INTERVIEW WITH FLORA ADRIANCE
October 1979

Barbara Jenkins, Interviewer
Helen Stone, her daughter, present

BJ = Barbara Jenkins
FA = Flora Adriance
Original transcription by Barbara Jenkins

BJ: They tell me your mother was postmistress. Does that mean you lived in Pelham most of your life?

FA: Off and on. I started school here and I ended school here.

BJ: And your father did some sawmill work? Is that why you traveled around? Connecticut, I think.

FA: Yes, he started a sawmill.

BA: Somebody else talked about that, and I wondered what it was like. How often did you move?

FA: Well, he'd go on to a lot somewhere. He'd buy a lot, and he'd go and saw it off. They'd cut it, and draw it in to the mill and he'd saw it off. When that was sawed off, he'd move it on to another lot that somebody wanted him on.

BJ: Would that take several months or weeks?

FA: It all depended on how much they had to saw. He had a big mill. It took sometimes four pairs of horses, sometimes six to drive it.

BJ: So you'd have to move and change schools quite often?

FA: When we were in Manchester, Connecticut, I think it was, one place in Connecticut, I didn't go to school all winter. We were in the woods two miles from the main road. We lived in a shanty when we were out with the mill. He always built a new shanty wherever he went. We always lived in a shanty.

BJ: Did he do that around here, too?

FA: Mostly in Connecticut.

BJ: I know some people had wood lots around here. Did he try to do it here first and there wasn't enough wood, or why did you go to Connecticut?

FA: I don't know where he did start.

HS: He did the Governor's Woods, didn't he?

FA: Yes, he did. He cut off the Governor's Woods (what was that?). The Governor's Lot, they called it. It was off over this way. In Pelham or Packardville?

HS: I think in both. You go down to Alfred Frost's and take that road that goes up across from Alfred's. Doesn't that road go clear to Packardville or does it just come down to …?

FA: I don't know how far it goes.

BJ: But it's down in that area where Quabbin is now? (Yes) Did that mean that the state owned some woods—is that why it was called the Governor's Woods?

FA: I don't know who did own it.

BJ: Were you born here in Pelham?

FA: I was born in Granby, Connecticut. The mill was down there at that time. (He was traveling even then?) Oh, yes.

BJ: Was he from this area?

FA: He was born in Belchertown. My mother was born in Shutesbury. (So this was kind of a home area for them.) Yes, he bought the place up here on the hill, the one where Walkers used to live. You know where Walkers used to live? You go straight across #202; it's the first house on the right hand side going down the hill. There's no house there now. He bought that years ago. (Before you were born?) No. (That's where you lived when you were up here?) When I started school, we lived up here.

BJ: You started school in the Pelham Hollow (East School). Is that the same as the Pelham Hollow School?

FA: Same one, I think.

HS: There wasn't any Pelham Hollow School. Just the East School. The Pelham Hollow kids came up there to school.

BJ: There were different schools at different times.

HS: There were two or three in West Pelham. One where Mrs. Wzorek's mother lives. Then the Community Hall.

BJ: Was the East School down the hill?

FA: About a mile.

BJ: I think that must be the same one that some people have referred to as the Pelham Hollow School because they both say it's a mile down there. It sounds like there was just the one.

HS: Didn't Dad say there was right in there where Carleton lives?

FA: I think he did say something, but I never knew about it.

HS: By Carleton Robinsons's. Just this side of the church.

BJ: I don't think I ever heard of that one, and I though I'd heard of every school in Pelham!

[Mrs. Adriance here starts to show the Interviewer pictures in two Pelham historical booklets. Portions of her comments are included in this transcript, but much of what she mentions is omitte4d because it is difficult to understand what she is referring to. Reference to the original tape may be made.]

FA: Here's a picture of the East School. That's the Packardville Church. This is the West Pelham Church. (The East School is shown on the "road to the Hollow.") That's the West Pelham School where Mrs.Wzorek lives. This is the South School down on #202. Alice Collis taught there. I don't see her picture there. (1934)

HS: She must have been there if it was 1934.

FA: There's Grace Collis, Alice's sister. Maybe she just had the kids.

BJ: How many years were you in that East School?

FA: I couldn't tell you. When the mill was in Connecticut, I went to school in Connecticut.

BJ: Do you have any idea how many years you were down in Connecticut?

FA: Nope.

BJ: Did you finish school in East School? (Yes) Eighth grade?

FA: Don't ask me what grade. My mother was sick. She couldn't take care of the Post Office. I was 16, I think. I stayed home and took care of the store. The store was there, too. The Post Office was in the store. I took care of the store and Post Office and her, and she said if I didn't want to go back to school, I didn't have to. Did you ever see a kid that wanted to go back? Maybe they do nowadays, but then I didn't. So I didn't go back.

BJ: So you never went in town to school or any different school? (No) And you stopped to care of the store?

FA: I took care of the store when she was sick. I don't think there's a picture of the store in here. It was tore down before then. That's this school up here (Rhodes School). My son drew that picture with pen and ink. (Artists in your family. Here's the West Pelham City School.

BJ: This is the one that replaced the one that burned and the one that was right there until they built the brick one.

FA: Here's the fish rod factory, the way it used to look.

BJ: Did you ever work there? (No, I never worked anywhere. My father wouldn't let me.) Your father didn't want you to leave home? (Nope)

FA: These are the coal kilns down to Pelham Hollow. (Do you remember those coal kilns?) Yes, lots of times. There's a picture of the Collises standing on the site of the old Conkey Tavern.

BJ: That's a picture of Daniel Shay's highway, hmm?

FA: That's on the way to school. (Road looks different, doesn't it?) Yes it does. Probably weren't no macadam road there, then. There didn't used to be any road like this here. When I was young, it was like sand out there. Five, six, seven, eight inches deep where you had to drive through it.

BJ: Was Mr. Adriance a Selectman or on any boards?

FA: He was on School Committee for quite a while. He was a measurer of wood and lumber many years ago. That one (in photo) used to live in the building we got for a garage. It was right across the road from the church, on the other side of #202.

BJ: When were you born? (1891)

FA: Here's the old Quaker Meeting House. (I didn't know they knew where that was.) You know where Vernum Bray lives, down here by the little pond. It's right off—just below his house you go down beyond those new houses. It's there on

his land. There's a stone wall coming out to the road. You follow that stone wall—it's down there—it was somewhere. Mrs. Taylor knows where it is.

BJ: I know where the graveyard is because we went out there one night with the Historical Society. Mr. Bigelow had gone and made them clearer because they're just little stones so it's harder to see them. He's done a lot of work on determining who is buried there. I suppose the Meeting House was close by there some place. You mentioned that your garage was over on that side. Didn't you also have some sort of barn that was once a ballroom?

FA: That's it, the garage out here. It was the Kingman Tavern.

BJ: You remember being in that before it was torn down?

FA: I've danced in the dance hall. It went the whole length of that building. Dad had his incubator stuff up there, you know, when we had chickens up there. (Did it still have a fancy floor?) No.

BJ: What else was that building like besides having that big dance floor? Did somebody live there after that?

FA: Mary Keith lived there. (When you were there, was it a private home at that time?) Yes. Robinsons lived there. (What kind of a dance was it—like a square dance?) Yes.

HS: They used to have dances there, once a year. When did they have those dances? Was it in the summer or was it in the fall? I can't remember.

FA: I told you—I'm not good at remembering everything. That woman used to live down in Pelham Hollow. They call her "Fashionable Mrs. Charles Davis." (Do you remember her as looking fashionable?) Yes, she looked just like that.

BJ: I didn't realize anybody would look so fashionable living down in Pelham Hollow. That's kind of far away from …

FA: You go down to where the water comes up to the corner there, and she lived right across on the other side where the road turned to go out toward Enfield. She lived right there in a big house.

HS: It wasn't far away in those times. It was quite a little center.

BJ: When you lived up there across the road, were there quite a few houses there?

FA: No.

HS: Of course there were. There were the Boyntons and Raymond Robinsons and there were Keiths, and …

BJ: And then there weren't many houses as you walked down to school?

FA: One. My uncle lived down there. (Looking at the photographs in the book again.) He's the old stage. Lysander Ward used to drive the mail—go to Amherst and get the mail and bring it up to the Post Office. And that's what it was—the surrey with the fringe on top.

BJ: Is that when your mother was Postmistress, during that time? (Yes) There's Gladys Reed on a double-rip. Did you ever do that?

FA: Lots of times. There wasn't no such automobiles as there is now. We'd start up here on Pelham Hollow, and go clear two miles down the road—glare ice. Right down to Pelham Hollow, right down to where the water was—the bridge was. (Did you ever go down the hill toward Amherst?) No, we used to go that way to Pelham Hollow and then we'd walk up Prescott Hill and come down that side. (Two miles all in one trip?) Sure and walk back. We didn't make it too many times in one night. (That sounds like a lot of fun.) I had one of those. I used to steer it down there once in a while. (Was it at all dangerous?) Of course it was. We didn't think so.

BJ: What's that? I never heard of that.

FA: That's Hamilton's Maternity Home on Harkness Road. (Do you remember that?) Sure. (Is that house still there?)

HS: It's still there. I can't tell you now who owns it. It's on the left hand side across from Yegians.

FA: First Pelham Men's Club. They had that place upon Shutesbury Road, up quite a little ways. They were up in the woods on the right hand side. Just up by the Pelham line. (They don't have that anymore, do they?) Nope. (What did they do?) Just a men's club.

[There is a break between the subject matter of Side 1 of tape and subject matter on Side 2. We had been discussing home remedies.]

SIDE 2

BJ: I asked Sally Shepard where her family got skunk's oil because they used it on children's chests for a cold remedy too, and she said, "I don't know. My father didn't catch skunks"!

FA: Herbert and I used to go skunk hunting at night. He'd take them and dress them off. When he wanted to get the oil out of them, he'd dress them so that he'd take

the stink bag—whatever it was—out. You wouldn't know it was a skunk. It was the nicest smelling meat I ever cooked! Just as white as chalk. I never tried to eat any of it—just did it for the oil. Just for the kids. When we run out of skunk's oil, we'd get another one. A lot of those old things people used to use. They didn't know what they're using nowadays.

BJ: So you used skunk's oil for colds?

FA: Yes, and mustard plasters. (How did you do that?) Mixed it up with mustard. (Water and mustard?) I think so. Then put it on a cloth and then put it on the chest. You couldn't leave it too long because it would burn if you did. (Remember anything else you did?) Used to give you some of that—what was that cold medicine? I can't think of the name of it. You kids used to like it.

BJ: When you lived back here in what you called the shanty behind the house, how did you do your wash? Did you do it on a board?

FA: I did it on a board, yes, to begin with and then Mr. Hamilton got a new washing machine, and he gave me a couple of them. He had some that would go around like this, you know, and you'd put your clothes in a thing that was in the inside. You shut the cover and the water went around the outside. And that went round and round when you could run it. We used to bring the wood sawing machine up by the back door, and when we wanted to wash clothes, we took the saw off the mandle and put the washing machine belt on. (It was a little power motor then?) Big power motor! We used to run it with the engine we sawed wood with. And I'd do my washing outdoors. (It was a lot easier than doing it with a board.) Oh, sure it was. You had your clothes all in this inside thing—it was inside the machine.

BJ: Was that pretty much an all day job?

FA: No, it wasn't too bad. They used to boil them on the stove in a boiler, too.

HS: When you washed on a board, it seems like I remember that it took you all morning anyway.

FA: We used to boil them in a boiler on the stove. (You boiled them before you did them on the board or what?) Boil them first. (Did you have a wringer?) Hand wringer.

BJ: You mentioned doing the skunk oil and cooking up those skunks—how did you catch the skunks?

FA: He had a dog, and we'd take the dog out and then shoot them. (You were out there too?) Sure. (Were you a good hunter?) I guess I was a good hunter, pretty good. I used to go deer hunting. I got three of them. (Did you learn that growing

up—were you an outdoors person?) I was always out running around the woods. When I got old enough to get a license, my father told me if I'd go up to get a license—the Town Clerk used to give the licenses and I went up and got the license and he give me the gun. I got a little 28 gauge gun—double barrel. I got it now. Oh, I used to go hunting. Sometimes I'd go alone, sometimes somebody's go with me.

BJ: Did you and your husband provide a lot of your meat that way?

FA: No, we used to give most of it away. We don't like deer meat. He liked it a little, but I don't like deer meat.

BJ: How about pheasants and things like that?

FA: I don't like wild game. I used to cook some of it, but I don't like it.

BJ: Did you always have a lot of chickens or was that in more recent years? And sheep?

FA: No, we never had any sheep. My son's the sheep man. We had chickens, and I teased him to get me an old hen house, and a brooder that's run by a lamp. And I teased him to get me a hundred white leghorns. We he got me a hundred white leghorns, and I raised 80 pullets out of the hundred. And they kept us in groceries all winter. We took the eggs to Amherst and sold them and put the money into groceries. He said that if I could do that with chickens, he didn't see why he couldn't so he started in buying a few chickens and I kept taking care of them. He got up to 4,000, wasn't it? It was so many I couldn't take care of them alone so I give up taking care of them. I used to carry—we had a wall outside and an outside pump. I had to carry the water. The chickens, if they weren't way out in the back lot, they were out here in the other lot over here where I had brooder houses—around so many chickens in the brooder house. And the brooder stove—coal brooder stove—and I had to keep those a'goin. The chickens were under the brooder stove. They had to hover over them. I started in the chicken business. He got so he didn't do much with them. Harry had a few fancy chickens. He's got a few now, but not many.

BJ: Was your husband a farmer or what else was he doing?

FA: Well, he run this farm. He raised corn and potatoes. He worked in the sawmill down to the Pelham Hollow for awhile. I did the work here, and drove the cattle. Used to let the cattle out and yoke them and let them go together. The last yoke we got was what you call a slide yoke. Big heavy yoke. I'd get it on one, and other one would run away.

BJ: I sounds like you liked to be outside though.

FA: I was always outside.

BJ: But you still probably had to do things like canning and things like that.

FA: Oh yes. We had this fire down cellar one time, and I had 600 cans I'd just finished. They come in and stuck the hose through the cellar window on that side right into a cupboard full of cans. (Ruined them all?) Most of them. (What all did you can?) Everything. Everything that you raise on a farm in a garden and some things you get out in the woods. (What would you pick in the woods?) Berries.

BJ: Do you know much about mushrooms and things like that?

FA: I don't know anything about mushrooms.

BJ: I asked Sally Shepard about canning and she said they canned fruits, but they didn't can vegetables for a long time.

FA: I canned everything. Vegetables and everything.

BJ: I was surprised when she said that because I thought you would can everything.

FA: Canned corn and beans, peas, everything. Sometimes I canned chicken.

BJ: Did you grow the garden too?

FA: When he worked in the sawmill, I took care of the garden alone. Twas down in back of the barn—that whole big lot down there. I took care of that. That's where I hitched up the cattle. Went down and loaded on the pumpkins and things on the stone boot and brought them up.

BJ: By what you grew here, did you pretty much provide what you needed?

FA: No, we always had to buy some things.

BJ: Did you bake too?

FA: Yes, did a little of everything.

BJ: That's what I envy about people who are older—they learned how to do everything.

HS: She had to do her own baking. They were poor when we were kids. They had to do these things. We didn't think we were poor.

BJ: You said your husband worked in the Armory in Springfield, and then did he come out here to this place?

FA: Yes. (Did he decide he wanted to farm?) Well, he farmed here and then he worked for the sawmill down to Pelham Hollow for awhile. Bring in more money.

HS: He worked for the town too, on the roads and things like that. Had a lot of roads that needed tending. Lots more mileage than there is now. Because it took in all of Pelham Hollow, those back roads.

BJ: There are a lot of roads up where I live on North Valley Road—Robinson Road and Brewer Road—there used to be roads where there aren't any now. Does that brook up on North Valley where the mill used to be have a name?

FA: Where you go across the bridge down here and go down the hill?

HS: We always called it Brewer Brook, but that's not Sawmill Hill. It's not Amethys.

FA: It's not Amethyst because Amethyst crosses Pelham Road.

HS: Brewer Brook, that's what we always called it.

FA: Must be because there's Brewer Swamp up there. Brewers had a house up there. I used to go there in the afternoon. Louise Brewer used to live down the other side of Buster Willson. She used to live up that little road. There was a house up there. I used to go up there and make pictures with her. That blueprint in here I made up there with her. (So photography has been going on in this house quite awhile? (Her son teaches photography currently.) You ask Harry what started him and he tells them his mother.

BJ: That's how I got my interest in photography. There are old pictures in books that my father, grandmother and great-grandmother took.

FA: I bet you don't make any of those! Louise and I used to make a lot of those. You just put them into a little frame and let the sun shine on them just so long. Then you develop them in water.

BJ: Who is in this picture?

FA: That's up in Town Hall. That's Sadie Mitchell right there. That's the woman who used to keep house for this woman right there. Mrs. Boynton. That's Herbert's mother there, that's my mother,, that's Mrs. Cook. That baby—that was my brother's wife and the baby.

BJ: That's really something, to have those old pictures. Did you take this picture then?

FA: I took this picture, yes.
BJ: What kind of camera?

FA: I've still got it. A Brownie, a box. I got it in school. They gave it to me for something. I don't remember what. (For a prize?) Yes. (But you don't remember what you did good?) No, but I've still got it.

BJ: So this Miss Brewer was interested in making pictures too?

FA: Louise Brewer, yes sure she was.

BJ: Did you do all of them that way or did you have a darkroom?

FA: No, we made black and white ones.

BJ: Was she older than you? (Oh, yes.) And she was already doing pictures like this?

FA: I don't know how old she was. She had two braids of hair—she always had her hair braided and if she let it down, it'd hang right down to her heels.

BJ: And she lived there with her brother?

FA: Her brother, John Brewer.

BJ: Did her mother live there too?

FA: I don't remember her mother, do you?

HS: I don't even remember the Brewers!

FA: No, you didn't know John Brewer or Louise. Louise used to live in the first house the other side of the parsonage. In West Pelham. No, wait a minute.

HS: You don't mean Ted's (Boyden). Guy Reed's house.

FA: They lived in the one this side of there. Boydens. Louise used to live in that one, Boydens.

BJ: So you were interested in photographs then when you were pretty young?

FA: Yes, I used to take a lot of pictures. My granddaughter took that one)gesturing to a chair). Oh, I guess I moved it. (She gets up to show me and tells me that it is of a high blooming cereus which she has in her greenhouse.) I got three or four of them. I got the big one—that one has blooms on it. That blossoms about nine o'clock at night, and they're all gone in the morning.

BJ: When did you start growing plants? Have you always been interested?

FA: I had a little greenhouse made of plastic first out there. I had it so the plants were running out the door almost. They said if I was going to do that they'd build me another one. So they built this one. Now I got that loaded so there isn't any room in it.

BJ: Do you have a particular interest in certain kinds of plants?

FA: Everything. I got bougainvillea up in the back corner. It goes clear up to the glass up to the top.

BJ: That's something. Have you ever seen it grow where it's warm?

FA: No, but I've got two or three plants of it now. (Do people bring you plants?) A woman from Springfield went down and she sent me slips—Florida. I can keepit growing. Blossoms like anything.

BJ: How old were you when you were doing these pictures?

FA: 18 or something like that.

BJ: Did you draw too?

FA: Not much.

BJ: Did you keep taking pictures and developing them yourself?

FA: Yes, I did. (Here, too) No. (Just when you were younger?) Yes. (So do you have pictures of your children and all?) No. (You weren't doing that after you were married?) No, I had something else to do. I had three kids to take care of. Helen's the oldest one. Helen's 61.

BJ: How old are you then?

FA: In December I'll be 88. Sally (Shepard) and I were pretty close together. (Did you know her growing up?) Yes. (You went to the school down here together?) I knew her when she lived down here and she was married to Fred Shepard. I knew her when she was home and a Ward, didn't I?

HS: She always lived down there, Charlie Ward? She always lived in the same place? She said it was on the right of #202) No. Then they moved down below to South Valley Road.) Oh, they did.

BJ: You didn't mention anything about school except that you were happy to leave. Do you have any other memories from school? You didn't like school that well?

FA: I liked school all right, but when I got out of it, I was willing to stay out.

BJ: Do you remember any particular things that went on in school? Some of the fellows talk about the trouble they got into.

FA: We could get into fights enough. (You too, huh?) Yeees!

BJ: That's good to hear because they say that the girls were over somewhere playing jump rope while they were getting into trouble.

FA: They had a big colored fellow down there—he was half colored I guess. He lived up here in the parsonage at the time. Name was Lorenzo Tyler. He thought he was something, but when he'd get fighting with me, I'd fill my dinner pail with snow. I had one of them tin pails with a cover on it. I'd fill it with snow, and I'd go after him and chase him right off into the woods. Then they'd have to wait for him to come home wondering where he was.

HS: I don't think the girls played by themselves. They didn't when I went to school.

FA: No!

BJ: I think they took care of themselves. I think that's the men's remembering. They don't want to think that the girls were …

FA: Was it them or was it old Keep had Tom Copes, another colored fellow? He was black. He used to come down there where the house was on #202 there. There was a big barn there, and there was a big place that went right down from the barn floor, kind of a bay that went clear down to the dirt. We had chickens down there, and we used to go from there and we'd make a tunnel right straight through the hay. We used to play down there in the hay, and I forgot what else we did down there, but he used to comedown and play with us in the barn and in the hay. We had chickens in that place.

BJ: You've mentioned a couple of colored or black people and once in awhile I hear about that too. There probably weren't too many here, but they lived in that area?

HS: State wards.

BJ: State wards? Both of them were? They lived with people here?

FA: Mrs. Davis down to the Hollow had some. How many did she have?

HS: I don't know. I don't even know Mrs. Davis.

FA: She had some. Keeps had three or four.

HS: Gullys. I've heard you speak of Gullys having some.

FA: Mrs. Gully had a lot of them up there in the parsonage, up where Wickwires live. That's the parsonage. Oh, I know what I was looking for. Pictures of the hotel.

BJ: Pelham Hotel!

FA: You know where Wickwires live? Right between Wickwires and #202 Road. Now there's quite a little place between the front door of the Wickwires and the road. That set right back there.

BJ: It says the 1800s. Was that still there when you remember?

FA: Yes, I was up there. Jack Cook was running it at that time. Us kids was up there, and he came out and threw candy off of this porch right here for us kids to catch and pick up. You see that house, the Wickwire house, is right here almost to the corner of the hotel. But that's the Pelham Hotel.

BJ: Was it a hotel when you were a child?

FA: Sure. (People would just stay there on their way on Daniel Shay's Highway?) I suppose so. I never knew of anyone staying there, but we knew the people that lived there. Cook, Jack Cook. The Adriance place up here was the Cook place too.

BJ: Did you work in the Post Office too, or just the store?

FA: I worked in the store, but if anybody wanted the mail, I'd give it to them. How did the mail go out? She couldn't get out of bed and take care of it. Maybe my father took care of it, I don't know. I know when anybody come and wanted the mail, I'd usually give it to them.

BJ: That probably was a General Store with everything in it, right?

FA: Yes.

HS: There are pictures of Charlie Willson's store down here on the corner.

BJ: That's Bud Willson's father?

FA: Yes. I don't think I ever saw a picture of it.

BJ: He talked about it and Paul Campbell talked about it, but I don't think I've seen any pictures of it either.

FA: It was right up beside Paul Campbell's. (That's what I understand. Mr. Willson might have a picture of it. He had a lot of pictures that he showed me, but I can't

remember.) I don't see Buster much anymore. He used to go up by with his old Ford once in awhile.

BJ: You call him Buster, huh?

FA: I always called him Buster. (I thought everybody called him Bud.) We always called him Buster.

BJ: He's always got one of his old cars going around town, He's got that Edsel and the Cadillac and that old black—is that a Ford? Well, let's stop here.

INFORMATION SHEET

Daniel Henry Allen
Born: August 12, 1904
Place of Birth: Northampton, MA
Mother's Name: Georgeanna Wood Conway
Father's Name: Frank Sherman Allen
Date of Interview: May 30, 1979

BJ = Barbara Jenkins, Interviewer
DA = Daniel Allen

BJ: You were saying you were born in Northampton, then.

DA: Yes, in August 12, 1904, and my folks were housekeeping, I think it was Central Chambers. They had small apartments there. My father worked for Shumway, Riley…

BJ: Shumway and Riley?

DA: Yeh, plumbing concern—he was a plumber. In those days plumbers and steamfitters were kinda together in the trade. In fact, there is a roof that my father put on, a metal (they worked with metal) and, uh, there's a roof up here on, can't think of it, the town tax collector's house right below the school, Nicolay. Dad put that on there years after he worked with Shumway and Riley.

BJ: Okay, so you were born in Northampton, and your father was a plumber. How did you get over here?

DA: Oh, ah, Mr. Jack Keefe, Jack and Lil Keefe, lived in the apartment there, and they were married about the same time, and started off in life in the apartment, and uh, as I said, in Central Chambers, and Mr. Jack Keefe bought property in Hadley on the east side of the common above what's now the fire station, above the old Hadley Hotel, and he bought a great deal of land there, and a house, and my dad went in business with a man by the name of Arthur Woodard in Amherst, and they went to live in Mr. Jack Keefe's house for awhile; in fact, that's where I lived when I started going to school; school in the first grade to the little schoolhouse that'' still there on that street—I forget the name of it, West Street? It's where the little schoolhouse was a Miss Hastings was our teacher. In fact we gave the society in hadley a copy of the picture of the class of Miss Hastings including myself and my sisters and the other classmates who were in that elementary school at the time, and they made one or more copies, extra copies, and gave them to us. Well, anyway, my dad and Arthur Woodard had a place of business in Amherst right in back of what's Aubuchon's store now, Boltwood Walk, and that was their plumbing shop, and we still lived in Hadley at that time, I remember. My sister rode in one Centennial parade, and my dad had a horse and express wagon filled with yardsticks with Allen, Woodard and Company, Plumbing, Heating, and so forth right on the yardsticks, and they were passing them out as they were along in the parade. Less than fifty years after that, I drove a fire truck from Pelham over just to have Pelham represented in their next fifty years' celebration, and, that was kind of an historical event. Now, how I got to b4e here might be interesting. My grandfather died, my father had a brother, George who in the—he was a plumber. He was in business with a man by the name of Ward in Athol for awhile, and he got through there and went to work for Mutual Plumbing and heating Company which was an old company in Amherst, were there for a long time, supposed to be a very reliable company. Well, when my Gramp died, Uncle George says, "Frank, I'd rather not come here to live. Wouldn't it be handy for you to live and set up your business there in the barn and

old shop, and you take over the place, so he bought his brother's half—well, no, that was, that was—he came to live with my grandmother.

BJ: So this was your grandparents' place right here?

DA: Yes, this right here.

BJ: I see.

DA: And after my grandmother—(you're going to have a hell of a job picking—straightening this out), anyway, uh, Gram didn't live long after Gramp went. Then is when the two boys, Frank and George, uh, sold half of it to Frank; Frank had a $900 mortgage put on it. When it was originally bought, it was only about $900 for the house and the land which consisted of 15 acres. And, that mortgage was there for a good many years, but we finally got it paid off, back in my wife's day, and after my mother died, I guess. But I—we came here at the time I entered third grade and the third grade was in what is now the Community Hall. At that time was known as the West School of Pelham; and you went upon a flat before you get to the West Pelham Church, and hat school there was considered the Pelham City School, and go on over and down the hill a little ways by Deck Bend.

BJ: By what?

DA: Deck Bend.

BJ: Where's that?

DA: Well, it's a little bend (laughs) just by the road that led out to Costello's place going down in Pelham Hollow, right over the hill and down, right over past the big tavern and the—whose store was it—there's a picture of it there (Boynton's store).

BJ: Um-hum, I forget.

DA: And, uh, well anyway, that was those schools, and there was one was South School that was down by the high tension on Route 202. There was another schoolhouse, known, I guess, as the Pelham Valley School. That was up almost across from Ledlerle lives now up in the valley, and there's one of the school benches just rotting away under that window in my house; nobody ever got that interested in it. Well, that school up there was taken down by a man—happened to be my uncle's father—what was his name—lived over just east if Len page on Jones Road—and he lived in that with his wife quite awhile—that was Ernest Graves, and Owen Graves, that was my uncle, and, oh, a bunch of Graves. And hat's about the first part of the schools as I knew them when I came to Pelham. But I don't remember ever seeing that building up in the valley because they discontinued the use of it, and about as far up as we went in elementary school

was up to decorate the graves in the Pelham Valley Cemetery. And, oh, was it ever hot to trudge up there in the spring on those dusty old roads on Decoration Day…

BJ: The school kids all did that or…?

DA: Oh yeah, oh yeah, the elementary school at the Community Hall. I don't remember meeting—oh, they probably went from other schools to other graveyards, because we've got about seven of them in town.

BJ: Your grandparents were here, and how much before that did you have relatives here?

DA: Well, my grandfather was here, but my grandfather came from Block Island—no wait a minute—no, down on the Cape, down on the Cape. They brought this furniture in the house that they brought up on ox sled, and my grandfather's wife was Augusta Sprague.

BJ: Augusta Sprig?

DA: Sprague. I guess he got in touch with her down there. What in the world in was doing down there I don't know, but when I first knew him he lived here and worked on the abutting property which was the Fishrod Factory. He was a pretty lively old fella. They used to tell how he'd start out and go down the hill on a jog and they didn't do those things.

BJ: He would have been right in tune these days.

DA: Wouldn't he, wouldn't he. Now that's for sure. Now, I could talk about Community Hall, which is quite an interesting subject if I can recall it. In 1960, I got interested through being one of the committee one of the last committees of the Community Hall and they asked me if I would help get the Community Hall fund into the hands of the town fathers or something and they got over here to make out the proper papers and I approached the bank. I got that done just a few years ago. They chose me because one of the last committees consisted of my wife and I, Bert Page and his wife, Frank Prescott and his wife, and, uh, I've got all that written up somewhere, and uh, who was that fella who used to write up such a nice report, secretary's report—Cooley, Ed Cooley. He lived up at the foot of Thornton Hill, opposite the Shaw place. And, affadavit I think is what they made out stating that I, being Mr. Allen, being on the last committee. And I got into the bank there, looking it up and talking to these peoplem and there was a few hudnred dollars and Pelham wanted to get it in their hands, because the Community Hall association as such had dissolved and Len Page was the slectman, and were in there one day and I made some remark about something Len said, and I said, "Let's talk to him on the phone," and we got him on the phone where he worked, and the information that he gave us saved a lot of

advertising procedures, so the bank had the right to turn that money over without much to-do.

BJ: What was the Community Hall used for besides a school?

DA: Oh, town committees, in fact they had the town safe; they built an addition on one side of it for the town safe; one of those that's up in the town building now or over at the town building here. And I believe I started my write-up in 1960 on the first finance committee. That's when the first finance committee meeting was started.

BJ: Was it still being used as a school at that time?

DA: No, no. They had the two-room schoolhouse across the street. They had it 'til I burned it down.

BJ: Burned it down?

DA: Yes, ma'am.

BJ: How did you do that?

DA: Just started a fire.

BJ: You just felt like it or how did it happen?

DA: Well, I'll tell you. I stated that my dad was a plumber, steamfitter, and tinsmith. Tinsmith included the making of ducts for conveying heat in heating systems, and, he didn't get the contract. The Mutual Plumbing got the contract. The town had my dad, being a plumber, inspect it. At the time he inspected it, he said, "I don't like the way it's put in, it will burn down some day." Well, I really didn't do it to keep my dad's word. The way it happened was this: along about the first week in December, in fact, the first full week in December for a number of years was the opening of deer season. Of course, every red-blooded countryman, you kow, including the members of the town that should have been on hand in normal conditions to help put out a fire, worked in the Fishrod Factory and they were all out hunting deer. And Mr. Arthur Jones, a longtime school committee member, had his son, Robrrt, come up and tell me to go up—I being an aorphan, you know, I had lost my Dad, and the town was all for helping everybody, and they gave me the job of janitor of the two-room school building, and God, I don't know how old I was, I wasn't over 14 I don't believe. The instructions were to go up and build a fire in the schoolhouse and turn the heat all down in the basement, so that the water pipes wouldn't freeze. Well, the way that was done, you just closed the heat off in the ducts going upstairs. So, they had wood stoves, and I had a fire. I had built a fire there, and my neighbor, Percy Thornton, he was a very studious lad, he couldn't read anything without stopping, and seeing any writing t all he'd

read it, and then he'd stop, and he'd get interested and then he'd pick it up and sit down, and he'd have to read it before we could go out and get to play. That was awful disgusting to me 'cause I couldn't read fast as you could kick a pumpkin.

BJ: Kick a what?

DA: Kick a pumpkin.

BJ: Kick a pumpkin**.**

DA: I left him down there sitting near the furnace reading something that's picked up there in the line of a newspaper or whatever it was, and I went up and swept the room on the west side towards Amherst, then I went down and I went to fire up before I came home for lunch. I reached over to open the furnace door, and as I did I could see a blaze above the furnace, and I says, "For heavens sake, Percy, it's all afire over the furnace." With that we both started, and I went back up to the room where I was, and I didn't see anything, and I started back out to the corridor, which was on the north side, and I met Percy in the hall. He says, "I just kicked my foot right through the partition, it's burnt so much there behind the furnace." Well, we went right outdoors, and I had a pair of old rubber boots on that my Dad had, and they were kind of turned up at the toe, and there was quite a bit of snow on the ground. The schoolhouse was on a hill. Percy ran like the dickens for his aunt's house, and I ran down home to telephone, and I was skiing along down that hill with those boots, you know, hollering "Fire," looking back over my shoulder, and there was a big line of smoke coming right out of the middle of the building.. You know, it had a very good start. Well, the old barn man down here at Mr. Bartlett's estate, Mr. Bartlett being the man who owned the controlling share of the Pelham Fishrod Factory and quite a property owner in town, and a very public spirited man. Well, his hired man, the barn man, he came up, and a few people were available, and they started throwing the… well, I guess they dragged one or two of the teacher's desks out, and then they ended up by throwing the rest of the cord wood out the window to save that. Well, I was speaking here at one of the School Committee meetings not long ago, or was it at the Town Meeting…. But anyway, I was defending a person's right to be economical, (anyway, so that was what I was doing).

BJ: Sure you were.

DA: I used this conversation that I'm relating now to emphasize it, emphasize this inflation bit that I think for the most part was quite unnecessary, because, as I told them, we built a new school that next summer, and we built an addition—knocked out the north wall and built an eight or nine foot addition on the building, and had it all back and ready to go for schooling in September. In the meantime, we went to the (phone rings…) Here now if I'm back with you—what I was emphasizing was the fact that within just a very few years we had a schoolroom there, back again, and with the insurance money, and the effort that the people put into

rebuilding it—uh, in fact, I worked on it myself for three dollars and so much a day, and uh, a fella up at the college was reading one of the old histories of Pelham, and he said, "Dan, what did you ever do with that three dollars, or whatever it was?" I says, "Well, what do you mean?" Well, finally when he told me what it was, I said, "I carried cement by the pailful to pour it in the form to rebuild the schoolhouse that I burnt down."

BJ: How did you feel about that when you felt it was your responsibility it had happened?

DA: Oh hell, a kid like me, almost driven me crazy, you know. See, you know, they wanted to get into the windows up there and I didn't think—the panes were small, and in order to get in there and unlock it, I rammed my fist right through the glass and, uh, I said, "That won't hurt much." I did. I cut my finger and I've got a scar right here. But it wasn't bad you know, we did all we could, but like I say, in very few years all paid back and all clean, and we're still paying on this one up here. And what the Finance Committee said awhile ago. Did you ever think of taking out a loan and paying all the bills in the town. The town's in debt. I'm 74 now, be 75 on August 12. Been going to these town meetings ever since I was 17. I think I missed two, and I never saw the town broke before. But, we're not only broke. The authorities down there that have charge of lots of this stuff sent notice to the Selectmen that we're $35,000 in debt. That's as bad as Amherst—not as bad as Amherst—nothing could be that bad—they sink so deep that they have tapped every damned resource, and now they're going to hit the Ford Foundation, because they don't have money enough to support the libraries in the outlying sections of town like North and South Amherst, and the Ford Foundation is noted for their interest in libraries.

BJ: Tell me, you've mentioned you've been to every town meeting since you were seventeen, and now certainly you are very outspoken about things—were you always that way in town meeting or is that just as you got older?

DA: I don't know, I was always backward that way—until I worked for 34 years at the University of Massachusetts in the department where you work with your hands like the tradesmen. I ended up being a welder, and I ended up running the welding shop for the last number of years before I retired. Then, I came to get the work orders and go to see the people about the work orders, and I had to deal with people in a class quite above me. But, they were so darned nice that I enjoyed going to see them. In fact, when I got a work order that came down from upstairs, that was engineered by somebody, I would go up to see the engineer, and I would ask him what I didn't understand, and the different engineers helped make up different work orders—they seemed to appreciate me and act as though I knew something. And, before I got through, I found out that that was the greatest trouble with many of us there. Our biggest trouble was we didn't know as much about our work as we should have. Perhaps it was because they couldn't afford to y to me when I go back there now. Ahnd,needed help. I've had them come to me

and say, "Dan, I want to make out a work order here, now, what is it going to be like, what have I got to do about this?" I'd explain to them the way I thought that I would do it if I had to do it without a work order. In fact, one time the fellows made out a work order to build a platform in back of one of the buildings where they kept animals, and they wanted it so they could wheel the cleanings from the rabbits and guinea pigs and the chickens in that building and dump it out on the doorway and dump in into a manure spreader. And, I got a work order to do that. And they said to me, "Do you suppose you could do that, Dan?" I said, "You mean you think we ought to have one about like that one up in back of the horse barn there where they wheel it right out and dump in into the manure…?" "That's right." I says, "I'm quite sure I can do it." I made that one without a work order.

BJ: It sounds like you gained a lot of confidence.

DA: There's where I gained the confidence. And, uh, I hope that I never was obnoxious there—well, God, they seem awful friendly to me when I go back there now. And, they're a nice bunch of people, the working class of people are. Then, the overpaid professors are something different. I don't like the way they act, and you know, I refer to them as such and when I meet people in the market, you know, and I feel that they're a professor, or I come out with the expression "overpaid professor," some woman's liable to go up to me and say, "My husband's a professor, and I don't think he's overpaid." Well, then I explain to them what I'm going to say now. I like to verify my statements. The way they became overpaid was through the years necessity has demanded a cost of living increase, and, when that time came, instead of giving an across the board increase the way they did the first few times—you see, I went there during World War II, 1940, and, what happened was, prices rose and the cost of living went up and so they gave all of us $350 cost of living increase, something like that. Professors getting larger pay, or the laborers getting lesser pay, greens-keepers, laborers, tradesmen, that didn't go along but a little while.

SIDE TWO

DA: Those educated people had the ability to figure. We start out with a differential in salary according to our ability and necessity of our job and so forth. Now's the then, if we keep taking $350 at a time, it's going to narrow that differential. We can't have that. So, it ended up by being when a …they were also influential. So they got the powers that be to understand the way they were situated, so they got them to allow a salary percentage increase. And, that's the way they got to be overpaid. They had more of those without as many upgradings. Every little while you should get an upgrading to keep that differential the proper percentage apart.

BJ: I know a lot of people in Pelham seem to be against professors or something. I hear that a lot, the talk about the professors moving in.

DA: Well, you see, well there are several reasons. They come, and they have a big investment because of the increasing prices. They pay taxes, they want something for them. They don't remember Mr. Kennedy, his famous statement, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." And that is the only attitude that you're ever going to get to keep people together and keep people feeling good towards one another, because there are people in this town…in Amherst they went through something like this—years ago, South Amherst was building up, and it became such a strong feeling that years ago, they hired the movie hall to have a meeting to see if they could get together to have a better feeling. Because all the attention was going to the new development. The new development was making the roads out there that didn't do those people in the old residential area a bit of good, other than to give them the privilege of paying taxes to support the roads leading over to their new homes, see. They paid their taxes on other evaluations, but I nearly got shot down right at town meeting one time when I said that people should be taxed for the expense that they cause the town. That was the time that a man who had been…not superintendent of schools…principal of a school, moved to the furthest extremity of one of the roads in the town of Pelham and built his abode. Well, now I figured, you know, that if he paid what he was going to cost to have his snow removed up there for the number of houses that were benefiting by it, you see, if he'd actually paid his expense that way he couldn't afford to live there. But they said we have a democracy, a man has a right to live where he pleased. Well, I think I kind of rubbed it in a little.

BJ: I want to go back a little bit to what you said earlier. You said you were an orphan at one point.

DA: Not orphan. My mother was crippled with arthritis and my Dad died when I was eleven years old. I was left that way.

BJ: You had a sister also?

DA: She was nineteen months old then.

BJ: Just the two of you then?

DA: That's all.

BJ: Who took care of you then, at that point?

DA: Well, my mother worked when she could, and she took in an old lady or two and a school teacher used to live here sometimes and, when the trolley cars went by here, we came to be the house by the side of the road, because it was so handy. People would come and hitch the horse next to the barn and they'd take the trolley to Amherst and do their shopping and come back, and then take their horse and go on home. And when the trolleys went up the road—they only went a little way

down North Valley Road there and the motorman would get out and take the trolley and turn it around so it would be dragging on the wire overhead, see, and take the headlight off from one end and carry it around and hang it on the other end, and then it was all connected up, and they'd get in and bring their switch handles back with them for turning on the electricity to start the car. Then they'd come back down, and people would come in and take their coats and hats off, and sit down and visit, and when the trolley car went up they had plenty of time to go to put their goats on and go to the door.

BJ: Were these people that you knew?

DA: Neighbors.

BJ: So you were kind of a center.

DA: The house by the side of the road.

BJ: Did you enjoy that, talking to all those people?

DA: Oh, we kids would, yeah, and my mother didn't seem to mind it. But, one time I recall there was—oh, I could name them—there were two couples that came, and my mother got up and went to the door with them, and it was in the fall of the year, and beginning to get cold, and when she opened the door, the cold air came in. She said, "Brrr, why, this would make you think what have you done with your summer's earnings," and the husband of one of those couples spoke up and says, "By Gott, I didn't spend all mine."

BJ: You know, you're always having these sayings and it sounds like your mother had sayings too, is that right?

DA: No, she didn't.

BJ: No? Oh.

DA: I think that's probably because, I remember such things because I can't read too well. I got so, I remarked, I could figure better than I could read.

BJ: Was it a struggle for you in school?

DA: Figures weren't.

BJ: But reading was?

DA: Oh, I had quite an experience at school. When we went from Pelham Elementary School to Junior High School, we had—we were a little more advanced in interest and percentage. Ada Baker was a school teacher in math and I guess she was also

the prindipal of the Junior High, and my Aunt Hannah was a teacher in New York, she taught three years in the Queens area, and she started in Connecticut and went to New York. I think she put in a fifty year career, mostly in New York. She got as high as assistant principal. She told me many times that that was the working part of it, the one that did the work. She got to meet the parents, and she told me about the Jewish people and the parents of them and many interesting things about the pupils, and she said that once you got befriended by the Jewish people, they would stand by you. I remember that. And, uh, at any rate, it wasn't right to hold me up because I was so good at figures. So the teacher, Miss Baker, and my Aunt Hannah, they got together, and they decided that I should just go on to the next grade. And I did. And I got through the year all right, I guess, but, then I was going from there to high school and my aunt wanted me take up the college course, and that didn't work so good, by golly, and I didn't like school anyway, because when it came summertime, I had to get right out and help support my family. I was a man. That's what I was—I was that young—I don't know as I'm a man yet, and ready to die. But, at any rate, the way it worked out was, it's very hard to learn another language if you don't know English very well. So, Latin was one of the subjects that I had, and I remember there was a little poem in the front of the book, and it went something like this: [*this is probably in front of Latin I book*]

And, I think, if I recall correctly, that's supposed to mean, if I pronounce it right, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are." That's what it was. That's as far as I got with that. The sun began to shine and I got out. Well, I tried it one summer, then I went back and tried it again, but I couldn't see it for anything.

BJ: So, in a way, if you would have found reading easier and school easier would you have like to have been something else or done something else, do you think?

DA: I never missed it.—I thought I missed education—in fact, I used to travel around with Chick Ward. He worked in the bank. He went to high school. Then I think he went to commercial college in Northampton. And, I talked with him about it. He was a nice fellow—he would talk very seriously—he was a level-headed, well-spoken person. And back in those days the banks would come looking for good scholars. So his mother was a school teacher, and he must have had good marks in his school, and the bank came to him and asked him if he wanted to work. And he told me, he says, "Dan, I don't think…" I says, "What about education?" He says, "I think that a person should study what they want to use, and it will be more practical than taking a full course—broad course." There's so much of that, especially nowadays with the communications. I think that there's so much that comes to you through the communications media without even asking for it—looking on television, reading the papers, and so forth, that it makes an awful lot of sense, I think, really, we are getting the damndest rooking in the education field, and I could talk on it for hours.

BJ: Oh, I bet you could.

DA: But, I'll tell you, I started out to say—have I missed it? Not until the last few years. I wish I knew more, and could stand up and talking front of people better. But, as far as using the big words; lots of times I feel it is more emphatic if you use two small ones, nowadays we use "expertise" for "know-how"—one word. I'll bet you there's more letters in the word "expertise" than "know-how" …k-n-o-w-h-o-w, now you spell expertise for me.

BJ: I can do it, I can do it. Well, let's go back when you were younger and you started talking about going to school. What are some of the other things besides hard times and reading that you remember, the fun times of anything.

DA: Oh, we used to play Red Rover and Duck on the Rock—that's the way we entertained ourselves backing those days. You get a great big stone, and then you have a man who is "It" and he'd stand down one side, and then you'd have people line up and they'd take their turn and they'd throw, and they'd miss knocking the small stone off the big stone, so they'd go down and stand by their stone. And then, when finally somebody knocked it off, the person who was "It," his objective was to go grab the stone, put it back on the rock, and then if he could go "tag" one of those fellows who had thrown his stone past there and had missed before he got back to the throwing line, then that's the man that was "It."

BJ: Now it's interesting that Red Rover, kids still play.

DA: They do.

BJ: But that other one?

DA: Duck on the Rock.

BJ: I wonder why some games stay around and other's don't.

DA: Well, they hard-surfaced the road and small stones were hard to come by.

BJ: Not in Pelham. You can always find a lot of stones—in my garden.

DA: How does that one go? "Let he who was without fault, cast the first stone."

BJ: Did you grow up in a church-going family?

DA: Oh yes, they were religious. They went to the Methodist church, that's the brick church on Whitney Street there, the old brick church. And Mr. Ponunzio, I recall, was an Italian minister and years ago they used gestures, and got excited, and shouted, and during Sunday School period—Sunday School class—Bible Study, we was teaching us the books of the Bible, and he had a pretty darned good way. He tried to speak rhythmically—in rhythm—and he would go across the pulpit there, and back, and he would make gestures, you know, as he went and we were

dlearning the books of the Bible: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, First and Second Kings, Chronicle, Ezra, Nehemiah, Job, Esther, and so on. Well, of course I got it pretty darned well learned.

BJ: I guess so, you're still…

DA: And with that rhythm, with the rhythm. The same with poetry and song.

BJ: Who's the great man in Amherst, you mean Robert Frost?

DA: Yes.

BJ: You don't like his poems?

DA: No.

BJ: You like the more rhyming kind, or the rhythm kind.

DA: Sure. Like, well, my favorite is "The Psalm of Life."

BJ: "The Psalm of Life?"

DA: Yes, it fits in so many places, and it's descriptive of what happens.

> Tell me not in mournful numbers,
> Life is but an empty dream
> For the soul is dead that slumbers
> And things are not what they seem.
>
> Life is real, life is earnest
> And the grave is not its goal;
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest
> Was not spoken of the soul.
>
> Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
> Is our destined end or way;
> But to act, that each tomorrow
> Find us father than today.

BJ: Did you have to memorize a lot of things in school then?

DA: Uh, it was customary—up from the street came the …Barabara Frietchie.

BJ: Oh, I remember that.

DA: Came the rebel trees, Stonewall Jackson riding on his head – we put those things I there, you know.

BJ: Little additions.

DA: Halt – the dust brown ranks stood fast
Fire – out blazed the rifle blast

It shivered the window pane and sash
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf

She leaned far out on the window sill
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot if you must this old gray head
But spare your country's flag," she said.

Oh God, I love poetry—the narrowest one is to know what they means to emphasize and to refer to it with the proper amount of emphaticness. For example, "Old Ironsides." "Ay, tear her ensign down"—you got to know what they mean. Does "ay" mean "why" tear her tattered ensign down or "yes?"

Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Should that be spoken of an unquestionable? Are you going to let that happen? See?

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below…

BJ: Did they have programs at school a lot where you did recitations and things like that?

DA: Not too much, not too much. I like "The Red Schoolhouse."

Still sits the school house by the road
A ragged beggar sleeping;

Around it still the sumacs grow
And blackberry vines are creeping
Within, the master's desk is seen;
Deep scarred by raps official.

It's descriptive, see?

The warped floors, the battered seats
The jack knife's carved it so.

Warp-ed—they put special words for poems.

BJ: Um hum, they put the accent on differently.

DA: But, the romantic part of that is where they were having thespelling bee, and there's a little romance there:

I'm sorry that I spelled the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because—the brown eyes lower fell,
Because, you see, I love you.

BJ: Were you ever in spelling bees?

DA: Yeah, I went down pretty fast. No, the way they used to teach us, they'd give us so many words, and we'd learn to spell them, and they were all right, but I wasn't interested in it.

BJ: You weren't interested or it was just too hard?

DA: I don't know, because I do know this—my ability to think things through—I get lost in the middle—I aint too quick up there—you know what I mean?

BJ: Well, I hear what you say.

DA: … add things up and trace it all out—for example—a fellow used to give this story, well not, old Orcut Cluff used to talk to us kids.

BJ: What's that name?

DA: CLUFF ORCUT, O R C U T C L U F F?

BJ: Well, I don't know—o.k.

DA: For years he lived up on Pelham Hill and took half a cord of wood to town every day, and he would do shopping for people and charge them so much an errand for

bringing stuff back from town. And then he used to go to Florida in the winter sometimes and he was telling us all about ho economical it was if you could take a couple of barrel staves with you and you could tip one seat this way and one seat that way and put the barrel staves between them and you could get yourself kind of comfortable sitting, sleeping that way on the way down south.

BJ: In a what?

DA: In a train.

BJ: Train-- oh.

DA: You know, you don't turn the train cars around any more than you did the trolley cars, you just turn the seats.

BJ: Yeah, yeah.

DA: … the backs of the seats. And, uh, he used to tell us those stories see, and he says to us, "Well, now, there was a big nigger and a little nigger a-settin on the fence.. The little nigger was the son of the big nigger, but the big nigger was not the little nigger's father. Now, what relation was the big nigger to the little nigger?" Well, now you know I could get lost in that. We would say—we would say—we'd think and think, and finally we'd say, "Well, we don't know, Orcut, who was—what relation was the big nigger to the little nigger?" "Why, mother, of course."

BJ: Only I've heard that story differently. I guess, uh, I don't know why it had to be "niggers" in that time, I guess it just was, huh?

DA: Well, uh, "niggers" was a word that was used a lot..

BJ: Oh, I know.

DA: You know the place they use them today? "White niggers," using the expression as "the reneged on something." See what I mean?

BJ: Well, that's a different word, isn't it?

DA: I know it is, but that's the way it should be used today.

BJ: I don't understand.

DA: Well, the colored people never harmed us, in my belief, as much as the white person who "nigged" out on something. She did somebody out on something, follow me?

BJ: Oh, I see.

DA: Follow me?

BJ: Oh yes, I do.

DA: So that's the way that should be today. Oh God, the colored people arepretty---oh, there's one for you… I recall when I went to school—I raised hell in schook you know…

BJ: Oh, you did?

DA: I did—I loved to raise the devil—uh, Benny Page, Bing Aldrich, and I were playmates—schoolmates—in poor—oh, what a nice teacher, too—she was in study hall—she was our home room teacher, Field, Isabel Field. What they had done was added on some desks in rows, you know, so the way it ended up there was one each side of her, but their seat kind of set into the row of desks. You know sat right in front of that desk? Yes. And you know who sat one each side of her? Bernard Aldrich one side and Benny Page the other. Then one time I got into a study class, and who—her I sat with Marie Gauldin.

BJ: Who?

DA: Marie Gauldin and Ruthie Goodwin, and her sister, Ollie Goodwin—Olive. And there was one each side of me and one in back of me, but I was facing the teacher where she could watch me. How did I win that seat? But, they were good sports. Oh boy.

BJ: The teachers were good sports?

DA: No.

BJ: The girls.

DA: Yeah, the teachers were really nice. But, the girls. The Goodwins—he ran a bicycle shop Mr. Goodwin did.--Moses Goodwin, and God, he was a friend of everybody. Everybody knew him and liked him, and he was set up right in back of the building there above the alleyway in Amherst where my Dad used to go through the alleyway to get to his shop—you know where thealleyway is above Aubuchon's?

BJ: Uh, huh.

DA: In there. And he was—you turn left, right back under one of those buildings he had for a repair shop. And, Kenny Thornton up here used to drive their automobile for them. Now, they had a white chauffeur, but those girls were just – as common as the rest of us—boy oh boy—in fact, uh, I used to work for one; she

had a position in the infirmary at the University, and she was just as jolly as she was in school. That was Ruthie.

BJ: It seems when I talk to people about school back in those days that there was a lot of deviltry like that and a lot of stuff going on, and uh….

DA: Superintendent of Schools, Hardy, was the first one. And, uh, we had a little song we'd sing, you know. We had to make our own entertainment.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, old Hardy's marching.
Now he's knocking at the door,
If you go and let him in
We will punch his belly in.
And you'll never see old Hardy any more.

Pelham was that way. They used to play ball up the valley on what's our conservation land now, known as Buffam Falls Area. It was a pasture. We used to play out there, and Nora and Ernest Graves, the two people that did the most for the Community Hall Association, and kept it running and stable for years by running card parties and all, well, they used to go there and ring cowbells and do everything to try to stir up the players and get them all excited. Of course, we'd hire a pitcher wherever we could, you know, if you could find a ringer and hire him, they'd do those things back in those days. And we were playing Enfield, and how the heck did that story go…. We hired a man by the name of McKay, and, uh, they used to chant and sing and ring the cowbells and they'd sing, "Pitcher McKay used his noodle, Pitcher McKay had lots of steam, Pitcher McKay used his noodle, when he fanned the heavy hitters on the Enfield team." They were always (doing things) like that.

SIDE THREE

BJ: You were going to tell me your version of the George Shaw story.

DA: That's right. I was going to tell you my version of the George Shaw story. I had returned from school, but I couldn't go out and play with my playmate up the road, Percy Thornton, the next house above across the junction, and that's the house just above the Community Hall. I looked out, and down the road came Mr. George Shaw, the acting Road Commissioner for the town, with a team of horses—work horses, one black and one white, right on the gallop. Down the road and right out South Valley Road towards his home. And then it wasn't long before he came with his black, or dark, driving horse, right across the main road, and from South Valley right up North Valley Road. Well, I don't recall seeing him come back, don't recall hearing anything, but in the course of due time I did get my garden work done and was just turning in to the walk of my friend, Percy Thornton's, when the ground shook with the heavy roar of a big explosion. And, later, after tracing the thing through, by listening to other people's stories, what

had happened was that Mr. George Shaw and his wife had lost a child, I believe it was a baby girl, and they had come to a disagreement such that Mr. Shaw had forbidden his wife to ever go to the grave of that girl. And I assume she was buried in the Pelham Valley cemetery. Someone going up the road where Mr. Shaw was working above the South and North Valley roads, stopped and announced to him that he'd seen his wife come out with someone else in a livery rig and turned up the North Valley Road. Well, that shook Mr. Shaw to the extent that he went through this procedure that I've suggested by taking his horses home and taking his driving horse and trailing his wife up the North Valley Road. Well, he must have covered the ground pretty well because it's not more than a mile—he got up to what was the junction of Buffam Road and North Valley Road—the house on the corner known as the John Page at that time, with the driveway turning in from the Valley Road, you could also turn in a driveway in back of the house. Well, he went beyond the house, and turned in the driveway just in time to meet his wife with the livery team there, and he stood up in the buggy, horses face to face, and took out a six shooter and emptied it right in the chest of his wife, or as near as he could come to it. He pulled out and drive around her, the story goes, went back down and over to his home, went in the house and told his daughter what he'd done and what he was going to do, went out to the shed, took out all but two or three sticks of a full case of dynamite, took it up into the woodlot, and took his red bandana handkerchief and hung it on a bush, set the dynamite between a couple of stumps. I guess, that were there, and I imagine he used a short fuse. I wouldn't want to wait too long, and he touched it off and he blew himself up into the trees and they came out and picked him up in pieces and put him up in baskets. And that's my story of George Shaw, with the exception of when he came to be buried in the Valley Cemetery, there's a big monumental stone there with Mr. Shaw's name on it. And it is a contrast to the older type that are this side. Well, that was outside the fence of the cemetery, and people raised the question, did they forbid Mr. Shaw buried in the cemetery because of the fact that he took his own life. But that wasn't the case. They added on to the cemetery and pulled the fence on. But there sits that stone, and the picture is right there, a newer type monumental stone instead of the older—well, I refer to them as marble slabs. Well, that's the story.

BJ: How old were you then? This was in 1912, and you were born in 1904, I guess you said, that makes you eight. That right?

DA: Eight years old? Probably.

BJ: So most of what you heard about it would have been from grownups, right?

DA: Sure, sure. But, what I saw—I actually saw this—and heard of that, and then of course, it was all excitement.

BJ: Oh, I can imagine, I can well imagine.

DA: Sure. The Shaws were rough living men. He had a son, George, I believe that used to take of the Orient Springs House over here and in the week times, you know, when there were not so many picnics as there were on the end of the week and holidays, and kids would be playing around and they went in over there, and George would be sitting there, and all at once he pulled out his six shooter—this is the story they tell—and he emptied it right into the partition, and "What's the matter, George" and he says, "I thought I heard a rat." Then Ed Shaw, I guess he was brother to George, his place is at the foot of Thornton Hill on the left. And, Ed used to make hard cider and vinegar. You go there to buy vinegar, and lots of times he'd be beside himself from drinking so much hard cider, but, his favorite expression was, oh I forget, I was going to say, "By thunder," but that was John Page's. George Shaw can't have that one. "Ah, you, by vummy."

BJ: What?

DA: Ay you, by vummy—by vummy

BJ: What does that mean?

DA: I vum—I'm surprised. I vum. You see what I mean, kind of like I vum.

BJ: What language is that?

DA: I don't know, I don't know. My neighbor's an awfully good man—he'd "just as lives," he'd "just as soon" you know. Instead of I don't know, but I'd just as live, sir. Well, I like those old expressions.

BJ: I guess so.

DA: Anyway, what happened to Mr. Shaw was that he got to drinking so that it affected him, I guess, a little upstairs, and he used to sell vinegar at so much a gallon, fifteen cents a gallon, sixteen cents a jug full—how about that. And he drew it off in that gallon measure, but he had to have a little more if the jug needed more and he topped it out, see.

BJ: A penny more.

DA: Yeah. And he used to go around and he'd pay so much a bushel, two or three pennies a bushel for apples, to make the cider. It took about sixteen—no, no,--a bushel would make I don't know how many gallons. I wouldn't try to tell you, I get it mixed up with maple syrup. But, at any rate, what happened, somebody maliciously threw some stones on his roof, and then when he'd get in the bag from drinking too much cider, he'd be out there looking around at night, and he'd go staggering right out and he'd stop fellows right there, and they'd shiver—they'd shiver, you know—and they didn't know if he had a gun or not and he'd say, "Ay, vum, are you the boys that threw the stones on my roof last fall, are you

by vummy by Jesus Christ?" You know, old people didn't take too much to swearing, but he actually meant by the Lord. We kids learned that, and we learned to stay the other side of the road and walk quietly past his place. I never did hear who threw the stones.

BJ: I keep hearing about a lot of cider drinking, about a lot of drinking. Is that your memory too?

DA: That was in the inn days—were gone. That's in the History of Pelham. And that is handed down information, I imagine, to the people that you've contacted.

BJ: Well, no; more just about like somebody like this Mr. Shaw, that there seems to be…

DA: My moonshine days—I used to go and buy it.

BJ: Now, when you say, you mean actually made from corn—corn whiskey?

DA: Yeah, yeah, we had one—I worked in a lunch cart in Amherst there for Deedee's Diner No. 2 up near the college. And, there was this fellow that did the—there was a milker—and they had experimental cattle they milked several times a day—feed them heavy, you know, and milk them often. So, Saturdays and Sundays, this fellow would be working, and he'd come in and give me a drink, and I'd get him to go out and buy some, you know, and then, work, oh, like twelve hours a day. By the time it came time to close that thing up, you know, Deedee, he'd come up and be there at closing time and take the cash, and I'd been drinking one time and I was married then, and I had an old Model A touring car. And I had to crank it to start it, and I got out there and I was cranking it, you know, I'd been drinking pretty heavy, and I thought I was getting away with it pretty good, and my wife had been working at the Lord Jeff came up, she had been a table girl, came up there—or else she'd been to the movies with some of the girls, and she had another girl with her, and I was going to take that girl home and then come home and I was out cranking, and I stopped to get my breath, it didn't start, and I thought I was getting away and holding my liquor pretty good, and by gosh, my wife says, "That looks like hard work," and Mr. Deedee spoke up and says, "It is, that's hard work for a man that's sober."

BJ: This is during what—during the Prohibition time?

DA: During Prohibition time, yes.

BJ: So there was a lot of activity around here…

DA: Oh yes, there was one place where we used to buy it down East Street there, and a lot of people died from it. They said it was caused from that. But I drank it. I don't know what the hang ever got into me—I very seldom drank unless I was out

on a party, you know. Some people would start to go and sit down and drink all evening, you know. Well, that's no fun. I wanted to play ball, or dance or something. But, when I went hunting along, with my dog, I had a nice rabbit dog, oh, was that a good rabbit dog, I'd go out, and I'd buy a pint… And, by God, I had that to keep me warm. Nowadays they tell me that don't do it.

BJ: Doesn't help you shoot straight either, I wouldn't think.

DA: Well, some people used to say they had to do thing like that to sharpen their eyes, but I don't know. When I was alone there was no need of being nervous and you got so you knew where the rabbits were coming from, you'd generally get them.

INFORMATION SHEET

Mark Aldrich
Born: March 4, 1907
Place of Birth: Pelham, MA
Mother's Name: Lota Amanda Bartlett
Father's Name: Royal Wesley Aldrich
Married to Edith
Date of Interview: February 4, 1981

BJ = Barbara Jenkins, Interviewer
MA = Mark Aldrich
Original Transcription by Judith Mullin and Barbara Jenkins

SIDE ONE OF TAPE ONE

BJ: O.K. So what I'd like to know if you could tell me about was how the fish rod factory happened to be there in the first place in Pelham?

MA: Well, I really don't know.

BJ: We started off with a good question.

MA: I don't know that my grandfather--they said the company was the first one to make machine split bamboo fishing rods in the United States. Just how they happened to start making them—they made some hand rods before that, but just how they happened to get into the fish rod business I don't know.

BJ: Your grandfather was not the originator of it—he came into it after it was started?

MA: Well, he came into it with Ward and Latham. Ward was his wife's father and Ward and Latham owned the place, in the first place. Now I don't know if they made fish rods or what they did there. There was a mill right there or something right there anyway.

BJ: It says on here that there was a sawmill there at first. Is that right?

MA: There was a sawmill down below there. Allen's Mill was right below that, and there was a regular grist mill one time or another.

BJ: And then some other people bought it? And this Ward and Latham bought it in 1873.

MA: About that.

BJ: And then this Ward was the only owner?

MA: Latham got out and Ward was the owner. And Ward was Mr. Bartlett's step father-in-law and he bought in and his brother, his brother finally left and went back to Montague City and they had two separate factories at one time and then they joined hands again after years. I never knew what the commotion was—why they separated and why they got back together. But at one time I know we made three-quarters of all the fish rods made in the world. In 1917, they crossed off the books—6 years of orders—they couldn't possibly fill because they had so many orders during the war and the good times—there wasn't much competition in those days. We didn't have the competition that they do today or did have afterwards.

BJ: You say they crossed it off the books?

MA: Cancelled the orders they couldn't fill.

BJ: When did it actually close? Altogether there?

MA: Well, the good years were right up until my grandfather died, as it says there, in 1925. He left his estate in trust to the First National Bank of Amherst, and they didn't wish to hold the manufacturing stock and be responsible to his widow so they sold it out. They sold it to a brokerage concern in Springfield, Pirnie Simon and Company. They didn't know anything about manufacturing fish rods. They were just watering the stock and playing with the money which they did, and they spent a lot of money on national advertising and things like that. So when the depression hit after that in 1929, they didn't have any money left to fool with. The company hit hard times. When my grandfather first started—the story was that—I don't know if you want me to go back there now.

BJ: Sure, anytime.

MA: All our rods went to Abbey and Imbrie in New York City or E. K. Tryon in Philadelphia or Marshall Fields in Chicago, and these companies, particularly Abbey and Imbrie, would send him money in the fall to have money enough so he could build their fish rods, make their fish rods, and ship them to them in the spring, because he didn't have an capital. And when he died we found records where his father-in-law and some of the others had worked for himall winter without pay until he sold his fish rods in the spring and had enough money to pay them.

BJ: That's an interesting way to run a business.

MA: Well, that's the way they had to in those days. Of course, that's the way the company got going. My father came down from New Hampshire and married my mother which is Mr. Bartlett's daughter, and, of course, he worked in the factory there. Then my brother worked there, and then I came along and I worked in all the departments and down at the bottom and straight up to the whole end of it except I didn't wind any fish rods except I did all the rest o it, from running the machines that made the split bamboo and right up to mounting the fish rods and shipping them out.

BJ: You started doing that when you were young?

MA: Well, my father was more less foreman of the factory. He took care, more or less, of the help and saw that they had the work to do and the orders come in and they were placed right and where they were an how many rods, etc. Of course, my grandfather was the President of it and in Montague City at the time was also the Treasurer and another officer of the company.

BJ: But they didn't go back together till….

MA: Yes they did.

BJ: Oh.

MA: Oh long before I remember. Went back together long before I remember.

BJ: Oh, I see. And it lasted a little bit longer up in Montague, right? People talk about they went up there to work.

MA: Oh yes. At one time, at the time my grandfather died, there were four factories—they were one at Post Mills, Vermont—wood rods—and there was a reel factory in Brooklyn, New York. And then there was a factory in Montague City. And the one in Pelham. We supposedly made the better rods. Montague City made the cheaper rods that they could shove together quick, you know. We made the better rods and when my grandfather died and the company hit hard times after they spent all their money for advertising, then they started closing. They closed the factory in Brooklyn, New York and then they closed the one in Post Mills and then they closed the one in Pelham and they took 'em all to Montague City and they still didn't have enough money to operate so then they finally sold out to Tru-Temper, I think it was—no Ocean City Real Co. in New Jersey bought it out and then eventually Tru-Temper Co. I don't know, of course, it was about that time that glass fish rods started coming in so who knows what would have happened to it if he had been there.

BJ: That's what I wanted to ask. It was a matter both of management and then also a different kind of rod coming in?

MA: Well, at about that time particularly the reason it went out was, more or less, management. They ran out of money. You see, they… At the time I was in it and my father and my grandfather, we made the fish rods for these people I have just spoken of. We sent them to them with their decal on them. They sold them to you. You thought Abbey and Imbrie made them or E. K. Tryon. You didn't know where they came from. You didn't know there was any such place as The Montague City Rod Company in Pelham or Montague City.

BJ: So you never got any publicity out of them.

MA: No, but afterwards, after they died and the company sold out, they decided to go into the national advertising business. We made our own brand of rods, and you knew where they came from—like the Montague Manitou and the Montague Red Wing, the Montague Fishkill and those kids of rods were our national brand. People knew where they came from, and they did that and spent a huge amount of money on advertising. When the Depression hit in 1929, people were not buying fish rods. That's what happened and it went downhill fast.

BJ: Explain that again—when your grandfather died, they had to do something—the bank….

MA: He left his will—his estate in trust to his widow in the First National Bank of Amherst. It was the executor of the estate, and the bank didn't care to hold the manufacturing stock and be liable to his wife. They were afraid, you know, if the company went downhill they had to be liable for that estate, liable for it, so they decided the best thing to do was to sell it off. The irony of the whole thing was that the Winchester Arms Company had been trying for a long time to buy it out, and had they bought it out, they would have continued to manufacture and probably even gone into the glass rods and a lot of it would still be operating. They didn't, and as I say it was a brokerage firm, Pirnie and Simons in Springfield that bought it out, and they just watered down the stock.

BJ: So when you worked there and your father worked there through 1932, then it was being managed in a way financially?

MA: Well, soon as they bought it out, they retired my father, which at that time was a man probably in his early 60s, and they put my brother in as manager until about 1928 or 9, they moved him to Montague City, and I took over as manager of the plant. I had been working in the office doing what book keeping I could do and running and taking care of the help—the time keeper and…but, in those days it was so much different than it is today. I would go in town Saturday morning. I would figure up how much money we had to have for the payroll. I would go into town Saturday morning to the bank and I'd get the money, come back and we'd have all the envelopes made up—Barbara Jenkins had $21.00 in your envelope! There was no withholding, no social security, no retirement—what you had, you got. And that was what there was to it. So that was part of the whole setup. As I said, my father was retired, my brother was moved to Montague City—he eventually left and bought out an automobile business in Northampton at the wrong time of the year….

BJ: Now, were you born in Pelham?

MA: I was born in Pelham in the old big house right on top of the hill, right beside…I forget the name of the people who live there now—you know, where Knight's Store is now? Well, not the house right across the street, but down the street—the road goes down to the fish rod factory—there's a big old house there. Yes, I was born there March 4, 1907.

BJ: And that's where your grandfather lived?

MA: Yes, grandfather and grandmother lived in this end, and my mother and father and the children lived on the other end because my grandmother was stone deaf and he used to go away on these welling trips, so to speak, for the company; and they didn't like to leave her alone in the house so we lived on the other end. When he

was away, there was always somebody, of course, he always had help. My grandfather was the old school, he had a so-called barn man because we kept horses, and he kept cows, and he had pigs, and he kept land where he raised his hay and garden and so he had what we called a barn man, and then my grandmother always had a woman—a lady in the house who helped her with housework. And he always had a chauffeur and they all set down at the table to eat with him every time. It didn't make any difference who he had come from New York City or Chicago or wherever they came from as guests in his house; when they set down to the table these three hired help set down at the table the same way—same time.

BJ: I've heard, you know, everybody who has an interview-stories about Mr. Bartlett—something about a chauffeur, and I wonder what it was like to—obviously he was the businessman in the community hiring many of the people in town and do you have a memory of what it was like growing up with—I don't know—would it be like the employer was here and the employees having to depend on him—was that an issue in town at that time?

MA: Well, no—if I understand your question. I don't really think so.

BJ: It's kind of a garbled question?

MA: A lot of them depended on the place for work, yes. A lot had been there for all of their lives. Some of them, in fact, had worked here ever since they first went to work. Many of them are men grown—50 or 60 years old—and still worked there. At Christmastime, every year, every man who ever worked for him got an extra dollar in his envelope for every kid he had. So every child had an extra dollar coming from Mr. Bartlett for Christmas. I think he was always very well respected by his people. He was always very fair with them and never had any trouble. We never thought of strikes or anything like that. Nobody ever complained. Of course, the basic wage in those days—well, the highest paid, I guess, would have been a man who got around $30-$33 per week.

BJ: What kind of position would that be?

MA: Well, that would be the man who mounted the better fish rods.

BJ: Mounted the better fish rods?

MA: Put the rods together by putting the ferrules on and the grips—putting parts of the better rods together. Then they'd be the people who got $18, $19, and $20 and a lot of them $21 a week, and they were the people who just did the mill hobs and run the Tonkin cane through the machine.

BJ: What's that?

MA: Tonkin cane. Tonkin. That's the hard cane that the fish rods are made of. Fish rods are put together, you know, in six pieces.

BJ: No, I didn't know.

MA: Well, yes. It comes in a piece about 4 feet—I don't know if you wantto hear all about…

BJ: Oh, yes. If I don't I will stop you.

MA: Well, good. It comes, I suppose, from the Bay of Tonkin in China.

BJ: Sure, it sounds like it.

MA: I can't tell you for sure, but it comes in pieces about four foot long and they are originally sawed on machine lengthwise until they get down to around, well, a quarter of a size of a round stick which would be about ¾ inch diameter in the beginning. Then they run through these machines which tapered them to a –so that you'd put six pieces together so you'd get a—what's the word used for six pieces—sextagonal?

BJ: Sounds okay.

MA: Piece of wood and these six pieces are put together and glued together and so that's the way they're put together, and then the rest of the mounting is put on.

BJ: Now you sawed them there or they came in sawed?

MA: No, they came to us in four-foot sections. Tonkin cane right from China. We sawed them. You had one man, and all he did all day long was stand at the saw and put these sticks down through the saw. By the time he got through, out of a round stick you had four or five pieces. Then they went to another man who sat on a machine all day long and put those pieces through the machine, and they roughly tapered them to the size you were going to use. Then after he got through with them, they finally went to a machine which tapered them not only at the angle, but on the length as well so this end would be smaller than this end. So they were tapered as well as the angle put on them by the last machine. Then a girl took those six pieces and stuck them together, and put a little string around them. Then they went into the glue machine where they were dipped in hot glue and run through this machine where two coils—one went one way and one went the other way and wound them tight. Then they were put on racks to dry and that was the way the sticks were made. Eventually, of course, the string was soaped off, and then the better pieces were put together for better rods and the ones that weren't so good were used for cheaper rods.

BJ: What was the difference? What was a better rod?

MA: Well, some of the pieces might have a nick in the wood, or they weren't absolutely perfect strips. Well, they just didn't come out at good as some of the others. All the same grade of wood. We used to sell fish rods to S. S. Kresges for 75¢ apiece. They had the same grade of wood as the $35 fish rods, but they weren't finished as nice. It didn't have the same finishing material.

BJ: How many people did you employ?

MA: In the winter time, usually between 50 and 55, sometimes 60. In the rush season, in early spring, we'd work nights, Saturday afternoons, and, of course, after the spring, when the fish rod business was slacking down, why a lot of them were laid off for the summer. Most of the time we'd have 35 or 40 year round.

BJ: That probably fit in with some of the people who lived out there if they were farmers—they weren't big farmers, but they did some farming and could work in the fish rod factory in the winter.

MA: Victor Thornton lived up by the church in Pelham. He used to walk to work every day, and he kept cows. Charlie Jones lived over where Doubleday lived—I don't know who lives there now, on Jones Road—he used to keep cows, etc. My grandfather kept, always had about four horses—we always kept a pair of horses. Besides the barn man, he had a team of horses because in the winter time on the sled, they drew all their wood from way up by where you are (North Valley Road) because the boiler in the factory burnt four foot sticks of wood, you know. So, every day all winter this team would b drawing sleigh loads down there to burn in the boiler so we always kept a pair of horses. I suppose the company paid him for that, I never knew really.

BJ: Did he have some kind of orchard?

MA: Oh yes, up there on Enfield Road, he had an orchard up there, he did. He owned quite a little land. He owned on Harkness Road from where Yegian lives clear way out to the Foote farm, Amherst line, where Foote lived way out there. He owned the land on the other side of the road where Lumley lives, all those acres down there. It was all cut up and sold after he died. He owned the house on the main road. I don't know who lives there now. Bennett lived there at one time years ago. Just this side of Teddy Boyden's. The second house this side of ther Amherst town line.

BJ: Back to what you were saying about the cane, the bamboo. Was there another kind of wood used because when I talked to George Burrows, it seems that he mentioned another kind of wood. I assumed it was bamboo, but he said something about greenheart.

(MA speaks off record for a few moments. Then he begins to speak about Greenheart)

MA: It was a big log—it came out of Africa, I guess. They used to draw it out of the woods with elephants. It would be a big square log, and it would be hewed at one end so that it would be like a runner with a peg and a hole in it so they could hook on to it, and then the elephants could pull it out. That was used for salt water rods. WE never made—we didn't do too much with that, but it was for salt water rods. And then they made what they called a spring butt, which was along thing like two handles on it like this so when you were fishing you could hold on to it like this.

BJ: It sounded like when Mr. Burrows worked there, he did something with that.

MA: I wouldn't know. He worked there before my time. George Burrows, you see, he worked there before my time.

BJ: I think Pearl Keyes talked about working there. He worked outside.

MA: Pearl Keyes was one of the men that worked driving team for quite awhile.

BJ: Like I said. It seemed like everybody I talked to did something there at one time. Ethel Cushman wound rods at home.

MA: That was before my time. I never knew that Ethel Cushman worked on them. Doris Lambert worked there, Doris Ward Lambert and the Fitton girls. Then there was a story that my grandfather hired these two girls from England to come over to work. How he happened to hire them from England, I don't know that either. The story was that he was to meet them in, I'll say Boston, and they landed in New York, or vice versa. I don't know which. So they had quite a time finding them, getting together. But she worked there in the shop, had charge of all the girls winding the fish rods. Nellie Penn, that was her name. And there was Ethel Fitton and Elizabeth Fitton and Doris Lambert and one from way up on Pelham Hill there—I can't think of her name right now.

BP: Paul Cambell's wife worked there,

MA: Yes she did, but that was before my time.

BP: You brought up something about bringing the people from England. I had heard that too, something about bringing in people from Scotland.

MA: Yes, this Nellie Penn came over here. Then her husband came over here, Harry Penn, and he worked in the fish rod factory as one of the better mounters. We used to call them mounters. They mou7ntedtherod,put the ferrules and thegrips on them. He worked there. He married Nellie Penn and they built a house. Then his son finally—he had a son by his first wife—came over who married the Ferrier's daughter. This Ferrier was a Scotchman who came over and went to

work. How they happened to come over and go to work there, I don't know that answer.

BJ: I was curious about that. It came up some place when they were talking about—were there some houses built for them or something like that or did I invent that?

MA: Not that I know of. This Ferrier's wife worked in the winding room, too. She was a big, husky girl. Nellie Penn worked there for years, and after the factory closed up, she went back to England and married again, I guess. Her husband died. I guess he died over here, and then she went back to England and married again. I never heard any more from her. Her son married this Scotch girl's daughter—his son, Horace. It wasn't hers—married the Ferrier's girl and they lived on what we called Top of Nigger Hill. You know where that is? (No). Well, do you kno where Echo Hill Road is? That little grade going up there we always called Nigger Hill, I don't know why. We always did. Whether colored people ever lived there or not, I don't know. Glaziers used to live in the stucco house, the next house Flint lived on the top of the hill, and then the next house down was Earl Glazier, he was a mason by trade. Then Horrace Penn and Becky Ferrier lived in the next house.

BJ: I can't get used to you calling that the top of the hill because the hill goes on so much farther.

MA: It doesn't go on too far. It goes across the flat there, You know where Echo Hill is—well, just that little grade, I'm talking about. It goes around the flat by Harkness Road and up around there.

BJ: I find that where people lived in town—like you lived lower down so the top of the hill to other people is way at the top.

MA: Right, the top of Pelham Hill. I was referring to down here.

[MA's wife states in the background, "West Pelham"!

BJ: Now you said you were working there when it closed.

MA: I left there and went to Montague City, but I only stayed up there three or four months, I guess, and then I came back and went to work for a garage in Northampton as a salesman.

BJ: Then somehow you were involved in the grocery store in Pelham?

MA: My brother bought out this place in Northampton. He went out of business finally. I worked at Amherst Paige in Amherst for a little while. The time my grandfather owned the place he sold this little piece of land where the store is to a fellow by the name of Charlie Jeannenot. He built the store there and then he died and the

store was closed for quite awhile. Then this fellow bought it—I don't think he bought it, he rented it. He tried to do some business, but he didn't do any business at all. Swift & Company finally padlocked the door. Then they fooled around. My grandfather's chauffeur and this Prescott boy, Lawrence Prescott, started working in there. My grandfather's chauffeur, I guess, was in back of it. (What was his name?) William Patterson, Bill Patterson. Then they finally sold out to Frank Prescott. Frank Prescott had worked as a merchant all his life where he could go to work in the morning, and in the night time he could add up his receipts and tell whether he made any money or not. Well, in the grocery business, you can't do that. You can add up your receipts every night, but you don't know if you made any money. You may have paid twice that much that day. So he practically had a nervous breakdown. I came along there one noon, and he asked me why I didn't buy it. I said I didn't want it—it wasn't anything I wanted. He wanted to get rid of it--why didn't I make him an offer. Well, after a day or two's time, I made him an offer and he took it up so I bought it. (What year was that?) 1938. The first seven years I was there I opened that store at 7:30 in the morning and closed at 9:00 at night all by myself. I didn't have any help at all. I'd lock it up and go home for lunch, and lock it up and go home for supper. Just a 15-20 minute period and then work there. Till about 1948 when I sold it and bought a store in Northfield, Massachusetts where I could go and educate my kids in the Northfield School for Girls and the Mt. Hermon School for Boys.

BJ: So when the fish rod factories closed down, there wasn't really anything left for you to start anything else with or anything. You just had to go out and…

MA: No, and when I was up at Montague City, after I was working there a little while and I left there, it was obvious that they were selling out. They wanted some of the people to go to Ocean City, New Jersey, and I didn't care to go down there. I had just been married in 1930, and I didn't care to go down to Ocean City, New Jersey so I started out looking for work. Of course, in those days, 1932, it was pretty hard to find a job so I got a job selling cars. I got $15 a week drawing account. (What kind of account?) In other words, I got paid $15 a week whether I sold anything or not. And you might go a month and not sell anything so some times when you did sell a couple of cars, you didn't get much extra money for it.

BJ: That was a real change for you, because you had had a job passed down through all your grandfather, father, and all of a sudden, it's gone.

MA: At the time I was working for them, when it ended there, I was getting $30 a week straight pay. No lost time, no overtime. (That's when you stopped?) That's when I got through, yes.

BJ: That doesn't seem as much more than the $15 a week I thought you would have for heading up the company.

MA: But I wasn't making that $15 a week. I was drawing that against commissions that I might sell later on. I call it a drawing account because if and when I sold some cars, then that $15 was taken out. If I had a commission coming for $100,l and I'd already worked two weeks and hadn't sold anything, then that $30 was taken out of the commission of $100 that was supposed to be coming to me.

BJ: You mentioned that the person who would do the highest job there at the fish rod factory would make about $30 a week. And you were making $20 a week as the head of the whole thing? (Yes) So there wasn't that much difference? (No.)

SIDE TWO

[Something about the trolley cars is being discussed as the tape begins.]

MA: I don't know what date that was. I rode he last trolley down to Amherst. Ten o'clock at night, but I don't remember what date that was.

BJ: There must have been a lot of changes when that stopped. Did that stop before the fish rod factory closed?

MA: I think it was before.

BJ: And when you lived in Pelham as a grown person, where did you live?

MA: After we were married, I lived right next to Marie Yegian, in that house.

BJ: I was thinking that up on that road was something about the houses that were built for people who worked at the fish rod factory, but you don't have any memory of that.

MA: Well, he owned the house where Lamberts lived at one time. I don't think he uilt that for the people who worked at the fish rod factory. That was long before my day, of course, before I was born. But I don't know of any houses that were built particularly for people to live in—well, there was one down by the fish rod factory where the so-called man who took care of the—night watchman—no, not the night watchman—the man who took care of the boiler and fired it up all day long worked there, lived there. And that house was there for years—it isn't there any more. I guess it was probably built—I guess my grandfather lived there when he was first married. They used to have stoves in those days and they had to go down and get wood in the stoves to heat the place up before they ever got big enough to have a boiler and steam heat all through the place. Then, of course, they had a millwright, a man who took care of all that kind of work—plumbing and fixing up anything needed—he took care of it.

BJ: Most of those people were from Pelham, too, or not?

MA: That worked in the shop? Oh yes, they were practically all from Pelham.

BJ: You were born there, so did you go to school in Pelham?

MA: Oh yes. I went to Pelham Grammar School. Where the big school is now, there was a school that burned in, I think, about 1915. Then we had to walk in those days up to the school in West Pelham. We didn't have any bus or anything to take us. We had to walk to that school. (It was almost up to the church?) Just this side of the church, a little ways, yes. Then of course, they built the new school that they dismantled when they built *this* school. At one time, at what is Community Hall, I think I went there probably one year. To the first grade or something.

BJ: One thing I know is that there were a lot of schools in Pelham!

MA: Well, you have got the Rhodes School. I don't know if you could go back and check the records; it seems to me that money was left to the town of Pelham for that Rhodes School to be used as a school, and if it ever was not used for a school, it was to be turned back or something. I don't know about that.

(Mr. Aldrich returns to talking about people in Pelham who worked in the fish rod shop.)
Of course, there were people like Joe Morgan that worked in the shop, and he was Town Clerk for years. And Charles Jones, we used to call him Burt Jones, worked in the shop and he was Town Treasurer for years. So some of the people had other outside work to do, you know. (I think it was a lot more closely tied together.) It was like a big family. Joe Morgan was not only Town Clerk, he also raised hens and kept quite a flock of hens while he was working in the shop. (Everybody did more things.) Oh yes, they all had something else, more or less. (Mrs. Aldrich puts in, "Had to"!) Of course, they worked to work and back. I can remember when they just started getting cars, probably way back in the early 20s. One or two of them got a car—they lived so far away—they'd drive to work in them. Not very many of them. Gene Ward who lived way up—he married a Page girl after his first wife died—or left hi—he left her—and he walked from way up in the Valley Road where the John Page place was (corner of Buffam and North Valley). He built the house this side of that. He married the Page's daughter, and he used to walk from there down to work. He built that house, nd he was out one night trying to dig under a great big boulder to bury it, and the boulder fell down and broke his leg. He limped always after that. He was digging a hole under it to drop it down into the ground to bury it. It was too big to move.

BJ: I've asked you a lot about your older years because you were involved with the fish rod factory, but you also grew up there. I often ask people about what they

remember from some of the first things in growing up. You grew up down there where there was a lot of activity with the trolley and all kinds of things—

MA: I've often thought that I got knocked out on the ice when I was a kid. Lester Ward ran into me one Sunday when we were skating. I was probably yea high, no bigger than your daughter (about 8 years). I was knocked out and unconscious for about six hours. They drew me home on the sled, an I about froze to death. I can just remember coming to that night and screaming because my hands and feet were so cold. I've always thought that that must have destroyed some of mjy memory, because I really don't remember a lot about my early years before that. I don't remember too much about my very early childhood. (Mrs. Aldrich says, :You used to go sliding on the big rip.") We used to slide from way up the Boyden place, clear way down to the ice pond. In those days, sometimes you'd have a tough time to make about two slides at night and that would be all you could do. (The ice ponds are down there by Pickering Plumbing?) Yes, this side of that on top of that little grade. (Boyden's is up where?) Way up, just this side of where the old school was. (Just below Enfield Road?) This end of the flat. (It's where Gladys Reed lived eventually—in that area.) Yes, right there. Most of the time we'd start on what we called Thornton Hill which is down below, just below where the road goes out to Arnold Road—well, the top of the hill just below that. That's what we used to call Thornton Hill because Clyde Thornton lived at the top of it. We use to slide from there when the sliding was good down to what I call Nigger Hill. Other times we would only go down beyond Harkness Road a little ways. Then we'd go up and slide again.

BJ: You mentioned you were skating someplace when you got hit. Where was that?

MA: Out at what they called Howard's Pond. Out where Echo Hill has been developed. Out through there. Beyond Foote's place and down on the right through there. One thing we used to do, us kids when we were little—well, we weren't little, we were probably high school age. We used to watch the trolley cars come. There would be one of us that would be stationed down by Harkness Road, and another one would be stationed by the road that went down to the factory where the old pump was. And another one would be up where John Sykes was which would be house above the store. There would be three of us stationed there, and the trolley would come along. It would have to slow down at those corners. We'd run in back of it. There was a rope that held the trolley pole on the wire up there, you know. We'd give that rope a pull so the trolley pole would come off the wire, and the conductor would have to get out in pitch dark and go and get a hold of that rope and --- around and get it back on again. He'd no more get it on, and he'd go up around the next curve and somebody else would do it again. I've been chased more times by that conductor with what they call the switch rod than you can imagine! (How many times did you do that?) We didn't do that every night of the week, but every once in awhile we'd do it. (And they never found out who it was?) Oh, they knew it was us kids doing it, but we were very careful. They never caught any of us. The minute we gave it a pull, all the

lights went out on the trolley car so they couldn't see anything. By that time, we were a half mile down the road!

BJ: There are many things people talk about kids doing today, and some of the things I hear some of the kids did then…

MA: My father always said he didn't care how much hell I raised, but never let him hear I destroyed anybody's property. (That seems to be a big difference…) Nowadays kids have no respect for property at all. We'd go out Halloween and put tic-tac-toe on your window or something like that, but we never painted the side of your house or threw eggs at it or anything like that.

BJ: That seems to be a big difference. Everybody talks about things they did to teachers.

MA: Laura Ward—Chick Ward. Do you know any of the Wards? Laura was Sally Shepard's sister. She never married.

BJ: Sally talked to me about going to school, and she went to school with her aunt as her teacher.

MA: Laura Ward wasn't my first teacher. There was Mrs. Parks. I don't know who she was. She didn't come from around that area. Then about the time I was in the third or fourth grade, Laura Ward was my teacher up until I went from one room into the next room. I don't remember how many years she did teach there. And then, of course, I went into high school. I used to go in on the trolley car to high school.

BJ: You say you don't remember much because of that accident. Do you remember anything from school that particularly struck you?

MA: Well, not too much exciting that I remember in those days. Everything was just routine every day, so to speak. There were no great big hassles or tussles or anything else. No fights or anything special going on that I remember. We always had little parties—Christmas parties and things like that. I don't remember anything particularly special that you would be interested in.

BJ: You were there as an adult too. Did you take part in town meeting and things like that?

MA: Yes, I was Chairman of the Board of Selectmen for nine years. Eight years, I guess. I was Selectman for nine years, and Chairman of the Board for eight years. I served one year as a substitute on the Board of Assessors. I worked there with Mrs. Kimball and Mr. Chaffee. Mrs. Kimball was the first woman selectman, and she was a very capable woman and did a very good job as a selectlady, if you want to call her that, with Mr. Chaffee and myself for eight, nine years. We took

care of town records. Every year we'd go to Town Meeting. I more or less ran the Town Meeting. I'd get up and spiel what they'd have to have. I do have a picture that was taken of me in the Life Magazine in 1938. (I've seen that issue; they have it in the museum.) I have that issue here. My son found it in Washington a year ago and gave it to me for Christmas. I have pictures that were taken other than that. Mr. …, I can't recall his name. He was the reporter for the *Hartford Courant*, I believe, or the Hartford newspaper. He asked permission to have the *Life* photographer come up and take pictures of the old-fashioned town meeting. Have you heard all this? (No, not that.) So he came and he took some 500 flash pictures of the old-fashioned town meeting that day. He even came down and took some pictures of my store with the boys playing Chinese checkers. At the time, they'd gather behind the meat counter and play Chinese checkers. He took all these pictures and many of them were put in the *Life* magazine. For some unknown reason, my picture was one of them. I was standing there holding the Town Report. I was giving a speech on the heating system for the Selectmen at that time. That was before I was Selectman. So that was an exciting day for everybody to have their pictures taken.

BJ: Do you remember any big issue while you were in town government?

MA: No, everybody complained about how much it cost to plow the roads, complained about how much they spent on the highways, and the school system didn't need that much money. I won't mention any names, but certain ones would say, "Well, they don't have to do that. My father didn't do that. We had an outhouse to go to. We didn't have to have indoor plumbing. I don't see why we have to do that for these kids. They're no better than we were." We had all sorts of rigamaroles like that to listen to and what have you, but there were no other great big hassles that I recall. Of course, that was almost the time when the Quabbin Reservoir started to take over because I remember questioning one time after the Quabbin Reservoir had taken over the land on the other side of Pelham Hill, and the Road Commissioner wanted the same amount of money to ply the roads as he had the year before and he didn't have all that road down in the Quabbin. I questioned it, but I was told to shut up and sit down! And the Road Commissioner got his money to plow.

BJ: Do you remember, speaking of that, what kind of conversations there were when it turned out they were going to take the land over there for Quabbin? Was there much talk about it?

MA: No, I don't recall any big commotion because most of the land they took over the hill down there—there wasn't too many people lived in it. It was land that wasn't very good—maybe it was wood lots and things like that. Lumley's house came from over there. It came from Enfield, Greenwich somewhere. I was one of the last men with Will Chaffee who, what they called, perambulated the town lines. Every so often you have to go out to the town lines to check your boundaries of the town. Don't they call that perambulate? I was the last one that really went

down in and had to cross a little brook to find the stone over in what was part of the Swift River that was still standing there that was the corner of the Town of Pelham. It was against, I'll say" Dana or North Dana, up in that area. I was the last one to ever touch that stone, as far as I know.

BJ: That would have been what year?

MA: Oh I don't know. I was Selectman when I was running the store there so probably around..(you said that was 1938) Well, it was '38 when I started the store but I don't remember when I did go on the Selectmen originally before that or not. I guess I was still Selectman when I went to Northfield and retired.

BJ: I should keep this straight. When did they actually flood that? Before 1940?

MA: Oh yes. They were working there way back in the 30s—'32, '33, and '34.

BJ: So you don't remember that there was any….

MA: No, I don't remember any great big—oh I guess people were wrangling with the Metropolitan District Water Commission as to how much they were going to get for their property. Of course, all the cemeteries down there had to be moved over to Quabbin Cemetery. I presume what few people there were—there was a family who lived down there. They had more kids than you could count. Some of them never saw daylight until they were 15 years old, I guess, hardly. I'd drive in there and deliver groceries to them, and if I drove in—they lived way over Pelham Hill on a side road—I'd drive in and as soon as they could see me coming, they'd run and hide like a bunch of partridges. You could never see them when you got there. You could never find them.

BJ: That was where? That was down….

MA: Down over Pelham Hill (There was that rooming house at the top and then on down there—before you got to the school.) There was a side road that went off down through there. I think they called that the East School. He lived down there with and his wife and I don't know how many children they did finally have. He never did anything but hunt and fish. The town supported them on welfare most of the time.

BJ: I think there was a family they talked about having to bring in because they lived more than a mile and a half or whatever from the school so they had to supply transportation for them. It might have been them, I don't know. When you had that store, that was the only store then in Pelham? That one at the top of the hill was all gone by that time?

MA: There used to be one in West Pelham by the church. (Not the one they talked about Bud Willson's father having. I'm thinking there was something at the top.

Flora Adriance said that her mother ran the Post Office and a store up there. But that would have been a long time ago.) That would have been before my time. There is a gas station and store there now, but that's been built since.

BJ: So you were basically the only store in Pelham then? (yes) And you drove out to all these places?

MA: I would take telephone orders in the morning and put up the groceries. Then Edith would come to the store and stay in the afternoon. I'd get in the truck and deliver them all around. I went clear up to Butter Hill where Allen lived and out Enfield Road and back and up to Pelham Hill and down over the hill where that family I was talking about lived. (How often did you do that a week?) Twice a week.

BJ: I was talking to somebody about what they raised and what they bought. At that time, what kind of things would you be delivering?

MA: Canned groceries, like canned corn and canned peas. Or a pound of butter or a pound of frankfurts or something like that. Of course, I didn't carry any heavy meats in those days, just like frankfurts or bologna or something like hat. Cold cuts, a loaf of bread of cigarettes. I can remember when cigarettes sold for—we used to sell Wings for two packages for 21¢. I can remember when they got up to two for 23¢, two for 25¢, two for 27¢, two for 29¢--when they went beyond that, everybody was going to quit. But they didn't. Nobody quit. They used to get very short, and I would have to save out—I knew different ones who always had two packs every week so I would save you your cigarettes so when you came in, you got your two packs.

BJ: You're talking about short during the war? (Yes) When you were making these deliveries, this was with a truck?

MA: Yes, I had a Chevrolet pick-up truck. I used to deliver all around over there, Valley Road as well. (His wife says, "I used to go over and pump the gas.") We had two gas pumps. We sold gas for 16¢ a gallon. Six gallons for a dollar on the regular gas. Put in your oil and at nighttime if you wanted to come down, I'd draw some water out of your car and put some alcohol in it to keep it from freezing and change the oil in your car on Saturdays for you and go in and wash my hands and dish out an ice cream cone for the kids and so forth and so on. We took care of all that for ten years. Go hunting in between times if I couldget my wife to work in the store!

BJ: Did you go hunting around here?

MA: I used to hunt white rabbits with a dog. I always had a good rabbit dog.

BJ: You moved to Northfield, you said—(in 1948)—because you wanted your children…

MA: [Edited section] …My uncle graduated from Amherst College in 1907, and he was the only All-American football player Amherst College ever had. He was what they called Walter Kemp's All-American football player. He was born in this house in North Hatfield, and that's the house my son is living in now.

BJ: That is coming back around. Did he know when he bought it or rented it?

MA: Yes, he knew about it.

BJ: I knew you would have a lot to say about Pelham. All those people who tell me they don't have anything to say! You had a lot of connections from being a child there, and businessman, and person in government.

MA: I can tell you most of the names of people who worked in the shop.

BJ: I'm sure it's recorded someplace.

MA: I don't know that it is.

BJ: Were the records of the fish rod factory ever given to the Historical Society?

MA: Not that I know of. I don't know what ever happened to them. They were moved to Montague City, I suppose, when they cleaned out the factory. They were probably all destroyed when the company bought it out.

BJ: Seems too bad that that would happen. It was such a center for Pelham. One thing I've heard about Mr. Bartlett—somebody said, I think, that he was a pretty economical fellow. Was that his reputation? Somebody said they would never have paved the road if Mr. Bartlett would have been there or something. I gathered he was careful about spending.

MA: Well, I don't know. I never heard anything about that. Of course, he was my grandfather. I was only about 18 years old when he died so I don't know too much about what he did in his younger days. He had all these men that worked there in the fish rod factory. I could almost recite most of them.

BJ: So he had all this land, you said, yet that went…

MA: Into the estate. As I say, where Lumley lived, he bought that piece out there, and then he sold some more. He bought the house that was down on the main road, and all the land went out to back of Yegians clear out through to the Amherst line. He eventually sold those in parcels. He owned that because he kept it as pasture. We always had four or five cows. All the while I went to high school, I had two

cows—one anyway and two sometimes to milk at night and morning while I was courting my girls and going to high school. That used to irritate me. I'd come home Sunday night, and change my clothes and milk the cows and go back again. So he had the pasture for the cows and he had all this land where Lumley lives all out through there where he raised his hay. Down in back of where Shepards used to live, where Marie Yegian lives down there, we had a garden.

BJ: I was going to say that we've covered quite a lot. I don't know whether there's anything else that you'd like to talk about. I have certain things that I tend to cover, and then there are other things that I maybe forget. Like, for example, I keep forgetting to ask people about what they remember about the hurricane. Somebody said to me, "What do you know about the Hurricane?"

MA: Well, I can remember the Hurricane. I was working at the store in Pelham. That was 1938, wasn't it? I went home for supper, and I had a Pointer dog. We lived in the house this side of the Yegians, and on the end of the house we had 15 windows and a door for a sunporch. And we had a little couch out there that I used to go lay down on. I recall going home for supper that night. I had supper and I went out to stretch out on the couch. The Pointer dog got up and laid down on the couch right beside me, shivering like a cold animal would shiver. I said to Edith, at the time, "Something's wrong with the dog." The garage doors were open, and between my house and the Shepard's house there was this big, tall bunch of old poplar trees. All of a sudden this wind came up and took my garage doors right off. It took the poplar trees all down, and I waited till it went down a little bit, and then I decided to go back to work, and I couldn't even walk down the main road. Up in back of where my store was, where Curtis Knight lives now, that was all a growth of nice, big pines. It took them all down. My grandmother was living, at the time, in bed, so she had to have special care. I remember going to the light company to see if there was any way they could possibly help get electricity out there because of her being bed-ridden. I lost all my ice cream in the store and everything else because there was no electricity. I gave it all to the kids. They had a great picnic! So I remember that very vividly—all those trees going down, and the dog being scared to death. I also had another dog one time and there was a funny, little story. I was away one Sunday and this was a hunting dog that I used to hunt rabbits with. I had it hitched on a wire that ran from a big, old hickory tree to the back of my garage. My garage was built on a barn foundation so there was a place under the garage where you could keep chickens, cows, or anything you wanted to. The dog was hitched on a wire at the foot of the tree. All of a sudden, they said,--it was a Sunday afternoon and I don't know where we were, we weren't home—one black cloud came up, and all of a sudden, a bolt of lightning came out of that cloud, came down the tree. It fused every bit of that telephone wire, 50 feet of it that went from the tree to the barn, it fused that. Inside the barn I had an electric fence control for the pasture fence for the cow. It blew that off the wall, split the two by four. It went through the wire into the house, and blew the fuse off by the side of the kitchen sink. If Edith had been home, she would have been standing about there doing dishes. The chain that the

dog was hitched on—apparently what saved the dog's life was that the chain came down and touched the ground and she was laying on it and it burned a hole in her leg just exactly like a morning glory. Forever after that, every time it thundered, she'd cry to come in the house. She'd never bothered before that. During the war, I bought a cow from Herb Adriance. I kept a cow and a calf. My wife used to get so mad because I'd ask her to go out and hitch the calf up. And the calf would take her all over the lawn because she couldn't hold her. So I used to get up every morning and milk the cow and go up to the store at seven o'clock and come back home and milk the cow at night, and go back to the store and stay until nine o'clock at night.

BJ: Did you do that for economical reasons or did you think it was fresher milk? Everybody seemed to have a cow.

MA: No, economical reasons during the war. Then we would raise—I got on good terms with the ice cream company—Fro-Joy, Sealtest—so the man that ran the place would let me borrow an eight-hole ice cream container, one of those old ones with the round cover on top of it, and I used to buy these roosters every year and I'd raise about 25 or 30 of those. Then in the fall I'd have a killing bee; I'd kill all of them one night and pick them all and clean them all and put them in there and we'd have chicken every Sunday. I can't remember that man's name, but he let me have one of those in my garage so that I could keep it full of rabbits or chickens or whatever I had then.

INTERVIEW WITH HAROLD BOHMER
Amherst Nursing Home
March 10, 1979

Barbara Jenkins, Interviewer

BJ = Barbara Jenkins
HB = Harold Bohmer
Original transcription by Alberta Booth

BJ: You said it was an accident that you moved to Pelham. What kind of accident was that?

HB: Well I met this Frost, Charles Frost, and I had learned of the Twohig place, T-w-o-h-i-g. Now the Twohigs were two men. I suppose they had been married, but I'm not knowledgeable about that. But one, the mail carrier, and the other was some sort of—he worked in construction, principally in carpentry. And they had owned this Twohig place and they decided they didn't want it any longer, so I heard about it and I bought it off the, I believe, mail carrier. His brother agreed.

BJ: Were you looking for a place out there?

HB: Not particularly, but as I say I had been fooling around with this Charlie Frost some way, and he told me about the place, so I interviewed the Twohigs and bought it. I believe I paid $1000 for it which comprised something like 42 acres of land. It was good land. The house was old—very old—one of the first in Pelham and so I used it as a sort of summer place to fool around with. I raised some crops there—potatoes, corn, and so forth. But as time developed, the Metropolitan District Commission for the water supply interviewed me with the prospect of selling it to them. And I said, "I don't wish to sell it because now it is likely to be my home." "Well," they said, "you have to sell it because we're going to take it anyhow." "Well," I said, "What are you willing to pay for it?" They offered me some ridiculous sum. I said, "Well, no, I won't accept that," and finally we did agree and I believe I sold it for something between—around $2,000.

BJ: This would have been what—in the early 30s?

HB: I think it was earlier than that, somewhat.

BJ: How long had you had it by the time they wanted to buy it?

HB: Well, not many years. But the Depression came on—you can find that out—I'm so hazy about it that I don't know, but they began to press and said I would have

to get out. "Well," I said, "I can't get out because I've sold my place in Northampton and I have no other place to go. I'll have to hunt up another.

BJ: Was you property up there on that road to Prescott or exactly where was it?

HB: Well, you went to the top of the hill in Pelham and turned left. A matter of a mile or so and you turned right through a gate that the Metropolitan Gate District Commission has erected. But they gave me a key so I was able to come and out and down the hill to my place.

BJ: You know, Mr. Burrows spoke of—I thought he was saying Twig Hill Road—but now I think it must be the way you pronounce it—Twohig.

HB: It was really Two-hig, but the Pelhamites couldn't get around that, so they simply called it Twig.

BJ: This is like a puzzle put together.

HB: Yes, it's rather interesting.

BJ: I on a map the other day and I couldn't figure where Twig Hill Road was in relationship to, say, Shutesbury Road. Was it near….

HB: Well, no, it was beyond the Shutesbury Road a short distance, further on and then down hill on the right—the Twohig place.

BJ: Well, anyway, you had to sell that.

HB: Well, yes. After we'd made the agreement and I'd been paid, I said, "Now you have to give me time to get out because I bought another piece of land on which there is nothing so I have to erect a house." They kept pushing me, but in the meantime I bought that land where I'm now supposed to live and I put up a house first. I had an excavator come and dig the hole and I saved all the material I could out of the excavation; that is, in the way of boulders and any kind of stone that I thought I could use and I built my own cellar wall. And I went to the Potter Grain Company on Market Street in Northampton. I was well known by them and I ordered cement and material and they delivered them up and I paid along as I could. I actually erected my house first. I got this excavator to come and do it and then, I believe, I got somebody to build a chimney. That I couldn't do, but I built the cellar wall. And I got timbers and laid the foundation and boarded it. Oh, I saved a lot of the material from the house down under the hill.

BJ: Oh, I wondered what happened to that.

HB: Yes, that was demolished. That is, I took it down and saved everything. And I had an old Reo truck which I was able to move all this material with. And that's

what I built my home of. I made my own doors, the front door and the back door, out of freshly sawed lumber. After it was sawed, I hand-planed those boards and joined them. I got them dove-tailed and put together. I had clamps to draw them very tightly together and when they were completed to size, I knew about the old type of garrison house, that is so-called. They used in the old days, in the Puritan days, hand forged nails. You know what they were? Pounded out on an anvil and the head made and so forth. So I drove those right through the door boards, then clinched them over on the inside and that's what I had for doors.

BJ: Where did you get those nails?

HB: I bought them wherever I could. I paid $5 for a handful—just a small handful. Some I them I withdrew from old lumber I had had. I didn't have to spend too much money for the nails, but I had enough to make them with. And from the Twohig house, I was able to save lumber and windows and so forth and those are in my shop. I didn't put them in the house—I put in new ones in the house. And I built the shop and made a cement floor which I constructed myself.

BJ: Where is the shop?

HB: It's out front.

BJ: Oh, it's up there by your house.

HB: Yes, it adjoins it. I was very fortunate in the matter of water. I found water immediately and it was good water. But there's a swampy area, sort of, and I thought the water would be good there, but the Metropolitan District Commission didn't agree to it so further building along the front there, I guess, would be doubtful at the moment, but I believe that water could be drained off because it's a water course all the way down to what they call Knight's Corner and there it could be diverted into a stream that runs straight into Belchertown, and that has no connection with the Metropolitan.

BJ: When you first moved out there—that first time when you bought the house—did you Know that there was going to be a threat that you might not be able to live there?

HB: No, I didn't.

BJ: That wasn't being talked about at the time?

HB: No, not precisely. It was more or less—the dam hadn't been built. In fact, it was this colored man that's in with Reg (Mr. Fletcher). Yes, he worked on the dam.

BJ: Did he? Isn't that something? He's been down in Belchertown a long time then, hmm? [John Fletcher is also a resident at Amherst Nursing Home]

HB: Yes. Reggie's father and mother (Reginald Thornton from Pelham—also a resident at Amherst Nursing Home at the time of this interview) I knew very well. He used to visit there when he was a little boy. But his father was a curse on the family because he was a terrible drinker. The hardest cider he could find wasn't too strong for him. He drank a gallon a day—of hard cider! And you never saw him stagger—that's a strange matter about it.

BJ: I wanted to get back to what you were saying when you bought your house—that Twohig place—you don't remember exactly what period of time that was? Was it around—how old would you have been? Maybe we can figure it out that way.

HB: Well, like I said, I'm hazy. The only way I can approximate it would be the Depression, because I began to lose my clientele. (When you were teaching music over in Northampton?) Yes, and people generally became concerned. I had some very prominent people in my class. Such as Parsons—Frank Parsons that dealt in the Reo line. I bought my second-hand Reo truck off him. And I bought several cars of him which I ran for a time and discarded. But the old station wagon was a sturdy old thing—a four cylinder Reo andI drove that for three years in transporting these materials. So it was a great savings.

BJ: So you started out—you said you were born in 1890. (1890, June 4, 1890) So how old were you when you were in Northampton giving these lessons? Were you married then?

HB: No, I began before I was married.

BJ: Did you go to high school there?

HB: Yes.

BJ: And graduated maybe when you were 17 or something like that?

HB: I was older than that. In those days, if you got out of high school by 19 or 20, you were young. I'll tell you another experience. This has no connection, but I've always been more or less proud of it. The headmaster of the high school was Clarence Burgess Root, a very learned man, and he was an Episcopalian so that I had two connections there. His wife was my Sunday class teacher. And when I got into high school, of course, Mr. Root was still there and he had Benjamin Torrence in for an interview one day, and I don't know just what the matter was about—kind of serious thing—and he said in the course of the interview with Benjamin Torrence, "There's another boy here in school, in your class, that unless he changes his temperament and what he's doing, he's going to be in trouble likewise." Benjamin jumped out of his seat and said, "Whom do you mean—Bohmer?" Here's Mr. Root's answer, "Ah, no, Benjamin. I have the utmost respect for Harold." That's what he told him. The other teacher that was in the

high school was Alfred H. Evans. He was a well-known man and so I had him as well, among many others. And all down through, I had very good teachers.

BJ: You must have been very talented musically.

HB: Well, they thought so.

BJ: Did you continue your music schooling after high school?

HB: Oh yes, oh yes. One of my best teachers was Albert Locke Norris. I studied with him for a long time. I had taken lessons previously from a lady—woman—Kingsley. And she married a man by the name of Rust. I still continued, and I played in one of her recitals. I captured the audience.

BJ: Sounds like you're talking—I'm trying to do some arithmetic, you know. If you were about 20 when you graduated from high school, that must have been about 1910 and perhaps in that period of time (Yes, that was precisely it.) and then maybe you did some more schooling for the music (Oh yes.) and then maybe it was in 19—do you remember when you got married at all? (Well, it was in the 30s) Was in the 30s. I'm thinking it might be a little before that because it sounded like you had bought your property (I was married after I bought the Twohig place.) Oh, you were. Oh, I see. You said that you had begun to lose pupils because of the Depression. (That was precisely it.) And you said that you bought the house up here for a summer place, but then eventually you were living up here all the time. What kind of work were you doing then when you were living up here all the time?

HB: Oh, well, when the Depression struck, I began losing my clientele very fast and so I did whatever I could. I worked. I bought commodities—strawberries, all kinds of vegetables and peddled them from house to house. Without a license! But it seemed not to be required so I got enough to get along.

BJ: This is when you were in Pelham?

HB: No, it was before I landed in Pelham. I had owned several pieces of property which I sold. I started teaching in the Southwick Building in Northampton and some of the—there were a lot of professionals—other professionals in there like medical doctors and eye doctors and so forth. And they objected to the noise of the piano going, you see, because it comprised not only my pupils, but myself so I had to move. And from there I went to the Sherwin Building which was on the corner of Main and Pleasant Street, I believe. And I was there quite a long time. Taught on a Vose piano. Later on the Chickering people contacted me and wanted to know whether I'd be interested in going down to the factory and pick out a piano. Which I did. Went down there. They had a floor full. And I played and tested them one after the other and finally I said, "Well, this is the one I'll take." And without their knowledge, I took a pencil out of my pocket and made a

little mark underneath where I knew it was and so out of all those pianos I got just what I marked.

BJ: So when you got up to Pelham you were having to stop giving lessons then because people were just not willing to be spending on (They didn't have it) the Fine Arts, I guess. (Yes) When you moved to Pelham, were there many people that lived around you? It sounded like you were pretty isolated up there. (Oh, I was.) You preferred that (No) or not?

HB: Well, not exactly, because, as it developed—as it *has* developed—I've had thieves running in and out at will and particularly while I've been here. It's been a field day for them. I had precious things. A number of very valuable oil paintings and antique furniture. They just wiped it out—even my music, a lot of it. I'm sorry about that because the probability is that I never would have played much more any way. I can't play the simplest things because, you see, my hands, my fingers are stiff and out of shape. I used to have very nice hands, very flexible, and I was able to glide over the keys, but no more. I took out some first grade piano pieces I used to teach. I could hardly play them.

BJ: That must be disappointing. I've heard you play here before, just when I walked in (Oh, you did. I don't play well, I'll admit it.) Not any more. Mr. Bohmer, you must have talked about the forming of Quabbin and what that meant. Certainly your property was taken. What kind of feeling was there among your neighbors and people that got moved?

HB: Well, I believe, that without exception they were disappointed. I mean. They didn't like to be disrupted and neither did I. But the law's the law and the side that has the most weight, they prevail. That's all there is to it.

BJ: Was there any kind of protest at all?

HB: What are you going to protest about? As I said, before I had my house completed, when I was still down under the hill in the Twohig place, they wanted to hustle me out. "Well," I said, "You have to give me time." I said, "I can't. I have to have a roof over my head and I don't have the means to do it quickly." So they were comparatively patient. They decided on the price, as I said, which was not very much, but I was able to get by with it.

BJ: Did any of the people down there try to group together as a group to (No) work on not having that happen or you felt pretty much individuals trying to fight (Oh yes, oh yes.) Do you think it would be any different today as far as, let's say, they decided to make a reservoir some place like that. Do you think that would happen the same today? Would it e different or not?

HB: Of course, it could happen. In act, the reservoir is becoming inadequate as it is. Oh, without question, the government, whether it's state or national, they prevail.

An individual, even a collection of people, have no strength. Just would be pushed back. In my case, if I couldn't show that I was making the effort to straighten things, they would have picked me up bodily and pushed me somewhere.

BJ: Someone indicated to me that they felt that after that happened the attitude of people was much more likely to want to cheat the government or feel that the government was an enemy than it had been before that time. Is that the way you feel too or is that just that person?

HB: No, what advantage is it to be dishonest or cheat anybody? Whether it's the party I power or an individual. I don't stand for that. I don't represent that.

BJ: So your frustration with the government didn't come out in those ways? (oh no.) You found another place to live (Oh no, I just complied to the best of my ability. That's all there is to it.) So you moved over to this new place and you built your house and did you build your antique shop at the same time or was that a little bit later?

HB: No, I built my house first, and then later was the antique shop. But there was another development which—[edited section]

[Interviewer's note: As the tape was changed to Side 2, a portion of the conversation was lost.]

SIDE TWO

HB: …[edited section]

BJ: You have two sons, is that right? (I have two sons. The youngest is a PhD geologist and has a good job in Akron, Ohio.) Did you raise your family then in Pelham?

HB: Oh well, yes. (Where did they go to school?) They both went to the Pelham Grammar School. (Which one—up there on the hill someplace?) No, it was down between Reggie Thornton's. It was the, uh…(Did they go to the City School?) I believe they called it that in those days. (Why would they have gone way down there from way up where you lived?) Because there was no other school. That one on top of the hill is a new one. This was the first one. (They went way down there. Was that in the 40s?) I believe it was. (I guess there were so many schools in Pelham, I thought there would have been one nearer you.) They went to the Grammar School a good time and my youngest entered Williston Academy and I don't want to praise myself, but actually out of my peddling I paid his tuition to the Academy because he couldn't have graduated from Amherst College without some help. And they both—Harold graduated

from Williston as I said and also Amherst College. And then he, himself finished up somewhere, I believe, in Ohio for his doctorate.

BJ: Did they and you—did you associate a lot with the people in Pelham or were you kind of on your own up there?

HB: Well, some I knew, and some I didn't. There were a family of Styles that I used to visit a great deal and Mr. Styles is dead and Mrs. Styles is now in California where she has a son.

BJ: Did you like the land up there—I guess you referred to it as being a "hill town."

HB: A hill town, yes. Rocky and hard to work, but I got along here. The soil was soft after you got the stones out or if you hit a stone with a hoe, you dug it out and threw it along the side. That's the only thing. I raised all sorts of things. Potatoes, I said, and corn and all the vegetables.

BJ: Were you fairly self sufficient as far as feeding your family?

HB: Well, I did it, more or less. I sold to colored people and white. There was a family in Amherst I sold to. Many times she didn't have the money. I knew they were poor, but we were all poor. So Mrs. ---- would say, "I'd like that, but I can't pay for it." "Well," I'd say, "Mrs. ---, if you'd like that, you take it." Her husband drank and that was one trouble. The poor soul worked very hard. She worked out at housework. She did washing-laundry. And that lady never cheated me one penny. Some of the white people did.

BJ: Someone mentioned to me that there was a black family—colored family up in Pelham at one time. Are you aware of that?

HB: Let me see. (That may have been before your time. I don't know.) Well, it must have been because I don't recollect any colored family.

BJ: Did you take your vegetables around through Pelham too?

HB: Well, some. Not too much. (Why was that?) Well, because (not intelligible) But in Amherst and Hadley and Northampton I did. I even sold things back to the Parsons where their children had taken lessons from me.

BJ: Was that hard to go from being a piano teacher…

HB: Well, I'll tell you right now, that's unmistakable. I felt lowered. But I rose to the occasion. It had to be done. So I think I should have earned a great deal of respect from my family—that's why I resented my wife's acts and my eldest son doing that way.

BJ: Sounds like you worked very hard to get that money, whatever money you had.

HB: I worked myself to the bone. I don't say it in self-praise—it's just a fact. I'll be forgiving—I believe in that, but I can't overlook it. If I could reason with my wife, I would do so. But she has no comprehension. I would with my eldest son, but he has no contact. He doesn't try to make it. But the youngest son is different. I've appealed to him to find a place near him, but so far he's been indifferent about it. Not indifferent, but doesn't seemed to think it's possible. Well, I think I understand that more than I did previously. You see, there are rules everywhere about construction and you have to come within that. You can't erect a hut anymore, let's put it that way. You have to make a house that complies with the other architecture around so that if I wanted to build a two-room shanty like, they just would turn thumbs down on it.

BJ: That's even true in Pelham. I know a lot of the old-timers complain about that. All these regulations and everything. How do you feel about that?

HB: Well, I don't think it's right entirely, but perhaps there's an argument both ways.

BJ: When you built your house, you were pretty free to do what you wanted?

HB: Oh yes. I didn't have to consult anybody. I just simply did what I wanted to.

BJ: What kinds of things did you do with your family when they were younger or were you too busy working that you didn't do many things together?

HB: I don't know as I understand.

BJ: Oh well, like did you take your boys out and go some place with them—take them places as a whole family?

HB: We used to go bathing in the Connecticut some—the whole family. In fact, my wife did sometimes—we went to Hockanum to bathe in the Connecticut. Yes, we went around—did common-place things.

BJ: [edited section]

HB: [edited section]

BJ: That's all right. I think a lot of these things you wouldn't want to have made public. I want to tell you that when I get finished with this and we get this typed up, I will let you read it or I will read it to you and you can decide if there are things you want included…

HB: Or deleted.

BJ: It's certainly up to you. Some is more personal, some is more public. The personal things sometimes don't matter to other people. Although sometimes it helps to see what things were like, too, at certain times. Now you mentioned your antique business. Did you start that along with your peddling of vegetables or was that something you developed later?

HB: Well, that's something I was more or less interested in always. Some of these things my mother had collected which I didn't wish to sell, but they've been taken away from me. Some things came from the Delano family. Just stop and think of that. We had a president with that name. I don't know if there's any connection, but Delano was certainly a rare name. But there was a Mrs. Delano and Winthrop and Charles. Winthrop never married, but he—I don't know what he did. Mrs. Delano was a ---I always was—some little infraction I made at school, didn't amount to much, but Mrs. Delano jumped up and down and she got very cross about it. She was that kind of person.

BJ: They were from Northampton?

HB: Yes, he was a prominent attorney. In fact, I had a memorial book which was gotten out by the Hampshire Bar in commemoration of him. They called him Judge Delano. He died in 1885, five years before I was born. The family was (unintelligible word) with the exception of Charles.

BJ: Mr. Bohmer, you've mentioned several times, I've noticed, that someone in a family drank. Do you think the problem of alcohol and drunkenness was more a problem, say, many years ago than it is today?

HB: No question about it. (Why is that?) Alcohol is indulged in by people of low standards, low mentality, whatever. Higher class people drink in a congenial manner and they take—well, for instance, now the little experience I had with a very good friend in Hatfield. They're gone now, with the exception of the youngest one. Mr. Prew said to me, "Mr. Bohmer, I'm going to give you a glass of the best whiskey that's made." I straightened my head up and said, "Hmmm, Mr. ---, if this is the best whiskey that's made, what is the poorest whiskey?" He said, "Mr. Bohmer, they don't make any whiskey that's poor."

BJ: Cider was …

HB: Cider was very prevalent. Yes, cider drinking (And people made their won?) Yes, Well, I did. Took their apples to the mill. Cider apples. They were inferior. They may have had holes in them or been crushed in some way. We tied them and took them to the mill and they were ground up and that's where you got your cider. It was sweet and very good when it first came out, but as time went on, it hardened and then you got vinegar, if you wanted to.

BJ: So people had a pretty available source if they wanted to drink. Was there more feeling—if people had no money that there was going to be no way to get along and more likelihood of people drinking to solve those problems?

HB: I don't think there was any thought much either way. I mean, in a drinker, drunkenness is the thing that—it's in the individual. I mean they just have the thirst for it and that's it. It's not that—of course, it's unlawful, but they don't think of the law.

BJ: I wanted to get back—I'm just getting the feeling that talking to you and I may be wrong—set me right about that—that you went to Pelham and that you worked there and you lived there for a long time and you liked it, but do you consider yourself a Pelhamite particularly or just somebody who happened to live in that town?

HB: Well, I don't actually feel that I'm a Pelhamite. As I said, I knew those Twohigs from Northampton and it was just a coincidence of my ever going there. But it was just through them and they used to describe the house and the good times they had there and I wanted to see it. And I ended up out there.

BJ: So you never spent a lot of time particularly getting to know the area in Pelham, like say, some of the back roads?

HB: Well, I traveled them. Oh yes, I traveled them, more or less. (You didn't particularly walk around and look at some of the old places, like I know Mr. Burrows mentions walking around and looking at cellar holes and things like that.) Oh yes, I did that. That was a common thing. Some people lived in the Valley—what they called the Valley. That was way down, but the land was taken for the Metropolitan Water and they had to move out and many of those people and I bought things of them—antiques, quite a lot. There was a man who lived in Knights' Pond district—I bought things from him. Gold watch fob. I wish I had it. But that was taken, among other things. No, I went around to the different roads and met the people. Lots of time, when they had something, I bought it. For instance, up on what they call Prescott Hill, there was a family there by the name of Newbury. That piece of furniture was built right in their house. A cabinet right in their home. It was a bonnet top chest on chest, with pine cone finials. You know what I mean? (Yes.) In solid black cherry. My youngest son has it today. I paid the ridiculous price of $100 for it. (What do you think it's worth today?) Thousands.

HB: Yes, I had people I met once and never saw again. And others came repeatedly. A doctor I met at the Dickinson Hospital that happened to come in and asked me if I remembered him and I said, "Well, no" and he said, "I'm Dr. so-and-so." I can't remember his name now. (Was it Dr. Wilbur?) No. (Because he's interested in antiques, I know.)

BJ: You know, I think we're going to have to stop so you can get some lunch. Ut's 12 o'clock.

HB: I go—I won't get it until quarter after. My meal always comes a little bit late.

BJ: Then we'll go ahead because I have some more room on the tape here. I thought they said lunch came up about 20 of. Yours comes up later. Did you take part in any community activities in Pelham?

HB: Not particularly,, except for town meetings. I'd go to town meeting.

BJ: Can you tell me anything interesting that ever happened at town meeting that you can remember particularly?

HB: No, I wasn't interested in the contests. I was interested in something that really mattered. (Like what?) Well, I forget. (It's hard to remember what really mattered. Things that really mattered don't seem so important now.) They wanted to pave this road or that one. Seemed to be a good thing to do, all right, but if it was an old country road that no one went on very much, I didn't think it was very smart to do it.

BJ: Were you involved with your sons' schooling in Pelham at all? (They were in college at that time.) I thought you said that they went to the Grammar School. (Well, they did.) Did you get involved in that? Did you go down to their school? (No, well I did, some. I liked Miss Collis who was a very good teacher, and they were very fortunate, I believe, to have her. I think they probably did better in that little country school than they might have done in Northampton, even. I think Miss Collis was a good disciplinarian and she was a good teacher. But they're all gone now.) Miss Kimball is Miss Collis' niece (Mrs. Kimball was a sister of the teacher.) The woman that I interviewed, Evelyn Kimball, was her niece. (Yes.) She's the last survivor in Pelham. (And she's old now—like myself!) Not quite as old as you. (I know, but she's old.) She was able to tell me a lot about Pelham because she grew up there. I think that because you came to Pelham later, you have a different viewpoint. You have a viewpoint as an adult more and I think it's somewhat like you say—you don't consider yourself a Pelhamite. You happen to live there, you like it, but if someone were to ask you where you were from, what would you say?

HB: Northampton.
BJ: Northampton, see? Where you grew up. And you moved to Pelham when…

HB: It was incidental. It was kind of brought on by circumstances.

BJ: But that was a long way out there to be just by accident, you know, you probably could have lived other places too.

HB: Well, I had a chance when I owned a number of pieces of property. The first one I sold. And I was fortunate to buy another one close by. That was a single home. A very lovely home, nice grounds and we felt very fortunate. It was, as a I say, a single home. But we made it into two families. It had been converted by the Twohigs, as a matter of fact. After the—if I had time, I would think of their names, but it's gone. They were prominent people—they were in with the Lees—Bob Lee---he was an industrialist. In fact, he had something to do with the cutlery in Bay Sate. They were wealthy people. And McCallums. I played in the plays with the McCallums. He made his attic into a small theater and I played in the Academy of Music. An Irish play entitled, "The Workhouse Ward." I'll give you a few lines, but I'll have to recite both characters. Two old men in the bed. We have here separate beds and later on they're visited by my sister. (Mr. Bohmer here recites lines from memory in an Irish brogue that is unintelligible much of the time from the tape, but it's obvious he knew every word and it's worth listening to on the tape.)

BJ: My goodness, I suddenly had two visitors! I can tell that these things meant a lot to you. Whoops—I think your lunch is here.

INFORMATION SHEET

George Burrows
Born: February 22, 1893
Place of Birth: Northampton, MA
Mother's Name: Emma Willard
Father's Name: George H. Burrows
Spouse's Name: Rose Richards Burrows
Date of Interviews: February - May, 1979

BJ = Barbara Jenkins, Interviewer
GB – George Burrows
AW = Avis Weaver (daughter)
Original transcription by Wendy Larson, Jeanne Shumway, Peggy Hepler and Barbara Jenkins

Interview of George W. Burrows
February 24, 1979
(With daughter, Avis Burrows Weaver)

TAPE ONE

[Mr. Burrows had indicated he did not want the tape recorder on as he started. However, as it became apparent that he was starting to describe the houses and buildings beginning at the Amherst-Pelham line, the tape recorder was turned on. He had described a school building and was just describing a sheep farm on Harkness Road as the tape begins.]

GB: … a sheep farm owned by the Jewetts at one time.

AW: Was this Harkness Road, or where was it?

GB: That was Behre's farm.

AW: On the Harkness Road you are now.

GB: That's that big house there. Jewett used to raise sheep on Harkness Road. We're coming back now, and we're coming from the fish rod factory, the Montague City Rod and Reel Company. At that pint,, there was a saw mill and a grist mill. The grist mill was located west of what is a part of Fort River. Well, it was called Amethyst Brook, a part of Amethyst Brook—Amethyst Brook goes into it. The fish rod factory was called the Montague City Rod and Reel and they purchased for some of their best rods, I believe, logs from Japan.

BJ: Bamboo?

GB: No, greenheart, was the name of the logs, and they were shipped to the coast and then transported by a rail to the Central Vermont depot in Amherst, and from there they were transported by horse and wagon to the sawmill to the Montague Rod and Reel Company. And they were sawed into lumber and stuff they were going to use it for, and taken into the shop and run through awful fine machinery. When bamboo came in, it was cut up in lengths. I worked there personally myself.

BJ: Oh, I was going to say—I knew Mrs. Campbell don here that just died worked there and I didn't know if anybody else worked there or not.

GB: I worked there myself. Every so often there's a joint, a knuckle joint in bamboo. The bamboo was cut into different lengths for different rods, and they had a big drum that was brought in and I ground the knots on those bamboo rods and got them ready for the machines. This big drum was probably three foot in diameter

and maybe four, and probably somewhere in the neighborhood of a foot wide. They was bundled up, ready to go to the sawyer that split 'em and then they went from there—Fred Eldridge used to do the splitting—and then they went from there to a man by the name of Jones, Bert Jones, who was at one time selectman and tax collector of the town of Pelham, and he lived on Jones Road. South Valley Road, I take that back—South Valley Road. It would be the corner of Jones Road and South Valley Road—the Doubledays now live there.

AW: Arthur Jones was the one I was thinking of.

GB: He was just a workman, same as I was.

BJ: How many people did work there about then?

GB: Well, there quite a few people worked there at one time. I would say, roughly, that there might have been 30 people that worked in the shop. I may be exaggerating it, because I don't know, I didn't work there that long.

BJ: How old were you when you worked there?

GB: I was probably, well, maybe 17-18 years old.

BJ: Did you get paid by the hour or by the day?

GB: I got paid by the day, but it was very small pay.

BJ: How much was that?

GB: I wouldn't dare say, because I don't exactly remember. Down South Valley Road to the old Shaw place, now owned by Pearly Keyes, and before we get through, we're going back to the Shaw place at a later time. We come back to the junction of North Valley and Pelham-Amherst Road. Well, I left out something thee—I should have taken in Knight's Store.

BJ: Can't forget that, can you?

GB: No, because I built that store. Charlie Jeannott owned that store and now it's been transferred to the Aldriches, and now owned by Curtis L. Knight.

BJ: So when was that built, about when?

GB: Well…

BJ: Well, like in the 30s?

GB: Oh nom, long before that, long before that.

AW: Well, I remember the Jeannotts myself as a child.
GB: I can't remember

BJ: Was it always a store?

GB: No, there was nothing there.

BJ: Was it built for a store though, in the first place?

GB: It was built for a store. And the lumber was purchased from Webber Lumber Company in Fitchburg, Mass. to build that store.

BJ: Was there something special about getting it over there—you remember so well where you bought it.

GB: It was trucked over there.

AW: Did you build it alone, or did someone help you?

GB: Oh, I had three or four men, the Hawley boys, George Thornton—I think there was four of us worked on that store. Now we'll go back to Community Hall where there now stands what used to be a later schoolhouse that was erected to take care o the children that was coming on at a later date. I may not have this worded right…

AW: Did you go to that school?

GB: No. Then we come up to the Annette Morgan place, which was a very, very old house. I've got nails, hand-made nails, that came out of that house some …well, 20 years ago, somewhere in that neighborhood.

AW: It was all of that, because you've been retired over 20 years.

BJ: Is that the house right across from the school?

GB: Right across from the school—that's the Annette Morgan place. Later on they built now the schoolhouse that is still standing, but that had been replaced by—in place of one that burned down. I don't remember the date that that burned, but it's been replaced and enlarged.

BJ: I talked to Mrs. Gladys Reed, do you know Mrs. Guy Reed? I talked to her earlier this year about the PTA and about the schools and I think she told me that one did burn, the first one did. I got very confused—there were so many schools in Pelham; it seemed like there were… over here and down here.

GB: You don't know the half of 'em yet.

AW: But Daddy, the school before this one that's there now did not burn. It was the one before that that burned. No, not the one before this one now; this one has just been built a few years, and the City School that we called the City School that I went to never burned. They tore it down after they built this school. But the one before that, which I don't remember, was the one that burned. This is the third school on that site. They left the other one standing until this one was built, then they tore the one in the front down.

GB:… on this same site, only it's been enlarged and enlarged until it's got to where it is now. We come on up to the Kingman Tavern… no, wait a minute. Where Charlie Cole lived—what's the name of that…Orient House—the Orient House. That was a hotel and a summer place. People came there and it… they bought us the Orient Springs, which we're going to get back to later. You'll have to wait for that, some time. Then we continue on up what is known as Thornton Hill. Just above the Harkness Cemetery, and we get up to Arnold Road, which there was only one house on Arnold Road. There was no mail route through there. Frank Arnold used to live there. He was a big farmer. That was a big farm at one time. It was a pretty flat area if you've ever drove out through there. It was all open farm land.

AW: Isn't that where Colonel Green lives now?

GB: Yes. Frank Arnold lived the same location that Colonel Greene lives at the present time. He raised ferrets, which was against the law. He raised ferrets for a sideline. They're similar to a weasel. The hunters… it was against the law to own one, to have one in your possession, but he raised them and sold them as a sideline. He used to have to walk to the Amherst-Pelham Road to get his mail. At a later date, I don't remember… Anson D. Morse, Professor Anson D. Morse, purchased acres and acres of land south of the Arnold farm. He owned acres there, and he built this mansion, three stories if I remember correctly. And on the top floor there was one immense pane of glass that faced Connecticut, and he had an awful powerful telescope set up in that one room. And I was so small at the time—I was probably somewhere in the neighborhood of 14 or 15 years old.—that I couldn't get up to see through the telescope, but I have been up there with him and he has held me up with that telescope focused on the dome of the capitol of Connecticut. And I have seen it through that telescope and I used to go—my father worked on that when it was built—I used to go over there. There's road up back here—I may come to it later—that led to their castle. They called it a castle, which it really was. He built an addition, a big garage separate where a hired man lived. He went through, he had two men that worked for him. One of them lived a short distance from where I'm sitting today. He got the scions off of apple trees when it was time to graft, and he went through the woods, had these men go through the woods before grafting time, clean all the brush around these wild apple trees, and he grafted, had these men, they could both graft—one man's

name was Peck and the other one's name was Cadwell—and they worked for him for years. Went all through the woods—he owned almost up to this road from over there. He had a tremendous woodshed built out in the woods. No knowing how many cords of wood it would hold, but he cut the wood, stack it in there for the winter. That's where he kept his supply of wood.

AW: Is that where the Smiths live now? Is that up on top of the hill where the Smiths live now? Where was the castle in relation to the homes that are there now? Is it where the Bartons used to live?

GB: Nom, it's where H.T.U. Smith lives, now occupies that residence. But they have tore off one floor, and part of it is still there. Thy had running water. They procured that from a spring, a half a mile or more from the castle up on the side hill and they piped it down there so that they had running water. It was high enough so that it forced the water. He had to dig no well. He had to stone up the spring and he put a roof over it and it was all closed in, a padlock on it. Nobody could get in unless they broke in, and only just his help. Well, to complete that area, we'll now go back to Amherst-Pelham Road at the junction of Arnold Road, and continue east… I was thinking if I've left anything out… Well, we'll go to th town watering tub, just below—that's between Gladys Reed's and…. It wasn't Gladys Reed's, it was the Boyden farm. There's so many things to follow it right through.

BJ: Excuse, me, about what year are you talking when say there was only one farm on Arnold Road—what period of time, not exactly but…

GB: Well, I'm going back. I was the first rural mail carrier in this area, and that was in 1910 and 11, so that's as far as I had to go, that was on my route, was to deliver the mail there.

AW: But there were only two houses at that point.

GB: There was only one.

AW: What about Morse's castle? When was that built then?

GB: That was built… somewhere in about that time.

AW: Because you said you were only 15 or so when you used to go up there and look out the…

GB: Yeah, and I was about 16 when I carried the mail—17.

AW: So that would have been about 1900. But as a child, I only remember the Harris house or the—what did you say his name was—who owned that first? Frank Arnold. And I only remember that house and Morse's castle and I was born in

1915.. So I don't know when the houses started to be built there. Well, I'll tell you—I remember when Fred Harris hung himself, and he—there were only a few pieces of property that he had given to his family out there, or maybe they bought from him at that time. The Hawleys had trailers out there but actually they say he hung himself because he was destitute for money and he couldn't sell any property. And I remember that and it wasn't too awful many years ago now. He was a very old gentleman though, but he couldn't sell the land and then after he hung himself, then the land went for all kinds of money and it's the most elite place in the town of Pelham right now… but I don't remember when they startedto build those other houses.

GB: When Morse built that house, he had no way to get to it. (The road didn't go that far.) Oh no, it only went to the Arnold place. There was a gate there. Anson D. Morse had to buy the right of way from Harris, from E. A. Harris, to get to his residence.

AW: And that's what those two big stone dement posts are up at the end there. That was the entrance to the Morse property.

BJ: Where did this Professor Morse teach?

GB: Amherst College. He liven on Northampton Road.

AW: Well, I'm sorry—now you were going to get back to the watering tub.

GB: The people in the horse and buggy days, they had a place to water their horses. And it was the only watering tub between Amherst and Pelham that I know of.

AW: There's one going up the Valley, but that's not on the main road.

GB: There was one on this road, when we get to it, if we ever do. From the watering tub, we continue east to the junction of …

AW: You're forgetting the little schoolhouse there.

GB: Oh my goodness yes. God. I've got a picture of that schoolhouse somewhere… Well, that scho9olhouse has got a lot of memories. I graduated from that school to enter high school. I forgot what year that was—I've got the diploma upstairs. There was only about 20 kids that went to school there. That's all there was to the whole school, if there was that many. There was colored families, same as there is today—one anyway.

AW: How many teachers?

GB: One—at one time? One teacher—she took care of 'em all. You had your class recital, you went back to your seat, and another class…

AW: And they made it, didn't they? They didn't have what they have today, one teach for one thing, or half a thing.

GB: Now one teacher will only teach so many children. In those days, they taught the whole school. Well, I've sat under the desk a good many times for misbehavior.

BJ: Oh, it wasn't just that once, huh? I thought it was maybe just that one. Lots of times!

GB: Oh no, we was always up to some deviltry. This one and that one—I wasn't the only one. Liza Haskins was an old teacher. She lived at the top of the hill, about three tenths of a mile from the school. Grace MacIver, Ruby Shumway, whom I graduated under.

AW: What time did you go to school?

GB: What time? 8 o'clock in the morning. You stayed all day, you didn't get out at noon. You stayed all day till three o'clock. That was your school day.

BJ: How far did you walk?

GB: How far did I walk? Well, it's about seven tenths of a mile. We'll say.

BJ: The school you're talking about—where is that school exactly?

GB: You just came by it. It's on the right hand side going back. Who lives there now? Oh yeah, Mrs. Burek. That's where the schoolhouse was.

BJ: And you were living here then ?

GB: I'd been living in this… These two places the only place I've lived all my life—86 years. We get to the junction of Gates Road and Enfield Road, we find there was a grocery store there. And later on there was a post-office, and the church that stood directly across the road. Well, you had Gates Road that goes acrost and comes out on North Valley Road where Mrs. Partridge lives. That was the only house there was on that road. That was Gates Road.

BJ: Now it seems to be Meetinghouse Road

GB: Oh, don't talk to me about changing roads—they've done just what they damn want to.

BJ: Guess that's a good subject to avoid!

GB: Yes, I may bring that up later. Well, we've got to the junction of Enfield Road and Gates Road. Now we continue on towards Pelham Center. We come to the woodworking shop where they done woodwork. It was run by two Harris brothers, Jeremiah and Jedediah. We'll get back to them later, they lived on this road. They also made caskets there.

AW: Now exactly, where was this building—where was this mill?

GB: Where was it? It was just this side of the Amherst Water Company—what is now the Amherst Water Company. At that time, Amherst Water Company didn't own that land. We got to go way, way back, clear down the other end, because she don't know where the first Amherst water works was. That can't be left out, under any considerations.

AW: It was this side of the brook, then, on the left side of the road, is that right? Where the Hawley Reservoir is?

GB: The casket shop and woodworking shop was on the left side just before you get to the brook. There's a roadway. The timbers and part of the building were there in my day, but it had rotted and fell down—it wasn't working in my day. In the late 1800s—'twas before my time, before 1893, it had to be. Amherst Water Company—there was nothing but a fish pond, aside from what it had to do with the casket shop and the woodworking shop—that was all run by water power. The sluiceway is there today—it was the last I knew—I haven't been there in years. I probably never will get there again, but it's not very far to where it stood. They took the water from that brook, sluiced it over into the, to run the casket shop, the woodworking shop. And finally, in the late 1800s, the Amherst Water Company bought that reservoir, which was the second Amherst Water Works project. Then we continue on east. We come to a large sand bank now owned by the Amherst Water Company. In the 1890s it was owned by a man by the name of Hawley, and from there, going southeast, which is now all woods, excepting for the remnants of a road, stone walls, you travel that road southwest for… till you keep to the right, and you come to flat stone bridge. It took days to build, and no farmer ever built that bridge to draw logs over or hay over because there was other accesses to it. What I believe, was the remnants of the old stage coach road that went over Butter Hill, which we will come to later on. That is my theory, because there was no man that would ever spend the time and the money that it took to build that bridge.

BJ: I want to make sure I get straight where it is now.

GB: You go just beyond the Amherst Reservoir, there's a gate on the right hand side of the road, just before you start up the hill, there's a sandbank on the left. Well, they used to draw sand from Amherst. The masons always demanded that sand for plastering.

AW: The sand went *to* Amherst.

GB: They got so much a load for it. The bridge is probably a mile from the main highway. Across the road from that gateway, atop of the sandbank, some, well, we'll put it, some 300 yards from the highway was the Quaker cemetery and the water company purchased all that land in there. We'll go up the hill to the first house which was owned by William Myrick in the late 1890s. And this cemetery was on his land. I don't know. I don't want to hurt anybody's feeling at this point. I could. Well, I'm going through with part of it. What I think. It ain't what somebody else thinks. This Mr. Myrick, knowing him personally, used to mow that cemetery the best he could, with a scythe. He done the bet he could. In those days we didn't have lawn mowers in Pelham. This cemetery set out near the.. it was right on the border of the Hawley-Myrick land. The Water Company bought that land; well, before the Water Company bought that land, there was a man purchased that land by the name of Gould. I don't care nothing about this—I don't give a rip about it. He purchased this land. There was no stones that had a marker—any inscriptions. They were nothing but flat field stone, set up here and there in rows. It was laid out as a cemetery, there was no question about that. Well, he plowed a part of that cemetery up to plant beans, mind you, to plant beans. Well, it's a sickening thing to think of. But the Water Company, when they took over the land, they set this all to pine trees. Well, in later years, I have been to it, I have been to it many a time, but in later years I have been to it and they have cut some of the pine where they can tell. The north end of the cemetery was plowed up. I know where the north end of that cemetery was, not to be exact, but I know what part of it was plowed. And they have now opened that up to a certain extent—I haven't been there for quite a number of years. And on this property, the Myrick property, was a building that set aside from the house and barn. This is what I'm getting at. This is my theory. I don't think other people would agree with me. It wasn't a big building, but it had quite a steep roof to it. The churches, back in the olden days, a lot of 'em had steep roofs, the old, old churches. At the east side of that building was three hitching posts and a roadway to it, a stair railing—there was an upstairs to it—a stair railing and the newel post—that's the bottom post to the stairs—was all made out of just natural wood. It wasn't sawed wood at all,, it was just a tree cut, shaped, knots cut off, grooved and set there in place, and the hand railing came down. And that hand railing and post had carved initials on it, and so did going up the stairway was the same thing, Now, that's the only theory that I've got that it could have been a church, a place of worship of some description.

BJ: That would have been like in the early 1800s.

GB: Oh, it must have been before that. You got to go way back to the Quakers.

B: Well, I went to a meeting at Mrs. Romer's when Mr. Bigelow talked about the Quakers and that cemetery and I've kind of forgotten about the dates.

GB: I've got books on the Quakes. My wife lived with the Quakers.

AW: No, Shakers. Mama lived with the Shakers.

GB: Shakers, not Quakers, excuse me.

BJ: What do some of the other people think that building was, that don't think it's a church? Have you heard what they think it is?

GB: I never heard any arguments over it, only there is a party in town who claims to know where the Quaker Meeting House was, but I don't. I never been able to find out.

BJ: Where does that person think it was?

GB: I don't know. I've never been able to find out. There's lot of things, you know, that you know… Well, there was Romer's place, there was Rhodes' place, which was a big farm, later owned by the Tillsons of Amherst. That was burned down and rebuilt. Then we get to— I got to bring this in—we get to Knox Road. Yes, we'll go to Knox Road, then we'll back up to Cook Road. Knox Road is the proper name for Utter Road. Utter Road was named after a professor. Knox was a farmer, and the only house up the on the road. That was the end of the road. But the Old Stage Coach Road, this was cut in from the old stage coach days. There was a cut across, the road was changed. It was owned Dr. H. B. Perrry, surgeon at Cooley Dickinson Hospital, a noted surgeon. E. M. Whitcomb, president of the First National Bank of Amherst. Pretty prominent people owned that property before it was sold to the people that live there now. Taylors live there now. We'll go back a short distance to the Bray farm, proceed north shortly over a mile to the Romer's residence, which was known in its older days as the Cook Farm. There was many Cooks in Pelham at one time. They lived all over this town. In that basement of that house—I have never been in it since it was remodeled—a big room down in the basement. The ceiling was—meat hooks, was hung around in the ceiling. The farmers in those days raised their own eat. They cured it and they hung it up, and I don't suppose he preserved the room. I don't know.

BJ: When I was there, Mrs. Romer pointed out something about those meat hooks. When I was at that meeting at her house, she pointed out something about those meat hooks. I don't know if they're still there, or just she showed where the little attachments were—she mentioned that.

GB: Well, they was there because I've hung meat on those. I used to slaughter here in the town of Pelham. For several years. That was owned by the Cooks, Staples, Henry Cook, Jack Cook, Smith Cook, I don't know how many Cooks lived there.

AW: I remember when the Guyotts lived there.

GB: The Guyotts—they were the last to live there before the Romers bought the place, I think so. I'm not sure. We'll come back now to Amherst-Pelham Road, continue on past Knox Road or Utter Road as so may be to Blair Brook, that crosses the main highway, oh possibly three quarters of a mile from Utter Road.. Just beyond the brook… this brook is called Blair Brook. It was named after a man that lived right across the road. The cellar hole is there today. That brook was named after him and it goes way back up in the hills. I can't begin to tell you today. We'll continue up till you come to an old road that leads to the Cook-Johnson cemetery, which is just off of North Valley Road, when we come up North Valley Road. You continue up to past now the log cabins to the top of Hildreth Hill. Man by the name of Hildreth lived in there—lived where—you know Virginia Davis?—well, Virginia Davis lives in the old Hildreth place. And right across the road from her driveway, there is a road by a large pine tree. That road takes you to what was this residence, it's burned now, the Water Company owns it, and it's burned down. But it was the old Jim Moore place. It's a half a mile or more from the main road back to that. It's very narrow, to what was the old stage coach road. Now I wrote on the back of that card, you can read it before you leave. We won't interfere with our getting to the top of Pelham Hill. We go from there a short distance, and we come to the junction of North Valley and Amherst-Pelham Road, and we continue on east till we come to several old… the old Orcutt Clough place and old Herb Clough place. They were bothers, they lived close by. My daughter lives across the road, a short distance from either one of them.

AW: Daddy, what bout the harness shop? Wasn't there a harness shop up by our pond?

GB: there was a blacksmith shop in there. Wilson run it: he did do—he was too old a man. There was a shop there. I don't know who did.

GEORGE BURROWS – TAPE TWO

BJ: You were talking about Mr. Wilson, I think, with the gray beard.

GB: I forgot his first name, but he had a son anyway, doing business I town as a teamster and logger. But there was some kind of a blacksmith shop there, but whether he was too old or run out I don't know. I've been there. He was pretty old—he was in bed when I was there. (AV: But that was up by our pond?) That's by your pond.

BJ: Is that as far up as the Rhodes Building?

AW: No there's a pond up here, Bray's pond, then there's another pond way up, on the left—that's ours, by Tony Oliveira's

GB: His name was George Wilson. See, you've got to think. Then we continue on to what is now the Adriance farm, chicken farm, and formerly was the old Wakefield place. Man by the name of Wakefield owned the property. Then we continue on to now, is presently, or has always been owned by the town, but was changed from a school to a… A man from Packardville left money to build that school on Pelham Hill. Then it was later decided upon to consolidate all the schools, so they disbanded that school , and they turned that into town offices. It's still town property, but it is town offices, and highway trucks and town machinery kept on the property.

AW: That school was built in 1934 and the money was given by a Mr. Rhodes, who was related to the Loverns some way, Lillian Lovern.

GB: Steve Rhodes used to live right over here, and Steve Rhodes was related to the Rhodes who come from Packardville.

BJ: Was Packardville a separate town at one point?

GB: Well, you might call it so.

BJ: I know there was a Packardville School, but that was part of the Pelham schools too.

GB: Yes, there was a schoolhouse there.

BJ: Was it always sort of part of Pelham then?

GB: Oh yes, it was always a part of Pelham, always. There was a store there, a schoolhouse, a meetinghouse. A meetinghouse that was there is sitting on the Eastern States Exposition grounds. They moved it there. The cemetery has been

moved to Quabbin Cemetery—they moved all the cemeteries from Pelham to the Metropolitan—took care of all of that. We get back up to what is called Pelham Center. We find the church and the town hall, which was at a recent date, the oldest town hall in use in the country. The library is there.

AW: Not now, it's moved to the school now.

GB: Well, that's something I don't know, I won't get into that.

BJ: In the Rhodes building.

GB: The church that now stands there, that was a church has been granted to the town as a historical building and also the town hall. In back of this town hall and what is now a museum is the old cemetery. How old it is I have no recollection. I have a book—my grandson is named after that one particular person, his name was William Bailey. And I've got a book of that man's picture. Some day I'[ll show you that book. And that's my daughter's son. His name is William Bailey Weaver. He was buried in the southeast corner of the cemetery.

BJ: Why is your grandson named after him? I'm not clear about that. Did you like the name?

AW: Well, because Mrs. Sauter, whose father was William Bailey, lived in Pelham, and she had always been very fond of the Weaver family, so when William was born, she said that she wondered if we would like to name him after her father so that sort of part of the Bailey name could still go on as a Pelham name.

GB: That's how it happened. Well, we've got that far.

BJ: Are we going to stop?

GB: Well, we'd have to—we've got so many branch roads.

BJ: Would you want to wait and start another time?

GB: Well, I think this might be a good stopping point to remember. We've gone straight through the main highway. Now we can take side road by side road.

AW: Maybe you can write down the certain things you think about for special roads if you want to work on it a little bit. And I will try and find that paper—remember the paper that you and I got ready for you to use at the town..the thing where they were going to have you….

* * *

March 2, 1979

BJ: Hi there.

GB: Oh, don't take this down, I can come to it.

AW: Go ahead, just tell it the way it was.

GB: When I was young, before I was married, your mother, the Hawley girls that are now living, Sid Thornton, Annie Thornton. Well, it took about eight. It was about 10 feet long, but eight people could get on it. I wish I had a picture of it. I made it—or my father made it for me. He made the sleds himself. It was well made, and it had—oh God's sakes, it would take an hour to tell you and a picture would show you the whole thing, and I ain't got nothing. Well, anyway. You could get eight people on it comfortable, and it had two rails on it, had the seat on it, about that wide—10 inches. The two sleds was hitched one in front. The one in front you could turn it anyway, it was steered by a rope. Across the front was a crossbar, circle, made on a circle. The guy that steered the double ripper, these was curved to fit his feet. They brought this rope back, around it under that and drew it against the side of his feet. You had to have control of that thing. And we started on Butter Hill, go down to the church, almost make the flat from the church to the top of Boyden Hill, but we get over about to the parsonage, and there was a little rise there, started before that, there was a little rise that we quite couldn't get over, and we got one there, and we go from there across Fort River in Amherst.

BJ: Oh, we're way down there!

GB: We went to Amherst and go part way from Fort River, well, about what is now Pickering's store. The trolley cars ran to Pelham, which we haven't got into—that'll come when we get to the Orient. They was two guys on the last run at night. One of them used to live in Pelham—his name was Guyott. His son just died. He was the conductor. Duvalle was the motorman. Well, they'd see us gang of young folks walking along dragging that ripper—I knew both of these guys very well—they'd stop that trolley car, which was against the rules of the railroad, but tie our double ripper on and bring it out to Community Hall, and continue out to… And we only made one trip a night. But there was no horses and buggies on the road, no horses and sleighs. You just sailed! There's some of the old sleigh bells right in that—you can see 'em. There's a lot of stuff in that.

BJ: About how long was that—how long? That double ripper?

GB: About ten feet. Yah, you could get eight people on it comfortably.

BJ: And was it up off the ground? Ho far?

GB: Oh sure. The sleds was about 4 inches high, and you had two bunks that come up another five to six inches, and two rails. You could put your feet right up and lay 'em right on these rails, hang onto the guy, the person in front of you, and the one in back. If you were going around the curve, he would lean way over and that would throw that sled around. I've taken some awful rides on it. Yeah.

BJ: Sounds like you had a pretty good time with that.

GB: Oh yes, I had a good life. I had a good life. I worked hard, but I enjoyed my life. And another thing, I'm a water witcher. I'll have to get my sticks.

BJ: I saw a book down in the Jones Library on water dowsing, and I was going to look at it before I talked to you. I thought I might learn something. I don't know if you can learn it from a book—do you think?

GB: Well, I don't think so—you've got to have it in your system. She can do it. She is the only one. Maurice had a fain't…

AW: Yeah, if the pull was strong enough, he could get it a little bit, but mine…

GB: That thing, you can't hold it. Break the stick right in your hand. Twist 'em right off. Yeah, I'm a pretty strong man, and I've been all over: Lexington, South Hadley, Colrain, Wendell, Shutesbury, Leverett, I don't know—Cummington.

BJ: What's the kind of wood you use again, I forget.

GB: Water witching. I use witch hazel.

BJ: Does it have to be witch hazel?

GB: Well, it's got to be a certain kind of a nut that grows on that wood. There's certain kinds of nuts that grow on trees that are no good.

AW: What do you mean?

GB: You've got to find—well, that's something for you to find out in the book. If you can find it out, but you never will, no. You can do it with apple. Apple has got a seed. Acorn is no good. Elderberry is good. That's got a nut.

BJ: You use the branch part, right? So if you use the branch, what does the nut have to do with it?

GB: That's the kind of wood. The water has something to do, but electricity is the main factor to me. I've got a lot of electricity in my body. I think I can show you that in just about five minutes.

BJ: I forgot to say the other day what day it was. Today is March 2, and we're starting another interview and we're going to go back over and tell me something of the things that you think you—that were missed. I wrote some things down too, and you go ahead and tell me some of the things that you think you didn't get.

GB: At present, we're at Pelham Center, at the junction of Amherst-Pelham Road and Route 202.

BJ: Was there—there always was a road there where 202 is before?

GB: Yes. Now we're going to backtrack to the Orient House. Now we are proceeding east, along Pelham-Amherst Road to Harkness Cemetery. From there, the next house was built by Ed Shaw, a hunter, a trapper, a carpenter, and a man that handled the oxen of his own. Also, he was snake-shooter, which will be brought up maybe…

BJ: Now, now. You always say you're going to go back, and I want to hear about snake shooters now!

GB: From here, we'd have to jump way back to Harkness Road. Follow Harkness Road through from the Jewett Farm about a mile, was an old cellar hole partly filled up. Around it was grown up to white birches about 4 or 5 feet high. I was about 14 years old at this time, and this Mr. Shaw was quite a friend of mine. And I used to stop and visit him on my way home from high school, and he might have a dead skunk laying behind the stove, or a dead fox laying on the chair in the kitchen. He lived alone. He wanted to know if I'd like to go snake hunting with him sometime. Well, it was in the spring of the year, it was very warm, and he took me down there on Harkness Road to this cellar hole. He had a long pole that h handed me. Told me to gout through those birches, make a circle around, and come back where he was and pound on the ground. Those black snakes lived in that old cellar hole all winter, and in the spring of the year, they came out and laid around in these small white birches in the sun. And the jar of the stick on the ground drove 'em back to the cellar hole where he stayed with the shotgun and shot 'em. In the course of our episode, he shot 14 snakes, and they varied in length. That takes care of that. (Why did he shoot them?) Just for fun, just for something to do.

BJ: I didn't know if there was something you did with snakes or not.

GB: No, no, he left 'em there. The hawks and owls would cart 'em off, the crows. I've seen many crows with a snake in their mouth—many of 'em. Well, that concludes that. Now we'll go back to Amherst-Pelham Road and continue to what is now known as the Hawley Reservoir. In 1905 or 1906, whichever may be, Amherst Water Company decided to clean that reservoir out. The contract was let to a man by the name of Olander from Belchertown. It was all done by

hand, dump cart, pair of horses, and a dump cart, and Italians, which numbered somewhere 75-100 Italians working there.

BJ: Why Italians? Why were they Italians, why did they work on that so much?

GB: Well, you couldn't hire no such gang of men—he was a contractor, this Olander. You couldn't get a gang there—weren't that many men in the town of Pelham I don't believe that went out to work like that. That was hard work. Every man carried a stick to sound the depth of the muck and silt and leaves and whatever had washed in there over the years. It was just like quicksand, and they didn't go anywhere without that pole to sound safe footing. Many a pair of horses had floundered in that silt and sand and had to be snaked out by another pair of horses by hitching a chain through the collar. After they had been unhitched from the dump cart they was hitched to, they were pulled to safety where they could get up and cleaned off. And the load was then pulled up by another pair of horses with a chain hitched through the pole end of the pole that pulled the wagon and draw it out to where it could be hitched on to again and then drawn a short distance away and dumped and leveled off.

BJ: How would it happen that a team and wagon would ever get in there in the first place?

GB: Oh, you never knew—you might just drive off just a little bit. It might be done by turning out for another team coming in. You never knew when you was in such a place. You might have backed in, drive around. You never knew where, you might be safe in one place and another place you wasn't. That has been done many times. I watched it personally, and I was told by my father and mother not to go near that reservoir while it was being cleaned out. My own father had two pair of horses and two teamsters working on that project, and I personally was about 13 years old. Went down there from the schoolhouse—no, I've got that wrong. During the noon hour, and there was a puddle of water on the west side of the reservoir toward Amherst with a pickerel about 8 or 9 inches long swimming around in it. I was all alone, and I went down there to catch that pickerel. And I began to sink in the quicksand, and I was in the quicksand up to my neck, still going down, when a young man, a schoolmate, saw the predicament I was in. He got a pole from the woods nearby and he and another schoolmate pushed that pole out so I could get ahold of it and hang on, and they pulled me to shore. From there I had to come home to my mother, covered with mud clear to my neck, and tell her what had happened. And I had disobeyed her rules, but it came out all right, because I'm still living.

BJ: Is that the closest call you ever had in 87 years?

GB: Yes, only for recent… in the last few years.; I was, I wasn't shot at personally, but I was in the range of a gunshot that was fired and the buckshot was hitting the

trees and dropping on the ground all around me (from hunters?) From hunters shooting from the main highway.

BJ: Well, listen, I was coming down North Valley Road a year ago fall and I got my window on the driver's side shot out be somebody. So I felt like I had a close call too. I kind of just went down the road with my widow falling my lap, you know. So that's bad.

GB: Whereabouts did that happen?

BJ: Oh, on the way down from NorthValley before you get to Buffam Road. Up there, there's some trees on the left. It was scary.

GB: Somewhere near the cemetery?

BJ: Below that. I don't like to see fall come around here. I feel like it's dangerous.

GB: It is dangerous. You're taking your life in your hands when you go in the woods. That is the only other accident that I ever had.

BJ: So you want to go back up to the reservoir?

GB: Those Italians lived in an old barn on what is now Bray's flat. The name of it was Thayer barn. And they bunched up in there and lived there during the period of cleaning the reservoir, which I have no recollection of how long it took. The streams that feed this Hawley Reservoir are called—one on the south is called Powell Brook. The one on the south side, or on the west side of the reservoir, but on the south end of it where it entered is called Powell Brook. The one on the east side is called Dunlap Brook, which starts back in the woods to a Dr. Dunlap's place who I will bring up much later. That, I think brings everything to a conclusion on the reservoir. We continue up from the reservoir to the road to the gate and a road that leads to the stone bridge. We enter and go, well, probably fourteenths of a mile and there's an old road that turns to the left and runs to the east. And up that road, probably a half a mile, was a stone quarry. And it was called the Shaw Quarry. And probably the stone in the Amherst Hawley Reservoir was drawn from that quarry, because it was close by.

BJ: When was that reservoir first made?

GB: My good woman, that was made before my day. (I can tell that from what you said.) I got no idea. (It was there when you were there, right?) Oh yes, it was there when I came to Pelham in 1893. I was six months old, so I've got little memory. Now we must go back up to Knox Road, and before we arrive at the Knox residence, there was the old stage coach road that traveled many years ago, and that road is pretty followable from Knox Road to 202, now running from Pelham to Belchertown. There were several houses on that road, only cellar holes

left, with the exception of one, the Davis place. The party that lived in it in my time of memory, his name was Rhodes, an inhabitant of the town of Pelham.

BJ: Mr. Burrows, I want to get that straight again. I'm not clear about that. Now you told me last time that Knox Road they changed to be Utter Road. Okay, Now the Davis placeis across the road from what I think is Knox Road. Well, Knox Road is on the right side of Amherst Road as you go up.

GB: That's right. It's above Bray's Court, Bray Court. The next road above.

BJ: Now, when you refer to the Davis place, are you talking about Virginia Davis?

GB: No, no. This Davis could have been a relative of some of her relations, which I do not know.

BJ: Well, so this Stage Coach Road then goes off Knox Road and heads down toward Belchertown.

GB: No, it don't go toward Belchertown. It goes directly east.

BJ: Somebody told me once there was some stage coach road like over on the Romer property. Is there a stage coach road over there too?

GB: There could have been. I'm not—yes, there was, I will take that back, because the land is there today. There is some recollection of a stage coach road on the west side of that house, leading from the house west, which that road could have connected with the stage coach road going by the Davis place. And at one time, this Mr. Rhodes was a wood chopper that lived in the Davis place. He married a girl from Poland that came over here after her brother, and she died in that old house in the winter, and her body had to be transported out on a horse and sled because there was no way of getting any other vehicle in there. And that body was transported by a man by the name of Harris, Fred Harris, who lived on Arnold Road, and who later committed suicide on his own property. (You mentioned that last time) Yes, but I'm going to bring it up again because it's connected with this. I've got to bring it up. (These things become entwined, don't they?) Yeah, one thing leads to another, my good woman. You can't help getting mixed up. It's impossible. (that's the way things happen—they don't happen in order, do they?) [long pause] I'm trying to think whether I ought to bring something else in here. I think I have. Above the Davis place, a short distance from the old stage coach point, I'm going to show Mrs. Jenkins, the interviewer a picture of that house.

BJ: This says something that looks like Transow?

GB: Well, later known as the Transow place.

BJ: One half mile southeasterly from the top of Hildreth Hill, on the road from Pelham to Amherst, recently burned down by the Amherst Water Company. And Mr. Bertram Rhodes is standing in the doorway.

GB: How he—this is what I was getting to—hye was the husband of this woman that was taken from the Davis place by horse and sled to the Amherst-Pelham town highway.

BJ: They were really out there by themselves, weren't they?

GB: That's right, but they still were close. They were half a mile from the Amherst Road. When I wrote that on the back, I had no idea of ever bringing this before an interviewer, which has come up, and I can't get out of it.

BJ: Are you trying to get out of it?

GB: No, no, I'm trying to stick with you, my lady. (Good, good, I thought you were.) Well, to get this straight, I'm going to continue on the old Stage Coach Road to the intersection of King Street leading to the so-called, now existing road called 202. A short distance from 202 today is a place known as the old Glover place. Also a short distance in, before you get to the Glover place, was a blacksmith shop, operated by a man by the name of Holcomb, which is destroyed to this day.

BJ: I'm trying to get locations again, this Glover place, and the blacksmith shop are on the other side of 202?

GB: No, you're going straight through. I think I spoke of—to the junction of 202 and King Street, which later you're going to go to King Street. You've just been on a short piece of King Street. Maybe I haven't got that clear. But I don't see how you could miss it. That's about a mile and a half from the center. King Street, into… the through route of 202 from Pelham to Belchertown. A mile and a half or a mile south of Pelham Center, where we retreated from. Well, we have got to retreat back. [long pause] Well, I guess I've got it straightened out. Retreat back to the went end of what is now known as Bray's flat, where we find a road on the left hand side of the road going east that takes us to the old cemetery, which is called the Arnold Cemetery, and where rests now the bodies of Jeremiah and Jedediah Harrris. Also some of the Harris family who lived on Arnold Road. Considering everything to be taken in as far as Pelham Center, we'll now enter what is Gate 11. Upon crossing 202 at Pelham Center, we come to the Kingman Tavern which was later demolished or torn down by the MDC. In y day of recollection, the town clerk, Keith, of Pelham lived in that residence. Of next interest, continuing a short distance to Gate 11, wait a minute—we approach the Boynton place. Just beyond was the only grocery store in Pelham. Also the post office was located there. Now this was run by Mr. Boynton, which was later burned down and rebuilt by George H. Burrows, a resident and carpenter of Pelham. A good time to bring up another point. There was a stage coach that run

from this post office to the post office in Amherst and mailboxes—you had to walk some distance—they didn't go by every house as they do today. You had a row of mailboxes at the crossroads, one place and another. Maybe it went by your place, if you did, you had one box. If you lived on a side road, there might be several boxes there on a plank. Your mail was left there. That stagecoach was run by a man named George Buxton, who lived on Twig Hill Road, the road to Shutesbury.

TAPE THREE

BJ: I like your clock.

GB: Oh, that's old. Let me tell you, young lady, I've had many chances to sell that.

BJ: Okay—you were talking about Mr. Buxton who lived on Twig Road.

GB: Twig Road—Twig Hill Road, I should say. That run from Pelham to Shutesbury in those days, remnant of which are still there if known. Let me see where I want to come in there—mixed up—Twig Hill Road leaves what is now 202, Gate 12 entering Quabbin. As we go down Twig Hill Road, we get to the bottom, there's a sharp turn in the road, straight ahead at that sharp turn is the Old Stage Coach Road that went from there to Pelham Hollow and came out near the Gertie Hanson place which was much of a hangout for fishermen on Swift River which we are going to come to further on back. This Mr. Twig (Twohig) was connected with the Post Office in Northampton, which I have o more comment. And, at the turn of this road, joining the Stage Coach Road, we come to the Pitman place, which is worth a mention here. The person that lived thre, I do not know, but his name was Pitman and he was claimed to have had a lot of money, which no one ever found. I have been there personally a number of times, walked through the cellar holes and found remnants of old buggies and so forth and so on in the olden days. Later on, coming from the west, we are going to join this Old Stage Coach Road at a different point where there is more remnants than at this point. Probably, without a doubt, a part of Twig Hill was at one time a part of the Old Stage Coach Road that now exists, remnants of which exist. One more thing of mention, at this point, we start at the entrance to the Twig residence on the Stage Coach Road, we follow that across Purgee Brook east, which was a well known brook to old timers, running into Quabbin Reservoir. We cross that brookon the old road, go up a hill and come to an old house made of brick, one I personally have in my possession and have shown to the interviewer, Mrs. Jenkins. The same article, and it has a cat's footprint in its surface. (Oh, the brick!) That's where that came from. And I brought that brick all the way home, several miles, and I still have it in my possession. To go further, I know nothing until we reach Gertie Hanson's which is now under water, is of no material consequence as I see now.

BJ: You said that was a gathering place for fishermen.

GB: That's right. We're soon going to get back down to another point. I could mention another thing, but I don't think—it's no consequence. Let's see. I don't know whether I got to the residence of where this stage coach driver lived or not. (No, you didn't mention it.) Well, as we continue on Twig Hill Road, we come to the residence where people lived by the name of Dyer. Then we continue on to the home of George Buxton, the stage coach driver, from Pelham to Amherst, who would do errands for a little or nothing if you gave him some money-same as to bring a bag of grain or groceries or such commodities that might exist that people needed. Maybe a bottle of medicine. Or you could ride to Amherst for a small fee and return when the coach left Amherst. I think it cost 25 cents to ride to Amherst and back. It was 10 cents to bring a bag of grain, and he left it side of the road and you took it from there. Gosh, damn it, woman, it's a terrible thing, a terrible thing.

BJ: It's bothering you that you can't get it straight this morning? It's bothering you?

GB: No, there's so damn much of it—I haven't got anywhere!

BJ: We have plenty of time. I'll be back until you get tired of it.

GB: Well, I'm going to stick with you, if you're interested enough, and I'm only telling you just what I know.

BJ: Well, I don't want you to make up anything!

GB: No, I can't make up anything, because I don't know anything.

BJ: Well, this is interesting. Let me ask you one thing about that stage coach now. That used to run when you were a boy, or before that?

GB: Oh yes, when I was small, we had a lot of the people that lived on this road had their mailboxes on a plank, and we had to walk from here to get our mail. That mail didn't go by, only it was just a main road affair. They took no side roads whatsoever. No side deliveries, no side roads. Your mailbox, the branch roads had a mailbox or boxes fastened to a plank. Your mail was put in it. If you wanted your mail, you walked to it. Or if you lived close to a neighbor, you could ask him to bring it. Which your neighbors, in those days, were very friendly and accommodating. Which I'm going to bring up later, that people don't know what it is today. How we existed amongst farmers. That's all we were—farmers—hardworking people.

BJ: Well, you said you delivered mail. You said when you were about 16 or 17 you delivered mail. Is that right?

GB: Wait a minute, just a minute. Let me stop and think. There's many dates—eleven—I carried the mail. You ain't got to put this down, it's just talking between you and I till we get it straightened out. If there's any question you want to ask. I've got to stop and think. I carried the mail about 1910 or 11.

BJ: And at that point, had the stage coach—that was all finished by that time? How did you do it?

GB: Yes, but another stagecoach driver comes in between the time I carried the mail and the time this Mr. Buxton died or gave it up, which I do not remember.

BJ: So you drove the stagecoach? No, no, that's a different thing. Okay.

GB: No, no, no. You've got another stagecoach driver that took this stage Coach Road over—how do I want to go from here?

BJ: Can I ask you something that your daughter mentioned to me, as long as we're over on the other side of 202? She said you used to take that double ripper and go down from the top there, and go down to fish, or ice fish or something like that? It sounded sort of interesting. Can you tell me about that?

GB: I'm just thinking of whether to go down, going down there at the present time, or bring up this other stage coach driver. Which in your opinion would be…

BJ: Oh, I don't know. I guess I want to hear about sled some more. I like that part.

GB: Well, we're leaving the stagecoach where it now stands to a later date. Did we continue this road on to Shutesbury? (No.) Twig Hill Road crossed what is now 202 and then went down on into the town of Shutesbury, where there may have been houses, but only one that I could possibly remember, and I've got to do some thinking before I make a definite answer. Now we will backtrack over Twig Hill Road to Gate 12, enter 202, continue south to the museum and the center of Pelham. Well, we will now enter the road, the main road to Pelham and Prescott—which Myron Boynton's store and post office were located. We continue east on that road where houses are few and far between, but I must come to—must mention the first one—a man by the name of John Ely lived in. And his son was in the First World War, and he came home with the Purple heart for the capture….

END SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

… whom I wish not to remember. They were done single handedly. As I knew him, knew his brothers, and knew his father. Well, to go further east on this same road to Prescott through Pelham, we come to a schoolhouse called the East

School. These places that I'm mentioning are all in the section of MDC, but to go back to this schoolhouse—you're bound to run off of your track once in awhile, which'll have to be excusable. This schoolhouse is standing to this day. I must say this before I mention something else, that this schoolhouse is now located on South East Street in the town of Amherst, and it was moved there by a man by the name of James Lamperon, and I personally had the opportunity of remodeling that old schoolhouse from the town of Pelham. The date I cannot remember. Now we have to go on further. We pass several houses that are—no personal thoughts. And we get down to the junction of the road through Pelham to the town of Enfield, south and to the towns of Shutesbury and so on.

BJ: Did you ever—those towns like Prescott and Enfield and so forth that are gone now, did you have much occasion to go over there when you were growing up or older?

GB: Well, hunting or fishing, or with my father swapping horses.

BJ: That's what you'd go over there for?

GB: That's right.

BJ: Were you more likely to travel in that direction than you were, say, to go toward Amherst?

GB: Well, well, don't take this now till I …I want to talk this over with you just a minute. For me, personally, I would go north, south or east, because I loved the country, I loved the woods. I just love them. Now, that's my…. People differ in that sense of the word. I couldn't tell you what somebody else would do. That's a personal question to answer.

BJ: You've mentioned a lot of times cellar holes, and I have a feeling you explored a lot.

GB: Oh yes, many of 'em, many of 'em. That's what this old brick come out of that I showed you, that's the remnants of what's left. That's all that's left of Pelham Hollow today. Did I get in the road to—the road from Pelham Hollow to Enfield—Pelham Hollow to Shutesbury? (Yes.) Well, Pelham Hollow was the location of Conkey's Tavern. The town of Pelham in the historical building has the hearthstone of the fireplace, I believe. Well, one place that mentioned which is is slightly out of our district, but it was of interest to me personally, was to cross Swift River, which was the boundary line of Pelham and Prescott, but you crossed the bridge, on the opposite side was the only one I ever saw or ever expect to see, was an up and down sawmill, saw that was run by water power. The saw was an up and down saw. Vanstone's Sawmill was on the Prescott side. I have remodeled old hoses where the lumber had been sawed by one of those saws, but it was a very interesting thing for me personally to interview. A short

distance from there back into Pelham was a sawmill run by a man by the name of Shores who lived on Purgee Brook which came down through from the old Twig place which was mentioned before. Purgee Brook is still called Purgee Brook. From there on, most of your history will be taken from the history of Pelham.

BJ: So, in a way, it doesn't sound like there were that many houses in Pelham on that side of 202.

GB: Oh no, there wasn't. Wet me see. I can very shortly count 'em up, how many there was. This is just on the road we've just gone over. Loet's see, there was one schoolhouse, Frost… about eight places.

BJ: Now, what about Packardville? Was it across the road too, or was that on this side of the road?

GB: No, we've got to over this road just.

BJ: Oh, well, now what I was wondering really was, then does that mean there weren't that many Pelham folks that were disturbed by the making of Quabbin?

GB: Well, not in one area, Quabbin takes in ….

BJ: Oh, I know. What I meant was as far as like Pelham people, were there that many Pelham residents on that side?

GB: Well, there was—you take in through the Hollow, down the river road—it affected business, it affected the Shores mill. It was quite a setback to all the existing towns.

BJ: I know, yes. The other towns—I didn't know if Pelham was so much involved.

GB: Pelham was included in it. It hurt the—it hurt all the towns. Some towns were wiped out entirely. There's parts of Pelham that could be existing today in my mind. For instance, the Kingman tavern. I can't see where being two miles and a half, three miles from Quabbin Reservoir, why it would have any effect on a historical place. Of course, I may be way off my trolley to have any such ideas.

BJ: Now, Kingman Tavern—that's not the building that's on the Adriance farm?

GB: Nom, Kingman Tavern was torn down and moved. It was right across the road from—heading east, you cross 202—you come to Pelham Hill, the red light, you know where that is. Yo go straight across the road. That's the road we've just been on. Kingman Tavern set right in that corner, where it's partly cleared now. That's where Kingman tavern was. It was a big tavern. I believe there was a dance hall in that tavern.

BJ: You're right. It doesn't sound like it would have needed to have been torn down because it didn't get in the way much.

GB: No, so far away. There wasn't that much business there. It was more or less of a single dwelling house when it was taken over by the MDC. One thing more, it's a personal item. Has no need to be in this situation, but I would like to mention it. Pelham Hollow used to be great fishing territory. It was great ice fishing. I was a great ice fisherman. I would be today if I wasn't afraid of slipping on the ice. My brother and I pulled my old double ripper with everything stacked to it, ice chisels, axes, shiners, what ice fishing equipment was required. Got on this old double ripper, with five foot sleds on it, an inch and a half spring in the runner. Got on that double ripper which wo0uld carry eight people easily. I sat on the tail end. The six o'clock whistle blew at the top of Pelham Hill. We got on the ripper, and in three minutes' time we were standing on the bridge that separates the town of Pelham and Prescott. That was God's truth. (That was pretty speedy.) That was an awful trip. That's the fastest trip I ever took in my life. I never took another one like it. It's a wonder we ever made it.. (You mean, you did it just once?) Oh yes. Oh, I've slid down there, but not like that. I been down there. Deck Bend—what they call Deck Bend. We run out of the road there and run up on the bank, but with my assistance to my brother, steering the sled, we made it. The man who set on the rear end had—the person setting the rear end had a lot to do in steering the ripper. In other words, maybe all on the ripper making the curve, might have, did have something to do with making the curve. Any two persons or a group of persons could help in steering the ripper on a curve.

BJ: So how fast do you think you were going on the ripper to make it in three minutes?

GB: I got know idea. You don't want to know. It's probably two miles and a half I would judge. Well, south of Pelham Hollow of any consequence was the cheese factory, which I know very little about. I know it existed. And there was also Hunt's sawmill. Aside from that, I wish to make no further comment.

BJ: You know, you said at one point, something was just personal, and my feeling is that's the kind of thing that's special for you that you can mention. And you won't find in Parmenter and those books, you know. Things that only you can talk about. Maybe you don't think they're so important, but that's, I guess. What I like to hear about. Just some of those personal things that make it seem real. You know, not just about houses and things.

GB: Well, my good lady, when I spoke about this Mr. Ely coming home with a Purple Heart and a distinguished medal, I could have told you that he captured a group of German prisoners single-handedly and brought those men into camp. I think there was 21 of them. Now that's why I didn't because I would have had to bring

a nation's name into the picture. That wasn't done in this country. If it had been in this country—it was over across.

BJ: You weren't in World War I, were you?

GB: No, I was in the next draft.

BJ: Oh, you would have gone if it hadn't been over.

GB: Well, how do I want to put that? That draft was numbered: one, two, three, four. I think that's the way. You were classed. I wasn't drawn to go, but I was classed. I was in class 4. If the war had prolonged, I would have been called in the next draft because that was coming up, but the war ended and I just skipped it.

BJ: Were you in that fourth class because you were a farmer, or a little older, or…?

GB: No, I had a family. That's how I skipped that draft.

BJ: You were a little older at that point. You would have been….?

GB: It had been drawn down and down. They had gone about as far as they could go before they commenced to take the younger men.

BJ: So you were a farmer and a carpenter. You were a – you told me you were a butcher, and you were a mail carrier. It sounds like you were lots of things.

GB: Well, I done lots of things. There's a lot to come too. I don't know…

BJ: I bet you don't know how long you've talked today. About two hours. I think we'll stop.

GB: Maybe you better call it quits. You may have other plans.

BJ: Well, I teach down at the Pelham School too, a little bit. I have to get down there.

GB: Well, I'll tell you something. One of my grandsons says, "I know that lady."

BJ: Who is that? Who's your grandson?

GB: Glenn Burrows.

BJ: Is he? I wondered if he was related to you, oh sure.

GB: He's my great grandson. I was—it's quite a treat to me to have somebody really take the interest that you have taken, I appreciate it myself. I enjoy it. It's a wrack on your nerves.

BJ: I don't want to put you through trouble. I see you struggling away…

GB: No, you're not putting me through trouble, not at this rate. Because you would have to go back, if I went through in a hurry. I'm trying to do this pretty complete. And that's the way I want to keep it. But there's so much, my good woman, that people don't know about. I'm going to get to it. I want you to feel free to come, and you don't have to call somebody else. (I can call you?) You can call me. (I wasn't so sure how well you could hear over the phone.) Well now, I'll tell you. It depends where I might be. If I was laying down on the couch, I'd have to be laying just right to hear it. If you don't get me one time, call again. But between 11 and 12, you will be pretty apt to get me. (That's when you're eating?) Yeah, because I get up early. (I heard you get up early, like 3:30 in the morning!) 3:30, anywhere along after 3:30, I got up this morning five minutes past four. I have my coffee and doughnuts every day of the week, every day of the year. But, for my dinner, I have a really big meal. That's the way I exist.

BJ: Did you ever think you'd become a cook? Like, you're now a cook, right?

GB: Well, my good woman, I could go along a log time and tell you.

END OF TAPE

TAPE FOUR – March, 1979

GB: Just a minute and I'll….

BJ: Well, one thing I've learned is that there seem to be lots of schools in Pelham. I'm not sure which one you went to.

GB: Well, this one down here. I'll tell you where it is before we start. You go down to the church. You go one, two, three, four, it's the fifth building you come to from the church.

BJ: Mmm, hmm.

GB: Not counting the church.

BJ: Uh humm. Was it always a school building before somebody made it into a house?

GB: Oh yes, sure. Mrs. Burek from Shutesbury Road—that's off of, uh, we didn't get down to Shutesbury Road when we were down to Pelham Hill. There's three interesting things up there.

BJ: Oh, maybe you'd like to do that first.

GB: Oh, let's go through with this school. It's not all that long. Ah, about 1898 it was, the start of my school days. You didn't go to school for three or four hours, you went for all day. You took your dinner with ya. Um, there might have been, ah, oh, 18 pupils in the whole school. That school is still standing, just a little over half a mile from Enfield Road, west on Amherst Road. Now the fifth building from what was the Methodist Church of Pelham at one time. That is now owned by Mrs. Burek. It was remodeled, and wee went there. Ah, God, just a minute. You can see better than I can.

BJ: That looks like the original ribbon on your diploma.

GB: Oh yeah, that's the original ribbon.

BJ: Right, there it is. Your middle name was Washington! George Washington Burrows.

GB: That's right, I was born on his birthday.

BJ: I see.

GB: I had a brother that was born just a year later. He died when he was four years old.

BJ: Did he, what did he have?

GB: Spinal meningitis.

BJ: I see.

GB: They had no cure for it in those days.

BJ: No let's see. This is when you graduated from eight grade?

GB: Eighth grade. That tells you the date.

BJ: 1908.

GB: That's what I thought. I was gonna say it, but I didn't; I wasn't sure.

BJ: 1908. You told me, I think, did you go on into town to school then for more, or was this the end of it?

GB: I went to Amherst High School. I'll tell you something about that before we get through.

BJ: Okay

GB: In 1908 I graduated from the West School, as it was called, in Pelham, to go to Amherst High School. There was other pupils from the City School down at the corner of North, North Valley and Amherst Road. That was an old school there. There was pupils that graduated there and we had to walk from Enfield Road to the electric car line that run to Orient Springs which we'll get to later on. Ah, the old high school in Amherst—this may be a little bit out of line, but we got to come to it—was located on Spring and Kendrick Place, I believe. An, coming from Pelham, I don't know what the reason was, but there was a few that had to get out on the front steps of the school, wave their hands, and say, "Here comes the Pelhamites"! Now, I didn't go for "Pelhamite" very long. I go for Pelhma, but I never went for Pelhamite—the i-t-e. It took about three weeks to get the i-t-e- off of Pelham. After that, things was okay.

BJ: Now, how did you get the i-t-e off Pelham? What did you do? Fists, huh? Did you get in trouble for all that fighting?

GB: Did I what?

BJ: Did you get in trouble for all that fighting?

GB: Sure we got in trouble. Bound to. Bound to. So all that, I never graduated from Amherst High School. To be honest with you, I was kicked out for dragging the principal down a thirty foot bank by the shoulders. And that about concludes my school days. My father said, "Look for a job. Go to work" and that's what I hunted for. It was nine hours a day.

BJ: What was your first job?

GB: Workin' on the highway. Pick and shovel. Pretty small pay, too.

BJ: Do you remember what it was?

GB: A dollar, dollar and a quarter a day for nine hours.

BJ: Mr. Burrows, why did you pull that principal down that thirty foot bank?

GB: Well, there was a bad fight going on. I didn't know that I had ahold of him. It was done by mistake. He was in the crowd and he was the first one I got ahold of.

BJ: How long did you go into school, then? Just a few months?

GB: Oh, I went about a year and a half.

BJ: Was all the fighting about coming from Pelham, or was it other things?

GB: There was fights between the different classes. The first one always had to, had to take it, but there was other fights between other classes. Well, that's….

BJ: Well, I'd like to go back up to the school here because you spent like, what, eight years or so out here, or nine?

GB: That's right.

BJ: Right, and there must be some things from that that are interesting stories I mean. I've heard the one about how you got in trouble with the teacher out here when you hit the teacher with the slingshot by mistake.

GB: Oh yeah (laughter).

BJ: See? You're famous.

GB: Well, lots of things happened in Pelham. They didn't happen in Amherst. I took a good many lickings right here in Pelham. I didn't know how to fight. After I learned how to fight, I didn't take any. There was a –every noon I used to take a licking from a certain guy. Going to school one morning, there was two older guys that may take your dinner pail. If ya don't lick them, they're gonna lick you. That's when it all happened. And I, from that day on, I didn't take no lickings. I've even been chased outta the schoolhouse with a horsewhip. Jumped out the window. A mother come to the schoolhouse during the noon hour to chase me for lickin' her son. She never got me. I jumped right out the window—took to the woods.

BJ: Well, you know, they're always talking about schools today being so rough and everything. I don't know, it sounds like you had a pretty wild time too.

GB: Oh yes. Well, most all the boys carried a slingshot made out of a crotch stick, either a piece of your mother's elastic tape cut in two in the middle so that you had two pieces. Then there was another single piece sewed across the middle, tied with a string to the two pieces hanging from the crotch stick and you put your pea in that little stick, that little loop that you was holdin' and pull that string back and you could shoot that pea the whole length of the schoolroom. This particular time, it didn't happen intentionally, it was a little missighted on my part. It was meant to go to the side, but instead the teacher was at the blackboard. We used to shoot peas in 'em. Peas or dried beans. And when they hit the blackboard, they made a noise. Kinda snapped. Well, by accident, I hit this school teacher. I think her name was Grace McKeever, but I'm not positive. I had so many. And everybody in the room was looking up but me, which proved my guilt. She called me to the desk, pulled back her chair,, said, "Get under there." Under I went. Pretty crowded. I was there through the period it too to take care of her class she had on the settee, which was about eight foot long. I kept tappin' on the face of the, 'twas a knee-hole desk and about six, six and a half foot long, drawers on

each side of the, where you sat. So I tapped on the (laughter), this makes you laugh to think of it now. All the kids in the school, you could hear them laugh. I tapped on it like that across the front of the kneehole, it was probably an eighth inch or quarter inch piece of thin wood. And it made a "tap" sound. I kept that up for quite awhile and she'd come back to the desk and tell me to keep quiet. She had called more than one class to recitation, I'm positive of that cuz I was all cramped up anyway. I didn't move around. I don't know just how I was doubled up. I know I was under there for keeps. She came back to the desk. This teacher came back to the desk and sat down. I'm getting into the dry goods department right now, but the girls all wore long dresses. So did the teacher. Not thinking, in my opinion, I was pretty quiet. I knew she was gonna set down. She puller her chair up to the desk and she pulled her dress probably just above the ankle. My mother always made me have a couple or three common pins in my, in the lapel of my coat. I didn't know how I was gonna get out. She made no attempt to get me out. I took one of those pins between my first finger and my thumb nail and just touched her on the ankle. I very suddenly found myself standing on two feet behind the desk, and I was ordered to stand behind the entrance door. How long I stood there, I don't know, but it was a very large door for the entrance door. Finally, I was allowed to go to my seat. I felt sorry, but you're bound to, you're bound to laugh over it to this day. I'll never forget it to the last day of ny life. And that, ah, you know we didn't have busses to get us to school. We walked. We didn't have snowplows to plow the roads. It was all horse and buggy. Children walked a long distance to school in those days.

BJ: Mr. Burrows, I want to go back to that episode you just told me about. You said that you'll remember it forever, and it really does seem like it's something that makes you laugh and so forth. Now, what do you think if your son would've done something like that? How would you have dealt with that?

GB: Well, I probably never would've known it, no more than my father and mother ever knew it.

BJ: You mean, the teach never told them?

GB: Oh no, she settled everything herself.

BJ: I see.

GB: She was there to teach us and that's what she done. She wasn't afraid to take ahold of you.

BJ: Was there stuff that went on like that a lot, or was that unusual?

GB: Well, there was different things that went on.

BJ: Did you like school?

GB: Yes, I was smart in school.

BJ: It sounds to me like maybe you were even bored and needed something to do and that's why you were shooting peas and things like that, huh?

GB: No.

BJ: No?

GB: 'Twas just deviltry.

BJ: Oh, I thought maybe you had all your work done and you could just fool around

GB: No, just do something to annoy the teacher, but we used to shoot 'em across one child to another. There was always some little things going and going on; throwing a note to one of the girls that set two or three seats from you. Give it a toss just so the teacher's see. And she'd come, pick it up, read it. It was nothin' that amounted to anything. It was just deviltry. That's all.

BJ: Did the girls get into as much trouble as the boys?

GB: No, I never, I never knew of 'em.

BJ: Why?

GB: God only knows. I don't know. I got no answer for that.

BJ: The girls didn't fight. Or, did they?

GB: Well, the boys and the girls, ah, didn't associate playing together. The boys played baseball—what little room we had, which was very small, and the girls has the other half of the yard. Takin' out the well home, it made it pretty small quarters, but there was a very small number of children that went to school in those days.

BJ: What did the girls play while you were playing baseball?

GB: Oh, they jumped rope and so on, the like of that.

BJ: You never paid much attention to what they were doing?

GB: No, they never mixed much with the boys. They stayed in their own quarters.

BJ: Did you always have a dog when you were growing up?

GB: Oh yes, many of them. Expensive dogs.

BJ: What kind?

GB: Coon dogs

BJ: Is this one a coon dog?

GB: No, he's just a watchdog. No, I don't hunt coons anymore. I used to.

BJ: Are all coon dogs beagles?

GB: Oh no, no. They're bred to coon hunting.

BJ: What makes a good coon hunting dog?

GB: Well, Airedale, half hound…

BJ: Half what?

GB: Half Airedalel half hound. There's full-blooded Airedales that make good coon dogs.

BJ: I didn't know that.

GB: Bird dogs make good coon dogs. I hunted with a thoroughbred bird dog—a throughbred bird dog—a beautiful coon dog. I've had dogs I've been offered $300 for, and I never sold him. Had 'em stoled. I never found 'em.

BJ: Did you sell the furs? Is that why you went coon hunting?

GB: Hmm?

BJ: Did you sell the furs?

GB: Oh yeah.

BJ: Is there a certain time of the year that you go?

GB: Yeah, there was a law on 'em. The first of September you could hunt 'em, but you couldn't carry a gun. The first of October you could hunt 'em and carry a gun; you could kill 'em in the first of October. I guess the law is just the same now. I haven't hunted coon for years and years and years.

BJ: Were they a lot more plentiful then or how do you think?

GB: They're pretty thick right now.

BJ: They are, I know.

GB: They get in your gardens, they raise the devil. Well, I ….

BJ: Have you told me everything about school? It seems like you told me what you played and what you got in trouble with, and was there anything else that you remember particularly?

GB: Not, ah, particularly. Only I spoke about the walking to school.

BJ: Mmm. What did you study?

GB: Algebra. The last year, geometry. Geography, English, arithmetic—all those subjects.

BJ: Did you have favorite subjects?

GB: Well, I was very, I was very smart in ah, algebra and geometry.

BJ: Mmm.

GB: What I took of it. I was extra good. I got high marks. I've got the books to this day, or without any doubt I have given them to my daughter for keepsake.

BJ: When you were going to school, did you expect that you would go ahead and be on the farm, or did you have things that you wanted to do when you got older?

GB: No, I just had that in my head. That I gotta go to school. As far as doing any outside work, what outside work I done was on the farm, helping my father what I could. Do this and do that, which was very little at that time. And later on, there was, I had to….

SIDE TWO TAPE – March 1979

[Mr. Burrows is going to finish talking about the top of the hill, Shutesbury Road—something about some markers that he found in the woods. I want to get the location of that big rock that used to be balanced so well. I'm not exactly sure where that is.]

GB: Well, to get to that big rock, you would go to the Cook place, the Henry Cook place.

BJ: That's on Shutesbury Road?

GB: That's on Shutesbury Road-and Millie Webb lives there now. And the old Stage Coach Road goes from there out through, to across 202 and down Twig Hill. Ah, you ain't got that on….

BJ: I do. Were you going to tell me a story that you couldn't put on the tape?

GB: No, no, no. I didn't wanna get mixed up here.

BJ: That's all right, They can fix it.

GB: Yu go out the old Stage Coach Road, leading to 202—oh you wanna go out there less than a quarter mile or thereabouts, turn to the right whether there be a path there at this time or not. But it's not in position today Quabbin took that piece of property over if I remember right. Not sure. And that big rock, uh, you could put your hand on it and move it. You could feel it move. And sometime, if Quabbin did take it, or about that time, that rock was pushed over. So it's not in position, but it was so evenly balanced that one's hand could feel that rock move. Just with the pressure of your hand.

BJ: Did anybody know who pushed it over?

GB: No, I don't believe they do.

BJ: Too bad.

GB: It is, it's a shame. That was a wonderful sight to even put your hand on and move such a monstrous rock.

BJ: How big was it, would you say?

GB: Oh, you looking the town history….

BJ: It'll tell, huh?

GB: And you will see, I'm pretty sure, the balanced rock. And to leave that just where these two stones are—they're not too far on the range, which is what that section is called…

BJ: You said 'range?'

GB: It's called the range and that runs clear through to Shutesbury. These two rocks—well, they could be 15 to 20, 25 feet apart. On one of 'em is a man's name, Jack; and on the other one is Henry. I would say that I well know these two gentlemen. They were stonecutters, masons, stone masons—two brothers. There were three brothers, but these two brothers were together more. Henry lived there.

BJ: It's Cook, right? Henry and Jack Cook?

GB: Henry and jack Cook. And there was a Smith Cook, too, another brother. They were all stone men, every one of them. Well, those two brothers, to my thoughts, went out there and cut their names in those stones and they stand—well, Iwould say, somewhere in the neighborhood of 16 inches high from the ground. And they've got a face on 'em, they face south. Thery're not on a steep piece of ground. It's more, it's more on the level, if anybody was going to look for them. I hope they never been removed.

BJ: Now they were on the Cook Farm like this, we said, this Mrs. Webb lives?

GB: I would probably say they were.

BJ: But, they're up in the woods, up there someplace?

GB: They're in the woods. I would say they were on that Cook Farm.

BJ: And you just happened to see them one day when you were walking up there?

GB: I was bee hunting when I found those two stones. And that's practically all I can remember. I never heard of anybody mentioning those stones. I don't believe they've ever been found. I haven't any idea that they have.

BJ: Well, there's a lot of woods up there, so it's possible people don't stumble on them today.

GB: That's right. Of course, some hunter may've seen 'em, they may be covered with leaves.

BJ: That's true.

GB: I know pretty near where to go to get to 'em, but I'm too old to get there.

BJ: That's too bad. You need to ….

GB: It is, it is. I like—now shut that off for just a minute…

BJ: Why?

GB: Well, because this is gonna come later.

BJ: Oh, okay—well, in case it doesn't, why don't you say it now, why don't you go ahead and talk about it and then if….

GB: No, I can't do it.

BJ: Can't? Mr. Burrows, you are so organized, you never get off the track.

GB: No, because I'm gonna bring this up. I should brought it up before, but only jut for roads' sake, that's all. We're gonna get to the, ah, before you get through if you stick to it.

BJ: By the way, somebody who heard this tape has already gone back and seen that stone bridge, so you see… it was a girl in high school and she heard this because her mother was typing it and she's a runner, you know, a jogger. And she saw that stone bridge back there that you talked about.

GB: Did she really find it?

BJ: Mmm, hmmm.. She said it's a little close to Enfield Road than to Amherst-Pelham Road.

GB: It is?

BJ: Yeah, yeah.

GB: I could take you down across this lot.

BJ: And that's the easiest way to get into….

GB: That's the nearest way to it. But this is private property, and that is a, more or less of a well, I'm gonna come to that later on.

BJ: All righty.

GB: I think there's more to that than… Why've you got that on?

BJ: Look, now let me tell you about this. You don't have to do everything in such o9rder. Okay, I'd rather have you, you know, when you think of it, say it, because maybe later it gets forgotten and I want to make sure that it's someplace in here eve if it's not in the best perfect order, okay?

GB: Well, what I'm trying to do, my good woman…

BJ: I know.

GB: ..is to take one section and do that section but we may also have to go back for certain things that arose from another section.

BJ: I know.

GB: See?

BJ: Yeah. I know, and that's why you might as well say what comes to mind at the time.

GB: Well, I can't do it. I can't do it, because I would get all mixed up.

BJ: Okay.

GB: I've got to follow this through.

BJ: You're the boss.

GB: Well, you can see what I, uh, what I mean. Now there's one thing I'd like to mention before we go any further. That house, the Cook Farm, was the last house on the Shutesbury Road in Pelham, and it was probably two and half miles to the next residence in Shutesbury. And these old roads—crossroads, shortcuts—the green grass grew in the road. Only where the wagon wheels went and the horse went. The horse-drawn vehicle, that's all the transportation we had. There was no automobiles in those days. The main roads were so much traveled that, uh, grass, there was no grass in the roads. But all the crossroads with the two strips of grass would seem funny to people today. There were no paved roads in Pelham at that time.

BJ: For somebody like the Cooks who lived up there, they must have been pretty self sufficient, because they would've been far away from a lot of people.

GB: Oh yes, those men took care of themselves. I don't know about their married lives, or whether they were married or not. I got no idea. I don't remember. I never remember the ladies, but I do know the menfolks. Well, we could take the old Stage Coach Road back to North Valley Road, but I'm agoing back to Pelham Center, where the historical site now stands, and the old Town Hall. Continue back down Pelham-Amherst Road, and continue up North Valley Road and also Buffam Road and Boyden Road. We'll take North Valley first. What was the first thing we come to was the City School. That was the old, old schoolhouse. In about nineteen hundred and five, as near as I can remember, the Holyoke Street Railway put in the trolley lines from Amherst to what is known as Orient Springs, and the line ended there. That was, and you had to walk to the springs. Well, before we go any further, there was a man from Amherst. I can't remember his name. I've seen him many times on his way from Amherst to Pelham to the Orient Springs. He drove a horse, an express wagon, loaded with five-gallon jugs. This is how he made his living. He done it every day. He used to come to, there's a path there now at the Orient leading into the Orient Springs just beyond the, uh, end of the trolley line. Before you cross the bridge that led up to a spring of water that run out of the side of the hill. He used to leave his horse and his express wagon at the entrance of that pathway. He filled all those jugs with that

spring water, took it back to Amherst, and sold it. By the gallon, or five gallons, whatever one might need or might want.. This was a—the Orient Springs—was a great gathering place for picnics. People came from all around on the trolley and held their picnics. There was also a place on the brook that was dammed up for, so that there was a swimming hole which did not interfere with any water usage. I don't seem to remember if there was any bath house or not. I doubt it. But, nevertheless, there was several springs in this section of where the water came out of the side of the hill, and many paths leading through the tall pies which was a wonderful place to stroll and people admired it. They came from all around. Finally, there was a pavilion built there. And, as I remember it, they used to hold dances. I was no dancer. I'm not today, and I didn't follow that line of recreation. But I will say that there was many a nice gathering at the Orient Springs. It was a wonderful place to spend an afternoon, or all day. Take your picnic lunch. They finally built a footbridge across. You could cross the brook. But there were numerous paths all through the woods. And there was a beautiful pine forest and it's still standing.

BJ: I've been down there just once, and it really is beautiful.

GB: Ayuh, in those times, it was more beautiful, because people today, of course… When Charlie Cole owned it, who was president of Amherst College, in my time of working there, bought that place, he allowed nobody in there. And what they do today I don't know.

BJ: It's still private property and the reason I was there, they had a Historical Society meeting there.

GB: I would think probably that would be the only way you could get in there.

BJ: Yeah, yeah. It was very pretty. So the time that it was most popular was like around 1910, that kind of time?

GB: Well, lemme do some thinking.

BJ: Like, how old were you and things like that?

GB: Well, 15, 16, 17

BJ: And you were born in 18..?

GB: ….93

BJ: '93, so it sounds like in, right, the early 1900s. Yeah. That's when it … and it sort of decreased because there was some buildings up there that burned down. Is that why it topped being so popular, or …?

GB: No. I think it shifted hands and the land was purchased by the Hunt Club of Pelham. You see, this is something that I left out on the Shutesbury Road. That pavilion was torn down and the Hunt Club owned a piece of property on Shutesbury Road. Now you can see that if you don't keep notes, you get mixed up and this is slightly mixed up here.

BJ: That's all right.

GB: Noh. But it was rebuilt and the Hunt Club used it fo several years, and that was erected near the Shutesbury-Pelham line and it was finally purchased and made into a house by someone that, who either lives there now—I know there's a family that lives there in that dwelling. And that's what became of the pavilion at Orient Springs.

BJ: Well, Mr. Burrows, there was like a hotel and everything there too, at one time,, wasn't there?

GB: Yes.

BJ: Was that before that time, or the same?

GB: Where did you hold your meeting?

BJ: Oh, it was in the house. I guess that was the caretaker's house. Is that right?

GB: No, that was the Orient House.

BJ: That was the actual…. I thought the hotel burned down. I guess that was my mistake.

GB: That was a great place in its day, the Orient House. See, I probably didn't mention that. Charlie Cole owned that 'cause he owned that whole section, until his lost his wife and then he sold and went to California and married again and died there, or died on some trip he was on.

BJ: You said you worked there. Did you do carpentry there?

GB: At Amherst College?

BJ: Oh, I thought you meant at the Orient House. You meant at Amherst College. Okay.

GB: Non, no. I had nothing to do with the---well, I did, uh, some vandals at the time Charlie Cole owned it. I did repair some, the damage that the vandals did at the home. He was in Peru at the time it was done. And he sent me a letter. I've got the stamp that was on the letter, maybe the envelope. You know that was

something to get, just the same. I'm gonna save that. I'm gonna save it. (reference to postcard from BJ to GB from South America)

BJ: Well, good.

GB: My daughter thinks that was awful nice of you.

BJ: Well, thank you.

GB: Well, let's get back on the track here.

BJ: Right Let's do hat. Let's get away from Peru and Mexico.

GB: There were no houses on the—between the Valley Schoolhouse or the City Schoolhouse until you come to the Brock place.

BJ: Is that the one that sits down there?

GB: That's the first one. No, you go way up through the woods, through the hemlocks, make the big turn up where the parking lot is, where the parking place is side of the road. Go round that turn, go by the next house. The Brock place which is an old, old house was the only house you came to from Orient Springs, from the City School.

BJ: And that Brock place is the one that sits back from the road?

GB: It sits back in… That's the only house there was between City School and where it now stands.

BJ: Let me ask you one thing. I don't mean to throw you off the track, but there's that house that sits down there to the left back, you can hardly see it when the leaves are on the trees…

GB: By the bridge?

BJ: Yeah. Now that looks old. Was that moved from someplace?

GB: No, no. that house has been built up. That's not an old house.

BJ: Oh, okay.

TAPE 5 – GEORGE BURROWS
April 5, 1979

GB: We'll continue from the Brock place out to the Martin Aldrich place which was another old, old house. It was later, well, the last one to own that property is Tyson Smith.

BJ: All right, I know where it is then.

GB: At the time he bought it, I helped remodel the whole house. Now we will continue east on North Valley Road to the next house which was owned by a Fales, later on by John Simard, a blacksmith. On this property there was once a still operated.

BJ: (giggle) I want to hear about the still. The still!

GB: Well, I can't tell you much about that. I've seen it in operation.

BJ: What did they use, corn?

GB: What did they use?

BJ: Ya.

GB: No. They used cider.

BJ: Oh, that's right. I forgot that cider was ….

GB: Cider brandy.

BJ: Ya. You told me that.

GB: Well, much do I have to say concerning that place. We will travel east again ust past the Sonderegger residence today…. Just beyond the Sonderegger residence was the Fales place, at one time. And it was later owned by a family by the name of Colditz., who I believe the Sondereggers purchased it from. On this property was operated another still. I've also seen both of them. Well, not much more if interest to say. We'll continue on to the only dwelling, the John A. Page place, at the junction of Buffam Road and North Valley Road. There was a murder at the property. I think I said it was the Page place.

BJ: Yes.

GB: There was a murder took place there, but we're going back, we're coming to this later on. The site of that murder was on this road, see… the first message was

relayed by my mother. And now we're going to come back to that. I can't do it now.

BJ: You always gt me all interested, and then you take me of….

GB: I've got to keep on going.

BJ: I understand. You promise you'll tell me later.

GB: I will do that, I will do that.

BJ: OK.

GB: In nineteen hundred and fourteen, the twenty-fifth day of April, I was working at the Page farm on North Valley Road, framing a barn which had burned down earlier. During the noon hour I sat under one of those trees, one of those trees that now stands in front of the house, eating my lunch, when I looked south and saw a steak of black smoke on Enfield Road. Much bigger than a stovepipe. This turned out to be a terrible forest fire, which I'm going to come to when I reach Enfield Road. But I happened to be there at that time when it started. I saw it, the first streak of smoke, come up. And that was the 25th day o April in 1914. Now let's get back and continue, let's take on Buffam Road.

BJ: OK.

GB: This is short. We'll go to the only house that's stood on Buffam Road some mile and a half from the Page property; if you look in the town history, if I'm not mistaken, there's a picture of what they call the castle, that was known as the Fales place, at one time. Later on the Fales place, or the castle, was bought by a man by the name of Peese, and it was dismantled. He and I were working on the highway at the time he purchased it. He had it partly, and he tore 'em down. And he got me, asked me if I would help him takedown a part of it. Well, in the operation of taking that down, I saw him reach down where we had just taken down a partition and pick up something. And it turned out to be, so help me God, I don't know how old it was, but it was a gold Oddfellows pin, which without any doubt the rats had carried into that partition. Now whatever became of that pin nobody knows. I'd like to because it was old. I got no idea when the Oddfellows was formed, but somebody should have had it. And what's he ever done with it, I do not know. That was one residence on Buffam Road. There was only two. Before we continue on Buffam Road, we're going to take a short trip which now leads through the woods. There was a house, and the entrance to this road just above the castle. To the left, there is new house built on that a short distance from the main highway, and that road took you to the Fales place, another Fales place.

GB: Yes, but they moved from one place ….

BJ: I see.

GB: There was Baxter, and Jim—that's all I can remember. But this road, if you followed it, would take you to the high bridge in Shutesbury. But as far as knowing anything about this property, I've been through there several times, been clear through, so I know where it comes out.

BJ: Was that a stagecoach road?

GB: Not that I know of. Well, at this point, I'd like to say that I've left out something that takes you back to the Brock place. There, through the Brock, I gotta bring this in, they'll have to straighten it out someday…

BJ: That's all right. We'll take care of it.

GB: Through the dooryard of the Brock place is a road that took you to Mt. Orient, which was owned by Loomis Todd, if I remember correctly. From the summit of Mt. Orient you come back, you take this old road you jest left from the Brock place, you follow it through north, you came to a, what was, if it was looked over, I believe a residence there at some time. There was a beautiful apple orchard up I the hills; but they were nearer the road from the Fales place to the high bridge, than it was from the apple orchard back to the Brock place. I've been through both of these roads. I really know what I'm talking about. Well, to leave well enough alone, we'll go back to Buffam Road. There's only one more house on the road, which was owned by Dwight Preesho. It was quit4 a big farm.

BJ: Mr. Burrows, how do you spell his last name?

GB: P-r-e-e-s-h-o. He had quite a nice farm there. As I remember the gentleman, he was quite a church member, and as I last remember him, he was near gored to death by a bull that he owned on the property. You can continue on a short distance and you'll come to the Amziah-Robinson Road which goes from Buffam Road to North Valley Road. We're going to come to it again on North Valley Road. Just above that we come to Boyden Road, which continues to the Preesho place, where the man lived that tore down the old castle… There's nothing of any significance that I can remember about this property You continue up Boyden Road a quarter of a mile, maybe a half, there's a road that led into the woods. The remnants are still there, and out that road is a cellar hole, there was a residence there at one time. Well, today if we come back onto the Boyden Road, we can continue on up to what is now a place owned by a Mr. Page, just recently built, which is the last residence in the town on Buffam Road, and

BJ: Boyden Road.

GB: Uh huh. We come back down Boyden Road to Buffam Road. You can only continue on to find one more road and that's it, of early date. There were residences there, two of them, three, I guess, but….

BJ: There are several new houses up there.

GB: Lots of people know about them.

BJ: Can I ask you something? I don't mean to throw you off the track, but back when you said about that man being gored by the bull, now how would he have been taken care of medically? Who would have taken care of him and things like that?

GB: Well, as far as I know, he lived with his wife. I suppose that his wife… I think he was quite a church goer, as I remember.

BJ: So you wouldn't take him out to a doctor, or call a doctor? Just somebody would take care of him there?

GB: Well, without any doubt, he got medical attention. I know he drove the bull off with a stale pitchfork. They don't like that, I can you tell you that, from experience. I've handled several of them, bad ones.

BJ: Really?

GB: We kept them for breeding purposes. Well, let's go back to the Page property on North Valley Road. Across the Amethyst Brook we come to the Gates Road, which leads to the right and comes across the valley to the Pelham church. Now let's go back to the start of this road from the North Valley Road and we come to the Asabel Gates place, a very prosperous farmer he was, a nice gentleman, I knew him. I was a young boy when I knew the man. He took great pride in his farm. It was all cleaned up, there was no brush on the walls or the roadside; there was a real nice farm. We've got to go just a bit further here, because there's something that may be of interest. We will go to the iron gate, skipping all the new residences on this road. And we're going to the iron gate which leads—the roadway leads—to the Hills Reservoir. When this reservoir was constructed, who the contractor was I do not remember, but they didn't allow visitors around the dam site, and it was built by different races of people working for….

TAPE FIVE, SIDE TWO

GB: I didn't know about this particular incidence til pretty near a year later. I did know that there was a man missing, 'cause they never found him. The person that told me this instance worked on that project. And, he said—he wasn't a liar—I know him very well, known him for years and years. In fact, I knew how to get

into his camp when he was cut down by a medical examiner. That comes a little later. This man's body was buried in the concrete of that dam, in the core of the concrete of that dam. And that's—that was the main subject of really taking you to the Hills Reservoir. Aside from that, it's no more than any other water supply.

BJ: But they never found out who did it or did anything about it?

GB: No one ever knew it. If they'd ever known it, they would have got him out. No, they never, never…. Now this man told me himself.

BJ: How did he know that? Had he seen that happen or had somebody told him?

GB: Did I see it happen?

BJ: No, no, how did that man know it for sure? Had he seen it?

GB: He worked there.

BJ: And he heard the story?

GB: He worked on that dam when the dam was built. He lived right up here. He wanted to come and live with my family, but I couldn't do it. We come back to the Gates Road. We'll continue south towards the Pelham church, and we come to another closed gateway that leads to the intake reservoir, where the water is piped to the filter house at Orient Springs, and there to Amherst. I think this is, this picture of the intake reservoir is in the town history. I'm pretty sure it is. We've got to continue backwards to the North Valley Road. We go from Gates Road to the first place of interest what was the Will Myrick place. Here, on this property, was operated another still. From that, I don't think of anything of any interest.

BJ: Wait a minute. When was that quarry being worked, the one that's there by the Myricks. Isn't that the one you mean?

GB: No, we haven't got to the quarry.

BJ: Where is the Myricks then?

GB: The Myrick place? Ah,

BJ: Oh.

GB: You know, yeah. You've been to one Myrick place right over on the Amherst Road here.

BJ: Right, I remember there was one somewhere.

GB: The Myricks that lived over there, over here, was the father of the Myrick that lived over on North Valley Road.

BJ: Where was that house again on North Valley Road? Is it there now?

GB: Yes. You know where the Knowles live. What's the name of those peoploe, I worked for them once.

BJ: They live right across the road though, right? It's, there's….

GB: There's a little pond there, right on the side of the road. I can't think of, I worked for those people.

BJ: Me took, I go by there every day.

GB: They lived on Harkness Road.

BJ: But anyway, that house….

GB: That's the old Myrick place. That's the old, old name for it WE leave this property, we go to the North Valley Cemetery which is of many interest to many people looking up ancestors and so forth. We continue from there to the George Moulton place, which was possibly a farm in its day, but was more of a hangout. I don't mean—don't get me wrong, this was not a hangout for ladies. It was more for men. It was all for men, for that matter. I believe that it was purchased by Mr. Hatt. That's not the son that's living there now. The son don't live in the old, old place.

BJ: There are some Hatts that live there though.

GB: Yeah, that's right. But the son that was in the shootin' down to the Myrick place…

BJ: Oh, that's right…

GB: I ain't going to bring that in. That's a little bit impersonating. You can se my stand point of view.

BJ: Right, although it was in, like you showed me, it was in the newspaper and everything so it was a public kind of thing that happened.

GB: It was in the newspaper, that's right. We're going back to this Moulton place when we come to Enfield Road, where the incident occurred. Well, that's that!

BJ: You always stop on the good parts.

GB: In front of the Moulton place was a road that led a short distance in to the Ben Page house, where a suicide was committed in very recent years. He was an old settler—it's an old, old house. It's been remodeled by the Patricks who lived there. I don't know who does live there now.

BJ: Their name is Hepler.

GB: Yeah, well….

BJ: And they've remodeled it some, too. But it's still very nice down there, it's a nice place.

GB: Yeah, it must be. I haven't been there for years. Just before you get to the Benjamin Page place, there's a road to the right that leads into the woods and takes you to the quarry. They called it the Pelham Granite Quarry. Then they load the stone, have been drawn to Amherst for dwellings. Probably some may be at Amherst College, which I do not know. I do know for a positive fact that my father had drawn stones from that quarry to Amherst. And it's not in operation and hasn't been for years. I think probably the last stone that was taken out of there in my memory, by Athol, a contractor for whom I worked for eleven years. I believe today that the Amherst Water Co. controls it. I will not say to be positive. Things change hands and you can't keep up with it. But I am surmising that it does. From the Moulton place little do I know or nothing do I know of all thegood people that live between the Moulton place and the Stagecoach Road from the North Valley Road to Shutesbury—ah, the road that takes you to the Henry Cook place on the Shutesbury Road, from Pelham to Shutesbury. You've got this straight?

BJ: Nope.

GB: I don't know as I have.

BJ: Well, listen. There's that Robinson Road, okay?

GB: Oh my God. See, I've forgot it.

BJ: I only learned about that this last month, so I can help you out. Now I know that is what that road is called.

GB: You know something about that road?

BJ: I know there were a lot of people who lived there, and I know there was a school up there.

GB: Not on that road.

BJ: Yes sir.

GB: On what road?

BJ: That Robinson Road.

GB: No, no, no, no.

BJ: Oh dear, I thought I learned something.

GB: That schoolhouse, the red schoolhouse was just west, a very short distance from where Lederle lives. On that flat.

BJ: Right on North Valley Road?

GB: On North Valley Road directly.

BJ: You're sure there wasn't a school on Robinson Road?

GB: No, no, no, no.

BJ: Well, I'll have to go check that out.

GB: I hope you check it, because I've seen that schoolhouse.

BJ: You know where I'm getting that information? This Mrs. Brewer wrote a history of North Valley Road which I read.

GB: I'd like to see it after we get through.

BJ: Well, I meant to bring it when we talked about North Valley Road, and I didn't know that's what we were going to do today. I'll have to check it out of the library and do it, 'cause now you're getting me unsure. Okay, I will bring it over and read it to you. It's hard to make out but…

GB: You see, I left out….Before I get to the Brewer Road was the Amaziah Robinson place. The road from the North Valley Road, which is the Amaziah Robinson Road, you'll follow it through, and it comes out on Buffam Road just above the Preesho farm. There was only one house there that I know of. And there was the Cummins that lived there at one time.

BJ: I'm waiting for spring so that I can take a walk through there. I'd like to go that whole road up there.

GB: I don't know how good that road is now. They was going to build some houses on the other end of it, on the Buffam Road. They decided to fix a road in there,

but they never went through with it. That old place burned down. I remember when it burned, 'cause I could look right over to it. There was a big elm tree that stood heaven-high above all the rest of the…. And it stood right in front of the barn. You could see it from the old house over here just as plain as day. We could look from the old house right into the North Valley Cemetery.

BJ: There weren't as many trees then?

GB: Oh no, no, no, no.

BJ: That's what's hard for me to picture.

GB: That's what hurts. It throws you way off, you can't picture this.

BJ: I know. I think it's very hard for me to picture where roads were when the road now is so different.

GB: It is. It's a terrible thing. It's a terrible thing. We'll come back to the Robinson Road, to the North Valley Road, continue by the little red schoolhouse to the Brewer Road, or the old Stagecoach Road, whichever you want to call it.

BJ: So that road connects with the Shutesbury Road?

GB: That's right. It'll take you back up there.

BJ: Okay.

GB: We continue up this Brewer Road to the Brewer farm, which was a big farm. He was a bachelor for many years, and he was a very religious man, a churchgoer, from what I've heard them say. And he lived there with his mother and sister on this farm. It was really a big acreage. Just beyond the house—oh, one more thing, before I get all the way out—my wife happened to be the woman that took care of Mr. Brewer's mother when she died. This Alice Brewer that lived with her brother lived on Amherst-Pelham Road between Cadwell Street and Jones Road. Maybe to make it clearer for you, have you ever seen a sign up in a man's dooryard by the name of Willson?

BJ: Maybe.

GB: You know how the Orient House is. You come out of that driveway, you come right out in front of a man's house. You go down just beyond that man's house and there's a road leads out into the pines on the left, going down. Well, she built that place out there, and she lived there until she died. That's the end of Miss Brewer. Most of these bigger farmers had a nice house of their own. There were o icemen, no bakers. There was tin peddlers, which I'm coming to some time before I get through. Not today.

BJ: We're almost finished for today. This tape is almost over.

GB: For god's sake woman.

BJ: You know, it's almost eleven o'clock today.

GB: Time don't mean nothin' to me. It's all up to you dear.

BJ: I think pretty soon we'll have to stop, because this one has to stop, and I also have to go down to school.

GB: Well, that's all right with me. Any time you can see your time to get up here—and my daughter happened to be here yesterday. She comes up here every Wednesday to have dinner with me. I always have her here on Wednesday.

BJ: But Mr,. Burrows, you must promise next time to tell me about the jurder. Okay? Down there at that Page place.

GB: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Oh my God, I'll do that.

BJ: Well, if it throws you all off, I won't make you promise.

GB: There's no awful much, dear.

BJ: I know, but we'll get to it sometime, right?

GB: Oh certainly. And I'm going to take youto the first Pelham reservoir.

BJ: Okay.

TAPE SIX – April 27, 1979

BJ: We are continuing our discussion from last time and we're going to be continuing up Brewer Road.

GB: As we leave North Valley Road going towards Shutesbury Road, the first place we come to, the first rise we come to, going up Brewer Road, on the left hand side is the Horton place. Continue on from here to the Brewer farm, which burned down. It was struck by lightning. It was the residence of John L. Brewer, his mother, and his sister Louise—also the wife, Alice Adams Brewer. He married the minister's daughter.

BJ: A minister here in Pelham?

GB: He did live in Pelham. He was a minister in Pelham, this Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams later went to Southampton, and I went over there and done some remodeling on his house after he left Pelham. My father and I. Diphtheria is a contagious disease. Would you get that from drinking water?

BJ: I don't know. Diphtheria was kind of gone by the time I was growing up, and I don't know much about how you got it. That's what Mr. Brewer died from, whatever it is you're trying to think of….

GB: I've had that in mind… I've been working on this for ….

BJ: And then here it disappeared, eh?

GB: Diphtheria, diphtheria. That was it, yeah. I'm not sure.

BJ: Your wife nursed him, is that right? Did your wife go over and nurse him? Did you tell me that last time> Did your wife go over and help him when he was sick?

GB: No.

BJ: Oh, it was his mother.

GB: No, my wife to be. We wasn't married at that time when she worked there. She took care of Mr. Brewer's mother who lived with him and his sister until she died. Mr. Brewer owned a pretty big farm. As far as his stock is concerned, I have little knowledge. It was a place I didn't visit too much to know really what did go on. I know there was quite an acreage. Beyond his house on the property, there was a pond, small pond, and most every farmer with any sizeable farm had their own icehouse. Mr. Brewer used to cut ice, or did it this particular time, on that pond. And he was stricken with a disease that was incurable at that time. Well, I can't express just what I mean but he died of this disease from drinking ice water from that pond. Whether true or false I do not know.

BJ: Mr. Burrows, could you tell me a little bit more about how they did that with the ice? They would cut it, and then how would they get it down to the other people who would need it?

GB: On a sled. Horse and sled. They cut it in cakes, by hand. Today they cut it with power saws. I'm going to come to that when we get to this old place over here, 'cause we had one, we cut our ice over here, but I'm not going to get into that until we take this road over here.

BJ: Oh, I know.

GB: But they cut their own ice. It was all done by hand, cut into square cakes. It was all laid out just the same as you'd take a straight-edge and mark a line down through here.. Might go forty feet, and you'd scratch that ice with a marker and you'd measure so far over here, so far over there, and make another scratch. You laid all that out in a block. You ain't got this on.

BJ: Why not? This was what I enjoy hearing.

GB: We're going to come to that over here.

BJ: All right, you can do it again.

GB: And then they'd go the other way. Cross-ways, this way. And they measured so many inches, about a twenty inch block was a block of ice, twenty inches square. It depended on your ice house, 'cause you had to have a big layer of sawdust on the outside all around, and you brought your ice in, and stacked it up, you know, one cake on top of another. But you done one layer at a time. You went clear across your ice house, one layer at a time. And you filled the ice house. You used to go around to where they had the mills in the woods and get our sawdust and pack it around the outside, and you went up tier by tier. And when you got it up to the top, you covered it all over—the whole thing—and that ice kept through the summer. You could go down there. We didn't have freezers, we had the ice chest freezer.

BJ: You could keep the ice all through the summer then?

GB: Oh yes. Sure, sure…. I/m going to get to that, lady…

BJ: Well, thanks for doing a little bit, okay?

GB: ….'cause we used to keep our meat in that ice house. That is, our beef. Pork was a different process. We kept that in brine, and at the conclusion I'll tell ya, my good woman, how we survived. Curing our meat, raising our grain, keeping our meat in summer. Our beef, your pork, you could keep it. When we get all through, I'm going to tell the people today how we managed to survive. How smaller families done, how smaller farmers, I don't just know. I know how we done it, and we all survived. At the conclusion of these interviews, I'm going to tell the people today how we got by.

BJ: I wish you'd do it now, but I know you want to do it your own way.

GB: We've only got a little ways to go, and we'll shift. Let's finish up Brewer Road, and we can talk. I'd like to mention that Mr. Brewer was connected with town office, and a great church member. And so was his sister, Louise. Now, from the Brewer farm, we continue northeast or east, up the old road, and we come to the Redding place, which I know little about. Only that it was several acres of open

fields. From there on we go probably a half a mile and we come to the old Stacey place. And all I can remember about this property is that the house partly caved in. That's in my day. From here we continue on to the Henry Cook place on the road from Pelham Hill to Shutesbury which we have gone over before.

BJ: Wait a minute. I thought that Brewer Road came out on Buffam Road. It comes out on Shutesbury Road? Right. It's Robinson Road that comes out on Buffam Road. I knew that.

GB: That's right. You're up to the Cook place…

BJ: I got it, I got it.

GB: You know, we went through the Cook place—the Cook place was the last place on Shutesbury Road from Pelham to Shutesbury.

BJ: Why did all those houses on Brewer Road disappear? There's nobody lives up there now.

GB: Nobody lived there, they died. Their families went some other place. They had to have families, my good woman, because they wouldn't have had that schoolhouse on North Valley Road if they didn't have. That's where all these children come from. They didn't have no school busses, they walked. They walked just the same as I did—from here, from over there. We all walked to school.

BJ: So now you want to go back up and start the rest of North Valley that comes out on Amherst Road?

GB: Yeah, we'll drop back now to the start of Brewer Road, from North Valley Road. We'll continue now to where I, I do not know. I know there was an up and down sawmill somewhere nearby.

BJ: You can still see the boards, I guess, down there.

GB: Well, to my memory, all there was left of the old mill was fallen down timbers. But there was a road as you go east and come to the brook, just before you get to the brook, there was a road that turned down in. Now this was a water powered mill without any question. I think you can see, as I remember it, where the water wheel was. And that's all that I can tell you, but I've got an awful big idea that it was an up and down sawmill instead of the circular saw.

BJ: Will you explain again what that up and down means? You told me once before.

GB: It went up and down, this way. Let's see, these are my notes. Let's see what I got here.

BJ: Want a pencil for a saw?

GB: This saw, well… isn't perfect, but….

BJ: I can tell it's a saw, I think.

GB: The log would run through. Hat saw would face the log, and the log would go through and this saw going up and down. Everything was all hooked up to go by water power, belts and so on. And this log was pushed through, and you could tell how it was done by an up and down saw because the log was run through the mill on that saw. Everything was machine driven, or water power s an up, but it went up and down. You could tell by the board whether it was a circular saw or an up and down saw.

BJ: Marks on the board.

GB: There'd be marks just the same as there is on a circular saw. There's a mark on a circular saw just the same as there would be on this. And there was one of these mills in Prescott. 'Twasn't in Pelham. It set on the Prescott side, and that's in another town. That's an up and down saw. I to get to… This is all mixed up.

BJ: I think it's good. I'm happy with what you're saying today. So there.

GB: Now, we're going to leave the sawmill and we're going to a branch road from North Valley Road that takes us directly to the Cook-Johnson cemetery.

BJ: Before that, though, isn't there a road that goes over to that Romer place? Part of an old Stagecoach Road or something?

GB: It wasn't a traveled road. There's a road down through there. If you follow it down, you'll go down through and come out down at Romer's.

BJ: Oh.

GB: It wasn't a traveled road 'cause it was all big timber in there. They had a steam mill in there and cut that off. I remember when it was done. They had a big forest fire in there by the steam mill.
Now we're at the Cook-Johnson Cemetery. Now I'm going to tell you people something that I doubt anybody noticed—only two other men in the town of Pelham. One of these men was the Chief of Police of the town of Pelham at the time this happened. Well, I'll give you these two men's names: Charles Wentworth and Robert Keyes were the only two men that I know if, and I asked the Chief of Police to have my name withheld. I didn't know that there was any stones missing from the Cook-Johnson Cemetery, but I was told by my daughter and someone else whom I do not recall. At this time, I was doing the work,

carpentry work , in thirteen fraternity houses connected with Amherst College when I heard about the stones being missing. Well, I know instances which I'll bring up sometime later… and, working on the outside—excuse me—of one of these buildings, there was always shrubbery around most any fraternity house. I don't know how I happened to notice it, but I noticed the corner of something sticking out of the leaves that was probably a four-inch triangle. Out of curiosity, I got down on my hands and knees and poked—uncovered—poked the leaves and fine brush. What turned up turned out to be a stone that was missing from Cook-Johnson Cemetery. Under that stone and to the side of it was two smaller stones and under that white marble, or white granite, or whatever it may be, was a slate stone. I'm going to draw a picture of this stone as near as I can. It's black slate, and going into the cemetery you can't miss it. It's on the southeast, it could be the east corner. Slate, it's a double stone. You can't miss it. You walk in or drive in, I don't care what. And it's tipped a little because that stone wasbroken right off. Well….

TAPE SIX, SIDE TWO

I got the janitor of this building—got him to help me, or I asked him if I could take those stones inside and lock 'em up. He said, "You sure can." He is still working at Amherst College as a pain'ter. He helped me carry those stones in and lay 'em on a big table that was in this room. When I came home that night, I called Chief of Police Keyes and asked him if he would meet me at a certain fraternity house the next morning.. I told him I had found the stone that belonged to Cook-Johnson Cemetery. Mr. Keyes responded he would be there and he was there with his truck and picked up the stones which are now replaced at the Cook-Johnson Cemetery. Thank God. Glad I found them.

BJ: I can tell you are.

GB: I'm proud of it.

BJ: When was that about, Mr. Burrows?

GB: When?

BJ: Yeah, just generally, when?

GB: Let me stop and think a minute. 1959. Well, I would say it was in the early 60s.

BJ: Oh.

GB: Now we will back up from here and go back to North Valley Road and continue on up to Pelham-Amherst Road.

BJ: Well, I wanted to ask you. There weren't any other houses on that part of the road that the cemetery's on? Just that sawmill and the cemetery?

GB: Just two houses, just above there.

BJ: Like there are now.

GB: Like there are now.

BJ: There weren't ever any that you remember?

GB: No, no. There weren't any houses there whatsoever.

BJ: When Mrs. Brewer wrote that report, she said something about a Negro family living up there at one time. Do you remember that?

GB: Well, there could have been, but not that I remember. That's on North Valley Road?

BJ: Uh huh.

GB: There could have been a Negro family there, but not.. people come and go.

BJ: Sure. Do you remember, seems to me you mentioned once something about a colored child in school, or something. Did you…

GB: Yeah. That's up here. I ain't got up to that yet.

BJ: I haven't got up there yet. All right.

GB: Sure, that girl was here to see me, about ten years ago. I used to go to school with her. And she came here, she and another lady. We set out where I used to have my lawn chairs, table, and all that out there, and I was surprised to see her.

BJ: I bet.

GB: I didn't know who she was. She knew where I lived and she came back here. And she was coming back, but something must have happened, she never made it.

BJ: Oh, she wanted to move back here you mean?

GB: No, no. Where she lived I don't remember—she probably told me. But the wife and I was out there. The wife had a chance to meet her, and … but she never came back. The name was, uh, her maiden name was Sadie Bias.

BJ: Oh, I know some people now still from that family, I guess. They've been here a long time, haven't they?

GB: Yeah, there used to be some Biases in Amherst. I don't know whether there still are.

BJ: Yes there are.

GB: Well now, where are we going to go from here, now?

BJ: You don't think it's time to do Enfield Road? I had a question from a student at school who goes up on Butterhill Road a lot and she wanted to know what was up there. You might want to talk about that. Wasn't there an asbestos place up there?

GB: Well, the right of way to that mine was on this road. It was on the Gulf Road. Well, it's a long… You ain't going to get through this today.

BJ: Oh, I'm sure I won't. Why don't you talk about your place here, next door? That would be good.

GB: Well, when I ….

BJ: …get to it, you'll get to it, right?

GB: I got some questions I'm going to ask you when we get all through.

BJ: Going to ask me questions?

GB: Yeah, I'm going to ask you. Shut that off.

[recorder turned off]

GB: ….you go plow their garden and plow up a cornfield, a potato field, and they'd come and repay you. They'd help get your hay in, help you hoe, help you plant your potatoes. Everybody was a neighbor. They didn't have no grudges against one another. I don't know of anybody in my day when I lived on the farm that had any grudges against one another.

BJ: Really?

GB: I do not, not one.

BJ: But some of these people that you're saying, whose names we won't say, are people who are, have grown up here too. So you wouldn't…

GB: I'd move downtown.

BJ: You did?

GB: I would. If, under the circumstances… I would have got the hell out. Where people know me. I would. I'm pretty serious about that.

BJ: I can see that.

GB: I'm serious about it. I mean it. I got not one thing against me whatsoever. Nothin. Not one thing. Well, we ain't getting anywhere.

BJ: This is important too, I thin. It is, in some ways—not to talk about people..

GB: I don't like to do that. I wouldn't have it go on record, any such thing. Because I don't want to hurt somebody's feelings. I know what I would have done myself. I wouldn't have stayed in Pelham. I'd have got out by… people know me. That's the way I feel about things.
Well, what road are we going to do now?

BJ: Well, do you want to start on Enfield Road, or…

GB: Well, ….

BJ: You've done Arnold Road pretty much.

GB: Ayah, ayah. I have to a big extent. There are some things I've got to go back over. I got to make a correction on as far as drivin' the hearse. I want that perfectly understood. There was Charlie Ward, Charles L. Ward, Lysander Ward, and a possibility of Charlie Buxton. That's a correction that I want to make.

BJ: Okay.

GB: That'll take us way back, but I've left out some things… I've got to take you back over it yet. They've got to fill it in someway. I don't know how they're going to do it.

BJ: It'll be all right. It really will. We'll keep like a record of what's on each tape, and if people want to look, they can find it that way. It'll be all right, really.

GB: If they can do it.

BJ: Yeah, it's easy to read. A lot of it's been typed….

GB: I want this to all, but you see, you don't get everything anybody ever did…

BJ: Now, come on…

GB: Did anybody ever tell you—any of the people you've interviewed—about the first reservoir in the town of Pelham?

BJ: No, you were starting to tell me at the end of the other tape, I realized, but you didn't.

GB: I wondered if somebody had told you. I wasn't going to bring it up.

BJ: No. You go ahead. I think you know the most.

GB: Well, this is going to bring in the Shaw situation.
We're going back down now to Community Hall to South Valley Road. We go out South Valley Road to the junction of Jones Road, going back north—northeast towards Pelham-Amherst Road at the junction of Harkness Cemetery and Jones Road. Now we drop back to the driveway leading to Selectman Leonard Page. Without any objections as far as we know, we'll continue out his driveway towards what is now where the hunting club has their pheasant pen. As we get very close to the pheasant pen, there's a road to the left. It's not a traveled road of any sort, it's just a …you can't drive in there. It used to be an open pasture. It used to be a baseball field when Pelham had a baseball team which drew some awful good crowds. Pelham had a pretty good record for a ball team in those days. Well, as you turn to the right in this what was a big open flat stretch of ground, you go along the west side,, whether there's a fence there now or not, I do not know, but it separated the pasture from land owned by—which I think belonged to Charles L. Ward. Now owned by Mr. And Mrs. John Cary. On that property is situated the first Amherst reservoir. There's no body of water there to my knowledge any more, it's a small constructed area. It might be hard to find as it's all grown up to brush inside and out. There may be water in it, I don't know. I haven't been there for a good many years. That water was piped in a lead pipe to East Street in Amherst which at one time was considered the center of Amherst before my day. Because, at the start of Echo Hill—this is getting over the town line into Amherst for just a minute or two—the second or first house going to Echo hill, not including the one on the corner, the next one up was the start of Echo Hill. I happened to dig the cellar for that house with a pair of horses and a hand scraper. F. L. Kranelmeyer built that house and I was working for him at the time. And, in digging that cellar, we dug up a 2 ½ to 3 inch lead pipe that came from the first Pelham/Amherst reservoir located on Charles L. Ward's property. Now, it went through several properties—properties of the Bartletts, properties of the Cary's—it crossed Harkness Road. It could have hit the Halsey property or the Hamilton property non Harkness Road, and so on. Whatever properties would be located in that crossing section. Now we'll come back to the junction of South Valley Road and Jones Road to the John and Mimi Cary property and continue on till we come on to a branch that leads to the Pearl Keyes property today, which was the George Shaw property.

To get back to the—which was unbeknown the start of this episode that I am going to come to—we go back to the Zyber Cook Tavern on Enfield Road. At the fork of Enfield Road and Butterhill Road. Butterhill Road—was a gravel bank on the right hand side. It's gown up to brush now. Well go back to the Zyber-Cook Tavern where the first wire, what came over the wire to my mother, Emma G. Burrows, "this is Miss Shaw. My father is working on Enfield Road. Can you get a message to him? He's wanted at home." That's where I lived then. That was nineteen hundred and twelve. I don't remember the date. My mother didn't know what it was all about. She walked from the Zyber-Cook Tavern to the junction of Butterhill Road and Enfield Road and told Mr. Shaw that he was wanted at home. He had—this is what I was told by a man that was working loading the dump-cart. He had a dump-cart backed into the—drawing gravel to fix the highways. He was a road commissioner. He unhooked his cartload of dirt—part of a cartload—put his shoulder under it, and dumped that cartload of dirt which was pretty heavy, but he was a strong man anyway—jumped on the seat, picked up his whip, and away he went for home. They watched him go. My mother even did. He knew at home what it was all about. As far as my mother knew, she knew nothing—only to deliver the message. He drove that pair of horses and dump-cart home at high speed. He put his horses—unharnessed his horses—put them in their stalls, hitched up his driving horse which was a dappled gray. His wife had come from Amherst—his wife and her daughter and his daughter, whom he was separated from had come from Amherst to go to the North Valley Cemetery to place flowers on her son's grave whose funeral she did not attend. Which caused Mr. Shaw, I believe, to become somewhat outrageous. Well, he hitched up his horse and followed Mrs. Shaw and her daughter. He overtook them very close to the John Page property on North Valley Road—at the junction of North Valley Road and Buffam Road. She drove in the west drive. Mr. Shaw drove in the east driveway, and meets her face-to-face where he started shooting. Whether he took her out of the wagon, I do not know, but I do know it was said he beat her over the head with a pistol—with the butt of a pistol—to be sure that she was dead. And I can't say whether she was or not, but she was unconscious. He left the scene. What about his daughter before he leaves, what about his daughter? I do not know, I have no more comments. He jumped in his buggy, drove home, put his horse in the barn. Whether he took a case of dynamite or how much he took, it's just been estimated—went out in the woods over an old cart road, placed this dynamite on a stump, sat on it ….

TAPE SEVEN – May, 1979

[continued from previous tape – Mr. Burrows is speaking]

GB: At the time, Mr. Shaw placed the dynamite on the stump, and undetermined amount of dynamite was used. As far as I know, nobody knows. But I, as a personal witness, visited that location. The undertakers from Amherst—Read and Strickler—were picking up the remains of the body which was hangin' in trees.

They were using pole shears to cut these particles from the trees—pickin' them up and placin' them in baskets. As I walked by a certain portion—it may not sound good, but it was actually so—was Mr. Shaw's right shoulder and the head all intact. From there on, I know nothin' whatsoever. So we will have to conclude what I actually saw.

BJ: But where were you when it actually happened?

GB: It's been mentioned that I was working at MAC (Massachusetts Agricultural College) which is now UM (University of Massachusetts). I happened to have my head out the window when I heard this blast from the direction of Pelham. I was working on the east side of MAC campus in a building which is now a lab where my daughter works. As I left the college and drove down the street, I heard that George Shaw had blown himself up. When my father and I returned home, my mother told what came over the wire to her. She delivered the message and the happenings after that were not on Enfield Road, but on a branch from the South Valley Road to what is now Pearl Keyes' property. But the one thing—I've gone through things pretty thoroughly, but I'm gonna bring everybody back from the Shaw place to the junction of South Valley Road and continue west southwest to the Jewett farm where there was located another still.

BJ: You and your stills!

GB: Not in the time of Mr. Jewett's ownership. I'd like to make this specific. I'd like to take all the inhabitants of Pelham back on the Amherst-Pelham Road to the Will Myrick place. There's two Will Myrick places in this town, but this is on the Amherst-Pelham Road. One deer season, the year I don't recall, I came down Bray's Flat near the Thayer barn which I think had been brought into the picture and I saw at the Will Myrick place what I thought was smoke. I thought his barn was afire, but as I continued down the main highway, I got to the driveway that led to the Myrick's: a tremendous amount of steam came out of the barn door. When I turned in, I'm not going to mention any names—there was one man on the platform and another man walkin' around a big hogshead scalding tub that they used in those days from one farm to another to butcher a hog. I dunno which comes first here, but we're gonna put it this way: Jane Myrick was a great hand for makin' blueberry wine. She was the wife of William Myrick. (But in the process of…what I saw on standing around with a gun over my shoulder… They said, "Let's go in the house.") They ad the hog in the tub with boiling water. I stood around for 15 minutes and nobody showed up. The hog was still in the water---weighed about 350 pounds. So I left. To be honest with you, that hog stayed in the water all night. The next morning—it's pretty cold in December—they chopped that hog out of the ice and singed him with straw the next day. A laugh for the butcher.

BJ: Why is that so strange? Explain.

GB: That is strange because they didn't have slaughterhouses in those days. I did lots of butcherin' myself. But these two men were drunk—I told you about the blueberry wine. They didn't come out. Evidently, they got drunk and left the hog to freeze in that tub. Straw was the only way to get the bristles off.

BJ: Why do they call it a hogshead scalding tub?

GB: Hogshead molasses used to come in immense barrels. They had it in grocery stores—barrels 3 ½ feet across in diameter. They used to saw 'em in two. Different farmers had 'em. Farmers in those days were pretty cooperative. One had this, another had that—they would lend 'em. I had one, sold it a couple of years ago. A big cauldron like that was used to boil swill for the hogs.
We used to raise hogs. Push the wood under it, heat the water to the scalding point—then you'd throw in half a barrel of cold water to temper it, take it off the boiling point. You put the hog in that and had to keep rolling it back and forth. Got the hog hook in the cellar now—put it right down in the mouth—about 8 or 9 inches wide. You could turn 'em, see—take two hands, turn 'em from one side to another. A big hog you'd put up on the pulley board. Otherwise, two men could handle it. You'd have two candlesticks—old fashioned—to scrape the bristles off.

BJ: Scalding to get the bristles and hide off. How long did you leave it in there?

GB: About 4 minutes.

BJ: That other was a little long then—boiled the pig?

GB: Leave it in so long it sets the bristles. You'd then have to shave 'em. These old fashioned candlesticks, I sold about ten at $15 apiece. I've got two left now that I used in butchering many, many times.

BJ: How did you use candlesticks?

GB: Just pull 'em down the sides. They'd be just as white and clean as your shirt.

BJ: What is there about the candlesticks?

GB: You couldn't pick 'em off one at a time…

BJ: Could you use something else besides candlesticks?

GB: Well, today they got a rumbler in slaughterhouses that they use. The old folks—they had other devices (laughs). You're from a younger age.

BJ: Have to find out about candlesticks…

GB: You would think that everybody knew, but they don't. It's a trial on my part, inquisitive on your part. I understand the whole thing.

BJ: If you don't talk about it, no one will even know how they did it.

GB: That's the way people lived. They didn't have all this fantastic stuff to do all… things were done by man power.

BJ: When you butchered, what was the next step after taking out the bristles?

GB: To pull 'em up on pulley blocks so the head didn't touch the floor, then take a knife and slit the body from thigh to head, take the innards (there were sweetbreads, tongue)—they'd take the innards out. On the innards was a certain amount of fat. You'd take them on a clean board and strip 'em. What I mean by stripping: you would take that fat and take the innards in one hand and the fat in the other and pull it right off. And there were so many feet of innards in a hog or pig. I forget now, but I think it's 90 feet, though I'm not definite about that. You'd save that and dry it out on a heated stove and you made your own lard. You saved everything in those days—you didn't throw nothing out. When you killed a hog, many people held the spider to catch the blood from a hog or pig to make blood pudding which I personally ate and it is good. It is. I have had it.

BJ: I've heard of it.

GB: Well, it's good. Probably my interviewer won't sympathize with all that was going on, but it was a real happening. I will never do it no more, but Ill never forget it.

BJ: I'm glad you haven't; you tell it well.

GB: Don't think I've left out anything. But in making this report I'd like to state how people got along in the 1800s.

BJ: One thing I wanted to understand. They held a spider under the blood? Miss Kimball used that term. Does it mean a big cast iron pan?

GB: That's right. I got one, older than hell. I got a lot of kettles. I got stuff that sets up on an old fashioned fireplace. Antique kettles. One thing I'm gonna show you.

BJ: Did they make sausage?

GB: My goodness, always sausage.

BJ: Isn't there something called hogshead cheese?

GB: Oh beautiful, beautiful. Mix it with sage and different spices.

BJ: What part of the hog goes into that cheese?

GB: Just the head. Cut all the meat out of the head—the jaw—cook it up, put your spices in it. Put it in a dish. People don't know, my good woman, how people lived. They don't know nothin' about it. People today go to the store, buy a can of this or a can of that. T'ain't like the old days.

* * * *

GB: Talking to Barbara Jenkins, my interviewer. We're gonna go from Harkness Road to Enfield Road, which may be sometime before Enfield Road on which I've lived for 86 years and enjoyed all of it from boyhood to manhood. I'm going to start at the church on Amherst-Pelham Road. I'm going to cross the road to probably the first store there was in Pelham. It was run by a Mrs. Hoar. That piece of property has been dismantled. First owner of that property that I can remember, his name was Smith Cook. There was three brothers: Smith, Henry, and Jack. In the period of years that store changed hands. For reasons I'm not going to mention, the whole site was dismantled. But I'm going to take you further on to where Mrs. Hoar lived in the town of Pelham. We'll proceed south, southeast to anything that might be of interest. Don't know anybody that's got any pictures aside from myself that might show what was the schoolhouse where Mr. Cleon Booth now lives. Just above there on the left hand side of the road, we come to the Keith Tavern. I personally helped tear that building down after it was purchased by the Water Company, but it was also rented to outsiders by the Amherst Water Company. To get deeper into the Keith Tavern, I would like to mention that I had a brother, Howard. I was born in 1893. He was born in 1894 on the same date as I was, February 22. I do not have the pictures that were taken at the Keith Tavern which was then owned by Henry Ramsdell. Three daughters in this town have got the partial pictures of that tavern. My brother and I were on the lawn with a young lady named Gertie Ramsdell (Henry Ramsdell owned that piece of property at the time we owned Zyber-Cook Tavern). I hope that I don't get anything mixed up here, but my brother and I used to go down and visit with this Miss Gertie Ramsdell. The picture I have is of her and her big St. Bernard do layin' in the dooryard. Well, I never forgot that property. I was always welcome. When that woman got married, I went to her wedding.

To go on to later years, I still went to that route. I liked Mr. Ramsdell. I used to be around with him a lot. There was one thing he did do. Little did I know anything about it, but he used to shoot rabbits and have 'em for dinner.

Well, let's get down to a little bit of Mr. Ramsdell. Oh, the back end of the old tavern was a closed overhead entrance to the cellar. And in that cellar was many a'doing! Mr. Ramsdell had many friends. I been in that cellar with him many times. He had cider barrels two high from that entrance across the north end and

partly across the south end. In the neighborhood of 50 casks (what barrels were called then). This is kind of getting down to specific points, but there was a path from that entrance on the east side leading to that entrance to the cellar. And I got to leave this out…. Mr. Ramsdell owned a big orchard just across the road. Remnants are still there today. Now, in this apple orchard…. I'm gonna go back to that cellar, to the path that led to that cellar entrance. I've been in that cellar and could tell you the names of men that been there. I been there myself, honest to God, when they come in. Bill O'Brien and so on come in with two jugs and get 'em full of cider. What they done with it, I was no witness. I've seen that as a young man. Mr. Ramsdell finally disposed of that property to the Amherst Water Company. They rented it for some time and finally dismantled it. Myself and a man named George Blackmer tore that tavern down. If I had the records that probably was in that house, they'd be worth a lot of money. I took 'em out and burned 'em up….papers, not knowing what they was. There was a water supply from a beautiful spring which is still in that orchard. I think it's now owned by, what the heck is his name, Dick Hall. On that property.. who owned it before Mr. Butters and Mr. Hall? Mr. Hall now owns a large chicken farm.
On the Hall property was a beautiful spring that fed the Keith Tavern with constant running water. At the Hall residence before Mr. Butters bought it, it was owned by a Mr. Brown. There was a suicide committed in what today is the Dick Hall house. We'll come back on the Enfield Road.

BJ: Is there anything else you want to say about the suicide?

GB: I talked with him that same morning he shot himself. Nice young man. I worked with him

BJ: What seemed to go wrong?

GB: No idea. As far as I can think of interest, we'll come back to the fields. In those days there was pastures back to Enfield Road. Go south a short distance and I'd prefer at this time rather than to skip it to take in Butterhill Road…which you may get a laugh out of…the farmers.
We'd go up the hills and the flats and the first place we'd come to is the Cook place. This place was a pretty prosperous piece of property. After the Cooks owned it, there was a man owned it named William Leonard. His wife's maiden name was Estella Allen. Mr. Leonard was a blacksmith at M.A.C. He didn't believe in getting' too sweaty. So here's something for the farmers if they got a swamp—let it freeze over and go down and mow the swale off the top of the ice and wheel it in a wheelbarrow. That's Mr. Leonard's theory to feed his horse and cow. I've seen him wheelin' it with a pair of boots on to feed his horse and cow. So many ribs you could see on his horse. SPCA wasn't in existence at that time. He was naturally born lazy. His son, Albert, was one of the smartest mathematicians who graduated from M.A,C. He had a daughter—can't recall her name. The Leonard property was later owned by a Myron Allen who was very prosperous. He was later married but at this time he had a chicken farm and he

was a slaving young man. I worked for him a good many days. At this p;oint, I don't think I've skipped anything. We will continue on the Stagecoach Road.

BJ: Same as Butterhill.

GB: Yes, the same. To make it clear for people looking for property beyond, if we went straight ahead, we'd come to the Cook place. As we go up the rise from another junction which we'll come back to a short time later—at the top of the rise, just beyond was another Cook place.

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BJ: Go ahead.

GB: Remnants of the cellar hole and the well are still there. It is now owned by a Miss Smith. From the time it turned to be a cultivated farm, in its later years, it was owned by Oney Gaylord and used as a pasture. He had it for his cattle. Today there are several houses on this property. It's been cut up. Mr. and Mrs. Larson own a piece of the property. You go from here south-southwest to an old…. where there once was an old homestead. Evidently the Stagecoach Road which they claim now just ends continued down by to the Crosier place where there's nothing left but a cellar hole and the remnants of a well. That road continues through Pelham into Belchertown. And to keep it out of Belchertown, I would like to make this mention that it comes out on North Street in Belchertown. I have been over that road with H. B. Thatcher, Superintendent of the Building and Grounds at Amherst College where I was employed for 17 years. And he was going to build a house in Smith's pasture which is located in Belchertown, but he had a sudden heart attack and died. This is my personal experience. He had the map which showed that road. I've been over it even before because he came to me—I was pretty well liked by H. B. Thatcher. I had a lot of confidence in him, I'd stand by him behind anything else. But now we've got to drop this because we've gone over to another town. We've got to come back—we'll mention the Larson property which I believe was the Basil Woods property. It lies east of the Crosier place—maybe it includes the Crosier place, I do not know.
Before we come back, I'm going to go across what I'm pretty sure is the Larson property to a portion of the Cook property owned by Myron Allen which was all cleared land in those days. Mr. Allen kept his property in wonderful shape. On that property in an open field before you get to the asbestos mine was a big, flat stone—a slab. It was set up in a field. What I've been told from someone in this town was that in a big snow storm a man strayed away from his cattle coming over the Stagecoach Road that I have just previously mentioned through Belchertown. He lost his way, the cattle came home, and a search party the next day located his tracks from where he strayed away from those cattle They found his body at this point I'm mentioning right now—this stone that was set up to

mark the place where he was found. About 25 ears ago, that stone was stolen. I been by it many a time—many, many times. That stone was stolen, and the man who later owned that property came to me and he wanted to know if I knew where that stone stood. And I went up there with him. He says, "I think I know." Then I went up there with him and I showed him approximately where it stood.
As we get off this route and get back down to another one that goes to another Cook place that was later owned by a man by the name of McMillan. He moved back to Dorchester, and the property after the McMillans left it, I think, was bought by George Cutler, owner of the Dry Goods Store in the town of Amherst. I spent my honeymoon in that dwelling, which I have a picture of it.
As far as anything else that I can remember, only for the numerous buildings that have gone up, the log cabin that burned down owned by Edward B. Salou of New Haven, Connecticut, principal of a school. There are several new houses in this location.

BJ: Do you know the name of the man who got separated from his cattle?

GB: No, I do not. The man who told me about that, his picture is in the Pelham history. He's got gray whiskers. He's sitting right next to the big heater stove when they held the Town Meeting in the old Town Hall. If you ever look at the history, that's his picture. I've set in his lap a good many times because he lived with us for five years. I'm going to get back to that before too long.

BJ: Do you know why it was named Butterhill Road?

GB: No, I got no idea. Of course, there were these farmers that lived up there. They might have made their butter and sold it same as we did here. When we lived on the farm, we had professors—God's sakes, we didn't have any trouble getting rid of our produce. Eggs, poultry. We're going to come back now from Butterhill to the junction of Enfield Road and Butterhill Road where the George Shaw episode started. That's right over here. We're going to proceed on up to Enfield Road to the Bill Hopkins place—colored people, which has been disposed of and a partially new house built. They used to hold cock fights there in the barn. That used to be a big thing. I come pret' near caught at one of those things. I waded in water up to my hips to get out of there. Police come in on it. I made it. I didn't get home till two o'clock in the morning. But there were two or three neighbors around here that used to raise the game birds. Frank Thornton was one of them. Bill Hopkins, I can't remember them all. I got to take things as they come first. I got to come back to that place again for another incident. I'd like to state here that I'm coming back to the Hopkins' place for two other incidents.
We'll continue on the Zyber-Cook tavern where we may spend some little time. There's 86 years of memories right here. Manny things have happened here. We got our living off of this property. Four boys were brought up here. I stayed with my father and mother and looked after them if there were things they needed. I felt that my duty. I never will regret it. My other three brothers had other—one was a fire chief in Brattleboro, Vermont. Another one worked for the state—two

of them worked for the state—one o them for the state and the other one for the government. But it left me to look after my father and mother which lived close by till the end of their life. When we purchased the Zyber-Cook Tavern property, there were two big barns—54 feet long and 28 feet wide. Between those two barns was an open horse shed that went from one barn to the other only for a barnyard gate where the cows were taken to pasture up the Enfield Road. First, one side and then the other, which property we owned. No one I know has ever got a picture of those two barns and the horse shed. This shed that I'm talking about now, that went between the two barns, was a horse shed. The rings was in the east end of the shed. You could drive your horse and buggy right in there and be out of the storm as the tavern would have it. In the next big barn was a big open shed in front of the barn that came out over—you could drive a stage coach right in there—the whole length and be out of the storm. That barn was built for horses. The other, the first barn I was speaking of, was a cattle barn. The barn to the south was a horse barn where they could put their horses up for all night. When we came there, we had six horses, procured 6 horses. We had thirteen head of cattle, but there is nobody that I know of..I never seen a picture. All I can do is remember it from boyhood. I took care of the horses, cattle, and all what would be to do on a farm.

Now we're going back a little bit further than when Mr. Burrows owned the property. The main house still stands. There was an ell on the west side with a second kitchen and a wood shed that held twenty cords of wood. And another thing, an outside toilet! They didn't have bathrooms in those days. Before my father purchased this property, a part of the ell part of the house was blown off by dynamite. How this happened I must tell you as it was told to me. That's when I was about seven or eight years old because Mr. --- lived with us for a few years in after the property was purchased. He and his son were blasting rock in the spring of the year. It was cold weather. Somebody made a mistake the same as everything that happens—I don't know whether to tell you how this really happened or whether I shouldn't. There's lots of younger generation growing up. In the spring of the year it was cold weather. Mr. Powell and his son was going to do some dynamiting—blow up some stones down in the field. In those times, it wasn't against the law to have some dynamite. I've had dynamite on my property right here in my day. Today it is against the law. You have to have a license to use it. In those days, you didn't. The dynamite was froze. They took it up to the kitchen, put it in the oven. Evidently—I'm not going to mention what I could say happened before it was put in the oven. I'll leave this for some people who know about dynamite. It exploded. Blew parts of the stove through the roof. It knocked the owner's wife against the wall. She was going from the winter kitchen to what you would call the living room today. There were two kitchens to this ell: one was summer, one was winter. As I've been told, she was not seriously hurt, but there was a hole blown through the roof that showed the markings where the roof was repaired. She later died. Mr. Powell lived with us for a few years. I set on his knee a good many times. I have a corn knife with that man's name right on the handle. What you use to cut corn with. I've got that. If you look in the town

history of the town of Pelham, you will see his picture sitting close to the heater in the old Town Hall—the oldest in the nation.

BJ: Was it a tavern when he lived there or was it a private house?

GB: It was just a private house. The barroom in the tavern was on the southeast corner over what is now and has always been the bulkhead door. Now it's a walk-in entrance.

INFORMATION SHEET

Paul H. Campbell
Born: September 18, 1898
Place of Birth: Enfield, MA
Mother's Name: Mabel Hardy Campbell
Father's Name: Herbert Campbell
Spouse's Name: Helen Ward Campbell, deceased
Date of Interview: April 10, 1979

BJ = Barbara Jenkins, Interviewer
PC = Paul Campbell
Original transcription by Barbara Jenkins

BJ: I saw in this article that you moved here when you were 6 years old, is that right?

PC: No, I was a little older than that. I went to school one year in Amherst—Amity Street School. If I'm not mistaken, my mother didn't start me in school till I was 7 and I went one year so I must have been about 8 when I came here.

BJ: Why did they come out to Pelham?

PC: My mother's health wasn't good. She had been in a sanitarium in Rutland for what in those days they called consumption—tuberculosis. And I remember when she came back home on the train, we went to meet her at the train in Amherst—of course, we lived in Amherst. And then my father had been baking in a bake shop and the goal gas and the confinement and everything had gotten to him some and so they got out in the country. They rented a house where—you know where Berra's antique shop is? Down here, the little antique shop sits back from the house—you know where Berra lives?

BJ: No, I guess I don't.

PC: Well, they live at the top of the hill and there's a little house sit back from their house just beyond it, and that's—they've turned it into an antique shop and it was a garage for years, but that's where we lived when we first came to Pelham.

BJ: Where is this exactly?

PC: Well, it's down going toward Amherst, about the sixth house on the right from here. Right on the top just as you go down the hill and we lived there. I don't know how long, a few years, and then my father bought this place over here where Tinker lives. Bought that place for $1100. That would pay the taxes on it today.

BJ: You said you came out for your mother's health. I was considered better out here?

PC: Yes, it's up higher. Higher up and I think she was better. She lived along time. She lived until 1950. And my father, his health was better. When he first came out here, he had it kind of tough for awhile. He even worked on the highways with a pick and shovel for a short time. But then—I don't quite remember—I think he still worked in Amherst. And then when we lived over here in the Tinker house, he started baking in the L-part of the house. He used to make a batch of brown bread every weekend, I don't know—50-100 loaves, sell it, and gradually he picked up and ended up baking for about 25 years.

BJ: This would have been before 1914, right?

PC: Yes, just a little before that. I must have started in school in '14.

BJ: But it said you graduated—this is from this article—it could be wrong, too. It said you graduated from the eight grade in 1914, and it said 1913 on the certificate out there.

PC: That was my wife's out there. I graduated from high school in Amherst in 1917, but I went to grammar school one year in Amherst. I don't know whether they thought that was better for me—I might learn more. I don't whether I did or not. I went to Kellogg Avenue school one year—the ninth grade, and then I entered high school. See, I must have entered high school in the fall of '13. Yes, 'cause I graduated in '17.

BJ: So you went down your final year?

PC: Yes.

BJ: Was there any more definite reason just than you would learn more? Were there problems at school?

PC: Nope. I can't remember who—oh, the teacher here had nine grades, you know. There was one teacher for nine grades. It's too much for any teacher. I think my mother talked to the superintendent and she asked him about going into Amherst and he thought it would be a good thing, so I did.

BJ: It's interesting that you say that about it being too much for one teacher to have all those grades. I know a lot of people I talk to say, "Well, the teachers back then, they could do it with all those…. They did do it, but it was difficult and you sometimes got left out.

PC: They put in a full eight hours too. This teacher, Miss Kast, I notice her name was on the diploma and she was an exceptionally good teacher. She was, I think, the best teacher we ever had out here. My wife graduated over here, but she didn't go to high school.

BJ: I remember once I talked to your wife just out here in front of the house, and she told me she was born in one house and moved next door and moved here…

PC: She was born right across the street where Mrs. Nutter lives and then her folks lived over here where Kurtz lives and we got married and we lived over there with her mother a couple of years or so and then I bought this place and we've been here ever since, I think 1923.

BJ: So you knew each other growing up all the time?

PC: Oh yes, since we were 6 years old.

BJ: That's a long time to know if you get along with somebody or not. Do you have any particular memories from school?

PC: Oh, nothing special, I guess. I know we raised the dickens.

BJ: That's what I seem to hear about the most when I ask people about school. What kind of things?

PC: These country schools used to be…. They think they're something today. 'Course they are, they're worse today 'cause they're destructive. We weren't destructive. We raised the dickens, but we didn't destroy things. We wouldn't go in after school and break the schoolroom all apart, but….

BJ: What did you do?

PC: Oh, I don't remember now. Throw spitballs. Nothing bad. Well, one boy had the habit of sticking his pen in the inkwell, and then snapping it and going all over people. He got the teacher two or three times. But there was nothing real bad. That was about as bad as anything we did. We had a superintendent, Mr. Hardy—A. L. Hardy. He never trimmed me, but he did some of the boys. He'd take them right out in the hall and thrash them. They'd be better if they could do it today, I think.

BJ: You mean the teacher would tell him what….

PC: She'd tell him what problem she as having with this boy. She couldn't handle him, that's all. The superintendent handled him.

BJ: Did parents get called in on things like that or did they take care of it pretty much at school?

PC: Mostly taken care of by the school. I don't remember every any of the parents coming into the school for anything like that.

BJ: Do you think that was a good idea, or do you think it would have helped to have the parents involved more?

PC: No, I don't know as it would. I think the parents in those days thought it was up to the teacher and the superintendent to take care of. And they usually did. Of course, schools are altogether different now than they were then. I don't think I approve of the superintendent whaling the boys because some times he gave us some pretty bad times. But they did it anyway.

BJ: Never you. You never got in that much trouble?

PC: No, I wasn't quite that bad or lese I lied better or something. My brother got into more trouble than I did, for some reason. He was younger.

BJ: How many were in your family?

PC: For: my brother and I and two sisters younger. My sisters are still living. My brother, he's been gone about five years, I guess.

BJ: Are your sisters in this area or….

PC: One of them lives in North Amherst and the other one lives up in Maine.

BJ: What memories of your childhood are the most vivid that you think about every once in awhile or something like that?

PC: Gee, I don't know. I think a lot of things. Some things I can't tell you!

BJ: Oh, that's the best part! You probably don't want to be quoted a lot of things.

PC: Oh no. Well, I don't know. I tell you, we used to have some awful good times, though. We didn't have any money either. Very little. And when we were in high school, on a Saturday night, and even after I was married, on Saturday night, that was the night to go to the movies. We walked from here down to the Community Hall, take the trolley car to Amherst—5 cents. You'd go to the movies for a dime, we might have enough to buy an ice cream, a nickel ice cream cone. That was a big night, and it was a good time. Lots of times you'd do that right in the middle of the winter when it was snow—colder than the dickens –but we had to get to those movies! Silent movies.

BJ: I went over to the theater in Northampton the other day that has those silent movies and Purseglove plays…

PC: Pleasant Street?

BJ: Right, Did Mr. Purseglove play for those movies that you went to at all? No? I guess he played some place around here, he really knows those…

PC: Not that I know. No, I'm sure. It was a lady. What was her name? Corey, Jennie Corey used to play in there and then there was another lady—I can't think of her name. Played the piano. That's all the music there was. But we—I don't know—we liked it. The fellow that runs the Pleasant Street Theater came here and bought some wood of me. Several years ago—they were just putting the place into shape then. I can't remember his name now.

BJ: I think they've made a go of it which is nice to see.

PC: It seems as though they have, yes, because I've been watching their programs in the paper. I've never been, but, in fact, I haven't been to a movie for 30 years, I

don't believe. I don't care anything about them. Oh, I watch once in awhile one of them on TV, but most of them aren't worth watching.

BJ: Were you always out in the woods when you were a kid too?

PC: Yeah, yeah. Playing. We had a shanty down in the—well, back of where the schoolhouse was. We had a place down there where we used to play. We had a fireplace built of stone with an old piece of sheet metal over it, and we used to go down there and Mother would give us something and we'd cook our—like camping out. And then after we moved over to this place, my uncle was here one summer and he built us a shanty down on the edge of the bank of slabs that looked like a log cabin and a fireplace and we used to go down there. We had some good times down there. Had a lot of the neighbor boys used to go down there with us. We had a tent and we used to sleep out there.

BJ: Was it just you and your brother or did your sisters get to do that too?

PC: No, just my brother and I and some of the other boys. My wife's two brothers and three or four other boys in the neighborhood. My wife had two brothers and, of course, they were right here close to us.

BJ: You look like you were thinking of something funny.

PC: Oh, we used to cook all sorts of things down there. We could kill an animal—a squirrel or a rabbit—we'd try to cook it. We didn't know anything about it, but we'd try it anyway. We had one friend that lived down—well, he lived in the house where Berra's antique place is now. After we moved out of there, this other family moved in—a man, his wife and one boy. The boy was—well, he's still living. I think he's just a few months older than I. We got pretty close, and he was a real woodsman—he knew how to fish and hunt and everything else. We were in the woods most of the time. When I got old enough--well, first job I got--first job I tried after I got out of high school was cutting cord wood in the woods. And I liked it. I always liked that work, but there wasn't much future in it. In fact, I was working in the sawmill when we got married. The mill was a portable mill—it was up the road here a couple of miles. The week we got married, we went on a honeymoon—a week—and while we were gone, the saw mill moved. 'Course they didn't need me when they were moving anyway. It worked out good. They moved over—you know where the Baxter Fales place is? It's over off Buffam Road. It's on an off road from Buffam Road. Nice white house, it's the road just beyond Brad White's. It's an old road, but about a mile over beyond that. So when we came back, I went to work over there. Then after we finished that job, the sawmill was going to move to Leverett, but I didn't have any automobile. I didn't have any way to get there so I had to go to work in the fish-rod hop. I worked there, I don't know, about three years, I guess.

BJ: I remember once I was up in Cushman and talking to Mr. Pratt there, and he had some photographs of the fish-rod shop, and he was going to give it to your wife or something because he knew she'd worked there so long. I don't know whatever happened to it. He found it is a piece of furniture or something tat came into the shop.

PC: Harold Pratt? I don't think he gave it to us. I think we've got a few pictures around here someplace. I don't know where anything is. 'Course, my wife worked there. She worked there right out of grammar school. Worked there till—gee whiz—I don't know, she worked there quite a long time. The old man—Bartlett—the one that owned the fish rod shop, his wife was a great aunt of my wife's and the sold man thought a lot of my wife, and he always favored her a little. I think, I don't know, when he hired me, I went to work there for $15 a eek, and I think he favored me a little because he raised me more often than some of them. I know when I left, I was getting $22.50 a week. That was good pay.

BJ: Right, from what I've heard, that would be. I was going to ask you—you went through to high school, and from what I hear that was kind of unusual for people at that time. A lot of people didn't make it past eight grade—they had to go to work, etc. Your family must have thought it was really important.

PC: My mother was a school teacher. In fact, they wanted me to go to college. She wanted to make a minister out of me. That didn't work out.

BJ: You didn't think you were minister material?

PC: No. She thought—well, I can't blame her—she thought a minister was just about as good—and it should be—just a good a man as there is. But I didn't like the idea. I went to the university one day. I was in the draft, and someone talked me into going to the ROTC up there so I went up there. I don't remember. I didn't really enlist in it, but I went up there and found out what it was going to be like, and I decided I'd rather go into the army than go up there so I went there for one day and found out what it was all about. I went back to Springfield and went to work in the Armory where I'd been working and waited for the draft. But the draft never caught up with me. Just one day too late. I was supposed to report in North Carolina on a Friday. The Armistice was signed on a Thursday. Wednesday I got notice not to report until further notice. And I never heard again.

BJ: That was close. How did you feel about that? Was that a time when people wanted to be going in or did they just as soon they didn't?

PC: It was a lot different than this Vietnam thing, because—well, I don't know—I don't think anybody really wanted to, but people felt patriotic then—a lot more than they do today. It's too darn bad, but that's the way it was. I think this

Vietnam thing has cured a lot of people of being patriotic. It seems to have, anyway.

BJ: Seems like people question a lot more about whether they should just go off or not. That last movie I saw at the Pleasant Street Theater was that movie called "The Big Parade" Did you see that? That's about World War I and going off, but it wasn't quite so glamorous once you got over there.

PC: They had another one about that time: "The Hell with the Kaiser." And I saw that in Springfield. It was a picture of the Kaiser riding in an old automobile—no top—I forget now, but I can remember the Kaiser riding down through in that automobile. "Course it wasn't the Kaiser but it was supposed to be. There were quite a few boys from Pelham that went in World War I, and quite a number in World War II—more in World War II, of course. But good friends of mine were in World War I and they all came back. But we lost one boy in World War II.

BJ: How was it that you weren't in the draft earlier than you were?

PC: I wasn't quite old enough. All the ones that went were just a little older than I. Bert Page and Bob Page—oh, I don't know, half a dozen or more others and they were all just a little older. And Bert Page almost died down at Fort Devens of the flu when they had a flu epidemic in World War I in the camps. He was pretty sick, but he came home.

BJ: So you talked about playing out in the woods and having those kinds of camps. You said you almost cooked squirrels and things like that. What other kinds of things do you remember as a kid? How did you spend your time when you weren't working or going to school?

PC: Well, to tell you the truth, there wasn't too much time when I wasn't working. We worked then. I know when I went to high school four years, I never went to a football, baseball, or hockey game, and they had all three sports. I'd come home on the electric car and walk home, get home, and go right into the bake shop with my father and work. I don't ever remember him forcing me to do it—it was my duty and I did it. Had a couple cows to milk and things like that. We had a garden. My brother—he was the smart one, though. We had a big field of corn and we were hoeing the corn. My brother would hoe in about a quarter of the wy and he'd go to the other end and hoe back about a quarter of the way, and he wouldn't hoe the middle at all.

BJ: And nobody ever found out?

PC: Oh sure, my father found out. My father would leave a wagon on the field—talk about stones, this is the stoniest darn land around here—and he'd leave a wagon in the middle of the field, and it was up to us to load that wagon with stones. We could push it a little ways, but when it got a good load, we couldn't move it. He'd

come home and hitch the horse on and draw it down and we'd throw them over the bank.

BJ: So you just kept a wagon out there all the time and kept throwing stones in it?

PC: Well, as long as there were any stones. We'd get them cleaned up. Then we had a man with dynamite come and blow out some of the big stones. Goerge Shaw—you may of heard of him?

BJ: Yes, is he the person who shot snakes or something? It seems Mr. Burrows said something about him, but that may have been somebody else. I get people mixed up when I hear about them sometimes just like that.

PC: He blew himself up with dynamite. His wife had left him. I don't know what the story was or anything, but he had it in for her. And his daughter—his youngest daughter—kept house for him. His oldest daughter wasn't living here, she was living away somewhere. She was married. He worked on the highway here with a pair of horses and a dump cart. I was going to school over here then, and they were drawing gravel from almost up to the Burrow'—on the left hand side there was a gravel pit there. And he told his daughter any time her mother came home he wanted to know about it. So she came and she came to see her daughter, and her daughter didn't know any better, she called up and they got word to him. So he went. I can remember it just like it was yesterday. He went down by the school house with those two work horses and he was whipping them and they were running. He never, never ran his horses. He was a kind of round-shouldered man, and he was leaning right over whipping them. He went home and he got his driving horse, hitched it to the buggy, and he took his revolver and he went and met his wife over in back of John Page's house. And Alice, my daughter-in-law's mother was there. And he drove in—she was out there talking with Mrs. Shaw and her daughter—and George Shaw drove in with his horse and he jumped out of the buggy and shot his wife. Well, killed her—she died that afternoon. And then he jumped in the buggy and went home as fast as he could and nobody knows how much, but he put some dynamite on a stump and either sat on it or laid on it. Anyway, it blew him all to pieces.

BJ: I guess that Mr. Burrows was saying there was some murder over there at this John Page place, but he was going to tell me later. He likes to tell things in order. When would that have been—about what year?

PC: 1912, I think. I think I was 1 years old. I'm pretty positive. George Shaw's gravestone is over in the cemetery, and I'm quite sure it's 1912.

BJ: That must have caused quite a stir in the community.

PC: Oh, I guess it did. School had let out and I was home. There was a man putting up fence for my father between our land and the neighbor's land there. The man's

name was LaPolice. And he was related to the Prescotts down here. I guess the Prescotts are all gone now. Anyway, we were putting up this fence, and we heard this explosion. It sounded as if the earth had blown up. Oh, it was a loud one. My mother was taking a nap, which she did every afternoon up in the—we called it the outdoors room—my father had built a room over the shed for her because it was windows on three sides, good fresh air, and everything. She said it shook that whole room. I know it must have. Well, that was when he blew himself up, of course. We didn't know what it was then. We soon heard about it. I didn't go down there, but all the men from the fish rod shop went over there. Boy, they said it was an awful mess.

BJ: Must have been. Why did people think he did it?

PC: Well, he did it because he had—I don't know whether she had done him wrong or not, but he thought she had anyway. Well, I think he was a little bit touched, perhaps. Now, he had a brother who lived down at the foot of the hill here, Ed Shaw, one of the nicest old men you'd ever want to see. And he had had some trouble—his wife had gone, and Ed Shaw said afterward, "I wish George had told me—I'd a gone with him." I don't know what he meant—whether he'd gone and set on the dynamite with him or what. But Ed Shaw, they say, I never heard him say it, but they claim he'd said if his wife ever came back he'd do the same thing.

BJ: She went off with somebody else?

PC: I don't know, I don't know. We were too young to know these things!

BJ: Too bad you missed all those juicy things, right?

PC: I would assume probably, but I don't know. But I think they took perhaps soe money then they should have or more goods or whatever. The men felt cheated and I think they wee probably…. Because both men were honest. Now Ed Shaw, he was one of the most honest men you'd see anywhere. A good old man.

BJ: Do they have children around here or anything any more?

PC: No, not any more. George Shaw had two daughters. Annie, I don't think, ever got married. The other one, I don't know. She was married, but I don't know whether hey had any children or not. Then he had two sons—they're both gon years ago. One of his sons was tall—oh, he was nearer seven feet than he was six. They used to call him Shorty Shaw.

BJ: I haven't heard too much about them. I'm interested in hearing about….

PC: They were good men. Andy Goff, he used to live way out in the woods. An old house and he used to make moonshine. This was during Prohibition. Sold it, nobody ever bothered him. I know my brother used to go up there—he and two

or three other fellows used to go up there. I never was up there. But Don used to tell me about it and said Andy would take the glass and draw it right out of the still and they'd drink it.

BJ: Where was this place?

PC: Well, you know where Virginia Davis lives? Across from her house there's a road out into the woods. It's out that way about a quarter of a mile or so. Right out in the woods. It was the old Jim Moore place. And there was a man lived there after by the name of Transeau. And then Andy Goff lived there. And then Joe Burpee lived there. And then Ronnie Hatt lived there..

BJ: It was a kind of place that was pretty far out from anyone.

PC: Yes, it was.

BJ: So were there places like that where, like you say, characters lived that were kind of strange?

PC: Yes, mostly. We had a fellow lived up on the…. Hardly anyone knew his real name. His name was Victor Anton. But everyone called him Vic the Polander. He was known by everybody as Vic the Polander, but after I got to know him, I knew him well. He lived in a shanty. He came over here from the old country and went to Pennsylvania. He was going to work in the coal mines, and he didn't like it, so some way or another, he got here. In fact, he had a sister living here. She married a fellow up here by the name of Rhodes. He got here and he went to work for old man Cadwell cutting cord wood. That's all he ever did. I don't know how much money he had when he died, but he left some money and the state got it because he had no relatives. But he had quite a little money. Cadwell used to take his money and bank it for him and buy him Liberty bonds and things like that. So I know he had some money. And he hanged himself in his shanty.

BJ: Do you have any idea why?

PC: I don't know, but I think he had cancer. 'Course he didn't know it but he suffered like the dickens. I know the last time I saw him, he says, "I don't feel good." And it wasn't too many weeks after that he did that. Young Walter Aldrich, my nephew, was a selectman at the time and Walter tells about it. They got a report that nobody had seen Victor for a few days and they wondered what was the matter. "Eh," Walt says, "I'll go up and see what's the matter with him. See if he's sick or what's the matter with him." So Walter went up and rapped and tried the door and the door wouldn't open. The shanty wasn't as big as this room—maybe from that corner over there—big as the rest of the room perhaps. It was small—just room enough for a bed, stove, and a little table. Anyway, Walt went up and he couldn't get in the door so he went around the back of the shanty and he

peeked like that and there was Victor hanging right in front of his eyes. He says, "I damn near fainted." Must have been quite startling.

BJ: I would think yes. Did someone like this Victor own that land or did he build on somebody else's

PC: He built on Cadwell's land. As long as Cadwell was living, Victor had a place to live. He could build a shanty anywhere he wanted. Before that, he lived in an old house over on King Street—the old Baker house. But he got most of the wood cut over in that territory so he moved down and built this shanty. Or he and another man, Joe Kennedy, built this shanty together. But Kennedy didn't stay very long. Victor stayed. He was a good wood cutter. He could cut wood better than anybody I ever saw. Piles was straight and all right down through every pile in a row straight and all the same length. Cadwell used to pay him a quarter more a cord than he would anyone else.

BJ: What does it take to be a good wood cutter?

PC: Experience mostly.

BJ: Although somebody could do it and do it and probably always do it—somebody could do it over and over and be sloppy all the time or something like that.

PC: That would mean that whatever they did would be sloppy.

BJ: You mentioned his sister. Now Mr. Burrows mentioned some polish woman who lived up here somewhere and she died one winter and it was very hard to take her body out or something. Would that have been her?

PC: I don't think so. I don't know who that would have been.

BJ: This was quite a long time ago, he told me, and I don't have my notes right now, but he said it was up there in that area across from Virginia Davis—up that road.

PC: Gosh, it could have been her. I never heard that though. She married his Rhodes and Rhodes was a drunken bum. And Victor used to swear about Rhodes because his sister married him. And Victor's sister wasn't living at that time, I'm quite sure. I don't know where she—I don't remember her dying. I only remember him telling me about it. Now I can't think of who—it could have been somebody over there that died, I can't remember.

BJ: Is that where they lived—up in that area?

PC: I don't know where they lived, really. Rhodes, at one time, lived up here where Bray lives. Vernon Bray—the big house. That was the old Rhodes place. And I

think-now where Virginia Davis lives—I was trying to think it there wasn't a Rhodes lied there once. I'm not sure

BJ: Without naming any names particularly, I'm not interested in that so much, but I have heard, it seems like repeatedly, about a lot of people being drunkards or having a lot of trouble with drinking and their families having a lot of problems. Was that a major problem or am I just hearing it out of proportion?

PC: Well, no, I don't think it was any more of a problem than it has been since. There were certain ones—I wouldn't want this printed—but I knew somebody well who drank himself to death. And then there were two men in town who drank like the very dickens and they both quit. And they were as good men as you could ever ask for. They never drank after that—they never touched a drop. But they were young when they drank that way. And this other man drank as long as he lived, but he lived to be an old man so it didn't hurt him too much.

BJ: Mr. Burrows was mentioning and you mentioned a still. He mentioned cider stills—he kept saying on North Valley Road. Was it all cider or different kinds of things?

PC: Almost everybody had cider. Whether they drank or not, they put in barrels of cider for vinegar. Some of them would put in two or three barrels and sell it by the gallon. Used to get 50 cents or a dollar a gallon for it. Where Stewart lives on North Valley Road, George West lived there and he was a moonshiner. This was during Prohibition—he sold moonshine.

BJ: This is real whiskey, not cider?

PC: Yes, not cider. But cider, almost every farmer had cider. In fact, I always had two barrels of cider don cellar, and what we couldn't drink, we let go to vinegar. But we drank enough of it. We had vinegar—after I stopped making cider, we must have had 30 gallons of good vinegar in a big crock until it was gone. Eery year we'd use it. Some of them didn't make cider at all, but they'd drink somebody else's.

BJ: So you don't think that drunkenness was more of a problem then than now? I couldn't tell from people taking about it. It just would come out once in awhile.

PC: No, I think it's more of a problem today. I don't know, but I would say so. Especially when they get that law down to 18 years old. They're going to change that. I drank like a fish myself. I haven't had a drink now in 13 years. I wish I'd quit before—in act, I wish I hadn't started. I don't object to drinking in moderation, but it's no good.

BJ: Did it take some big thing to change your ways or did you just realize it was about time?

PC: The doctor says, "I'm gonna ask you something," and I says, "What's that? You gonna ask me to stop drinking?" He says, "Yes, if you want to be with us long." I says, "Ok, I'll quit then." So I did. I was in hospital at the time and so he had the advantage. I was told afterwards that I could take a drink, I could take two, but I don't want to. I want to sit down and drink or else I don't want it at all. So I don't.

BJ: Was the church always over here when you were growing up?

PC: I don't know when it was built, but it was always there when I was a little kid.

BJ: Is that the church you went to and that your mother wanted you to be a minister? Was that a Methodist Church then?

PC: Yes, it was a Methodist Church. Wes, we went to church there, Sunday school, church on Sunday morning. Sunday school, prayer meeting Sunday night, Epworth League Tuesday night, and prayer meeting Thursday night.

BJ: What kind of league?

PC: Epworth. That was a kind of young people's association. And I got churched out five meetings a week.

BJ: I notice every time you talk about church or being a minister you kind of have that twinkly look that looks like that wasn't quite up your alley to do all that.

PC: It isn't. You know Jim Carmichael, up here? [edited section]

BJ: Your mother was a teacher, you said.

PC: Yes, my mother taught first or second grade, I can't tell now. First grade, I think. Where the Amherst Theater is now—Amity Street—just beyond here was where the school house was, Amity Street School. And she taught before that—I can't remember where it was. Down in the eastern part of the state or in New Hampshire, I can't remember. She came originally from Exeter, New Hampshire. That's where my father met hr, when she was teaching school in Amherst.

BJ: Did she teach after she was married or just before?

PC: Before.
BP: I didn't think people taught after. She obviously had a real interest in education.

PC: Yes, yes she did. She went to Phillips Exeter Academy, I think it was, in Exeter, New Hampshire. I this that's where she got her education. Yes, she'd liked me to be a minister. Perhaps I should have been, but I don't believe so.

BJ: Were you going to say something? Yes, you were and changed your mind. Was there anything when you were growing up that you did think you wanted to do?

PC: Yeah, I wanted to go to Alaska and be a trapper. When we were kids—well, this Bernard Brown fellow I was telling you about that moved into the house down there and was a friend of mine, still is—that was his big ambition. He could talk high-powered rifles and all that stuff all day long. And he wanted to go to Alaska. We talked about that till—well, I don't know—till I went to high school. And I guess it kind of drowned out.

BJ: How did it get drowned out?

PC: Well, he left here, for one thing. His father moved away from here. And he lived in different places. He kept in touch with me all the time, but I guess I decided Alaska was a little too much. I don't know, I just didn't.

BJ: Anything else that you thought you'd do?

PC: I never thought I'd be a cook. I don't know—no, I just took things as they came, I guess. I worked in the fish rod shop for a few years and my father asked me if I wanted to go help him in the bake shop—he had more than he could do—and I did. We had a good thing going there. The Second World War kind of raised the dickens with us. Shortage of sugar, shortage of this and that. It was tough. And money was tight. But we survived some way.

BJ: How did you go about selling your bread? Did you deliver it or…..

PC: Yes, I had a truck. Before we had the truck, my father used to deliver with a horse and wagon or a horse and sleigh, whichever. In the wintertime he used the sleigh from here to Amherst. Delivered in Amherst and he had customers. And we got a truck. And then he had a very bad hernia, and it got so bad he couldn't take it any more. On and off the truck and all that. So I went on the truck and I had a route in Amherst. I had seven fraternity houses at Amherst College that I supplied with rolls and stuff, and then I had a retail route, and then I had sororities and fraternities at the University. I had a good business going. But at the last, around 19—we quit in '46—it was really tough. It was tough all during the World War, the Second World War. But, it could have been a lot better.

BJ: So, when you stopped that, then it says you went to work for the University after that?

PC: I went to the University in '48, yes. Couple of years in there I worked up at the turkey farm for Shaw about a year—a little less than a year.

BJ: Is that Shaw related to this Shaw down here?

PC: No, no, altogether different family. These people up here, Glen Shaw, he came from down Palmer way. He's only been in town 40 years.

BJ: When you say he's only been here 40 years, I realize how hard it is to be a native here. You know somebody has been here 40 years…

PC: Well, you kind of consider Glen a native, in a way. He's been here so long.

BJ: I noticed you said in the article something about all ages of Pelhamites doing something, and when I was talking to Mr. Burrows, he said that when he went into school in Amherst, people called them Pelhamites and they got in these huge fights about this. That something was wrong with putting—it's on the end of it. What was all that about?

PC: I never heard, I never saw. 'Course, he was ahead of me in school so maybe he liked them all so they didn't dare do anything.

BJ: He said every time they would go in there, they would taunt them and everything.

PC: I know, but we never paid any attention to it. But Burrows' brother Leon and I were in the same class. And Charlie Ward—the three of us from Pelham in that class. Oh, they used to kid us sometimes. Bert Page was in that bunch. But, I don't know, I can't ever remember we ever paid attention to it.

BJ: Well, maybe six years makes a difference too. I know my father always talked about coming in from country to town, nd they always got ribbed—you know, the hicks and all this kind of thing.

PC: Oh sure, in those days anybody from Pelham was considered a hick or a rube or you know. We were!

BJ: Why do you say that? What was the difference between you and somebody growing up in Amherst?

PC: There wasn't any particular difference, I don't think. They always seemed, though, that they might have a little edge on us some way or another. We used to go to church after—well, when I was a kid we had to go, you know, the family went. And then after I was grown up, my folks never forced me to go, but we used to go to prayer meeting Sunday night and Thursday night and Epworth League because there would always be a girl to walk home with.

BJ.: Some things haven't changed very much

PC: I went with a girl for quite a little while—you know where the Ben Paige place is—where Mr. Patrick lived? Well, that's where they lived. That was the old Ben Paige place and Edith Page and her sister Esther used to walk over here to church,

and I'd walk home with Edith. Esther, that I remember, never had a boyfriend. She was a little younger anyway, but I'd walk home with Edith—many, many a night over there and back again. She was one heck of a nice girl. She died—well, she married Howard Paige and Harlan Paige who runs Paige's Chevrolet is her son. She died twenty odd years ago, twenty-five, I guess.

BJ: So the Paiges have been here a long time?

PC: A long time. There was that Paige and then the big corner house—the John Page place.

BJ: Who's the oldest Page now?

PC: Gee, I don't know. I guess the boys are—Len, I think so. Bert's oldest boy.

BJ: That's quite a walk from here over to that Patrick place. You go down Gates Road and up North Valley? I guess it was worth going to all those meetings then if you could ….

PC: Uh huh. Yes. I often think about Edith, though. She was a nice girl, by golly. But she wasn't so good as the one I married.

BJ: When did you start—I don't know what—not dating—obviously you knew your wife forever so when did you start thinking maybe it was more than just a neighbor?

PC: Gee, I don't know. It just happened. I know when I went to Springfield to work—I got out of high school in 1917 in the spring. What did I do all summer? I know I went to Springfield in February of '18 and I went to work in the Armory. I was going with her then. I was going with her steady because I used to come home every weekend and stop over home just long enough. I'd stop in Holyoke and buy some sugar for my father—it was hard to get sugar. I could go in two or three places in Holyoke and come home with a suitcase full of sugar. I'd leave the sugar with my father and come right over to see my wife.

BJ: What year were you married then?

PC: '19. I was twenty years and 11 months old.

BJ: Why do you remember that so exactly?

PC: Well, I know I wasn't quite 21. I'd a been 21 in another month.

BJ: Still had to get your parents' permission, did you?

PC: Yes.

BJ: Were you married right over here?

PC: Nope. Married in North Dana. My wife's uncle lived in North Dana. He was the Methodist minister. He'd been a minister here. So, I guess—I don't remember now—but I guess he told her, "If you ever decide to get married, come over and I'll take care of you." He did—didn't charge us a nickel.

BJ: And that's all gone now? Did that affect you very much here when Quabbin became Quabbin and those towns disappeared?

PC: Well, no, not particularly. 'Course, I was born in Enfield. That town's gone. I was married in North Dana. And that town's gone. I got no place now except Pelham.

BJ: How does it feel to have those places gone?

PC: Don't feel good. I don't like it, because that was nice country over there—beautiful. And we used to hunt and fish over there a lot. We used to go over there for a ride—get in the old car and go over there and ride around—those dirt roads—it was nice. It's all gone. Times aren't as good as they used to be, I don't think.

BJ: What kind of differences do you mean when you say that?

PC: Well. I don't know. I'm old fashioned, I guess. I don't like the fast cars and the noise—I wouldn't live in a city or town if they five me the place! I don't like it.

BJ: You must get a lot of traffic by here, like on Sunday nights and things like that.

PC: You know, I'm getting'—you haven't talked very loud, have you?

BJ: No, once in a while I have to, I notice.

PC: I'm getting hard of hearing, but I can hear you very good. If there was someone else here and there were four or five people and they were talking, and there were two or three different conversations—blah, blah, blah—that's all I could hear. At night, I sleep in the front room—I hardly ever hear a car. I think sometimes it's a good thing to get a little hard of hearing. There's an awful lot of traffic goes by here. We can't hear it much in the house now because we've got storm windows on—makes quite a difference. In the summer time, when windows are open, it's noisy.

BJ: Down here, in this part of Pelham, where you lived here, was there a lot of talk about Quabbin when it was developing?

PC: Oh yes, quite a lot. Nobody liked it, but what the heck can you do? Just like those nuclear plants—can't fight city hall.

BJ: No, I think now there would be more fight. Seems to be a lot of fighting, say, about the plant at Montague.

PC: I guess they're going to get away with not having one there. It looks like it, but I still think they're going to keep on building them. This girl that works for me, she's against 'em—probably, you are.

BJ: Why did you think that?

PC: I know she was and I kid of kid her a bit. I says, "You can't fight city hall." And she says, "No, but you can try." I says, "I don't like to be a loser, I like to be a winner."

BJ: You never know, maybe you'll be a winner. On this one, I think there's a chance, I do.

PC: Yes. My wife's cousin up in New Hampshire—he made the statement that if he could get away from home, he'd go up to Seabrook. He'd go to jail. "I'd – willingly go to jail." I says, "Don, what good is it going to do you to go to jail? Be arrested and go in there? Ten years from now nobody will even remember. You'll make a hero out of yourself. You think you are." It's a lot of baloney, I think. And they're still going on with that Seabrook plant. I don't know. People are using too darn much energy—that's the whole story. If they—'course we know the oil companies, they're doing a job on us.

BJ: You think there's a lot of difference in trusting government now than there was 40 or 50 years ago?

PC: I think so. I was reading the papers the other day—I give the paper to Alice. She took it home. I says, "Read some of those articles." I says, "Oh boy, oh boy"! Two glass doors that lead into one of Carter's secretary's or aide's office—thick glass doors that cost the taxpayers $58,000, and they don't need them because there's two good wooden doors there.

BJ: I didn't see that article.

PC: It's in the Union. Do you get the Union? It's quite an article. And it tells it cost—I may be a little mistaken, but I think it was $10,000 just for designing these doors for the architect or whatever. And then so much for this and so much for that. Figures up around $58,000. And they don't need them. Oh, I don't know. We're the ones that are paying for those things. Directly or indirectly. Personally, I don't like nuclear myself, but I'm to old to fight.

INFORMATION SHEET

Ethel Cushman
Date of Birth: 1901
Date of Interview: June 26 1979

BJ = Barbara Jenkins, Interviewer
EC = Ethel Cushman

BJ: The first thing I heard about you was that you were a Thornton, and the Thorntons, I know, are the only family left from the charter families that started Pelham. So you can trace your family all the way back, right?

EC: We're descendants of James Thornton. For a long time we always thought it was Matthew Thornton who signed the Declaration of Independence, but he was a brother. I have a cousin in Maine who knows all about the genealogy so she told me we were descendants of James Thornton, and Matthew was his brother.

BJ: Is James Thornton the one who signed the charter here in Pelham?

EC: I don't know that. My aunt says her great grandfather came from Gill. He was the first Thornton to come to Pelham. Maybe there was a Thornton here earlier.

BJ: That's interesting because I've been told the Thorntons were the only family left from the original owners. You think you don't go back that far?

EC: I don't know. I know that she said my great grandfather came from Gill.

BJ: All the Thorntons in Pelham are related? (Yes, there aren't very many left.) So you were born here?

EC: Yes, I was born in the next house. That was my father's place.

BJ: I've heard it referred to an the Annette Morgan place. Now, what does that mean?

EC: That was my grandmother's, but it belonged to her father, Great Grandpa Page before, and he gave it to my grandmother. She was his daughter.

BJ: I see, you're related to the Pages too. And you were born in the house next door. What did your father do?

EC: My father worked in the fish rod factory for more than fifty years.

BJ: What was his job there?

EC: He did what they called covering cork grips and he also straightened the fish rods—mostly straightened the fish rods all his life.

BJ: Some of the people I've talked to maybe worked therefore a few years….

EC: No, he was a long-time employee there. He received a wrist watch when he had completed his fifty years.

BJ: Did the people who ran the fish rod factory do a lot for the town? Did they do special things?

EC: Yes and no. Gene Bartlett, of course, as long as he lived run the fish rod factory down here. And then after he died and the others took over, it didn't last—I don't know how many years, but it lasted a few years. And then they closed this because they had a branch in Montague. My father worked in Montague quite a number of years. So he commuted back and forth. There were several men who rode together.

BJ: That was when automobiles…? (Yes.) What I was wondering is, I know that a lot of people have mentioned that at one time or another they worked at the fish rod factory, and I know it was a kind of center here. Were the Bartletts involved in community things as far as the fish rod factory?

EC: Oh yes. Mr. Bartlett held town offices. Of course, he was a self-made man and very thrifty with his money. He was always very much opposed to the towns pending a lot of money. I know someone said, "We would have never had this hard-top road if he had lived." I think he did contribute a lot to the town.

BJ: Where did he live?

EC: He lived right down—do you know where the Petersons live? They live in the Bartlett place. Just below the store on the right hand side—that big house with the evergreen trees. That's where the Bartletts lived. He was always—his automobile was the first I ever rode in. He used to own a lot of the town. He owned an orchard and, of course, he always farmed besides. He had hired men that did the farming. He used to own an orchard upon Enfield Road so when he'd come up by with his chauffeur and car, he'd take us children up there for a ride.

BJ: He had a chauffeur, hmm?

EC: Oh yes, he always had a chauffeur. He never drove. He always had a chauffeur.

BJ: So he was fairly wealthy, I guess, or did he just have a chauffeur?

EC: Well, I think he was too old by the time he got a car to learn to drive a car. Or maybe he didn't care to, I don't know. Of course, I was quite young then.

BJ: You were born when?

EC: 1901.

BJ: Did you have brothers and sisters?

EC: I had three brothers. One lives next door. The youngest one. And now one lives in Florida and one lives in Texas.

BJ: So your mother was pretty busy with the family.

EC: Oh yes. Well, she used to wind fish rods at home. They used to send fish rods out around for people to wind. So my mother used to wind them at home.

BJ: And they'd get paid by the piece?

EC: So much for each rod, depending on the price of the rod. (Do you remember how much she got paid?) No, I don't. I should, because when I got older, I used to help her wind, but I was never much of a winder.

BJ: How long did it take to wind one?

EC: It took me quite awhile because I was pretty slow, but my aunt, Mrs. Morgan, who used to live over where the Stricklands live, she was the fastest winder.—I think one of the fastest winders the fish rod factory ever had. I don't know how she wound. She didn't wind like my mother and I did. You had to wet the thread and start it. She always put the thread around, like this, and cut off the end and then wound over that. And that end she cut off, she always used for the loop to pull through You wind part of the winding and then you put a loop in and you put the end in the loop and pull it through. That's how you get rid of the end.

BJ: So you could make quite a little money at home?

EC: Well, it wasn't very big pay. Maybe like 12 cents or something like that for doing a rod. There might be some that were more. Depends on how many guides they had on them, and they counted the little windings in between. They figured the rod that way. My mother used to shellac them too after she got them wound because if they set around, sometimes that bamboo that the rods were made of would shrink and then the windings would all slide down. They furnished the shellac for them, and then they went to be varnished after that.

BJ: You said there were several people who did things like that at home?

EC: Oh yes, lots of people.

BJ: So it was much more than just the people who worked at the factory then?

EC: It was mostly people who had worked *in* the factory, and after they were married, then they took the fish rods at home.

BJ: Did your mother work at the fish rod factory before she was married?

EC: No, she never worked in the factory. She worked in the hat factory when she was young in Amherst. It was good she could make a little money at home, and my father could carry the rods back and forth to her.

BJ: Did? you start school down here in the Community Hall? (Yes.) And you went all through school there, and then the last year and a half, you said in the new school over here.

EC: They had a new building, and that building burned. We were the last class that went to the ninth grade so in that way my next younger brother gained a year on us—my older brother and I.

BJ: Did you have a lot of neighbors right down here or did you play mostly with your brothers and sisters?

EC: This house across the way was not built—it was built about when I was in high school, I believe. Then there were no houses from the white house next to it until you got way up past the cemetery except the one that sets back in the woods. That was there, the Orient House. That, of course, was at one time a sanitarium that burned.

BJ: I don't think I've heard the part about the sanitarium. I've always heard about it being the grand hotel where people came.

EC: There was at one time a sanitarium there. (After it had been a hotel and everything?) I don't know about that, but I know, I think, some doctor run this sanitarium. I don't know too much about that.

BJ: Would that have been when you were young?

EC: It wasn't in my day. It was before that. Because All I ever remember was the house. It was just a summer place. People by the name of Mahan came up from New London, and they had a big family. He was at one time the mayor of New London. Then when they didn't come, when we first came back here after we were married from Connecticut, we lived up here one summer because there was no basemen so you couldn't stay in the winter. No way of heating it. Of course, after Miss Woods bought it, she had a basement put in. She had it made into a house.

BJ: When you were young, were people still coming up on the trolley to go picnicking and things like that?

EC: Oh yes, in the Orient. I have some pictures somewhere taken of us when we were children. Mr. Scott, the photographer. There's one up on Pelham Hill in the museum, a postcard with our picture on it. Nobody knew who it was. It was my older brother and my next younger brother and myself and another girl who lived

down where Bea Smith lives. They were on calendars. This Mr. Scott, he was always running around taking pictures. If you had him finish pictures for you, you might get a whole bunch back beside your own. He'd send you a few others. So he was out in the Orient and saw us and took us by the fountain and he took us by the bridge. They had them on calendars, even that picture.

BJ: So you played down there a lot then?

EC: My mother didn't let us go on weekends. We could go—I had a great uncle one summer who was there. He was running a little store. There was a pavilion—a dance pavilion and a store there. So usually Mother would let us go on Monday mornings down there to get an ice cream cone or something.

BJ: So the weekend was a busy time?

EC: Yu know, there were a lot of undesirable people came. There were a lot of drunks. (Was it toward the end of it more or was it always like that?) It was always like that. Because the trolley car came out there right to where you entered to go to the Orient, and one time on a Monday morning and we went down when my great uncle was there and we were going down the path. We had a path from our woods that went right down there. There were these three men there who were drunk. One was lying right across the path. My older brother and I were scared to go by, but my younger brother, he never was afraid of anything. So he talked us into going by him. A couple of them were sitting up and spoke to us. We just walked right along. When we got down to the Orient, it was closed and Uncle Nelson wasn't there so we were scared to come back. My mother got worried. And she started to come out after us. My youngest brother was a baby and she had him in her arms walking down looking for us. She came down and saw the men, and she was afraid to go by. So she came back home, and my father used to come home at noon for lunch so my father went down. The two that were sitting up had gone, and just the one was lying there across the path. He came down to get us. (You were just waiting down there for something to happen?) Yes. Gene Bartlett sent his hired man to get this other one out of there.

BJ: So that happened once in awhile or was that a common thing?

EC: One other time, I went on a picnic with Gene Bartlett's granddaughter. She invited me and she had some other girls. Her cousin from Montague was visiting. All the other girls were not Pelham girls, they were Amherst girls. I was the only one in Pelham invited. There was a man down there, and he was drunk. Everywhere we'd go, he'd follow us, and we couldn't eat our lunch.

BJ: I never heard about that. I always just heard about it being this place where people came.

EC: Two years later this same man—he lived at East Street then—I knew who he was. He moved into a house in Pelham and I was always scared to go there. I would never go in unless his wife was there. He had a young daughter I used to play with. There were other people who lived in that house after that.

BJ: What other kinds of things did you do as a youngster with your brothers?

EC: In the winter time, we used to slide down the hill. We used to slide right in the main road because there were no cars. We'd go into the trolley tracks, and go way down into Amherst.

BJ: I've heard someone tell about that a little bit, and it sounded like a great time.

EC: A lot of grown people used to do it at night. One time Gene Bartlett's son-in-law, they had a two seated sleigh and they had it hitched up to a double rip, we used to call it. I sat in the back seat of that sleigh, and we were going right down the hill.

BJ: I heard sometimes the trolley would pull them back up at night.

EC: I never heard of that. We had to be very careful we didn't run into one. We used to slide down—men used to draw wood with what you call a wood sled. There were only a few who wouldn't give us a ride, but we would most always ride back with them. There was one man who'd take a horse whip to you if you tried to get on. We weren't very happy with him!

BJ: So you spent a lot of time outside when you were young?

EC: Yes.

BJ: Was it woodsy around here then or was it pretty much cleared?

EC: It's about like it was then as far as along through here. There were always the pines there. My father had them cut off once, and this is a newer grove.

BJ: It's hard for me to keep clear how much different it was when the trees were cut around here.

EC: On the other side there were a lot of trees which were cut to build those houses. There were a lot. Up as far as the cemetery. When I was young, there weren't any houses from Cadwell Street up.

BJ: So when you were little, you pretty much played with your brothers and you didn't have other kids around?

EC: There were a couple of girls that lived down below that I played with some, but we stayed at home. Made our own enjoyment, I think, more than the kids do

today. We didn't have all these things. The only real entertainment we had were church socials. As I got older, it was the Methodist church then. We belonged to the Epworth League, and we used to go. I went to Junior League first, and then to Epworth League. Then they used to have prayer meetings one night a week. And there was always a Sunday night service so our church was really our only recreation, outside of sometimes school.

BJ: I was going to say, did the school do anything special or was school just school?

EC: Usually a kind of picnic at the end of school. Not too much during the year.

BJ: Like you say, it was hard to get back and forth more then.

EC: We always walked to church up here. (How far was that?) About a mile. It was a dirt road. When you got up on that flat, the sand used to be this deep in the summer time. You couldn't keep the dust off your shoes. My grandfather lived up where—you know where Alice Campbell lives?--he lived right across there. Where the Rotmans live. That was my grandfather's—well, he lived in several houses, but that was the only one I knew him in until he moved to Cadwell Street. He used to put up signs all the time to keep off his grass because people would want to walk on the lawn. They didn't want all that sand. There were a couple of women came over here from England. She married a man from Scotland after her husband died here. When she came back visiting, she says, "I never forget your grandfather. One of the first Sundays we were here in the country, hetold me to keep off the grass!"

BJ: Did it get muddy ever?

EC: Oh yes, terrible. There were spots even when people had cars. Down there by the reservoir, that low place there, oh that used to be a terrible muddy place in the spring. But when I taught at Pelham Hill, I always used to walke back and forth—not during the week, but weekends. I always walked home on Fridays and walked back on Sundays.

BJ: From here to up there?

EC: It's four miles. Then on a Friday, I had to walk one mile to school and a milke back so that made it six miles that I walked on Fridays.

BJ: You walked the one mile, where did you stay?

EC: I stayed where the old tavern was across from the Town Hall. That's where I boarded with the Robinsons.

BJ: And it was a mile from there down to the school? (Yes.) So it was way down in the Hollow then? (Yes.)

EC: There was only one house on the way. It was almost to the school, but not within sight of the school. Most days, especially in winter, the only one you'd see go by was the mail carrier. There wouldn't be anybody go by the school.

BJ: Were you ever afraid, or was that just the way it was?

EC: I never felt afraid to stay there at the school even after school although once when the state police came through, they thought that maybe I couldn't stay there after school alone. One time a couple of men wandered through the door—the door was opened—that was in the spring. I had their children in school, but they weren't really upright characters. I just sat at my desk with my back to them, and I didn't even look around or anything. They looked in the door, evidently saw me, and they went right along. Then when I got up to the house, they were visiting with a man there, and I when I got by there, I sure hustled home!

BJ: Was that an area down there—you mentioned undesirable characters—but that didn't mean that only undesirable characters lived down in that area, or was it more likely to have been people who were out on their own like that?

EC: There used to be a lot of wood choppers and people like that. They drank a lot, and I was always afraid of anybody that drank a lot.

BJ: I have heard stories about people in Pelham. It seems like there was a lot of heavy drinking.

EC: Yes, there was. I know Charlie Willson had a house and he had a store at one time there across from the church. He used to hire men from the cities come up here to drive team for him and draw wood. One Sunday a bunch of them came up and they were all drunk. My father and my uncle went out and got a lot of them up the road away from here, and my youngest brother, oh, he came down around there by what we call Orient Hill there, and he was scared of anybody that didn't walk straight or anything. We heard him screaming when he saw them.

BJ: But it sounded like you could be on your own out there and you could pretty much get along all right—a woman by yourself.

EC: I taught there two years, and I didn't have any trouble, although the State Police told me they had a lot of names on their list. They were people who maybe had records or something. (They would live out there just to be away?) Yes. There used to be man that lived up over the hill. He only had one arm—his arm was cut off here. He drank a lot. I guess he was harmless. I never liked him, but then one time he came to work for the people where I boarded, and he used to stay to supper at night, and I said, "Who thought I'd be sitting at a table with him?"

BJ: Maybe you found out it wasn't so bad.

EC: They say he was the black sheep of the family, that he actually came from a good family. I guess because he was drunk was how he lost his arm. I don't know what—some sort of an accident.

BJ: I got the impression from talking to some people that there was a time when people could come and live out in the hills and not be bothered by anybody. In your memory, is it true that there would be town characters living around?

EC: No, because it would be all woods when I'd walk back and forth. There were a lot of times no people where Virginia Davis lives—that usually was closed in winter. Of course, there are a lot of new houses now that were never there.

BJ: Would you have gotten a ride if you could have or wasn't there anybody to ride with?

EC: Sometimes the Superintendent would come on Fridays, and he would give me a ride home, but that wouldn't be very often. Once in awhile the man where I lived would, and usually he would be coming down on Saturday and he'd bring my suitcase.

BJ: This was before cars or just when they were starting?

EC: Yes, I wouldn't see anybody. I could walk to Pelham Hill, and there wouldn't be anybody all the way. My next youngest brother was in college at the time. He used to walk up as far as the Brays with me on a Sunday. He usually walked up every Sunday and sometimes Friday if he was home, especially in the winter, he and my youngest brother would come up with their skis. I always had my skis too, and we'd ski. There used to be a big, high bank there on the road, and we used to ski down that big, high bank. We used to ski all along the side of the orad because it wasn't plowed.

BJ: Did they plow at all?

EC: I think in very deep snows they used to take a plow like we used in the garden. There would be just a couple of ruts.

BJ: When did you decide you wanted to go ahead and study teaching?

EC: I worked in an office for awhile. (Out of high school?) Yes, then someone who had taught at Pelham Hill—it was very hard to find anybody to teach in those days in a place like that. Especially no one wanted to board the teacher. The Robinsons wouldn't have boarded me if they hadn't known me. So she said, "Why don't you apply for the job," and I liked the idea of being a teacher so I applied, and I went over there to teach.

BJ: So you didn't have to go to school? (No.) You just could be a teacher.

EC: I went to summer school after that.

BJ: What years were those?

EC: I think it was about 1921. I just had my 60th reunion from high school a couple weeks ago. Then I went to Connecticut and I taught in a state supervised school where I had to take all the examinations in order to teach there. I passed those all right. Then I only stayed there one year, and I went to Lancaster, Mass. And I taught 5th and 6th grade. I taught there one year. Then I was married after that.

BJ: Was your husband from Pelham?

EC: No, he was from Connecticut. I met him when I taught school down there. I didn't go with him that year I was teaching school, but I knew him then. About the end of the year, I became very friendly with him

BJ: And you brought him to Pelham?

EC: We lived in Connecticut quite a long time when we were first married. In fact, he always says he likes Connecticut better than Massachusetts. But the Depression came on, and work was very scarce. He had a chance to come up here to work so he came up here.

BJ: You didn't teach after you were married? (No.) People didn't, did they very much? (No) Did you miss the teaching?

EC: I've always been interested in teaching, and I've helped a lot of children that had trouble in school, people that I've known. Children that I've lived near or some of my relatives. [edited section]

BJ: Back to what you were saying about school. One of the things I hear about all the time is the deviltry that the boys did to the teachers and things like that. Did you have kids like that in your schools?

EC: I never had much trouble. I took a school—the school over there had been very badly disciplined with an older woman teaching, and they did some awful things really. She couldn't do anything with them.

BJ; How many children would there be in that school?

EC: We had over 20, maybe 24 or something like that, I guess. But the beginning of the year there'd be more—some of those would leave during the winter. (For what reason?) I don't know whether they got tired of living up there in the country or decided to go back to the city or what. (They'd just leave, the whole family?) Yes, just leave.

BJ: I thought maybe they'd leave because it was too hard to get there in the winter or something.

EC: No, I had one family lived way over—it was what they called Pelham Hollow Road. It went to Enfield, and then it went up to Prescott, I guess, the other way. They lived far enough away to be transported to school and they had 11 children so you can imagine what it cost the town to transport those children. The mother and father transported them so they used to say the town supported them really. They were a nice family, though. I'd say the children were very nice children.

BJ: So the town had to take them to school if they weren't within, say, a mile?

EC: A mile and a half, I think. They were very nice children. The older girl went two years to me to school, and she wasn't, I wouldn't say, hardly an average student. But I drilled her an awful lot because I was so afraid she couldn't get through high school, but she graduated from Athol High School. After she was married, she used to come to see me. She had a little boy. Then I've forgotten what happened to her, but she died very young. She was a nice girl.

BJ: That's where the students went from there. It was Athol then. It would have been the closest high school. When you were up there did you feel like that part of Pelham was really a long way from this part of Pelham?

EC: Yes, because there weren't many people living there. A lot of them didn't live there through the winter. It was a very bleak place in the winter time. Nothing went on. I don't think even the church—I don't think they had church in the winter time.

BJ: Was there any certain name for that little area up there?

EC: They just always called it Pelham Hill and then down below Pelham Hollow.

BJ: And the next school then was down toward Packardville?

EC: Yes, South School. When I taught up there, Miss Colis came over with her school at Christmastime, because the first year I was there Gene Bartlett and Ernest Whitcomb—Ernest Whitcomb was the bank president and he had a summer place on the Swift River—and he had an interest in that school so they came up and brought oranges and candy for the kids. They brought the teacher a gift too. And then the second year I was there, they didn't come. Ernest Whitcomb sent candy for the children and he sent me a box of chocolates.

BJ: When you went in there, you had to tackle a bunch that were out of hand?

EC: I guess I was pretty strict at first. (How old would you have been?) That's one thing they told us at school—you get your discipline on the first day of school. I wasn't much more than twenty when I started teaching. I had some 15 year olds. The year before I was married, I didn't take a school because I thought I was going to get married right away, but my husband was living in a place where I couldn't go to live—a small place—so we had to postpone our wedding so I stayed at home. My father and mother wanted me to stay at home with them anyway. In the spring, the teacher had left at Pelham Hill. She was afraid of the children. They wanted to know if I'd go up and get them straightened out again. So I taught one term. A boy took another boys coat and chopped it all up with an ax. I don't know—this boy that did it wasn't a very big boy and I didn't have any trouble with him. (What kind of punishment would you do?) Not much in the line of corporal punishment. We didn't do much of that. I just didn't seem to have much trouble with them. I think one thing—I did a lot of things with the children. At recess, I always went out and played all the games with them. I think you get a lot of discipline by the way you treat the children even outside of the school room. I used to take my skis in the winter and my snowshoes and let the kids use them. They never had any of their own in those days. In fact, I didn't have any until I went to work. My brother didn't have any till I went to work and gave them to him. I used to ski to school and take my snowshoes under my arm to walk back on a lot of times.

BJ: What kind of methods did you use, say, for teaching reading?

EC: When I went up there, the method that was used was the Aldine method which was not considered very new.. That's the one with "Come and play with me today. Run with me to the trees," and all that sort of thing. Of course, you taught them the phonetics and you taught them the letters and you taught them to write the words, and to spell the words. Really, I don't see but what the children did just as well as with some of the new. I went to Connecticut, and they had one of the newer methods—that was stories like *The Boy, The Goat, The little Red Hen* and all that sort of thing. I don't see but what the children learned just as well with the old method, but when I went up to summer school, they thought that the Aldine was, oh, terrible.

BJ: There always has to be a new method, you know, to keep the education teachers in business, I guess.

EC: My husband's sister taught in Springfield all her life, and she was always having to try out these new methods because she taught first grade.

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BJ: You used that method up there. Did you do anything on your own?

EC: Oh yes. You'd do a lot of things. Of course, when I went to Connecticut I had to keep a workbook every day, but I didn't have to in Pelham. In those days, they didn't have all these workbooks. In all the lower grades you had no books for

arithmetic. You had to make that all up. It was much harder teaching in Connecticut than it was up here. They required so much more. And an hour longer a day too. I don't know, I managed all right, and I was asked to speak at teachers' meetings. We had to go to teachers' meetings once a month, so I thought I must be doing something right.

BJ: Did you enjoy school when you were young? (Yes.) What are some things that you remember from when you were in school?

EC: My mother used to tell me that my teacher—I think I had her for first and second grade both—said that she never saw a little girl like me. I always had a flower in my hand. I always loved flowers from a child, I guess. (That's why they grow so well out there, you have to love them, I guess.) They're growing better this year because I dug up all the flower bed last year and reset it. It was so full of gravel. I was sick a lot, and couldn't do it. Then it got all full of grass. Just can't do anything with it once it gets to that stage. I couldn't have dug it up alone, but my husband dug it up and I reset it.

BJ: What are some of the earliest memories you have from when you were little?

EC: You know, sometimes I wonder now. I think of things that happened and I wonder if it's because I've heard my father and mother tell it. I was thinking about my finger. I fell when I was little and took the end of my finger off. See how big it is on the end. It's always been a clumsy finger to do little things with. I was thinking about it the other day, how if I remember that or not. I was standing up at the sink. I remember the old chair, a wooden chair that we had, an old antique chair. I was standing at the sink and the chair pushed back away from me, and the chair fell on my finger and took the end of my finger off. My father and mother put it back on and it grew back on. The they next day they got worried and took me to the doctor.

BJ: Did you have the doctor very much in those days or did you mother and father take care of most things like that?

EC: My father always said that we children were never sick, that he didn't have the doctor for us. (Was that unusual to do that?) I think we did more than some people did. We did have something once which was about like scarlet fever. We didn't have a doctor that time, and my father always said, "I can't understand it because I always had a doctor when you were sick." But that one time. There were other people who had it in the town and the doctors claimed it was not scarlet fever. We peeled just the same as you do with it. We were all red. My mother and my brother and I had it. I know my next younger brother was awful small for his age, and he was having some trouble and my mother took him to the doctor. He was peeling then, and the doctor says, "It's a wonder the neighbors didn't think you had scarlet fever."

BJ: Was scarlet fever around here when you were growing up?

EC: [edited section]

BJ: Earlier you mentioned the Extension Service and a coat project. This was when you were how old?

EC: It was when my son had scarlet fever. We were leaders. I was the town chairman then of the Extension Service here. They don't do anything with it here now. They used to come to the towns. We used to have luncheons at the Community Hall. It would be a big group of women come. Everybody would bring something, you know. It would be like a pot luck.

BJ: Was that to inform people about cooking and homemaking and things like that?

EC: There was always some project. That was the only coat I ever made. I made a suit, I guess. That was the only suit I ever made—I'm not much of a seamstress.

BJ: They did things in canning and things like that?

EC: Yes. During the war I was the town chairman with gardening and canning and all that. I went to all the meetings. (What did you do?) You had to get people to join the projects. We had lots of fun getting together. They don't really do that way now. Most of them are held either at the Extension Office—they come out once in awhile. They came to one of our Guild meetings to demonstrate bread making a couple of years ago. I believe they're going to have them some time next year on low-cost meals or something like that. I get their paper all the time, but I don't attend anything now. Most of them are nothing I'm interested in. I'm past the age to be interested.

BJ: Were you involved in any other civic type things over the years?

EC: I guess quite a few things. Of course, quite a few things with the church. I used to be busy in a lot of different things, but now I've kind of given up a lot of them.

BJ: You mentioned a son. Do you have other children?

EC: No, I have just the one son. One son and one granddaughter.

BJ: Are they around here?

EC: They live in Northampton. My son [edited section]

BJ: Have you traveled quite a bit too?

EC: My husband and I went to California. We drove to California and back in 1955. In 1957 we went to Yellowstone. Then I've gone on some Peter Pan trips. Bea (Smith) and I go on Peter Pan trips. I don't know if we're going this year or not. We didn't go till September last year. We went to Michigan on the tulip trip, and we went to the Gaspé one year. We were talking Sunday whether we'd be going on any or not. She always has such a busy schedule. I haven't been any place with the senior citizens, only a few day trips. I'm going to Gloucester with the senior citizens the 9th of July. With the Amherst group. Bea and I are going. It's a three hour boat ride from Boston. I'd rather have gone on the bus all the way. You don't have much time in Gloucester—only two hours and you have to get your lunch and all of that. But I've been to Gloucester, so there isn't really anything I haven't seen.

BJ: Back to what you were saying about your father always having the doctor and things like that. What kind of home remedies do you remember?

EC: I used to have a lot of ear aches when I was a child—abscess in my ears. The one thing that cured me—you'll laugh when you hear it—was she would put an onion in the oven and bake it, and of course, I don't like onions. I never eat them. We never had them at home because my didn't like them. But she would bake an onion and put it in a stocking, squeeze it out so that it would be the steam and put that on my ear. It would stop my ear ache.

BJ: She'd learned that from her mother, I suppose.

EC: Probably. I don't think she learned it from her mother I don't think my grandmother was that kind. I think probably my mother might have read it somewhere. See, the steam from it. I used to scream with the ear ache until the abscess broke.

BJ: And you wouldn't see a doctor for that? (no.) Any other remedies?

EC: My father, if we had a stomach ache, always gave us ginger tea, and I didn't like that either. That was another thing. I used to have a lot of stomach aches. I still do. I seem to have a very sensitive stomach.

BJ: Were your brothers young enough do you remember—were they born at home?

EC: My youngest brother was. We didn't know it and I was almost nine years old. Can you imagine? My mother said she used to wonder if we knew it. In those days we didn't know anything—they didn't tell you, you know. I'll never forget. I was never so surprised in my life when we came home at noon for lunch and my mother had a baby! She had a trunk full of things she had made. They used to make everything, and my mother was very handy at sewing. She made all these pretty little things and crocheted things. I remember in the afternoon I went in the room where she was—the bedroom—and she let me look at all those things. I thought they were so beautiful.

BJ: My daughter, who is seven, was asking me about people in the olden days, not seeming to know that children were going to be born. I read these books like *Little House on the Prairie* and they never seem to know they're expecting a baby, so when you say this, I guess it's true sometimes. You wouldn't ask any questions if your noticed your mother was a different shape?

EC: No, we didn't notice it. Of course, they used to wear those awful loose things—wrapper type things more. [edited section]

BJ: It's just your brother that's young enough that you can remember?

EC: Yes, there were 10 years between he and my oldest brother. He was born in 1910 and my brother was born in 1900. I was born in 1901.

BJ: Were most babies born at home?

EC: Oh yes. I never heard of anybody going out to the hospital. When my aunt was going to have her first daughter—a woman down here, I guess, the winter before, and June was born in August. The woman died a few days after her baby was born so that kind of scared people. So when my aunt was going to have her baby, she had a trained nurse come to take care of her.

BJ: Who would have been the one to help your mother?

EC: My aunt and uncle were living with us. (So they helped to deliver it?) IO remember my aunt—one thing I remember was—I remember the weather the day he was born. It was sort of hail and rain. We went out sliding in the afternoon on the crust, and I remember my aunt coming after us because my mother was worried because we were out when it was storming.

BJ: Your aunt would have been the one then to help deliver the baby?

EC: I don't know whether she was there during the birth. (Who would have been?) I don't think anybody besides the doctor and my father. (That's what I was trying to find out—the doctor was there. So the doctor always came out for something like that?) Yes. The doctor my mother had then thought he delivered all four of us children, but he didn't deliver the first one—my mother had a different doctor, but she always let him thing so because he thought so.

BJ: You mentioned this woman down here that died after childbirth—do you remember that happening with other people, was that an uncommon thing?

EC: No. I don't remember anybody else, but I remember my mother used to go a lot of places when somebody was going to have a baby. I was so disgusted with her because she went there maybe for a whole day and left us at home. (Did she help,

you mean?) Yes, she went to help. (Was that because she knew some things about that kind of thing?) I know she went—my great-aunt, of course, she was my mother's aunt—when she was going to have children, she wanted my mother to come too. I guess she thought my mother was very capable. I know there was a—we used to call them Grandpa and Grandma Powell—that lived over here where my aunt lived when were children. She always went whenever people were sick or had a baby. She was sort of a natural nurse. Some women liked to do that. (Were those people paid?) Just go and help, she did. They might give them some vegetables or something like that, but people didn't have that kind of money in those days to hire anybody. I guess all the pay would be something they would give them.

[There is a break on the tape here and the question is raised as to how much money she made as a teacher]

EC: I saved enough to buy me a Ford. Model T Ford and that was the only car I ever drove. I never drove it after that.

BJ: You said you made $500? ($550) $550 with 5% taken out for teacher's retirement.

EC: I also had to pay my board.

BJ: That was for nine months. (Yes.) And you bought a Model T? Where did you drive that?

EC: I only got it at the last of the school year. The second year. I got $650 the second year. Then I went to Connecticut and I used to drive back and forth there on the weekends.

BJ: Was that unusual for a woman to be driving about like that?

EC: Yes, not many people had a car then.

BJ: What made you want to get a car?

EC: Well, I thought I'd walked enough!

BJ: You described that awful muddy place and that sandy place—did you ever have trouble with your car?

EC: My oldest brother lived in Lynn, Mass., and I went down there and went with him. I bought the car down there because I thought he knew about cars. Well, it was a second-hand car. He took me out for about an hour to show me how to drive the car, and I drove to Pelham Hill in the afternoon—without a license. (And no problems?) No, well, I did have—when I got up to the steep hill there,

the one we call Hildreth Hill by the high tension—I didn't know if I was going to make it up over there. We only had high and low on the Model T! And you couldn't go up in high.

BJ: Did you ever get stuck in any places? Or anything like that?

EC: I don't remember if I got stuck anywhere. Yes, I did once. That year I taught at Lancaster, Mass. I was going back on a Sunday afternoon and it was in the fall, when it got dark early. When I got up to Athol, I got out and looked at the oil. I used to have an oil gauge with a glass underneath. Well, it seemed to have plenty of oil. The car was making a noise, and I was kind of scared. I went along farther and it stopped right in a wooded section where the Harvard Forest is near….It was dark and I sat in the car. Someone came along and stopped—a man and a woman. He said that he would stop at the first garage and send someone back. Well, I didn't know where that was, and there wasn't anybody that was coming. So it wasn't very long before a State cop came. There had been an accident up above, and this man had stopped to tell him so he came down and stayed there until someone came from the garage to two my car in. He got me a ride with someone to Fitchburg where I could get the trolley to Lancaster. I used to pick up a teacher in Gardner, Mass. So this couple, the girl, I guess, she knew Saima so they stopped and picked her up. Then I had Wednesday afternoon off—my class, both the 5th and 6th grades, went to sewing and cooking and manual training so I asked the Superintendent if I could go get my car on Wednesday afternoon, and he said, "Yes, but don't plan to be away on Wednesday afternoons, hereafter." So I went down to Fitchburg to get it, and Saima had been home that day., Her sister was getting a divorce, and she went to court that day so I picked her up. After I left the garage and got a ways, I didn't have any brakes. Can you imagine anyone letting you take a car out without any brakes? Only the emergency brake and that wasn't much good. There wasn't that much traffic, but how was I going to get hoe on Friday without any brakes? Well, I mapped out a route way round through the country. I came down through North Sunderland, and it was dark then and I had a flat tire! I got out thinking I could change the tire which I didn't think I could, and a fellow came out of a yard on a motorcycle, and he changed it for me. So everything that happened to me, I seemed to get out of all right. And I never had much desire to drive a car after that. (So you haven't driven since then?) Oh, I had a license to drive the Model T, I got a license right away. Oh yes, I couldn't be driving down the road. (I didn't know how strict they were then.) I didn't want to take any chances. I never went anywhere but to Pelham Hill without it. One other time, I always seem to have a lot of trouble traveling—with trains and everything. One time on Thanksgiving night I was going back to Lancaster, and I took the train from Greenfield and I was going to Leominster—no, to Fitchburg and taking the trolley from there to Lancaster. I had to change in Leominster, too. The trolley car to Fitchburg only went to Leominster, and I had to change again to take the one that went to Worcester. Well, there was a freight on the track and our train was so late getting to Fitchburg that I couldn't get even to Leominster.

There happened to be a girl on the train going to Fitchburg Teachers College that I had been very friendly with…..

[End of tape and adventure!]

INFORMATION SHEET

Herbert Goodell
Born: August 9, 1907
Place of Birth: Southbridge, MA
Mother's Name: Mary Ellen Morse
Father's Name: Ulysses Asa Goodell
Marital Status: Single

Date of Interview: January 8, 1981

BJ = Barbara Jenkins, Interviewer
HG = Herbert Goodell
Original transcript by Janice Fail

BJ: You started to tell me how you came to Pelham. So, will you start doing that one again?

HG: Well, I helped my brother buy this place in 1935.

BJ: When you say you helped him buy it, what do you mean?

HG: Well, he was married with a baby and needed a place. We had been living in a place down in Mill Valley, you know, down South Pleasant Street. (In Amherst?) Yes, down near the Old Mill at the foot of the hill. He needed a place, so he looked around and found this place. At that time, I was in the C.C. camps, an officer in one of the C.C. camps up in Monroe Bridge.

BJ: Will you explain what a C.C. camp is?

HG: Civilian Conservation Corps camp. I had a Reserve commission in the Army Reserves. The army maintained the camp and set up under the Forest Service or various other services that we called the "using service." (The what kind?) the "using service." They are the ones that laid out the work for the boys to do and the army provided meals and clothing and so forth. Anyway, I was at a camp up at Monroe Bridge.

BJ: Where is Monroe Bridge? Is it in this state?

HG: Yes, it is up near the Vermont line, just below Readsboro, Vermont, in the northwest corner of the state where the "Hairpin Turn" is. Up there going down into North Adams on Rt. 2. Well, you turn off just before you start down the zig-zag, to the right. There is a road that goes on up into Vermont.

BJ: This was about 1935?

HG: Yes, I was at the C.C. camp for about a year, and then I went back and took graduate work at the college—in Wildlife Management. So, I stayed here until 1937 and then went back to C.C. camp work in Oregon. I went out there for six months, then came back here and started working on my Master's Degree at the University in Wildlife Management. The hurricane of '38 put the kibosh on that. (Why?) I was doing my field work up on Mt. Toby and everything was flattened, so you couldn't continue the field work.

BJ: What kind of field work were you doing?

HG: Partirdge or Ruffed Grouse. Censusing. How to census partridge and different methods of making a census. I had been doing that all through the winter of '37 and '38.

BJ: What was it like up there on top after the hurricane?

HG: Well, a place you could go in three or four minutes, it would take you half an hour, because you had to go up Andover and climb through everything else. Everything was just flattened.

BJ: What was it like around here? From the hurricane?

HG: Muddy mostly. That particular day I was down to the college—the university now. I don't know whether I was doing class work or whether I was doing some reference work. I can't remember just exactly what I was doing. I drove back out here in the middle of the afternoon. I had to zigzag around a few blow down and so forth, but other than that, it didn't seem to be too bad, except that we had had a couple days of rain and that was a big problem because a lot of trees had blown over because the ground was too soft. In fact, one of these pines right out here, the pine near the corner of the house, blew over.. We used to always call them yellow pine, but actually pitch pine is the right name for them. Anyway, there wasn't any electricity-the power was out and the telephones were out. My brother's wife was here. Guess at that time there were two kids. He was working down the university. He got home at half past four or five and didn't have any big problems here except the big tree blew down. We had a bunch of chickens that were standing around like a bunch of drowned rats. We went out and tried to herd them into an outside shelter. We did have a battery radio so we begun to hear reports about the damage that had been done. It was probably a couple of days before we got the power back on. There was no damage here or right around here, except a few trees.

BJ: You said you were at the college when it happened. Were you aware that it was a hurricane or a special deal at that time?

HG: No, I can't say. Not that I remember. I suppose there had been something on the radio. But I hadn't paid much attention to it, I guess, cause I don't remember that we had had any advance warning of any big storm or anything like that.

BJ: So you were just sitting there working, and it was going on outside, and when you went to go home, you noticed there was power off.

HG: I guess we finally did hear about the power being off. We heard there was a hurricane coming up the valley, so that's when I decided I had better see how things were out here.

BJ: So it hit more through the valley then? You mentioned Mt. Toby though.

HG: It hit out here, but I guess I hadn't better say because I don't remember specifically just where the most damage was. After that was when I had to give up my field work on Mt. Toby. So I got a job on a logging crew. I knew the foreman, Dan McClury. He had been the foreman for all the field work on Mt.

Toby, ever since they'd had the demonstration forest. That was only three or four years. So I worked on the logging crew when they started to harvest the downed pine and hemlock. That's all they were interested in. I worked on that that winter till sometime the next spring or summer. They had the New England Timber Salvage Operation under the Forest Service, with headquarters in Greenfield. I had to take a little examination, didn't amount to anything, and I got a job as a log scaler working for the Forest Service.

BJ: What's a log scaler?

HG: You tally up the number of board feet in a log after are out, so you know what they are worth. The government bought them. They set up logging sites, storage sites and mills. In fact, there was a saw mill right across the road in what we called Ward's pasture. The old Ward place is down the end of the road there where Mimi Cary lives. There were some woods and a lot of open pasture. There was a mill there and long lots back there where they stacked all the lumber. I worked as a log scaler for about two years. I worked in various places from South Deerfield and Wendell and Shutesbury and Leverett.

BJ: In 1938 were there a lot of trees around Pelham or is that when it was pretty open? Some people talk about how you could see a long way and so forth. Do you remember?

HG: Well, it was more open than it is now. There is a snapshot that Danny Allen showed me, taken in front of the next house, over here, looking towards Mt. Orient. It was all open—open fields and barbed wire fence and stone walls down back of the house where Joe Morgan—you know where Nicolay lives. But you look over on the hill, the interesting part was unless you could identify the other places that are still there, you'd never know that you were looking up towards Mt. Orient.

BJ: That was about when do you thing?

HG: Well, according to Dan, that was about 1915.

BJ: Then that must have been the period when it was most bare and beginning to grow back again?

HG: It had been bare by that time. According to the records, the biggest clearing was from the 1890s to 1920, roughly. The stands of timber you see now mostly are dated, roughly, from around 1920 until now. Now they are cutting a lot of stuff again. You see, it is about a fifty or sixty year cycle. There were only three houses here, and only one over there. Doubledays' down here was the only house here. Across the road here, we used to call that Joe Morgan's meadow. Further towards the road there were several apple trees, orchards. Down this end was called Joe Morgan's meadow. Of course, he lived out there at the end of the road.

BJ: Where did you come from originally?

HG: Southbridge, Massachusetts. Worcester County. In fact, it's on the Connecticut line. My folks all came from that area. Just below Sturbridge. Where Old Sturbridge Village is we used to go catch horned pout out of the river and go blueberrying.

BJ: Horn… (Catfish.) Oh, catfish. I don't know the other word.

HG: Horned pout.

BJ: I have sometimes trouble with the New England accent. I like to hear it, but I sometimes don't know the words. How did you and your brother get over here then?

HG: We came up to college in '26. Then he got a job at the college after he graduated in '30. In the thirties, time of the Depression, the jobs weren't easy to find. You took what you could get. I worked on my uncle's farm, down there. In fact, that's why we got interested in coming up here to the agricultural college. And we figured we would probably go back there and help my uncle eventually, farming. I don't know as we'd thought it all through, thoroughly. Anyway, I went back there and worked for him part time. I worked as a rod man for a civil engineer, surveying for town survey work, on the roads. Things weren't very prosperous at the farm. I had a chance to come back up here and I went to work at the college library at the University—the Old Chapel Library. I was there for about two years. (That was when?) The last of '32, '33—along in there.

BJ: Something you said fascinated me a ways back. You said because the hurricane blew all the trees down you couldn't do your field work, then you couldn't finish your degree. (No.) There wasn't any other way to do it?

HG: Well, I suppose if I had wanted to stick it out, to keep on, I suppose there was a possibility I could have changed my program. It was probably two years before I could get back up there so you could travel cross country. They opened up the old logging roads, but the whole area—some thousand acres—was laid out in the grid system, with stakes. I didn't have anything to do with that. That was part of the Forestry Department. Professor Holdsworth—I used to call him Bob Holdsowrth—I knew him when he first came. He was about the first one that was the head of the real Forestry Department at the college. My field work consisted of following all these grid lines, back and forth, all winter. I lived in an old house up there that winter. That was the winter of '36-'37. It was cold that winter. I don't know how cold it got, but I know it was plenty cold and there was a lot of snow. I w as out every day following those grid lines. I had to cover the whole area twice a week.

BJ: And you were just basing that on if you saw one of those, or if you saw signs?

HG: Well, it was based on a formula that a fellow by the name of King worked out in Michigan. Michigan and western New York. They found the flushing distance. You can hear them when they fly up. Not always, that's been determined, sometimes they can fly off real quiet if they want to. Usually you hear them when they take off, so there is a formula that they worked out on flushing distance that determines the population of the birds. So, of course, you had to go around the pond. Of course, I couldn't do that after all the trees were blown down. I started in the fall, and run it all winter and come nesting time in the spring—along about the first or middle of April, I discontinued it through the summer. Then I was going to start again the next fall and carry a full year—that's when I couldn't go back and do it.

BJ: Have you continued to be interested in wildlife, as you were out in Pelham and could walk around?

HG: After I worked for timber salvage, as a log scaler, I took exams for Aquatic Biologist, and I got a job working for the state, on stream survey. They had WPA crews scattered around in different areas. They went up on these streams where a lot of the bridges were washed out after the '38 hurricane. Because trees went down and stuff would wash up against the bridge, water would back up and wash the bridges out. The State Department of Public Works, Division of Waterways set up a clearance program. At that time, they didn't have all these natural resources, they called it the State Department of Fish and Game. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, with Dave Mill the head of it for years, he was the one that instigated it, as I understand it. They were afraid of Department of Public Works was going to do, figured they were just going to clear all these streams and completely spoil it for fishing. In other words, make canals out of all the streams—you know, cut the stuff off the banks and channelize the main… (Because that would be easier to clear it?) Well, then the water wouldn't back up. If we had another storm, why everything would go swoosh down into the biggest rivers. Dave Aylward and a fellow name of Kitson got somebody appointed for… Actually, I was working for the Division of Waterways under the Department of Public Works. In fact, they're the ones that paid me, but I was working in direct opposition to what they wanted to do. When they sent a crew out, they had a WPA foreman on the crew, but they just go along and everything on the banks and pile it up and burn it. And then they put a fire shovel or a bulldozer in the streams and dig a nice ditch. The water just goes through a regular sluiceway or canal. I was supposed to survey the stream and come up with recommendations of other ways to do it.

BJ: Did you do it here in Pelham?

HG: No, all over the state.

BJ: Did somebody do it here in Pelham? Were there streams that were involved?

HG: No, there weren't enough streams here of any size.

BJ: I wanted to ask you, when you came here, what state was Quabbin in?

HG: Well, they were buying up land and had started clearing. (That was in?) 1935. I guess they had already started on the dam. I think the dam was started in 1934. They started buying up land in 1929. I did some graduate work there in '32-'33 when I was working down the college. My brother and I both did. We went over on the Swift River, over in Quabbin Hollow before they flooded everything. That must have been in '32. The Zoology Department of the college wanted some, well you'd call 'em mud puppies. They're a big salamander. Doc Gordon who was head of the department figured there ought to be some over there. So we went over and splashed around for a couple of different times and all we could find was a couple of black snakes. We never did find any mud puppies. When I was doing the log scaling work—of course, they cut quite a bit of stuff over there and brought it out to a dry site, up there at the foot of the road that comes down from Shutesbury on to 202. You'd never know it now, but right there across, on the right hand side as you are going north towards Athol, right at the foot of the hill, where Shutesbury Road comes down, there was an open field and they had a mill and a storage site for logs there. There was one log they brought down from the Old Town Farm in Shutesbury—well, it's gone now, but you used to be able to see, you probably could now if you knew where to look where the old building were. Every town had a poor farm, or a town farm where the indigent and different one…. Pelham…

BJ: I've asked about that and I don't know. Do you know that they had a town farm? I don't think they did.

HG: In Pelham? Apparently not.

BJ: I wonder why not. You said every town had one, Pelham didn't have one. I keep asking questions like that.

HG: The nearest thing that comes to that, as far as I know, would be a nursing home where old Pop Hamilton Lived down there on Harkness Road. There used to be a kind of nursing home there but you couldn't call that a town farm. Pelham, at one time, had a law that if you weren't able to work you couldn't live here. They run several families out of town.

BJ: Where did you find that out?

HG: Parmenter.

BJ: Oh, a long time ago. (Hundreds and some years ago.) You were mentioning about this big log or something.

HG: Oh yeah, that they brought in. Anyway, I think it was about fifty-two inches in diameter. Four feet and then some. I got bawled out more or less. I wouldn't call it a bawling out 'cause I wouldn't accept it. I shouldn't have taken a log that big. The mill couldn't handle it. We had specifications on the minimum size, but nothing was ever said about the maximum size. After they had gone to all the trouble of bringing it in, I wasn't going to refuse it. Of course, we could refuse a log if it didn't come within the specifications. A fellow by the name of Hannifan had the mill up there, and for years afterwards that log was still laying down thee, side the old road. I went down there a couple of years ago to see if I could find it. I didn't find it. I wouldn't be surprised it's still there if I knew just where to look. 'Cause the mill just couldn't handle anything that big, that's all. It was a portable mill.

BJ: You mentioned several portable mills around in Pelham. How many at one time, would you say, would there have been?

HG: I don't know as there was more than one in Pelham.

BJ: You mentioned there was one over here. And I know there was one up on that stream that goes across North Valley Road. The part that is closed in the winter. Sometime there was a mill there. Up beyond Lederle's? (Oh, but that was after that.) Which was after what?

HG: The mill up there was after that—'38. That was before World War II. Most of these mills were all earlier. The logs had all been harvested and sawed up and gone by. The New England Timber Salvage operation wound up somewhere around 1944-45, actually. That was gradually fazed out altogether.

BJ: You said that your brother bought this house. Did coming to Pelham make any difference, or was it just that you found a good house someplace?

HG: He liked it very much. His wife came from a farm down on the Cape, so she liked a place where they could have a garden and they kept chickens and pigs and so forth.

BJ: What were some of your first impressions of Pelham? In terms of people or ground or anything.

HG: I didn't get to know too many people right around here because in '35 I was in the C. C. Camp. In '38 I was here but I was working up Toby. I used to come back here and stay nights and so forth, but I didn't get to know—except a few people I got to know through the church. (Did you start going to the church?) Yeah, my brother and I sung in the glee club down the college, so we sang in the choir down

the… Well, started in, a fellow by the name of Russ Nims from Greenfield was the one that was interested in it. He got my brother and I interested in it at the Unitarian Church, the one right next to the Post Office. Then we started going to this church up here. When I was here, I went fairly often, I guess. He and his wife and all the kids, he had two boys and two girls. They all sang in the choir up here to the church when they got big enough.

BJ: Did you feel it was easy to get involved in things like that? Were people friendly or unfriendly? Friendly?

HG: Yes, I found that. I don't remember anything… Oh, you still hear the same thing even now. You talk to Aubie Weaver or a few others around here—you know, native born, why ah, you say something about back when… Oh yah, but that was… You know, they go back a few years further. Of course, Danny Allen wasn't born in Pelham, if you want to come down to it. He came here when he was about five years old. (Right, I think he told me that. I think he was born in Northampton.) Yeah, Northampton. I think that is what he told me too. I found that you can make friends here. I didn't have any problem. Arnold Foote ran the place down here, the farm where Zahradnik….They keep horses and they own all that land where they're building new house out there on Harkness Road. I got to know them quite well. They were real good. Next door here was where Aubie Weaver's father lived when we moved in here. Old Leigh Weaver. Because they had just taken over his house. The old place where he lived was up on 202. You know, Quabbin bought him out and tore the house down. So they came down here. They had only lived over here two or three years, I guess, when my brother bought this place.

BJ: Did you hear people like that speak about Quabbin? Were they bitter?

HG: No, that was the thing that always—not puzzled me, but—they seemed to accept it. There was nothing they could do and that was that.

BJ: I have found that over and over. I expected people to be all up in arms and very very few people seem to.

HG: I know it. I don't know what kind of song and dance they gave 'em when they came in here or maybe they were just stupefied. I don't know.

BJ: I think what you said, though, about people accepting it, my sense is people just didn't think they could fight it. (I guess so.) It surprised me, like you said.

HG: They must have had meetings to explain what was going on to those that wanted to find out, but apparently most of them just passed it around word of mouth that they were going to build a dam, it's going to be flooded, so we gotta get out.

BJ: You moved in here right when they were about to flood it, you said. Did you hear people talk about it very much?

HG: No, I can't say as I did. (I'm not surprised.) Probably my brother would have heard more about it because he was here all the time.

BJ: Maybe, but some people just didn't talk much about it, especially way down here. I say way down here, but people, say, well, that happened up there. (Yeah, over the hill.) Right, over there. It didn't have anything to do with me.

HG: I remember when they were building the road—202. And like I say, I never heard anybody making a big row or objecting or anything else about it. I have often wondered how come. I think if I had been here, I'd have tied myself to a tree up there. I guess on the radio, last night, wasn't it? Oh no, on television, about someplace out on the west coast there, on the Siualaw River. You know, three guys have chained themselves to rocks down there and they aren't going to go. They are going to have to blow them up or something other before they'll…..

BJ: You mentioned the building of 02. Do you remember anything especially of interest?

HG: No. After it was built, I used to try to follow the old roads, here and there. Going towards Shutesbury there was a place referred to as "High Bridge." I thought I'd go down there and see it. It is fairly high for an old stone foundation bridge.

BJ: Was the original road a lot more wind or what kind of differences?

HG: There wasn't any through road. Up here where you go to Shutesbury, that's still pretty much the way it was. Right there at the corner was changed a little. (You mean like where the grass grows in the middle of the road, like that?) Yeah, but then it used to cut on down the hill. And the road from Shutesbury that goes to part of Shutesbury that was down in the valley they called Millington. (That was down in the Hollow?) Swift River, yeah. As I understand it, the trolley cars used to come down from Orange down to Millington. I could be wrong on that. From there, they went round about up through New Salem. There wasn't any direct road right through where it is now all the way.

BJ: Was there a road to Belchertown somewhere though? Where 202 is?

HG: Up where it goes over the hill, up there. You know, where the radio towers are, from there on down. I've forgotten just where the road did come in, but I got the old topographic maps around here somewhere shows how that road used to go. You'd go on over the hill and start down, you know, up here to the corner, and then turn right and angle up the hill back out towards Knights' Corner. There wasn't any road where it cuts through the ledges up there by the radio tower. There wasn't any road there beyond one house that sits back from the road there

where the old Pelham Hotel used to be. There was a road up to there, but from there on I don't think there was any road until you get pretty near to Knights' Corner. Well, no, there was, because where Weavers live, I don't know where that road did,… Then there was, of course, the road where King Street and King Road, those tow roads used to turn off somewhere. (They seem to be kind of there by themselves now.) I understand there at the top of the hill, where it goes through the ledges there beyond, there wasn't any road there. They cut through and then tied up with a road that came up the hill from further down and angled up the side of the hill over there.

BJ: You sound like you have prowled around in Pelham and looked for things a lot. What kind of interesting things besides high bridges have you seen?

HG: I like to follow maps and so forth. When I was on that stream survey work, I roamed on the back roads a lot. I worked on that till the war and then I was in the army for three and a half years. I came back and went to work at the Montague Fish Hatchery. After two months, changed over to the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service. That's what I continued up till I retired. I like to go out and just poie around in old cellar holes.

BJ: Have you ever found anything particularly interesting?

HG: Yeah, one place up here off of Queen Street. It goes from Enfield Road out back of Mary Taylor's up there, Utter Road. (Oh, that's Queen Street. I've never heard that term.) There is still an old road up in there.

BJ: Is there really? I knew there was a road there, people talk about it, but I didn't know it was Queen Street.

HG: You go back of Mary Taylor's and kind of angle up the hill a ways you can find a…. well, this end of it you'd never recognize that there was ever a road there hardly. If you start from the other end and came all the way down over the hill and started down this way, why you can more or less pick out the road all the way down to where it joins up there back of Taylor's. That sure surprised me. I run across that years ago. There's still an old wooden sign that says Queen Street. I told a few people, I guess Joe Larson and two or three others they knew about it, they'd seen it. I didn't want some of these college kids, not too derogatorily, you know, to go up and grab it and stick it up in their room or something. I guess it's still there. One of the courses I took when I was working for my Master's Degree, was like a management plan for an area over in Quabbin Valley, Swift River Valley area, we picked out a site and made up a management plan for improvement of wildlife and so forth. I poked around over there then looking for some of the old cellar holes.

BJ: What are some of the differences you see in wildlife now say than back then? Some people tend to say there is less and so forth an other people say no, there's more chance for more of it.

HG: I think all together you'd have to say there is more now than there was forty years ago. (Why do you think?) Well, it's not farmed near as much. A lot of the old fields are grown up. Of course, the whole thing about the deer herd—my Dad was born and raised on a farm and went in the woods most of his life and when he was a kid growing up, very rarely they saw a deer. He and his brothers used to go out and trap partridges. And sell partridges around town to earn a few cents. But there weren't any deer. That was something you heard about but you never saw. I suppose it's the same way with other things. A week or so ago Joe Larson was on the radio at noon time. (From WITT?) Yes, they interviewed him. He is head of the Department of Forestry and Wildlife. I was surprised he said a couple of his students were putting these radio receivers on bears over in Quabbin. I didn't know there was a bear out there.

BJ: That's a more sophisticated way of taking a census, right, than walking up and down. Did you go to town meeting all along or not?

HG: Well, when I was here, yeah. (how often, once a year?) Well, yeah. They didn't have—just the regular town meeting—they didn't have any special town meeting. I suppose they did on occasion but I don't remember going to any special town meetings. Except in the last few years.

BJ: Do you remember any big issues?

HG: No. I remember going to a town meeting upon the hill, there. Arnold Foote and Walter Harris and two or three others were up there. Arnold Foote didn't have a lot to say. 'Course he was kind of a slow talker anyway. They really got kind of riled up over something, but I don't remember what it was all about, whether it was about some road or what it was. I probably hadn't been around here enough to know any of the background or all of what was involved. Anyway, Walter Harris had a kind of high pitched voice, you know. He'd get a little bit excited and it would keep going higher. As I say, I don't remember….

BJ: Nobody does. I ask everybody out of sort of feeling that somebody's going to remember, but they say, "Well, I remember," like you say, "some arguments or something," but they never remember what it's about. So you think, well, maybe things aren't as important as we think at the time. What are the main differences you see, than when you first came here?

HG: The people who have moved in more recently, most of them are somehow connected with the university.

BJ: How do you feel about that? That seems to be one of the things that gets people all one side or the other.

HG: Well, I don't know. Most of those that I know to some extent I like them very much. Jim Kindahl. I'm on the Conservation Commission, he's head of that. I'm glad I know him. I knew his wife Connie. She used to have more to do with the Historical Society. She was head of that for quite a few years. I was just thinking of the Shepards up here. Alan and his wife Susan. They go to the church up here. They really got excited or worked up about when they were logging up here on that old road, Fail Road. (Oh, I just saw about that in the paper. I didn't know what all the background was. I figured there was something more than in the paper.) I always called it Fail Road. It is spelled Phail or Fail. (Somebody's name?) Yeah, used to be a family—the old Fail's place is up there. Fail is one of the last ones that lived there. Danny Allen told me who used to live up there. It belongs to Ann Hastings in town. She bought that lot, I don't know what she's going to do with it. According to Burt Page, he says one of these days we'll have a new road through back of Mt. Orient, around up through and down over the hill and down into Fitt's Mill up there by Atkin's Reservoir.

BJ: Where is Fitt's Mill by Atkin's Reservoir?

HG: Atkin's Reservoir. That's in North Amherst—Cushman. The Fail Road goes over the hill and comes out there at Fitt's Mill. It joins Sand Hill Road. Old Rufus Fitts run a mill there. Banfield, a guy from the university, he lives there now.

BJ: I wonder if there are some things you wanted to talk about that I didn't touch on. Your interview has been particularly interesting because of the outdoor interests that you've had and I don't have too much about that.

HG: I've talked to Charlie Wentworth and Len Page about it. The field over back of Page's used to grow tobacco. There used to be some fields over here where the ball field is over in back of Page's. Somebody used to raise tobacco over there. When we moved in, there was tobacco hanging up in the barn. The wires were still up there on the rafters. Somebody said that quite often when someone had land, they'd put in a couple rows of tobacco for their own use. (I never understand how they grew anything out here. Every time I try to take rocks out of the….) This land here is kind of funny. Out where my well is, it's quite heavy black soil. Where the house sits, it's all sand. Tom Rice, who teaches geology,, used to take the class out here. This was some old moraines, all this stuff, sand outwash and one thing and another, and in between were these areas of black meadow land. This house here is right in the corner of it. This out here where my garden is and out through here, is good meadow land, and this little swamp right in back of the next house over there, water stands there year round. It's pretty well divided up. Up there where the old springs are, where they used to supply water to the east village, there is a road that angles up the hill, and I was out there

one spring three or four years ago—I found a ladder, Pelham Fire Department, with brush over it. That's always puzzled me.