusetts colleges is named.

Returning to Westfield at the end of the war, he married, at the age of twenty-two, Sarah Dewey, a girl of eighteen, and for the next fourteen years he lived quietly the life of a farmer and country surveyor, caring for his growing family and taking little or no part in the events leading up to the Revolutionary War.

In 1774 he was elected a selectman, and later in the same year was made a member of the Committee of Public Safety and Correspondence.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Third Massachusetts Infantry. This regiment joined the American forces outside of Boston sometime in June, 1775. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the 17th, and he did not take part in that historic struggle, though he may have been in Roxbury or Cambridge at the time.

A few weeks later Washington assumed command of the Army, and in his correspondence and diary bitterly complained of the inefficiency and inexperience of most of the officers under him. Shepard's energy, sense and experience soon attracted his attention, and they became friends, a friendship that lasted as long as Washington lived.

After the evacuation of Boston by the British in the spring of 1776 Shepard's regiment was transferred to Long Island, he himself made its colonel, and it was attached to General Glover's division. In the well executed retreat from Long Island, following General Putnam's defeat, Glover's division acted as a rear guard and, a few weeks later, at Pell's Point, when Washington's Army was stretched out along the east shore of the Hudson, this division, unaided, defeated a vastly superior British force that had all but cut the American Army in two.

This was one of the most furiously contested and critical battles of the Revolution, and in it Shepard was seriously wounded. He seems to have recovered quickly, however, for he was with Washington in the retreat across the Jerseys, and at Trenton and Princeton—those two brilliant victories that did so much to raise the courage of the almost disheartened colonies—it was again Glover's division that played a most important part.

This ended the fighting for that winter, but the next summer we find Shepard in the north with Gates in his campaign against Burgoyne. He seems, however, to have been recalled by Washington sometime during the season, for when Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga in October the Third Infantry was under the command of his successor.

The following winter Shepard spent with Washington at Valley Forge. There he was in close contact with Alexander Hamilton, who had been a fellow soldier with him in the Long Island and Jersey campaigns, but had now become Washington's aide-de-camp. He also met here

for the first time the Marquis de Lafayette, who had joined Washington's Army while he was in the north, and tradition says that they were closely associated for the balance of the war. There seems to be some question regarding this, however, for shortly after the battle of Monmouth and the Rhode Island campaign, in which they were both engaged, Lafayette returned to France and did not come back to this country again until shortly before the end of the war.

After the battle of Monmouth Shepard was one of the judges in the court martial that convicted General Lee, and it was during this summer that he was made a brigadier-general.

It is difficult to trace his career after he became a general. The records are fragmentary and conflicting. It seems, however, that he spent considerable time with Washington, was ordered by him on special missions, and that he also served with Gates and afterwards with Greene in their southern campaigns, leading up to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

This closed his career as a Revolutionary soldier, for, while there was desultory fighting from this time up to the signing of the peace treaty, he took no part in it, though he was not definitely discharged until 1783.

The years from the close of the Revolution to Washington's election as President have been termed the most critical period in American history, and during this time General Shepard served his country even more notably than in the war itself.

Returning to Westfield, he was at once re-elected to the Board of Selectmen, and after serving in this capacity for four years was sent to the lower branch of the Legislature.

There had been almost unlimited issues of paper currency during the war, with the resulting inflation, extravagance and increasing indebtedness that always follow such financ-

ing. Foreign commerce had been destroyed, local industry was demoralized, the state was heavily in debt and taxes were very high.

These were the conditions that brought about Shays' Rebellion. Its leaders were Luke Day of West Springfield and Daniel Shays of Pelham. Bowdoin was governor. General Shepard had been made major-general of militia on his return from Revolutionary service.

The insurgents had reasonable ground for complaint against the existing laws and conditions, and a very large proportion of the people of Massachusetts were in sympathy with them, but their methods were everlastingly wrong.

When, in the autumn of 1786, they attempted to prevent the convening of the court in Springfield, Shepard, at the head of a small body of militia, by persuasion rather than force succeeded in dispersing them. But a few months later, in January, 1787, Shays, having gathered a force far larger than the militia under General Shepard, attempted to capture the armory at Springfield. This time persuasion proved of no avail, and it was only after a considerable number of the insurgents had been killed and wounded that they gave up the attempt. This was the last important conflict of the rebellion. Shepard was in the field for several months and there was minor fighting throughout the state but Shepard's action had determined the outcome.

If I have seemed to dwell unduly upon this episode of General Shepard's career it is because I believe it was his most important service to his state and his country, a service with which his name will always be associated in the annals of American history. Had he not used persuasion and tact in the first place in dealing with the insurgents, though advised to use force at once by Bowdoin and Hancock, he would have secured for them the sympathy of the great majority of people through the state, and what would have been the outcome we do not know. But when at

last he found that persuasion was useless, when they had demonstrated by their actions their unfitness for carrying out the measures they desired, when it was a question between anarchy and democracy, then Shepard acted.

You will remember that it was but a few weeks after this that the Constitutional convention met, and it may not be an over-statement to say that but for this occurrence the drafting and enactment of the constitution might have been impossible, for it demonstrated beyond question that a democracy must have power to maintain its own sovereignty.

Shepard was that autumn elected to the State Senate, and the Legislature by formal resolution approved his action and honored him.

While he was in the Senate he served as a member of the Constitutional convention that, after a long and bitter struggle, adopted the Federal Constitution, and it is of interest to remember that the delegates from Westfield and Springfield were among the few men from western Massachusetts who voted in favor of adoption.

The following year it was his privilege to be one of the first presidential electors from Massachusetts, a position then carrying far greater responsibility than now, and further, giving him the privilege of voting for his old friend and associate of Revolutionary days, General Washington. This honor was again conferred upon him four years later.

He served also as commissioner to the Penobscot Indians, settling differences so amicably on this mission that he was shortly afterwards called upon to act in a similar capacity with the Iroquois.

After four years of service in the Senate he was elected a member of the Governor's Council, serving with John Hancock up to the time of his death, and later with Samuel Adams, his successor.

Hancock and Shepard were born the same year. Hancock was wealthy; Shepard was poor. Hancock was a Harvard graduate; Shepard had but a most limited education. And yet I am sure that Shepard's shrewd judgment and common sense was a most fortunate influence on Hancock's conceit.

When Samuel Adams became governor he was an old man, bigoted but brilliant, and he too needed the association of a man like Shepard.

In 1796 Shepard was elected a member of the Fifth Congress. John Adams had just been chosen President, and the conflict within the Federalist party had already begun that brought about its downfall.

Shepard was re-elected two years later, and saw the Federal capital transferred from Philadelphia, the largest city on the continent, to Washington, a straggling village on the Potomac. He was re-elected to the Seventh Congress, and served during the first two years of Jefferson's administration.

His congressional record is interesting. The problems then chiefly before Congress were our diplomatic relations with France and England and the issues connected with them.

Shepard was not an orator, but he was a ready debater and took a considerable part in the discussion of matters before Congress. He was strongly in favor of preparedness, though he opposed extravagance even in the raising of an army. He supported a militia in comparison with a national army, on the ground that a national army could only be raised and maintained by means of a draft.

While he was a Federalist, at the same time he voted independently on many issues, and with the wave that swept the Federalist party out of power he was removed from Congress, and the last fifteen years of his life were spent in Westfield.

He was a man in limited circumstances, and lived quietly, but found time for many activities of public service. He was president of a club organized to found a library in Westfield. He was one of the first trustees of the Westfield Academy, chartered while he was in the Governor's Council. He repeatedly served as moderator of the local town meetings. He died a few days before his eightieth birthday, in 1817.

He was not a theologian or a philanthropist,—at least in the ordinary acceptance of the term,—but for more than a quarter of a century he served as deacon of the old First Church, respected and loved by his fellow townsmen.

He had but a limited education. He was not a constructive statesman. He was not an orator. And yet, as selectman, as legislator, as counselor to Hancock and Adams, as commissioner to the Indians, as congressman, as personal friend of Washington, his judgment was clear and his advice wise.

He was not a great or brilliant general. Yet in two wars he carried out courageously and efficiently all work that was assigned to him. And when his great opportunity came, in the struggle between anarchy and democracy, that threatened to undo all that had been accomplished in the Revolutionary struggle, his clear thinking, his tact and his energy, when energy became necessary, played no small part in securing those blessings of liberty that we are enjoying today.

*Introducing His Excellency, Governor Calvin Coolidge, Mr. Ely said:
Permit me to announce the Governor of the Commonwealth.*

ADDRESS

HIS EXCELLENCY CALVIN COOLIDGE
Governor of Massachusetts

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We come here on this occasion to honor the past, and in that honor render more secure the present. It was by such men as settled Westfield, and two hundred and fifty years ago established by law a chartered and ordered form of government, that the foundations of Massachusetts were laid.

And it was on the foundations of Massachusetts that there began that training of the people for the great days that were to come, when they were prepared to endorse and support the principles set out in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States of America and the emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. Here were planted the same seeds of righteousness victorious which later flourished with such abundance at Saratoga, at Gettysburg and at the second battle of the Marne. Stupendous results, the product of a people working with an Everlasting Purpose.

While celebrating the history of Westfield this day has been set apart to the memory of one of her most illustrious sons, General William Shepard. To others are assigned the history of your town and the biography of your soldier. Into those particulars I shall not enter. But the principles of government and of citizenship which they so well represent and nobly illustrate will never be untimely or unworthy of reiteration.

The political history of Westfield has seen the success of a great forward movement, to which it contributed its

part in establishing the principles that the individual in his rights is supreme, and that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It is the establishment of liberty under an ordered form of government in this ancient town by the people themselves that today draws us here in admiration of her achievements. When we turn to the life of her patriotic son we see that he no less grandly illustrated the principle that to such government, so established, the people owe an allegiance which has the binding power of the most solemn obligation.

There is such a disposition in these days to deny that our government was formed by, or is now in control of the people, that a glance at the history of the days of General Shepard is peculiarly pertinent and instructive.

The Constitution of Massachusetts, with its noble declaration of rights, was adopted in 1780. Under it we still live, with scarce any changes that affect the rights of the people. The end of the Revolutionary War was in 1783. Shays' Rebellion was in 1787. The American Constitution was ratified and adopted in 1788. These dates tell us what the form of government was that existed in that period.

If there are any who doubt that our institutions, formed in those days, did not establish a people's government, let them study the action of the Massachusetts convention which ratified the Federal Constitution in 1788. Presiding over it was the popular patriot, Governor John Hancock. On the floor sat Samuel Adams, who had been the father of the Revolution, preeminent champion of the liberty of the people. Such an influence had he that his assertion of satisfaction was enough to carry the delegates. Like a majority of the members, he came opposed to ratification. Having totally thrown off the authority of foreign powers, they came suspicious of all outside authority. Besides, there were eighteen of their number who had taken part in Shays' Rebellion, so hostile were they to the execution of all law.

Mr. Adams was finally convinced by a gathering of the workingmen among his constituents, who exercised their constitutional right of instructing their representatives. Their opinion was presented to him by Paul Revere. "How many mechanics were at the Green Dragon when these resolutions were passed?" asked Mr. Adams. "More, sir, than the Green Dragon could hold." "And where were the rest?" "In the streets, sir." "And how many were in the streets?" "More than there are stars in the sky." This is supposed to have convinced the great Massachusetts tribune that it was his duty to support ratification.

There were those, however, who distrusted the Constitution and distrusted its proponents. They viewed lawyers and men of means with great jealousy. Amos Singleary expressed their sentiments in the form of an argument that has not ceased to be repeated in the discussion of all public questions.

"These lawyers," he said, "and men of learning and moneyed men, that talk so finely and gloss over matters so smoothly, to make us poor illiterates swallow the pill, expect to get into Congress themselves. They mean to be managers of the Constitution. They mean to get all the money into their hands, and then they will swallow up us little folk, like the great Leviathan, Mr. President; yes, just like the whale swallowed up Jonah." In the convention sat Jonathan Smith, a farmer from Lanesboro. He had seen Shays' Rebellion in the Berkshires. There has been no better example of a man of the people desiring the common good.

"I am a plain man," said Mr. Smith, "and I am not used to speak in public, but I am going to show the effects of anarchy, that you may see why I wish for good government. Last winter people took up arms, and then, if you went to speak to them, you had the musket of death presented to your breast. They would rob you of your property,

threaten to burn your houses, oblige you to be on your guard night and day. Alarms spread from town to town, families were broken up, the tender mother would cry, "Oh, my son is among them! What shall I do for my child?" Some were taken captive; children taken out of their schools and carried away. How dreadful was all this! Our distress was so great that we should have been glad to snatch at anything that looked like a government. Now, Mr. President, when I saw this Constitution, I found that it was a cure for these disorders. I got a copy of it, and read it over and over. I did not go to any lawyer to ask his opinion. We have no lawyer in our town, and we do well enough without. My honorable old daddy there (pointing to Mr. Singletary) won't think that I expect to be a congressman, and swallow up the liberties of the people. I never had any post, nor do I want one. But I don't think the worse of the Constitution because lawyers, and men of learning, and moneyed men are fond of it. I am not of such a jealous make. They that are honest men themselves are not apt to be suspicious of other people. Brother farmers, let us suppose a case now. Suppose you had a farm of fifty acres, and your title was disputed, and there was a farm of five thousand acres joined to you that belonged to a man of learning, and his title was involved in the same difficulty; would you not be glad to have him for your friend, rather than to stand alone in the dispute? Well, the case is the same. These lawyers, these moneyed men, these men of learning are all embarked in the same cause with us, and we must all sink or swim together. Shall we throw the Constitution overboard because it does not please us all alike? Suppose two or three of you had been at the pains to break up a piece of rough land and sow it with wheat; would you let it lie waste because you could not agree what sort of a fence to make? Would it not be better to put up a fence that did not please everyone's

fancy, rather than keep disputing about it until the wild beasts came in and devoured the crop? Some gentlemen say, don't be in a hurry; take time to consider. I say, there is a time to sow and a time to reap. We sowed our seed when we sent men to the Federal convention. Now is the time to reap the fruit of our labor. And if we do not do it now I am afraid we shall never have another opportunity."

There spoke the common sense of the common man of the commonwealth. The counsel of the farmer from the country, joined with the resolutions of the workingmen from the city, carried the convention, and the Constitution was ratified. In the light of succeeding history who shall say that it was not the voice of the people speaking with the voice of Infinite Authority?

The attitude of Samuel Adams, William Shepard, Jonathan Smith and the workingmen of Boston toward government is worthy of our constant emulation. They had not hesitated to take up arms against tyranny in the Revolution, but having established a government of the people they were equally determined to defend and support it. They hated the usurper, whether king or parliament or mob, but they bowed before the duly constituted authority of the people.

When the question of pardoning the convicted leaders of the rebellion came up Adams opposed it. "In monarchies," he said, "the crime of treason and rebellion may admit of being pardoned or lightly punished; but the man who dares to rebel against the laws of a republic ought to suffer death."

We are all glad mercy prevailed and pardon was granted. But the calm judgment of Samuel Adams, the lover of liberty, "the man of the town meeting," whose clear vision, taught by bitter experience, saw that all usurpation is tyranny, must not go unheeded now. The authority of a

just government derived from the consent of the governed has back of it a power that does not fail.

All wars bring in their trail great hardships. They existed in the day of General Shepard. They exist now. Having set up a sound government in Massachusetts, having secured their independence, as the result of a victorious war, the people expected a season of easy prosperity. In that they were temporarily disappointed. Some rebelling were overthrown. The adoption of the Federal Constitution brought relief and prosperity. Success has attended the establishment here of a government of the people.

We of this day have just finished a victorious war that has added new glory to American arms. We are facing some hardships, but they are not serious. Private obligations are not so large as to be burdensome. Taxes can be paid. Prosperity abounds. But the great promise of the future lies in the loyalty and devotion of the people to their own government. They are firm in the conviction of the fathers, that liberty is increased only by increasing the determination to support a government of the people, as established in this ancient town and defended by its patriotic son.

Introducing Former Governor McCall, Mr. Ely said: A colored man was driving a mule, hitched to a heavily loaded wagon. A bystander said to him, "Sam, it looks like that mule is going to have trouble." Sam replied, "That all depends on the mule. If he tries to turn around in the shafts he certainly is going to have a lot of it."

The American people are drawing a big load. They are all right if they don't try to turn around, if they keep going right along. I believe there are no reactionaries in this audience, certainly none on this program. Permit me to present one of the most progressive of our former governors, Samuel W. McCall.

ADDRESS

HON. SAMUEL W. MCCALL
Former Governor of Massachusetts

The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of a Massachusetts town is no longer a very rare event, but it is still an important one. It serves to emphasize the antiquity of a form of government which has been productive of very much good and has been responsible largely for the prosperity of the commonwealth and for the popular freedom of which she has been one of the foremost exemplars. It marks organized government in that fundamental form which comes near to the people and in the conduct of which they participate directly and not wholly through agents. As institutions go in America Westfield is an ancient town with its origin as an independent community far back in the seventeenth century and those who can claim her as their own may fairly indulge in pride at her steady and prosperous growth in all those things that tell for the real prosperity of a community. Above all, they may take pride in that fine body of citizenship, the existence of which in any community constitutes its first title to our respect.

The admirable accounts written by Mr. Kneil and Mr. Stiles and the fine address by Mr. Bates at the two hundredth anniversary have rescued from oblivion the material

facts in the history of Westfield and have placed them within the reach of all. I shall not attempt to repeat what they have so well said. It is a noble and inspiring history, full of interest to one who reads it, and typical of the ancient towns of the commonwealth at their best. I shall concern myself today with the general teachings of this history and with the lessons which it suggests for us all.

But first it will be proper to take note of an event which gives to this occasion something of a dual character.

The commemoration of this anniversary is associated with the dedication of the statue of Major General William Shepard who was born here and lived here all his life save when war or other public errands called him outside the limits of the town. The statue is a fine specimen of the artist's work and will not only be an ornament to the public square of the town but will commemorate a distinguished career and preserve the example of it for future generations. The celebration of the founding of the town may very well include this recognition of the career of William Shepard. Certainly in doing that undue emphasis is not given to militarism. It is not at all the career of a professional soldier to which you pay homage, but he was none the less a genuine soldier. He was taught the rude art of war upon the rough battle lines of his time, in the wilderness filled with Indians, upon the cold plains of Canada, and upon many a battlefield in our own country. In the time of Shepard's early life and west of the Connecticut River it was fitting for every man to be a soldier. England and France had for centuries been enemies and were upon the point of going to war again. The French were masters of Canada and had acquired great ascendancy with the Indian tribes. They were quite ready to make use of these savage allies. It required little instigation from the French to induce the Indian to contest the advance of the Englishman and otherwise to make trouble for him. When the new settler might return

to his home in the evening and find it in charred ruins and that the members of his family had been killed or carried off into captivity, it was of the first necessity that he should be a soldier. It is true that western Massachusetts had witnessed little of the hostility of the red man after King Philip's war, but the memory of the bloody scenes of that war was very vivid and served to keep the white man awake against a repetition of the horror. Shepard took up the inevitable work of the citizen of his time and was trained for fighting. He began as a private soldier and was in more than one fierce fight where his side was not successful. His valor, however, gained him steady promotion and he did his part in the winning of Canada for England. He bore an honorable part in the fighting in the Province of Quebec which had so much to do with banishing the power of France from North America.

The French war was to an important extent a Massachusetts war. Her people detected the aggressive purposes of the French to extend their empire southward from Canada along the Atlantic coast. They remonstrated with the British government and it was due in a considerable measure to their attitude that England took steps to defeat the French designs. The war was a bloody and inhuman war. There were Indians upon both sides although the Indians with the French very greatly outnumbered those with the British, and tomahawks and scalping knives were employed by the enemy with far too little restraint. In this Seven Years War, arduous not merely in its fighting but in the appalling hardships which the men were called upon to face, Shepard performed the work of a soldier so well that he was steadily advanced and reached the rank of captain. At the ending of the war he returned to his work as a farmer, but not for a long period, because the spirit of rebellion was growing against England. There has probably never been a people more sensitive to oppression than the people of

Massachusetts about the time of the revolution. Their example was infectious and soon inspired the entire Atlantic seaboard. One wonders whether any English government could have been so good as to keep the colonists long in willing submission. It was as much the ambition for independence as the spirit of rebellion. The spirit of liberty was in the air and permeated all ranks of society. The boys were as rebellious as the men. There were plenty of orators in the country, some of them great ones, and they were not idle. The temper of those times would not tolerate even a light grievance, and the direct imposition of taxes by a parliament in which the colonies were without representation was a most serious grievance. The only way in which such taxes could be collected was by superior force. War became inevitable.

Captain Shepard had come to be the foremost citizen of Westfield. He was its member upon the Committee of Correspondence and Safety, the councils of which nurtured the incipient rebellion and gave it great driving force. He had fought under the flag of Britain in the Seven Years War. But he was wholly with Massachusetts. He was a man of deeds and not of words. His countrymen heard little of what he said—they saw much of what he did. When the news came of the fighting at Concord and Lexington he straightway went out from Westfield in command of its minute-men and started for Bunker Hill and Boston. From that time he was again very steadily in the fighting. He was in camp with Washington when Boston was evacuated. He followed his leader to New York and was put in command of the rear guard in the celebrated retreat there which was one of the most masterly of Washington's manoeuvres. That the army was rescued with such slight loss from a most perilous situation was due very much to the heroism of the small rear guard which under the command of Shepard held back the British until the main body had

reached a safe position. He was at the battle of Saratoga; was with Washington in the gloomy winter at Valley Forge; fought in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth; was again under Lafayette, and bore his part in the final great victory at Yorktown. There were few, if any, men of his time who saw more real fighting and none who bore himself with steadier valor. When the fighting had been ended and our independence won he returned to his farm in this town. Once again he was called upon for military service. Just as some of the earliest settlers in the country would no sooner get their settlements well established than they would move on and found new settlements; so the rebellion against England had no sooner been consummated and brought to a successful end, than some of the colonists at once proceeded to rebel against the government they had helped set up, and there occurred what is known as Shays' Rebellion. Governor Bowdoin put Shepard in charge of the forces that dealt with that rebellion and he bore himself with courage and sanity in that imitation of a civil war, winning more, indeed, by his good sense and firmness than by fighting. After the outbreak had been quelled he again returned to his plough.

The excellent accounts that have been written by your fellow townsmen outline with definiteness and in graphic fashion the fine record of William Shepard in war. He never became what would be called a great general but that was not because he was lacking in the quality that would make him one. Although there was much fighting, its character was not such as made it likely to produce great generals. It was too desultory and depended less upon the military discipline of the men than upon their individual bravery and their fortitude to endure privation and hardship. Indeed, after Washington, it is probably true that our revolutionary period did not produce a really great general, although evidence of military genius was

shown by more than one and there was plenty of the stuff out of which great generals are made. If the title belonged to any other than Washington it belonged to Greene whose masterly retreat, by which he saved his Army from destruction, must take rank as a very brilliant military achievement. What Greene learned of war he learned while holding important military command. With little or no military training he was made a major general by Rhode Island at the outbreak of the war.

Shepard did his full duty as a citizen in peace as well as in war. He served as an officer of the town, as a member of the Governor's Council and of both Houses of the General Court, and as a member of Congress. There was nothing spectacular about him but he was great in simplicity and in those qualities which most distinguish the good citizen; and he achieved a rounded and noble career which you do well to emphasize today. And so, when you dedicate this statue, you provide for carrying down to future generations the figure of a man who did the town, the commonwealth, and the nation great service in war, and who, as a citizen of Westfield, performed his duty in peace in a way that deserves permanent recognition. He may well find imitators far beyond the limits of the town.

The history of Westfield is typical of that of the older towns of the commonwealth. It was first a part of a larger unit and was included under the beneficent rule of Springfield. The parent town was most willing to grant the right of self-government to your ancestors whenever they desired it. It has been a tradition which survives in Springfield today among its people and in its organs of public opinion, that right of self-government in communities. But the government of the new town was set up under much difficulty. It had hardly been incorporated before the war of King Philip broke upon the western counties. It was a most relentless war. The town happily escaped the fate

of the parent town which was burned. Every conceivable kind of fiendishness and brutality known to the red man, who in those times was untutored in everything except fiendishness and brutality, was practised in that war. It was indeed fortunate that they were not versed in some of the barbaric arts that have shown themselves in warfare in the last half dozen years. Westfield escaped the full fury of the war that fell upon Northampton and upon her other neighbors to the north. Very likely, had it not been for the stubborn resistance of the men of Northampton and of Turner's Falls, helped by the men of Westfield, the town would have been temporarily wiped out of existence. Westfield sought safety in a wooden wall, a device that was much used in those days and a portion of it was surrounded by palisades which gave it a precarious protection, and which fortunately was not put to a severe test. The end of King Philip's war marked the ending of any special danger to Westfield from the Indian. His spirit was for the time effectually broken and with the steady growth of the country he gradually moved farther westward and kept upon the borders of civilization.

The chief problem of the town then became one not of defence but of establishing itself as a community and developing the organs for the expression of a civil life. The roads of that period were marked out along Indian trails, some of which apparently are followed by the present highways. The wagon roads were practically the only means of local communication for the river was of little value as a highway and water communication was obtained only after carrying goods over the hard roads that led to the Connecticut. The chief reliance of the people for the carriage of freight was probably upon oxen, and it is a striking circumstance that the distance an ox team would haul its load in a day at that time was not very much less than the average distance traversed by freight trains upon

some of the great railroad systems of the United States today. Westfield soon came to have a good position for trade. It was upon the road between the valley towns and Albany and also upon the chief road between the towns to the north and to the south. Prosperity came with the destruction of the forests and the transformation of the wilderness into fertile farms.

The first dwellings were primitive affairs. The greater number of them were made of logs, and, as nearly everybody lived in a log house, it did not at that time form the basis for a political caste. It was reserved for a later period when the log cabin had almost disappeared from our civilization that to have been born in one conferred a political distinction and, indeed, in some instances, formed the chief argument for the elevation of candidates to the presidency. With the coming in of that pioneer of civilization, the sawmill, the log house gave way to the more modern structure built of sawed lumber. It was a house filled with health and comfort. Some of the houses were good examples of the old colonial style of architecture, of which some fine specimens still remain near the seaboard and invite favorable comparison with the more pretentious modern dwelling. In those days, the house was not merely a place for social uses and to eat and sleep in, but it was very emphatically a manufacturing establishment. Beer and soap were manufactured, cloth was spun and dyed, and made into clothing, and much of the repair work for the outdoors was carried on in the house. There was little time for idleness. The household work had none of the strain of the present day factory where fast-flying machinery chases the operative and keeps him on a perpetual tension.

The ancient furniture with its simple forms was in good taste but what we call civilization came forward so rapidly that good taste could not keep up with it. The evolution

may be traced in the various splurgy and pretentious forms of furniture, reaching its climax in the haircloth variety which was an offence alike to good taste and comfort. Much more than furniture was homemade. The food was not hauled over great distances before it reached the table. The fare would be very tempting and certainly very wholesome today, with the liberal supply of game and fish and the meats that were preserved by the natural cold through the long winter. Tea and coffee were in far less common use than now, but a substitute was found, for Nature would have her innocent way upon the juice of the apple and produced a beverage much of which would be under the ban today on account of the prohibitory law. The great social center was the meeting-house, and it held a place in the community which made it practically the chief governing institution. The training of the local militia afforded a stirring spectacle, and the militia colonels, in uniforms splendid with gold lace, filled the spectators with awe and admiration.

To sum up in brief compass, the citizen of the Westfield of one hundred years or more ago led the simple life and was none the worse for it. He governed himself by the sun and not by the clock. He was not one of those fortunate creatures who retire early and sleep late, but he saved all the daylight there was. He got his news of the outside world from the meager weekly newspaper and the happenings in the town from the neighbors. The general cares of mankind troubled him but little. There was usually nothing to get disturbed about more exciting than a dry debate in Congress. He went regularly to church and prayer meeting and knew every item of expense that he was voting for at the town meetings. He was happy or miserable according to his temperament and if he could survive the accidents or the heroic remedies of that period he was apt to live to a great age. His was an ordered life and the world seemed to

roll easily in its orbit. If one wishes a contrast he has only to turn his eyes to our own time. Each morning with scarcely a look about us, even at the hills from whence cometh our strength, we survey the more or less remote parts of the globe. A distant monarchy has collapsed over night and is followed by a republic that will disappear before tomorrow's sunset. The air is filled with strident voices preaching a new style of government discovered since yesterday. We now and then return to the simple life when the latest railroad strike compels us to walk. What with the world turned turtle and the sons of chaos disporting themselves over great spaces of the earth, with liberty a memory, and everywhere industrial strife, class warfare, instability, and unrest, it is only to the penetrating eye of faith that it seems clear whether we inhabit a world made safe for democracy or for the devil.

But there is an aspect of this occasion which cannot be overlooked at a time like this and that is the place of the town in the general structure of our government. It lies at the foundation of our system and is the basic form of organized government that first comes in contact with the individual. The gradation is made easy from the individual who is the unit in our government up through the town and the state to the nation. It may well be likened to the pyramid resting upon its broad base and receding and springing upward to the summit which is a mere point securely supported by the mass beneath and resting lightly upon it. There is another kind of government which has been very much in evidence in the world. It was the kind given by the Hohenzollern kings, by the French kings before the revolution and such as the Stuarts tried in vain to establish in England. Instead of government springing from a broad base and pressing more lightly as it receded from the people, the whole mass of governmental powers was placed at the top and overhung and pressed heavily upon what was be-

neath them. Under such a system all power came from above and was wielded by the king or by his agents. There was no such thing as liberty and the privilege to do things came as an act of grace from the sovereign. The American system is the reverse of that. Power comes from below instead of from above—from the people instead of from a king. It is the aim of our system to have self-government. The people themselves do the things directly that come in contact with them. The things that are out of convenient reach they do through agents chosen by themselves.

Due homage is paid to these different forms of government to which power is apportioned. The people are deeply attached to the states. Indeed, they were too much attached to them until war settled and perfected our structure. They are patriotic to the nation. Their affection for the towns and cities in which they live is shown by lavish munificence and in a thousand ways. The system is ideal for self-government although it must be admitted that it is not always ideally applied. The greater government is apt to encroach upon the lesser with the result that there is a dislocation of power. And to just the extent to which that occurs the real participation of the people in their government will be lessened. Its operations will be distant and they will be spectators rather than actors. With the great mass of governmental power centralized at Washington there will be such an enormous detail of jurisdiction that no one set of governmental agents will be able to cope with it and there will be government by bureaus which is sure to be rigid and autocratic, if it does not become corrupt. With a system like that applying to a continent and to more than one hundred millions of people, self-government will become a myth, and its work will be tainted with injustice. One section of the union will so levy taxes that they will fall with especial might upon another section and public money will be expended in the same partial way. There are op-

portunities of partiality enough under the present state of the development of our system without broadening the area of injustice by still further dislocating the partition of powers. To maintain so far as we are able the traditional distribution is necessary for real efficiency and is surely necessary to liberty. Let the central government take care for the common defence, regulate commerce between the states and deal with the subjects of general and common concern and let the municipal and state governments exercise the great range of powers that have long been theirs unchallenged. We shall thus have better government. More than that we shall have better citizens because there is no greater educating force than the practical participation of men in directing the affairs of their own government. It develops character and it gives a public-mindedness that can be gained in no other way.

Thus in celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth birth year of this town we may well pause to do reverence to the basic form of our three kinds of government. Of that form Westfield is a happy illustration. Here life has been safe and property secure. Prosperity has been diffused and has shown itself in every walk of life. Those two beneficent institutions, the school and the church, have been at the summit of her social order. And looking forward, if she may see spread out before her a future that shall be of the texture of her past, fortunate indeed will be the people who shall be gathered within her gates.

I have considered generally the place of the town in the government of the country, and for our country surely we have provided for us sufficient government with the different kinds overlapping each other. But there still remains a vast and momentous space unfilled in a comprehensive scheme for the government of the world. There is no earthly force above the nations but humanity, and humanity, unfortunately, as now organized, makes only a moral

appeal which too often falls upon deaf ears. At the top of our system we have the sovereign nations which for practical purposes may be counted as less than ten and we find them dividing and disputing among themselves the government of the world and without a common arbiter often clashing with each other. This disputing between nations over the right to govern is responsible for very much of the misery of mankind. Obviously a very great thing yet remains to be done before the world can be said to be properly organized for government. I do not mean by this that the time has come for a government by a parliament of man and a federation of the world. The world, even with its proportions shrunken as now by inventions, is altogether too vast to be comprehended in a single community of thought. The establishment of a world state to regulate with a single code of laws the thousand different sets of interests and the vast diversity of peoples will be a most ambitious project for very many years to come, if indeed the time shall ever come for it. Such a thing today would wholly destroy self-government and obliterate the last trace of individual freedom. Just as we see the national government devouring the states and the states the lesser authorities, so the nations would be eaten up by the central monster and would disappear except in name.

Human nature is a pretty constant factor and is little likely to change, but until it shall change very greatly this union of the world into a single state would better remain a dream. What refuge such as America has always been would there be to which the oppressed might fly?

Among the terrors which Gibbon painted of the world-wide tyranny of ancient Rome was the lack of a place of escape for those who were oppressed. He declared that the creation of a number of independent states was productive of the most beneficent consequences to the liberty

of mankind. One who was oppressed by one state could secure a refuge in a happier clime.

“But the empire of the Romans,” said Gibbon, “filled the world; and when that empire fell into the hands of a single person the world became a safe and dreary prison for his enemies. To resist was fatal and it was impossible to fly.”

We need embark upon no such mythical project as laying the foundations of a world state in order to join with other nations in underwriting the peace of the world. They may still live their individual lives but they must permit other nations to live theirs. The nations may have their own internal development, may perfect their own civilization, may even have their own peaceful expansion. We can establish a high court of nations; we can provide at once for doing away with those armaments which are crushing the life out of nations; we can agree with all other nations to submit our differences to arbitration; we can have a council of conciliation. But we can dispense with some of the trappings under which this council may strut with the airs of a world state and may develop into an arena for playing the high politics of the world.

A union of the nations against war will be confronted with difficulties enough without the sacrifice of a single attribute of any one of them which has shown itself a force for peace. The particular isolation of America and its aloofness have proven of the greatest value to mankind. We have more than once been told that the time of our isolation had passed and that we should be corded and bound up with the rest of mankind with one set of primary ambitions, passions, and interests. Our isolation has been scornfully compared with that of China. It is scarcely necessary to point out the sophistry of such a comparison. We can no more compare the isolation of America with that of China than we can compare the two nations with each other.

The one is the most progressive and the other the most static nation in the world. It is beyond the power of the imagination to picture China playing the part America has played in the last two years. It is true we were unprepared in a military sense. We had set the world an example in disarmament which if it had been followed by the other nations would have averted the catastrophe that almost engulfed them all. But that we were able to arm on a very great scale and successfully pursue the arts of war we demonstrated beyond all doubt and our isolation backed by our power imparted to our intervention the decisive quality of a final arbiter. If we shall throw away our isolation and become an everyday European power with primary interests and points of view, time will bring about a new set of alliances and division of nations and in the event of another colossal war there will be no great power in reserve to save the world. When our nation was established there was an ideal opportunity for the development on this continent of a new group of political ideas and interests, but little vexed by the political divisions of the other hemisphere. To be wholly isolated was impossible but we were measurably so and we grew to be a powerful nation and the center of a new world. Having just now demonstrated the immense advantage of this dual structure of the world, what a demented act it would be to abandon it. It would be to throw away one of the fairest gifts Providence has ever given to man. If America enters a League of Nations let her enter it erect and not an eviscerated America with some of her most distinctive attributes gone. Let her not put her Monroe Doctrine in the keeping of any council but hold fast to it as the central fact in her foreign policy. Let it remain what it was originally intended to be, a buttress against the extension of monarchical institutions upon this hemisphere. America will be of far greater value to any League of Nations if

she shall enter it shorn of none of these powers that have made her what she is.

That the time is ripe for a high court of nations to adjudicate their controversies with each other there can be no doubt. For many centuries the rivalries of nations have levied a frightful toll upon the youth of the world. Boys have been torn from their mothers and uncounted millions of them have been set to slaughtering each other. Northern Europe has once again been made a vast graveyard. If we cannot be moved by the appeal that comes from the millions who have fallen, from the crushing debts that have been piled up like mountains, from the revolutions that are stalking the earth, then we can be moved by nothing. If we shall heed that appeal and give it a safe and sufficient answer, we shall write as the future policy of nations in the simplest terms in which they can be written **DISARMAMENT and ARBITRATION.**

Mr. Ely said: As you know, this day was set apart for two purposes, one to unveil the statue of General Shepard, the other to welcome home the service men. It is not for me, certainly, at this late hour to say more than a word to the service men. Looking over the Honor Roll on the Green, I find many names that I cannot pronounce. In fact, I think a majority of the names are foreign to this Yankee town. But every Yankee loves every one of those men, and all I am going to say in behalf of the Town of Westfield is, that we do love every one of you service men, and take the greatest pride and satisfaction in welcoming you home, and the greatest interest in your future.

Introducing Major-General Edwards, Mr. Ely said: When I saw the parade this afternoon of the service men and the women in white with the cross of red—all honor to them!—I felt a good deal like the little boy walking down the street behind another boy marching with his brother just returned from the war. The little boy behind crept up to the soldier, just touched him, then ran to his mother. With his eyes dilated, full of pride, his face all aglow, trembling all over with excitement, he said, "Mother, I have touched a soldier." With such feelings I present a soldier, a general, a major-general of the United States Army, General Clarence R. Edwards.

ADDRESS

MAJOR-GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, U.S.A.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentleman of Westfield and Fellow Yanks:

The other day I visited a shell-shock hospital, and I saw a fine lad, one of my men, walking along in a happy, debonair way, and he had a wheelbarrow upside down. Says I, "Hold on, my lad! That is wrong. Turn it up." He said, "Not on your life, sir! I did it that way yesterday and they filled it full of bricks."

So the happiest announcement that I can make to you at this time is to say to you that I will keep the wheelbarrow upside down, and let you out soon, especially as it is going to be my great opportunity to talk again to these lads tonight. But there are one or two thoughts.

I don't know which end I am on, the unveiling of this monument or the welcoming home of these lads. My tradi-

tion has been such that it is a renewal of my youth to stand here and get these wonderful hypodermic doses of New England and this brilliant oratory, and the only new thing in it that I have seen is the expertness with the apple in former days. And when we talk about getting our just powers from the governed, I think it is the one hope that the soldier has, for those things that you did to him in our absence in France, to rely on your expertness with the apple this next winter. As far as I can learn, it is the only thing that our attorney-general says is not vinous, and therefore within the law.

Coming from Springfield today, driving up here, my earliest recollection was of my father telling me how he refused to smoke, so that he could buy a horse and drive about, and how often he used to drive, as a lad, to Westfield. Naturally. It is the home of my people. And I take pride in the wonderful record of Major-General Oliver Edwards.

My earliest recollection as a child, at a large dinner given by my mother, was the wonderful tribute that Sheridan paid to him for his capture of Winchester, being in command. I think that tribute made me take the veil of poverty and go into the Army.

So it goes without saying that I should participate with pleasure in that I had the great good fortune to command Yanks and to know what was their tradition. And I was so reminded of it here, when these lads of mine, these YD men, with their band, and those women went by,—which to my mind was the feature of the parade,—gently bred women, with their eyes up in the clouds, where I used to tell my lads to look,—sopping wet. And then as they went by the famous battle hymn of the 26th Division was played to march them past.

These lads of the 104th at Neufchateau, as they came by in review, the colonel, knowing how partial I was to that

air,—we were the first to take it as our own,—had a card with those wonderful words on it, and after the review the regiment of the 104th of which this is a component part formed in four sides of a square, with the band in the middle, and they sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic as their own.

I was riding a thoroughbred horse and I galloped up there and I said, "Let that ring in your hearts, and make you think of your home, and there is one word that will tell what I expect you to do to the boche." And a cheer went up, and my horse nearly turned a somersault. These lads will recall it.

We went in immediately to the fight, and this 104th of yours, that hadn't got even the baptism of fire, the first desperate smash was theirs, and when the boche got on the left of them, and our right fell back, they came in his rear. Many of these men said that the ring was in their heart, and no ring on earth will make men fight so if they learn to sing that Battle Hymn of the Republic.

At the end they got pretty tired, and the boche got well behind them. Blood and sinew were bound to give way. And what did your lads from Springfield and Westfield do, but charge to the front, singing, "Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!" And then some sergeant would say, "I will have men left to charge back again." And they fought for three days, from the 10th of April to the 13th, and didn't lose one foot of ground. And your regiment from this part of the country was decorated, the first one in the American Army, with the *croix de guerre*.

Now, one word about the psychology of the American soldier. He is a queer animal or he is a delicate piece of machinery, whichever you want to call him. You can't make a Tommy out of him. I wish I had time to tell you why, and of those that tried it. You can't make a Frenchman out of him, or an Italian. And God knows you don't

want to make a boche out of him. But he has got elements that in peace times we often think are detriments. In other words, you know that a lad of sixteen years of age knows much more than his father, and a girl of much more tender years can't be taught by her mother. But when war comes along and bullets prevail, and men go up against blood and iron, they are quite controlling forces. And all that it is necessary to do—and I can prove it because I had a lot of thirty thousand green men, whom I knew had to go against the best army in this world,—or that thought they were,—but they were boche, and I knew it.

I came home one day to my staff after they had taken four of my best boys away, and I said, "There is only one thing you have got to do with those Yanks, and you have got them." They said, "How?" Said I, "Tell them what you want of them, and why, and pat them on the back, and I believe there is a certain kind of infernal region that they will go through for you."

Literally that is what I did. These men knew I believed in them. So I averred. And then you may epitomize a few rules, which my forty years of service have told me are all that is necessary to do with the American soldier.

First, show him that you are interested in him,—and you can't fool him. Second, show him that you are trying to be fair,—and he will forgive you your errors. Commend an American whenever you may, and condemn him when you must, and keep him right up to the line. And never give an American false praise, and when possible, don't lower his self respect. And that American will go to hell for you, with a smile on his face, and never count the cost.

Trained like that, he is the finest soldier of any land in the world. And it was so proved abroad. There were great, great lessons to learn with the American Divisions. And I speak of the Yankee Division as but typical of the others. And it is all a question of basic citizenship.

A good soldier,—what is he? A sound mind and sound body, a man who appreciates the dignity of labor, the happiness of industry, the benefits of our institutions, the point of view of his fellow, who can control himself, and knows how to shoot. That is a soldier, and that is a citizen. And nothing but the basic qualities of citizenship and the capitalization of our traditions did those impossible things that were 60 per cent better than any soldier had a right to dream that they could do. And that is the American soldier.

It is that about these lads. I used to go up and down through New England to these "Welcome Homes" before the YD men came, and I said, "You will find the men so vastly improved that you have mathematically got to say they are two or three hundred per cent regenerated." There is no question about it. They are going to exercise the franchise, as these Civil War veterans. And my uncle and others used to tell us that it was the best electorate they had ever seen.

There is one thing on the side though. And all my ancestors were in the Civil War. These Civil War veterans were tougher than we were. They were sturdier. They stood it for four years, and we one. And, confidentially, I believe that they were morally tougher. In other words, they didn't have to have repressive laws. They weren't told they couldn't do anything, as are we.

And I believe this great outburst of the nation, sending these delightful women, and keeping us within bounds, and all those ministers, was due in some way to some act of these Civil War veterans, different from us. I hate to say that we were wickeder, but war makes men, and up and down through New England I have had mayors and selectmen come to me and say, "What on earth did you do to those men? I sent you a lot, six or seven that God or man could do nothing with. They were bad actors. I

was glad to have them go. And they come back here, have gone to work, many of them decorated, and swearing by you. What did you do?" Said I, "Nothing on earth."

When you put a lot of men up for ten months, expecting to die every day of their lives, those men think they have been nearer to their God than they have been since they left their mothers' knees. A bunch of machine gun nests will produce more automatic praying than any altars I have ever seen.

And then let them know that you believe in them, and if there is anything good in a man or in tradition it comes out, as it has come out in these men. I will say about this desperate series of problems that face this nation, that they are your solution, under the guidance of these Civil War men, in the organizations they make. I would rather have—and I know them intimately and speak of them as typical of the rest—those forty thousand YD men write the laws for my family than any lot of men I have ever seen.

So I think you will get sanity. I think you will get men who have reached man's estate. I think you will find a lot of men who have seen the futility of schisms and fads and panaceas, who have seen the institutions of our Allies and of the boche, who have learned the benefit of our own institutions and are determined to keep them sacred. God pity the soap box assassin that gets up and preaches destruction of government if any of these lads are around. They will muss him up.

Now, let me read you the constitution that I picked up from my table this morning, of the American Legion, that they have evolved themselves in the first meeting. Perhaps you have all heard it. The American Legion's spirit and purpose is reflected in the preamble to its constitution, which reads:

"For God and country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States

of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our associations in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good-will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; and to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

I congratulate you upon being kin of their kin and blood of their blood, and I will tell you—and I know it—that the blood of New England has not attenuated.

* * * * *

At the conclusion of Major-General Edwards' address, the audience of more than fifteen hundred people rose and applauded with great enthusiasm, while the two bands, seated in the gallery, one on each side of the platform, played the "Commandery March" followed by "The Star Spangled Banner." This completed the program of the afternoon, except for the service men, to whom a "Welcome Home" was extended through the following committee:

WELCOME HOME TO SERVICE MEN OF THE
LATE WAR

COMMITTEE

REV. CLEMENT E. HOLMES, *Chairman*

PERCY N. HALL

JOSEPH A. KENYON

DANIEL F. DOHERTY

WILLIAM C. WHOLEAN

GEORGE JACHYM

EMIL MOTAK

Immediately after the parade was dismissed in front of the Town Hall, the service men were transported to Woronoco Park, for the clambake and program of field-sports.

The clambake went off according to schedule with clams, lobster, chicken, corn and other good things to eat; but sports were out of the question. All hope of having that Army and Navy ball game, on which the returned civilians had counted, was abandoned; for even had the clouds cleared away, the diamond at the race-track would have had the appearance of the rain-soaked trenches at Chateau Thierry, and would have been altogether too muddy for any kind of game.

The men were served in the Park Pavilion and as a crowning feature, there was an impromptu address by General Edwards. After leaving the church where the dedication exercises were held, he, with his personal aide, Major Hyatt, was driven to Woronoco Park, where a rousing reception awaited him. He gave the men a heart-to-heart talk and advised everyone of them to join the Legion.

There were also remarks by Rev. Clement E. Holmes and District Attorney Joseph B. Ely.

Edward G. Clark gave out one hundred copies of the volume, "Westfield in the World War," for the preparation of which a part of the appropriation had been used.



Photo by Tooke

Minuet



Photo by Tooke

Minuet

DANCING ON THE GREEN

Although twice postponed because of inclement weather, the community dancing and carnival feature of the town's 250th Anniversary Celebration took place on Thursday, September 4, 1919, and lost nothing in enthusiasm nor in anticipated crowds.

As a social event it was the greatest of its kind that the town has ever seen. Westfield's thousands of residents and those of the attendants at the anniversary celebration who had not returned home, were joined by large delegations of visitors from out of town. They poured in by means of auto and trolley and it was estimated that there were 20,000 persons present. A crowded dance-surface was the result, but the enormous number was well handled. All during the program, traffic was eliminated from the Green. Detour arrangements were made for the autoists and some of the streets leading into the square were reserved for parking purposes.

The green was brilliantly lighted for the reception of the guests. In addition to the natural illumination furnished by the moon, there were arc-lights, colored spot-lights, incandescent lights hidden in Japanese lanterns, clusters of lights and multi-colored incandescent globes, all of which poured forth their rays on the dance-surface.

Preceding the dance program, there were two band concerts with the Westfield Band and Short's Band alternating. The latter was located in front of the Hampden National Bank on Main Street, while the other was placed at the south end of the Green.

A generous portion of the esthetic dances, which were to have been given at the Community Picnic under the direction of Miss Florence Barker, were woven into the opening

numbers of the program. There was first a military drill by the following group:

BEATRICE BETTINGER	ELIZABETH ROONEY
ADELINE WARNER	SYLVIA GOODMAN
MARY CORDNER	MARION PHILLIPS
MADLINE DAVISON	FLORIS DEGERE
MARY CRANE	PHYLLIS COOLEY
LOUISE McMAHON	VIRGINIA COSBY
MARY MOSELEY	ELIZABETH BARNES
HANNAH GOODMAN	GERTRUDE FINNELL
BETTY WELLER	LAURA JUNIOR
MARGUERITE LANE	

Miss Gertrude Finnell in a special toe-dance number, "The Snow Queen," won much applause. A suite of interpretive dances, the first part "Night and Storm" given by Miss Vesta Gannett, and the second part "Dawn" by Miss Marjorie MacWorthy, also received much applause from the vast assemblage. Following these an Irish lilt by Miss Floris Degere and Miss Gertrude Finnell was excellently given.

Another dance, "School Days," represented the reopening of school after the summer vacation. Those who took part caused much amusement by their antics. They were:

MILDRED BARNES	OLIVE LANDRY
MARION PHILLIPS	FLORIS DEGERE
LORNA BETTINGER	HANNAH GOODMAN
ADELAIDE WALL	DOROTHY MULCAHY
MARY ROONEY	GERTRUDE FINNELL
ALICE O'BRIEN	MARION HOLCOMB
MARY MOSELEY	

The closing number of the special program was the stately minuet, given by a group of sixteen young women. Always admirable, this old-time dance was especially beautiful in the unusual setting, and proved an appropriate ending to a most charming entertainment.



Minuet

Photo by Tooke

The partners in the minuet were as follows:

Laura Junior and Frances Manning
Rena Manning and Barbara Hedges
Marjorie Macworthy and Zilpah Meyer
Alfreda Mayor and Vesta Gannett
Ruth Harden and Ruth Wood
Catherine Wesson and Maude Hilmuth
Marion Brown and Mildred Beals
Ruth Beals and Ruth Taylor

After the minuet, favors were distributed by the entertainment committee. There were carnival hats, confetti and paper serpentines in abundance. Then came the grand march consisting of 125 couples. Preceding Short's Band was Frederick Goodwin, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, with Miss Florence Barker. Following the band came those who took part in the special dances, in costume. Morrell H. Moore, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and his niece, Miss Mildred Cleveland, led the division of townspeople, and after marching around the Green everyone joined in a one-step, the first of the twenty-four dance numbers in which anyone was at liberty to participate.

From The Valley Echo of September 5, 1919

AN APPRECIATION

Editor of Valley Echo:

As a descendant of one of the old families of Westfield, I feel that I must in some small way express my appreciation of the pleasure received from a visit to your town during the 250th Anniversary Celebration.

The courtesy extended to all was generous, spontaneous and quiet and its spirit was felt everywhere.

The pageant was a perfect success, the setting excellently chosen and the handling of a great crowd could not have been better. The business-like parking of automobiles could have given good points to the traffic police in large cities. The history of the town as passed in review before us, revealed the hardships and courage of the pioneers. The costumes were particularly interesting to us as we had never seen so many well preserved clothes of that period in one collection.

The Hostess House, the Industrial Exhibit and the marking of historic houses, with the beautiful decorations on every side, impressed us with the community spirit and exhaustive labor entailed.

As we left the historic town on our return home it was with a feeling of pride and gratitude because of our ancestry from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

RADIX.

(MRS. WILLIAM A. ROOT, Bennington, Vt.)

APPENDIX
REMINISCENT SKETCHES
1869-1919

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

To Present and Former Residents of Westfield:

Have you Westfield memories which should be preserved? Do you know some good stories which should not be lost? Do you want to pay tribute to the men and women who have directed the life of this community during the past fifty years? The committee having charge of the publication of the official record of the 250th anniversary celebration of the town, would be glad to add some pages of reminiscence which may throw a stronger light upon the Westfield of the last half century, and they therefore make this public appeal for interesting material. The best part of the book published in 1870 recording the celebration of the previous year, is the appendix which contains a series of "Pictures of Westfield as it was" from the pen of the Hon. William G. Bates. No one among us today has the reputation of "Squire Bates" for good story telling, but if many unite their efforts, we may be able to gather enough of the intimate and personal to give real flavor to the forthcoming book. The editors will of course be forced to use their own judgment in accepting and rejecting material and in its arrangement, but will welcome with an open and hospitable mind any contributions which may be offered. Please give this serious thought and send the results before January 1st to

Clara M. Reed.

54 Court Street,
Westfield, Mass.

THE ROSE JAR

PHILIP RICHARDS DUNBAR

Ah, Westfield—Mother! How shall we,
In some rapt instant, haply fall
Fair on the hidden spring, and free
The secret chamber in the wall

And set the world at just the slant,
With philtre loosed from some old vial,
To conjure back the jubilant
Young hours when dawn shone on the dial?

In vain with voice dismayed to plead
“Sesame! open!” The door obeys
No more, nor yields the paths that lead
Full view on vanished yesterdays.

Take then in lieu this dusty jar,
With faded rose leaves all suffused,
In whose faint breathing still there are
Dear ghosts of days and ways we used.

Here all your house unheeded dwells,
Till hint of haunting sweet beguiles
The olden mood once more and tells
The chronicle of tears and smiles.

Here drowns whispered eloquence,
Quenched with the sparks of old desires,
And passions muse that once were tense
And vibrant as Aeolian wires.

Here sleep those eager lives that sang
The brooding truth in everything,
Kindled a new surprise, and rang
Like trumpets through rude trafficking.

Here dreamless rest the wistful hands,
Sceptered with pity, ease-denied—
Whose love the child half understands—
And wept by all the countryside.

The medleyed trace of nameless feet,
That chattered in the market-place,
The simple scene that tricked the street,
The gradual silences erase.

So safe, so sure, and held so fast!
We said "They never will depart."
Time touches all with change; at last
Love hoards their fragrance in the heart.

Go with us. Azure light above
The western hill lures on. We crave
To the trail's end the mother-love
You lavished on the lives you gave.

PEN SKETCH OF WESTFIELD IN 1919

GEORGE W. SEARLE

Although Westfield has grown to be the second largest town in the commonwealth, with a population of about 20,000, and has kept pace with the numerous changes that modern communities have introduced, she has never lost faith in the benefit to be derived from the older fashioned but substantial methods of our sturdy founders, and such of these methods and ideas as can be moulded to comply with present day conditions are retained and their value appreciated. While the population has changed in its character, due to the influx of immigrants from European countries, mainly Russia and Austria, while many new industries have sprung up and grown to large proportions we have many times had reason to feel that we are built on a firm and sturdy foundation laid by our forefathers and we give due credit to them, their judgment and their foresight.

In 1915 the population was 18,411 and it is generally considered that today we have neared the 20,000 mark. At least 5,000 and probably more are Poles, Slavs, Lithuanians, Bohemians and Hungarians, with many Italians and Spaniards. The first comers from these central Euro pen countries arrived about thirty years ago and have furnished much of the labor in our factories and on our farms. Many of these people live in the Meadow Street section although others are south of Noble Street near the bicycle factory of the Westfield Manufacturing Company and many are scattered about town. They are an industrious, frugal element of our population and are being rapidly assimilated, building their own homes and taking advantage of our naturalization laws to become citizens.

In spite of many efforts to bring about a change by those who feel that the name "city" carries greater prestige, the town form of government has been retained. Evening town meetings are held and are often attended by from 800 to 1,000 voters, probably the largest legislative body in the United States. At the present time a committee is investigating the desirability of a changed form of government as there is a belief in many quarters that the large town meetings of the present day are not desirable or conducive to the best government. All of our voting is done at the Town Hall, there being but one precinct. Three thousand voters are registered, it being said to be the largest voting precinct in Massachusetts. The present valuation of the town is over \$13,500,000. The town owns the municipal water plant valued at over \$600,000, on which there is but \$25,000 indebtedness. Two systems of supply are operated at Mont-

gomery and Granville and on the latter watershed is an opportunity to construct a storage system good for more than fifty years. The use of water is unlimited, no domestic services being metered. The water is of excellent quality and rates are lower than the average.

Another asset of the town is the Municipal Gas and Electric Plant which is inventoried at over \$350,000. This was purchased by the town in 1899. Both water gas and coal gas sets are installed and electric current is purchased from the Turners Falls Power and Electric Company, since this spring. Besides the house and street lighting nearly all of the manufacturing plants purchase power from the municipal plant. Much favorable comment is caused by the town's surface and sanitary sewerage systems costing several hundred thousand dollars and the extent of our excellent sidewalks. Nearly all of the roads in the center of the town are surfaced and compare to our advantage with the highways of other cities and towns.

Interest in education has always been keen and the annual expenditure for schools exceeds \$125,000. There are twenty school buildings in town in addition to the Boys' Trade School where metal working courses are taught, and the State Normal School, a training school conducted by the commonwealth for training teachers. Recently when it seemed that the school buildings were being crowded the town erected within a period of three years three large and one small building, at an expense of about \$275,000. Schools have not been neglected despite financial stress, and the standard of Westfield schools is second to none.

The Fire Department is operated by permanent firemen assisted by call men and the department is completely motorized, the last horse-drawn apparatus having been discarded about four years ago.

The town possesses an excellent public library, the Westfield Atheneum, conveniently located at the corner of Elm and Court Streets. Through the generosity of the late Milton B. Whitney, for many years president of the institution, a new and modern library building will soon be erected, Mr. Whitney having left bequests for this purpose. Noble Hospital and the Keep Memorial Building, the contagious building of the hospital, located on a high and slightly spot on West Silver Street cared for nearly 1,200 patients last year and proves daily its value to the community. Although not as heavily endowed as many institutions of a similar nature, it has rendered sterling service and won its way into the hearts of all who have learned of its great work. Present and past residents of the town responded so generously to the appeal made in the autumn of 1918 for the hospital that the institution is at this writing undergoing extensive repairs and enlargement.

A Federal building erected in 1913 and containing the Post-Office faces the Green of which more than passing mention should be made. This attractive space has been retained as a park and is a most picturesque spot. More than seventy years ago a number of individuals each planted an elm tree on the Green. They never knew how much their act of thoughtfulness beautified the town in later generations for this shady resting place in the center of business activities could not be purchased for any sum. Three churches, the Library, High School and Town Hall and Post Office face the Green and it is planned that as more pretentious municipal buildings are erected in future years that they be located here where a wonderful natural setting exists for a municipal group.

The streets of the town are many of them tree-lined and everywhere there are modest homes owned in large measure by their occupants. Westfield is also provided with recreational centers. The Whitney Public Playground, the gift of the late M. B. Whitney, is located on the south side of the river north of the dike. The town also boasts a Country Club with a good nine hole golf course, tennis courts and a charming clubhouse situated in the western part of the town overlooking the Russell Road and the Westfield River. The view from the broad piazza of the clubhouse is unexcelled in this section. The property is owned by the club and is across the road from the property of the late Ralph D. Gillett, used with his permission as the first golf course in Westfield.

The town has two newspapers, *The Westfield Evening Journal*, a daily paper issued in the afternoon, and a weekly, *The Valley Echo*.

A spacious new theater, "The Strand" was recently erected on Church Street and "The New Nickel" is located on Elm Street, near Bartlett.

The town is also fortunate in possessing unusually modern and attractive hotels. In fact, no town of the size of Westfield is as fortunate in this respect. Westfield hotels are well known for their cordial treatment of guests and homelike atmosphere.

Of churches there are two Congregational Churches, two Methodist Churches and Baptist, Episcopal, Adventist and German Lutheran, besides the Wyben Chapel where religious services for that community are held, and five Roman Catholic Churches.

Westfield is a manufacturing community. While she boasts many farms and produces a quantity of agricultural products and tobacco, manufacturing is, nevertheless, the backbone of the town. Whips, radiators, and bicycles are the chief articles produced, but there are many other manufactured articles, the output of factories of large or smaller proportions. In fact, we are most fortunate in having within our midst a large variety of industries. As a result the employment offered has not been seasonal

and a depression in one line of business has not affected the entire town. For many years we have claimed the title of the "Whip City" from the fact that here are manufactured 95 per cent of the whips used in the world, over 20,000,000 being turned out annually. The tendency in the whip business has been to eliminate many of the smaller concerns and concentrate the business in the larger factories. As for years past Westfield retains its pre-eminence and doubtless to the end of its day will be the "Whip City." The radiator and boiler business of the H. B. Smith Company, started in Westfield and always located here, has grown to large proportions. The company occupies two large plants, one on each side of the river, and employs several hundred workmen, many of whom are skilled mechanics. Radiators and boilers are shipped to every part of the world and the success of the concern has entered into and materially assisted in the steady growth and prosperity of the town. From the number of employees and the amount of its payroll the Smith Company is the largest concern in the town. Many years ago when bicycle riding was a craze the Lozier Manufacturing Company established a large factory in Westfield for the manufacture of bicycles. Later this became a branch of the long established Pope Manufacturing Company and afterward the business fell into the hands of the Westfield Manufacturing Company. As the bicycle became less popular it grew apparent that machines will always be used for business convenience as well as pleasure. The Westfield Manufacturing Company has succeeded in acquiring a large share of this staple business and has been most successful. Motorcycles also are manufactured and during the war much of the plant was utilized for the manufacture of shells, and large additions were constructed. With the end of hostilities the bicycle business was resumed on a large scale and the energetic modern methods of the owners are making a success of this large industry. The factory is located in the southeast part of the town. While the cigar business does not reach its proportions of former days it is still one of the town's important industries and a number of manufacturers are turning out a smoke of the highest quality. Japanese linen paper, manufactured by Crane Brothers, is a product sent far and wide. The mill is one of Westfield's established institutions. Among the most successful and largest of the manufacturing plants is the Foster Machine Company, where winding machines are made. Large additions have been recently constructed and the working force increased. The factory on South Broad Street adjoins the plant of the W. Warren Thread Works, another of the large industries of the town, where cotton yarn is made into a high quality of thread. Other products manufactured in Westfield include: paper, casket hardware, warm air heaters, bricks, textile machinery, church organs,

carriages, brushes, awnings, ink pads and stamps, cutlery, lithographing, soft drinks, automobile bodies, paper and cigar boxes and other articles. Trap-rock and marble are also quarried here.

The town boasts a large number of modern up-to-date stores with complete lines. The town is a trading center for a number of surrounding communities and the trolley facilities and increased use of automobiles bring many outsiders here to trade.

No article, however brief, on Westfield is complete without some reference to Westfield as the "Pure Food Town" for as such it has been advertised and won fame throughout the United States. The thing started in a casual way with no idea that it would develop the importance which it attained. It all began in a little chemical laboratory in the Westfield State Normal School, presided over by Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, "The Little Gray Man." Just prior to then Dr. Wiley, chief chemist for the United States government was making a stand against the use of alum, coal tar dyes and benzoate of soda in food products. The matter had previously interested Professor Allyn, who contended that these chemicals in food stuffs were dangerous to the health of the consumer when used in large quantities or continuously.

Professor Allyn conducted a most interesting set of experiments among his classes and the interest of the teachers and pupils began to spread about town. Later it grew to such an extent that the Town of Westfield set up its own food standards and local grocers and provision dealers signed an agreement to give preference to foodstuff not containing the chemicals in question. Naturally this attracted outside interest for the sales of certain lines of goods fell off and the manufacturers naturally investigated. Until then the agitation had been purely local but it began to spread. Newspapers and magazines all over the country interested themselves in the matter and naturally the food manufacturers whose output came within the Westfield Standard advertised that fact. Professor Allyn became a contributor to various national magazines. Other newspapers and magazines gave space to the controversy until the Westfield Standard was known in every state in the union. It is a significant fact that the standards set by Westfield have from time to time been adopted by the government.

BANK STATEMENTS

1869 AND 1919

The following bank statements indicate the material development of Westfield during the past fifty years:

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE HAMPDEN NATIONAL BANK OF WESTFIELD, OCTOBER 9, 1869

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$98,489.93
Overdrafts	152.56
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	151,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Securities on hand	64,000.00
Other Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages	20,000.00
Due from Redeeming and Reserve Agents	65,720.91
Due from other National Banks	2,101.90
Due from other Banks and Bankers.	369.73
Banking House.	8,000.00
Cash Items (including stamps)	45.12
Bills of other National Banks	149.00
Fractional Currency (including nickels)	192.72
Specie	7.00
Legal Tender Notes	21,665.00
	<hr/>
Total	\$431,893.87

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$150,000.00
Surplus Fund	53,570.50
Profit and Loss	639.59
National Bank Circulation outstanding.	134,983.00
State Bank Circulation outstanding	4,765.00
Individual Deposits	84,928.91
Due to National Banks	3,006.87
	<hr/>
Total	\$431,893.87

W E S T F I E L D , M A S S A C H U S E T T S

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS SEPTEMBER 12, 1919

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$1,075,094.43
Bonds and Stocks	382,131.66
Banking House.	30,000.00
Cash and Due from Banks	257,510.45
Due from U. S. Treasury	2,500.00
Overdrafts	278.67
Due on Victory Loan Subscriptions	37,430.00
Other Assets	11,923.59
Total	\$1,796,868.80
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$150,000.00
Surplus and Profits	195,368.18
Circulation	50,000.00
Deposits	1,011,338.98
Bills Payable	383,169.14
Other Liabilities	6,992.50
Total	\$1,796,868.80

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF
WESTFIELD, OCTOBER 9, 1869

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$182,705.59
Overdrafts	4.23
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	250,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Securities on hand	135,200.00
Due from Redeeming and Reserve Agents	23,663.07
Due from other National Banks	2,290.00
Banking House.	6,500.00
Current Expenses	1,104.03
Taxes Paid	2,253.57
Premiums	36.00
Cash Items (including stamps)	916.04
Bills of other National Banks	574.00
Fractional Currency (including nickels)	565.72
Legal Tender Notes	21,605.00
Total	\$627,417.25

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$250,000.00
Surplus Fund	50,000.00
Discount	\$5,141.19
Exchanges	3,922.10
Interest	4,869.64
Profit and Loss.	22.20
National Bank circulation outstanding	13,955.13
State Bank circulation outstanding	224,513.00
Individual Deposits	3,345.00
Due to National Banks	71,047.39
Due to other Banks and Bankers	6,562.48
	7,994.25
Total	\$627,417.25

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS SEPTEMBER 12, 1919

RESOURCES

United States Bonds	\$250,000.00
Liberty Loan Bonds	200,800.00
Loans and Discounts	1,114,715.43
Due from U. S. Treasury	12,500.00
Stocks and Bonds	7,859.98
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	10,500.00
Banking House.	35,000.00
Other Real Estate	12,500.00
Cash and Due from Banks	309,595.00
Total	\$1,953,470.41

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$250,000.00
Surplus and Profits	339,882.39
Circulation	250,000.00
Deposits	1,113,588.02
Total	\$1,953,470.41

W E S T F I E L D , M A S S A C H U S E T T S

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WESTFIELD SAVINGS BANK,
JANUARY 1, 1869

LIABILITIES	
Due depositors	\$280,955.36
Surplus	1,261.21
Interest	1,114.53
Collateral account	115.00
Total	\$283,446.10

RESOURCES	
Investment in (Wfd) First National Bank Stock	\$5,800.00
" " " Hampden " " " 	200.00
" " (Northampton) Hampshire Co. Stock	3,000.00
" U. S. 5/20's 1862	18,000.00
" " " " 1865	22,500.00
" " " " 1867	75,200.00
" " " " Sixes of 1881	9,600.00
Loans on Public Funds	24,250.00
Loans on Bank Stock	4,000.00
Loans on Real Estate	61,160.00
Loans on Personal Security	43,600.00
Profit and Loss account	2,027.37
Expense account	298.90
Cash deposited in First National Bank	13,809.83
Total	\$283,446.10

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, SEPTEMBER 30,
1919

LIABILITIES	
Deposits	\$4,384,488.45
Guarantee Fund	214,432.32
Profit and Loss	223,711.89
Interest	17,014.95
Due on Uncompleted Loan	2,500.00
Deposits received on Liberty Bonds	25,083.16
Total	\$4,867,230.77

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate	\$2,782,409.30
Loans on Personal Security	301,829.13
Loans on Bank Stock	3,500.00
Loans on Bank Books	7,431.57
U. S. Liberty Bonds	487,168.54
Railroad Bonds	807,986.53
Municipal Bonds	13,000.00
Street Railway Bonds	222,117.50
American Tel. and Tel. Bonds	78,407.50
Bank Stock	71,700.00
Expense Account	2,102.27
Real Estate by Foreclosure	}
Other Assets, Securities Acquired	
Deposits in Banks on interest	34,329.71
Deposits in Banks not on interest	40,589.88
Cash on hand	5,013.20
	\$4,867,230.77

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE WORONOCO SAVINGS BANK,
OCTOBER 31, 1871

LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$65,220.95
Interest	36.68
	\$65,257.63

ASSETS

Loan on Personal Security	\$19,250.00
Loans on Mortgage Security	23,350.00
Bank Stock	680.00
Government Bonds	2,400.00
Deposit in Hampden National Bank	19,577.63
	\$65,257.63

W E S T F I E L D , M A S S A C H U S E T T S

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, OCTOBER 31, 1919

LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$3,264,992.73
Guarantee Fund	158,757.44
Profit and Loss	105,781.48
Other Liabilities	3,375.40
Liberty Bond Safe Deposit Account	112,100.00
Liberty Bond Deposit Account, 3rd and 4th	16,331.00
Liberty Bond Deposit Account, 5th	10,284.00
	\$3,671,622.05
Total	\$3,671,622.05

ASSETS

Public Funds	\$57,025.00
Railroad Bonds and Notes	627,430.00
Street Railway Bonds	215,456.25
Boston Terminal Bonds	9,300.00
American Tel. and Tel. Bonds	57,462.50
National Bank and Trust Company Stocks	6,000.00
Securities acquired for Indebtedness	9,440.00
Loans on Real Estate	2,021,396.00
Loans on Personal Security	105,227.50
Furniture and Fixtures	13,500.00
Liberty Bonds	397,448.38
Thrift Stamp Account	320.77
Customer's Liberty Bonds in Safe Deposit	112,100.00
Cash on hand and in banks	39,515.65
	\$3,671,622.05
Total	\$3,671,622.05

REMINISCENCES OF TOWN MEETINGS IN THE
EIGHTIES AND NINETIES

REV. JOHN H. LOCKWOOD, D.D.

Much has been written in characterization and praise of the New England town meeting. Its value as a political institution,—the original unit of Democracy,—can hardly be overestimated. It is a useful school for individual training in the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. Before one attains his majority he can visit the school and begin his tutelage before becoming entitled to the privilege of either speaking or voting; and thus not be obliged to take his active place there as an absolute novice.

Being myself a native of New York State, my first personal acquaintance with this notable institution, occurred when, at the age of thirty-two years, I attended the March meeting of 1880, having settled in Westfield a few days after the April meeting of the preceding year.

My interest in that and in many a subsequent meeting during two and a half decades succeeding, was intense as regards the business affairs and personal characteristics involved. Important questions of policy relative to appropriations large and small were discussed and, when wide differences of opinion arose, were threshed out to definite and final decisions, though rarely reconsidered and altered.

During the whole period of my residence I considered it my delight and duty to attend every meeting,—regular and special,—a duty incumbent upon every citizen, to be escaped only under most pressing necessity.

Many items of vast importance to the growing town were considered during that period and “there were giants in those days.” Men memorable for personality and ability,—real statesmen in vision, efficiency and debate, in this unit of civic administration.

Often did I listen with admiration and envy to those gifted village orators, amazed at their natural powers of forceful expression, only a few of them having had the benefits of college training. At times the contestants on both sides of a question were so effective and convincing in pressing their respective cases, that I found myself wobbling, each speaker in turn bringing me to a decision in his favor.

Certain great enterprises were discussed at length and finally approved, though without access to the records I cannot determine accurately the order in which they were adopted, some of them having been carried over from year to year.

The raising of the tracks of the New York and New Haven Railroad

was one of them, rendered imperative in order to rid the town of a half dozen grade crossings. It was a long, tedious and expensive job, involving a change of grade for more than a mile from the "tin bridge," so-called, at Little River south of Silver Street, to the Great River; but its benefit has been incalculable.

Various expedients in hardening Elm Street were vainly tried when action was finally taken providing for curbing and paving from the Green to Great River. The horrid incubus of deep mud alternating with heavy clouds of dust was removed.

A system of general sewers, with trunk lines and collaterals was adopted after extensive debate.

The lighting system of the town, gas and electric, was purchased from the company which had owned and developed it.

The Granville water system, supplementary to the original Montgomery system, was approved and thoroughly completed.

Various large schoolhouses required by the increasing population of the town were approved and committed to competent hands.

As each annual meeting drew near, the hearts of the School Board began to flutter with anxiety lest the steadily enlarging appropriations called for because required by steadily changing conditions, might in some way arouse opposition and fail of approval. I well knew the keenness of that trepidation from an experience of several years as a member of the committee and latterly as chairman; and the blessed relief felt when the budget was finally ratified. Westfield has cherished and maintained traditional generosity to its schools for many generations.

Minor matters coming up year by year for consideration, and over which were numerous squabbles and heart-burnings, concerned the acceptance of new streets, the extension of concrete sidewalks, the location of new street lights, the hardening or paving of streets, etc.

The list of items in the annual warrants became so numerous and the questions involved became so complicated, that the happy plan was adopted whereby an unhappy committee was regularly appointed to spend weary hours in considering them and make recommendations respecting them. But for the efficient work of these successive committees, Westfield would have been forced long ere now to adopt a city charter.

All these varied questions demanded and received thorough and extended discussion, which at times was carried to wearisome length by long-winded advocates.

It was, however, the display of personal character and peculiarity which gave me keenest interest in those town meetings. Various men who on these occasions exercised their right of free speech, stand out clearly in my

memory. They were a notable company, always impressive to a student of human nature and a loyal citizen of the historic town.

A remarkably capable series of moderators guided the proceedings. When we found one of that type we liked to keep him in the chair at successive meetings, and he was generally willing to wear the distressful crown. In this class Robert H. Kneil, Harold P. Moseley and Joseph D. Cadle are most prominent in my recollection. When affairs occasionally became so complicated as to bewilder an ordinary parliamentarian, those skilful moderators would keep their heads, maintain order and give rulings which very rarely were upset by Cushing's Manual.

The sturdiest and most effective debaters were the Kneils,—Thomas, the rugged Manxman,—and his two sons, Arthur S. and Robert. Deacon H. B. Smith, founder, with his brother Edwin, of the great manufacturing concern which still bears his name; James H. Bryan, merchant and ever ready speaker; Lucius F. Thayer, whose engineering ability was utilized by the town for so long a period, always prepared to give a clear statement and essential figures when any new engineering project was under consideration; William H. Foote, who late in life served the town and the Federal government so faithfully as postmaster; Hon. M. B. Whitney whose legal acumen enabled him to discern safe and sound policies; Henry Fuller, another prominent lawyer; three younger barristers,—James R. Dunbar, whose removal to the Capitol was a distinct loss to the town, Alfred F. Lilley of marked ability, Willis S. Kellogg, who for many years has served as judge of the District Court. Harold P. Moseley, soon after beginning his practice, was notable in debate as well as in a presiding officer's chair. Others somewhat less prominent might justly be included in this honorable list.

One worthy citizen who took little part in formal debate, yet cherished such loyalty to the town as to oppose habitually what seemed to him a tendency to extravagance in administering its finances,—Noah Strong, who almost invariably arose when a motion was made to approve an appropriation, and moved the substitution of a sum lower than the one named. His son, whom I have just chatted with, has reminded me of an amusing incident relating to a reversal of Mr. Strong's usual procedure. Once when the town was considering an appropriation to be used in providing bath-rooms at the Town Farm, he arose and said: "I move that the amount be raised to \$10,000 to be used for that purpose and immediately expended, for at the present rate of extravagance we all shall be there soon and it will be well to have sufficient bath-rooms ready for us."

There was some wire-pulling, but not of a serious character. There were impassioned debates, hot words, sharp retorts, personal reflections, but

the bitternesses were speedily mollified. I recall an instance of decidedly unparliamentary and unchristian character when in an excited encounter, either "Bill" Foote or I charged the other with what a shrewd boy defined as "an abomination in the sight of God and a very present help in time of trouble." I cannot now recall which of us was the accuser and which the accused. The incident was soon closed and did not impair our protracted friendship.

It is a great privilege and satisfaction to be able to visualize the town meetings of that interesting period and it will be, on many grounds, an expensive loss to the citizens, when that local forum becomes obsolete because a city charter does not require its perpetuation.

TOPOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES

FRANK GRANT

The building of our sewer and drainage system in 1889 resulted in such decided changes, not only in sanitary but also in physical conditions, as to warrant more than passing notice as one of the remarkable developments of the last fifty years.

Older residents will recall that springs under the hill on which Noble Hospital is situated formed a swampy section near the head of Cortez Street. From this source, with the addition of a small stream which came from the north side of Court Street, west of Bates, there rose a brook which flowed in an easterly direction through about the middle of the southern portion of the town. Just west of Pleasant Street this brook received the waters of another stream from the south which, by the way, furnished facilities for a tannery near the present site of the Abner Gibbs schoolhouse. The main stream continued easterly across (under) Broad Street in the vicinity of H. C. Lane's present home, where it received another tributary which had its source in a spring near the east line of the new Post-Office and ran under the First Church. From this point the main stream passed under the old canal and, crossing Taylor Avenue, State and Cross Streets (on the east side of which latter it furnished water for another tannery once operated by Lemuel Grant and Horace Avery) it continued on across Noble Street and flowed into Little River at a point about opposite Reuben Noble's residence.

Another stream had its rise in the swampy section north of Pine Hill Cemetery, near the southerly end of Smith Avenue, and ran eastward through what is now Green Avenue, under the old Normal School Dormitory—now "The Alquat"—across Washington Street and back of the Green District schoolhouse. It soon turned northward, crossing School Street near the former Advent Church, and continued across Church, Arnold and Franklin Streets and through Maple Street,—the sidewalk on the east side of Maple Street being a plank covering for the brook. From this point it turned again eastward and, after crossing (under) Elm Street, received the water from the tail-race of the J. R. Rand Whip Factory, now the site of the Westfield Power Company's buildings, and continued under the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, north of Birge Avenue, and across (under) Mechanic Street on the east side of which it again furnished power for a whip shop. Thence it took a southeasterly direction around the Old Cemetery, through the farm of Erastus (Charles) Grant

and along what is now White Street where it was known as "Grant's Brook." Just north of the present site of the Fort Meadow school it furnished the "old swimming hole" for boys of that section and generation. Thence it continued under the (then) hill back of the old Main Street schoolhouse and along the northerly side of Main Street until it crossed (under) Meadow Street a few rods north of the stone that marks the site of the second meeting-house at the corner of Main and Meadow Streets. Then following pretty nearly what must have been the northern line of the palisade of Indian days, it flowed into Great River back of the old Major Taylor place—now the J. W. Loomis homestead—a bit of its former bed being still visible in the rear of F. H. Avery's home on Main Street.

The Rand factory referred to above, received its power from a section of the old canal which was still in existence at that time, the Rand wheel-pit being its northern terminus while the "Feeder Brook," which used to cross South Broad Street, marked its southern extremity. Main Street crossed it so nearly at its surface-line that the bridge timbers were always in the water. In summer it afforded a fine swimming-place for the boys of the rising generation and in winter a splendid skating-place. That part of the canal just south of Main Street and east of the foundry, being much wider than the rest, was known as "the basin." Academy Street, which used to extend down to "the basin," was formerly called Basin Street.

In especially cold winters the boys were able to skate the canal's whole length and up the feeder brook to Brush Dam in Little River, back of the Charles R. Fowler farm, and on up to Cowles' Dam (Crane's Mill). When the canal was discontinued the railroad and presumably other abutters acquired title to the old canal bed, which brings to mind an amusing and characteristic reply made by the late Deacon H. B. Smith when the writer banteringly asked him: "How did your people get title to so much of that canal bed?" This was in his later years, and although he was nearly blind, his eyes twinkled as we used to see them do in prayer meeting or in town meeting, as he said: "I'll tell you. There's only one other man and the Lord and myself that know. The other man is dead and I'm going to be soon and the Lord isn't saying anything."

With the passing of the old canal came relocation of the roadbed of the New Haven Railroad and separation of the grades at all its street crossings through the town. Subsequently the present viaduct was built to carry the Boston and Albany Railroad over Elm Street near the station, and later the stations of the two roads were consolidated.

Thus it may be seen how thoroughly the sewer system has changed very considerable portions of Westfield referred to above—the streets running

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

south from Court, south from Franklin and east from Smith Avenue, together with the whole district comprising White, George and Frederick Streets and covering the old Moseley Park tract which was the circus ground of a generation ago,—much of this latter having been filled in with foundry sand from the H. B. Smith Company in recent years. Indeed the result has been a very marked change in the home-building and appearance of Westfield during the last half century.

In the appendix to Mr. Bates' "The Westfield Bicentennial" he gives under "Pictures of Westfield As It Was" his early memories of homes in Main, Broad and Court Streets. In the following pages the attempt is made to identify those properties as occupied at present:

MAIN STREET

<i>1869 or Earlier</i>	SOUTH SIDE	<i>1919</i>
Ives Block Jacob Morse's store } Jacob Morse's residence (Later removed to Morse Avenue and known as "The Ghost House")		United States Post-Office { Hewes' Block (Poirier & Martel) Home of Mrs. Frances Abbott Sackett Part of H. B. Smith Co. (#39)
Parks House Piano-leg Factory (one time used for First M. E. Church)		Residence of Chester H. Abbe (#81)
Stephen Douglass house		The Misses Doherty (#93) (Corner of Taylor Avenue)
Dr. Thomas Ashley } Thomas Ashley }		Matthew W. Shine (#103) (Corner State Street)
The Ballantine house } Mrs. James Noble }		Frank M. Noble (#111)
Squire Fowler house } Hiram Harrison } (Formerly center of whip business in Westfield)		Henry B. Prout (#125) (Corner Cross Street)
Captain Mather (Birthplace of Samuel Mather, donor of Mather Fund of Athe- neum)		Mrs. Sarah S. Shepard (#145)
Charles King (the Tryon lot)		Mrs. Mary D. Woolworth (#151) and the Woolworth houses
Landlord Fowler Tavern		Nelson B. Richardson (#171)

W E S T F I E L D , M A S S A C H U S E T T S

NORTH SIDE

Gad Palmer Tavern	The Morrissey Building
Samuel Arnold } Elijah Arnold }	Fish market and Chinese laundry
"Old Hampden House" (Building removed and now standing on Thomas Street)	Second Congregational Church
Major Douglass } Charles C. Fowler }	Mrs. Thomas A. Lewis (#60)
Enoch Clark } Deacon Chadwick }	Bailey's Garage (#90)
Lyman Lewis	House burned about forty years ago.
Erastus (Charles) Grant	Walter R. and James A. White (#82)
Main Street Schoolhouse	Walter R. White's tobacco-sorting house.
George Morgan } Joel Hathaway }	House still standing just east of schoolhouse.
George H. Moseley	Fred F. Moseley (#138)
Hezekiah Taylor	Edward H. Taylor (#150)
Jedediah Taylor (Site of first meeting-house)	J. Wells Loomis (#180)

BROAD STREET

<i>1869 or Earlier</i>	WEST SIDE	<i>1919</i>
John Phelps } Archippus Morgan }		John T. Way (#29)
Jonathan Taylor } Caleb Alden } Mrs. Abbe } Mrs. Albert Rand }		William B. Reed (#33)
John H. Stowe		William H. Noble
Pliny Moseley } (Father of Sybil Moseley,— } Mrs. Hiram Bingham) } James Bush }		Mrs. J. B. Hill (#59) (Corner Bush Street)

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C. K. Bingham	Herbert W. Kittredge
Lucius F. Thayer (House just completed at time of Bicentennial Celebration)	Lucius F. Thayer

EAST SIDE

Ives Property (Next south of High School)	Noah Strong (House now owned by town and used for Hostess House and Loan Exhibit at Quartermillennial Cele- bration)
Edwin Moseley } E. G. Talmadge }	Arthur Green
Jessup Place	Henry W. Ely (#56)
Green District Schoolhouse	{ Jere Horton E. T. Fowler }
Dennis Hedges	Joseph B. Ely
Moseley Noble (Residence and Wheelwright shop)	Harry C. Lane (#76)

COURT STREET

<i>1869 or Earlier</i>	NORTH SIDE	<i>1919</i>
Hon. James Fowler		The Atheneum The E. B. Gillett Place (#31)
The Ingersol-Boise Place		Site of F. W. Thompson's house (#43)
Caleb Weller (House removed to Bates Street)		The Parks Place (#69)
Jared Weller		Near schoolhouse site
Ezra Sackett House (Original house burned)		Sackett Four Corners
Stephen Sackett } Frank Atwater } (Known as "The Washington Tavern" On the Dry Bridge Road)		Mathew Petoniak

SOUTH SIDE

Abel Whitney	}	Site of the Methodist Church
Dr. William Atwater		
Dr. James Holland		
(Holland house, built by Richard Falley, removed to and now standing on Holland Avenue)		
Israel Moseley	}	James C. Greenough
Hon. William G. Bates		
Elijah Bates		Mrs. Ira Miller (#36)
(House now standing on Holland Avenue)		
Dr. William Holland	}	Henry M. VanDeusen (#42)
Dr. James Holland		
William P. Hodgett	}	Harry M. Gowdy (#48)
C. I. Snow		
Stephen Ashley	}	Samuel Squires (#50)
Henry Hooker		
Seth Cowles		George W. Winslow (#52)
Royal Weller Place		Eugene Doherty (#56)
Horace Holcomb		C. A. Moore (#70)
"Landlord Holcomb House"	}	Arthur B. Pendleton (#100)
H. B. Smith		

Perhaps it is worth while in this connection to note briefly the more conspicuous changes on the other prominent street leading from the Green during the last half century, viz.—Elm Street. On the east side going north there has been little change except general improvement in appearance until coming to the Winthrop Hotel, which, with the buildings between it and the Lambson Block, submerge the flower garden and the residences of the late Samuel Dow and of Dr. Woodvine, the latter having been, I think, Westfield's earliest homeopathic physician. Mr. Dow conducted what was perhaps the first commercial greenhouse in town. The Lambson Block at the corner of Thomas Street stands in what was George Dow's front dooryard.

On the north corner of Thomas Street was the residence of Asa P. Rand, and next the residence first of Dr. J. H. Waterman and later of Dr. M. L. Robinson, both sites now covered by the imposing Columbus Block, and

the Y. M. C. A. Building. The Baptist Church and Allen Memorial Building occupy the site of the old Captain Charles Douglas house. The John Bancroft house, next north (removed to and now standing on Chapel Street), made way for the Central House on the corner of Chapel Street. On the north corner the Universalist church has been remodeled and is now the Masonic Temple. Just beyond the next two residences stood the old Noble-Ashley house (a cut of it is in Mr. Greenough's contribution to "Copeland's History of Hampden County"), said to have been the first house erected on Elm Street. I think it was on the site of that house that the Hoop Skirt-"Crinoline"-Factory of Rand, Lewis & Rand stood, finally burned and the site now occupied by the buildings of the Westfield Power Company. The latter also covers the site of the old J. R. Rand Whip Shop, whose bell always rang as well as the various church bells whenever there was a fire, before the advent of power fire-engines and the electrical fire-alarm signal system.

Beyond the Rand Factory stood William Provin's shop and that of Shepard, Holcomb & Cook. All these buildings suffered in the flood of 1869. The last before coming to the railroad was the old-time blacksmith shop of William Phelps, practically the site of the Swift Company's building of today. Beyond the railroad and Bartlett Street, the brick block and the Nickel Theatre hold the site of the old Cornelius Bartlett house; the Tivoli on that of William A. Johnson. Farther north and beyond the Standard-Atwater-Bay State and now again the Standard Whip Shop, the major change has been the remodeling of the Lay Whip Shop into a church and still later the building just beyond it of the more pretentious Church of the Holy Trinity and parochial residence. Beyond Meadow Street the extensive development of the power plant of E. A. & S. A. Allen has displaced the church organ factory of Steer & Turner and the old-time town dump at the south end of the old covered bridge.

On the west side of Elm Street, corner of Court Street, the fine old residence of the late Hon. James Fowler has become the home of the Westfield Atheneum (Free Public Library). Next, the Holland Block holds its own, but the old Woronoco Hotel (Wilmarth House) has lost its veranda, acquired a modern front and flourishes under the name of "The New Park Square." The buildings next north to School Street are much the same in appearance, but on the north corner of School Street (the Methodist people having built their fine house of worship on Court Street) the old church minus its steeple and white paint is now the Commercial Block, sheltering as one of its tenants a Loomis grocery store as it did fifty years ago. For thirty-eight years it housed the United States Post-Office. North to Church Street, the First National Bank has rebuilt its

front but no other material change has occurred. The old Baptist Church on the north corner of Church Street would hardly be recognized with its three-story brick front. This building also held the Post-Office for some eight years. A little farther north the residence of Dr. Andrews has been pushed back and forms the rear part of the Woronoco Hotel Building.

This brings us to the Parks Block covering the site of the former residence of T. Horton Loomis (the house now the residence of C. F. Austin on Woronoco Avenue) and of the old Atwater-Blair place. In its day the latter house was a fine old mansion with mammoth elm trees in front, —trees probably over a hundred years old when cut down to make way for the new block. On the south corner of Arnold Street, now occupied by the Gowdy Block, stood the Chapman-Smith-Gowdy residence, where General Samuel Chapman Armstrong of Hampton School fame spent part of his earlier life. On the north corner where the Gillett Block and the Lakin Block stand was the house of Dr. Jehiel Abbott, the building now standing on Arnold Street as the Colonial Hotel. The Parker and the Lane & Loomis Blocks cover the sites of the homes of Rev. Dr. Emerson Davis (long time pastor of the First Church) and of the late Cutler Laffin. A little farther north was the residence of Dr. William Bell, later of J. B. Williams (the building now on Mechanic Street next north of the Old Cemetery gate). That site and next, on to Franklin Street, are now covered by store properties.

From Franklin Street to the railroad crossing are various but not notable changes. The old-time Elm Street Schoolhouse (supplanted by the Davis School on Bartlett Street, now the Boys' Trade School) is still standing as a tenement house in the rear of its former site. The residence of William Phelps, just opposite his shop, is now part of a furniture store. Between the railroad and Orange Street the Van Deusen Block and that built by Thayer & Waterman stand on the ground formerly covered by the W. A. Johnson Church Organ Factory. After the burning of the latter their new factory was built near the dike at the south end of the bridge, now occupied by the Emmons Howard Church Organ Business, and the J. J. Fuller Wood Turning Shop. North of Orange Street are the Merrick Lumber Company's Warehouse, the Kosciuszko Hotel, the Sanford (Donovan Brothers' Branch of the United States Whip Company), and the Massasoit Whip Shop (now the Rogers Silver Company's Plant), all built in comparatively recent years.

Elm Street with its successive regradings (sidewalks three and four deep in places), now granite paved and traversed by the Franklin Street, Union Street and Holyoke trolley lines, of the Springfield Street Railway is our busiest thoroughfare.

REMINISCENCES

FRANCES FOWLER

The changes in Westfield's physical aspect are most interestingly portrayed in the Reminiscences of Miss Frances Fowler who gives a delightfully vivid picture of the town as it appeared to the children of fifty years ago.

One day one of my brothers asked: "Mama, do you remember Noah's flood?" My mother disclaimed such a feat of memory, but a younger child said: "Well, I'm sure she can remember when David killed Goliath."

It seems not unlike that now, as I recall the Westfield of the days when that question was asked.

It is said that the changes of the latter half of the nineteenth century were greater than during the five previous centuries, and the changes in Westfield alone make this statement credible.

The wider spaces stand out in my memory, even allowing for the distances of youth, for we had a wealth of meadow, orchard and hill in which to play. In the triangle formed by Court, Broad and Silver Streets, there were only two streets laid out; Mill and Pleasant Streets.

The brow of the hill and the hillside between the present Chestnut Street and Bates Street was a never-failing ground for adventure, with a small brook at the foot of the hill and a little pond near Court Street.

The whole region of the present Tekoa Avenue was pasture and woodland and the Sheldon lot and other lots in the vicinity of Noble Avenue were available for children's feet. There was nothing incongruous in picking huckleberries below Chestnut Street, near a small hole in the hillside which we children named the "Cave of Adullam"; nor in helping the hired men in hay-time in the meadow, drinking the haymakers' drink in close proximity to the big meadow swing gate from the extremely high post of which Eli the High Priest, as impersonated by one of us, fell off when he heard of the fate of his wicked sons; nor in decking what we pretended were shrines of the gods of Greece and Rome, on the slope below the upper end of King Street within sound of the village bells.

The names of the localities were original and interesting: Honey-pot, The Island, Hundred-acres, Lover's Lane, Ponder's Hollow (Pond's Holler), Salmon Falls, Poverty Plain, Pine, Aunt Nab's, Sand and Clay Hills, Squawfield, Tophet, The W., The Jug Road, Madagascar, New Guinea, Jacksland, Pochassic, The Wildcat Road, The Pitcher, Timber Swamp, and Frog Hole.

The township is so large and of such diverse soils, that the flora of

Westfield is unusual. The flowers that grew around us added, in great measure, to our recollections. The spring in the meadow where the white violets grew we named "The Fountain of Pirene," and the "gentil knight" "pricked o'er the plaine" in the same meadow near the grass-grown log bridge under which our pet striped snakes disported. Lancelot, Rob Roy, The Forest Exiles, Horatius and Ivanhoe, with Hector and Aeneas were appropriately placed in the apple orchard whose lane was the scene of many a gallant fight.

I can still see Absalom hanging by *miles* of hair from the big buttonball tree near the present Holland Avenue; the fairies were most at home in a certain mass of fine grass near Mrs. Root's house (Robert Chapin Parker's) and as for Indians, they might be, and were to our fancy, anywhere. The stone marked "IX miles to Springfield Court House," near Mr. Grant's house on Main Street, was revered like a relic of the Roman Forum; we learned Grecian architecture from the pillars of some of the houses, and Gothic styles were made familiar to us by the Stimpson house (corner Main and Cross Streets) and even more by the adorable panelled cupboards in the bookstore on Elm Street.

We knew nearly everybody and everybody seemed to know us, though the "little boys" were once chagrined when a man told them: "Oh yes, I know your grandfather, he owes me ten dollars."

Never were children more kindly treated when doing errands. Mr. Holland's apothecary shop was as a crystal palace to us. Mr. Morse made us welcome by song and flute as we passed the display of what seemed crown-jewels, to go up the familiar stairs to his home. Gillett, Snow and Thayer's store was approached by several steps but that ascent achieved, we were often allowed to go behind the counter and make our own change. Mr. Buell let us set our own type for the enigmas which we so kindly contributed as we thought, and which he so patiently printed, as we now know. It was a great day when Mr. Colton, who manufactured extracts, sold peeled lemons and so it was all along the line, even to the candy emporium of Mr. John Hull on the corner of Elm and Church Streets. Once the friendly butcher told my younger brother: "You're a fine boy. You'll be a man before your mother," and a thrill of sadness came to me that such praise could never be bestowed on me.

Naturally, the livery stables were always interesting, and a tinge of the same jealousy beset me when we girls were not asked to sit aloft and drive in a funeral procession.

But we were familiar with horses for the boys drove the cows to pasture and David saddled an extra horse in the morning for the girls to learn to ride.

There is one marked difference between us and the children of the present day. We had no money. We never needed any. When we were sent on errands we brought back the change. Once in a while we had a penny for a stick of candy. Generally speaking, we did work in house or yard with no thought of emolument, but sometimes we were paid small sums for weeding or for picking sage leaves, and we learned finance by buying Christmas presents, with a total of fifty cents with which to purchase gifts for everybody for whom we had not made something.

Christmas was far simpler, but no tree can produce the thrill of creeping downstairs early, in that dark December morning, and feeling the big things, and scampering back to a warm bed with one's own stocking.

A bride of 1848 said to Mr. E. B. Gillett on Court Street: "How much improved this street would be by a row of trees in the middle!" He replied: "Look again," as he and Mr. Samuel Fowler had set them out that year.

My father used to tell of walking barefoot on the fences, as a boy. There were fences for every house lot, sometimes as at our grandfather's (the present Athenium), there were hedges of arbor vitae. The front yards had many more trees and shrubs than is now customary, and syringas, lilacs, Missouri currants, roses and locusts were common—and we older ones amuse ourselves and each other now by enumerating the growing things in the yards we knew best. Judging by present standards there was not room for all that grew.

The grades of the streets running east and west have been many times changed, and future archaeologists will find at least three front walks in many places.

In the early eighties a young man airily offered his company to a young woman with: "May I escort you to your gate?" "Thank you," she said; "the gate is in the woodshed," this being the era when fences, as they wore out, were not repaired, but made way gradually, by slow or rapid decay, for the park effect now well nigh universal. There is less privacy, yet the fences were easy loafing places, and pickets were broken off freely to make wider seats of a summer evening.

Some fences were a constant joy and a scene of walking competition. The fence on Broad Street in front of the Alden (Reed) house was easy, but in front of the Morgan (Way) house the rails were set edges up, and walking was quite a toeing-in stunt. Lawn-mowers were not much used during the days of fences, nor were the streets much sprinkled—still, there was less passing, of course.

One of the joys of travel, aside from the venturesome element, was to have the stage call for passengers. Some one asked once what sort of a

woman a certain child had made, "for," said she, "the last time I saw her she was hanging on behind the old stagecoach." Then came "hacks" and we drove all around town to pick up other travelers, and happy was the youngster who was called for first.

Later there was a small omnibus, but usually people walked, in days before the latest severe flood, through a covered bridge, over the river where, at the further edge, stood a huge old elm tree.*

I suppose vehicular fashion has changed as much as anything, and merely to think of the different kinds of wagons, carriages, carts, sleds, and sleighs in which we have sped over the roads of Hampden County is to set our mental wheels in a whirl. Sleighrides are even yet unsurpassed in many minds. Speaking of vehicles reminds me of Tom Thumb's wonderful little coach, and Tom Thumb reminds me of the Music Hall stage, and the magical, marvelous glass-blowers. How proud we were to have a baby in a bottle or a ship in full sail!

Most of the old inhabitants remember with grateful affection the presiding geniuses of kitchen and barn, whose interest in the affairs of the household made them as much a part of the daily life as the members of the family. The "American Economical Housekeeper" fifty-fifth thousand in 1845 has one receipt which begins: "Take a hundred pounds of ham." While in my childhood the food was not cooked in such large quantities, the kitchen was a busy place and nowhere are greater changes seen than in the methods of the domestic and culinary departments. Even when bought, poultry was usually plucked and dressed and vegetables cleaned at home, berries were sold at the door from pails to dishes, milk was poured out by measure into wide pans (with milk tickets passing from hand to pocket and pocket to pan). Nearly everyone made sausages and head cheese at home and tried out the lard. Can't you smell the crisp "scraps?" A whole orange was rather self-indulgent, a bunch of bananas sent from New York a wonder to behold, and Guava jelly a rare arrival—eaten only to "taste" the strange flavor.

The mere word "water" in connection with the kitchen makes one remember the stages from the well, the pump in the yard, the pump in the kitchen, the cold water faucet at the kitchen sink, the luxury of the hot water tank back of the range, and, height of luxury, the faucet thereto, to the water service of today. From water to fire is but a step, and reminds us how recent and how devoid of widespread excitement is the present fire alarm system. For many years the bell of the First Church clanged out the warning, and, if by night, everybody jumped out of bed,

* Then one of if not the finest known specimens of New England's famous elms. Grand in both its size and symmetry. Of more than local fame through Henry Ward Beecher's praise of its surpassing beauty.

and pattered from window to window, and even up the garret stairs to see where the sky was red, and guessed where the fire was, and everyone who could, "went to the fire" and was envied rather drowsily by those who went back to sleep.

It is hard to understand how the young people of today can get along without Bates's Pond and the Canal. Bates's Pond was on Pleasant Street, between Mr. Rockwell's (now Sackett's) house and Pearl Street—a safe fishing place for child and fish, the safest of skating places for small children and quite large enough for less public practice, whence one advanced to the canal, the "salon" of skating-dom, as well as the arena.

When the new Academy Building was dedicated, my father wrote of the old Academy,

"And Cupid wrought with shaft and bow.
How few our ranks had been,
Had certain pupils never met
Those fateful walls between."

Near the Academy from whose old belfry the bell cast by Paul Revere rang out a call as important as the call he gave to the sleeping patriots, was the old canal a close second and assistant to that "match factory." Here many a school boy shyly put on some girl's skates, and advanced thence to paying other and fonder attentions. Here budding chivalry slipped and slid into favor, and skill in curves and edges showed off to eyes that "rained the prize."

Once a man called on my grandfather with a scheme whereby canal and ponds should be so developed as to make Southwick Ponds "the Port of the world." My father and Henry L. Dawes were "two days and nights breasting the stormy Southwick seas" on their way to Yale in 1837. To us Southwick Ponds was a charming peaceful haunt for afternoon and evening with lilies resting on its breast and Manatick keeping guard. The old flat-bottomed boats gave us our earliest rowing lessons, and the homeward drive behind the fast little mares over the dusty plains made "the end of a perfect day."

The church services have changed much in fifty years. They are less simple, a semblance of ritual has crept in, and music is less spontaneous. The church choir for many years was a power in the land. Everybody went to church as a matter of course—many children to three services. A hymn-book still exists in which there is a list on a flyleaf of the number of times each letter occurs on the tablet to the Reverend Edward Taylor, and the thrill is unforgotten when the question was whispered along the pew: "If he was eighty-seven when he died, how old was he when he

was ordained?" Probably every child has wondered not how he could be ordained O. S. (old style) but how he managed to die O. S.!

A few mothers allowed their children to read Sunday School books during sermon time, and Dr. Davis was considered ultra-liberal when he said he was glad to see a pew full of quiet children whose mothers could give him their attention. He always wore a swallow-tailed coat. He was kindly and yet as I look back I smile at the halo of magic which seemed to surround him. My mother told me that one night I got into a state of terror after I had gone to bed, for fear that I should go to hell. She came up and vainly tried to soothe me, but I wailed out: "Oh, I wish Dr. Davis were my papa!" My mother went down stairs and my father came up and talked to me. Of course I don't remember what he said, but hell had no further interest for me, save in a spectacular way. I asked him later what he said, and he replied: "I don't know; probably my best advice, given as infants' food, 'Face the music.'"

Sunday observance was much more strict, and other people's souls more watched on Sunday than now. One Sunday, word came that the cattle had got out of the pasture on Montgomery Mountain, and my father went up to see about it, taking some of the children with him. On our return the worshippers were passing our house on the way to afternoon church, and my parents blushed when their youngest called out, holding up a pail of berries: "Oh, mamma, we got two quarts!"

In later years Sunday afternoon was our best time. We always went to walk, and whoever would, could come along, guest or neighbor.

When Dr. Davis died, the Sunday School sat in the high "chapel" and the big doors were raised. The Sunday School marched to the cemetery. Some who were too young were taken with their parents in carriages, but it was a matter of pride to think oneself old enough to trudge along the dusty road. I remember seeing a baptism just below the iron bridge. Often, in recent days, when passing that spot, I think of the changes in religious customs, as well as of the changes in the bed of the river.

WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN DIED

It was an early spring, and that April day was fair. My cousin Lucy Gillett and I had accomplished several successful slides down the ice-house roof,—gymnastic feats in connection with the cherry tree which grew nearby were always part of the sliding,—and we were sitting in the sawdust by the door, giggling and planning the next prank.

Our grandfather came up the lane, and stopped before us, solemnly and sadly. He said: "Little girls, how can you laugh today? A great and good man has gone." It made a profound impression, which was no doubt what he intended.

Socially we had a very good time as children, in our 'teens, and later. The supper parties and cousin parties and the few dances were all good of their kind. Sewing societies met at private houses before the Parish Houses were built, but the Second Church Chapel was a seat of instruction and entertainment as it was so commodious and convenient. There was always a party somewhere on Thanksgiving evening. One year when we were grown up we had a leap-year party. Once there was a masquerade party, of which the costumes remain to this day. The Dandelion Club was our supreme attempt at Society with a Big S, although we had sporadic New Year's calls, and I remember once when the college boys came home we had twelve parties in a fortnight.

We had instruction of many kinds. As children we went to a private school in Flint's block, Miss Kingsley's school in Mr. Hull's basement, and then to the Green District schools. I believe them to have been poorly heated and ventilated, but who cared then? Though one year, when we had a parsimonious committee-man who bought "slabs," we were almost frozen. The "magic" feeling must have been with us when my cousin and I rang Dr. Davis' door bell and with our reader, arithmetic and geography, asked him to examine us, and see if we could not go from the intermediate school to the grammar school. He gravely opened the books and asked us questions and wrote a note to the effect that we should go up higher. This we presented and were rather troubled heroines, for it made quite a disturbance, as others of the class wanted to go also. I can see the tears of annoyance now on the teacher's face. It was a casual sort of school committee, perhaps, but the committee-men when they visited the school were looked at with such awe as mere man has seldom caused.

GRANDSIRE AND GRANDSON

One day in the late seventies, my father (Samuel Fowler), found in his grandfather's (Samuel Fowler) account book the entry "Azariah Mosely, potatoes." At the next town meeting he said to the grandson of that Azariah, who also bore the name of Azariah Mosely,—“You never paid me for those potatoes.” Mr. Mosely was astonished. “Paid you? I never bought a potato in my life!” My father quietly said: “I have the entry in a book at my house.” When town meeting day came again, Mr. Mosely came to my father and said: “I went home and told my wife and she agreed that we had never bought any potatoes of you or anybody else. I said to her, ‘If it was anybody but that Sam Fowler I'd deny it all,’ but,” he said, “you told me once that I should see the water playing higher than the First Church steeple. I looked at you and thought, ‘Has the man gone plumb crazy?’ but I've seen the water playing higher than

the church steeple, and I'll pay for the potatoes." My father asked him to his library and together they pored over the old page, dated 1773, and the entries in pounds, shillings and pence, and Azariah Mosely said to Samual Fowler, "Our grandfathers never thought their grandsons of the same names would be reading this all these years afterwards."

To the generation older than ours no homage paid can be too great. What they accomplished, what they surmounted, seems almost beyond belief. They kept so true a balance, socially, domestically, intellectually, and spiritually, that every breath we draw should be a tribute to their individual and composite character.

We have been unfortunate in that many of our best sons have gone away. Few parents and fewer children now look upon their places of residence as destined to be their future home, but we are fortunate in that new ones have come to stay. A lady of Buffalo was asked a few years ago whether a clergyman, spoken of as a possible candidate for one of our pulpits, would find congenial, intellectual companionship. "Intellect?" she exclaimed, "Poetesses in Westfield are as common as milkmen in Buffalo. I repeat it," she said; "I have traveled much but I have never seen a group of women to compare with the women of Westfield." A friend of mine said she had made up her mind that the Garden of Eden must have been in the vicinity of Westfield, because so many lives are linked to it.

For Westfield the prayer of Agur seems to have been answered, "Give me neither poverty or riches." Perhaps this is the reason why things are done simply and naturally in a straightforward way, which is "sui generis." This peculiar thing, this Westfield feeling, goes with her children and survives even an occasional dissatisfaction of which the returning ones may be conscious. It comforts, it stimulates, and it sustains. It flourishes in the garden of our hearts, and flowering perennially, it sweetens life.

THE HIGH SCHOOL IN 1862

SAMUEL J. FOWLER

The High School used to be kept in the first story of the Town Hall. A very pleasant place for the scholars, because whenever there was a town meeting there was such a row in the second story that school had to be dismissed since it was impossible to hear what was said on account of the racket overhead. That was a great school!

On the first day of the term the teacher would ask the boys what they were going to study and one after another would answer: "Arithmetic, grammar and geography." Finally the teacher got tired of hearing that and said: "Now I've had enough of this arithmetic, grammar and geography. You boys have come here year after year and studied arithmetic, grammar and geography, and if you haven't learned those things it is because you haven't brains enough to take them in. Now we won't have any more arithmetic, grammar and geography in this school. You have got to take something else. Take astronomy or algebra. At any rate arithmetic, grammar and geography cannot now be taken." And they weren't.

Lessons were not always learned in that school. I remember once all the boys in the class failed and the teacher lined them up with their faces toward the blackboard which covered the wall; then he made circles about three inches higher than the boys' noses and said to each: "Put your nose in the ring." Which they all proceeded to do, standing on their tip-toes to do it. That position becomes very tiresome and painful after a while, so the boys reached one way and another until they struck an eraser, whereupon they would rub out the circle the teacher had drawn and make another two inches lower, so that they could stand on their heels and still keep their noses in the ring. But when teacher observed that their heels were on the floor he sauntered around and immediately raised the boys by an application of the heavy ruler he carried in his hand.

A boy misconducted himself once, but he had been thrashed so often that the teacher knew it would do no good; so the boy was sent out of school to get a sapling to be punished with. He returned after a half day's absence with a young pine tree about twenty feet long and two inches in diameter at the butt, with the bark nicely stripped off, and handed this to the teacher who quietly told him to take his seat.

I have preserved a cutting from the *Springfield Republican* giving the score of a baseball game played July 31, 1866:

W E S T F I E L D , M A S S A C H U S E T T S

"We inadvertently omitted to state at the proper time how badly the Eureka ball club of this city was beaten in their second match for the junior championship of Western Massachusetts, this time by the Woronoco Club of Westfield.

The match was played last Saturday and we append the score now, that the Woronoco boys may have the credit they so justly earned:"

EUREKA				WORONOCO					
	O.	R.			O.	R.			
Gillett, c.	3	4	(Fred) Gillett, s.s.	2	4				
Emerson, p.	2	4	("Cap.") Snow, c.	3	3				
Smith, s.s.	3	3	(Frank) Fairfield, l.f.	3	5				
Hawkes, 1b.	3	2	("Hen") Allen, r.f.	5	1				
Carr, 2b.	3	4	(Fred) Smith, 1b	3	4				
Crane, 3b.	2	4	(Sam) Fowler, p.	0	7				
Wardwell, l.f.	3	2	(Ed) Smith, 2b	3	3				
Allen, r.f.	4	2	("Ic") Fowler, 3b	3	4				
Houghton, c.f.	4	2	(Jim) Noble, c.f.	5	2				
	—	—		—	—				
Total.	27	27	Total.	27	33				
Innings.			1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9						
Eureka.			1 1 4 8 11 0 0 2 0—27						
Woronoco.			1 1 6 5 1 4 5 7 3—33						

Scorers—Eureka, Ames; Woronoco, Catlin
 Umpire—J. Fowler of the Amateur B. B. C.

WESTFIELD IN THE LATE SEVENTIES

BERTHA MANSFIELD FREEMAN

The request for "reminiscences of Westfield days" from one who so quietly slipped away into that Other Room, comes now like an opportunity that cannot be allowed to pass.

To one who spent only the years of childhood in Westfield the backward glance makes Westfield seem like a wondrous playground. There was enough of country, so that one was never cramped for room or stifled for lack of air. There was enough of city, so that the circus and the merry-go-round, the musicale and the party did not pass us by and leave us too provincial. We seemed to have a blending of social ingredients which served to make up a childhood full of fragrant memories.

In the spring we went up the Blandford Road in Mr. Hull's ice cart, and off into the fields for the sweetest of the Mayflowers, the wonderful trailing arbutus. If it happened to be late enough, we would fill our baskets with wild strawberries and the "Youngsters" of the wintergreen. Behind the trees and the knolls and an occasional barn we played hide-and-go-seek, counting: "Eeny, meeny, miny mo, pesky-lony, bony stro, hull-gull boo! Out goes you!" or perhaps we varied it with: "Catch a nigger by the toe, if he hollers, let him go."

When May first came and we had been preparing for days with scissors and colored tissue papers, we went forth hanging May baskets, darting out and home again fast, for fear of losing the fun of chasing the basket-hanger at our own door. The thirtieth came, and we decorated the Soldiers' Monument and walked behind those noble veterans of that other war before our time, little thinking what awful war we were to know.

When graduation time came we went in groups to the pastures and the hillsides, for that flower of flowers, shrub of shrubs, the mountain laurel and sometimes, not far away, we could find the pink azalea. When a single spray reaches us now and then, we recall the masses of it which we used to bring home. The tragedy of the flood time is lost in the wonderful experience that the days brought. First the schoolhouse basement was full of water and the school yard a sea of boards, boxes and sheds, so that avenue of fancied torture was closed and we could revel in fishing with the garden rake for the vegetables needed for dinner from the top cellar stair, or better yet go boating up our own street, catching treasures as they floated past. The devastation sat lightly on us, to whom floods furnished holidays. The settled spring brought marbles—maybe we played for keeps—and kite-flying from many a hilltop. Telephone wires did not exist to catch our

strings and spoil our tempers. There was croquet too, and archery, whose quiet skill has passed out of our present hectic days.

Our simple children's parties, our church Strawberry Festivals, and the Sunday School picnics at Southwick Ponds, formed a great part of our social life which was wholesome if not always stimulating. Once somebody came from afar to train us, and we held in Music Hall what to us were remarkable theatricals—where Bobby Shaftoe, in memory thrills us still, who “came from sea with silver buckles on his knee.” Who can forget the Firemen's Muster when the old-time tub vied with the modern engine in throwing the mighty stream? We marched the streets, and knew almost every one we met.

When the fall days came, where could be found more glorious colorings than our hills provided? What could compare with a sunset from Pine Hill with all the blending of autumn foliage? And who does not remember the cider mill on Silver Street, where without hindrance we sucked the cider through a straw, and afterwards were generously fed nearby with doughnuts and butternuts?

We recall the awesome Yellow Day (September 6, 1881). The schools were closed. President Garfield lay dying, and prophets said this was the end of the world, but we still lived on.

Shall we ever forget those crisp, clear Saturdays when we filled the hayrack with shouting boys and girls with bulging baskets, and started for the chestnut trees over the Berkshire Hills. In the glow of the setting sun we “piled” back into the hayrack loaded with nuts, tired and bur-scratched, but radiantly happy. As we creaked down the hills toward home snatches of song, with “Co-ca-chee-lunk, chee-lunk, chee lay-lee” and “Rig-a-jig-jig” announced our coming.

Not even Toytown and its modern sports could equal the joys of Westfield in the winter. King Street, with a child or more in every house, had unexcelled coasting, with double-runners flying by in close succession; some of them gorgeously upholstered, and decked with fancy steering-gear. When we feared the street was getting too much cut up, we used to turn the hose on at night and find beautiful glare ice in the morning, and no motor-car obstructed our gay course.

The canal was our skating pond and there we watched the Chinese boys cut figure 8s. They, with many others, had been sent by their government to be educated in this country and were general favorites.

Friday nights when there were no lessons to learn we gathered in somebody's big kitchen, made pop-corn balls, pulled molasses candy and—walked home in the moonlight.

The great Church Christmas Tree holds a bright place in our memory.

It held far too many of our own gifts, but we did like to hear our names called out.

The vivid nights of the torchlight processions stand out clearly in our recollections. We decorated our windows in red, white, and blue paper and put candles in the windows, if the marching was in behalf of our particular, political party, but if not, our windows were ominously dark.

Valentine's Day was a day of uncertain rapture with paper-laced and fringed messages, as:

“To you my heart is given,
Oh, do give yours to me.
We'll lock them up together
And throw away the key!”

The autograph album was the giver and receiver of youthful emotions.

“Over here—way out of sight
I'll sign my name just out of spite,”

was one of the many heart-stirring inscriptions.

You who have lived in those days will know the times and the seasons thereof, and will echo the words of our Graduation Song:

“Let us sing one more song ere our pathways divide,
One last song to the days that are o'er.”

MY TEACHERS

KATHARINE GIBBS ALLEN

After my older daughter's visit to Westfield on the occasion of the dedication of the Abner Gibbs School, she said to me: "But, Mother, Westfield is a city, and you have always talked as though you were brought up in the country!" And so, probably, I had, for the Westfield of my childhood was a New England village and fortunately is so still, in appearance.

We of the village proper were a homogeneous group,—nearly all of American ancestry, with little distinction of rich and poor, all going to public school together. When I came to be a teacher myself, I realized that, perhaps owing to our having a Normal School in the town, our schools were up to the best educational standards and in advance of those of many towns in the state. As I name our teachers over, is it not a remarkable succession of fine, devoted men and women and a type of teacher that in general seems to be passing? There was no systematic religious training in those schools, but there was there a most definite religious training by precept; yes, but more powerfully still by the example of noble lives, whose influence has been a light and a guide to our path ever since.

It is of these schools and of the teachers who made them that I want to leave a record, imperfect as it will be, on the pages of the memorial of that most worthy celebration of the 250th Anniversary of our "Mount Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

My first day as a pupil in the primary room of the Silver Street School, was also the first day of Charles Thayer, Fred Norton, Esther Fowler and Margaret Atwater. We all kept on together and were graduated at the same time from the High School. What more lovely person could we have had to start us on our road than Miss Lucy Foote? How well I feel the atmosphere of joy and love which surrounded her; how well I remember our eagerness to take home each night the little piece of paper with the "Good" written upon it. Once only did I have a "Bad" to take home. I have entirely forgotten why I had it, but I am sure that whatever reproof she would give would be given so tenderly that it would leave no sting. Soon she was married to Mr. Myron Lloyd who had been my father's boyhood friend in Blanford, and Mrs. Marshall took her place.

Next in the intermediate room of the Silver Street School was Miss Julia Noble, a fine type of woman, faithful and devoted. For years I had the picture she gave me for excellence in some test on the multiplication tables, and I remember with gratitude her taking me home several afternoons

after school to help me make a cardboard and cross-stitch motto for my mother's birthday.

Our next promotion to the grammar school, or School of Observation—and it was not until some time afterward that I knew what that long word meant—brought us under Mr. Haldeman, a very kindly man, and Miss Morse, an inspiration and example to us of the graces of life. I was the type of child who appealed little to her, but I wish we might nowadays have more who had her background, to be with our children in the public schools.

The four years of High School was the longest period we spent in any one school, and there the strongest impression naturally was made. Of the many teachers of this period, those who stand out most prominently are Mr. Pratt, fresh from his studies at Amherst; Miss Holton, with an enthusiasm for mathematics which she communicated to me; Miss Reed, an untried saint; Miss Fowler and Miss Kneil.

Miss Carrie Norton, while not a teacher in the school, was virtually one during those years and made a deep impression upon us through her untiring efforts to provide us with social good times which should be, at the same time, educational. I well remember such an evening spent at her home where the subject was Venice. She gave us of her best and got our best from us.

I did not know Miss Fowler so well then nor love and appreciate her so much as I have come to since. But it was quite a wonderful thing to have a young girl—as she really was at that time, though we thought her old enough—with her background, education, her experiences of travel and of social advantages, come in to make part of our school life. She brought in a breath from a world of greater beauty and greater refinement than we had known before. The young people of my sister's class attached themselves to her most devotedly.

It is to Miss Kneil, aside from my father, that I owe the greatest debt that I owe to any teacher. She was my ideal and I have the picture of her still clearly in mind as she walked down the aisle of the church with my father at the High School graduating exercises, and of how my heart went out to her in love and in recognition of all that she was. I considered her the best informed person of my acquaintance and it is partly through my trying to be like her, as I thought, that I know a little about so many things and nothing much about any one thing. She probably was a master of her subject, but it was never her scholarship that impressed me.

I was rather a sad child,—or such I seem to myself now. Her sympathy sometimes secretly and always silently expressed was part of the loving, brooding sympathy of the Father for all his children. It was given in such a way that I could never have made any recognition of it if I had

known how. I hope she may have felt, in her hours of trial, the love and sympathy of those she had helped. May she know that I know her many kindnesses and that with many others I bless her memory.

And over all my school days and through all was my father. My growing up was marked by my being allowed to go to a more and more distant corner to meet him coming home from school. The way he held the school by the force of his personality expressed in morning talks, in personal appeals, and in his own simple, religious, unselfish life, I shall never cease to think was something very fine, very unusual, and very wonderful.

REMINISCENCES

ADDISON L. GREEN

Where are one's reminiscences of Westfield to begin, and where are they to stop? One might dwell lovingly upon the days when the town pump stood at the north end of the Green, when the whole town nestled in the valley and only scattered farms dotted the surrounding hills, when water-melons grew on the plains toward Southwick, and Mr. Fowler made butter-scotch and sold it to an enthusiastic clientele of school children. These were the days when the Westfield River in flood burst its dikes and the lower town became a muddy Venice. Following the flood the work of reconstructing the dike began and the High School boys turned out to help, inspired alike by patriotism and a desire for the splendid compensation of two dollars per day. Their zeal was attested not alone by lamed backs and blistered hands, but also by the fact that the professional laborers, unwilling to follow their pace, threatened to quit unless the boys were discharged, and so the boys went back to school. At this period, and indeed, for a considerable period afterward, the canal paralleled the tracks of the "Putty Railroad"—a real canal filled with water that froze early in the winter and furnished the first skating of the season, not only to the boys and girls of the High School, but to all the boys and girls of the town. However, it ran so close to the school that its pupils seemed to have a special interest in the canal's icy surface. Has any one yet determined why this railroad was called the "Putty Railroad?" Was the road so loosely built that it might be likened to something held together by putty, or did its builders potter, or, as we sometimes say in Yankeeland, "putter" around during its construction?

In those far-away days John H. Haldeman was principal of the Green District School and Abner Gibbs of the High School. Mr. Haldeman had the faculty of personal intimacy with each of his scholars, and this gave him much more accurate knowledge of their several capacities and inclinations than that generally possessed by teachers. He had an unusual ability for imparting knowledge, a distinct sense of humor, a quiet dignified manner, a real interest in his pupils' welfare, and a character that left its impress upon the character of all who were under him. His interest in his pupils did not cease when they left the Green District School but followed them through life.

In the days when Mr. Gibbs was principal of the High School the old Academy Building formed a part of the High School Building. Most of us remember its bell tower, its distinctive New England architecture,

and some of us remember its walls, scratched or cut with the names of men long since passed to their fathers,—names that mean much in Westfield, of Bates and Noble, of Loomis and Fowler, of Taylor and many others.

Mr. Gibbs, himself, was doubtless the most forceful personality that the High School has ever known. Tall, gaunt, with eager, compelling eyes, sanguine disposition, enthusiastic in his work, unremitting in his effort, a dynamo of nervous energy, he has left his features and character indelibly impressed upon the memory and the character of his pupils. His work and influence were not bounded by the walls of the High School, but extended throughout the town. This was partly (but only partly) the result of lectures that he used to give upon scientific, semi-scientific and popular subjects to the townspeople, in which he frequently applied his learning to every day problems and discussions. I remember one dealing with food, cooking, and digestion—its title has escaped me—in which he stated that the popular notion then prevailing that it was dangerous to eat lobster and ice cream at the same meal was nonsense, a statement that created much comment in the households of the town. He believed that a certain amount of candy was good for growing boys and girls, and so stated to their parents. This was very popular doctrine with the younger generation and was frequently quoted by them in the family circle.

Mr. Gibbs possessed much sympathy, practical sense, a capacity for seeing the other fellow's position, and the kind of enthusiasm that is infectious and almost sure to touch a responsive cord in the hearts of others. To illustrate, his enthusiasm in chemistry was such that it inspired some of his pupils to do a great deal of extra work. Two of them, at least, in my class voluntarily toiled at night in the High School laboratory and performed practically all of the experiments that could there be performed which were outlined in their text-book.

He had to an unusual degree the faculty of inspiring a pupil to make his best effort by creating in his mind a feeling that it would disappoint Mr. Gibbs if he did not do so. He had a sense of humor, although it was rather dry and repressed. I remember coming up from Latin class one day and on the way picking up a tiny mouse which, upon reaching my seat, I dropped upon the floor without any particular thought of consequences. In a moment the school was in an uproar. Girls were standing on the seats and boys were making a vociferous effort to capture the mouse. For some time Mr. Gibbs was sure that the mouse had been released by another pupil and calling him by name, directed him to stand up and began to tell him most vigorously what he thought of the proceeding. Of course there was nothing for me to do but to arise and explain that I was

the guilty party. Mr. Gibbs became silent, the school was expectant, but after a moment or two of consideration, instead of taking me in hand as I expected, he told me he would see me after school. When we met he looked at me for some time, saying nothing, but with a twinkle in his eye, then finally he said: "You did the right thing to own up so promptly, but don't you think it was rather a silly performance?" I admitted it was. Mr. Gibbs said: "That is all," and the incident was closed. In my judgment he accomplished a great deal more than if he had talked for a long time.

Graduates of the High School, after going to college, where they were brought into competition with graduates of the best secondary schools, were apt to find themselves surprised at the knowledge they possessed of parliamentary practice, and by their comparative ability to debate and to take part in class meetings and things of that kind. This was due largely to the High School Lyceum and to the secret societies which were then a part of the school life. The Lyceum met once a week of an afternoon, was conducted according to Robert's Rules of Order or Cushing's Manual, and its exercises consisted of debates, recitations, essays, etc. A critic was appointed, and at the close of the other exercises made such criticisms as he or she was capable of making upon the work of the afternoon. The secret societies were Greek letter societies, but their mysteries lay wholly in the significance of their names, the password and the grip. They were in reality literary societies, extending the work of the Lyceum. Whatever objections to such societies may exist in other places, or may have existed at other times, in the High School, there was nothing objectionable to them in my day, and much that was highly beneficial. It used to be a favorite "stunt" for the presiding genius of the society to call a man on the floor, and then hand him a subject upon which it was his duty to speak for three minutes, or five, or ten, perhaps, as the subject seemed to demand. The facility acquired by some of the boys in this impromptu work was surprising. Among other things there were formal debates, and the question of woman's suffrage, the eight-hour day, and the respective merits of the pen and sword, were frequently decided. All business matters were seriously considered, so that the question of holding a "peanut Bum," and appropriations from the treasury therefor, was settled by the closest application of parliamentary rules.

Speaking of the Lyceum naturally recalls the Atheneum. It is difficult for those of the elder generation to think of the Westfield Atheneum still existing without Phineas Buell to manage it. What a democratic institution it was. There was no need to fuss there with cards or with clerks to find one's books. One might go by himself anywhere and do as every book

lover does and ought to do, pull down from the shelves the books fancied, look at them as long as he liked, read what he pleased, and then repeat. If one laughed too loud at the story of Tom Sawyer and his fence, or shuddered too deeply over the horrors of the "Watchers at the Threshold," there was no jarring voice to mar the delight either of his joy or of his fear, but a sympathetic librarian helped him out of his embarrassment by a kindly pressure upon the arm, and a sympathetic interest in his reading. Many were the wise suggestions that he gave to our younger generation as to authors and books, suggestions that were really introductions; and who can forget the man who has introduced him to Thackeray, to Dickens, and to Scott? Mr. Buell was much interested in phrenology, and I remember once introducing him to my grandfather. He immediately viewed our heads, remarked upon the similarity of their conformation, and stated that any one familiar with phrenology could tell our relationship. We went away, never explaining that it was a case of step-grandfather.

Among the names scratched upon the walls of the old Academy Building was that of Gillett. There are some men who fire the imagination of the young, and one of them was E. B. Gillett. I was quite young when I heard him speak in public, but I have yet a clear recollection of a striking countenance, aquiline features, powerful but pleasing voice, and impressive manners. Probably it was contrast that fixed this recollection so firmly in my mind, because the town was later visited by Benjamin F. Butler, who was then a candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts. Perhaps one expects too much of an ex-general and a gubernatorial candidate, but how far short of Mr. Gillett did he seem to me in dignity, appearance, language and thought!

Is elocution still taught in the High School? If so, who succeeds Miss McKenzie? Do the pupils still practice enunciation as she taught it in "Oh Thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my father!" Is voice tremor still taught in "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door?" The elocutionary work of the school used to be (very likely it is now, but I am speaking of the past) of a high order. Mr. Pratt, who was instructor in Latin and Greek, helped in this work and did much to give a decidedly elocutionary slant to the ambition of boys and girls alike, a slant that persisted for many years—indeed, it may persist now. Mr. Pratt was a quiet, effective teacher, a gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye and a dry wit that helped largely to encourage his pupils in times of stress, and to console them in times of adversity. He was a very real influence in the school.

No mention of the High School is complete that omits the name of Sarah Kneil. Her work and her influence were alike of the highest order. As

pupil and teacher for four years, and later as fellow teachers in the same school, her work and her personality impressed me vividly. I remember how amused she was one St. Patrick's Day, when the principal of the school basely deserted the other teachers and stayed away. The traditions of the school demanded that there be a lively demonstration on that day. As the sole male teacher, I was in charge. The school assembled verdant in green sashes, neckties and blouses, and, if I had not heard their footsteps coming up the stairs during devotions, "Ned" Miller and "Charlie" Little would have appeared in green coats and trousers. They were waylaid, however, upon the stairs and never permitted to reveal their glory to an expectant school. Returning to the schoolroom, we finished devotions and then it was firmly insisted that all articles of green be removed, and their resumption that day was forbidden under threat of direct penalties. Upon opening school in the afternoon we found that while these orders had been literally obeyed, everyone was then resplendent in orange.

Many are the changes during a period of fifty years. Little, if any, arbutus is now to be found in Lloyd's Woods, yet once it was the custom on "May Day" for the pupils of the lower grades to go out in a body to hunt for Mayflowers, and they usually went to "Lloyd's Woods," where an abundance of arbutus was sure to be found. Later in the season pink lady's slippers could be found in the same woods. How much farther from the Town Hall have arbutus and lady's slippers since retreated? Can one still gather wild grapes—say a bushel of them—just across the river from Crane's Mill? And then the trout—there's the real test! It is hard to realize that once upon a time the brooks close at home, such as Powder Mill, Tannery, Sandy Mill, even Hundred Acres Brook, yielded trout, and, on good days, a good basket to a patient fisherman. Hundred Acres Brook, you know, is just the other side of Little River and is very close to the center of the town. One misty day in May, when there was one session in the High School, there was taken from that brook in the afternoon, following the close of school, a creel nearly full of trout—good sized fish, light colored, almost silvery, with subdued spots—such trout as from time immemorial have run up from the sandy bottom of Little River into its tributary streams.

No more lovable character ever lived in Westfield than Henry Fuller, lovable for his honesty, the genuine kindness of his disposition, and for his absent-mindedness. While teaching in the High School I was studying in his law office during vacations, and came to know him intimately. "Squire" Fuller always wore a silk hat and dark coat after the old school of lawyers, carried a cane, and invariably entered his office on mornings

smoking a cigar. He was practically certain to lay down his hat, his cane, and his cigar upon his desk, and then his cane was practically certain to fall upon the floor, and the cigar when resumed, had about an even chance of having its lighted end placed in Mr. Fuller's mouth, evoking his favorite exclamation: "By Godfrey! By Godfrey!" He had a very high sense of duty to his clients, and was very loyal to their interests.

Do the young people of the present generation have as much genuine fun as did those of these older times? One doubts it. Probably the things then called fun would not seem so now. How many of the young people today would enjoy getting up at daybreak and driving out to Southwick Ponds for pond lilies, and returning home in time for school. Yet the recollection of some such mornings, when the girls provided sandwiches and cocoa and we drove in the early sunrise out across the plains to Southwick, comes back to me again and again when I am on the trout streams at early dawn in the Northern woods. The enjoyment of those days was not of the automobile, moving-picture shows, or dances in hotel lobbies. There were dances enough, to be sure, sleighrides and bus-rides to Blandford, to Russell, and to Salmon Falls, and dancing there to the tune of Ben Chadwick's concertina and under the inspiration of his prompting; dancing likewise in the big hall out at Frank Atwater's, the same hall where we all understood that George Washington was once entertained. Then there were the excursions, sometimes called picnics, along the various beauty spots that line the little River as it comes tumbling down the rocks from the "dry bridge." There was not only some, but there was a great deal of social life among the young people of the town then, and some of us believe that it was more vivid and enjoyable than it is now, because its enjoyment was dependent upon the capacity of the young people to amuse themselves, and led them to develop their own resources.

After all, the "Old Town" is always the "Old Town," because there is no place like home. As the years progress, the farther one is removed from its activities, the firmer do recollections of the home town remain in one's mind. Does anybody born of Westfield ever see a whip, whether in a wagon or offered for sale in a shop, that he does not examine it to make sure that it was made in Westfield and to find out who made it?

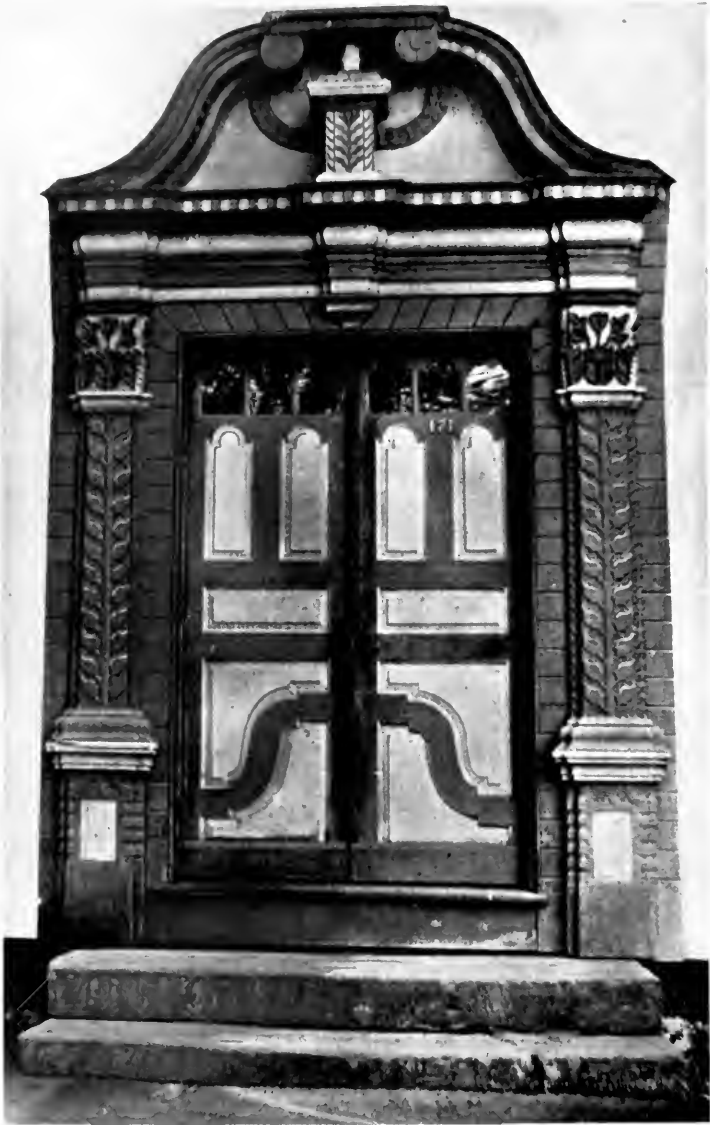


Photo by M. O. T. Coleman

The Doorway of the Fowler Tavern

Built about 1760

Now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City

THE DOORWAY

FRANCES FOWLER

Over that threshold, in and out,
In haste and leisure, brisk and spent,
With counsel stern, or eager shout,
The land's defenders came and went.
More than a hundred years it stood
A landmark for the countryside,
With stone-like figures carved in wood.
(Perhaps the worker had in mind
Some English homestead left behind),
We held it dear in heedless pride.
We cared, but did not care enough;
And one day, ere we were aware,
Through fault of none, or fault of all,
The Doorway was no longer there!

No blessing that the gods can send,
No treasure that the earth can yield,
Is better than a faithful friend,
And nothing needs a stronger shield.
A thoughtless word, a selfish act,
Will bring the heart to aching-point,
Too great demands, too little tact,
May strain the tie to breaking-point.
We care, but do not care enough;
The flower is bruised that once was fair,
And, fault of both, or fault of one,
The Friendship is no longer there!

Oh, my beloved country! Speak
With every power at thy command,
With beacon-flash from peak to peak,
To every heart in every land!
For all our plans of earthly good
Truth is the only sure control,
And universal brotherhood
Depends on each and every soul.
We care, but we must care enough,
And, humbly watchful, greatly dare
'Gainst fault of each, and fault of all
Lest Freedom be no longer there!

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