

OUR BUCKLAND from The History of Buckland Massachusetts, Volume II 1935-1979 Bicentennial Edition, by Beulah Cross published by the Town of Buckland as a project of the Bicentennial Steering Committee Buckland Massachusetts 1979 Organizations page 139-141

## “Our Buckland”

In the summer only, from 1949 to 1955, Eleanor Clark, assisted by others, under the sponsorship of the Grange, produced a small newspaper called Our Buckland. At the time she was serving as post-mistress (1944-1959) and her situation lent itself to the accumulation of community news – sad, funny, curious, informative. A reading of these treasured papers gives one vivid glimpses of Upper-Buckland life twenty years ago. The items include the activities of the Grange, an alert group involved in community projects as well as exhibits at fairs, scavenger hunts, surprise picnics, and practices for Janet Wetterwald’s Pinafore and Mikado.

Other features of the paper were a poetry page, favorite recipes from famous local cooks, Church and Ladies Club news, items from Buckland’s past history, and notes regarding organizations – Cub Scouts, 4-H, Nut T Club.

Special articles occurred at intervals: Rev. George Merrill’s life in Hawaii after retirement; Maywood Miller’s visit to Bermuda; Jennie Cooper’s trip to England in the Coronation year of 1953; Donald Judson’s stay at a monastery; Amos Franceschelli’s travels in Europe and Mexico; Bob Hartwell’s trip in the Blue Ridge Mountains; and Dr. James Smead’s vacationing with George Fox on the hill.

In 1945 the Buckland Weavers was organized through the efforts of Eleanor Clark, who transformed rooms in the Buckland post office building on Upper Street into a workshop. Looms of various sizes and types were installed. Exhibits were on display of weaving equipment from the Wilder Homestead. Professional teachers came from nearby towns to give instruction in different kinds of weaving. There were exhibits of weaving, old and new, and a salesroom for sale of woven articles, and room for sale of weaver’s supplies. There were people who joined the organization from Charlemont, Conway, Greenfield, Rowe, Elm Grove, Shelburne Falls and two women who moved Buckland to avail themselves of the use of the Weaver’s Work Shop. Weaving is an old craft well known in olden days in Buckland, as was exemplified by the work of Mary Lyon and Dr. Mary Dole.

The Buckland Weavers initiated and organized a Weaver’s Seminar at Skinner Hall, University of Massachusetts, on July 28 and 29, 1955. Mrs. A.C. Aldrich of Charlemont was the head of the venture and had spent a year in the planning, hoping for attendance of one hundred. Actually two hundred came. Exhibits came from fourteen weaving groups, from Berkshire to Boston, Holyoke, Springfield, Worcester, Connecticut Weavers. Demonstrations of threading looms in linen, tapestry, and damask were given.

Very suddenly on May 3, 1958, at home in the Wilder Homestead, Eleanor Clark died of a heart attack. She had been a member of Ladies Club, Shelburne Falls

Woman's Club, D.A.R., Deerfield Valley Pamona Grange, as well as the Buckland Grange. Her earlier life had been spent in teaching in towns around the county. Her being correspondent for the Greenfield paper had taught her the value of news. Whether as teacher, post mistress, weaver, editor, club member, Granger – whatever she did, she did with her whole heart and mind – and so was called home as a good and faithful servant.

## ***Introducing Our Buckland Buckland, Massachusetts July 23, 1949 No. 1***

### **Page 1**

This is the first issue of OUR BUCKLAND – a small paper for a small town written by local people for local readers. The object of its publication is not simply to give you a digested version of the news you read in the “Big” papers, but instead is primarily to present to you the news which doesn't reach those daily editions: the little incidents which happen in our town. We may easily read in the RECORDER that Mrs. Whatyacallit spent the week-end with Mrs. Who'sit on Upper St., but we can't read in the RECORDER the birth announcement of H.L. Gould's heifer calf or an inside report of the Nut Gathering at Eleanor Clark's sugar house. Those of us working on OUR BUCKLAND are looking for this type of news – the “behind the headline” things.

But OUR BUCKLAND has another reason for being printed. In this paper (to be published as often as enough material accumulates to fill up its pages) we want to introduce you to the literary talents of some of our townspeople. There will be a Poetry Page in every edition. Also, special articles on any subject will be printed. This is your paper so send us something which you think your neighbors might like to read. Present your material well-polished and clearly written; your editor is a busy fellow and hasn't time to plow through careless manuscripts. Grange, Church and various club news articles will be published without the reporters' names. Special articles will be published with the author's name unless we are requested otherwise. All letters to the editor must be signed and your name must be published with your letter. Choice bits of gossip and amusing or interesting local incidents may, of course, be reported anonymously.

The price of our paper is a nickle [sic] a copy. All we want to do is break even. If by any chance, however, a profit is made the money will purchase mimeograph supplies to be used without cost by any local group or organization.

We've had fun preparing this edition of OUR BUCKLAND for you and hope you'll enjoy it. Now you help prepare the next one. Send in your contribution for the next issue no later than Friday, July 29.

## BALKING BOSSIE GETS BATH

“Old Gould” has been having trouble with one of his cows. When he turns them out in the morning this one pauses in the alleyway and blocks further traffic. One of those extremely hot days she stopped as usual and the exasperated man picked up a pail of water and let her have the full force of its chilling contents. Result: nothing! After the initial shock she decided it felt good so she just stood and waited for the next pailful.

## ATTENTION NATURE LOVERS

If you have been bothered by not being able to say the name of that wild flower growing in the woods out back of the house, here is your chance to set your mind at ease. OUR BUCKLAND offers as a special service to its readers an opportunity to learn the name of any wild flower. Just leave your specimen at the post office, and in a few days you will receive a post card giving you the name of your flower as well as a little interesting information concerning its growing habits.

## HEARD IN BUCKLAND BARBER SHOP:

John LaBelle: “Haven’t I shaved you before?”

Customer in chair: “No. I got that scar in Italy.”

## **Page 2**

## WARP AND WEFT

Warp threads on a loom are wound almost endlessly on the warp beam in back, and they unwind across the loom onto the cloth beam in front. Our birth, living and death are like an endless warp from the future we cannot foresee to the past which is completed.

Across the warp on the loom, we send [sic] the shuttle with the weft, coloring the cloth and weaving the patterns. Just so the happenings of everyday weave the patterns of our lives.

Does it explain the title WARP AND WEFT?

Another new life is begun in Buckland, and we welcome Douglas Newton to the crowd of local babies. *[Douglas Rigney Newton was born July 7, 1949 a son of William R.H.K. Newton Jr. and Karen Marie (Rigney) Newton in Greenfield, Mass. He died June 9, 2015 in Concord, N.H. at aged 65 years after a battle with lymphoma and tick-borne infections. He is buried at Brick School Cemetery in Colrain, Mass.]*

Mrs. Munch, who died June 9<sup>th</sup>., although she wasn’t known personally to all of us, has left behind her an impression of one who was thoughtful of others even in her own extremity. *[Mildred (Schaefer) Munch was daughter of Charles Schaefer & Sarah (Browning) Schaefer. Mildred was*

*born about 1903 in Bixbie, Arizona. She died in Buckland on June 9, 1949 at the age of 46 years 3 months 14 days of cancer and pneumonia. She was the wife of Walter H. Munch. They resided in Buckland. She was buried in New Caanan, Connecticut]*

To Jo Anderson Burnett, the bride, go the well-wishes of all those who watched her grow to be an attractive young woman. As her life unfolds may she color it with joy and service. [*Miss Josephine Louise Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knute G. Anderson of this town (Buckland), was married to Donald Elmer Burnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Luther F. Burnett of Conway, at 10 this morning in the Mary Lyon church parsonage. Rev. George A. Merrill performed the double ring service. The bride wore a powder blue eyelet dress, street-length, with a corsage of red roses. Mrs. Burnett was graduated from Arms academy this year. Her husband was graduated from Sanderson academy in Ashfield in 1943. He is employed on his father's farm. The couple will live in South Ashfield.*] Marriage published in *The Greenfield Recorder-Gazette* on Sat. June 18, 1949 page 7 under the "Buckland" column.

*Donald was born 26 Oct 1924 son of Luther Franklin Burnett & Ruby (Bardwell) Burnett. Donald died 25 Nov 1984 (aged 60). Donald has a gravestone in Plain Cemetery in Ashfield with his parents. Jo was born 28 July 1931 in Buckland, daughter of Canute Anderson & Nancy (Hoyt) Anderson. Jo died 3 Feb 2018 in Conway at the age of 86 years. Her burial location is unknown]*

Why aren't more going swimming? That is one thing for which we really can get transportation, and it is one thing we can get from our tax money.

Church-goers have been enjoying our new singers. Some have carried solo parts with the group accompaniment, and have sung duets, and some have sung solos all alone. And then every once in a while, we have the treat of a solo by Helen Williams. We never know what next. [*Helen (Schneck) Williams lived in Buckland and worked for Arms Library in Shelburne Falls. She was a music librarian. A native of Cuba, N.Y., she was born 22 July 1906, daughter of Emil Schneck & Rena (Fife) Schneck. Helen and her family were living in Greenfield, Mass. in the 1920 and 1930 censuses. Helen married in Northfield, Mass., on 25 Jun 1933, Harold E. Williams, who was born in Orange, Mass. on 16 Jun 1890. Harold was a resident of Buckland at the time of their marriage. He is listed as a musician on their marriage record. Harold and Helen lived in Buckland in the 1940's and 1950's, before moving to Greenfield where Helen worked for the Greenfield Public Library for 21 years and was a member of St. James Episcopal church and their choir. Harold died 8 February 1965, Helen died 6 February 1979. Helen and*

*Harold are buried in Arms Cemetery in Shelburne Falls. (excerpts from Helen's obituary, and from vital records).]*

Incidentally, the organ has recently been repaired, cleaned—or whatever they do to organs.

Have you been enjoying the poison ivy beside the road? I have. I've been enjoying the fact that it's getting killed. (chalk up a credit mark for our government!) But also, I've been enjoying the colors—fall seems to have come to the ivy early this year. How many folks, not that we're on the subject of ivy, would be willing to club together and hire similar spraying of ivy on the home place? Let's ask Ernest Wilder how expensive it would be.

When are the photographers of our town going to get together? There are nearly a half dozen of them. Maybe someone had better invite them to put on a show. And speaking of photography, are you keeping tabs on the pictures by Dick Gerry in CHILDREN'S R\_\_\_\_\_ [illegible] [*Dick's daughter Janet remembers the name of the magazine was Children's Religion*]. This is the magazine, you know, which is edited by our Janet Newton, and the folks pictured in it look amazingly like our Buckland folks. Surely that was Mr. Merrill in the last issue!

Some of us are so sure we wouldn't enjoy one of those musical evenings which Mark [*Dr. Mark Purinton*] arranges that we are missing something we really would like. If we would go sixty miles and pay money to hear music and enjoy the out-of-doors we might at least try one of Mark's musicals. Actually, unless one has a seat at Tanglewood near enough to see the musicians, one is simply enjoying music exactly the same as one does on Mr. Woodward's lawn. [*Robert Strong Woodward, artist, lived on Upper St.*] The music is just as good and the scenery is better.

The Grange Mystery Ride may have lacked mystery as it was pretty well understood that we'd swim in Ashfield Lake, by you could search a long time for a nicer spot.

Bill Nadeau's bus is a dandy. He hopes that people won't scratch it all up with initials. Soap and water takes off the pencil marks, but the scratches are in for good. Let's help Bill keep his bus sparkling. It would be hard to find a better bus driver than Bill. [*William "Bill" H. Nadeau retired from bus transportation after 22 years of service. After the High Street school closed in June 1940, Mr. Nadeau had transported the students to Center School. He was a farmer as well as a bus driver. He lived on Dodge Road in Buckland. He was born June 11, 1889 in Blue Hill, Maine a son of Felix Nadeau & Mary Louise (LaBelle) Nadeau. Bill died at his home at the age of 83 years on May 25, 1973 leaving two sons and his widow, Lilla Belle (Ruddock) Nadeau, whom he had married on Nov. 11, 1920.*]

Each weaver in our group, you see, weaves a different piece of cloth. Each one of us in Buckland lives his own life. Yet we are all a part of our

town – its homes, its community, its natural beauty, its use to the world – and we're proud of it. It's fund to watch the weaving, and it's fun to report it. May I write again of WARP AND WEFT in the next issue of OUR BUCKLAND? **E.W.C.**

*E.W.C. is presumed to be Miss Eleanor W. Clark who lived in Buckland at the Wilder Homestead with her aunt, Hattie Bertha (Sanderson) Wilder, from about 1942 until Miss Clark's sudden death on 3 May 1958. Eleanor was appointed the Postmaster of the Buckland Center Post Office, which was housed in a building she owned on Upper Street. The building had an apartment that Miss Clark converted into a two-room studio for teaching weaving.*

*[info on Miss Clark from Buckland Historical Society records available on line <https://www.digitalcommonwealth.org/search/commonwealth:bk128r04x>]*

### HYMN SINGS COMING

The church "hymn sings" this summer will be once a month instead of once a week. Beginning at 7:30 P.M. and closing at 8:30 the light will no doubt be good enough so that some or all of our sings may be held out-of-doors. Mark Purinton will play and Mrs. Wetterwald will assist in the services.

Last Sunday, some of our "Wayside mercies" were noted in the sermon. They come through our ordinary senses, and through our soul's sensitiveness. They all speak to us of the prevailing love of God.

### **Page 3**

### SONG OF THE SEASONS

Come and see our Buckland buried deep in snow,  
With the North wind blowing, the mercury ten below!  
Put on your coat and mittens so you will not freeze,  
Get out the old toboggan and buckle on your skis.

Come and see our Buckland in the early spring,  
When the sap is flowing and the birds begin to sing.  
'Tis then the days are lengthening one or tow more hours,  
And Mother Nature's carpeting the earth with lovely flowers.

Come and visit Buckland when summer days grow hot,  
Find rest and relaxation in some shady spot,  
A place to park your worries, your troubles to forget.  
The chance is two to one, I thing, you will leave us with regret.



If you would see our Buckland when she is best of all,  
Plan your coming wisely and visit in the fall.  
'Tis then that she is gorgeous, the fairest spon on earth,  
And you can truly feel you have had your money's worth!

**G.G.**

### CLOUDS AT DAWN

Stealing, stealing across the sky,  
Way up there, way up so high,  
Breaking the darkness of the night,  
Bringing day with sun and light,  
All the world is asleep but you  
And the oceans, cold and blue.

You never stop to fall asleep:  
Constant watch o'er us you keep:  
The sky is filled with sunny hue:  
Plants are covered with sparkling dew:  
Soon across the sky you'll go  
And where you'll stop, I'll never know.

**C.E.P.**

### OLD TIME SOLUTION

In answer to "Suggestion"  
On OUR BUCKLAND's poetry page,  
It seems to me that I recall  
Back in my day and age,  
Those problems like the horse shed  
Us boys solved on the sly;  
'Twould be taken care of nicely  
On the Fourth of some July.

**A Has-Been**

### AS GEORGE DOES IT

Georgie Pickford has a plan  
Insuring married bliss.  
When he and Shirley disagree,  
They work it out like this:  
Instead of risking rolling pins  
She might bounce off his dome,  
He goes outside and takes a walk  
While she cools off at home.

**S.W.**

*[George Pickford (1922-1998) & Shirley Pomeroy (1930-2020) were married on 27 June 1949 in Worthington, MA, Shirley's hometown. George was listed as "a state boy" when he lived with Clinton & Alice Dodge in Buckland in the*

*1940 census. George and his wife Shirley were living in Buckland in the 1950 census. They eventually moved to the Berkshires and lived in Worthington MA and Huntington MA. They are buried in Norwich Bridge Cemetery in Huntington.*

### ON VACATIONS

No Matter where I roam  
On country, sea, or foam,  
I'm always glad to head back home  
After spending so much dough!

**L.R.H.**

### MODERN SOLUTION

In regard to that old horse shed,  
Which has long unsightly stood  
Out beside our meeting house,  
Doing no one any good,  
Why not make some use of it  
As any Christian should:  
Let's give it to the parson  
To be used for kindling wood.

**G.G.**

## **Page 4**

### WARP AND WEFT

It was never planned that this column was to be written under the maples at the Wilder Homestead. Comfortable as this spot is, it leaves me feeling that I do not know much about what is going on and will consequently have little news for you this week

Some of the folks who are sentimental about old boards and such may have a chance to get some when Dick and Elsie Mayer really begin to dismantle the old house at Buckland Station. I can plainly see that if I were building a home to suit me as perfectly as possible, I wouldn't remodel the present house, so I am sympathetic with their building instead of antiquing. With their permission I pass along the word that this may be a chance to get genuine old boards sometime. Five dollars a board has been offered for two old maple boards four feet long and wide for table leaves. Is a chance like that getting by us?

Do you call it puddin' bag – this thick-leaved plant beside my hammock? We kids used to pinch the leaves carefully between thumb and finger until front and back separated and we could blow air into them. I remember the wild kind blossomed once. Seems as if I remember they



blossom only one in seven years. Does anyone know? Of course garden sedum is different.

Is there any bird sleeker than a Cedar Waxwing? A couple of them lit within five feet of me in the hammock. All over tan-brown with not a ruffled feather! A sharp black line over the eye, a crest of the body color, and on each wing the bright drops of wax! Yellow band on the tail, too.

The birds I don't like are the starlings which are in a flock in this maple over my head. What is this dropping on the leaves? Should I be glad that cows don't fly?

Such a lot of traffic – bum road or no bum road! It reminds me that Route 112 is part of the Great Gravel Cross and is the only improved road connecting Jacob's Ladder, Lafayette Trail, Berkshire Trail, and the Mohawk Trail.

Back in the early days of autos, Worthington and Cummington and some of the other towns which were the farthest from the railroad of any places in the state, persuaded the New Haven railroad to put a trolley line up into the hills. A bill was gotten through the legislature permitting the railroad to do this but was vetoed by the governor (Was it Foss?) because he felt that autos were the coming means of transportation and that gravel roads with rock foundation were better than trolleys to help. He was right and put through his roads from Huntington to Shelburne Falls and from Williamsburg to Hinsdale (Mass.) making the GREAT GRAVEL CROSS. Outside traffic as well as local is certainly using 112 today!

The logmen on the Connecticut River and their baked beans are remembered by a number of folks who have written and phone to "Aunt Bertha" since her letter appeared in the RECORDER. Glenn Boyle of Gill sent her quite a long letter as he is working on a history type of book; and Mrs. Mabel Jones of Shelburne Falls remembers the havoc the spiked boots made of the floor of their home in Turners Falls where they all camped. Besides the beans they gave the children cookies.

Wonder how the ant war on the post office lawn came out? The Reds were fighting the Blacks, and the nurses and soldiers were running widely around. Maybe the nurses knew where they were headed with those eggs and pupae, but it didn't seem so. The bug-ologists claim they have a plan.

Folks still want homes in Buckland and come asking: "Where can we find a place?" Has anybody a house to rent or sell?

Our local conchologist is enjoying the July issue of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC with its pictures of shells. Miss Etta Howes had many of these shells identified as pictured.

Weaving is buzzing like fury with Vincent Newton making 54 inch wide stuff, Ellen and Sylvia weaving rugs for the Episcopal Ladies' Sale at Ashfield the 18<sup>th</sup>., people coming in to buy, Mr. and Mrs. Mayer of Elm

Grove coming to get measurements for remaking an old loom, and Mrs. Drew of the Indian House in Deerfield with Miss Holmes coming to see Mrs. Merrill with her type of loom as well as those at the post office.

Isn't Jeannette doing excellent work making these stencils and blocking in the columns? She is much helped by the way Mark types and plans each page. Nice Going! **E.W.C.**

## **Page 5**

### INTRODUCING: GEORGE H. WOODWARD OLDEST RESIDENT IN UPPER BUCKLAND, AGE 92

There may be a few here in town that know there is a man by the name of George Woodward over at Willard Aste's, but not many know what his connection is with Buckland. This page of biography will introduce him.

George was born Feb. 11 1857 on the Lower St. in the house now lived in by Mrs. Tennant. His parents, Abner S. and Sarah Evelyn (*Stetson*), were quite well to do so George had a quite normal boyhood. He had one sister, Eva, who was about five years older than he.

His family moved from George's birthplace to the house in which Ira Eastman now lives, and here his brother Charles was born in 1860. They later moved to the Forbes place, the present home of Robert Atherton, where another brother, Allen was born in 1862. George claims his family moved so many times in his early childhood that his mother, tired of packing and moving, threatened to set fire to the furniture and his father buy new.

George was 4 years old at the outbreak of the civil war. At the age of 10 his family moved to Shelburne Falls where his bought and remodeled the old Franklin house, renaming it the Woodward Hotel. This stood where the Odd Fellows Hall stands today on State St. beside the Buckland Town Hall. Incidentally, the Woodward Hotel was destroyed at the time of the big fire in 1876, which burned the town office and the Methodist Church.

When he was 14 his sister Eva, who was to married, became ill and died just three months before the wedding date. Dr. Josiah Trow, the present Charles Trow's grandfather, was the attending physician. Three weeks after the death of his sister, George –possessed with the desire for travel – left Shelburne Falls and went to Western New York where he studied the trade of a telegraph operator. He shuttled back and forth between Shelburne Falls and New York, attending the old Franklin Academy a few terms and then traveling back to New York and studying telegraphy. After 4 years he completed his courses and waning to see more of the country, traveled south where he worked as his trade for a number of years.

Finding a steady job too confining, he took up the trade of repairing sewing machines because it afforded him more chance to travel. As a

repairman he covered most of the southern states, including Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, and southern Kentucky. He continued this trade for 22-1/2 years, and at the age of 41 returned to Shelburne Falls.

He remained in S.F. a little over a year and then again his love of travel took him, this time West. His first stop was in St. Paul, where he got a job with the Northern Pacific Railroad. They sent him to Miles City, Montana, where he worked as a spare telegraph operator. He would replace any of the regular operators if they became ill or went on vacation, etc.. He was later transferred to Helena, Montana, where he remained for some time.

He quit his job with the Northern Pacific after working for them 2-1/2 years, and journeyed to Lansing, Michigan, where he got a job with the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Railroad. After about 8 months of dispatching, he decided that it was a much too responsible position. Commercial Telegraphy was all right, but this was too nerve racking. Leaving Michigan, he returned home where he took up his nearly forgotten trade of repairing sewing machines. (Asked if he didn't think he wasted his knowledge traveling so much and not keeping a steady position, he replied: "I suppose a rolling stone gathers no moss, but I never cared much for moss anyway.")\_

His father died in 1905, and George, his mother, and his two brothers moved back to Buckland to the place where Fabian Stone lives now. After the death of his mother in 1911, George traveled all over New England repairing sewing machines. He retired at the age of 84, lived in a rest home for 5 years and then moved back to Buckland where he has lived with Willard Aste nearly four years.

George never married. He claimed he never saw a woman he would want to marry, but later admitted that he did see one or two but didn't have crust to ask them. "They probably would have hit me between the ears with a flatiron!" However, he advises every young man to get married for he's never seen a single man yet that amounted to anything. **Herb**

*George H. Woodward died 14 April 1953, four years after this article was published. He is buried in Arms Cemetery in Shelburne Falls.*

TALES FROM THE DEEP WOODS

Years ago, we are told, a group of hoodlums (who hadn't heard of the effects of the wonderful Buckland air) tried to hold up and rob a Buckland citizen. The three of them had a very difficult time subduing the man, though. When they finally overpowered him, all the money they could find was a dime. "Thank goodness," remarked one of the bandits, "it wasn't a quarter."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Aring and her sister, Mrs. Fox, who are spending the summer in the Aring's summer home on High St., solved their problems with a nest of hornets a couple of weeks ago. The crafty ladies placed a bucket of kerosene in a position which they hoped was directly beneath the next resting place beneath the eaves of their cottage. Then Mrs. Aring, reading from a window, dislodged the structure with a fork. A lack of stinging bees and a glance at the kerosene commended the ladies on their aim – they had scored a bull's eye.

Lena Hartwell saw that mountain lion that had the surrounding communities astir for some time recently. She was sitting on Lillian Hartwell's lawn when she spotted the animal going down the High Street road. Although positive that it was the lion and quite well scared, she still can't explain what "Leo" was doing with a leather collar around his neck.

Louise Fitzgerald has kept the whole of High Street guessing for about a year now on that little place she's having erected between Scott's and Hartwell's. First a cellarhole, then a cabin near-by, then a chicken coop, and now and ell (?) is being added. We wouldn't be too surprised at all to find that she'd turned the vacated cellarhole into a nifty little swimming hole on one of these hot days.

**Bob Hartwell**

*Walter Airing and his wife Emma (Witt) Airing had lived in Cleveland Ohio and Longmeadow Mass., and Springfield, Mass. before living in Buckland. Walter was born 15 May 1885 in Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. He died 13 Dec 1955 (aged 70) in Buckland and is buried in Lake View Cemetery, in Cleveland, Ohio. According to her findagrave.com information, Emma died 6 Aug 1962 (aged 71-72) in Turners Falls, Mass and is also buried in Cleveland with her husband, and their son Milton (1908-1952).*

## THE WHY OF OUR “LIGHTNING SPLITTER”

Buckland’s unique “Lightning Splitter” was built by Arvid Crittenden, a very tall man, who said he wanted one room in his home high enough so that he wouldn’t bump his head on the ceiling. One room in the center of this house has a very high ceiling.

## THE BUCKLAND GRANGE DOPE

Last week Buckland Grange had a good business meeting and a fine entertainment – to say nothing of the refreshments.

There is only one sad feature about the meetings that I would like to mention...rather gently. Buckland Grange has a few important matters to discuss, and soon they must be voted on. Now, it seems to me that the place of discussion is at the hall and certainly if we are to vote we must be present. Another reason a Granger should be present is to enjoy the entertainment. Many evenings much work beforehand has been done for our pleasure. The least we can do is be there.

We all have hobos at the Grange meeting, and I must say such an assortment! There was the Gray Hound bus type, Pullman train type, cattle car type, and just plain bum type. The scavenger hunt was a huge success as, of course you know, a good hobo makes a perfect scavenger.

The best scavengers proved to be Bud Wilder and bride, Ellen Gelbar, and Yours Truly – although our hats go off to Bill Fitzgerald. The poor hobo had a flat. But rest assured, my readers, he never has so much good help!!!

Our minister and wife certainly gave us a merry chase, and who but they would think of bringing back a thimbleful of water from Clesson’s River. Ginger cookies, another item on the list, were a highlight of the evening, especially getting them from Trow’s. Boy, did we have a feed-----ummmm, good!

Ross Miller surely can pick out water melons. We had sixty-five pounds of the best ever, ask anyone who indulged.

Plans re under way for the annual Grange Fair, September 24. There is a new feature that should be of interest to all. The fair is open to the whole community whether a Granger or not. A list of entries is being compiled and soon will be available. Best of luck to you all. A supper sponsored by the Grange will be served the same evening under the chairmanship of Ellen Gelbar.

**E.G.**

CONTRIBUTION DEADLINE  
FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF OUR BUCKLAND  
AUGUST 26

EXTENSION SERVICE –HOMEAKING NEWS

Buckland's Town committee meeting took place Friday, July 15<sup>th</sup>. At the home of Mrs. Charles Litchfield with 9 homemakers taking part. Interesting programs for the coming year were outlined by Mrs. Marjorie MacGillacuddy, Extension Service leader.

Mrs. Earl Lilly will again represent Buckland as council chairman. Mrs. Richard Gerry was appointed town committee chairman to replace Mrs. Schas. Litchfield. She will be assisted by Mrs. Howard Warfield, Mrs. Kingsley Thatcher and Mrs. Roswell Miller. Mrs. Butron Gelbar will be in charge of publicity for the year.

After the meeting Mrs. Mac Gillacuddy demonstrated the use of sewing machine attachments—use of the hemmer and the binder, how to darn with a sewing machine, and many helpful shortcuts and suggestions for the best work from a machine.

Eleven women recently completed a course in refinishing furniture. Mrs. Chas. Litchfield acted as leader and passed on the information learned at two leader-training meetings in Shelburne Falls. The course included different methods of removing the old finish, making minor repairs, removing stains, preparation work, and new finishes best suited to the particular piece of furniture. Many interesting problems developed as layer after layer of paint was removed. The old "buttermilk red" proved to be the most stubborn. Should one keep on sanding or did one like the old red?????

One of the difficult pieces was an old rod-back Windsor chair where lampblack had been used for a finish and hours of scraping with glass seemed to be the only cure.

Watching the bleaching effect of oxalic acid in the sunshine on a stain from an old stencil on a Hitchcock chair was most gratifying.

When the oil was finally applied to a piece of curly maple or a cherry stand or even an old piece of pine and the beautiful grain and lights from the wood came to life, one felt repaid for the many hours of work.

A big year is planned for Buckland homemakers! Your publicity agent will keep you posted. Watch for this column.

NUT GATHERING

The Nut T Club had their annual picnic at Eleanor Clark's sugar house on the evening of July 5<sup>th</sup>, with ten members and one dog present. A number of folding chairs, several card tables, and a couple of portable charcoal grills made a perfect set up for a hamburger roast. There were salads, several kinds of pickles, and for drinks a cooling fruit juice or hot



coffee and cream. To top it off there was lemon sherbert and some delicious nut cookies.

Brownie, the dog, behaved beautifully, keeping the cows from getting too close and entertaining the crowd with tricks after the lunch. The conversation was lively and varied, but not too biting. There was a slight discussion in regard to the health merits of the two coffee pots used – one being aluminum and the other stainless steel. But as the same coffee was used in both pots those who tried a cup of each found they tasted about the same and were willing to run the risk of getting poisoned. No one reported suffering.

The high spot of the evening was the presentation to Clara Powell of a bed jacket and a nightie with matching housecoat and slippers. The ensemble was a gift from the Club to Cara on her approaching visit to the Franklin Count Hospital and was made by Ellen Gelbar. The party broke up about dark after an enjoyable evening.

WANTED:

A shady place where the Bachelo Boys can sow their wild oats.

BEHIND THE HEADLINES:

The local district nurse attempted to play a joke on one of her men patients the other day. This particular gentleman is in the habit of having baths in bed, but this bright morning she announced (in what she hoped was her most professional manner) that as long as it was so warm she was going to give him his bath in a tub in the shed. Judging from the muttering as she left the room to get things ready she was much amused that she had sounded so convincing. Imagine her surprise a few minutes later when the patient appeared in the shed all ready (and we do mean ready) for his bath!

**Page 8**

IN THE MORNING MAIL

To the editor of the Buckland Bazoo

Dear Sir:

I have a gripe that I would like to bring to your attention. I refer to the condition of the Shelburne Falls road between Mr. Woodward's small cottage and the junction with the Rand Road opposite the Haeberle residence. It seems to me that the people of Buckland Center who have to travel this road twice a day should see if something can be done by the contractor WARNER BROTHERS to make things a little easier for us.

We will have to use this part of the road for the rest of the summer and fall, and the holes in it put there by the heavy trucks of said contractor are raising not with the tires and springs of our cars. I believe a few patches could help a great deal to make this road safer and easier to travel and I would like to recommend that a citizen's committee be formed to confer with the contractor of the state engineer in charge to find out if the poor condition of this road can be remedied.

**H.E. WILLIAMS**

(Any interested person willing to help get this situation remedied please give OUR BUCKLAND your name. Don't just think about it; let's have some action. Ed.)

To the Editor:

Can you tell me something about the fire protection project that the town is working on up in Mary's Griswold's pasture? Are they going to make a swimming pool for the children? We have heard a lot of rumors but no one seems to be able to tell us the facts, and we feel that the people in town would like to know all about it.

**Burton Gelbar**

IS SWIMMING GOING TO BE PERMITTED IN THE "FIRE" POOL?

Dunk Purinton: "We didn't intend to make a swimming pool up there, but Mary Emm says that the kids can swim in it if they use only one path to get there. She doesn't want 'em running all over the damn mowin'."

Mrs. Griswold: "The land is deeded to the town with the stipulation that if it isn't used for fire protection it must be returned to the owner. If the town wants to permit swimming (while it is being used for its original purpose) it is alright with me. Cliff's cows are in the pasture up there though, and I would prefer that a path be made to the reservoir from the library to prevent a crowd from passing through my mowing or pasture, Godfrey Isaac! It's up to the town whether or not swimming is permitted."

Francis Trow: "It is up to the Town Fathers. Legally, it is town property and hence will be open to the public unless posted otherwise. We thought some of putting a fence around it but the money appropriated (\$2500) is so nearly used up we won't be able to do it this year anyway."

Harry Spencer: "I have talked this matter over with Mr. Wells and we have decided that we have no objection to swimming in the pool. The town will not be responsible for any accidents which might happen up there and a sign to this effect should be posted before the children start swimming. By the time it fills up we should have a sign up."

(WILL THE POOL FILL UP?)

H.L.Gould: "A lot of people think that it won't but I know that it will."

Dunk Purinton: "Of course it will."

(IS THE POOL SAFE FOR SWIMMING?)

Francis Trow: "I'm afraid some of the little kids might fall in."

Charles Hunt: "No, I certainly don't think it is safe for anyone under 14 or 15 or anyone who can't swim. The water will be at least 4 ft. deep and probably quite a little deeper. It will be too hard for the kids to get out once they're in."

**Ed.)**

*Thanks to our dear friend Arnold Purinton, we have learned that "Dunk Purinton" was Earl H. Purinton (Arnold's uncle) who was a world record holder in ox-team drawing contests. He had competed in ox-draws at New England fairs for 51 years and his team broke the world's record in 1928. Born in Buckland in 1892, Earl "Dunk" Purinton was a son of Luther L. and Lula B. (Taylor) Purinton. Earl married Ethel A. Clark on New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, 1911. Earl died at the age of 75 years on August 7, 1967. Ethel died Tues. Dec. 27, 1979. They are both buried at Arms Cemetery in Shelburne Falls.*

### JACKMAN STUBS TOE

While playing ball the other day Richard Jackman decided his shoes were too heavy, so he took them off to make better time running bases. But after stubbing his toe and getting a painful sprain he came to the conclusion that it was his feet that were too heavy. From now on he will run bases with shoes on—that is, when he can wear them again.

### POSTMISTRESS OFF DUTY

Eleanor Clark is again suffering from a very severe wood poisoning which is keeping her from duty at the Post Office. Exercise is wonderful but our advice to Eleanor is to keep out of the brush.

***End of this issue***, transcribed on 16 April 2024 – another page, double sided, found in an issue at the church - reportedly part of this same edition, however, the following is determined to be part of the August 20, 1949 issue No. 3. The following transcription is left here as here's where it was found, however, it is repeated in the August 20 edition as well...:

### FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

I often wonder why it is men always want a son, while a daughter's just accepted and no celebrating's done. It seems to me in things worth while that girls are underrated, while boys get all the credit and their worth is overstated. They're hard on clothes, they're noisy, they eat like growing shoats, they tease their sisters and their pets and get the neighbor's goats. And when it's time to beau a girl, the chances are you know, he'll drive the family car around and spend the old man's dough. He'll use his father's razor, and he'll wear his shirts and ties. And Dad gets stuck with cleaning

bills for clothes that Sonny buys. Then there's another fallacy that everyone's been told, that Dad depends upon his son when he's alone and old. But Sonny's wife won't understand or yield to every whim, so usually his daughter is the one to care for him. You can bet your bottom dollar with the bringing up she's had, that she's got her Mother's technique in the proper care of Dad. Why are men so stubborn, for when all is said and done, those sapheads go on thinking that it's smart to have a son. **S.G.W.**

### BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

H.L.Gould is proud to announce that out of 18 trys and 17 bulls he has at last been blessed with a heifer calf.

### FAVORITE RECIPIES (sic) OF FAMOUS COOKS

Mary Emma's Baked Beans  
(serves 12)

Soak 1 lb. white beans overnight. Put on stove, let water come to boil, turn off water, cover again with cold water and let come to a boil a second time. Add ½ teaspoon soda, stir thoroughly and turn off water. Cover again with cold water and boil until beans crack.

Add:

1-1/2 cups Maple Syrup  
½ teaspoon mustard  
Little salt and pepper  
Piece of salt port (about ½ lb.)

Bake 4 or 5 hours in slow oven being sure to keep beans covered with water.  
*(from the Better Homes and Gardens New Cook Book and [www.ApronFreeCooking.com](http://www.ApronFreeCooking.com): a slow oven = 300-325 degrees F)*

### SAVE BOX-TOPS FOR CHURCH

My skin was delicate and dried,  
While beauty hints and soaps I tried.

They made it worse,  
And though I'd curse,

I simply stayed at home and cried.

In CAMAY SOAP I sure did find it!  
It cleaned my skin and then refined it!

And now my face  
Goes any place,

I'm not ashamed to stand behind it!

Procter and Gamble I've befriended,  
My skin troubles they have ended.  
I'm telling you  
My dreams came true.  
There's nothing like it – CAMAY's Splendid!

Note: This truly worthwhile soap may be purchased at either Ed's or Dunk's. You will not only benefit your complexion by buying a couple of bars—you may also benefit the Church. Brings the wrappers back to either Shield's or Purinton's store before Friday, July 29 on these – as well as various other wrappers and box-tops --- may be turned into cash for our church. For more detailed information as to which tops to save call Mrs. May Mayer.

### LATEST INFO ON GRANGE DOINGS

Wednesday, July 13<sup>th</sup> has come and gone, and no more mystery remains about our Grange picnic. We met at the Grange Hall and left for Ashfield Lake on Bill's new bus. Fun was had by everyone – boating, swimming, horseshoe-pitching and eating hot dogs.

Since the last printing of Grange news many unexpected events have happened causing postponements in our activities. Children's Night has been changed to some night in August. Our Movie program scheduled for July 27<sup>th</sup> is a bit in question – the Ewart girls have had trouble with their cameral. The program being substituted is to be a surprise. Lastly, the Straw Ride will take place on Friday, August 19<sup>th</sup> instead for July 21<sup>st</sup> because of a Pomona meeting at the Univ. of Mass.

Sister Clara Powell is on the gain at the Franklin County Hospital. Let's have her home sooner by sending cards.

### POETRY PAGE (Contributions wanted)

#### RAIN

Oh! What is so rare as a rainy day!  
We've hardly had one since early last May;  
The lawns are brown, the pasture's sere (sic)  
The corn grows slowly and doesn't ear.

Unless we have rain sometime very soon  
The cows might as well be "over the moon"  
For all the milk seems drying up, too.  
So what are the farmers going to do?

Let's hope St. Swithin's Day brings us rain!  
That lawns and pastures grow green again;  
That lactic fluid again will flow  
And "garden sass" once more will grow.

Although we mortals fume and fret,  
"Damn Nature" hasn't deserted us yet.  
Seed-time and harvest are sure to be  
If we simply have Faith—just wait and see.

**L.A.W.**

### IN A GARDEN

What do you find in a garden, my friend?  
Food for the body, the soul, and the mind.  
Dwell there a while with the sky overhead,  
And something of value you surely will find.

Beauty is there, in fruit and in flower,  
Rich in their texture, - fine in their hue,  
Sweet their aroma and varied their form,  
All of it there, and, it may be, for you.

You won't see it all, -there always is more.  
Mystery lurks in petal and leaf.  
Questions will come to you, as you attend:  
Answers will come, perhaps only brief.

Lessons for life? Yes, they may be there;  
In what God is doing, and what you may do.  
You'll not miss it all, - for some will sink in,  
And you will find truth there you doubted was true.

**G.A.Merrill**

### COON HUNTING

I went coon hunting one night,  
And did I have an awful fright!  
For my dog just couldn't see  
To find a coon that he could tree.  
Instead he ran ker-plunk!  
Right into a smelly skunk!  
And when I to his rescue went,  
I got caught with that bad scent.  
When I got home I made my bed  
Out on the bench in the old tool shed.

**Walter Record**



THE BETTER MOUSETRAP

Ellen has a little cat

As cross-eyed as can be,  
And every time he looks at her  
I'd swear he looked at me.  
It'll take a mighty clever mouse  
To figure out his jumps,  
He changes ends with lightning speed  
And looks both ways at once!

**S.G.W.**

WHAT IS BUCKLAND?

B..autiful  
U..ndulating  
C..ountry  
K..nolls,  
L..evels,  
A..nd  
N..umerous  
D..ales

M..ake  
A  
S..enic (sic)  
S..plendor

If you wish to forget  
World worries and ills,  
Come up and relax  
Midst our Buckland hills.

**L.A.W.**

**No. 2 Our Buckland      Buckland, Massachusetts      August-06-1949**

BOOST IN PRICE NECESSARY TO PREVENT BANKRUPTCY

The first issue of OUR BUCKLAND sold quite well, approximately 150 copies being distributed. Townspeople seemed to like the idea of having our own paper, and many—digging deeper than the necessary nickle (sic)—came up with a dime when they paid for our introductory edition. As a result, we made our financial ends meet and even had some money left over to buy paper, ink, and stencils for the next issue.

We have learned by experience, however, that the cost printing this paper is more than we can meet by charging only a nickle (sic). This and the following editions of OUR BUCKLAND will, of necessity, have to be sold at a dime a copy. You may buy yours at the post office or either Ed's or Dunk's store. If you so wish, 50 cents will by this and the next three editions—all four of which will be mailed to you or delivered directly to your door.

#### ONE-LEGGED HEN SAVES NICK BY LAYING EGG

“She ain't really one-legged,” says Uncle George Tower, “but she's got rheumatism or something, and can't use but one.” He put her in a pen by herself because the other hens bothered her, and although her comb got red, and she sang happily as she hobbled around, she still didn't lay. One morning he informed her that if she didn't lay he was going to chop off her head and have her for dinner. The next day when he went out to feed her she was singing to beat the band and hopped over to the corner of the pen. “And I'll be darned if the dern old coot hadn't laid an egg,” says Uncle. “I always thot (sic) a hen didn't know nawthing (sic), but she understands all right.”

*Presumed to be the George Tower of the following obituary from Feb 1962. George and his wife Minnie are buried in Center Cemetery #03 on the hill behind the Buckland Public Hall (former Grange 87) north of the Mary Lyon Church on Upper Street:*

#### *GEORGE TOWER OF BUCKLAND IS DEAD AT AGE 100*

*Centenarian Succumbs in Nursing Home; Was Oldest Resident*

*Buckland - oldest resident of Buckland; born in Savoy the son of Mr and Mrs Orin Tower; member of Mary Lyon church and former member of Buckland Grange; had been in good health until two months ago; his wife the former Minnie Wells Burdick died in 1953; he leaves four step-sons Herman W Burdick of Greenfield, Kenneth E Burdick of Buckland with whom he lived, Leslie M Burdick of Bennington, Vt and Wayne A Burdick of Nasonville, R.I.(sic), and several nieces and nephews; funeral at Mary Lyon church, burial in Buckland Center, Smith Funeral home in Shelburne Falls in charge [published Saturday, February 10, 1962, Springfield Union]*

#### MARRIED MAN IN BACHELO LODGE

George Pickford was a single man for 27 years. Now he has been married a little over 5 weeks and loves it. In fact, he advises every young man to get married, providing he can find a girl he can be happy with – one that doesn't smoke or drink, a lady that's a lady.

When George and his wife, Shirley, got back from their honey-moon he had to find a place where he and his bride could live. So he hailed Stan Clark and Jim Scott and after they talked it over with the other Bacheloes(sic) they agreed to let him rent their Lodge until September. They are very comfortably established there with plenty of wood, plenty of food, and good spring water. For present they are using

the Bacheloes' furniture because they haven't much of their own, but they have lots of pots and pans, coffee pots, dishes, and a whole cupboard full of gold-rimmed glasses for the soda they keep in the spring. At present the young husband is working for William Nadeau. He says his wife is a splendid cook and his dinner is always ready when he comes home at noon. He believes the woman should be boss of the home and have charge of the bank account. Incidentally, they are one our steady subscribers and paid us for the first issue of OUR BUCKLAND from their bank account, which at present is kept in a mayonnaise jar.

They don't do much for recreation except maybe a dance in Ashfield on Sat. night, but they have had lots of company, and everyone in Town is welcome.

We noticed a sign in the bedroom window which read "Rest Room", and when we questioned George about this he said he considered the sign explained itself – a bedroom is always a rest room.

They don't know yet where they will go after September, but they definitely do NOT want to leave Buckland. We wish them luck.

*George Pickford and Shirley Pomeroy were to be married on June 27, 1949 according to an article published in The Berkshire County Eagle newspaper on Wednesday May 18, 1949 page 5. George died in 1975, Shirley in 2020. They are buried in Norwich Bridge Cemetery, Huntington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts.*

## **Page 2**

### WARP AND WEFT

Let's get angry – angry with ourselves because we keep still and don't let the proper folks know how we feel about this recreation business.

We pay taxes for a recreation program and allow it to be run in such a way that we do not benefit. The time, the places, and the transportation schedule all work out wrong for us and we do not do a thing about it.

Swimming training is good, be we live in the country and enjoy rural life so why bring up our children to be dashing off in a mob for somewhere all the time? Why can't the recreation leaders come up here and teach some things which the kids can do in small groups.

An old friend, David Grayson, came to see me while I was sick and spoke of Adventures in Friendship.

"Do you know," said he, "the more I look into life, the more things it seems to me I can successfully lack and continue to grow happier. How many kinds of food I do not need, nor cooks to cook them, how many curious clothing nor tailors to make it, how many books that I never read, and pictures that are not worth while! The farther I run, the more I feel like casting aside all such impediments lest I fail to arrive at the far goal of my endeavor."

So said David, and we paused a bit to consider some cluttering details that I could cast out of my life.

David sent me to the Bible, too. He referred to Jehoram as a “misplaced” man for the account of his life ends: “And he departed without being desired.” No one want him. Good riddance to bad rubbish.

Was the damage done by his teachers or was it done long before his teachers could have affected his character?

Perhaps he never knew the friendly helping hand of a neighbor.

When newcomers come to Buckland we aren't just sure whether these people want us in their lives or not. If they want to stand off by themselves we do not wish to intrude. Yet if we can feel that our interest will really help we are more than ready to take them in. Which comes back to the universal rule: He who wants friends must show himself friendly. Sometimes that means accepting as well as giving.

Mrs. Merrill seemed much at ease for her chat about Hawaii. She managed to get by without one word about weaving which is more than I would have done!

Just before the Mitchell place was re-sold I had the privilege of going through it. It was the first post office in town, you know. The boards in the panneling (sic) below the chair rails are some of them 21 inches wide! The curve of the ceiling upstairs comes from the timbers which were hewed that way.

Among the papers at the Wilder Homestead is a letter from a brother who had gone out to western New York to the brother who stayed here. He tells this brother to write to him—to write a long letter “For I can afford to pay the postage.” Probably that came to Buckland's first post office, and maybe the brother here had trouble raising the postage or perhaps his brother was just plaguing him a bit!

From the town history I got an idea of early Buckland which hadn't soaked in before. It seems there was a man named Othniel Taylor who lived across the Deerfield in Charlemont and who had three mills at the Millyard somewhere near the present Stetson place.

When his son, Samuel, was to be married, the lumber for the new house was sawed at the Millyard and the house built on the father's land. That was the house where Francis Trow now lives.

Othniel's son, William, also built a house on the Buckland side across from his father's, near the ford. That is the place Dick and Elsie Mayer have bought.

Another story claims that it was on this place that there was a fence around a deer park. When the deer were inside feeding, the bucks were killed. Then the gates were opened and the does freed to return again with more deer. It is said that this is the reason for the name “Buckland.”

I see by the paper that the bill for regional schools is rolling along. The question at this writing is whether the state shall pay from 35% to 65% of the total or 25% to 55%.

Several folks have mentioned the beavers at Tannery Falls. The drive to the Brier is also recommended.

I need a joke to close with, but the wise guys will probably think up some about poison ivy!

**Page 3**

POETRY PAGE

OH SING ME A SONG OF THE SUMMERTIME

Oh sing me a song of the summertime,  
Of sweat and dust and dirt and grime,  
Of hoeing and weeding and bugs on the vine.  
The tomatoes and potatoes are growing fine!  
There's peaches and cherries,  
And sweet corn and berries.  
The most delicious, delectable treats  
Are sharing the joys of summertime eats.  
Oh sing me a song of the summertime,  
Of the smell of the new-mown hay,  
But the sweltering sun isn't any fun  
When you have to hay all day.  
I could live all day in the swimming pool,  
And sleep on a cake of ice to keep cool.  
I've prayed so long my tongue is blisterin',  
Install in me some air conditionin'.  
Oh sing me a song of the summertime,  
Can I have a penny, a nickle, a dime?  
Of popsickles and ice cream cones,  
Of scratched up knees and broken bones,  
Of suntanned backs and picnic snacks,  
The fishing pole and the ole swimmin' hole.  
Oh sing me a song of summertime,  
A romantic moon and love subline,  
The orchestra's bluster and blare and whine,  
We dance and dance and think it's divine,  
My Darling Clementine and Sweet Adeline,  
And our hearts entwine with your hand in mine.

**E.Lincoln**

WHERE WOULD YOU LIVE

Some want to own grand homes of stone;  
Some, mansions by the sea;  
A quiet nook beside a brook  
Would be the spot for me!  
A cozy cot by a garden plot  
With flowers growing there,

With trees around, where Brich (sic) abound,  
And music fills the air.  
I could not thrive like bees in hive,  
As City Dwellers do;  
I'd long for trees and birds and bees  
And meadows, wet with dew.  
Let those who will, the Cities fill,  
Give me the Country life,  
With gardens fair and pure sweet air  
Far from the City's strife.

**L.A.W.**

THE DRIP

Herbie's digging gaping holes  
    Upon the mountain side,  
In hopes to find a crystal spring,  
    Replacing one that dried.  
He's convinced the water-wizards  
    Must have lost their knack,  
For all the water he has seen  
    Is what runs down his back!

**S.G.W.**

A SUGGESTION

If that old horse-shed  
    Must stand there forever,  
Because there's no other  
    Place for it elsewhere,  
Let's give it a shave  
    And smooth off its battlements  
So we can endure  
    the sight of it there!

**G.A.M.**

EVENING

Evening with its unset glow,  
And the dew falling slow;  
Evening is a quiet time,  
When the birds all chant in ryme

Flowers nod and droop their sleepy heads,  
And little children go to their beds  
Wit the stars twinkling light,  
Guarding all the night.

**Bonnie Campbell**



IN THE MORNING MAIL

To the Editor of OUR BUCKLAND:

Feeling deep appreciation for now being blessed with a reliable water supply from the artesian well at my home on Buckland Upper Street, will you please, through the columns of your paper, inform the residents of the village that at a time of any water shortage or emergency, I will be only too glad to share my water with those in need. Water can be drawn by any Bucklandite, at either the outside faucet near the front door or at the side faucet by the kitchen door—or even be gotten from inside the house if one so prefers; it is all the same water, excellent in character and ample in supply. This offer holds good for any time of day or night, whether or not I am on the premises at the time one might come. **Robert Strong Woodward**

Dear OUR BUCKLAND:

There was one advantage in running out of water last week. I was down at Bert Wise's when the OUR BUCKLAND boy (Editor's note: that was me!) came around, and I got a copy—on credit! It's a great start and should be continued.

Being as we live up Swill Hill some things get by us, but they won't if we can get a subscription to OUR BUCKLAND—and not on tick either.

Few folks know where Swill Hill is but it is in the history books that it got so named because it is night unto "Hog Holler." Up there in the pine grove right opposite the Lightning Splitter over Clesson's River Jim Smead and George Fox have cabins. Like most everybody in town we pay our taxes in Buckland but spend our money in Shelburne Falls. We are spending the first two weeks of August on Swill Hill but nearly every good week-end throughout the year you'll see smoke rising from either or both of our chimneys. Remember when it issued from Jim Smead's house? That was bad, but he got some more boards and put the house right back. Now he's trying to put the trees back, a harder job and one which will take more time.

Well, good luck to the OUR BUCKLAND venture and enclosed—no, guess I'll bring up the nickle. **GEORGE M. FOX**

Sir:

It is indeed a pleasure to become a charter subscriber to your new venture OUR BUCKLAND. Enclosed please find my initial dues. I hope to become a contributor as well as delighted reader of your columns.

Very truly yours,

**Farmer Kenney**



## TALES FROM THE DEEP WOODS

As further proof of the healthfulness of the Buckland air we recall a tale told us by one of Buckland's "veteran" citizens. It happened that way back when a nickle cigar cost a nickle and the road to Shelburne Falls was passable, the citizens for the town had trouble starting a cemetery until the local doctor died of starvation. One minister of the Mary Lyon Church believed in the benefits of the wonderful fresh air so much that even on cold Sunday mornings in January he insisted that the church windows be open. "But," he explained, "it isn't healthful to sleep with the windows shut, anyway!"

There's been a lot of talk about whether the town's youngsters should be allowed to swim in the now fire-protection reservoir. We wonder how many of the older folks have been thinking of taking a dip when nobody's looking, too.

Someone has given a suggestion for improving the condition of the road to the Falls. Make a few more holes in it and the darned thing will be level again.

Buckland natives have of recent been enjoying the new "drive in" theater just across the Deerfield River from Roswell Miller's home. Ross still can't see why they couldn't have built the thing facing his sun porch. And speaking of "drive in", Joe Mayer and a few other of our residents want an addition to the refreshments served. It isn't that the popcorn's not good, but why don't they sell oats for the horses?

**Bob Hartwell**

NOTICE: Coupon saving for the benefit of the church will continue another two months. Call Mrs. Mae Mayer for details.

## THE LATEST IN GRANGE NEWS

July 27 was Grange meeting and bee-ruther what a sweltering evening. Maybe the hot weather accounts for the rather low attendance, only 20 members present. But you know, the ones there had a grand time, per usual.

The meeting was easily handled with no big discussion on any subject – imagine the Master appreciated that!! The Grange, however, did miss the Worthy Secretary, who always seems to be able to add a bit of zip to the meetings.

There was one incident that seems worth telling. Dick Gerry, acting as Overseer, had the privilege of appointing a member to help serve on Pomona entertainment August 18. Acting with much authority, he appointed Ellen Gelbar. The next day she informed a group, "I turned my face, but he got me just the same!"

The movies following the meeting, took us all over New England with Mr. & Mrs Aring of High Street. The three films which they showed were very beautiful in color, and the familiar places such as Tannery Falls made them even more entertaining.

A scavenger hunt is scheduled for our next meeting August 10 with Rev. and Mrs. Merrill in charge. This type of program is just plain fun, and all members

should be present for the crazy activities which lie in store. Last year surely brings back gay memories!!! The scavengers had to bring back a piece of chocolate cake; one group took time to make a cake. Another item on last year's list was to get Joe Mayer's signature; some traveled to East Charlemont, while others went to John Haigis' summer home. You know where they found Joe? At home!!!!

With further reference to the Pomona Grange meeting mentioned above, that get-to-gether is scheduled to be a straw ride on Friday, August 19. Buckland Grange has the responsibility of feeding the straw riders. Each member is to bring a musical instrument. One might wonder if these Pomonians were trying to cut out the Boston Symphony or scare the Riders in the Sky. **E.G.**

AD: If you have a heating or plumbing problem, go to S.G. Gould (Tel. 32) in Charlemont. He was raised in Buckland.

## **Page 6**

### FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

I think it's simply awful how the women get maligned. To say we gossip more than men is neither true nor kind. A woman has the final word is the gripe of lord and master, but he's really just admitting that she can think much faster. More reputations have been ruined while men's beer and wine ran free, than all the dirt the women heard while drinking cups of tea. Men congregate on town-hall steps, street corners, or the store, and they'll eye the women up and down and make comments galore. They make fun of our meetings, call them gossip clubs and such, but I notice while they idly talk they don't accomplish much. Yet while our tongues are wagging we're as busy as can be working for the Church or Grange or the community. We'll just sit tight and listen and we'll tolerate their jokes, for we know at heart they're jealous of their clever women-folks! **S.W.**

### FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS COOKS

This week our recipe comes from Hog Hollow. It was contributed by Mrs. Galen Johnson who says this pudding is a long-time favorite of all the guests at the Johnson Homestead.

#### BAKED INDIAN TAPIOCA PUDDING (serves 6)

1/2 cup dark molasses  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons corn meal  
2 tablespoons minute tapioca  
1/4 teaspoon salt

Mix all together. Add 1 qt. milk. Bake in moderate oven (*350-375 degrees F*) for one hour. Stir three times during baking. Serve either hot or cold with either whipped cream or ice cream.

ADVERTISEMENT:

If you want to get married – that’s your business;  
But if you want good groceries—that’s our business.

PURINTON’S STORE

*Earl “Dunk” Purinton had a store on Lower St. in the building that is today (2024)  
Dr. Warner’s medical practice.*

HIGH STREET BUILDS NEW SWIMMING POOL

When it is hot,  
Off I trot  
With my little tot  
To find a spot  
Where it is cool—Ah! The SWIMMING POOL!

**O.C.D.**

Passers-by in cars on High Street often slow down to watch the aquatic activities in the swimming pool opposite Ted Dodge’s house. Here the boys of the neighborhood have dammed up the brook which meanders merrily through Howard Cross’s pasture. The pool is guarded by a friendly elm tree which lends shade to swimmers and sitters on the bank. A Plymouth Rock conveniently lies on the west side of the pool to furnish a place for paddlers to sit. Nearby is a water wheel made by Ted Dodge when fishing was “off.” Russell Dodge and Wayne Wickland have toiled valiantly to remove obstructing stones from the pool. One stubborn rock has resisted the efforts of muscle and crowbar. A wild scheme of hitching a couple of Bump Vailton’s heifers pastured nearby to a rope to lend aid to the occasion was conceived by the boys but found unnecessary when the new bridegroom, George Pickford, in a Herculean effort lifted the recalcitrant rock from the pool to shore. Children of the vicinity who have been attending swimming classes in Greenfield (Paul Winston, Franklin LaBelle, Russell Dodge, Charles and Wendy Patenaude) use the pool to practice what they are learning. A sandpile nearby furnishes amusement for Robert Cross and Bonnie Gay Dodge.

Who says children in the country don’t have fun in the summertime!

**Olive Dodge and Beulah Cross**

## FAITH

Last week Arnold Purinton (age 8), sick with the whooping cough was rolled into the operating room at Farren Hospital to have his appendix removed. The mysterious room with bright lights and white-masked doctors might have frightened him just a little – but if it did he never let on. His last words to the doctor as he was going under the anesthetic: “Alright—go ahead and cut me open. You cut my mother open, and she’s alright.”

## **Page 7**

## ELEVATIONS

High Street (Dodge Road)	1116 ft
Hight Street School	930 ft
Four Corners	728 ft
Scott Bridge	667 ft
Elmer’s Mill	587 ft
Red Schoolhouse down north	516 ft
Royce Clark’s	702 ft.
Keith Fruit Farm	890 ft
Charlemont Road at R.R.	522 ft
East Buckland School	865 ft
Buckland Station	492 ft
Drake Hill	1536 ft
Orcutt Hill	1130 ft
Lone Tree Hill	1454 ft
Hog Mountain	1621 ft
Snow Mountain	1618 ft
Walnut Hill	1226 ft
Goodnow Hill	1233 ft
Johnson Hill	1014 ft
Putnam Hill	1223 ft
Mary Lyon Hill	1611 ft
Moonshine Hill	1558 ft

For the benefit of those whose memories are a bit rusty as to just where some of these hills are situated permit us to take the time and space to review their locations.

Drake Hill is in the southwest part of the town between High Street and Apple Valley. A higher point (1641 ft.) to the west is near an old cemetery and is unnamed on the map.

Orcutt Hill to the south of the road of that name, is overtopped by Lone Tree Hill to the north of the road.

The home of Samuel Chiles lies between Hog Mountain on the west and Snow Mountain on the east.

Walnut Hill is between William Trow's and Kenneth Burdick's.

Goodnow Hill is located to the east of the East Buckland Road with Johnson Hill between that road and the Hog Hollow Road.

Putnam Hill is east across the valley from the church and Upper Street.

Mary Lyon Hill is east from Walter Scott's by air line to the Baptist Corner.

Moonshine Hill is surrounded by Bray Road, Neilman Road, the upper East Buckland Road and the Howes Road.

Local correction of errors may be taken up with the Dept. of the Interior! A map of the 1943 Geological Survey is posted at the post office.

### PET OR PEST

The Wards have a pet crow—or at least they did have when this article was written. When David Carter told Bobby and Roger Ward that he had found a nest of baby crows in the tall pine tree over in Doctor George's pasture, they simply had to go and get them. Bobby shinnied up to the nest and tossed out the baby birds one by one while Roger, standing on the ground, caught them. The boys each took one home and gave the other two to Dav. Bobby named is "P-Sam" and Roger called is "Delicia." Fresh worms were served for the first few days but the dry weather made the digging so tough that the diet was soon changed to bread and milk. Before long the birds were following the boys all around. "P-Sam," however, got to be such a nuisance that Blanche – deciding that she could stand it no longer—had Nelson put it away.

"Delicia" is still living a happy life but she, too, is getting to be quite a problem. She wakes up the family at 6:30 a.m. by pecking on the windows; she chases the cat around; she pecks the dog; she gets into the garden; she flies into the road and stops traffic; and at every possible chance she sneaks into the house to tear up newspapers and swipe food. But worst of all they simply can't housebreak her, and she just loves to roost on overstuffed furniture. One day Annie carelessly left her coat flung over a chair. Cleaning bill: \$1.50. To poor Frisky falls the unwelcome task of cleaning up, and she says she is getting awfully tired of being chamber-maid to a crow. Lillian says that so far "Delicia" hasn't started to talk, but when and if it does she is afraid it will use awful language! We don't know how long Roger Senior will be able to stand it, but after all what's one crow more or less?

## POTENT SQUASH FERTILIZER

We understand Jim Scott has a new recipe for fertilizing squash plants. Take equal parts of hen and goat manure and soak over night in a pail of water. Shake before using.

Caution: Don't shake too hard. Jim tried it and found that a coat of this mixture did not match his pants.

## **Page 8**

## CHURCH MUSIC

August 7	August 14
Anthem: <u>A Carol of Thanks</u> , a thanksgiving prayer by the English poet, William Cornish (d. 1523), set to music by Kenneth Meek	Anthem: <u>God is my Shepherd</u> by Antonin Dvorak.
Offertory: <u>To Be A Pilgrim</u> , an anthem by John Bunyan	Offertory: <u>Listen to the Lambs</u> , a religious characteristic in the form of an anthem by R. Nathaniel Dett; arranged by Victor Harris. A solo by Shirley Scott.

## WILD FLOWERS

When I was studying botony (sic) at Powers Institute, we used a microscope on the blossoms. We counted the petals, the sepals, the stamens and the pistils. We examined the edges of the leaves, the veining of the leaves, and the arrangement of the leaves on the stem. Often we examined the roots, whether they were storehouses for food or drew their food from the air or the ground.

The beautifully illustrated books of today make flower collection so much easier and faster that one does not need to be a botanist to learn to call the wild flowers by name.

Within walking distance from the Wilder Homestead over forty blossoms have been gathered and classified this spring and summer.

Sometimes today I find that the pictures are not enough, and I turn to my old Gray's Botony and analyze the plant.

Since the flood of 1938 many new plants have sprung up on the flat by the river. That blue flower which is so noticeable there—the one with pink in its blue blossoms and pricklers on its stem—is one. It bears the easy name of Blue Flower, the odd one of Viper's Bugloss, and the Latin one of Echium Vulgare. Others which are scattered everywhere just now may be Bouncing Bet (also known as Soapwort), Bladder Champion, or Queen Anne's Lace.

The juice from the Soapwort makes a lather, and it is said that this was used for soap in the olden days. Thoroughwort (sic), tansy and countless other common flowers were used by the early settlers for medicine.



The book I studied in those days at Powers Institute has been revised and is still used by students. A handy little book with pictures is the Flower Guide—Wild Flowers East of the Rockies. The hardest book to use has the loveliest pictures. It is a very hard one to use because it is so big and heavy and is very poorly indexed. This one is Wild Flowers by Home D. House.

The wild flowers on the Wilder Homestead have given me much pleasure this year. You, too, would enjoy collecting wild flowers on your land. **Bertha Wilder**

DRANO

(For the Kitchen Sink)

Why do all men want a Son? Because since first the world begun, they're needed everywhere! Who would run our Ship of State, and who would build our armies great if father's sons weren't there? While growing up to man's estate, I know their appetites are great. But let them eat, I say. And if they tease their sisters too, the chances are that so did you, so let them have their day. And if they borrow daddy's car, it's ten to one they won't go far—they'll likely sit and spoon beside some quiet sparkling lake and watch the silvery moon. I think that girls are O.K. too. Without them both what would we do when we are old and gray? They'll not forget us, that I know, however far they stray. So after all is said and done, let us "Sapheads" have our Son!

**H.E.W. (A Saphead)**

#### A BARGAIN AT SHIELD'S STORE

Firestone tires are for sale at very reasonable prices right here in Buckland. Turn in your old tire and get a new "Standar" 600-16 for only \$9.95 plus tax or a "Super Champion" 600-16 for only \$11.95. You can't go wrong; stop in at Ed's.

*Ed Shields's store was located on Upper Street north of/next door to the Buckland Public Library, the building was later converted to the Buckland Post Office.*

**[END OF THIS ISSUE]**

GRAND OPENING

Neighbors and friends met at Mrs. H.E. Ward's on the evening of August 11, to witness the opening of her Night Blooming Cereus. This is an annual event, one well worth seeing. When fully opened, the flower is about eleven inches across, waxy white in color and resembles a large Water Lily or Lotus blossom. The out petals are pink, and as the blossom opens these slowly turn backwards and wind around the stem. The throat of the flower is filled with stamens that are cupped like the bowl of a large spoon and topped with yellow that looks like a tongue. The pistil resembles a many legged white spider and when the bud begins to open this peculiar shaped pistil is the first thing that peeks thru. It takes about 4 hours to fully open and usually starts about seven o'clock, being in full bloom about eleven. By morning it has lost its freshness and fades very quickly after sunrise. All flower lovers will get a thrill watching this beautiful blossom open, and it is a sight you should not miss. You don't have to! There are two more buds on the plant, and we'd be very glad to keep you posted if you let us know you are interested.

\*\*\*\*\*

What about the INDIAN? Is he a Faith Healer? If so, how, when, and where did he get his divine power? Is it true that he is on call constantly at the hospitals in Clairmont and Newport, N.H.? Can he really circulate the blood and stop hemorrhages? Is his own family healthy? What does he do with his money? What do his neighbors think of him? OUR BUCKLAND reporter goes to Newport to learn the truth. Read his report in a coming issue.

ALL THRU

"Yes sir, Eddie," remarked daddy Earl Purinton, "I'll hang up my old navy hammock for you kids. It's G.I. issue, made of the toughest stuff they could get. Why, it went thru the Battle of Iwo and the roughest and toughest storms at sea, and not once did it let me down! Of course, it's strong enough, Christine. I wouldn't want any of them to break thru the thing either." But sadly we relate: the old navy hammock might have been a Hero on Iwo, but lonely the Indian could cure it now. The next night when five kids tried to play sailor-boys at once, it scuttled the whole bunch of 'em—from the looks of the thing, each thru a different hole.

*Earl Floyd Purinton (1919-2002) was the son of Earl "Dunk" Purinton and Ethel (Clark) Purinton. Earl served in World War II, US Navy, from 27 Dec 1943 through 27 Dec 1945. Ship, Station or Activity: LSM 241; Machinist Mate, 3rd Class. Earl married Christine Field on July 25, 1942. They resided in Buckland Mass. Earl and Christine are buried in Taylor Cemetery #02 on Charlemont Road in Buckland Center.*

## SECRET OPERATION

The Nut-T Club met with Florence Scott on Tuesday evening, August 9, with ten members and one guest present. It was then we learned that one of our members, Madelaine Trow, had been to the hospital for an operation and got home again without any of us knowing anything about it. We were a little at not being taken into her confidence, because we like to feel that our cards and best wishes are a help. But we sent her a card anyway, signed by all present, and sincerely hope she comes along O.K.

It was a very warm evening so we sat out under the apple tree on the lawn and visited until the moon came up. Topics for discussion ranged all the way from the current whooping cough epidemic to the indignant protests against the geodetic surveyors for misplacing our "Putts Hill." Later we retired to the house where our hostess served us ice cream with chocolate and maple sauce, two kinds of cake, and coffee or tea. We left about eleven o'clock, feeling we had had a very full evening.

## **Page 2**

## FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

That women scold much more than men is well established fact, but I contend they're justified in how they sometimes act. If they'd only stop and listen, then those heedless men and boys would save us lots of trouble and we'd gladly stop our noise. They claim they're sick and tired of our jawing day by day, yet keep right on ignoring every thing we have to say. We know when things go wrong for them, how shocking they'll behave. A man will shout and tear about, and how he'll rant and rave! To make a scene and get his way is quite alright to do, but when a woman blows her top she's a fish-wife or a shrew. If his clothes are clean and mended you can bet your boots he kicks, yet we put up with broken chairs or leaks that he could fix. It's against this double standard that we make our vain appeal; there are not two ways about it—we have got a dirty deal!

**S.W.**

## FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS COOKS

### KOON CHAUG UPSIDE DOWN CAKE (Serves 5)

Contributed by Mrs. Pearl Wilder

Fill a 2 qt. aluminum or stainless steel pan (which may be fitted with a tightly-fitting cover) 1/2 full of quartered apples.

Add:

3/4 cup water

A dash of cinnamon or nutmeg

Cover and set on stove.

Beat:

1/4 cup sugar

2 eggs

1/2 cup milk

1 cup flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder and a little salt.

(Add enough additional flour to make consistency of drop cookies)

Drop dough on apples, cover, and boil for 15 minutes. (Apples should come to a boil before dropping dough.)

Serve with maple syrup

*Presumed this recipe was from Pearl Christina (Smith) Wilder who was born 10 July 1888 in Whitingham, Vermont. She died 13 February 1977 in Shelburne Falls. She and her husband Ernest C Wilder lived all their married life in Buckland. They had a home on Avery Road. They are buried in Center Cemetery #03, Upper Street in Buckland Center. They were married on Dec. 31, 1915 and had been members of Mary Lyon Church and many other local organizations.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Cookery Hint: The taste of an onion can be greatly improved by adding a pound of steak to it.

## CLINIC CLICKS

The ladies of the community met at the church vestry Aug.11 for the sewing machine clinic. There were 14 machines with their owners present, and among the 14 there were 11 different makes. There were 4 Singers, and 1 each of New York Witness, Standard, Domestic, Chatauqua, Kenmore, King, Acme, Winson, White, and Adelaide. Work was started on the machines at 10 o'clock, and the cleaning process was finished when we stopped for lunch at noon. The afternoon was spent in re-assembling and adjusting the machines. Mr. Tague was an excellent instructor, and we all felt the meeting was well worth while. Some of the machines

were in bad condition when we started, but all were in good running order when we finished.

Along with the serious business was the comedy furnished by Manley's dog, for whom Edit Gerry was acting as baby sitter. He behaved beautifully, but insisted on taking his nap in the aisle between machines, and being about the same color as the floor he got stepped on and his tail run over. This helped to make the whole day a howling success.

**E.M.G.**

### DRANO

(for that Kitchen Sink)

When it comes to gossip, I really do not know which one would receive the prize in any gossip show! But I think it's really shocking the way the women dress. If we went 'round as they do, we'd hear from them, I guess! No wonder what we ogle as they go strolling by—their clothing is so scanty not much escapes the eye. Don't blame us poor Male Mortals if we comment now and then. There'd be less criticism if they'd wear more clothes again. Back in the good old nineties when we were young and gay you didn't hear the comments you're hearing every day! We men were more respectful and the women more sedate; and gossip not so rampant and hours not so late. So do not blame the gossip on us poor males alone. Aren't you simply reaping a bit that you have sown? We couldn't do without you or the good work that you do, but while you're at that kitchen sink, please take a fairer view.

**Hezzie Ward**

### **PAGE 3**

### FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

I often wonder why it is men always want a son, while a daughter's just accepted and no celebrating's done. It seems to me in things worth while that girls are underrated, while boys get all the credit and their worth is overstated. They're hard on clothes, they're noisy, they eat like growing shoats, they tease their sisters and their pets and get the neighbor's goats. And when it's time to beau a girl, the chances are you know, he'll drive the family car around and spend the old man's dough. He'll use his father's razor, and he'll wear his shirts and ties. And Dad gets stuck with cleaning bills for clothes that Sonny buys. Then there's another fallacy that everyone's been told, that Dad depends upon his son when he's alone and old. But Sonny's wife won't understand or yield to every whim, so usually his daughter is the one to care for him. You can bet your bottom dollar with the bringing up she's had, that she's got her Mother's technique in the proper care of Dad. Why are men so stubborn, for when all is said and done, those sapheads go on thinking that it's smart to have a son.

**S.G.W.**

## BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

H.L.Gould is proud to announce that out of 18 trys and 17 bulls he has at last been blessed with a heifer calf.

## FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS COOKS

Mary Emma's Baked Beans (Serves 12)

Soak 1 lb. white beans overnight. Put on stove, let water come to boil, turn off water, cover again with cold water and let come to a boil a second time. Add 1/2 teaspoon soda, stir thoroughly and turn off water. Cover again with cold water and boil until beans crack.

Add: 1-1/2 cups maple syrup

1/2 teaspoon mustard

Little salt and pepper

Piece of salt pork (about 1/2 lb.)

Bake 4 of 5 hours in slow oven (*300-325 degrees F*) being sure to keep beans covered with water.

## SAVE BOX-TOPS FOR CHURCH

My skin was delicate and dried,  
While beauty hints and soaps I tried  
    They made it worse,  
    And though I'd curse,  
I simply stayed at home and cried.

In CAMAY SOAP I sure did find it!  
It cleaned my skin and then refined it!  
    And now my face  
    Goes any place,  
I'm not ashamed to stand behind it!

Proctor and Gamble I've befriended,  
My skin troubles, they have ended.  
    I'm telling you  
    My dreams came true,  
There's nothing like it – CAMAY's Splendid!

Note: This truly worthwhile soap may be purchased at either Ed's or Dunk's. You will not only benefit your complexion by buying a couple of bars – you may also benefit the Church. Bring the wrappers back to either Shield's or Purninton's store

before Friday, July 29 as these – as well as various other wrappers and box-tops – may be turned into cash for our church. For more detailed information as to which tops to save, call Mrs. May Mayer.

### LATEST INFO ON GRANGE DOINGS

Wednesday, July 13<sup>th</sup> has come and gone, and no more mystery remains about our Grange picnic. We met at the Grange Hall and left for Ashfield Lake on Bill's new bus. Fun was had by everyone – boating, swimming, horseshoe-pitching and eating hot dogs.

Since the last printing of Grange news many unexpected events have happened causing postponements in our activities. Children's Night has been changed to some night in August. Our Movie program scheduled for July 27<sup>th</sup> is a bit in question – the Ewart girls have had trouble with their camera. The program being substituted is to be a surprise. Lastly, the Straw Ride will take place on Friday, August 19<sup>th</sup> instead of July 21<sup>st</sup> because of a Pomona meeting at the Univ. of Mass.

Sister Clara Powell is on the gain at the Franklin County Hospital. Let's have her home sooner by sending cards.

### **Page 4**

### POETRY PAGE (contributions wanted)

#### RAIN

Oh! What is so rare as a rainy day!  
We've hardly had one since early last May;  
The lawns are brown, the pasture's sere,  
The corn grows slowly and doesn't ear.  
Unless we have rain sometime very soon  
The cows might as well be "over the moon"  
For all the milk seems drying up too.  
So what are the farmers going to do?

Let's hope St. Swithin's Day bring us rain!  
The lawns and pastures grow green again;  
That lactic fluid again will flow  
And "garden sass" once more will grown.

Although we mortals fume and fret,  
"Dame Nature" hasn't deserted us yet.  
Seed-time and harvest are sure to be  
If we simply have Faith – just wait and see.

L.A.W.

### IN A GARDEN

What do you find in a garden, my friend?  
Food for the body, the soul, and the mind.  
Dwell there a while with the sky overhead,  
And something of value you surely will find.

Beauty is there, in fruit and in flower,  
Rich in their texture, - fine in their hue,  
Sweet their aroma and varied their form,  
All of it there, and, it may be, for you.

You won't see it all, -there always is more.  
Mystery lurks in petal and leaf.  
Questions will come to you, as you attend:  
Answers will come, perhaps only brief.

Lessons for life? Yes, they may be there;  
In what God is doing, and what you may do.  
You'll not miss it all, - for some will sink in,  
And you will find truth there you doubted was true. G.A.Merrill

### COON HUNTING

I went coon hunting one night,  
And did I have an awful fright!  
For my dog just couldn't see  
To find a coon that he could tree.  
Instead he ran ker-plunk!  
Right into a smelly skunk!  
And when I to his rescue went,  
I got caught with that bad scent.  
When I got home I made my bed  
Out on the bench in the old tool shed. Walter Record

### THE BETTER MOUSETRAP

Ellen has a little cat  
As cross-eyed as can be,  
And every time he looks at her  
I'd swear he looked at me.  
It'll take a mighty clever mouse  
To figure out his jumps,  
He changes ends with lightning speed  
And looks both ways at once! S.G.W.



## WHAT IS BUCKLAND?

B..eautiful  
U..ndulating  
C..ountry  
K..nolls,  
L..evels,  
A..nd  
N..umerous  
D..ales

M..ake  
A  
S..enic (sic)  
S..plendor

If you wish to forget  
World worries and ills,  
Come up and relax  
Midst our Buckland hills.

L.A.W.

## **PAGE 5**                      IN THE MORNING MAIL

To the Editor:

Permit me to extend a word of congratulations on the auspicious beginning of OUR BUCKLAND. The issues I have seen are bright, witty, and altogether amusing, the format attractive, and the contents most informative. In this connection, I note with interest the considerable number of Buckland residents with a gift or talent for writing, and it would appear that only an enterprise like OUR BUCKLAND was necessary to coax all this to the surface. The contributors all write as if they enjoyed doing it! The wonder is that something like OUR BUCKLAND has never happened before! So, a great big orchid to you, Mrs. Editor, and to all your staff. I enclose payment for the next three issues, and, upon leaving this community, wish all success to OUR BUCKLAND. I shall follow its future career with friendly interest, in which Mrs. O'More joins me.

**Colin O'More**

To the Editor:

I see by your last issue that Herb Wilder has been digging a spring, but all the water he has seen was running down his back. I am a little confused. Is Herbie cross-eyed or a contortionist? Would you call it hindsight, foresight, oversight, or undersight?

**Winnie Scott**

(That's a good question and you are not the first to ask about it. However, we asked Herb, and he says that the statement, no matter how strange it sounds, is perfectly true. He claims that he leaned so far over digging, and stretched his neck so much trying to see water, that a little extra twist enabled him to put his head between his

knees and look up us back. It might interest you to know that since the last edition someone wiped off his back and he discovered there was a little water in the spring. The Goulds and Wilders hope to have running water soon. Ed.)

To the Editor:

I would like to thank my friends and neighbors for all the cards which were sent to me on my birthday.

**George Tower**

To the Editor:

Down at Nat's mill you will find a stack of good pine which was sawed about a year ago. I would like to give enough of this to make the three signs which Ross Miller suggested in the last issue of OUR BUCKLAND.

**Earl Purinton**

To the Editor: I think Ross Miller had a good idea when he suggested the signs to advertise our Buckland a little more. If someone will offer to furnish the lumber, Ralph Wilder says he will make these signs, and I volunteer to paint them.

**Burt Gelbar**

(Well that takes care of that! We will see to it that Dunk's lumber is planed and delivered to Ralph Wilder. The signs are on the way Ross! Ed.)

To the Editor:

It seems too bad that more of our local people don't come to church. We are having interesting sermons and much fine music this summer. The girls choir is really doing a wonderful job and puts in a lot of time rehearsing so they can sing us a new anthem each Sunday. Mrs. Wetterwald deserves a lot of credit for the work she is doing as choir director.

So come on out to church, Sunday. You'll find it well worth while.

**Elsie Warfield**

Dear Editor:

Can you find out for us what has been done to prepare our school for fall? Will it be necessary to have a bee to do it?

**Pauline Atherton**

(Our reporter, having visited the school house, says that the water tank has been cleaned, floors have been oiled, and certain of the walls have been whitened—this work being done by Mr. Scott, janitor for the coming year. Woodwork and desks have not been washed or refinished as yet, and the bubbler in the hall has not been changed. The school committee reports that all the necessary work is to be done. Mrs. Cross, who is supervising the work, says that the various jobs have already been assigned to local people and that a bee will be unnecessary. Ed.)

<p>August 21</p> <p>Anthem: <u>I am Alpha and Omega</u>, by Sir John Stainer; arranged for women's voices by J. Lawrence Erb. Shirley Scott, soloist.</p> <p>Offertory: <u>Beside Still Waters</u>, words and music by Hamblen. Mrs. Harold Williams, soloist.</p>	<p>August 28</p> <p>Anthem: <u>I am Alpha and Omega</u>, Shirley Scott, soloist</p> <p>Offertory: Listen to the Lambs, a religious characteristic in the form of the anthem by R. Nathaniel Dett; arranged by Victor Harris. A solo by Shirley Scott</p>
--	--

TRENCH SILOS

(Mr. Charles Trow has recently built the town's first trench silo in his field across the street from the parsonage. OUR BUCKLAND asked him to explain this experiment.)

Now that grass silage is so popular there is need for more storage space. Common silos are very expensive, and in some cases no convenient spot is available near the stable.

Several trench silos are in use in Vermont, made by digging a pit eight or more feet wide and from five to fourteen feet deep and of length to meet the needs.

To wall or cement the sides adds much to the expense and is not advised at the start. Ensilage keeps as well in just a dirt pit if the soil and slope provide good drainage. When filled, a covering of sawdust or something should be put on. The whole may be roofed or not as rain seems to do no harm to ensilage.

Our silo, built in a sandy clay soil, is about eight feet wide, eight deep, and seventy long, estimated to hold a hundred tons of silage. This we dug at odd times with the Farmall tractor and shovel, the total time involved being about thirteen hours.

The disadvantages of this type of silo will be found later. **C.W.T.**

GRANGE GIVES BOOK TO LIBRARY

The local Grange voted at the last meeting to give its copy of The Grange—Friend of the Farmer to the Library. This new book, by Charles M. Gardner, will be enjoyed by the older Granges to who the organization is important for the place it has held in the country for the past eighty years.

Farmer, just after the Civil War were stuck back in the wilderness—far from neighbors, no roads, no market, no mail, no magazines and few books, nothing to think about but work and more work. The women often heard no other woman's voice for months at a time. The children were shy and poorly educated. When the

country bumpkins went traveling the city slickers spotted them. There seemed no way for a farm home to be a delightful home.

So the Patrons of Husbandry, known as the Grange, was started.

The meetings gathered men, women, and older children together. The order of business gave a pattern in democracy for each meeting. The ritual gave each a bit to do, to ponder, to gain poise in doing. The literary program gave food for the mind.

Soon all the Granges began to speak with power.

The railroads became cooperators with the farmers. Good roads, markets, rural free delivery of mail, parcel post, farm credit, rural electrification, land grant colleges, experiment stations, farm research, extension service and vocational agriculture, conservation and forestry, regulation of public utilities, freight rates, overproduction, balancing the budget, tenant farmers, rural health, pure food and drugs, state police and fire protection, social security—all these have been promoted by the Grange.

“Because its declarations have not been hastily uttered, the Grange has rarely had to retrace its steps, and competent observers of Washington affairs consider the National Grange among the most influential groups no maintain headquarters at the National Capital.”

**E.W.C.**

\*\*\*

Look, friend; how about a contribution for the next issue of OUR BUCKLAND?  
**END OF THIS ISSUE**

**No. 4**

**OUR BUCKLAND**

**September 5, 1949**

### FLYING LOW

We've heard lots of complaints about the boys speeding thru the Upper Street at a reckless pace, but don't think you'll be any better off if you start flying. The other day Stan Clark went zooming down the street and picked off a young robin in full flight. The only safe place would be under the ground. Maybe we should have saved some of the holes the local spring diggers have been excavating and made ourselves a subway.

### WHAT! NO SHOCK ABSORBERS?

Herb Wilder has a new (?) car. And whata car! It's an Essex Sedan, 1931 vintage, and complete with two spare tires, an extra carburetor, and original door fasteners. It has a maximum speed of 35 miles per hour, and power—why, that thing will crawl right up Goshen Mountain in second gear without a struggle, almost. What it lacks in speed it makes up in noise. Good rubber, good brakes, good gracious! Just the thing for an up and coming (eventually) young man.

## SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith were pleasantly surprised on August 20<sup>th</sup> by 28 of Mrs. Smith's relatives who came to congratulate them on their 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary.

The couple was presented a pair of silver candlesticks, a large mixed bouquet of gladioli, lilies, and asters, a table cooker, and two dozen roses.

Mr. Smith claims his wife did the proposing back in '24, and he's been glad ever since that he didn't have the sense to say no.

Congratulations to both of you!

*George Edmund Smith (1895-1986) lived on Upper Street. He married Violet Page (1895-1950) on 21 Aug 1924 at Pelham, Mass. They are both buried in Center Cemetery #03 in Buckland Center.*

## 81 WILD FLOWERS BLOOM IN BUCKLAND NOW

A recently arrived visitor regretted that, because of the drought, there were no wild flowers in bloom except asters and goldenrod. During the following week we found, within walking distance of the village street, 81 varieties in bloom. This does not include the weeds (such as ragweed, pigweed and goosefoot) which are blossoming frantically at the present moment, nor the fruit and berries (like spikenard, blue cohosh, baneberry, trillium, Indian cucumber, Solomon's seal, poke berries, etc.) which are more conspicuous on the roadsides than most of the flowers; nor does it include any of the goldenrods or asters. If you are interested, you may examine a list of these flowers at the post office.

## 45<sup>TH</sup> WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trow celebrated their 45<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary quietly at home on September 1. The beautiful flowers at church, with exception of two bouquets, were a part of the remembrances they received.

*Charles Warfield Trow (1879-1963), for many years a Buckland selectman and town official, was a resident of Upper Street. He married Edith L. Hawks (1882-1957) on Sept. 1, 1904 at Buckland, Mass. Charles and Edith are both buried in Center Cemetery #03 in Buckland Center.*

\*\*\*\*

We are sorry this paper is late. But Cummington fair and canning-time kept us pretty busy, the editor was obliged to spend several days out of town, and to make matters even more crippling, the Mary Lyon House found itself short-handed in the week before the holidays and solicited the help of our "printer's devil". The next

issue will be our last for the season and we would appreciate any letters you would send us telling how you liked our venture. We gladly welcome any suggestions to make our paper better. All material should be in by Sept. 12, and please get it in on time.

## Page 2

### WARP AND WEFT

Sadness, happiness and busy-ness are the threads of our weaving.

The sadness when death comes to a loved one is a sadness each of us has had. I wanted to quote THANATOPSIS, but the lines are too long for our printing so I am only quoting the message for us: "So live, that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan..." We grieve for ourselves, rejoice that the pains are over for the sufferer, and then turn to "live"—not just exist, but live so that we are worth much to our families and to the whole community of our friends.

One of our summer friends, Mrs. Neibuhr, at the Mary Lyon House discovered someone else who liked shells, and at the end of her visit in Buckland had an afternoon with Miss Etta. Sometimes I think we need a directory of the interests and hobbies of all of us, both residents and summer visitors, for we would have a lot of fun together.

"Tentatively identified" is the phrase Mrs. Vanderbilt uses when she is handed a mushroom or other fungus to label. Funny thing! In the morning, I was talking fungi with her and in the afternoon, Mr. Rich came in with a specimen and asked where he could find someone to identify it! He was in his navy uniform, just returned from a two-week cruise. I wished some of our ex-navy folks would happen in.

Things just won't fit in together! Other years I have lamented that we had musicians visiting them and no piano in tune so that we could ask them to play for us. This year the church piano has been tuned, and we still don't gather us and them together. Several have asked when Mark and Mr. Woodward will be having another musical evening.

Flickers are traveling on the ground again. Every time I see them there it surprises me for, I think of them as woodpeckers. They love ants and grubs. Meadow larks seem to be lunching right beside them.

Some of the comments made in this column are intended to stir up discussion. The remarks about the recreation program brought one parent descending upon me to insist that we could have recreation gatherings here if we would only show some interest by going to the committee meetings and letting our representative know what is wanted. The trouble is that there are only a few who have given the problems serious thought and know what they want. Many haven't thought about the situation at all. Some do their talking at home instead of to the committee in charge.

All our community projects have similar problems. There are some who feel we need our neighbors and friends and community get-togethers. Some of those folks, like Grangers, get out and come to meetings while some pay their dues and stay home. Many contribute to church but don't attend it.

The recreation, as I see it, should take a census of the age groups, and we should have playground and craft classes here for primary and kindergarten ages. We have buildings and excellent space for these groups. The older ones are fewer and can gain more from the organized sports in the larger community.

But the parents, yes, the ones who are busy as they can be with their little ones, will have to do the speaking up. Talk with Linwood Scott who is the representative from this section. Find out what you need to do at the town meeting. And...do it! Then be ready next spring to see that the heads of the recreation program realize we mean business.

It was very interesting to go to Cummington Fair the night before with exhibits and see how many more exhibits there were this year than for several years. It seems as if folks were cooking and sewing and canning more than they have been.

When I was in the hospital, I was amused by the way sick folks reacted to company. Some wanted all their friends and relatives about them. Some wanted only someone special. Perhaps some of us are like the animals who steal away to a hiding place to get well. We need a lot of understanding to do the best for each patient.

“The camel's hump is an ugly lump

Which well you may see at the zoo,

But uglier yet is the hump we get

From having too little to do.

Children and grownups too-oo-oo

If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo

We get the hump,

Camelious hump,

The hump which is black and blue.” (Author unknown)

**E.W.C.**

**Page 3**

POETRY PAGE

CORRECTION PLEASE

While reading over Buckland news

In issue number three,

Someone made a grave mistake

When they mentioned me.

I don't mind being in the news;

In fact, it makes me strut.

No other dog in town can say

That now I'm just a mutt.

Now here's the thing that gripes me,  
And I really must insist;  
If people want to write my name  
At least they owe me this.

I'm definitely not a "He" dog,  
And hope I'm not too crusty.  
But please remember I'm a lady  
Even though my name is "Rusty."

### WHAR'S (sic) PUTTS HILL?

Maps are supposed to be true,  
But I know of one which is not.  
Now the persons who drew it  
I do think they should be shot.

When a mountain moves a mile  
You have something to shout about.  
Putts Hill moving to Munch's  
Boy, I really was put out!

I would really like to know,  
Where they got their information;  
For the placement of our old Putt's Hill  
Was a very unpleasant sensation.

**A Walnut**

### MULLEIN

So tall and stiff and straight the soldiers stand  
On this wide upland stretch of pasture land.  
Their bayonet tips reflect the autumn sun  
In yellow glints against the somber one  
Of dried grass and bronzed fern upon the slope.  
Grim soldiery! Was this their mother's hope  
When, little flannelled things, they lay close-pressed  
In young dependency upon her breast?

**Ilya**



RIGHT TRAP, WRONG BAIT

I see by the paper's last issue  
The menfolks are nursing a pain,  
So Hezzie has come to the rescue  
By trying to clean out the drain.  
But the method he's using is useless  
In trying to close my yap,  
For when I'm obliged to use drano  
I find that it opens my trap!

**The Kitchen Sink**

FIREWOOD ON KINDLING

Now the Has-Been and the Modern  
Have settled the horse shed's fate,  
Who will cut the Parson's Tree  
Before it is too late?

**E.W.C.**

**Page 4**

IN THE MORNING MAIL

Dear Editor:

When you printed Roswell Miller's suggestion about erecting signs, there was such a favorable response, perhaps you can be of help to the Buckland Friends' Fire Association.

As most of your readers know, the association was formed for the purpose of fire protection. Anyone who owns property in the township outside of the Shelburne Falls Fire District may become a member by paying annual dues of one dollar. Members are entitled to assistance from the Shelburne Falls Fire Department when needed. Dues are used to pay the department for this service. Can you think of any better way that a dollar can be invested?

Anyone who wishes to become a member or remain a member of the association may pay one dollar to Ed Shields, the collector. Linwood Scott has volunteered as Assistant Collector to receive dues from those who live on Bray Road and the vicinity, and Nelson Ward from those who live on his R.F.D. route. We hope all will try to join before September fifteenth.

**Francis G. Trow  
President**

Sir:

I should like to call attention to the need of a carpenter's helping hand for a face-lifting job that would greatly improve the expression of our village green. Picturesque as it may be to view a little abandoned school-house as a "ragged beggar sunning," it is something else indeed to see our little white church, still the functioning core of our village life, looking sadly in need of minor repairs. The broken blinds on the front of the church give it an aspect of neglect.

In our community of men and boys so capable with tools, as evidenced everywhere by their own handiwork, there must be someone who could and willingly would mend those broken blinds if attention were brought to this need. Surely such an act accomplished could not fail to give every member who has any pride in our community a lift in self-respect and greater pride in his neighbors.

**Edith Kenney**

To the Editor:

I was interested in reading of the indignant protest of the Nut-T Club members over the misplacing of Putts Hill. I, too, have a protest over the naming of our hill road the "Avery Road." When I came here 50 years ago, it was called "Koon Chaug Road," and my sister-in-law always addressed her letters that way—unless in a facetious mood, when it was "Koon Chaug Avenue." So our hill road has always been "Koon Chaug" to me. I think if Mr. Avery were alive, he, too, would prefer the old Indian name; and anyone who has traveled over this hill in winter can appreciate the aptness of the name, which means "Snow Mountain." So let's keep the old name, for "Koon Chaug" has always been here and will remain after we have all passed on.

**Mrs. Annie Ward**

Dear Editor Mark:

Buckland can have the biggest talking point of any hill town if it will clean up its brooks and streams. It would be one fact on a sign that would sell Buckland fast. Fishermen do leave worm cans and cows their marks along brooksides. These I do not refer to for they come from the natural use of our streams. I am talking about the use of our beautiful streams and brooks as dumping places. I am also talking about our pollution with garbage and dead and decayed matter.

Just in case you need a few big examples of what I am talking about I'll start with the dumping of the remains of the 1948 fire in the old Buckland Post Office building. All that mess was dumped right on the edge of a nice little drainage brook. Brush leaves and grass clippings can be seen on the banks of many streams. Slaughtering takes place on Clessons River with the leftovers going down the brook to get caught on obstructions and stink. In fact, a walk down any stream will reveal old cans, broken glass, and a nice general assortment of rubbish.

All of this makes a lovely place for our children to bathe or swim (if there is water enough) in the summer. Do we not think enough of our cows to want to

provide them with sweet water that is not flavored with a rotting chicken just up stream? Everyone who reads this story knows exactly what I

**[page 5]**

Am talking about and can do his part to bring it to an immediate halt. The cleaning up of what is already there can be done slowly, but stopping the every day pollution can be accomplished right now.

It would be my guess that the juice that seeps from the Ashfield town dump finds its way right into one of Buckland's streams. Great stuff to drink and bathe in. We are not alone in this stream pollution. Many hill town dumps are right on the edge of swamps or streams so that high water carries a nice assortment of goods to scatter along the shore. I am talking about a big job, and I'll bet nearly every resident of Buckland could find some of their old belongings along some brook bank or just over the dam on the Deerfield down on the Trail.

**A Buckland Fisherman  
George M. Fox**

To the Editor:

The members of Buckland Grange wish to thank Carl, Jim, and Duff Valiton, and Herb Wilder for the use of their camp for the Pomona picnic, August 19. It was an ideal destination for the mystery ride, and the group was delightfully surprised to find such a place way back in the brush. They also extend their sincere appreciation for the work the boys did in getting the grounds ready before the picnic.

**Buckland Grange #87**

#### FROM OUR HISTORY

Company "H" started off to the Civil War marching through Buckland to Ashfield where they encamped for the night. At Buckland the pupils of the young ladies' school arranged themselves on the common, and as the Company approached, they saluted the soldiers with waving flags, handkerchiefs and cheers. Patriotic ladies brought baskets of eatables fresh from their pantries, and the soldiers—stacking their guns—soon made way with the good things provided.

One of the ladies made this remark to some of the soldiers who were fast devouring her choicest pastry: "If ever you boys prove traitors or back out in this glorious cause, you shall never have another piece of Buckland pie." This explains why we won the Civil War.

## TALES FROM THE DEEP WOODS

An elderly resident farmer was telling a visitor about our wonderful Buckland air. “Why,” he said, “the air is so good as I’ve seen the corn higher’n the top of that thar barn.”

The visitor was eager to tell of his farm, though. “Wall,” came the slow steady drawl, “we’ve had carrots so big that even when we hitched twelve tractors to one we couldn’t pull it out.”

The Buckland farmer scuffed his feet a bit and explained: “Our carrots ain’t so good as they ought to. Y’see, it’s them danged rabbits in Maine...they chews all the roots off.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Joe Mayer seems to be a good fellow to have around as a neighbor. When Bump Valiton’s heifer escaped from her pasture the other day Joe saw her, chased her back in, got some tools from his truck, and fixed the fence. And when he saw the elderly Mr. Litchfield haying alone, Joe went right over with his horses and gave his help. If Joe is sometimes found milking his cows by flashlight in his rented pasture, at least he’s got a good excuse for being late.

Caution: Don’t walk through dark hallways while barefooted—especially if you own a dog. I learned the hard way.

The path that starts behind Linwood Scott’s house and follows up the Clessons Brook a way used to lead to the cool, refreshing relaxation of the Batchelo Boy’s swimming pool. But now it just leads to a big disappointment. One of the sandbags or something gave way, and not the place could pass as a home for disabled ducks. The only thing there suggesting swimming is Herbie Wilder’s trunks, precariously thrown on a nearby bush. If you’ve been looking for them, Herb, take notice.

**Bob Hartwell**

## ADVERTISEMENT:

For Birthday, Convalescent, and Christmas Card Assortments see Mrs. George E. Smith. All cards with Scripture text sold at cost. New Christmas Cards now on hand. Place your order early

\*\*\*\*\*

Addition:  $\frac{1}{3}$  BUTTER +  $\frac{1}{2}$  CAKE +  $\frac{1}{4}$  LAUGHTER +  $\frac{1}{2}$  HAND = 1 TOWN

## **PAGE 6**

## FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

I notice when I go to church there’re hardly any men. In all the congregation there is scarcely one in ten. You’ll find this ratio is the same ‘most every Sabbath Day. Do they think we need religion or forgiveness more than they? After listening to us women talk six days in every week, you’d think they’d welcome any chance to hear a good man speak. It can’t be they’re too busy, they can rest the whole day thru,

while we have Sunday dinner and our morning's work to do. When it's time to start for church they're much too tired to go, yet full of pep for fishing trips, a ball game, or a show. At Christmas time and Easter, the men-folks will appear and think they've done their duty in going just twice a year. For the little inconvenience and the energy 'twould take, don't you think our minister deserves a better break? The truth about the matter we've suspected right along. They're just too blooming lazy! Correct me if I'm wrong. **S.W.**

(Editor's note: We have recently had several complaints from local cooks due to the fact that in the first three issues of OUR BUCKLAND we have "disgracefully" put the town's best recipes under THE KITCHEN SINK. This week, and in the future, we shall be more considerate. From now on what goes under THE KITCHEN SINK will rightfully belong there—the Drano.)

### Drano

Why can't you change the topic and praise us now and then, and see how quickly we'd respond; be helpful boys and men and listen much more closely to what you had to say – if now and then a bit of praise was sent along our way. We're not claiming to be perfect; we have our faults the same as you, don't always do the odd jobs you've wanted us to do. But lots of things can interfere, and we forget them too. Scolding just doesn't help us so try a bit of praise, and see how very quickly we will try it, you never more will feel, while working at the kitchen sink, you've got a "dirty deal."

**Hezzie Ward**

### FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS COOKS

This week's recipe comes from High Street—Mrs. Winnie Scott, the contributor. Those of you who attended the last church supper know that Winnie's graham bread is something you'd well like to make yourself.

#### Winnie Scott's Graham Bread

2 cups graham flour  
1 cup bread flour  
2 teaspoons baking soda  
2 teaspoons salt  
1 cup maple syrup  
1-1/2 cup sour milk

Mix the dry ingredients. Add syrup and milk. Bake 2 hours in a *slow oven*.

*(from the Better Homes and Gardens New Cook Book and [www.ApronFreeCooking.com](http://www.ApronFreeCooking.com): a slow oven = 300-325 degrees F)*

## CHURCH NOTES

Sundays, Sept. 11 and 18, services will not be held at the Mary Lyon Church as Mr. and Mrs. Merrill will be on vacation. Our advice is: go somewhere to church on those Sundays. You won't have to go far unless you so desire. Of course, we shall expect you all to come back to the home church Sept. 25. Sermon themes through August have been as follows: 7, "The Road That Leads to Life"; 14, "The Higher Call of Brotherhood"; 21, "Growing a Soul"; 28, "As a Man Thinketh." Communion Sunday, Sept 4, "Give God a Chance." You all know what fine music the Girls' Choir has furnished us through all this period.

We shall all miss very much that good and faithful member of our parish, **Mrs. Leon Goodnow** [*notes about her can be found below*], who recently passed on to the higher life. Our sincere sympathy is extended to her husband, son and family, and also to her mother, Mrs. Lula Purinton and her brothers and sisters and families.

A short time ago death also claimed Mrs. Emma Howes, a summer guest at the Johnson Homestead for some years. Her death was after a long period of weakness and illness. When in comparative health she was often seen at our church services. She was nearly 96 years old. **G.A.M. & Mrs. M.**

*Obituary published in The North Adams [MA] Transcript, 16 August 1949*

*Mrs. Leon F. Goodnow Of Buckland is Dead*

*Mrs. Rhoda C. (Purinton) Goodnow, 58, wife of Leon F. Goodnow of Buckland, died last night at Franklin County Hospital in Greenfield after a short illness.*

*A native and lifelong resident of Buckland, Mrs. Goodnow was born Oct. 7, 1890, the eldest of 12 children of Luther B. and Lula B. Taylor Purinton.*

*Besides her husband she leaves one son, Harold E., and one granddaughter, June Goodnow of Buckland, her mother four sisters. Mrs. Clifton Kenney, Mrs. James Mollison and Mrs. N.L.Cass of Buckland, and Mrs. Carl Roys of Leverett and seven brothers, Earl H., Mark L., and James C. Purinton of Buckland, Albert T. of East Charlemont and Richard G., Harry and Charles of Charlemont.*

*Funeral services will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Mary Lyon church. Rev. George A. Merrill, the pastor, will officiate and burial will be in Arms Cemetery in Shelburne Falls.*

*The body will be returned to the Goodnow home from the Smith funeral home this evening.*

*[Rhoda's husband, Leon F. Goodnow, was born 24 Jun 1888 in Buckland, he died 15 Jul 1974 and he is buried with Rhoda in Arms Cemetery. They were married June 12, 1909]*

## A PICTURE OF THE PAST:

The high stone platforms at the church were for the convenience of horseback riders.

### **Page 7**

#### THE BUCKLAND GRANGE “DOPE”

August 24 brought Buckland Grange members together for another business meeting, and I must say we did “hash” business for some time. Some issues were settled while others still “hang fire.”

We are pleased to tell our readers that plans for the Community Fair, sponsored by the Grange are well under way. We do want you to realize that we had to change the date to Sept. 10 as most of the gardens are ready for display. The premium lists can be obtained from the post office. You’d better take one. There are to be some neat prizes for the perfect gardener who is willing to put a bit of time into a display. There are to be smaller rewards for the individual plates of carrots, beets, etc...

It might be a noble idea for some of our fussy coffee drinkers to come to our next meeting. We, Buckland Grange, will soon own an electric coffee maker which will help the refreshment committees as well as the Grangers’ palates. Some of the compliments that are made about the high grad “dish water” that the Buckland Grange makes are downright insults!!! Well, sometimes it is horrible but others would wittingly say yours truly is just an old-fashioned tea drinker, anyway. Why don’t you drop in and take a taste next meeting? Who knows, maybe you’d get some of Scott Brothers’ good cream to go with it. (Note: Listin (sic), Edie – any more comments like that one and I’ll be sending you a bill for advertisement. Ed.)

Entertainment for the evening was to have been “Music on the Village Green” but as Ross Miller put it: the Green is brown. So, we gathered in the hall and listened to music that was tender to the ear. Not every Grange is as fortunate as Buckland to have the talent we own, and certainly Mark Purinton, Helen and Harold Williams each put the best foot forward. It was grand and through OUR BUCKLAND we send them special thanks.

Will you be our new Master? That is a good question. The next meeting of Buckland Grange – scheduled for Sept 7—should prove very exciting. It is time to elect our 1950 officers, and we hope you’ll all be there and, of course, be willing to take an office.

**E.G.**

## To THE FAIR

I remember well  
The cattle droves which passed along  
The country roads to Cummington  
And CATTLE SHOW.  
The Grand Cavalcade of oxen  
Paraded 'round the race track  
With ponderous tread  
Except some youngster's steers  
Trying to break out of line.  
The whistle of the merry-go-round  
Called me from far, far up the hill,  
And Red Wing never sounded so entrancing  
As from the wooden horses which circled  
Round and round the music box.  
Time's pendulum swings on.  
Today we load the car with pies and cakes,  
With rugs, and crafts which never change,  
And in the same exhibit hall compete  
For larger prizes tan of yore.  
The Grangers, Gardeners, Horticulturists (sic),  
The 4H Groups and Plain Dirt Farmers  
Bring their best to show.  
The oxen pull and horses, too,  
Still give their all to move  
The dragging loads.  
And some today can only mourn  
That all this turmoil comes  
On Sunda, Day of Rest;  
While others travel miles  
To Cummington where  
The Cattle Show of yesteryear is now, --  
THE COUNTRY FAIR.

**E.W.C.**

Thirty-six prizes went to Buckland exhibitors at this year's Cummington Fair. In the apple pie contest, Ellen Gelbar won first with Sylvia Wilder third. Ellen also won first on donuts and third on rolls. Sylvia first on bread and rolls. Rose Mollison won second on blueberry pie, and Elsie Warfield second for cookies. Dolly Clark had 8 prizes for flowers. Doris Evans won first and second for pencil drawings. George Merrill won second prize for one of his oil paintings. In weaving, Alma Merrill had seven prizes, Eleanor Clark had five, and Christine Purinton had first on a luncheon set.



\*\*\*\*\*

A magazine of interest to local people – especially to mothers and children – is Janet Wetterwald's CHILDREN'S RELIGION which contains pictures of local people and articles telling about community projects. Borrow this magazine from our public library. We're sure it will interest you.

## Page 8

### "THE INDIAN"

During the past year we in Buckland have heard a great deal about the miraculous cures effected by "The Indian" up in New Hampshire. Some of us have believed sincerely that this man really does have some mysterious capacity to heal; after all, haven't we seen many of our own friends and relatives come home and immediately begin to improve in physical health and mental attitudes? We have proof of his powers right before our eyes. Some of us, however, turn a deaf ear to all we hear about "The Healer." This man, we say, can't really cure – the ones who come back feeling better either had nothing wrong with them in the first place or happened to get over they illness as a result of normal circumstances.

It is not our intention in this article to judge "The Indian": to prove he has supernatural powers, or to prove he's a fake. It is because of local discussion and questionable rumors concerning this man that OUR BUCKLAND decided to find out what it could for its readers who may be interested in as unbiased report as possible. Last week we went to The Indian.

In order to find out what neighboring farmers thought of their local healer, we stopped at five house to inquire the way to Mr. Chartrand's home. The conversations with these people we found extremely interesting. One person, about 3 miles away, had heard of such an Indian but didn't know where he lived. Another neighbor, a mile nearer, knew where the healer lived and said local people often go to him. None of the five with whom we talked had ever been to "The Indian" himself. Three of them admitted that if they or someone in their family were sick, they would call a doctor rather than go to "The Indian." The closest neighbors had the highest respect for Mr. Chartrand and said he was a "nice old man", a "good old guy", a "good neighbor", "didn't know he was an Indian".

Mr. Chartrand's home is a neatly kept farm on Unity Road. When we arrived he invited us to come into the front hallway where one at time we sat in his "lucky chair" for a "drawing".

In the interest of those who have not been to "The Indian" may I say that he immediately impressed me as being one of the most remarkable men I have ever

met. He is 63, a true lover of nature and his farm, and as sincere as you could hope any man to be. His magnetic personality commands your confidence and respect in no time at all.

While you are seated in the “lucky chair,” Mr. Chartrand “draws” on you by passing his hands before you and suggestion that you feel warmth beneath them; your blood is following his hands. Treatments are short and prescriptions are simple: a “drawing” takes less than 5 minutes and prescription might be to drink a small glass of water every night and think of the old farmer.

Mr. Chartrand was agreeable to telling his life story. His grandmother was a full-blooded Indian; all the rest of his ancestry is French. The powers which enable him to heal were bestowed upon him by his dying mother. She taught him the prayer which he repeats as he heals. He first used his ability to heal when he “felt a push” toward a boy suffering with a tooth ache. Pain was relieved immediately. The second time was when he stopped the bleeding of a man who had just cut off several fingers on a saw. Ever since these early experiences, Mr. Chartrand has gained increasing fame as a healer. He is humble about his abilities; “I am not God; I do only the best I can.” And he never charges for his treatments. Whatever money is left voluntarily he says he gives to charity—not to any special organization, but to people whom he sees in need.

When questioned about the reports that he is on call at the local hospitals, replied he is not. Once, he did go to the hospital—“the fastest ride I ever took.” In this instance he was not called by a doctor but was taken by friends of the patient. Doctors today do not send patients to him, he admitted, but there was once a doctor—now dead—who did send patients to him.

Perhaps the N. H. Indian first hypnotized himself and is not hypnotizing the hundreds of people who flock to his farm. Or, perhaps he really does have the power to contradict the laws of Nature. Whatever the explanation, there is no doubt that the Old Indian is much in demand and greatly respected by those who go to him seeking health and comfort.

**M.L.P.**

*M.L.P. is Dr. Mark L. Purinton. Presumed that Mr. Chartrand in this article, “The Indian,” is Emile Chartrand, Sr., born circa 1886 Canada either in Ottawa or Saskatchewan (his WW registration and death certificate lists Ottawa, but his findagrave.com memorial lists Saskatchewan).*

*Emile Chartrand Sr. died on Jan. 31, 1961, aged 74 years, in the Newport Hospital, Newport, N.H. He is listed as a farmer, a resident of Unity Rd., Newport, Sullivan County, New Hampshire in the 1950 census record. He had married Amanda Tremblay who was also born in Canada. Emile and his wife Amanda are both buried in St. Patrick’s Cemetery in Newport, N.H.*

***[End of this issue]***

THIS IS IT FOR THE SUMMER!

This issue of OUR BUCKLAND, the 5<sup>th</sup> of the summer, is the last to be published by the present staff this season. We have had a lot of fun getting out this paper for you and hope you've enjoyed reading it as much as we have enjoyed preparing it for you.

Many do not like to think that this is our final issue, and wish that some of the most interested people in town would take up the job where we leave off. The present editor and staff also like to see the paper continued, but realizing from our own experiences the amount of work which is required to put out our paper, we doubt if a regular publication can be kept up.

The editor wishes to thank the staff for the fine cooperation it has given, the contributors for the varied and well-written articles handed in, and the readers for the interest and enthusiasm shown toward OUR BUCKLAND.

It has been a good summer for all of us; we hate to see it end.

We the staff, know just how much of Mark's time has gone into the editing of this paper, and rather than run the risk of lowering its standard or disappointing its readers we feel that it should be left as a summer project.

A SIGN REPORT

Just in case some of you are wondering if anything has been done about Ross Miller's signs, we are glad to report that Ralph Wilder has them made and handed them over to the painter, Burton Gelbar. The lettering is going to be done by Norman Collins. The consensus seems to be that they will be ready to put up by the time the new road is finished.

*[Burton G. or J. Gelbar and his wife Ellen are found in the 1950 U.S. Census living on Charlemont Road in Buckland. Burton was a "household paper hanger" presumed an interior painter/wall paper hanger. Burton was born in Enosburg, Vermont on 17 Dec 1884. He and Ellen Marie Sandell were married in January 1919 in Vermont and they had lived in Bristol CT in the 1920's. Burton died at the age of 68, on May 2, 1953 in Fort Lauderdale, Broward County, Florida. Ellen survived him. The Springfield Union published his death which states he had been a member of the Mary Lyon Church and the Buckland Grange. He is buried in West Cemetery Bristol, Hartford County, Connecticut. Ellen was born about 1896 in Connecticut. Her whereabouts after Burton's death has not been found. She may have married a George Gallagher in 1954 in CT.]*

## SHADOWS, \*a SERMONETTE

“O Sunshine, blesse Sunshine!” frequently we say; especially this is our cry on a gloomy day. But shadows, too around us, --we see them everywhere; they have a place exalted which with the sun they share. We cannot do without them—they make them a landscape true. Upon the artist’s canvass (sic) they soften every hue. And then those shadows under trees or from a passing cloud—how cooling on a summer’s day when labors on us crowd! What shall we say of shadows that seem to darken life? Are they an unmixed evil begetting ill and strife? When trouble comes to meet us God’s sun’s behind it, sure; it is the pledge we’re seeking; for trouble there’s cure. And shadows are appointed. We use them not with fear to make a better picture upon life’s canvass (sic) clear. **G.A.M.**

## THE COTTAGE PHYSICIAN

Doctoring with herbs was often done in the early days. The following were sure-cures back in 1893. Hardhack was used as a tonic, or boiled in milk as a cure for diarrhea; birch bark for rheumatism; the root of Burdock for skin diseases; equal parts of Sulphurs and Cream of Tarter made into a syrup, usually with molasses, as a blood purifier; Deadly Nightshade as a preventative of scarlet fever, or a cure for whooping cough; Dandelions for dyspepsia; The crushed stems and leaves of the Touch-Me-Not for an itch, especially good for poison ivy; (have you tried this Eleanor?) Penny Royal for colic; Ladies’ Slipper for nervous affections, and to produce slee;; If you get hysterical try some Skunk’s Cabbage; but – if you need a stimulant, try the bark of the Dogwood. Bow-wow!

## **Page 2**

## WARP AND WEFT

September seems like a whirligig month – a beginning month and the beginning of the end – depending on whether one is thinking of the school year just beginning, or the harvesting just nearing the end.

Add into all this confusion the fairs (our won, Greenfield, Northampton, and the Eastern States Exposition) and mix with left-over hot weather from the summer and chill hints of winter, thin clothes and warmer clothes, and stiffen with the end of an unsettled feeling which goes with broken routines – September is hard to describe.

Exhibiting at fairs seem to be as hard on the disposition as lots of other things. The technique seems to be like winning contests. Some individuals can because they keep trying and don’t condemn themselves beforehand.

The Brown Dog found a turtle the morning of our fair so it seemed proper to exhibit it in the tin pail. It got lots of exercise scrambling around inside the pail, and out. How did it get out? I wonder!

Guests from Montaque City at the supper praised the coffee highly. I heard something about coffee costing a quarter a cup, but coffee couldn't be worth that much! Or could it?

At St. Anne de Beaupre these people ate at a church supper where the meat was hamburg fried in chunks not patties and served on hot platters surrounded with mashed potatoes in mounds. Sounded good!

One jokester says the fire pond has enough water for a bath. How much was he fooling? Hope the editor reports once more.

Speaking of reporting, it seemed to me that Mark's report on the Indian would rank highly in a class on journalism. He kept his opinions to himself and reported facts, making Mr. Chartrand sound less like a jokester or fraud than any reports I heard before.

I knew personally a man who played an electrical instrument which made beautiful music by the effect of the positive and negative electrical impulses of the body. It looked like a radio with two antennae, one which stood upright and one which was a loop. As the player's hand moved nearer the upright antennae the sound rose higher and as his hand slowly moved away the sound lowered. As his other hand moved nearer the loop the volume increased. This music resembled organ music or an orchestra in some ways.

With this closing issue of OUR BUCKLAND I wish to express my appreciation of the opportunity to try this kind of writing, the everyday happenings as I see them weaving into our lives. My thanks and regrets that I have not done better. My special thanks to Mark for the idea of the mimeograph in the first place and then doing something about it for the community.

Then my thanks to him for having OUR BUCKLAND. It would be nice if we all could give all our time and carry the project on, but that seems to be out of the question. I envy Mark his ability to cut out the unnecessary and put the necessary together.

There are still a lot of people with worth-while things to say who have failed to get them said in time for the printing. If they find any long winter evenings it would be grand if they got their ideas into shape. I'll volunteer to type them or get them typed to be ready for another printing season.

Did I report that the state man in charge of spraying ivy called at the PO and that I should have called Clif Woods for more information. It is really too late this year, but next year—early—I want to see what can be done in a few spots where the state does not go.

More weaving interest. Two, no three, calls about looms and where they can be gotten! A Mrs. Gates of Rowe has been specializing on rugs and has a real rug loom. Mine do not beat firmly enough.

The bluebirds, five of them, are looking the bird house over. Will all five come rushing back from the south for the same apartment?

It seemed like getting home to go to Ashfield last week to that open meeting of the Grange. The children's orchestra was delightful. Mr. Brown, overseer of the Mass. State Grange, spoke on the value of the Grange. I wish we had time and strength to associate ourselves more with other Granges for I do enjoy the good friends we meet in that way.

Must get the mail sorted no so goodbye until another day. **E.W.C.**

### **Page 3**

#### UP ON THE HILL

Now what do you do  
Up there on the hill?  
Do you never get tired  
Of just staying still?  
For food or for shopping  
You never come down,  
You don't get about  
To the doings in town.  
You just seem to stop  
Up on the top  
Of the hill.

And what would You do  
When you had first seen  
The bare branches turning  
From black to pale green?  
If you'd seen your first mist  
Like a lake in the dawn?  
If you'd seen your first crocus  
Spring up on the lawn?  
If you'd picked your first pear  
With a tall shining pole,  
And seen your first woodchuck  
Creep out of his hole?  
Would You go to the movies,  
Would You go to the shop?  
Oh, no—I'm quite sure  
That you too, would stop,  
With life going by

You too, would stand still  
And watch the light change  
On the top of the hill.

**J.H.**

THE WAY THEY'RE MADE

We're glad that Rusty has excused  
The way that Ellen erred,  
Even though mistakes like that  
So often seem absurd.  
Perhaps 'twould please that dog to know  
That now she's made another;  
She's learned her cross-eyed tomcat  
Will some day be a mother.

**S.G.W.**

OUR BUCKLAND IN THE FALL

Again our Buckland hills are clothed in splendor;  
The roadside weeds are decked in brilliant hue,  
The goldenrod, on stalks so tall and slender,  
Are nodding to the Asters dressed in blue;  
The Maples on display across the hilltops  
Are dressed in gorgeous shades of dazzling hue;  
The Gentians, whether plain or wearing fringes,  
Are both attired in lovely shades of blue.  
The Birches gleam like golden summer sunshine;  
The Oak has donned a modest dress of brown;  
The firey Sumac is ablaze in color;  
The regal Spruce just wears her emerald crown'  
The Nightshade, too, is wearing all her jewels—  
Rubies, emeralds, topaz, yes, and amethyst;  
The woods and fields seem vying with each other  
To see who'll really be the gayest dressed;  
The Bittersweet and berry vines are draping  
The old stone walls with garlands gay and bright;  
The Partridge vines are wearing countless rubies;  
While Ladies' Tresses gleam in pearly white.  
While Mother Nature has adorned her children  
In brilliant robes to bid us all adieu  
Until again they'll greet us in the springtime,  
All dressed in bright new gowns of emerald hue.

**L.A.W.**

## CRASH LANDING

Once a half grown robin  
    Hopping in the grass,  
Amused herself by watching  
    The cars go whizzing past.  
And to herself she pondered,  
    As she caught bugs and things:  
“I don’t see how they do it  
    For they haven’t any wings.  
But I have,” and she spread them  
    As she gave a might hop.  
That’s all that she remembered,  
    For quickly did she stop.  
Oh, that poor half grown robin,  
    Alack and then alas!  
Will no more go a hopping  
    Thru the roadside grass,  
For she was young and ignorant  
    And really did not know  
That speeding car was driven  
    By a Buckland Bachelo!

**G.E.G.**

## **Page 4**

## IN THE MORNING MAIL

To the Editor:

Speaking of Mrs. Fitzgerald’s new venture, we think that the pioneer spirit is till alive in Buckland. Any woman who can clear her own land, build her own foundation, level her own house, and even pull up stumps, and who had the vision to see what a charming home could be made out of the old camp, is someone of whom the town may well be proud.

As to the idea of making a swimming hole where the old foundation is, it’s a good guess, but the lady in question seems to feel that a garage would be more useful in the winter time. I’m sure we all wish her the best of luck.

**M. Munroe**

To the Editor of Warp and Weft:

Time was when we might have agreed with you about the starlings. Experience has mellowed us. Humble and contrite, we take back all the insults we ever hurled at their Speckled Highnesses. Now in a sir-you-are-speaking-of-the-woman-I-love attitude we rise to their defense.



It took a bout of homesickness to work the change—a too new home, in an alien town, among strangers, and even the winter behaving queerly. And then, out of the steely cold dawns, that familiar, low, sweet, flirtatious whistling—like a hand extended in friendly welcome. We reciprocated with invitation to breakfast, sparing the rod even when they routed such exotic boarders as Redpolls and Evening Grosbeaks from the feeder. Sanctuary our side of the pane was theirs for the taking.

Then Edwin Way Teale's "Days Without Time" completed our conversation. In his discerning and absorbing chapter "Bird Invasion" our starling comes out hero in the war on Japanese Beetles. So when with starling industry they began to drag their mattresses into our big elm tenements long before other birds admitted vacation was over, we took comfort in their choice of site. All spring and summer they reared their squeaking offspring on our lawns—on a diet of Jap Beetle grubs, we hope.

Now as their flock drapes itself over the crown of the elm, we cry to them as Gideon Sarn called to the rocks: "You shall keep your housen (sic) in peace...kindly welcome to bide."

### THE BUCKLAND GRANGE "DOPE"

The password of Buckland Grange for this year has been "\_\_\_\_\_ " but we changed it during our last meeting to "I decline." I am almost positive that everyone had the pleasure of speaking these words. After much confusion and dickering, Ellen Gelbar consented to placing her name on the ballot as Master. (P.S. She was elected!!)

We all feel our coming year will be a good one and her leadership will be strong. At this time may I again gently say that we all become active members and take part in making her year fine.

Buckland Grange surely has been fortunate with our present leader, none other than Rusty's Master as well as ours—Master Richard Manley. He has had two full active years and the good he did for the Grange will live long. Thanks a lot, Dick.

Does someone want to hear a lecture on, oh just anything? Well, we have just the guy who can handle that job most competently. We call him just "Bill" but, on his birth certificate it reads: William (!?8/;) Fitzgerald. Yes, he's our Lecturer of the Grange, and Bill's wife, Marion, is his assistant. We do hope he won't overwork her.

It is a known fact that every home needs perking up here and there now and then....well, Buckland Grange Hall has "felt" that way for some time. In a short while you'll find new curtains hanging in our windows (10 of 'em) and no one will appreciate them more than Buckland Grangers. Speaking of windows the same 10 will soon have wire on them. Buckland Grange is gladly giving the use of the hall

to our Buckland basketball enthusiasts for a place to play the game. Have fun and may the best team win!!!!

As every knows, we had a successful fair, supper and auction on Saturday, September 10. The supper chairman, Ellen Gelbar, served her usual delish supper and much credit also goes to her faithful committee. An interesting display of fruits, vegetables and flowers arranged by the many contestants showed much work and careful planning. Next year we hope to see more junior displays and a stronger adult rivalry.

Buckland Grange hopes OUR BUCKLAND will go to press again in 1950. It's a 100% perfect paper. **E.G.**

## **Page 5**

### FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, we hear folks say, but it's been my observation that it don't work out that way. With Union strikes, and civil wars, crime waves, and wage demands, the world from where I'm standing seems pretty much a man's. They build up mighty kingdoms, then mismanagement and greed have been their ruination; a man-made world, indeed! For several hundred thousand years they've had us by the throat. It wasn't 'til the last few years they even let us vote. Yet when they gave us half a chance we proved what we could do. Women ruled successfully and showed the men up, too. Take Britain's Queen Elizabeth, she surely made the grade; in science, literature, and art, a great advance was made. Here's another fine example to show you what I mean: In England's famous "Golden Age" Victoria was queen! It's plain that we could rule the world, but the cradle needs us here, so We'll leave the government to men and do our driving from the rear. **S.W.**

### Drano

It needs much more than drano to purify that sink. Just try a dose of Lysol, that will do the trick I think, and give a brighter outlook while you are working there, and make you criticism of us poor males more fair. I know we don't attend church as often as we should, before you criticize us, you'd better "rap on wood." While you are dolling up in all your fine array, we're thinking of the many chores we have to do each day, and then we have to scrape our face and don a coat and tie, even if it's summer time and hot enough to fry. Then you can dress in cool attire and never feel the heat, and when you get inside the church relax there in the seat, while we sit there and nearly melt in a coat we'd like to shake, but have to grin and bear it though it's hot enough to bake! At least we really listen to the sermons that we hear, don't spend our time alooking at the other fellow's gear. While you know ever dress and hat that comes inside the door, I doubt if you could tell the text when you get home once more. It's no that we are lazy, why we so seldom go, but

somehow Sunday mornings we seem a bit more slow, and hate to do the many things we much before we go. Let's forget our differences and let us all agree that none of us are better than we really ought to be. So overlook our failings and give us guys a break. Praise us for our virtues, please do, for pity sake! **Hezzie Ward**

## FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS COOKS

A Walnut Hill resident, Mrs. Blanche Ward, has contributed this week's recipe.

### Blanche's Banana Bread

1 egg  
1 cup sugar  
3 bananas (mashed)  
1-1/2 cups flour (bread)  
1/4 cup melted butter  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon soda  
1/2 cup nuts

Beat egg, add sugar and mashed bananas. Add dry ingredients, melted butter and chopped nuts. Put in greased bread pan and let stand 20 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 45-50 minutes.

*[from the Better Homes and Gardens New Cook Book and [www.ApronFreeCooking.com](http://www.ApronFreeCooking.com), a moderate oven is 350 to 375 degrees F.]*

*Blanche (Wilder) Ward and her husband Nelson E. Ward (1903-1989) lived on Charlemont Road in the 1950 census. They were married June 12, 1926 and lived in Buckland where they were both active in the Grange, church, and community. Blanche was born 27 Jun 1906 in Buckland, she died 3 Jun 1992 (aged 85). Blanche and Nelson are buried in Taylor Cemetery #02 in Buckland.*

## SCRAMBLED NEIGHBORS

The names of our neighboring towns are concealed in the following list. See how many you can decipher, then check your solutions with the answers printed below. No peeking now!

Dalifhes  
Nowacy  
Ronilca  
Fregleeden  
Needly  
Ahet

Eowr  
Rublesehn  
Ilelandpnfi  
Sehong  
Welyah  
Lathcenomr

1 – Ashfield; 2-Conway; 3-Colrain; 4-Greenfield; 5 Leyden; 6-Heath; 7-Rowe; 8-Shelburne; 9-Plainfield; 10-Goshen; 11-Hawley; 12-Charlemont

## Page 6

### TALES FROM THE DEEP WOODS

Years ago a local farmer was enjoying the brisk, healthful Buckland air one Sunday afternoon while riding about the town in his horse-drawn vehicle. He had ventured past the railroad tracks down to the Shelburne Falls end of town and just returning. Upon approaching the railway tracks he spotted a train coming down the line and vowed to beat it across. The old wagon just did make it, but the horse, exhausted, fell to the ground. The old farmer, somewhat befuddled, stood up in the carriage, snapped the reins, and shouted: “Get up, ye lazy critter, or I’ll run right over ye!”

So George Pickford and his wife are going to rent an apartment (sic) at Ernest Lively’s home at the Four Corners! We knew “Batchelo Lodge” would either have to get itself a more fitting name or else George and the bride would have to find some other place.

You can always tell the Irish,  
You can always tell the Dutch;  
You can always tell the Yankee,  
But you can not tell him much.

(But before you hit me, remember, I didn’t write the poem.)

Not many know it, but there is a half-solved mystery on High Street. About last June one of Lena Hartwell’s two cake pans mysteriously disappeared. Then, but two weeks later, the one was missing. It wasn’t until recently that one cake pan was discovered – beneath the sofa where some negligent fudge eater had kicked it. But the other still is on the wanted list. Lena has had trouble with whole cakes disappearing quite fast, but this is the first time anyone ever at the pan, too.

There has been quite a recent spree of buying new cars here on High Street. Ken Hartwell and Fred LaBelle both have new Ford coops, and Ed LaBelle Jr. and Patsy March, new Chevy’s. It that means the town is getting richer, I’m the one exception.

With winter just around the calendar page we are finishing OUR BUCKLAND for the season. I would just like to say, realizing the great amount of work needed to put out eight pages every two weeks, that to the editors, publishers, and

contributors (sic), it is a job very well done. We all hope to see OUR BUCKLAND around again next summer.

**B.H.**

With the blue skies of September and the relaxing from the heat and rush of the summer, we find ourselves reciting:

“The goldenrod is yellow,  
The corn is turning brown”

even though goldenrod has been yellow for six weeks. The we go to:

“The gentian’s bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun,  
In dusky pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun.”

We wonder if the fringed gentian will come this year in that special spot we know. Maybe this is the off year, for it takes two years from seed to maturity, we remember. We were so careful not to pick many last year. And the year before! How was it Bryant said it as he found them on the hills of Cummington?

“Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven’s own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou waitest late, and com’st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as of that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.”

Yes, friends, the sky flower is now in bloom. I don’t want to tell you where I found mine, but if you’ll go to your own secret spot within the next few days you’ll find them—the fringed gentians—waiting for you midst the damp grasses.

**(Contributed)**

\*\*\*\*\*

## FROM OUR HISTORY

The little red cottage at Stetson's was originally a cooper's shop.

Found: Child's storm rubber, size 9-1/2, for right foot. Owner may have same by calling for it at the Post Office.

## Page 7

### AN INKLING OF HOW IT'S DONE

We found printing this little newspaper wasn't as easy as it reads, but we hope you have enjoyed reading it as much as we have preparing it. Some people feel that a financial and business statement should be forthcoming, and we are willing and eager to comply. The first big job was getting the material. The townspeople on the whole have been very cooperative, and their special articles, letters to the editor, and suggestions have been a great help. We are particularly grateful for those who had a regular column.

We use an Elite (small type) typewriter to enable us to get more on a page, so every article that comes in has to be retyped so we can judge the amount of space it will take, and it is often necessary to edit or condense it. Each page has to be drafted, numbered, and typed again, then proof-read for errors in spelling, grammar, etc. From here it goes to the stenciler. Before starting, the stenciler has to go over each drafted page and block it out so the margins will be even, and accuracy is very important. If the words do not fill the 39 space line extra spaces are put in, or if there are too many letters in the last word it makes a "squeeze" necessary. Stencils are \$3.50 a quire, and correction fluid is 35 cents a bottle, the latter dries up very quickly after it is opened. The "OUR BUCKLAND" heading on the first page, which was graciously drawn for us by Robert Strong Woodward, has to be copied in each time with a stylus. These are 75 cents each, and we bought two different sizes. We usually make 8 stencils, one for each page, and these are then proof-read for possible typing errors. Now we are ready to print.

We start with 250 copies because some of them will be ruined in the mimeograph machine. Printer's ink is \$3.00 a can, and the paper comes in sheets 17" by 11" at \$7.00 a thousand. Each sheet has to be folded meticulously and then pressed with a warm iron. This is important as they will not run thru the mimeograph unless perfectly flat. We tried running them thru a wringer and this worked very well but took much too long. We have to fold 500 for each issue published, and the inside pages are printed first. Each page must be slip-sheeted to keep the wet ink from blotting the other side of the paper, so these slip-sheets must be handled twice for every one of the eight pages printed, once to put them in and once to take them out. Each time the paper sticks, starts and then bunches up, or refuses to go thru for any other reason, the roller gets covered with ink and has to be removed, carefully wiped off, and replaced. Then we have to stop and wash our

hands or we'd have our finger prints all over the paper. You'd be surprised how many times we have to do this for every publication, and our finger-nails stay in mourning for days.

After we have printed pages 2 and 7, and pages 4 and 5, making sure they will be where they belong when the paper is finished, we carefully fold the pages the other way and iron them out again. Then we print 1 and 8 on the back of pages 2 and 7, and pages 3 and 6 on the back of pages 4 and 5. And finally after removing the last 500 slip-sheets, cleaning up the dirty stencils, picking up the loose paper, taking care of our ink, washing the smears off them ourselves, emptying out our wash water, tidying up the printing room, and putting the papers with pages 3,4,5,6, inside of pages 1,2,7,8, we are ready to put the paper on the market. 10 cents please. And believe us, it's worth it.

\*\*\*\*\*

### IT'S RIGHT THERE

People in town are still wrangling over the location of Put's Hill, on the top of which William Putnam built the first log house in this section. To quote from the History of Buckland, "Now all trace of these old homes as well as of others in that locality, is found in the cellar holes alone." Well, that's easy enough! All you have to do is find that old cellar hole and prove it's Put's! Of course it's only been around 300 years since then, and then again maybe that old log house never had a cellar hole!

### **Page 8**

#### WATCHING THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

Harold Williams and Ross Miller have been acting as Special Police on the Warner Construction for (Yes, Sir, you can go through all right) the past few weeks. Ross is on night duty and at first had a sinecure [*sinecure: noun, a position requiring little or no work but giving the holder status or financial benefit*] being posted in (No, Sir, it's only torn up for a quarter of a mile) his own front yard, but that was too good to last, and now that it gets dark early (Yes, Ma'am, just take it easy here) the hours until midnight drag.

Well, it could be worse (Oh, oh! There is Ye Editor, and with a reproachful look, too; bet he thinks I'm just wasting valuable time while he's on newspaper business—h'mmmm!) but what about these people like Charley L. driving by and saying "pretty soft", and Joe M. "say, do you get paid for this?" and the sweet young thing who asks in all seriousness: "Just what do you have to do?" Lady, we don't know either. (Look out, Mister. Slow down or you'll be taking off.)

There's the Editor again; didn't take too long to say "Good night", and I've nothing ready for him yet. How did he get the idea I could write a column and keep my Special Police Badge #18 all shined up? This road film kind of dims the lustre;

maybe I should simonize it before I give it back to Harold. (Yes'm, you can go right thru, it isn't too bad.) (M'm, no it isn't) (Yes, Sir, it's the road to Huntington.) (I wonder who that is? I'll ask Harold to watch out for her, he'll know maybe.)

Better get back to this column, but what to write about? A good Grange election the other night. Woman Suffrage comes to Buckland Grange. Ellen and Edith should make a good combination for the Grange.

Maybe I could open up a Fly-in opposite the Drive-in. It was interesting to watch the two planes take off from my meadow. (Yes, Sir, only a quarter of a mile. No, Sir, not all night—only until twelve o'clock; yes, it does get monotonous; no, not much traffic after the theater gets out; yes, it does get chilly—feels a little like frost; no, I can stay awake.) Oh, oh! Ye Editor again, and what he'll say when he reads this! (Oh, yes, you can drive through—it's passable.) **Ross Miller**

*[We were not able to find a **Ross** Miller in Buckland. However, we did find a **Roswell** Miller. Roswell, a World War I veteran, lived on Upper St. & Ashfield Road in the 1940 and 1950 censuses. His occupation is listed as teacher. The records show him with his wife Maywood (Foster) Miller (1899-1989) and their children Roswell Jr. (1925-1996) and Grace (b.c.1930). Born 9 Sep 1898, Roswell died 2 Sep 1968 in Newport, Sullivan County, N.H. He and Maywood and Roswell Jr are buried in East Lempster Cemetery, East Lempster, Sullivan County, New Hampshire.*

*Harold Williams could be Harold Elmer Williams born 18 Jun 1890 in Orange, Mass., died 8 Feb 1956 (aged 65) in Springfield, Mass. Harold married Helen B Schneck (1906-1979) on June 25, 1933 at Northfield, Mass. They are both buried at Arms Cemetery in Shelburne Falls. They were living on Upper Street, Buckland listed next to Robert Strong Woodward in the 1940 U.S.Census; they were still in Buckland in the 1950 U.S.Census but there is no street name listed. In 1950 their neighbors were Philomus (sp?) Dumas and wife Mary and Richard Manley and wife Helen]*

Honoring the 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the birth of Mary Lyon in 1797, a cachet was designed in 1947 by Mr. Woodward and 1000 envelopes and a number of stickers were printed. It was the plan that the cachets would be of special interest to stamp collectors, and they were priced and sold with this purpose in mind.

Today the account is balanced to the penny—that is, it came out in even dollars. The profits of this project were \$27. \$5. of this was given for prizes at the flower show last year. This year a contribution was made to the mimeograph project, a paper cutter was purchased, and a supply of paper was bought.

No cash or cachets are left.

*[A cachet is a printed or stamped design or inscription, other than a cancellation or pre-printed postage, on an envelope, postcard, or postal card to commemorate a postal or philatelic event. There are both official and private (independent of postal authorities) cachets.]*



\*\*\*\*\*

We learn from our history that the Buckland Union Cemetery Association was first formed in 1857. In those early years there were no undertakers, and friends and neighbors volunteered their services in caring for the dead. A town hearse was kept underneath a part of the church and could be used by anyone free of charge. Coffins seldom exceeded \$3.50, children 75 cents. In an old number of the Greenfield Gazette and Courier is a record of a town meeting in Buckland where it was voted to make a contract whereby the funeral expenses of no inhabitant should exceed \$4.50. The coffin to be \$2.50; the grave digging, \$1.00; hearse and driver, \$1.00. Well! No wonder people live longer now!

\*\*\*\*\*

### IT ALSO COMES IN CANS

Mrs. Gould: "I wonder what makes my eyes so bloodshot. It must be my glasses.

Herb W.: "Of course it is. When my eyes are bloodshot they say it's my glasses.

*End of this issue*

**Vol. 2, No. 1**

**OUR BUCKLAND**

**July 29, 1950**

### OH! PARDON ME

Lots of people wear their brother's old Navy clothes to work. So did Bob Hartwell Jr, but he swears he won't any more.

It was last Monday, and there were a few tumbles of hay to be picked up on the Hartwell farm; Bob got elected to the job. He was doing well, though, until he lifted a tumble of hay that a tiny field mouse had been using as a shelter. Then it spotted the old Navy bell-bottoms which had been serving Bob as work clothes.

Well, mice are not ordinarily adept at climbing, but this one was. Right up inside the left pant leg of the bell bottoms went the scrambling mouse. Bob immediately tried to locate the unwelcomed visitor and persuade him to find shelter somewhere else. But while he was trying to expel the mouse from his left pant leg, out thru the right bell bottom ran the mouse.

Bob described the experience as "a wonderful way to learn the rhumba."

### REPORT ON TRENCH SILO

Charles W. Trow has submitted to OUR BUCKLAND a report on his trench silo. Last year Mr. Trow built the silo and explained its construction and use in our paper at that time. Since the winter is over and the ensilage has all been used, we asked for a report on the success of the project.

“The ensilage came out very satisfactory,” wrote Mr. Trow, “with only a small amount of spoilage. With a few changes we expect to fill (the silo) with corn again this fall.”

## KETCHUP WITH THE NEWS, FOLKS

Bringing OUR BUCKLAND up to date includes reports on subjects begun in the issues of last summer.

The boxtop project to benefit the church brought in over \$5 with the last check still to come in. It has been dropped for the summer with the possibility of starting again in the fall with a new list of products. The trouble has been that the brands which counted were no sold much locally.

The married man in the Batchelo Lodge, now a papa, has moved to Worthington.

The recreation program seems to go nicely this year. The problem of the committee was to find a leader and also always to try to please those who want more sports and those who want more craft work—or play.

Mr. Gould’s spring, reported in this paper, was finally found to be stopped by roots in the pipe. The water to the parsonage, which has bothered for so long without completely stopping, was also a case of root trouble. The lead pipe was as full of roots as a cigarette of tobacco.

All of the three sign boards suggested by Ross Miller in a letter to the editor have been made, all have been painted, two of them are lettered and one of them has been put in place. Dunk gave the lumber, Ralph made them, Burt painted them, and Norman Collins did the lettering. Ross has placed one, the other two are still in Gould’s cellar. It has been suggested that the one at Shedd’s corner road a little differently designating Lower and Upper Streets with location of Grange Hall and P.O. and showing route 112 either way. Norman is ready to letter it.

The weaving of most of the Buckland Weavers is not plentiful but their meetings are really noteworthy. In June they entertained the Hampshire Weavers at the home of Ruth Graves of Conway and in July they will have a very outstanding guest, a weaver who was the judge at Plymouth Craft Sale and who is in Commington (sic) teaching weaving this summer. Mrs. Patch will be hostess.

Louise Fitzgerald has accomplished the building of the most of her house, but still plans to enlarge it.

## **Page 2**

## FROM THE EDITOR’S DESK

Well, we’re off again for another summer of “Our Buckland”. Our highest ambitions are just to keep up the splendid enthusiasm and high quality of last year’s paper, when “Our Buckand” made its sensational debut. A lot of credit when to

Mark Purinton and the many others who made last year's "Our Buckland" worthy of continuing this season.

It's too bad that Markie finds himself too busy to take over the editor's job this year, but then we all know how work can mount up on anyone at times.

However, "Our Buckland" will still have many of the same contributors and reporters. In our forthcoming issues you will again watch the age-old battle of wits between the feminine and the masculine race when Sylvia's Kitchen Sink meets Hezzie's Drano. Eleanor Clark will again be weaving stories and thoughts into her column, Warp and Weft. Of course, we won't forget the news (what's worth printing but not quite good enough to have made all the gossip circles); and don't you forget to look for a few special articles now and then.

The rest of our paper, though, is where you, my dear readers, come in. We have poets in town as our editors found last year. We also have cooks with favorite recipies (sic), farmers with information about their vocation, and simply lots and lots more people who just want to write letters to the editors. Well, paper is cheap enough and so are stamps, so there isn't much excuse for anyone not writing to me, is there? Why not send in something before our next deadline, August 4, to R.E.Hartwell, Charlemont, Mass. R.F.D.

We have all seen that "Our Buckland" can be made a successful and prolific enterprise for the community. Last season we got to know each other better, discussed matters relative to the community, and had lots of fun too. Thanks to the pages of "Our Buckland" the youths of the town got an O.K. on swimming in the fire-protection reservoir, a large "Welcome" sign now stand by the railroad bridge near Mr. Miller's, and several other items were regarded and investigated.

Now let us carry on the good work together to make Our Buckland a nicer, better, happier place to live in.

**R.E.H.**

## CHURCH NOTES

Children's Day was observed June 25 at the Mary Lyon Church in Buckland Center. The ceremony was unique in that it was an exhibition of the Sunday School boys and girls carrying through their usual Sunday School activities. Plants were distributed to all the children.

Also on June 25 there were two baptisms, Katherine Diane Mowry and Ann Marguerite Purinton.

Bonnie Campbell attended Camp Anderson three weeks in July; the third week she was an assistant counsellor.

In that fine magazine, "Childrens' Religion", edited by our won Janet Newton Wetterwald, some excellent pictures of local groups—done by Richard Gerry—have appeared.

The Ladies Club Fair, July 19, was notable for the good things to eat, wear, etc. which were sold at reasonable prices. There was also a fine strawberry supper served. Much credit is due to the committees and all who helped.

With the exception of July 10, Mr. Merrill has been conducting Morning Devotion over WHAI on Monday mornings in July at 8:45.

Special musical numbers by the choir will be as follows: July 30: "Lo, My Shepherd is Divine". Aug. 6, "Peace, I Leave With You." Solo: "I walked To-Day Where Jesus Walked", Mrs. Harold Williams. Aug. 13, "Peace, I Leave With You." and "Praise to the Lord". Aug 20, "Cherubic Hymn" and "Bring Flowers".

**G.A.M.**

### HI! HO! THE FAIR

Fair time may seem a long way off, but already many of the townspeople, both young and old, are looking forward to the Fair season to start. Here we have tabulated for your convenience the dates of the various local fairs and similar events you will be attending this fall:

Cummington Fair	Aug. 26-27
Middlefield Fair	Sept. 1-2
Blandford Fair	Sept. 3-4
Northampton Fair	Sept. 3-9
Greenfield Fair	Sept. 10-13
Great Barrington F.	Sept. 10-16
Eastern States F.	Sept. 17-23
Goshen Flower Show	July 23-29
Buckland Grange Fair	Sept. 9
Amherst 4H Camp	July 31-Aug.4

### **Page 3**

### THE BUCKLAND GRANGE DOPE

It was a pleasant surprise when our new editor, Bob Hartwell, asked me if again I would be the Buckland Grange Dope. I said, "Natch" of course, and I do hope our Grange column will be of interest to our readers.

First, Buckland Grange says, "Welcome back" to Our Buckland. We are very happy to know the efforts of last year are not lost, and we wish good luck to our present staff.

In the past year the Grange has marched forward keeping step to its able Master, Ellen Gelbar. Our aim in the last year has been to improve the looks of our hall as well as be of service to our Buckland people. Last winter our boys "dug out" our basement and gave it a new coat of paint. Although we still have additional improvements to complete, we hope to make the basement a recreation center for

all our Buckland. We feel it is a worthwhile venture as we all know we need a center for such purposes.

And, more recently work has been started putting a cement apron along the Grange hall. This, we hope, will prevent rains from settling in our basement. An ambitious male crew of seven are responsible for this much needed renovating. The thought of dressing up the church and the Grange grounds has been in mind for several months and so with part of the grounds dug up we decided now is the time to do some grading and landscaping. Maybe this information will satisfy many wondering eyes.

As for our meetings, they have a lively touch. Join us if you desire a good discussion. With reference to the literary part of our meetings, Bill and Marion are doing a fine job.

The July 26 meeting is recorded as a scavenger hunt and I do believe everyone will be glad they came. Each year you Buckland folks will have to keep open house for the Grange Scavengers. They may need your false tooth!!!

Janet and George – our musical minded friends from back in the woods have charge of entertainment. I understand they have chosen a selected group of Grangers to assist them. Maybe if you attend our August 9 meeting you'll realize Buckland is gifted with some real songsters. Come and see the show you won't go wrong.

**E.S.G.**

### FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

The old folks like to rave about those "Good Old Days" back when their daughters were respectful and their sons were gentlemen. But in unguarded moments I have heard the "oldster" brag, and by his own admission he was quite a scalawag. He likes to tell about the time he licked the teacher in the school, or fed the kids some poison ivy celebrating April Fool; of the gang that stole the mellons (sic), or the orchards that they raided; how they ruined the brand new mattress of a bride they serenaded. The fact is they forget these pranks when they are grown-up men, and the ones that call the cops today were the biggest devils then.

Before the 4<sup>th</sup> for many years our celebrating boys build bon-fires on the common, ring the bell, and make a noise. Nowadays discarded tires will feed their blazing fires, but years ago 'most anything became destructive pyres. They burned the neighbor's outhouse, of farm tools left around, loose pasture gates, or porch hairs, and other things they found. Our fine old Buckland stage coach long ago went up in smoke because the boys of bygone days considered it a joke. They say our girls are lazy and our boys afraid of work, that they'll not amount to anything and responsibilities they shirk. These dire predictions of our youth are nothing new you know, they said the same about the kids a hundred years ago. Of course they're sometimes lazy, disrespectful too, and yet – I think they're doing pretty well with the example that be set. Just stop and think a while before you paint our youngsters black, and be glad they're not those hoodlums of two generations back!

**S.G.W.**

*SGW: Sylvia Grace (Gould) Wilder was born in Northampton on 30 May 1903, a twin daughter of Herbert Gould & Grace (Dudley) Gould. Sylvia married Ralph L Wilder on Sept. 15, 1923. Ralph was the son of Charles A Wilder & Eliza (Taylor) Wilder. Sylvia and her husband Ralph (1896-1979), a World War I veteran, are both buried in Buckland Center Cemetery #03.*

## **Page 4**

### WARP AND WEFT

Welcome to Bob as editor and here goes for an attempt to back him up. In thinking of possible material, I re-read last year's issues and again admired the variety and was glad that so many folks contributed. However, I know of a number who were just too slow to help last time and hope they understand they are not supposed to wait for a fancy and formal invitation. Let's give the editor so much to choose from that he has to expand the paper!

Everything for me this year seems to be a contrast between traditional and modern. The modern road, the old house. The modern texture weaving of the old time patterns. Fringe or hems. Some standards of conduct I'd like to hold to. Yet others don't look at life that way.

During the past year I have read everything I could on modern school trends, including the 1948 NEA Book, "Education for All American Children." I am ending up in favor of a regional school for the pupils from the seventh grade up. There seems no other way to give them the chance to develop to their fullest using all the helps of today such as movies—and yet not making them waste time on something which is not and never will be "down their alley."

However I found that for the younger pupils the association of several grades in a room was reported as a new and progressive idea for city schools, and also that there was quite something to be gained when the children went to the same teacher for three years or so.

It seems, according to these up-to-date ideas, that education is something which is inside us and is as hard to tell about as it is to explain why we would rather work as we do, yet be on own land. Or why one likes weaving and another doesn't see a thing in it. So education isn't something which comes from a building or a teacher or books and mostly we don't know when we get it.

Enough said, perhaps too much. I have lain awake nights trying to be sure that I am not for the old because it is old or for the new just because it is new, which is just as bad of course.

What would women folks with a dog who wants to catch woodchucks do if the dog did? All volunteers to help, sign up at the post office, please.

Walter Record wants Mrs. Wiley to tell all the folks who joined in sending him that wallet, "Thank you." He was deeply pleased.

Roaming the side roads recently we went up past Bill Nadeau's. Does he keep that porcupine in the middle of the road to halt traffic? This one tucked his head right down between his fore legs and let us nearly hit him as we squeezed by. Maybe he is there yet!

The program for the Flower Show in Goshen has come to town. One class is called, "A man's idea of a bouquet." Another is a cup with a saucer background. Prized (sic) are small but the exhibit is always interesting. July 26 – 2:30.

According to the way I hear it, some folks here want one and some folks see it only as lots of work.

Are we all remembering that there will be the usual Grange Fair this fall and that there will be classes for children? There are classes where it is not right to enter vegetables etc. which one did not raise, but there are also classes for arrangement where it is the showing that counts. Prizes, too. And not just for Grangers – a Community Fair.

On the Atherton roadside where the rambler roses are blooming over some flat stone, we hope that the highway department nor Warner Brothers get them. We asked Pauline Atherton why they were there and she said someone had told her there was once a watering tub there on that spot. Who remembers?

The New York Herald of Sunday July 9, showed a picture of a "Lady of Baptist Corner, Ashfield, Massachusetts" which is the name of an oil painting dated 1892. It was painted by Edwin R. Elmer, which means something to those who know. But for weavers the interest lies in that she is weaving whip snaps on a loom—which was quite an industry in the horse and buggy days. The ladies of Buckland earned money by finishing the snaps woven by such ladies as the one who was painted by the artist. Has anyone a loom like that in the attic? And who was the lady?

Mr. Trow gave out a job when he asked the name of that plant in the ditch below the parsonage. Aunt Bertha has searched six books and the nearest she got was Black Cohosh—which she isn't satisfied with. **EWC**

## **Page 5**

### FIVE MONTHS A BUCKLANDITE

I appreciate the great pleasure and privilege of being invited to write a small article to the paper OUR BUCKLAND, but before I start, I feel in a state of perplexity because my family and the writer came to Buckland during the time the lovely mountains and hills are covered with the last heavy fall of snow, and our River Clesson was still carrying a very thick covering of ice. But the atmosphere of friendliness which we met on all sides convinced us we were dropping our anchor in calm and pleasant waters.

An example of this friendliness came one afternoon during last winter's thaw when I attempted to drive to Hawley; on my return I found the rear wheel of my small car beautifully dug in the soft, muddy shoulder of that rather oldern (sic) pattern of roadmaking. Thanks to the help of three neighbors returning home from work, my small car was practically lifted onto the hard part of the muddy road, and in a few minutes I was back at my cottage, none the worse for my experience, but my lesson had been given me the hard way.

I am afraid I am making little progress in writing an article of interest to the readers of OUR BUCKLAND, because I am still in a quandary about what my subject would be! I have many confessions to make first. It is true, I was born on the banks of a well known trout stream, but I am no fisherman. I lack the calm endurance and perseverance of standing or sitting behind a fishing stick and creeping, crawling, limble little worm, or an artificial fly, used as bait; but I must admit, over a glass of beer, I have heard some astonishing fishing stories—which in every case exceed the six inches laid down by our law-makers at Boston.

I cannot write upon our National game of baseball, because during my busy life I have seen only one professional game played on the diamond. Strange to say, that was at Washington D.C., during a hot Sunday afternoon in the year 1923. But I thoroughly enjoyed it, when I could see the plate between the arms and legs of gentlemen who were offering effervescing drinks to thirsty spectators, or hot dogs covered with mustard and nicely and appetizingly wrapped up in a rich looking roll. But I did see a Mr. Johnson pitching for the Washington Senators – and from my recollection they did win that afternoon.

Looking over some of the Shakespearean Quotations, I came across the following:

“yet do I fear thy nature”

“It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness (Macbeth I, v 17-18)

Now that is exactly how I feel since I came to live in Buckland last March. My family and the writer have received from all stations of life nothing but kindness, what with this great asset to our daily lives, and the beauty of the surrounding countryside, whether it be the mountains, streams, and valley, the question comes to my thoughts, why go way to Switzerland! And spend our hard earned dollars, when Western Massachusetts can still show beauties that want some beating. In conclusion may I add another of the quotations I recollect:

“Beauty itself doth of itself persuade”

“The eyes of men without an orator” (Lucrecc 29-30)

**Greenpencil**



## LITCHFIELDS ATTEND REUNION

Mrs. Leon Litchfield, Mrs. Doris Evans and son Tommy, Charles Litchfield and family, and George Litchfield and family of Kingston, Rhode Island, journeyed to Weybridge Vermont, on July 15 for a family reunion at the home of Mr. Richard James.

Sixty-eight relatives gathered at tables beneath shady Vermont maples for a picnic dinner. Following a subsequent baseball game, many visited the near-by million dollar electric power project; some then when on to Lake Dunmore for swimming or to the Morgan Horn (sic-Horse) farm in the locality.

Mrs. Litchfield was shown through the newer buildings at Middlebury college by a niece who is an assistant librarian there; it was a pleasant surprise to Mrs. Litchfield to find that a large painting she was admiring in one of the lounges was signed by the artist, our own famous Mr. Robert Strong Woodward.

*Zetta (MacMurtry) Litchfield (1882-1974) married Leon C Litchfield (1878-1967) on Oct 2, 1906 in Vermont. They lived in Buckland on what is now (May 2024) Route 112, 277 Ashfield Road. Their children were Doris, Charles, and George. Doris married first, Robert E. Evans on 11 June 1944 in Buckland, Mass. It is unknown what happened to Mr. Evans. Doris later married Clifford Orrin Howes of Leyden, Mass. in about 1958. He was a meat cutter who worked in Shelburne Falls and Ashfield. Doris lived on in the Litchfield family farm house in Buckland until her death in August 2007 at the age of 95 years. Doris was the person who arranged for the large flower pots that flank both sides of the walkway entrance to the Memory Garden at the Buckland Public Hall. She gave them in memory of the Litchfield family and each year she would arrange for geraniums to be planted in the pots. Doris was very particular that the flowers be the perfect color red. Tina Peters remembers having to take back or keep pots of flowers that Tina bought for the annual planting because they did not pass Doris' color requirements. Doris and her second husband Cliff (1924-1992), were both cremated. Their ashes were buried in the Litchfield family plot with Doris' parents Leon and Zetta located in the Coventry Village Cemetery in Coventry, Orleans County, Vermont.*

*About the Morgan Horse Farm – located at 74 Battell Drive, Weybridge, VT 05753. “A beacon for horse and history lovers, the University of Vermont Morgan Horse Farm is home to the oldest, continuous Morgan horse breeding herd in the world. Established in 1878, this beautiful historic site is a working farm of 40+ Morgans that is open to the public May through October annually. The UVM Morgan Horse Farm is a must-see attraction just outside Middlebury, Vermont. During the tourism season which runs May-October, visitors may visit the farm between the hours of 9am and 4pm, seven days a week. You do not need to make a reservation-come at a time that works for you. Tours are about 30 minutes long and run on the hour- first one at 10am, last one at 3pm. Admission fees to grounds are paid*

upon arrival in the gift shop, located in the lobby of the main barn. Admission rates for 2024:

Adults: \$10.00

Youth 5-17yrs: \$7.00

Kids 0-4yrs FREE

UVM ID holders, Seniors, & Addison County Resident rates: \$8.50”

[Farm info retrieved 3 May 2024 from <https://www.uvm.edu/cals/morganhorsefarm>]

### THANKS THOSE WHO HELPED AT FAIR

Ellen Gelbar wishes to thank all those who assisted in the entertainment, “Fashion Through the Years”, at the Ladies’ Club Fair on July 19.

### **Page 6**

### Nostalgia

Will I be able to see ox-carts and folks on horseback going past the Wilder Homestead, when the new road has been made? Sometimes I can imagine I do now. How ever lost any who have not visited here lately will be after summer 1950!

Oxen must have swayed along that road when it was hardly more than two ruts. Some were bringing folks to new homes and some were going on over the hills to Hawley. There was a time when this was the main road to Plainfield and Savoy (rather than over Hoosac Mountain) and the Charles Trow place was a tavern for teamsters.

Women on horseback seem to come to mind, riding sidesaddle, with a big full skirt over their Sunday best, a baby in arms and a child on the pillion behind. [*pillion – noun, a cushion attached to the back of a saddle for an additional passenger.*] Surely the horse was a sedate old nag.

The old sleigh up in the shed must have travelled the snow path many times. The iron work for it was made at the forge by the blacksmith and the wooden parts were sturdy stuff. There is a little high seat for the driver and a wide seat in back lower down where the women and children could snuggle under the buffalo robe. Probably some youngster was sitting on her cold hand and auntie was warming a cold nose on her nice fur muff. Father, up front, wore a big tippet around his neck. [*A tippet is a piece of clothing worn over the shoulders in the shape of a scarf or cape.*]

Not so long ago I can remember the carriage coming down the road and turning into the yard with a flourish. Or maybe it was up the road, for father, mother and I had been to Charlemont Fair where we had met Uncle Ed and Aunt Bertha. We three in the carriage pulled by our grey horse, Fred, had followed Uncle Ed and Aunt Bertha down the Deerfield River to the Buckland Ford. The water came over the hubs of the wheels as we splashed through. So from Buckland Station we must have come across and up the road into the yard.

I'm always strong for change—seldom come back by the road I went—crave variety always—but there has always been for me in parts of Buckland a sense of past happenings. A big maple by the roadside means someone dug a hole and planted a sapling. It is one of the charms Buckland has had. So I think of something we may lose as progress and a new highway come past. Will all the ghostly figures vanish?

**Eleanor Wilder Clark**

### LOOKING AHEAD

From the clouds of dust of the new road construction rise specters of the past to some town residents. But to me, whose memories of the days behind are quarantined to my shallow seventeen years, those clouds form promises of the years that are yet to be.

Those of us who can peer beyond our dirty windshields and concentrate past the dust and dirt in our arid throats, can perceive a wide new thoroughfare triumphantly marching through and past our little town to bring us closer someday to the already vastly receded boundaries of the rest of the world. Those specters which we see are nothing from the past but those of super-streamlined vehicles racing across our smooth, safe highways.

And even now as we pass along our present road we see the changes coming swiftly to our community. Though the hay-loader only in recent years surpassed the old “pitching-on” process, the baling machine is already high in prospects of taking over the job, as are other trends threatening to monopolize tasks that were long done in other, more tedious ways.

The homes are changing just as quickly, with the power lawn mowers appearing more abundantly to make bigger, better lawns feasible; inside the house, of course, the shining, white refrigerators and stoves are making the kitchen more attractive, while other rooms are all taking on new airs.

Without trying, we see the world changing as we merely drive or walk through our little village; and though it may be rather sad to see the good old days with their good old ways pass for ever, this word PROGRESS barges on just the same. But we just musn't (sic) forget that this progress is really nothing new, just something that started when man took his first steps towards becoming more of a man and less of an ape. Those millions of years of progress behind us put us here where we are; but the job certainly isn't finished, so let's let progress go on.

Yes, there's a section of new road coming through this summer. Let's just not forget, there's a new era coming to Buckland.

**Robert Hartwell**

*[The clue to who this Robert Hartwell probably is, is found in the first paragraph wherein he shares his age is seventeen = born about 1933. Robert Edward Hartwell was born circa 1933 in Buckland, a son of Robert Mantor Hartwell (1902-1982) and Lena (LaBelle) Hartwell (1903-2005). Robert married Elizabeth A Sweeny in Roxbury, Mass. on July 5, 1954. Robert was a 1950 graduate of Arms Academy.]*

\*\*\* The old State Highway now under repair, was laid in 1903. \*\*\*

## Page 7

### DOWN MEMORY LANE –

#### THE OLD RED BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE

As PROGRESS in the form of a new road comes to Buckland and demolished the red school house “down north” the following paragraphs from the Buckland history are of some interest:

##### District No. 2

“Leaving Buckland center, we will travel down to the old brick school house of the North District, known in the early days as District No. 2. When this was first built there was no school in East Buckland, so children from Josiah Johnson’s Alfred Woodward’s, and the other Woodward place came down the old road to this building. Other children went over the hill to No. 3 where Mary Lyon later taught. The teachers here as in the other districts made the pens of goose quills, using small knives, “penknives”, to sloth them with. Steel pens were introduced about 1845.

Very early the school stood at the foot of Purrinton Hill. In 1806 Rufus Trowbridge (Stetson Place) deeded a tract of land (the same location as at present) to the inhabitants of Buckland and upon this a brick school house was then standing. This building became unfit for use and was taken down in 1840; the present school house was fashioned from brick made over the river in East Charlemont. In the winters of 1826-27 and 28, Deacon John Porter taught here. Another teacher of note was Mary Howes Goddard, a granddaughter of Rev. Spaulding. She graduated in the first class from Mount Holyoke Seminary and died in Alaska.”

##### Notes and explanations:

That old road over the hill would be the old post road or county road from Charlemont which crossed the river near Buckland Station, went through the north part of the town where the first post office was at he place bought during the past year by John Eastman of Greenfield. Thence over the hill back of the Robert Stetson place through the old road (west of the present one) in East Buckland, it took a direct line on through Conway to Northampton.

The walls re-echo with the Christmas parties and the religious meetings held there, and we also heard there were many happenings there which it would not do to print.”

## SEES TWO NEW ROADS IN BUCKLAND

In 1903, forty-seven years ago, I watched the building of a state road past my home. I boarded the bosses. Little did I dream that I would be now sitting by the window in 1950, watching another new road.

Already they have pushed aside the brush which hid my view. The machinery of today is so different from that of 1903 that I find it very interesting.

In spite of a little feeling of homesickness, as I think that those who have gone away would never know the place if they should return, I realize that this road joins the Mohawk Trail to the Jacob's Ladder and crosses the Berkshire Trail and the Lafayette Trail. While I hate to see the trees cut, I realize our road must be broad enough to carry the peak of traffic that might be sent over it.

It is not as if this were a prairie, for our trees are near us on each side.

Changes come and landmarks go, and often the change is for the better. So I am looking forward to a summer, busily watching the changes. I'll let the younger folks regret while I feel sure the new road will be better.

### **"Aunt Bertha" Wilder**

*Hattie Bertha "Aunt Bertha" (Sanderson) Wilder was born 8 May 1867 in Lunenburg, Worcester County, Mass., a daughter of Albert and Harriet E. (Cook) Sanderson. She would have been aged 83 years when she wrote this in 1950. Bertha had married Edmund Gardner Wilder on Nov. 27, 1901 at Montague, Mass. Edmund was born 11 Jun 1867 a son Charles Wilder & Harriet E (Hartwell) Wilder. He died 30 Jun 1938 (aged 71). Bertha died 10 Jun 1958 (aged 91) in Ashfield. She and her husband are buried in Buckland Center Cemetery #03.*

## MORE ABOUT SCHOOL HISTORY

The town records of Charlemont reveal that no appropriations were made for the public schools until 1771, when nine pounds were voted to be divided among the three districts – the upper (the present Charlemont village), the hill, (later Heath), and the lower district. This lower district was made up in part of children living south of the Deerfield River, in what was later Buckland.

In 1783 there was no schooling in Buckland. In 1792 a strip of unappropriated land between Buckland and Ashfield was annexed to Buckland, and the proceeds granted to assist in maintaining public schools in the town forever. In 1839 the amount of the fund derived from selling this land which the state had granted was \$914.83.

\*\*\*\*\*

POETS TAKE NOTICE: how about some poetry for a poetry page next time?

HOW NOW, BROWN COW

The whole day was ruined for Mr. Woodward the other morning when he arose to find the heart eaten out of his choice lemon lilies. We are very sorry this happened. We feel even worse to be obliged to admit that we have no way of identifying the culprit. We are literally up against a blank face, three of them in fact. First there is Bessy, very well behaved and gentle, hardly a suspect for such a deed. But then you never can tell – sometimes these quiet ones need watching. Next there's Buttercup, with a name like that it would be easy to believe she might have a leaning toward flowers of that color. However, it hardly seems fair to convict anyone on circumstantial evidence. Besides she's always looked a little yellow in the mouth. It's the way she's made. The last one under a cloud is Hollis. When asked why she was named Hollis, Mr. Gould informed us that she came from a long line of H's. This could mean anything! There were no witnesses and the evidence is all out – (or should we say we're all out of evidence? Anyway, it's still a question. Whodunit?!

THE HOLE TRUTH

We have noticed a lot of excavating and digging going on over back of Earl Lilly's house lately, so the other day we asked him what was going on. He told us, confidentially, that he was building a pond so he could go to raising bull-frogs. Oh well, every man to his own taste, but who likes that kind of music? Of course he did murmur as an after-thought that it could be used for fire protection, too. In either case we feel sorry for the frogs. If there is a fire they are going to be left high and dry, and if there isn't sooner or later they are going to find themselves without a leg to hop on!

THE COME BACK

Miss Clark (In Post Office): "I'm sorry but you will have to have your return address on this package."

City Boarder: "Oh, but I'm going home, I don't want it returned!"

LATE NEWS

FLASH----Correction: The Community Agricultural Fair which is for every one of us, is scheduled for Sept. 9, not as reported elsewhere. Save that date and plan to exhibit.

FLASH---- The supper for Sept. 9 is in charge of Marion Fitzgerald with Richard Gerry as co-chairman.



Fair Committees: Judging, Nathan Hale; auctioneer, Nelson Ward; runners, Francis Willis and Paul Nadeau; Publicity, Maywood Miller; arrangements and decorations, Roswell Miller, William Fitzgerald, Georges Wetterwald, Imogene Litchfield, Janet Wetterwald; clerk, Alma Shippee.

FLASH---- If you can't bring the egg sandwich required for the Scavenger hunt, bring the dog which ate that sandwich! Nathan Hale's team did!

FLASH ---- If there isn't time to cook the egg, a raw egg between two slices may fill the requirement but is not, definitely not, appetizing.

FLASH ----More later about Robert Ward, expert Poultry Judge, and his trip to Kansas City.

FLASH --- FLASH--- Musical program for August 9, arranged and directed by Georges and Janet Wetterwald, has dash and melody, and any local public who are interested by not Grangers may come in after the business meeting to enjoy it. Don't know how the refreshment committee will hand the situation but all are welcome to the program.

FLASH --- Buckland Grange has voted to carry out the plan sponsored by Pomona to put scotch-lite tape on all the children's bicycles in town. The tape has been ordered and Ellen Gelbar is in charge of distribution.

*[Scotchlite is the trademark name of a 3M Reflective Tape advertised to: Increase nighttime visibility on mailboxes, bikes and other equipment. It sticks to clean metal, glass, smooth wood and painted surfaces.]*

FLASH --- More material is needed for our paper. If you have ever had a desire to see your literary attempts published we will give you your chance. Jingle us up a few lines if you care for a poetry page. Please send articles to Bob Hartwell, or leave at Post Office to be forwarded. They should be in by Aug. 11.

### ***End of this issue***

**Vol. 2, No. 2 OUR BUCKLAND Buckland, Mass. August 21, 1950**

#### **COMMUNITY FAIR PLANNED**

Arrangements for the Buckland Grange and Community Fair (September 9) are well underway. Your committee has been notified that the State Department of Agriculture has all tot up fifty dollars for prize money. The premium list has been approved and copies will be placed at the Buckland Post Office for distribution.

The emphasis in the premium list has been placed on table displays and container displays of vegetables and/or fruit, with a first prize of six dollars second prize of three and third prize of two. A class for Junior display is listed with prizes of four, two, and one dollars.

The basis for judging displays is:

Arrangement -----	40%
Quality -----	40%
Utility -----	15%
Number of kinds -----	5%

There are also three classes for garden and wild flowers and a class for canned vegetables and fruit.

The success of our fair is based upon the interest shown in it by the number of exhibitors. The date is September ninth; plan to take part and win your share of prize money and blue and red ribbons. **R.M.**

### IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S ....

We have an amateur aviator in Buckland, though most people don't know it. And the altitude shouldn't bother him much, since he comes from way up on the highest of "High Street" (Hawley Road).

That's Paul Nadeau we speak of; and if you didn't know it he was over to Northampton a few Sundays ago and went up in a small plane with its pilot. (cont. on pg.8 as follows)

Paul even took over the controls for a while, and says the plane handled easier than an automobile.

Paull tells us that he has always been interested in planes, likes to ride in them whenever he can. But we just can't stop wondering if his interest in this plane wasn't slightly influenced by the fact that the pilot was a lady?

### KANSAS CITY BOUND

When Bob Ward travels west this fall to compete in poultry judging with boys from the forty-eight states he will not go alone, for as the Texans might say, "the eyes of Buckland will be upon him."

Robert, a senior at Arms Academy, has qualified for a place on the poultry judging team which will represent the secondary schools of Massachusetts at the National Poultry Judging Contest at Kansas City, Missouri, early in October.

Bob attained this honor through his high scores in the state elimination contests in which boys from every school agricultural department in Massachusetts were entered. He will be joined on the trip to Kansas City by the other two members of the team, one from New Salem



Academy in New Salem and the other from Essex County Agricultural School in Danvers.

An added attraction and incentive for the boys is the Future Farmers of American Convention which is to be held in conjunction with the judging contest.

Since expenses for the trip are not appropriated, voluntary contributions are necessary to cover the cost. Buckland Grange has generously contributed \$25 toward the fund for Bob's expenses with community pride in his achievement and confidence in his ability to ably represent the Bay State in national competition.

Bring home the bacon, Bob!

**N.H.**

### TRANSFORMATION

Transformation to the butterfly is an annual affair in the insect world. The seven year locust takes his leisure time in modernizing his mobile equipment. But among men, a world's record (to pg. 2)

### **Page 2**

TRANSFORMATION Continued from pg 1)

Was set when Bert Wise abandoned his old Model A Ford for that new, sleek, blue 1950 buzz-about. Most men change cars gradually and take it by easy stop. Not so with Bert. He waited till the motor car perfected. Then he bought. What a change it has wrought on him!!!! He does twice as much work, feels better, and looks younger. If you do not believe it, watch the pretty smiles he gets from the unattached ladies from Buckland and Shelburne.

**George Fox**

### THE BUCKLAND GRANGE DOPE

Hello again! Another issue means more news of the Grange activities and we do seem to have many irons in the fire at the present. Let's hope they all come out hot and just the way we hoped they would.

The musical entertainment planned for the last meeting seemed exceptionally good so we, not wanting to appear selfish, thought it sporting to invite some neighboring Granges to enjoy our fun. Who to invite? Many ideas!! Final result—Ashfield, Bernardston, Montague and Greenfield were our guests. And, I feel quite confident in saying they did have a grand time.

To elaborate a bit on the musical comedy, "The Miller's Daughter", it is very probable that the actors and actresses had even more fun than our audience. The heroine certainly was a killer-diller ----- so thought the three suitors...such wolves, I never did see! The sisters three were not the most sedate gals in the world and let me also say the old maid aunts surely

go fed up with the whole kit and kaboodle. A crabby father and certain clever magician also plan an important part.

Last but not least, the most outstanding character in the play was the pianist. She not only kept us on pitch, but wrote and directed the production. The "She" happens to be Janet Wetter....you know, we all at some time or another have something to look forward to. Listen.....I understand this production will be staged again!

Another event of interest we can look forward to is our annual community fair and supper. On September 9, we hope to have the Grange Hall full of exhibits of fruits and vegetables representing all ages of Buckland farmers. Never wanting anyone to be hungry we have planned to serve a scrumptious public supper. The supper twosome, W. Fitzgerald and R. Gerry, have broadened their shoulders to carry on the duties of expert chefs. You all will want to come as both the pretty females and the handsome men will serve you. This, no doubt? will be another item to go down in Buckland Grange history.

Our still ambitious men are gaining on the cement job outside the hall. They do deserve much credit.

The next meeting ---"under the pines." Bring your own lunch and we'll have fun.

**E.G.**

### CHURCH NOTES

Did you know that Rev. William Clarke and his wife have been stopping for some days in Buckland at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Cooper? Mr. Clarke is a retired missionary who once served our Congregational churches in Bulgaria. He is the grandson of Rev. Benjamin Clarke, who was the minister of the Mary Lyon Church from 1824-1839 -- --"ordained February 4, 1824, dismissed May 2, 1839." Rev. William Clarke's father was born here.

Did you know that the course of the lead water pipe from spring to the parsonage has been discovered? The supply at the house was cut off entirely for a time, and after much persistent digging the pipe was found, with a section of it entirely filled with apple tree roots. From this time on we shall at least know where to dig for the pipe, if there is further trouble.

The removal of the old shed back of our church may be the last of a historical structure (there are very few old sheds where horses used to be hitched during the church services), but it is also the mark of an improvement to the looks of the church and Grange.

We see quite a number of summer visitors at church. They are an inspiration to us, and we trust they are helped by their attendance:

Sermon themes: July 30 "Heeding a Great Invitation"; August 6 "God's Rainbows"; August 13, guest preacher, Rev. Heinz Schwartz of Onada, Kansas.

There will be no services at the Church September 3 and 10, as Mr. and Mrs. Merrill will be on vacation. **G.A.M.**

### **Page 3**

#### CASEY JONES

Casey Jones, he wiggles his bones,  
When he starts but, does Casey Jones.  
He puffs and spits and jiggles and groans  
As he rides along does Casey Jones.

Casey Jones is a circus train.  
He puffs with the wind, he puffs with the rain.  
His light shines bright,  
Through the night.  
He goes over bridges and through the tunnel,  
While the smoke comes rushing from his funnel.

On the straight rail, he goes like heck.  
When he turns the corner, he almost has a wreck.  
The circus pets are scared to death,  
Jiggling around, holding their breath.

**(age 8)**

**Lee Lincoln**

#### LITTLE HOPES HIGH

1. That's bad!  
How sad!  
Little Lady of two,  
So blue!  
Her Dolly's stroller's broken.  
She can't take her baby walkin'.
2. Little hopes high,  
Little eyes cry!  
That's the beginnin'.  
I think she's winnin'.  
Big Brother picks it up.  
Brother gonna' fix it up?
3. Come, come,  
Little Lady,

Don't be blue.  
Your get busy too!  
Get your little baby dressed.  
Her pretty clothes are clean and pressed.  
4. Quick, go find the baby doll!  
Find her shoes and socks and all.  
Baby's a mess!  
Get her Dress,  
Get her best bonnet,  
With the pink ribbons on it.  
5. Brother go the stroller done?  
Yup! All fixed! She won.  
See the baby spic and span,  
They're going for a walk again.  
What a precious picture this!  
Little Lady walks in bliss.

**E.H.L. [or E.M.L.?]**

#### HIS HAPPY SONG

A cheery little song I heard.  
It was a small, sweet bird.  
Lighting in the apple tree,  
He did not see me.  
He would not care if I was there.  
Then off agin he flew,  
"What is he to you?"  
I say.  
Today  
There's so such work to do  
The little bird of golden hue,  
The little song, the morning dew,  
"What is all of this to you?"  
And then I know.  
The little birds up in the sky,  
The little beings that sing and fly,  
Are messages from the King on high.  
Now, I look up and wonder why  
I didn't know before  
What the little song was form  
God bless this wee-winged messenger,  
And his happy song of hoe and cheer.

**E.H.L. [or E.M.L.?]**

## THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

The other day I heard a man say:

“Your (sic) must always count the cost.”

Whatever you do you’ll find this true;

Ignore it, and you’re lost.

One surely must plan and do all he can

To make of his life a success;

For if he lets go, ---we know this so,

He surely will make life a mess.

Now this is the law, “The tooth and the claw”;

We should never forget it applies;

But it also is true, ---and this is not new, ---

God’s mercy our life underlies.

Evangeline Booth has brought out this truth,

“A man may be down, but not out”.

One may lose his grip through many a slip,

In the bright, saving light of the Cross.

**G.A.M.**

## **Page 4**

## WARP AND WEFT

Queen of the Meadow is the name of that flower we were trying to identify as you would have read in the other issue if the last line could have been printed. Mark Purinton identified it from his college botany and Mrs. Vanderbilt tells us that it grew in her mother’s garden, so it is also cultivated.

My weaving lady enjoyed the questions which were asked at the post office. There is no limit to the variety. A recent one was by the son of Macajah Howes of Ontario, Canada. When “Macajah” was a boy about twelve years old he lived with his Aunt Lois in Buckland, where he had such a delightful time that now, 88 years later, his son wanted to see the place. But he did not know the last name of “Aunt Lois”.

The Buckland History connected a Lois Howes of Ashfield in 1822 with an Oliver Rawson, but that is all we know so far. “Aunt Lois” must have been a wonderful person.

The story on BEANS: I have been requested to ask those who plan suppers to please omit the beans for some can’t eat them and do not care for the rest of the menu, yet they wish to attend. ALSO I have been

requested to ask those who plan suppers to please have MORE bean suppers as the Buckland cooks make such very delicious beans that even folks who do not care for beans like the Buckland beans. I am also requested to suggest that we have meals for more than \$1 such as Ashfield does. It has also been suggested that we do need some truly low-priced suppers so that local families can afford to attend and thus it would be more of a community get-together. Take your choice, Ladies.

Regarding the water trough where the rambler roses were near Atheron's, Miss Etta Howes tells me that she remembers it and that there were a number of troughs and tubs about town. I understood this might have been a trough of stone. Wonder what happened to it?

George Tower must hold a record as he was 89 years old on August 3<sup>rd</sup> and has worked in the hayfield ever summer for 79 years.

Among other comments about this paper has been the suggestion that full names should be signed rather than pen names or initials. Guess that is up to the editor.

Studying the plans for three new elementary schools now being built in Pittsfield, Mass., these principles are noted: Every class room is on the ground floor with an outside door to the playground. This makes for fire safety. They are 32 feet by 32 feet with seating spaces for 25 to 30 pupils. Kindergartens are about 32 feet by 48 feet. The floors are of asphalt tile over poured concrete.

The idea of making these schools are serviceable for general community use has been considered in each school and when schools are not in session certain rooms may be used without opening the classroom wing.

Special areas are set aside for kindergarten playground, grades one, two and three together, and four, five and six together.

Through the clerestory design each classroom receives as much daylight on its inside walls as on the outer wall. At the same time, fluorescent lighting is provided for dark days.

While the papers tell of new school buildings, once in a while there is a lone writer speaking of the true education. In the June-July issue of Nature Magazin, on the School Page, the writer tells of schools he has visited all over the world. Some had wonderful equipment and some had only crude tools to work with. Some teachers and scholars were really teaching and learning and some were so carefully keeping the polish on their lovely equipment that he questions the amount of education received.

This summer has been unusual for contacts made with folks from other countries. Some letters from students in college in Seoul, South Korea, have come to Lois Trow through her sister-law-, Mrs. Cromack. Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge help us compare the English of England with that used

locally. Guests at the Mary Lyon House give Harold Williams an opportunity to recall his travels in Germany. Ruth Perchard is sailing on Wednesday the 23<sup>rd</sup> for Liverpool where she hopes to meet relatives of Jennie Cooper. Then she'll continue on a trip through Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. She will then visit relatives on the Isle of Jersey in the English Channel before leaving for a tour of Normandy and a visit to Paris. **E.W.C.**

## **Page 5**

### RAILWAYS

I expect quite a number of OUR BUCKLAND's male readers, both old and young, have at sometime or another wanted to be an Engineer upon one of our well known trains, like the "20<sup>th</sup> Century" running daily between New York and Chicago; but after high school, some other occupation came our way – like attending one of our universities, or joining father on his successful and well run farm.

In this article I thought perhaps it might be interesting to those who still see a "romance" in railways, whether it is a diesel, electric, or steam powered locomotive, to study a few facts and figures of railways outside our country. I am sure that none of our would-be engineers are too ole to digest the reoccurrence [sic] of a boyhood dream.

The London Tube, opened in 1863, was the world's first subway system, running from Bishop's Road to Farringdon Street in the city of London.

The world's longest non-stop run, the "Flying Scotsman" from London to Edinburgh travels 392 and  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles, has a daily train in each direction. According to English law an engineer and his stoker must not operate an express train over 200 miles, so the locomotive engineers constructed a corridor through the tender, or water tank, of the locomotives working those expresses, and the relief crew came through the corridor and took over the running of the train from the crew who started out from London or Edinburgh, at a point approximately 200 miles from the starting point. These expresses have been in operation since May 1, 1928.

The world's speed record for steam traction was set by the Mallard Locomotive and train (London and North Eastern Railway), a speed of 126 miles an hour performed on July 3, 1938.

Pullman cars were introduced to England from American on June 1, 1874.

The largest passenger station or depot in Great Britain is Waterloo (Southern Railroad) which covers about 25 acres. It uses both electrical and steam traction.

In bringing these few illuminating facts to a conclusion, I would like to add a story I heard some years ago:

The Cunard Boat Special had left Liverpool and was on its way to Euston Station, London, running the 200 miles no-stop and was fast approaching Creve Junction at a speed of 60 miles per hour. A first class compartment was occupied by an American gentleman and an Englishman. The Limey noticed the American was somewhat restless, dropping his cigar ashes all over the place, looking out of the window with spasmodic (sic) glances, when the Englishman said:

“Excuse me, Sir, I suppose you are not accustomed to travel in America at this speed of over 60 miles per hour!”

The American replied, “Say, stranger, I am not worrying at the speed of this Best Train; What I am so scared about is that this train is going to fall off your darned little Island.”

The Englishman hid his face behind the “London Times” (one day old).

Upon reaching Euston Station, the American thanked his travelling companion for his abstinences from further speech or noise.

Taxi please, Porter

**- Greenpencil (CWWE)**

### YOU WERE COUNTED, TOO

That rubber hose across the new road by Mr. Woodward’s studio (near Luce’s) was not for the convenience of those who wished to wash their cars. In fact, it wasn’t even for water, but was a device to count the flow of traffic past that point.

Upon inquiry, we received a very courteous letter from F. J. Weisse, Traffic Engineer from the Department of Public Works in Greenfield. In the letter was this interesting bit of information which we had requested:

“Our latest count taken the past month showed:

Wed. July	26-12	hour	count	496
Thurs.	27-24	“	“	662
Fri.	28-24	“	“	749
Sat.	29-24	“	“	659
Sun.	30-24	“	“	778
Mon.	31-24	“	“	631
Tues. Aug.	1-24	“	“	631
Web.	2- 12	“	“	279

Look carefully at these numbers --- you’re probably counted in there somewhere.

\*\*\*\*

Next and LAST issue --- Sept. 9



FOLLOWING OUR CHART

Here is Buckland, with its hills and valleys and roads. In this issue we have printed a map of our town in the best manner the mimeograph would afford. There are not brooks shown, to avoid further confusion of detail, but all the roads are sketched in. Also the hills and mountains are shown and the elevations of their summits noted.

To get a better perspective of the map, and also to locate some places not named on our map, let us take a tour across the town with the guide of our new chart.

Starting at Shelburne Falls by the Bridge of Flowers over the Deerfield River, let us travel north along Route 2---112. At the railroad bridge which we approach at the northeastern corner of our town we leave Route 2 (which continues across Scott's bridge to Charlemont) and cross over onto the Ashfield Road, Route 112. Here we could traverse along the new road and onto the new road construction project, but to avoid the dust and dirt of the construction we turn left near the end of the new road just before coming to the bridge over the Clesson's Brook; we thus venture up the East Buckland Road, which would eventually lead us to the birth place of Mary Lyon. But at Hog Hollow we turn sharply to the right to go over Hog Hollow Road between Putnam and Johnson Johnson Hills. And incidentally, the view from this road, looking down the valley towards Charlemont, is a beautiful sight on any day.

A few minutes later we are at the bottom of the hill, now crossing the bridge over Clesson's Brook and going to the left up towards the Lower Street in Buckland Center. Should we take the next right before entering the Lower Street, however, we could go up the Town Hill to the Upper Street (Scott Road), where are the church, school, and post office.

At any rate, we continue along 112 toward Ashfield until we arrive at the Buckland Four Corners. We actually see only three corners, but in past days another road joined the intersection, marking four corners. This right at the Ashfield town line, and we take our right to traverse along the Hawley Road which first passes through the valley of the Orcutt and Drake Hills. Note that we are still following the Clesson's Brook, which now looks slightly smaller that it did at the Center.

Continuing along Hawley Road would eventually bring us to the Hawley town line, but we leave this route at the little "Hight Street" school house, no longer in use. The road we take, to the right is the Sheperd Road. Unless we should continue on up to the Chiles place, we have to make a sharp turn to the right near the top of the ascent, as we begin to encircle Lone Tree Hill.

Now it is down, down, down the Avery Road, but of course we are still on a good paved highway. Over half way down the hill there is a sign showing that the road to the left goes over the hill to Charlemont; this road will actually follow the Deerfield River for a way at the foot of the hill, then cross the new bridge into Charlemont Center.

But, of course, to finish our journey, we continue along down the Avery Road, gently braking the car as it tries to race down the last and steepest two or three descents. And within a moment we find ourselves back in Buckland Center by the School House and the Church.

The only roads we did not see were: the Bray Road, between Shelburne Falls and Ashfield (East of Moonshine Hill); the Conway Road along the Deerfield River in the Conway corner; Rand Road, branching briefly from 112 just west of the railroad bridge; the Depot Road, the triangular piece of road near the Deerfield River in the northeastern corner of Buckland; the Orcutt Road, on the Orcutt Hill; the Cross Road, joining the Hawley Road with Route 112 just before reaching the four corners and the Dodge and LaBelle Roads, branching from the Hawley Road near the Hawley town line. (The dotted line leaving the Hawley Road near Hawley and going to Ashfield is a discontinued road, known as the Cemetery Road. A similar road is the Crittenden Road between Rand Road and the Buckland Village at Shelburne Falls, the Goodnow and Neilman Roads shown in Hog Hollow, and the Howes Road directly south of Moonshine Hill.)

With our journey completed, we can once more return home, sit back in a comfortable chair, and pick up the map that suggested this delightful trip. And somehow, the map has changed considerably from what it was before; for where were once lines and letters, now are treasured memories.

**Page 7 [image of the map]**

**Page 8**

### SUPERVISION

Warner Brothers, the Massachusetts Highway Department, Federal Departments and all others involved in making the new road may not realize it but they all are being supervised by at least two unpaid observers and as many more as wish to join B. Sanderson Wilder and E. Wilder Clark in their self-appointed duties. We may know nothing about road building but we do observe with interest.

Of course it is a big help to have the bridge in direct line from the dining room window but not near enough to engulf us in clouds of dust. We are considering enlarging the window.

We commend the timing of the trucks which bring the “fill” to raise the road the 5 or more feet which is planned. The “Big Cat” which smooths and packs the dirt has never a minute to wait for the next load to be dumped.

We commend the work of the caterpillar crane, particularly as it lifted the rocks—boulders—from the river bed into the foundation for the bridge. We were not sure why they were washed but surely more polishing would have been wasted on stones for the very lowest foundation cement work.

Now the trimmie is one of our new words. We watched the cement poured into a bucket and moved by the crane to the bridgework. When the bottom of the bucket was opened we thought the cement went into a funnel but it seems there was a trimmie there. Anyhow they seem to be very careful with their cement, whether it runs down a trough or is dumped from a bucket.

Somehow the drainage tiles all got laid without our close inspection. We will, of course, see to it that such a lapse does not occur again. Who knows, perhaps they might get the water running up hill in Buckland?

We were handicapped in our descriptions because we did not know the terms technical and colloquial and appreciate the help we have had with our vocabulary but for the most part we have depended on our personal observations.

As sidewalk superintendents we are handicapped by no having the equipment which we are told is furnished in such places as Boston. A glass enclosed room heated in winter and air conditioned in summer, with a learned individual to explain and answer questions, may be standard quipment [sic] there. However, for our use in Buckland we had a car so we could go the length of the project several times daily.

Should any reports be desired before the next edition of OUR BUCKLAND, the firm of B. Sanderson Wilder and E. Wilder Clark wish you to feel free to consult them and they will be gland to explain all they do not know.

**E.W.C.**

\*\*\*\*\*

We forgot to mention the borrow pit like over on Leon Goodnow's. It seems you borrow poorer gravel for the first filling in of the new roadbed, then put better gravel and the other stuff on top of that.

\*\*\*\*\*

Two proposals for membership have been received, namely Mr. Charles Shedd and Brownie, Brownie, having inspected everything from the start, should not have been omitted as a charter member, and Charles Shedd will soon have the required hours of watching for membership.

## NOTES FROM SWILL HILL

There has been no campfire on the Swill Hill dring (sic) the two weeks vacation of Dr. "Jim Smead and George Fox this year.

The morning reveille of the road machinery allows no extra hours of holiday rest. So lights go out early with the hope that no gravel will be needed from Leon's bank next summer. Surely the pleasure of the new road will outshine the memory of the dust and noise of 1950.

By the way, does anyone know what the chances are of giving us a new road down Ashfield Mountain, "The main gateway to beautiful Buckland?"

**George Fox**

## **Page 9**

### DOWN MEMORY LANE – WHIP MAKING IN BUCKLAND

"The Lady of Baptist Corner, Ashfield, Massachusetts" which was mentioned in the paper's last issue, is calling forth some reminiscences and facts which interest some of us. The reason for the interest in it just now is that it has been in exhibition in New York, was pictured in the New York Herald, also in Time Magazine, and then again was mentioned in the Time letter column.

For Buckland the interest lies in the artist, the whip snaps, and other local connections. Much of this we are reporting now came to us from Mrs. Galen Johnson.

In the picture the lady is working a machine which was wrongly called a loom but which was a Whip Snap Machine. There were hooks above and the threads went down to a wight below and back. There was a crank to be turned and a tool like a screw driver to be raised with the twist of the threads to regulate the smoothness of the twist. The loops were packed a gross to a package and given out to the women of the community to tie the knots, three knots to a snap. These paid the women about 4 cents a dozen for the tying. Perhaps they earned a dollar a day by being very busy all day. However, it was cash, and the check at the end of the month was welcomed.

Mrs. Johnson remembers well the machine and its use, and also that "Grandma Johnson" got a perfect twist on her snaps and tied such beautiful knots, that her work was saved for samples for beginners.

Mr. Samuel Elmer was the one who owned the machines, took them around to the workers, took them away if the work was not satisfactory, and ran the whip snap business.

Mr. Ed Elmer was the artist who painted the picture of his wife at work at the machine. His wife was a woman of delicate beauty as even the news print shows. It is this painting at the Corcoran Gallery of Art which has particular interest to the people of Buckland.

\*\*\*\*\*

OUR BUCKLAND wishes to congratulate Mr. Pick, who has purchased the Purinton Store on Lower Street. The Best of luck to you, neighbor!

### STRAY NOTES ON HISTORY

Questions about Mary Lyon and her home in East Buckland are always being asked at the post office and since that painting of Mr. Elmer's has been in the news, several bits of information have come our way. Even the little statuette of Mary Lyon which Miss Newell sells for Mount Holyoke and which can be seen at the post office seems to tie in with the general quest for historical facts about this and that.

Mr. Elmer, the painter, lived in the Mary Lyon Homestead, and after the house burned he went there and painted the house from memory. Mrs. Mildred Wood, as a girl, was allowed to watch him while he worked. As a memory picture it is said that one tree was wrong or perhaps the artist was improving on the reality for the sake of art. A copy of that old picture can be found in the History of the Town of Buckland. But where is the original picture? Could it be at Mount Holyoke?

Those who have walked in from the present road to the Mary Lyon birthplace have wondered where the old road really was, as the usual walk is up quite a grade. The roadway came in from the Higgins Place, next beyond where the signs for the Mary Lyon Birthplace now are.

Water pipe in the early days was of wood and the pipe line shows plainly, we are told, like a mole track mount.

May we suggest that we use the pages of OUR BUCKLAND to gather in these bits about Mary Lyon and her connections with Buckland?

### LAST YEAR'S FINANCES

The loves and fishes system seems to apply to OUR BUCKLAND in the financial standings. All the money was kept in one account (a tin box at the post office) and here are the results:

Cash.....	\$16.97
Spent.....	\$29.55
Cash Left.....	\$ 5.57

OUR BUCKLAND is published for the benefit of the community; any profits accumulated will be used for a community project or in the betterment of the community. One suggestion for any profit realized this year (we hope, hope, hope) is the purchase of a set up pitching horse shoes for the church common. Any other suggestions?

FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

We mortals complain of the sunshine or rain and we aren't satisfied for a minute. The weather we've got is too cold or too hot. Every season has something wrong with it. It's along in the Spring when the birds start to sing and the sap in the trees starts to rise, they track mud on the floor, or forget the screen door and the house will get chuck full of flies. You'll be spraying the trees for the worms on the leaves, and get poisoned by ivy you pass. Then the heat as a rule makes you feel like a fool, and the flower beds grow up to grass.

If you think you're in clover when Summer takes over, you will find there are thorns on the rose: your building need paint, you get summer complaint, and the moths will eat up your clothes. The lawn will need mowing, the garden need hoeing, and there's always the danger of frosts. Through lightning and thunder you'll sit there and wonder if Summer is worth what it costs.

Then those muggy Fall days burst in with a blaze of the colors the poets write about, but before they get there the first frosts of the year will have killed all the flowers that are out. Wind and rain strip the leaves from all of the trees and the earth looks all barren and seer. Then the first thing you know you'll be looking for snow and the bills for Christmas appear. The winds will blow down all the power lines in Town and in darkness you're groping about. You catch virus diseases, your water pipe freezes, and the fire in your furnace goes out.

We know in the present, no matter how pleasant, there is uncertain weather ahead. We do lots of talking some griping and squawking, but we really need action instead. In these dry or wet seasons, for practical reasons, control is the thing we need. The scientists it seems should be working on schemes, satisfaction to all guaranteed. Yet I'll bet you a dollar we'd continue to holler with government control of the weather. We could always find reasons for cussing the seasons and we couldn't be pleased altogether!

**SGW**

MORE OF THE HOLE TRUTH

In case of fire a water hole  
    should surely bring good luck.  
And for a year or two at least  
    it ought to float a duck.  
But surely we'd be wild indeed  
    to plan on too much luck.  
The Lilly Pond's no swimming hole,  
    I'd dare to bet a buck  
It soon will be a lily pond,  
    they're always full of such.

**M.L.**

EVEN STEPHEN

My mother and my grandma  
    Will ramble off this prose  
Of anything and everything  
    And to a poem it grows.  
  
Now I can't understand  
    Since I'm off the family tree,  
Why mine don't quite rhyme up  
    Like those signed "G.E.G."  
And then of course there's Mother  
    With all her witty verse,  
That even if I dared,  
    Mine would look much worse.

But at last I'm even,  
    As you can plainly see,  
I made them both a grandma,  
    And they can't do that to me!

**BWC**

NO KNOW

Rob Hartwell's cow just had a calf,  
    He thought no more was due,  
But Lena said it looked to her  
    As though there might be two.  
She was right and he was wrong,  
    Which goes to prove again,  
If they'd listen to us women  
    They would be much smarter men!

**SW**

## WHO'S EXHAUSTED?

Burt G: "Tell Ralph to bring home a new exhaust valve for my car."

Old Gould: "What'll they think of next? I've run a car for 40 years and never needed one!"

### **[END OF THIS ISSUE]**

**Vol. 2 No. 3**

**OUR BUCKLAND**

**Sept. 9, 1950**

## **FORGOTTEN FACTS**

If you hear of anyone starting any memory classes here in town, please notify H.L.Gould. He wants to take a refresher course. He has always been noted for forgetting his breakfast toast until the room got blue, but since the Union started coming early it's been awful! Now he hides behind the paper and doesn't even notice the smoke. His wife says he is developing a single track mind. The other day she asked him to get her a glass of water so he went to the sink and turned on the faucet, and while he waiting for the water to run cool he looked out of the window and noticed some white things over by Lilly's pond. By the time he made out that hey must be ducks, the water was cold so he drew a glassful, drank it, and set the glass by on the shelf.

One rainy morning last summer he got out his rubbers and went over in the garden to set out turnip plants. In the middle of the morning he got tired of wallowing around in the mud, started for home and was almost to the doorstep before he noticed one rubber was missing. He backtracked himself around the farm for the rest of the forenoon without success, but when he came in for dinner there was his rubber on the porch where he had forgotten to put it on.

Working out by the pigpen a while ago he needed a tool from the garage. In going back after it he noticed there were some worms on the cabbages and the Russian beans were getting ripe, and by the time he got to the garage he had forgotten what he was after. So he had to go back to see what it was he wanted. The next trip he went by the henhouse and decided he might as well stop and pickup the eggs as long as he was right there anyway. Then he went into the garage, set the eggs on the shelf, and reached for the --- now what the heck was it he wanted? The third trip was direct and to the point. So he fixed the pigpen and then forgot and left the eggs in the garage.

The thing that's really go him worried, though, is what happened the other night. There was soup for supper and the table conversation was so fascinating he crumbled his crackers into his tea.

Miss Eleanor Clark and Mr. Gould's daughter feel that they could also benefit from such a proposed memory course. Is there anyone else who would care to sign up?



## THE WELCOME DOORMAT

If you're down sick in bed,  
Or you've broken your leg,  
Or the stork had got you in trouble,  
Then you want to start yellin'  
For someone like Ellen,  
And she willingly comes on the double.

She's a versatile rover  
Who fills in or takes over  
In families from two to eleven  
With no child was she blest,  
Yet she's feathered the nest  
Of a good many bundles from Heaven.

Ever ready to aid,  
Though she's never half paid,  
In life as in cards she's a loser;  
Yet no matter the score  
She comes right back for more,  
And it's shameful the way we all use her.

The demands on her time  
Are unfair and a crime,  
She has no selfish habits about her;  
Yet we're fine ones to talk –  
When we need her we squawk,  
What on earth would we all do without her!

**SGW**

### **Page 2**

## WHEN BUCKLAND HAD A BIRTHDAY

September 10, 1879, was a day of gala celebration in Buckland, for it was the centennial of the founding of the town. As a special feature of the day, a history of the town written in poetry had been prepared by Rev. W.A. Nichols of Lake Forest, Ill.

But the hand of providence intervened in the Rev. Nichols' plan to deliver the poem personally on the day of the celebration, for illness overtook the poet and prevented his presence. Consequently, Rev. Nichols had the poem published in a small booklet and presented a copy to each permanent family in Buckland, with the

suggestion that the memento be kept in the family until the next Centennial Celebration.

One such copy is the property of Mrs. Charles Trow. The poem is entitled "The Buckland Of A Century", consists of a prologue, seven verses or divisions on different aspects of the history, an epilogue, and includes an appendix discussing the author's contacts and impressions of Mary Lyon.

The first verse describes Buckland As A Wilderness", with the goin of the redman and the coming of the white. In the concluding stanza of this verse we find a thought as true today as it was then:

"The times were rough, the country new,  
And sluggard life, as now, was blue,  
Because the acres would not yield  
Where none would work to till the field;  
Yet industry, as now was crowned  
With golden Harvests from the ground,  
Made soft by sweat in patient toil;  
'Tis this that fructifies the soil,  
In countries old, and countries new;  
So I believe, and so must you."

Where now stands a row of tall maples, someone dug a row of holes and planted tiny sprigs. Where a stone wall today stands, a pioneer farmer sweated to clear a rude meadow. Where a grass lined cellar hole now lies deserted in a patch of brush, or where an archaic road has almost melded into the surrounding terrain, there once worked, played, and roamed the men, women, and children who passed to us a great heritage.

"How great the work of pioneers –  
But little do they know  
Who reap the fruits in after years  
Without the work to do.  
The stately mansion, broad and high,  
Impression makes profound;  
But never tells the passer by  
The work of underground;  
What massive stones at the foundation!  
What toil to place them there!  
All which is needful preparation  
To rear the structure fair.  
So when a hundred years have finished,  
That farming is but fun!"

The poem goes on to tell about the conquest of the land and industry and devotes a whole long verse to the religion of the time, a very important part of the life then, as we know, more so than today. Then there is a section dedicated to the "Men and Women of Long Ago." Here the original settlers of Buckland are named,

along with some of the later famous residents, including, of course, a substantial discussion of Miss Mary Lyon.

As one verse tells of the men and women of long ago, the next verse is of the boys and girls. For the outlooks of the future generation were just as important, and probably just as dubious, then as they are now.

The last verse is “Some of the Changes of Revolving Years”. Here is an excerpt (sic) from this section:

“On every hand the truth appears,  
That in these swift revolving years,  
The world has moved at equal rate,  
No thing retains its former state.”

When the second Buckland Centennial arrives on September 10, 1979, there will be many more changes in the world. But this conclusion to the Centennial Poem will probably be just as fitting for 1979 as it was in 1879:

“What though a hundred years you boast  
Hard by New England’s rock-bound coast?  
New England’s equal self has gone  
Much farther towards the setting sun,  
To be the frame-work of the nation,  
And underlie its broad foundation.  
High up among the Rocky Mountains,  
Where fortunes flow from golden fountains,  
And o’er the vast extended plains  
Of prairie land, are Yankee brains.  
New England’s thrifty sons and daughters  
Surge along Pacific waters;  
Where freedom, truth, a soul do fill,  
There’s Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill.”

**REH**

### **Page 3**

#### TIME FLIES!

September already! How fast the days do pass. It seems only yesterday that we were astir at the sign of spring’s first robin and watched the season’s first flowers augment the glow of the blossoming springtime.

There was much work then, with the preparations for a busy supper. And as the days progressed it became a busy supper; every mode of living seemed to gain its maximum demand for work and effort.

But, the busier life seemed to be, the faster the days passed, until we find ourselves here looking back’ for now we are nearing the final harvests, soon to reap the profits of the industrious summer.

We will be able to view some of the futile (sic) products of the summer’s labors at Buckland Grange Community Fair this Saturday. There will be

accumulated there displays of the garden and orchard prizes which were carefully tended and developed during the past season. It's going to be a fine exhibit which you will not want to miss.

The weekend of September 9 not only marks the occurrence (sic) of the Buckland Community Fair and the beginning of the Franklin County Fair but also the appearance of the final issue of OUR BUCKLAND. No matter how busy the whole summer may have been, three issues of our local paper somehow managed to emerge, despite a start late in the season. It was more than evident that the response in written material, the demand for issues, and even the encouraging comments made it necessary to resolve that OUR BUCKLAND will be an annual summer project.

Let's use the winter to plan for the future of OUR BUCKLAND. Volunteers are needed to take over some of the work, particularly in the typing and publishing departments. Then next year we can get off to an early start and enjoy a full season of OUR BUCKLAND.

It is always hard to say, "this is goodbye" (sic), but we must bid au revoir to OUR BUCKLAND for this season just as we must soon bid farewell to the fleeting summer. We have done our work well, have watched the stalk grow, and have harvested the crop. Now we must go on, for there is a long winter ahead, and many tasks are awaiting us. **REH**

#### TERM'S LAST LESSON

As the term's last lesson is finished  
And school for the year's at an end,  
While my pupils are gathered about me  
Our last farewell moments to spend;

I see in the bright upturned faces  
Of the men and women to be,  
The hope of our well-beloved country,  
The wealth of our land fair and free.

And I trust that the seed we have planted  
In lessons and duties well done  
May blossom in deeds and in actions  
That shall bring to you honor well-won.

Now as you go forth on life's highway  
May courage your journey attend,  
And do not forget, as you travel,  
Your teacher, well-wisher and friend

Sincerely your teacher, MARCIA CHURCH June 17, 1927

The above, printed on a silk ribbon was given with a card which enclosed a snap shot of North School, -- the red brick school which was demolished to make way for the new highway. The snap also shows Mr. Stetson's barn before it was moved to its present position.

The ribbon and card belong to Rose Purinton Mollison.

*[Rose Mollison was born 19 Dec 1917 in Buckland, daughter of Luther L Purinton & Lulu (Taylor) Purinton. She would have been 9-1/2 years old if this ribbon was presented to her on June 17, 1927.*

*Marcia Grover Church, the teacher, was born April 17, 1908 in Ashfield, daughter of Frederick R. and Lucia L. (Gover) Church. She graduated from Amherst High School in 1924 and from North Adams State College in 1926. She taught primary school in Pelham, Sunderland, Buckland, and New Salem. She and her husband were co-owners and operators of the Bate's Store in North Amherst for 30 years... She was a member of the Franklin County Teachers Association, the National Teachers Association... Marcia had married Raymond Luther Bates (1907-1979) in 1930 in Amherst. Marcia died at her home in Amherst on November 5, 2000. She and her husband are buried in North Cemetery, Amherst, MA.*

*(excerpts from Marcia's obituary published in the Daily Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass. published on Wednesday, November 8, 2000)]*

\*\*\*\*\*

Early in August, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pike became the new owners of the Purinton Store on Lower Street. They are making their home in the apartment over the store. The Pikes hope to serve old friends and many new friends. Mr. Pike has worked in meat and grocery businesses for many years. By installing a new modern meat case he hopes to meet the needs of many more families in the Buckland vicinity. He invites us to come in, look things over, and say, "Hi, Neighbor."

*Presumed this is Alfred Pike (1883-1966) and his wife Alice (Kingsley) Pike (1889-1979) who had married on 28 February 1914 in Monroe, Mass. They are both buried in Leavitt Cemetery, Charlemont, Mass. Here are their obits:*

***Alfred Pike Sr Dies; Former Postmaster***

*Shelburne Falls – Alfred W. Pike, Sr. 82 of 103 North St., former area grocery store proprietor, died Wednesday at home.*

*Born in Reedsboro, (sic) Vt., son of William and Satira (Arnold) Pike, he was a resident of Shelburne Falls for seven years (since c.1959), coming from Buckland. He operated general stores at Northfield, Buckland, Monroe Bridge. While at Monroe Bridge, he was also postmaster. He was employed as clerk at Gould's Market and the A & A Food Mart here. He was an ardent sportsman, for many years a member of the bowling league and a golfer.*

*Besides his wife, the former Alice Kingsley, he leaves two daughters, Mrs. Christine Brown of Westboro and Mrs. Hallie Strong of Malden, a son, Alfred W. Jr. of Shelburne Falls; a sister Mrs. Florence Preston of Manchester, N.H.; a brother William of Huntington; 11 grandchildren; several nieces and nephews.*

*Funeral will be Friday at 2 at the Johnson funeral home with Rev. E. William Matthews officiating. Burial will be in the Leavitt Cemetery, Charlemont. Calling hours are Friday up until time of service. [published in The Springfield Union on Thursday March 3, 1966 page 39]*

*Alice Pike, 89, Readsboro native*

*Alice (Kingsley) Pike, 89, a native of Readsboro, Vt. Died Monday in Westboro at the home of a daughter, Christine Brown.*

*She was born in Readsboro, Nov. 4, 1889, a daughter of Warren and Emma (Blanchard) Kingsley.*

*The family moved to Monroe Bridge when she was a child. She had lived in Charlemont and Buckland.*

*Mrs. Pike graduated from Charlemont High School.*

*She was married to Alfred Pike Feb 28, 1914. Mr. Pike died in 1966. He had operated the general store and post office in Monroe Bridge.*

*Besides her daughter in Westboro, she leaves another daughter Hallie Strong of Malden; a son Alfred Pike Jr. of Buckland; two sisters Teen Brown of Millers Falls and Marjorie Fyfe of Hadley, N.Y.; a brother Carl W. Kingsley of Readsboro; 11 grandchildren and five great grand-children.*

*Services will be Saturday at 2 p.m. at the Federated Church in Charlemont. Burial will be in Charlemont.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Proceeds from this issue will be donated to the Recreation Program.

Cash in reserve---\$18.05. Supplies are on hand for community use.

## **Page 4**

### AN EARLY START

Gladys and I had decided to take the children into the country for a day's picnic at the Mohawk Trail Forest, but it was arranged to make an early start, as soon as possible after Breakfast. To this we both absolutely agreed, and I added that the countryside looks at its best early in the day, and again we agreed an early start was most essential for a successful picnic. The weather report over the radio from Boston was for a cool sunny day, with Northeasterly winds and no prediction of thunderstorms.

It was rather unfortunate that in discussing our arrangements the evening before that Virginia, aged 7 years, was within hearing. I found it extremely hard to get the picnic spirit at 4:45 the next morning, and I had to be somewhat firm and

told Virginia to go back to bed, but she would have the last word and informed me that it was quite light. Gladys brought the issue to a close, "Will you please go back to bed, Virginia!" Virginia went, but the whole affair had disturbed us; consequently we overslept, and it was lucky that the baby, Kathy, age 15 months, woke us both up at 7:45 am. Some minutes later my wife brought me my first cup of coffee (black) and told me to drink it and I should feel better.

It is tribute of the resilience of the human spirit that after shaving, a cool bath, and a really splendid breakfast I was able to get the picnic spirit and face my somewhat excited children; but time was marching on and it was now about 9:15 am. After helping Gladys wash up the breakfast things and getting the "Hoover" out for my wife to run over the living room and kitchen rugs, I had to remind her of the early start. The Hall clock was now pointing to 10:15.

Gladys went away to do the last minute packing of the hot dogs, hamburgers, rolls, cool drinks, etc., and she thought the children would be quite happy to garden. At 10:45 Gladys made her last minute inspection of the house, closing certain windows, turning off the gas, water and electricity, and she told me this was always carried out in case of a bad wind and rain storm.

I went to get the care out of the barn, when Warren Junior, age 5 years, appeared looking grubby; in fact, he was very filthy, having fallen in the Clesson's Brook, trying to sail paper boats made out of napkins found in the picnic basket. Gladys had to reopen the door and lead the way back into the house. Gas and water supply were turned on again and Warren Junior was put through the scrubbing routine, after which he reappeared looking pink and raw, which is customary after a quick scrubbing.

Gladys thought it would be nice to have a cup of coffee and just one cigarette before setting off for Charlemont because it was only twenty five after eleven.

Again I went to the barn for the car, only to find my rear wheel was flat. This would mean changing the tire. By twelve o'clock Gladys though a makeshift meal could be quickly prepared and eaten on the porch; this I thought a good arrangement. I fixed up the flat tire and returned to the house only to be informed that the baby, Kathleen, could hardly keep awak and was carried off to her cot. At two o'clock she was still sleeping like an angel, so we had some more coffee and cigarettes. At ten minutes to three she was still sleeping like an angel, and by that time Warren Junior had fallen into the water pool near the chicken house.

At 3:45 pm I made an early start for the Elks Club, to play a few hands of Canasta, came home fairly early a few dollars out, but saved the fifty cents taken from the kiddies' money box to pay for the use of a table, seats, and the outdoor fireplace with charcoal. My last word to Gladys that night was that it is most essential for an early start if you are going to have a picnic and enjoy the countryside at its best.

**Greenpencil (CWWE)**

## SEQUENCE

\_\_\_\_\_  
("If they'd listen to us women They would be much smarter men – SW")  
\_\_\_\_\_

Listening to you women  
Is a full time job, you see,  
For if I paused to listen long  
The farm would soon run me.

RMH

### Page 5

#### LIVE AND LEARN

In one of our issues last year we printed a report from the Cemetery Association of 1857 showing the low cost of funeral expenses. We have just come across a report of the Buckland School Committee for the year 1881-2, and we have come to the conclusion that it was also cheaper to live back then.

For example we will take the Four Corners School where Eleanor Clark's mother, Miss Hattie P. Wilder, taught. 12 scholars were enrolled, and she was paid the exorbitant salary of \$4.00 per week. One of the nearby farmers took the contract for supplying the wood to heat the school house for the season for \$2.10. Janitor service was \$1.50. 3 boxes of crayons and 2 brooms came to \$1.00. A water pail and tin cup were 32 cents. Maybe you are wondering how any teacher could live on \$4.00 per week, but it was really quite simple. She lived in different homes around the community and worked for her board or she boarded at home.

It was also interesting to note that back in 1881 it was against the law for parents to take their children out of school and put them to work before they were 10 years old, and the school committee was trying to get them to extend the age limit to 12.

#### THE HENS WERE STUFFED

The Ladies' Club had their annual picnic at the home of their president, Mrs. Winnie Scott, on Aug. 24<sup>th</sup>. There were tables set down in the grove by the brook and 22 members and 15 children were present. The dinner must have been a huge success judging from the fact that they got outside of 5 lbs. of hamburg (sic) augmented with bread, milk, eggs, etc.;

2 spiders full of fried onions; 1 peck of potato salad; 2 large trays of fresh vegetables – carrots, tomatoes, cucumbers, scallions, celery, and peppers; 4 loaves of bread with all 8 heels; 1 large box of crackers; assorted pickles; 2-1/2 gallons of coffee with cream; 2 gallons of punch (no kick); 1 gallon of ice cream; and 1 half-acre chocolate cake.

After the dinner there was a short meeting and the only business transaction was the vote to paper the parsonage kitchen. The next meeting will be in October.



## BUCKLAND RECORDS

Though the Records that used to be here in Buckland are all gone, they are definitely not lost. Clemont is now a Marine corporal stationed in Quantico (sic-Quantico), Virginia. He married Gladys Graves of Ashfield and they have a little girl 3, and a boy 8 months.

Maurice, who made his home with Charles Hunt while he was in Buckland, moved to East Jaffrey, N.H. where he married Miss Elna Kesti, and they have a 2 year old daughter. Maurice works in the tack shop there.

Helen, who made her home with Mrs. Mattie Wiley, married Rolland Lambert and they also live in East Jaffrey. They have a son 3 years old.

Ernest is married and now lives in Washington, D.C. He is working for a contractor there.

Dorothy married Kenneth Cox of East Jaffrey and they have a little girl 1-1/2 years old. They are now in Washington, D.C. and he is in the naval reserves.

Walter has joined the armed forces and is training at Fort Dix, N.J.

*When we first read "Though the Records that used to be here in Buckland are all gone, they are definitely not lost," we immediately jumped to the conclusion that this would be an article pertaining to the loss of records in the Buckland Town Hall fire in the 1876 – Quickly we learned not true! The above is about a family of folks with the surname RECORD. Here is what we can glean:*

*Joseph Oliver Record (1897-1963) married Marian Hebert Soper (1894-1938) on January 23, 1915 in Augusta, Maine. From the 1930 U.S. census in Winchendon, Mass., we learn that during the first fifteen years of their marriage, they had at least nine children. Later, into the 1930's they are reported to have had four more (Tina could only find three more). Joseph and Marian are reported to have had a total of thirteen children. Sadly, Marian Hebert (Soper) Record died in 1938 leaving her widowed husband with at least a dozen children aged about 4 (or younger) up to aged 23 years. Over the next two years (1938-1940), the children were separated and became state wards, living in foster homes in various locations in Massachusetts.*

*The 1940 census shows us that the children were living in several different homes including: **Robert G.** and **Marjorie A.** were in Winchendon with their grandparents; **Ruth M., Ernest, Dorothy, Walter** and **Helen** were all living in Buckland in the home of Mattie Wiley; **Maurice** was living in Buckland in the home of Charles L. Hunt; **Clement** was living in Ashfield in the home of George Mowory; and **John E.** was living with Serina Chesley in Conway. In the census records they are listed as "wards of the state" or "lodgers". Other children in 1940 were found - **Joseph E. Record** was married, living with his in-laws and **Herbert O.** was living in Shiloh Valley, Illinois in the military on Scott Field air base.*

## FROM THE SET-TUB

(Cousin of “The Kitchen Sink”)

If only Sylv [Sylvia (Gould) Wilder] and Hezzy Ward would stop their “slush” and “dribble”, perhaps the atmosphere would clear and I could get a nibble. They always argue back and forth ‘bout anything that gripes them. If only they would can that corn I swear I’d go and swipe some. There’s just one thing that I find right about their stuff, I think, they’ve put it in the proper place – that good old kitchen sink. There’s only one more thing I guess that I could safely mention. If it’s too thick to slither down give “Drano” your attention. I think that might well do the trick, then bet my bottom dollar that you or I or anyone would have no cause to holler!

*Set-tub: a fixed tub (as of slate, earthenware, soapstone, enameled iron, or porcelain) with running water and drainpipe for washing clothes and other household linens [Merriam Webster dictionary]*

## NEW PAPER BOY

Jim Mollison has taken the early morning job of delivering the Springfield Union. Anyone wishing to subscribe to the paper and take advantage of this splendid service should contact Jim. He promises delivery before 7 AM.

## **Page 6**

## ALL FOR OUR RECREATION

Many of our Buckland people, passing near the Grange Hall, realize some project is going on, but wonder exactly what is cooking. Well, these next few lines, I hope, will bring some light on our purpose.

Last winter in one of our Grange meetings a committee, consisting of Dic and Edith Gerry, Bill and Marion Fitzgerald, Alma Ward Shippee, Jeannette Wilder, Janet Wetterwald, and Georges Wetterwald as chairman, was formed to organize and manage a Recreation Center in the basement of the Grange Hall. Here all the community of Buckland will be welcome to use the recreation facilities, such as basketball on the first floor, and ping pong, cards, music, and games in the basement.

Our plan to have this center ready by last January failed for two reasons. The first one was of a simple nature: not enough hands with a corresponding lack of elbow grease. The second reason was that the surface water gathering between the church and the grange found an easy way of seeping through the wall in the Grange basement where it lingered until a bathing suit and boots were in order.

This summer a strong gang of willing workers dug a ditch on the outside of the Grange Hall beside the original wall, and poured concrete in the hope of getting at last a dry basement with no necessity for taking swimming lessons.

Now the concrete job is done and we hope two or three more evenings' work will take care of finishing painting and cleaning downstairs and building window screens and basketball backboards for the first floor.

During the year Jeannette Wilder and Alma Shippee have collected paper and sold it to start a fund for the basketball part of the Center. We also received much appreciated gifts of lumber, money basket ball sets with nets, ping pong sets, and games. Still our need is great to make this project successful.

We need card tables, table games – such as cards, dominos, checkers, and so on, and equipment for basketball. We also need occasional chairs, tables, lamps waste baskets for the “relaxation” part of the Center which will be heated and habitable.

Anybody who would like to donate any of these items or others may deposit them at the Post Office or call Georges Wetterwald (Shelburne Falls 9149) who will be glad to collect them.

We certainly hope to be able to open this Recreation Center around the middle of September and we hope also that all our Bucklanders, young and old, will visit and enjoy the Center. We would welcome any suggestions that would make this project successful and useful to our town. **G.L.W.**

### ARINGS MOVE INTO HOME

Ever since this spring the people travelling daily past the Walter Aring Place on Hawley Road have witnessed the transformation of the old house there into a completely remodeled home. There have been bags of cement on the porch, the sound of pounding hammers, the buzz of saws, at one time a hole right through the roof, bulldozers on the premises, and many other signs for activity for many months this summer. At last the house is complete and the Arings have moved in. There is still working going on in making a garage to replace the old shed that was torn down, however.

A visit to the Arings in their new home will prove that all the time and work was not spent in vain. Every room has been remodelled in colonial fashion. The old fireplaces, with the original mantle work in some cases, have been sanded and repainted, the walls are replastered and papered. There is a jugs (sic-huge) parlor with the original hearth, fine colonial furniture, and a new bookcase.

The upstairs, which had previously been mostly an unfinished attic, has been made into several large bedrooms, with the original wide floorboards sanded down.

There is a lot more that could be described about the house, but we suggest you pay a visit to our new neighbors and see for yourself what remodelling (sic) can do to a house.

*Walter John Aring (1885-1955) and his wife Emma Augusta (Witt) Aring (1890-1962) acquired 50 acres of land from Clifton Maxwell Kenney (1889-1986) and his wife Mary Louise (Purinton) Kenney (1896-1987) by a deed dated January 10, 1942. Walter and Emma were of Longmeadow, Mass. at the time. The property is described as being the same land the Kenney's acquired from Clark Howes (1844-1933) in June of 1914. The northern boundary was what is now (2024) known as Clesson Brook Road; on the east the boundary was by the land of Walter D. Smith (1856-1930) and Lena Merriam (1858-1933); on the south by land of Lucien Sanderson (1859-1933) and/or Herbert L. Clark (1860-1933), and on the west by land of Herbert L. Clark. Mr. Clark was a prominent farmer in the Apple Valley section of Ashfield.*

*The Aring's were members of the Mary Lyon Church. Mr. Aring had been living "in the east" (presumed Massachusetts) since 1940 coming from East Cleveland, Ohio. Walter died in his home in Buckland, on Tuesday 13 Dec 1955. His wife Emma lived in Buckland for 20 years before moving to Turners Falls in July of 1962. She died Monday 6 Aug 1962 at the Franklin County Public Hospital. Walter and Emma appear to have had one son, Milton Walter (1908-1952). The Aring family is buried in East Cleveland Township Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio.*

\*\*\*\*\*

This is one of the old houses of Buckland. How old is it?

\*\*\*\*\*

## **Page 7**

### WARP AND WEFT

A year ago, Warp and Weft was written under the maples at the wilder Homestead, but this summer there has not been an evening warm enough to enjoy the breeze which sweeps down the valley. Needing inspiration tonight, I have wandered across the road to the bank of the Clesson.

Here the track of the flood of '38 is plain for even yet the plants have not covered the stoney ground, whi is almost too poor to support the Viper's Bugloss. That is one of the plants which has come in in this spot. It is a very bristly-hairy, biennial weed with a long black tap root (which explains why it grows on these pebbles) and the branches spread out from the level of the ground. The flowers are lovely, for some are bright blue, some pinkish in the bud and some reddish-purple when old.

Viper's Bugloss, according to the book, was introduced in this country as early as 1683 and now a troublesome weed in pasture lands and old fields. Its control makes me think of the disgust of my biology teacher at Fitchburg when he was talking about Queen Anne's Lace. "No need to plow," he snorted. "It's a biennial. Mow it before it goes to seed for two years and you've gotten rid of it."

Which reminds me – I was looking for some white snake-root. It makes such a lovely white bouquet—no arranging—just stick a mess of it in a jar. But what a bad plant! “White snake-root is a plant that causes the disease known as trembles in cattle or milk sickness in humans, in the eastern states. The poisonous principle, tremetol, may be passed in the milk of animals that have grazed on this plant to persons and suckling animals and cause a disease.” And it is so pretty!

Plenty of sumac here but not the poison kind. Locust is coming in. Wonder if there is enough for fence posts. Thought for a moment that leaf was a chestnut. No such luck. I did read there were some trees started in York State which have not blighted yet.

That telephone pole is all roughed up with spike marks but all to be seen is a cable. The boxes and wires look unchanged.

Haven't noticed any juniper this side of the brook. That is good, very good. I was stopped this spring as I walked down the road, by a young lady who wanted permission to go over in the pasture and dig up a juniper. She was going to plant it in a hedge. Ok by me but I wouldn't. Too many prickles to get at it to dig, too much root, and too good at spreading. What I want is some barberry bushes. Lots of them on the hillside. The berries are especially pretty just now as they turn from green to red.

That old kingfisher certainly has a horrible rattle. Which reminds me—where are all the birds? I have been missing the phoebes and had decided they had left because the flies are scarce. Then I thought they might have migrated but they are supposed to stay until Oct. 10. When did the barn swallows leave? They are supposed to stay until mid-September. What's up?

Maybe they don't like Blue Brutes and Moto-Cranes and Graders and squeaky Bulldozers and Bucyrus and DUST. [*Bucyrus was one of the country's leading manufacturers of small excavators, it was purchased by Caterpillar in 2010*]

Wonder if there are any buttons under that buttonwood tree? Last spring I found one which was just ready to burst out with fluffy seeds like a cattail.

The poor highway department gets so many kicks perhaps I shouldn't tell on them, and anyway it isn't too important. On that blueprint they sent us with every tree labelled according to kind and size, some were M, some E, Bir, Will, Hem, and Beech, but the Buttonwood or Sycamore tree was M.

When the young ladies when to that first school of Mary Lyon's, they did quite a bit of mental arithmetic. Miss Lyon was pleased when they were quick with the answer to this one, “Four fifths of fifteen is six tenths of how many thirds of twenty-one?” Now that is beyond me so I asked a Highway Engineer and a salesman. Mr. Merz gave up for the moment but promised to think about it but the Engineer didn't try because he didn't have his slide rule along.

Distributing OUR BUCKLAND brings contact with folks from several states as well as local folks who are pleased to have contact with the home town this way. Thanks to everyone for contributing. Shall we do it next year? **EWC**

BUCKLAND GRANGE DOPE

Hey, you want to plan to come to our baked ham supper September 9<sup>th</sup>. We, Buckland Grange, may be charged a shekel or two for that statement by OUR BUCKLAND Inc., ...but who cares!! It is to be a good supper and I want everyone to know it. As I mentioned in the previous issue, that Gerry-Fitzgerald pair will certainly do a commendable job.

The same evening the Grange will present its annual fruit and vegetable exhibit. Without question, it will be a fine display and well worth your while to take a trip over to the hall. Now for the interested contestants, be sure your entries are placed in ample time for judging. Premium lists have been printed for all the farmers of Buckland who are interested in entering their plates or displays of vegetables and fruits. Let's all give it a big try and make the fair a huge success.

The boys have finished pouring the cement along the Grange Hall. Also the grading between the church and the Grange has been completed. It is a big job done and our boys have spent many long hours working on the project. Some of us gals talked of forming a club calling us "The Cement Mixer Widows". A large portion of this work was done by a certain non-Grange neighbor and his tractor. It not only speeded the job to the end but was much easier on the muscles. We are very grateful to him.

The last evening of extensive outside work, the ladies put on a supper for all the workers and families. We had a very enjoyable evening and I'm sure the men's work was easier that night. That type of a get-together should become more common – it's lots of fun and no expense.

Our last meeting was held "under the pines" with a few maple and elm trees mixed in. A social time was thoroughly enjoyed with added excitement due to the younger generation. Some clever pranks were played I understand. The eats, although varied, were plentiful from each member's lunch basket, and coffee was served. Yes, Bill can pour coffee as well as cement – which will you have?

Our next meeting, September 6, is election of officers. I haven't heard any soap box speeches as yet but the meeting should be interesting. Why not be a real member and come, cast a vote, and support your new officers? **EG**

FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

The old maid takes a beating from the married women-folks. She's the subject of their ribbing and the brunt of many jokes. They assume that she is single 'cause she couldn't catch a man, and spends her life in trying hard to snare one if she can. "Frustrated Female" she's been called. It's not their fault she's not one. They think they understand all men just because they've got one. Though she has never married for one cause or another, the chances are she would have made a splendid wife and



mother. They carry the assumption that they're better off by far, yet aren't always as contented as they'd have her think they are. If they feel so darned superior because they've got their men, why do they keep on griping of their cares and troubles then? Their families keep them busy and when their housework's done they are either out of money or they have not time for fun. Their husbands rather stay at home than take them out at night, or maybe they're two-timing them – or they suspect they might. And you should hear them jawing at the children every day. How can they call them “Blessings” and then yap at them that way!! Their disappointment really shows in little scenes like this, proving trouble and confusion are a part of married bliss. Yet they like to make suggestions about things in life she lacks, and they try to be amusing with their clever quips and cracks. They plague our maiden ladies and say mean things they oughtn't just to boost their ego and to make them feel important. So ignore them, Single Sisters, and each sly unkind remark, for they're probably unhappy and just whistling in the dark. **SGW**

\*\*\*\*\*

### UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

For now it is good-bye to our readers. But why not start planning this winter for a full season of OUR BUCKLAND once more after the snow has melted and the natives have come out from their hibernation?

How about three issues, on July 1, August 1, and September 1? Any who have confidence enough may pay 36 cents in advance and have each issue mailed.

**Ed.**

### *End of this issue*

**Vol. 3, No. 1**

**OUR BUCKLAND**

**July 1, 1951**

### CUB SCOUTS, 4-H GIRLS OFF TO GOOD START IN TOWN

January 1, 1951 not only marked the advent of a new year in Buckland Center but also the beginning of a new adventure for boys between the ages of eight and eleven – Cub Scouting.

The Scout Charter was issued to the local organization in January and presented to the Pack by district officials of the Boy Scouts of America. The charter designated the group as Cub Scout Pack #87, since Buckland Grange #87 had voted to sponsor the Boy Scout program.

Each month since the beginning of the movement a pack meeting has been held at which the Cubs demonstrated their activities of the month through handicraft exhibits, acts and plays, participation in games and songs. Here is a summary of what happened at the monthly meetings:

January – Demonstration of model den meeting with each den acting out part of the program. Cub certificates given.

February – commemoration of Washington and Lincoln’s birthdays, Valentines Day, and the founding of the Boy Scouts of America. Bobcat pins awarded.

March – plays about Cub Scouts in other countries, with appropriate costumes. Cub Scout flag presented by the Pack committee.

April – Trip to North Adams by train, visit to Mr. Lillipop’s model railroad set up at Shelburne Falls.

May – Circus time, gala parade with band, balloons and peanuts. One-ring circus, side shows, peep shows, and midway in Grange Hall.

June-Trip to Catskill Wild Animal Farm at Cairo, N.Y.

There will be more to say about the Cubs in the next issue. The Pack meeting for July will be a field day event, and as usual, the public is invited to attend. **N.H.**

When Miss Beabiere of the Franklin County Extension Service met with seven mothers and sixteen girls on May 24, the “Buckland Busy Bees” got their start as a 4-H unit in this town. The girls decided to select dress and clothes-making as a project, and meet every Thursday evening for a business meeting, work period, and recreation. Some scrap books have been completed and the girls have equipped their sewing boxes. Even the six year olds have done a good job of learning to baste and hem. The older group have made samples of overcasting, overhanding, blanket stitches, etc., and are ready to learn the use of a sewing machine. All groups are working toward a small exhibit at the Fair in the Grange Hall this fall.

The girls recently enjoyed a fine outing with the Cub Scouts at the Catskill Animal Farm. Plans are being made for the summer, and more will be announced in the next issue of this paper. A picnic for the 4-H girls and their mothers is planned for July 26, and when 4-H song books arrive Mrs. Wetterwald has offered to help the club develop its musical talents.

The Cub Scouts had offered to share \$14 of the profit from the paper drive with the 4-H girls, but since the 4-H food sale had netted \$12.85, it was decided the offer would not be accepted. **J.L.**

#### DON'T MISS THESE .....

- |         |   |
|---------|---|
| July 11 | 6:00 Strawberry Festival                          |
| July 11 | 8:30 Grange Scavenger Hunt                        |
| July 18 | 8:00 Lawn Party, Band Concert                     |
| July 25 | 8:30 Grange Meeting, Debate                       |
| July 26 | afternoon....4-H picnic, Mohawk Park Camp Grounds |
| July 30 | 6:00 Cub Scout Field Day                          |



WHAT THEY'RE TEACHING BUDDING DOCTORS

A lot of things which are taught to medical students in the city schools and hospitals are naturally of little interest to persons not working in the field of medicine. However, there are some things which are of interest to everyone. Nutrition is one of these – especially the subject of vitamins. The purpose of this and the following articles is to discuss some of the subjects taught by medical doctors to their students which this writer feels will interest you. The present article is a brief consideration of vitamins.

The human body may be thought of as a machine which, like any other machine, must be supplied with fuel to make it work. To the automobile is fed gasoline; the to human body is fed food. In order for the body to “burn” this food, vitamins are needed just as spark plugs are needed by the automobile engine to burn gasoline...both vitamins and spark plugs enabling their particular machines to liberate energy from the fuel supplied. Unlike the gasoline engine, however, which will operate on one type of spark plug, at least sixteen different vitamins are needed by the body to keep it working properly. When all of these vitamins are not present in the proper amounts, the bodily processes slow down, various things go wrong, and the body is said to be in a state of vitamin deficiency.

Cases of vitamin deficiency are generally found in instances in which some particular foods have been unavailable to individuals for fairly long periods of time. In our Southern States, where meat is extremely low in the diets of many people, the B-complex vitamins are not obtained in sufficient amounts, and diseases such as beriberi (neuritis, swelling of the limbs, heart troubles, etc.) and pellagra (dementia, dermatitis, and diarrhea) are fairly common. These diseases may in most cases be cured simply by supplying the individuals with B-complex pills.

Another example of vitamin deficiency is a disease called scurvy. In the old days when long sea voyages were first being attempted the sailors, after long weeks at sea, developed inflammation and bleeding of the gums and loosening of the teeth. It was only by accident that it was noticed that on English ships carrying cargos of citrus fruits there were no cases of scurvy. From then on all English ships carried along a supply of limes for the sailors and even today British sailors are dubbed “limies”. It is now known that citrus fruits contain large amounts of vitamin C which, when deficient, causes scurvy.

Ordinarily, the daily menus of people in this part of the country contain ample amounts of all sixteen of the required vitamins. Deficiency is so rare and vitamin pills so expensive that under most circumstances the buying of vitamin pills to supplement the diet is economically unsound. It would be better to spend the money on more food since doctors claim that it is far more advisable, anyway, to obtain vitamins from food than from pills.

It should be stated, however, that under certain circumstances (pregnancy, for example) some people need more of certain vitamins. Your doctor knows when this is so and will prescribe the proper vitamins which you should take. Unless he does prescribe vitamin pills there is all probability that you do not need them at all, for vitamins are required in such extremely minute amounts that normally they are all present in the food eaten in a day. It should be noted, also, that vitamins are not stored in the body to any significant degree, nor does an excess of them do any good at all. If a person is getting his proper requirement of vitamins from the food he eats, any extra vitamins ingested in the form of pills is simply excreted in the urine. Should the reader be interested enough in this subject to look up the published Minimum Daily Requirements of Vitamins, he should be informed here that these requirements (for precautionary factors) are far in excess of the actual minimum requirements.

Do you feel nervous, run-down, and worn out all over? Every day we are faced with advertisements stating that if this is so, chances are that vitamin pills will correct it. However, it would be highly advisable to consult a doctor concerning your individual need for supplementary vitamins before spending the money on them. Don't let the ads of the vitamin companies frighten you. Their object is only to sell pills.

**M.L.P.** (*Dr. Mark L. Purinton, M.D.*)

### **Page 3**

#### A DRIVE-IN MOVIE

Going to a drive-in movie can be very interesting as well as entertaining and relaxing. The screen is not the only engrossing part of a drive-in movie. As you observe the cars around you, there seem to be marvelous opportunities for judging personalities.

Perhaps, at your left, there is an elderly couple. Usually this type is asleep or very nearly asleep. Your thoughts are interrupted by someone coming from the canteen or what-you-may call it. Now, where were you? Oh, yes, the elderly couple at your left was the object of your concentration. By now Mr. Whats-his-name is certainly asleep. He has had a hard day, perhaps, and he doesn't care to hear his wife's comments on the picture that is before his eyes and he can clearly see for himself. Oh, well, he'll hear all about the picture the next morning, so he might as well sleep. This particular picture is very boring, so you decide to try judging more personalities.

The couple at your right is not so old, and the mother and father are certainly having their troubles. Dear me, those children are noisy, aren't they? One of them is bobbin up and down every minute. During the intermission the head of the family bought all the children some candy, but to no avail. The more they get the more they want. Heavens! Now the baby is crying. You certainly pity that poor mother.

She probably gets out very seldom, and the one night she expects to enjoy herself, the children act up. Uproarious, isn't it?

Now where is that handsome young man going? Aha! He's going to join his sweetheart in that old Ford rattle-trap. All young fellows do not drive shiny limousines, you know. You conclude that if you watch a little while, this may turn out to be the high light of the evening, even greater than the picture which was the reason for coming in the first place. My! This is absorbing, but what a waste of space! There are two full-length seats and only on half of one is being used. There will be more than one well-smearred handkerchief tonight. Suddenly it dawns upon you that you are abusing their right to privacy and as you look away your conscience begins to gnaw. You remember you yourself may sometime be the object of another observer's watching.

**C.A.L.**

### FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

The scenic beauty of our town from June until September has brought the summer boarders here as long as I remember. These strangers have been useful as a source of revenue and most of them are welcome, being kind and thoughtful too. But there are some that gripe me with the attitude they take, and I find it hard to pardon all the nasty cracks they make. Noisy kids or barking dogs will bring a strong protest, just the tinkling of a cow bell has been known to ruin their rest. Some things they do if they were home would bring their prompt arrest, like strolling up and down the road with arms linked, four abreast. If a car drives up behind them and the horn begins to beep, they'll look annoyed and scatter like a bunch of startled sheep. They'll help themselves to blossoms from the trees all over town, and wander through the pastures leaving gates and fences down. They are sure we don't appreciate the scenery that is here because we keep on working like machines throughout the year.

Then too, they think the farmer isn't overstocked with brains as they watch him set out cabbage plants or turnips while it rains. Farm women are just animals with work that must be done, and we never take vacations 'cause we've never needed one! We're not a bit clothes conscious – they must be built for wear, but it really doesn't matter much, we're not going anywhere. We have no need for worry in this environment, why, half the food we live on doesn't cost a single cent! "All this hard work would kill us," one woman said to me, "But of course you folks don't mind it, you're built for it you see!" They think we're dumb and stupid stuck out here in the sticks, and our duty as they see it is to educate us hicks. But I feel that we could do without enlightenment like this. Such ugly truths don't help us much. Our ignorance is bliss!

**S.G.W.**

WINTER IN BUCKLAND

I have now spent my first winter within the bounds of Buckland and I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed it, and my task was largely lightened by the kindness of my neighbours (sic) around me.

During the long winter evenings I became a regular Radio fan, and some of the programmes (sic) I found to be very entertaining, and some of the talks most interesting. The only “fly in the ointment” was the Radio Commercials, which at times I found to be most distracting, I thought I would submit to my readers an unbiased opinion in alphabetical order of some of these childish evacuations that come over the ether---

1. Breakfast cereal – We are told that 11 professional Baseball, Football, and Hockey players eat a certain cereal for breakfast. How very silly, when we all know they are always traveling up and down the states to play their games, and away from home so much.
2. Cigars – A most interesting story this is—The office boy to the office boys in general, started his business career at the desk behind the water cooler, and by smoking a certain cigar he became a Vice President, with a gorgeous office, covered with the most expensive rugs and window curtains. Today, try and see this young man from behind the watercooler; you must get by about 15 lady Secretaries (mostly blonds) if you do. You will notice on his table a perfect model of the watercooler, and the original box which contained his first cheap purchase of this particular cigar. His office windows face the East River, and he obtains more inspiration from watching the shipping than looking at the U. N. Building.
3. Drugs – On Sunday nights there is a gentleman with a very swagger voice, who tells you all about a special Aspirin, which begins to work upon your system before you have actually swallowed it. The mistake here is that it should start working immediately after reading the dosage on the bottle!
4. Dental Cream – This is most interesting. After many years of research at many many American Universities they arrived at the conclusion that this was it. It not only gleans your teeth but it also cleans your breath, and your eyebrows, if they get in the way of the splash. Fancy the campus of Alma Mater becoming so commercialized!
5. Singing Commercials – I think the less said about these the better. They are as a rule ridiculous, and remind the writer of the Victorian Nursery Rhymes. The voices generally are untrained and lacking of singing culture, and the diction extremely poor; but thank goodness you can always jump to another station – or throw your radio into the Clessonbrook.
6. Some slight errors in pronunciation – Quite recently we have heard the word “Hurricane” over the radio, and most announcers place the emphasis on the

“cane.” This should be pronounced with a soft (Kan). The word water should be spoken water...not “Whatter.”

In conclusion – I suppose the writer should remember we get all these programmes (sic) free, and it might not be LONG before Boston places a nice little tax on radio instruments – to bring them into line with Automobiles and Canines.

### **Greenpencil (CWWE)**

#### ARE YOU REDDY (sic) ?

A good many motorists passing by Sam LaBelle’s garden on Hawley Road [now Clesson Brook Road] have looked, slowed down, looked again, and then stopped. It is enough to send many an old-time farmer rushing off for his shot-gun. But that fox in Sam’s garden actually isn’t real. It’s just a stick of stove wood carefully draped in a fox skin and propped up on four legs. The object – to keep the birds out of the garden and strawberries in.

#### **Page 5**

#### WHAT’S IN A NAME ?

To the tourist, names of places and structures are of great interest. In Buckland a newcomer might learn something of the town from such names as the Mary Lyon Inn and Mary Lyon Hill, Snow Hill (Koon Chaug), Apple Valley, or the Buckland Depot. Both there are some names which could even set the old timers thinking back, and which have stories related to their origin.

To begin with, there’s the name of the town itself. The story goes that Before Buckland was actually a town, Othonial Taylor discovered a favorite resort for deer on his broad fields down near the Buckland Station. Here he built a deer park, surround by a tall board fence, which the deer could jump into only at one point where there was a steep bank. But once inside, the deer were trapped until Squire Taylor came the next morning, shot the bucks and let the does out to bring back more of their lordly champions the next night. It was quite an outstanding event when five bucks were shot one morning by the Squire, and when the news got around, “Buckland” fittingly acquired the name that it would keep as its official title.

“Hog Hollow” is the very distinctive name of that section on the east side of Mary Lyon and Punam’s (sic) Hill. Before the days of either cars or buggys (sic), the parson from Buckland Center would make his parish visit on horseback. One such minister was almost thrown off his horse when a hog (in those days allowed to run free) ran out suddenly from the bushes in the territory. The parson later reffered (sic) to the place as Hog Hollow, and the name has lasted.

It is interesting that Buckland has both a Hog Hollow and a Hog Mountain. These two geographical features are not related in any way, however, for the name

Hog Mountain came from the fact that many years ago settlers from Deerfield used to drive their hogs to the hill to “shcuk” (sic) on the beechnuts which grew there abundantly.

To the north-east of Hog Mt. is a hill called Koon Chaug, and old Indian term for Snow Hill. The name seems to have been well chosen, for on May 12, 179, records attest to the fact there was a snow bank there

12 rods long [*198 feet*] and 10 to 12 feet deep. It was a custom, in the 1870’s, to hold an annual snow-eat on Koon Chaug, near the drift. The Greenfield Recorder Gazette and Courier of June 4, 1877, tells of the sugar eat held there on May 26. Music was furnished by the Ashfield Band, with dancing music by Wynn’s orchestra of Shelburne Falls; a good floor had been set up for dancing and the sight fee for dancing was the only charge levied for the whole affair.

These are just a few names. There are others --- One, Moonshine Hill, seems to hint at the origin of its title. But actually the name probably was acquired from a small flower of that name which grew there abundantly. Clesson’s brook must have been named after some settler, but the only thing this author could find was that in 1746 there was a Clesson’s Farm in or around East Buckland. Could this have any connection? Upper City was a term applied to a section of Hawley Road, around Hal Dodges and the LaBelles. Once many prosperous mills were operating here, and there are still traces such as stone foundations to testify to the fact. One last name, which has all but been forgotten now, is Gruntville, a name given to a section of the Lower Street in the Center; it is not too hard to guess how this term originated, for there used to be an old-timer or two whose speech mannerism gave rise to the humerous title.

**REH**

BEST OF LUCK ---to the Cub Scouts and 4-H!!!!

## **Page 6**

### WARP AND WEFT

As we dash along the road which was finished last year, or rather, this spring, the ghosts of past years will seldom appear to us, I am sure. It is good to be able to cover distance with speed (at times), but I would like to say goodbye to some memories which have been mentioned to me.

It was lucky that the watering tub by Atherton’s got mentioned last summer while the roses and foundation stones were still there to mark the spot. Bessie Forbes wrote us a nice letter about the place and I hope the we may quote from it elsewhere in the paper.

Several folks mentioned other tubs and I seem to have forgotten exactly what they said. Was there a tub up Apple Valley, and one on High Street, and one on the Common, another by Charlie Shedd’s? What was so special about the one at the Falls that all who were here than remember it?

Watering tubs do not mean so much to those who do not remember the quickening of the horses' steps as they neared the water, the bump of the pole and neck yoke against the tube, the stretching necks as the eager noses plunged into the drink, and the heaving sighs of gratitude as the team had a few seconds of rest before going on.

When I was talking to Mrs. Annie Ward the other day I asked her about cleaning out our bluebird box. Our bluebirds have raised one brood this year and the box is at the moment empty and so is hers. She told me that Mr. Bluebird would probably clean it with Mrs. supervising but that Mrs. would not allow him to place a single twig in the nest once she began the building.

We have some new bird enthusiasts in town now Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones Jr. are on the Otis Field place. They are both Audubon followers and have done bird census work. I had hoped they would tell us about the Blackbilled Cuckoo. They found a dead one in the road near the Parsonage recently and were surprised to find this rather rare bird here. Since then we find that its call has been heard and one late afternoon one of them walked right up to the post office steps! A slip, sleek, dark gray bird somewhere near the size of a catbird, but different.

You remember I chose WARP AND WEFT for a title because I felt that life in our community is like the weaving of tapestry or sturdy cloth of many colors. In the ten months since our last issue we have had the dark color of death woven in, and OUR BUCKLAND will certainly miss the witty comments of and about Herbert L. Gould. The bright colors of the pattern come from the two church weddings and the births of so many babies to add new threads to the weaving.

Three couples recently reached 25 year anniversary of their wedding day. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith celebrated theirs quietly with the relatives who gathered at George Smith's. Mr. and Mrs. John G. Powell were surprised at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Powell. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Ward were guests at a gathering at Grange Hall.

Graduation for three members of the eighth grad was held in the church, seeming like a baccalaureate service.

Memorial Day Exercises were held at 8:30 A.M. in traditional way as we followed the color guard to each cemetery, the children placed fresh flowers on the soldier's graves, and all stood at attention facing the green valleys and hills for the gun salute and Taps. For several reasons there was an innovation as the school children gave a brief program from the church steps. Is the custom of Memorial Day a tradition to be preserved or to be dropped? Can it be kept if we leave it to only a few to carry on?

As I meet new people who come to our community for the first time, or others who are home for vacation, or summer guests, I am bothered because there are so few ways to share our best Buckland qualities with them or to receive the good which they can bring us.

Anyhow for summer projects we list the band concerts and it is whispered that this year there will be refreshments on sale and one may have cake and ice cream between times.

I have just been told that this is a town of cousins, that everyone is related to everyone else. That may be so of the old-time families but times do change. Seven years ago 33 families had boxes at the post office. Today 45 are rented.

EWC

## Page 7

### MILESTONES 1926-1951

A quarter of a century ago there were two weddings at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ward, when their son Nelson married Blanche Wilder on Jun 12<sup>th</sup> and their daughter Helen married Frederick Call on June 26<sup>th</sup>. Bot of these were outdoor weddings and in each the bride and groom stood under a white birch arch which had been built over the garden walk between two beautiful flower beds. For Nelson's and Blanche's the arch was trimmed with iris and white lilacs. Helen was planning to use roses for her flowers but the season was late that year so she used syriga and lemon lilies instead.

Both couples celebrated their silver anniversaries this year. Friends and relatives met at the Grange Hall on June 9<sup>th</sup> to honor Nelson and Blanche, and another large group surprised the Calls at their home in Colrain on June 26<sup>th</sup>. Mrs. Annie Ward wrote an appropriate poem for each occasion, and the one for the local couple, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Ward, sums up those twenty-five years perfectly.

'Twas back in nineteen twenty six,  
    The 12<sup>th</sup> of June, the daym  
They started out together  
    To travel life's highway.

And they have traveled side by side,  
    Together shared their load,  
And toward their "Golden Wedding day"  
    Are half-way on the road.

Much has happened since that time  
    To bring both joy and care.  
Three daughters and four stalwart sons  
    Have come, their hearts to share.



To feed and clothe and educate  
    They've both worked hard together,  
And life is not all sunshine,  
    Sometimes it's stormy weather.

But they have conquered obstacles  
    And raised a healthy brood  
Have clothed them well, and nourished  
    Them with good plain wholesome food.

And now they're counting Grandchildren!  
    One! Two! Three! Four! Five!!!!  
Lively, healthy, youngsters!  
    May they, too, live and thrive.

And be an added blessing  
    To their Grandma and Granddad,  
And make the future years  
    The best they've ever had.

All the friends and neighbors,  
    And Grangers gathered here,  
Have come to with them happiness  
    Through every coming year.

To wish them luck and best of health  
    As they go on their way,  
And hope to meet them later  
    On their "Golden Wedding Day" !

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE MARY LYON CHURCH

### Looking backward to September 1950

The Christmas and Easter programs were distinctive, -- especially for musical selections effectively rendered by the Girls' Choir, and the combined choirs. The Parish Supper on Holy Thursday was well attended, and the special Community Service following, with reception of members, was impressive and helpful.

A certificate of Gratitude has been received by the Church from the State office, acknowledging increased offerings to the Christian World Mission during 1950.

The painting and papering of the Vestry has added much to the attractiveness of the room.

## Looking forward

The Vacation Church School is holding interesting meeting sin the Vestry mornings 9:30 to 11:30. The average attendance is 40, with children from the nursery class to High School. Mis Killam is a trained worker, having conducted similar schools throughout the state. She is staying at the Parsonage and getting acquainted with the families of the children and other friends by having her lunches and dinners in their homes.

All are invited to the closing program on Friday evening when an exhibit of work done by the different groups will be on display.

The revision of the Church Manual dated 1887, is under consideration.

The important project, to be carried out soon, is the redecoration of the Church interior. All contributions gratefully received by Standing Committee.

## **Page 8**

### BUCKLAND GRANGE DOPE

Greetings to Our Buckland from the “Buckland Grange Dope.” This will be the third year our column has been part of the paper. We hope you enjoy reading about the activities of our organization and realize its value in the community.

Certainly, the year, 1951, has been a busy and happy time for our Grangers under the Mastership of Nathan Hale. We have enjoyed Nathan as our leader because of his cooperative and kind personality, (Don't let him see this, but we hope he'll run for reelection on the Grange ticket.)

One of our major projects of the year was the installation of a basket ball court for the younger generation. The Grange has ten windows and each has numerous panes but not a single one got broken. That goes to show that either the men Grangers made very good screens or the players made professional shots. Much fun was enjoyed playing at the Grange, and especially when the Batchelo lads thought they could trip the fairer sex. They should have known the gals would give them a hard time.

Last September we had a huge Fruit and Vegetable Fair and public supper, which gave our community a chance to show off its farming abilities, and as a result, many prizes were awarded for the “best of everything.” So, to my many readers take heed. This year we again are making plans to sponsor, with the aid of the Massachusetts Department of Agriculture, a Fruit and Vegetable Fair. My best advise is keep those old weeds out of the garden and let the vegetables have a chance to win a prize or two. To you fruit growers, my advise is weak...I don't know my sprays or dusts. Good luck to you all.

Lecturer Marion Fitz. Set all the Grange a whirrrring, not so long ago, when she announced a competitive program within our own Grange membership. With four captains representing four seasons of the year, we all went to work with our

respective teams. Each captain surely was busy rounding up characters appropriate for his cast. There was much secret planning and plotting to out-do the other teams. Of course, a winner was chosen but we were all good and all had fun.

Home & Comm. committee is planning a clean-up program June 28. Our next program is Scavenger Hunt with Ross and Maywood. Let's come for the fun.

**ESG**

### “AREN'T WE DEVILS?”

Do you know what Batchelo Lodge gave one of its members in answer to his prayers? Did you hear about the Gerry's two new kids? Have you heard what Charlie Shedd told a couple of would-be visitors the other night? Well, maybe we can't tell you the latter, but you perhaps could read on to learn the lowdown on what really happened on Buckland's own Truth or Consequence Show at the Grange one rainy June evening.

It all began when Nathan Hale took charge of the entertainment for the Grange Meeting on June the Unlucky Thirteenth. Paul Nadeau was the first contestant, and like all the others, was unable to answer a “simple” question. Paul was directed to drive up to Bachelo Lodge to offer a prayer and await a gift that would be awarded him. By a very odd coincidence he found there two Ladies who just happened to be the sister and niece of Mrs. Hale. Paul escorted the ladies back to the Grange to enjoy the rest of the program.

Back at the Grange, Eleanor Clark was busy writing “I is what I aint cause I aint what I is” fifty times while Nathan was nonchalantly asking another contestant, “And what do you do for a living Mr. Fitzgerald?” There was a long draw on Bill's cigar, then from somewhere behind a cloud of smoke came the reply, “Bovine Pater.”

Next, Junior and Christine Purrington. As a nice measure, they were asked to pay a social visit to one of the citizens of Buckland. But how could the tow have known that Charly Shedd was not in a mood for guests at that time of night (and not too shy to let it be known?) Nor did they know that Charlie was tipped off to give them a boisterous reception.

Best things come last, but by this time Edie and Dick Gerry were worried that perhaps worst things came last. They were led out of the hall blindfolded to begin their consequence, and left with great puzzlement as the master of ceremonies read a riddle that hinted of a moonlit ride and two kids. Their return brought an explanation to the strange poem, however, for they did return with two kids....kid goats.

This, the program concluded, with only one problem left – who would play nursemaid to the two unhousebroken kids romping about the hall?

**REH**

**LEFT OVERS**

To go with OUR BUCKLAND

OUR BUCKLAND is 10 cents per copy.

For this summer it will be published July 1 – Aug. 1 – Sep. 1

Are you worried about FREEDOMS?

Any person desiring to become a voter in this town and eligible, may register by appointment with Mrs. Esther Anderson up to 10 P.M. on July 3<sup>rd</sup>.

SPECIAL ELECTION – July 23<sup>rd</sup>

The ad for Arrowhead Crafts was delayed. Why not drop in and see for yourself?

If you wish copies of OUR BUCKLAND mailed to you, 12 cents per copy puts your name on the mailing list. Inquire at the post office.

**HELP**

All material submitted to the paper before July 14 will help the paper as expert workers are promised to help at that time.

Bob Hartwell is editor.

BE SURE TO HELP by sending in material or suggestions or letters to the editor.

Interested? Buckland had 945 voters in Feb. 1951

Buckland had 875 voters in Feb. 1944

***End of this issue***

**Vol. 3, No. 2**

**OUR BUCKLAND**

**August 1, 1951**

**BAND CONCERTS HIGHLIGHT SUMMER ACTIVITIES  
IN BUCKLAND CENTER**

Large Crowd at First Concert

The first of Buckland Center's two scheduled band concerts was present on the evening of July 18, as old Jupiter Pluvis held up the threatening rain that would have sent over 150 spectators home disappointed. It was one of the largest crowds that has ever attended a band concert at the center, with cars packed into neat lines

on the Church Common and line up in the nearby streets. Music was by the Shelburne Falls Military Band, with an intermission of singing by the newly formed Buckland Men's Choir. Refreshments were on sale at a booth set up for the lawn party held along with the concert.

### Men's Choir Sings

The newly organized Buckland Men's Choir (otherwise known as the Lost Chords) presented an interlude of singing when the members of the band took a well-earned intermission. The group, organized and accompanied at the piano by Janet Wetterwald, sang a selection of five songs, later aided the band in a special arrangement of "The Old Grey Mare." The members of the choir, who sang songs of the barber-shop quartet type (Massa's In De Cold Ground, Abide With Me,) are Edmond and Homer Smith, William Fitzgerald, Charles Litchfield, Georges Wetterwarld, Francis Willis, Gerard Gilbert, Roswell Miller, Robert Hartwell, Jr., Carl Valiton, Linwood Scott, Henry Paulin, Richard Gerry, Nathan Hale, Ralph Wilder, Francis Trow, and Amos Franceschelli.

### Lawn Party For Church

A lawn party, featuring a refreshment booth with ice cream, cake, and soda, was set up under of the large maple trees on the Common. A profit of \$37.08 was netted, and this sum will go toward the Church-Redecoration Fund.

### Return Performance on August 9

A second Band Concert-Lawn Party affair will be held on the evening of August 9, at 8:00 p.m. on the Church Common in Buckland Center. The second concert will be patterned after the very successful July 18 program. Music will be by the Shelburne Falls Military Band, with the intermission again highlighted by the vocal croonings of the Men's Choir.

If the results of the first concert could be used to predict the success of the second, then things look bright indeed for the coming event of August 9. There was probably nobody at the concert who did not enjoy the entire proceeding, and that ranges from the very youngest to the oldest. It was a grand outing, with a program of good music for the spectators who honked their auto horns after each selection, ate ice cream and cake, drank soda and chatted with their friends and neighbors.

## Judy Was There, Too!

There were spectators from all parts of the vicinity at the last Band Concert, even one from Wetterwald's pasture. It was Joe Mayer's horse, "Judy," who showed up and caused quite a sensation, especially with the young folks. And when a certain group of Buckland's stalwart citizens decided that it was about time for Judy to go home, nothing doing. She liked the music and was determined to stay. Joe was finally called and asked to help lead his delinquent horse back to the pasture, and eventually Judy was persuaded to retire from the concert. But barnyard rumors have it that she stalled off the would-be rescuers long enough to hear what she had come for – the Choir and Band playing a special version of "The Old Grey Mare."

**REH**

## **Page 2**

### YOU REALLY LIVE IN BUCKLAND

When Uncle George Tower started mowing the grass around his buildings last June, it marked the 80<sup>th</sup> consecutive year that he has worked in the hay field. Today, at 90, he can still swing a scythe with the skill and ease that few younger men can equal.

Uncle as born in Savoy, Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup>. 1861, the youngest of 9 children. When his parents died in 1866 there were only 4 of these children still living. Uncle went to live with a neighbor, William Sherman, and later to the home of Leonard McCulloch, where he spent the greater part of his boyhood. He received his education in Savoy schools and according to all reports was always a very good boy, but as this was more than 75 years ago we have no way of checking this information.

However, several little incidents have been brought to our attention that lead us to suspect that sometimes the halo slipped. Once when he was just a school-boy one of the pupils had his dinner box raided, and circumstantial (sic) evidence pointed its nasty suspicious finger at little George. And there was a day he played hooky and went swimming. This time his sister (big sisters were just the same 80 years ago) apprehended him, and he found himself in more water, too hot to swim in.

We wish it was possible for us to tell all the kiddies that Uncle has lived to such a ripe old age and is a whiz in the hayfield because he always ate his spinach. But it isn't so, he hates the stuff! In fact there aren't many vegetables he cares for except potatoes, sweet corn, and maybe a few shell beans. He never developed a taste for green salads, and he doesn't think much of variation in the diet because they always upset his system.

Uncle came to town when he was in his late teens and went to live with Mr. and Mrs. John Eddy in East Buckland at the farm where Bellows live now. One hot summer evening when he was milking, lightning struck the barn, setting it on fire

and killing a cow just a few feet from him. He helped rebuild the barn, and spent a good many years working there, carrying on the farm after Mr. Eddy died in 1911.

Uncle moved to his present place in Buckland Center in 1920, and Mrs. Eddy continued to keep house for him until her death in 1931. He was never much of a hand for the women, and according to our best authority he never had a girl in his life until he was over 70. He didn't have an automobile or a driver's license until then either, but it's better late than never. He toured the West, married an old neighbor, Minnie Wells Burdick, and has made 6 trips to Florida. All after 70!

Here's another thing that may surprise a lot of you. Did you know that Uncle was once a movie actor? Well, it's true! He, Aunt Minnie, and old Dr. Rickett were the starring cast in a feature picture that was filmed right here in town. It was based upon a true (almost) story of how Uncle, suffering from a severe case of stomach ulcers and given up as a hopeless case by several physicians, was miraculously cured by the administration of an old horse doctor. When this picture was shown at the local Grange Hall some years ago, the house was packed and everybody who saw it agreed that Uncle stole the show. Incidentally, this film is still in existence (sic).

During the time that Uncle was laid low by his fatal ulcers, his brother persuaded him to buy himself a new suit to be laid out in. He was in no position to argue at the time, so he yielded to pressure and bought the suit. But you can't keep a good man down, and by a curious twist of ironic fate he lived to wear this suite to his brother's funeral instead of his own.

To members of his family Uncle is known as an "awful old hector", and he delights in getting a joke on somebody. When Aunt Millie was elected President of the Ladies' Club, he wrote a sign on a piece of cardboard which read "headquarters of Gossip Club" and tacked it on the maple tree in front of the house where it couldn't be seen from any windows. Uncle would chuckle delightedly as people would come along, read the sign, and go away grinning. He had a wonderful time until he made the horrible discovery that Aunt Minnie had read the sign too, and added a few words of her own. Under his notice she had written "For Men Only."

We are proud of this grand couple. They've lived a full life, and seem to be enjoying it. We hope they continue to do so for a long, long time. **S.G.W.**

Page 3

#### MORE NEWS FROM THE 4-H AND CUB SCOUTS

In the last issue of OUR BUCKLAND we discussed many of the activities of the 4-H girls in this town. Perhaps we should explain a bit about what the 4-H means, how it is organized, and who the members and leaders are. Girls become full fledged 4-H Club members at the age of 10 and are eligible to compete with other 4-Hers in the exhibition of their achievements and the earning of awards. Girls under 10 years of age in the 4-H work are known as Clover Buds. While they take part in all of the activities of their own club they do not participate in inter-club events. In this 7-10 age group the foundation is built for future 4-H work.

There are seven girls who are 4-H members over 10 years of age: Sandra Anderson, Shirley Atherton, Joyce Goodnow, Marie Gould, Linda Martin, Nancy Luce, and Marcia Valiton. Fourteen other girls are in the younger group and are participating in the activities as Clover Buds: Arline Anderson, Ann Carter, Amy Clark, Jane Gould, Mary Litchfield, Gwendolyn Gilbert, Lola Mollison, Judith Paulin, Kathleen Truesdell, Susan Wilder, Sandra Wells, Dorothy Wells, Emily Bleau, and Cathy Fitzgerald.

The officers elected for the group are: President, Marie Gould; Vice-president, Shirley Atherton; News Reporter, Joyce Goodnow; Secretary, Marcia Valiton; Treasurer, Mrs. Gerard Gilbert assisted by Gwendolyn.

Mrs. Wm. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Richard Berg, and Mrs. Chas. Litchfield are the leaders of the club, whose project is clothes-making. The younger group is still working on such items as dishtowels and pot-holders, while the older girls are learning the use of the sewing machine.

The "Busy Bees" had a picnic planned Thursday afternoon, the 26 of July, at State Park. There will be no meetings during the month of August, but in September their activities will be resumed once more.

"We pledge –  
Our HEADS to clearer thinking,  
Our HEARTS to greater loyalty,  
Our HANDS to larger service,  
Our HEALTH to better living for our club, our community, and our country."

The Cub Scouts is an organization for boys between the ages of 8-11. In this town we have a unit of the cubs, organized in the typical Cub Scout manner. The local organization is known as a Pack, meets once a month for business and recreation. There are also several divisions of the Pack, called Dens, which meet every week in certain homes where transportation will be problem. There are three such Dens in the Buckland Pack: Den #1 has Russell Dodge as Den Chief, with Philip Bleau, Ronald Dodge, Richard Hale, Franklin LaBelle, and Winston Labelle as members. Olive Dodge and Gertrude Hale are the Den Mothers. Den #2 has Jean and David Jackman as Chiefs, with John Carter, Donald Clark, Wesley Lincoln, Joseph Luce, and William Reddy; Edith Lincoln and Lois Trow are Den Mothers. Billy Eastman is Den Chief of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Den, and other members are Paul Atherton, Lloyd Cass, Melvin Cass, Richard Eastman, Arnold Purinton and Lewis Scott. Den Mothers are Carrie Cass and Edith Gerry.

Cubmaster is Francis Willis, assisted by Nathan Hale. The Pack Committee is made up of Richard Gerry, William Newton, James Mollison, Charles Lincoln, and William Fitzgerald. Funds to carry the local Cub work have been secured through paper drives and donations. The Pack Committee takes this opportunity to again thank you folks for your generous cooperation in financial aid to the Scouts. The



Committee plans to continue the paper drives at about three month intervals and announces that the next one will be in September.

The program scheduled for July 30 was the Cub Scout Field Day. The August meeting will be on the 27; it will be an investiture, when the cubs will get their awards and promotions for their achievements.

The enthusiasm of parents, leaders, and Cubs has given the program an auspicious beginning. With this spirit to carry it on we look for even greater things in the Scout world at Buckland Center with the organization of a Boy Scout Troop this fall. The Troop will embrace boys in the 11 yr. old and up bracket who are over the Cub Scout age.

**N.H.**

## **Page 4**

### IN THE MORNING MAIL....

To the Editor:

In the Buckland news I read that OUR BUCKLAND is out... Having been born in Buckland and having made my home there for several years with my uncle Charles Nichols, I am interested in your publication.

My father was Allen C. Nichols, a half brother of Charles and George Nichols. May OUR BUCKLAND have continued success.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Leon Germain  
nee Flossie Nichols

Editor's Note:

We are very glad to have heard from Mrs. Germain, who now lives in Conway. If there are other former residents who read this paper and are interested in letting us know where they are now, I am sure it would be of interest to their old friends to read their letters in this column. Remember, it only costs 3 cents to send a letter despite inflation!

**REH**

*Flossie Eveline (Nichols) Germain was born in Buckland on 14 Jan 1886, a daughter of Allen C. Nichols and Hattie (Bush) Nichols. Flossie married Leon Charles Germain (1886-1964) on 19 March 1908 in Conway, Mass. Flossie died 22 Jun 1976 (aged 90). Flossie is buried in North Cemetery located in Lunenburg, Worcester County, Mass. Her husband Leon Germain is buried in Howland Cemetery in Conway, Mass. with one of their daughters, Helen Nichols (b.1913 m. Harold Wolfram).*

Editor of "Our Buckland"  
6<sup>th</sup> floor, Buckland Post Office Building  
Buckland, Massachusetts

I was delighted that you sent me a copy of the current "Our Buckland." We will be up for vacation Starting July 21 and I shall call and pay my subscription.

In the meantime I give you below a couple of pieces that may be interest for the next issue.

- - - - -

Back about 15 years ago when Jim Smead and I started to tent on the bluff above Clessons in the Buckland Mill Yard area, I named our hill, "Swill Hill." The only reason for the name was that it was nigh unto Hog Hollow. It has caught on and all of our friends still use the name.

Way back at that time, when meat was cheap, we barbecued a 90 pound pig. Among the 40 or 50 invited guests was Dave Malcolm from up Charlemont way. We were not acquainted at the time. He was known to us only thru his "Hill Town Neighbors" column in the Springfield Sunday Republican. Dave had a terrible time locating anyone who knew of that terrible place, Swill Hill. He found us tho. Anyone who knows Dave, knows well that he has a good nose for good food. As I think back on that wonderful barbeque, I drool. Just in case you do not know where Buckland Mill yard is, it the area in which the Lightning Splitter is located [now in 2024: 76 Ashfield Rd, Buckland (Shelburne Falls), MA 01370]

- - - - -

Just a line about rubbish dumping in our beautiful brooks. I believe I spotted a mess just above Pikes Store on the bank of Clessons. Folks and fish like clean water, free from junk as well as the worser stuff.

- - - - -

Wonder if there is enough interest in "Our Buckland" to put it on financial feet. How hard would it be to get together a pile of stuff that would keep Cal. Call busy auctioning some Saturday afternoon?

- - - - -

I'd like to come to Buckland to live. I am no farmer but a business man of many parts. Anyone any ideas?

**George Fox**

Editor's Note:

Many thanks to our friend and neighbor Mr. Fox. His letter with remarks on the rubbish in the brooks is a timely one, especially since this is the time of year when the brooks are particularly low. However, the situation may not prove as easy to solve as it seems. It happens that Buckland Center has no garbage collection; the only legitimate method of disposing of trash is to box it up, put it in the back of the car, and cart it up to the Ashfield dump. It seems too bad that the Buckland tax money which provides one end of town with garbage disposal cannot do something for the people of the other end, some of whom, remember do not even have a car to get to the dump.

As for the financial status of OUR BUCKLAND...Right now the paper is supporting itself wonderfully. We seem to average a profit of about five dollars each year. Some of the profit has already been used in the maintainance (sic) of our mimeograph machine (new roller), the rest is being kept with an eye to the future; it may not be too long before we need a new mimeograph machine, the old one is very temperamental and difficult to run, does not give a uniform ink job. Perhaps we could use the auction idea to good avail when we get a new machine.

**REH**

## **Page 5**

### **FEATHERS OVER THE DEERFIELD**

My mother is convinced that the only reason we bought our farm was for the bird life around us and the good fishing in the Deerfield. Well, I can say, the bird life has had a big attraction for us right from the first day when a Red-shouldered Hawk came down from the hill behind the house shrieking to greet us. With the river bordering our land and the rugged hills behind the house, and our fields and pastures between, its no wonder the variety of birds is exciting.

Everyone has Robins, but our robins this year must have been Eastern States fanciers. One day we watched Father Robin go into our garage and grab a grain bag string-one which had the feed tag still attached. He shook the string violently, but the tag wouldn't come loose, so he flew off with the whole thing. When we discovered the nest a few days later, there was the Pacemaker tag waving gaily from the bottom of the next, and it's still there although the family has been raised and the birds are gone.

Speaking of string, a neighbor suggested putting strings out where the Orioles could get them for nest building. We did do that this year and it's a good point to remember every year.

Three Black Duck families set up housekeeping in the swamp down the road from us on Dick Mayer's property. One of the mammas, followed by her brood, was seen crossing the road one day in late spring. And just recently the Ken Burdicks spotted four adult Black Ducks and innumerable young in a temporary pond that appeared behind the house after a heavy rain.

I don't know of any bird song more friendly than that of the Chestnut-sided Warbler. Bird books maintain that he is supposed to be saying—"Pleased to meetcha, meetcha, meetcha." And when I hear him early in the morning flitting around the apple trees, sure enough...that's what he is saying. And the dress of this happy little bird is, to me, just about the loveliest I know—clear white breast, bright yellow cap, greenish yellow back and contrasting rust colored sides...a very chic outfit.

We've been wondering what some of the birds did before there were any telephone wires. You very very seldom see a Kingbird anywhere but on a wire. And

there are other regular users of the wires—Phoebes, Flycatchers, Swallows and Indigo Buntings.

Ever since quite early in the spring, we have seen three great beautiful Ospreys over the Deerfield River. Those huge white and black, fish-eating birds can easily be mistaken for Bald Eagles. It's a real treat to watch them perform.

It seems early to think about fall migration, but the end of August will bring the Nighthawk migration down the Deerfield River. Last year we saw hundreds of them in the twilight for a few nights during the last week of August – a sure sign of fall's coming. Of course, there are many birds that migrate early, but we'll be watching for the Nighthawks.

**Mrs. Wallace Jones, Jr.**

\*\*\*\*\*

DUPLICATE OF "GHOST BELL" IN BUCKLAND

A recent issue of "Time" magazine carries an article about a mystery bell in the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon. It seems that for years woodsmen and deer hunters had returned from the area with the same story---they had heard the faraway tinkling of a phantom bell near the small hamlet of Kamela. Nobody had ever been able to locate the origin of the strange tinkling that would rise and fade in the shifting winds through the vast pine forests. But the mystery was finally solved when woodsmen clearing a path for a new powerline felled a towering pine tree. Near the top, tied by a shriveled leather strap, with its clapper worn smooth from years of gentle tinkling, was a bronze cow bell. Apparently, some pioneer had once tied the bell to a small sapling that eventually grew into a towering pine.

The local interest in this story comes from the fact that Rob Hartwell kept in his barn for many years a duplicate of the mystery bell. A few years ago it was cleaned up and brought into the house as an ornament. When the dust and corroded metal had been cleaned from the bell, it clearly showed the same markings that the Kamela bell \_\_\_\_ [illegible] three French words, "Saignelegier," "Chiantel," and "Fondeur," plus the boldly lettered date, 1878.

*[The article in Time Magazine was titled OREGON: The Bell of Kamela published on Monday, July 16, 1951. The article is online and there are a number of websites that have photos of what the bell looks like. The words Saignelegier Chiantel Fondeur are implied to be the name of the manufacturer in Switzerland.]*

HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES, MONKEY WHILE THE MOON SHINES

Now way up here in Buckland  
A towerin' in the hills,  
We know we've got to work all day  
So's we can pay our bills;  
But when the day is over,  
And when the sun has set,  
We've still got plenty of gumption left  
To have some fun, you bet!  
Now there's a couple stories,  
That finally bring to light  
Just what goes on up in these hills  
When day has turned to night.  
For weeks it was a secret,  
But now it can be told,  
Cause N.H. went and spilled the beans  
And to R.H. he told:

FIVE

Early in February—the overcoat season as opposed to the straw hat season—five sturdy sons of Buckland made a business trip to South Deerfield (business best not known to their wives and sweethearts.) While rolling along late with an early model on the homeward trek the “model” suddenly began to perspire. Out poured our frustrated five. Not a bucket could be seen strolling along the road on the outskirts of So. Ashfield. Four pair of gleaming eyes rested on the leaky sombrero of the terrified fifth. But as mother is the necessity of invention up came a suggestion. Off came the knee caps of the model and four steady—the word is sturdy as you will note above—beavers began the bucket brigade to the nearby supply which parallels the boulevard. Albeit the gurgling supply was down over an embankment and surrounded by the same darkness embodied in the bowels of a whale-Hi! Jona—all of which did not acquisitively add to the agility and ability of the aphi-ity. In fact one member of the quartet repeatedly filled the mouth of the model, held open complete with lightning effects by the coachman, with dew. After an interminable period—none could tell time—the model was fully refreshed and the frivolous five piled onto her lap to resume where they terminated. However, the model had other ideas. Cajoling, consarning, and cussing were unworkable, she wasn't sparking. The fighting fiver then resorted to pushing her around. After what seemed mites of effort in the wrong direction the frayed five polished her distributor and life returned to the old system. Upon getting her pointed in the correct direction, once more the model came home without incident.

The latest report we have is that the model has not perspired since and remains as cool as a cucumber. It should after the company it kept on the fickle, February, foray.

To make a long story short—the radiator overheated and we filled it with water from a near-by brook using the hub caps as containers.

## EIGHT

With apologies to the correct version—  
Put on your old bib and tucker,  
With your lips make a pucker,  
And we'll crank up the old battered car.  
Over the bumps up the mountain,  
We'll hit each one and count 'em,  
As we travel from Buckland afar.

Caroling the above ditty 'though they didn't know the words—nor the tune—a party of youngsters of pre-war vintage, which was?—Revolutionary—climbed the Nod and Kneckbreaker Road to Ashfield to attend the SPAEOBSQA (sic) concert in June.

After the barbershop closed and the customers were released the octet enjoyed a scenic tour through Ashfield geological sand and gravel formations. The group then headed for a local catery (sic) to continue commemorating a total of two score years and two of blissful wedlock.

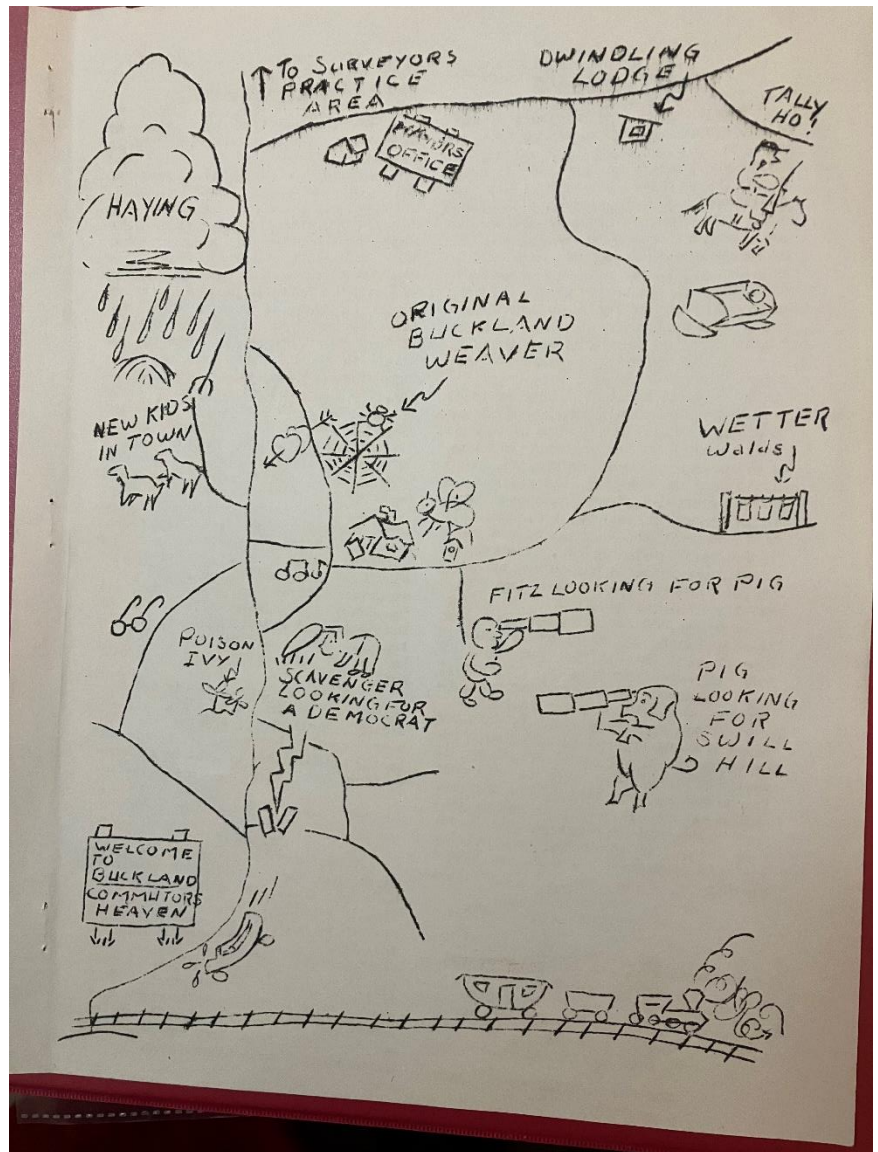
During the banquet a fashion show took place depicting the latest styling of hats. At the conclusion of the last course the orchestra struck up the tune "Sound Off." To the tune of creaking joints and strained muscles the ex-cannon fodder struggled through a few movements.

A grand finally to a baleful evening was a conducted tour through beautiful Apple Valley with stops for porcupines and parking. The tour led through Ashfield into Buckland out of Buckland into Ashfield out of Ashfield into Buckland once around the triangle, twice around the garage—exodus, levituus (sic).

**Unanimous**

## Page 7

[We learn in the next edition of *Our Buckland*, Sept. 7, 1951, more about this drawing: "Bill Fitzgerald's cartoon in the last issue of this paper pictured his lost pig scouting for Swill Hill. Last indication is that pig did not reach its destination, but decided to settle for Walnut Hill instead."]



## Page 8

### FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

They say our town is clannish, and we run around in cliques, with set opinions on our schools, our church, or politics. There's so many toes to step on no one's safe to talk about, and you'll need a genealogy to sort the families out. Our attitude toward strangers couldn't possibly be colder, and we always greet new comers with a chip upon our shoulder. The "Bachelors" and "Nut Club" always have their quota full, and you'll never be accepted here unless you have a pull. And when new families settle here no neighbors come to call. We make not friendly overtures – just ignore them one and all.

Though we admit this may be true, at least to some extent, we feel you sometimes take offense when no offense was meant. It was probably just shyness or our natural reserve, so please don't call us "snooty", it's a term we don't deserve.



There have been times in days gone by when we, too, have felt slighted, and built a wall of reticence behind which we're united. Whether one was friend or foe we had no way of knowing, so stayed aloof until we knew which way the wind was blowing.

So you see we formed a habit that is mighty hard to break, and getting in depends upon the attitude you take. We make advances cautiously for fear of being snubbed, then growl or purr, depending on the way our fur is rubbed.

If you sincerely want to join our large fraternity, and consider your acceptance as the highest flattery; if you're willing to cooperate and our friendship is your aim; if you hear bad things about us and you want us just the same; and prefer to settle in our Town instead of any other; we'll welcome you with open arms and love you like a brother!

**S.G.W.**

\*\*\*\*\*

ARROWHEAD CRAFTS

Distinctive Thank You, Shower, and Wedding Gifts in  
Copper, Craft, Ceramic, Wooden.

The New and the Antique

WHERE IT'S USUAL TO FIND THE UNUSUAL

at

The Roswell Millers

**Adv.**

DO THE NATIVES ----- ?

When that question was asked me last summer, I got to wondering "Who is a Native?" As she used it she included everyone in the community. Some of the people living here were born here, as were their parents and grandparents. Some married into these families. There are people who have spent a summer here, then another, until they decided to make this their home. Some have looked around for a suitable place to bring up their families, or to enjoy their retirement, and have bought homes here. If this woman had really known the Natives she would have found them like any cross section, either urban or rural, the men doing good jobs at their chosen work, whether in specialized farming, work in factories, teaching, or painting. The women are interested in the care of their children and homes, having just as modern ideas and equipment as their friends in the city.

Among the native women are registered nurses, trained dietitians, teachers, and office workers. Many of the children go on to colleges or further education from high school. Two outstanding Natives are Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke College, who was born here, and Robert Woodward, the nationally known artist, who found what he wanted and established his studio here.

Natives are interested in the community welfare and work at it. Various social activities are enjoyed and with every family having a car, people can easily attend other activities in nearby towns and cities.

**A.F.M.**



## COW-SLIP

We hear via the grape-vine that Joe Mayer has been burning the candle at both ends these days and his system has finally rebelled. Rumor has it that he started to milk his cow the other morning about 4 A.M., after working late the night before. He leaned his head against the cow's flank and z-z-z-z went to sleep and fell off the stool. This roused him sufficiently to crawl to a convenient pile of hay where he curled up to finish his nap, not regaining consciousness until hours later.

## **Page 9**

## BUCKLAND GRANGE DOPE

Our meeting of July 11 met with just a handful of members. Everyone was an officer. Summer meetings seem to fall low in attendance due to so many other events of the season. There was discussion as just how to handle the coming years' summer meetings but no vote was taken on the matter. As a gentle reminder, please come if you can.

The scavengers go back the very same night heavily laden with all sorts of loot and plunder. Gollys, Ross and Maywood certainly had us chasing all over town, and what fun we had! It is a pity so few were able to be at our last meeting, because the Millers gave the program so much time and thought.

Who, but the Millers, would ask a fellow Granger to prowl through a cemetery to find an epitaph written for one of Buckland's forefathers? And if you want a full report on the eggs that were brought back, ask Charlie Litch. Two of our good local Democrats were aroused from their slumber to endorse the fact that they were not Republicans. What fun!!!! And to top the evening with complete satisfaction, we had just every bit of watermelon we could eat.

July 25 is going to be or was (depending on when this goes to press) movies for all. Subject is unknown which adds to curiosity so better come. I do know, however, that Charlie and 'Gene have charge of refreshments that night and if I know the Litchfields the way I think I do, the eats will be ummm good.

Our first August meeting is a mystery ride which is still very much a mystery to me. Willy Willis is slated as general truckman and where he'll truck us only Willy knows. We do have such a grand time and none of us act his age—especially the writer—so why not drop your worries and join in the deep dark mystery. You won't go wrong.

See you all in the next Buckland Grange Dope column and remember – be a good Granger.

**E.S.G.**

\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \*

DO YOU KNOW?

Each year farm people suffer about 18,000 deaths and 1,500,000 disabling injuries due to accident

AND

DO YOU KNOW?

PHILIP A. MILLER

SELLS Health and Accident, Surgical, Hospital, Medical Care, Polio, and Life Insurance.

**Adv.**

**Page 10**

BE IT EVER SO TUMBLE

“Progress” has been made this month on a “simple, easy and quick to construct” tool shed that Rob Hartwell has building on his mowing behind Ted Dodges. Since carpentry comes as a natural trait to the Hartwell family, Bobs Sr. and Jr. and Kenneth started out on the project eager and optimistic. With Ort Kenney’s stone wall so near-by there was no problem in finding rocks enough for the foundation – until Ort got suspicious of the operation and told the threesome to go ... easy on his stonewall – “I’ve got scarce enough rocks on the place for what I need.”

Lumber was no problem. There was plenty piled on the floor of Rob’s chicken house; Lena’s hens will miss the lumber when they go into that part of the coop to set, again, but other than that the lumber will never be missed.

Thus, with lumber (Where’s that long plank?). saws (But I know I cut it square), hammers (#\$\*@!!@), and nails, plus band-aids and iodine, and the three carpenters were ready to start construction.

The first timbers were nailed into place with amazing speed. Before too long the entire shell had been built, to the amazement of all – particularly Rob when he discovered it was three inches longer on the west side than on the east. But Kenneth though that would be O.K. – “It’ll help take up the slack.” Later it was also discovered that the entire building was leaning somewhat to the east. After a meeting of the directors, a conclusion was reached: the old apple tree which the building was supposed to be leaning against was instead suing the building as support. Thus the addition of another implement to the carpenter’s toolbox – an axe.

Activity from here on was more or less routine. The only spectacular event occurred when Bob Sr. threw his pocket watch to Bob Jr. with orders to “measure that 2 x 4 over there, “ then looked at his steel tape measure to see what time it was.

We understand that the building is just about finished now. It has already been put to good use in storing about 300 bales of hay. As a finishing touch a large sign was placed on the front reading “Danger, Keep Out.” This, we are told, is

another way to say, "These bales might fall over if you get near them, and even if they don't maybe the building will fall on top of you." R.E.H.

### DRANO

The Kitchen Sink last month seemed clogged withold remembered hate, when Summer Folks were ignorant – 'tis not like that of late. Today the world had come at last to know its daily need, and the Farmer must raise produce or none of us will feed. With pastures and with stories the farming tale is told and a farmer is no Hayseed, as he was tagged of old.

A man of science he is shown, of learning and degree, and many look with longing and wish that they were he. The farm wife has a kitchen grand and home equipped as fine as any city dweller, (I only wish 'twere mine.)

To Buckland have come summer folk who merely paused a wee, and the natives were strange creatures, not folks who friends might be. To Buckland now are coming folks who seek a warmer clime when winter snos and winds are chill but in the summer time their roots strike deep into Buckland soil and they claim a Buckland home. They may rent or board or fix a house or be compelled to roam but they will pay to the native folks as they themselves are paid, in cash alone or with frets or sneers or a sturdy friendship made.

As in years gone by each tale was told with a moral at the end, -- He gains the most from the Summer Folk who shows himself a friend. E.W.C.

\*\*\*\*    \*\*\*\*    \*\*\*\*    \*\*\*\*

### DON'T FORGET THESE:

Aug. 8 at 8:30 PM, Grange mystery ride

Aug. 9 at 8 PM, Lawn Party and a Band concert.

Aug. 15, Aft. And Eve. Ladies' Club Fair and Supper at Grange Hall and Church Vestry

Aug. 27 7:30 PM, Cub Scout investiture and Indian Legend at Center.

Aug. 27 8:30 Grange.

Aug. 1 to Aug. 20, please send in material for next Our Buckland

*End of this issue*

**Vol. 3, No. 3**

**OUR BUCKLAND**

**September 7, 1951**

GRANGE AND COMMUNITY FAIR, BAKED HAM SUPPER THIS SATURDAY

### 26 Classes of Exhibits

September 8 is Fair-Day in Buckland Center, and from 2:00 in the afternoon until 7:00 that evening things will be busy, busy, busy between the Grange Hall and Church Vestry. The Fair is an annual fruit, vegetable, and flower exhibit, with prizes given by the Grange and the Massachusetts Department of Agriculture for the best

entries. Anyone who is either a member of the Buckland Grange or a resident of the town is eligible to compete.

Exhibits should be brought to the Grange Hall on Friday evening, September 7, from seven to ten, or on Saturday morning, September 8, from eight thirty to noon. Pamphlets have been distributed listing the 26 classes in which awards will be given. These range from large displays from 9 to 16 sq.ft. of vegetables and/or fruit, bowls, baskets, trays of vegetables or fruit for both adults and junior members of the town, various displays of flowers, canned foods and potted plants, to the several classes of small displays placed on paper plates. Prizes range from \$5 on the larger displays to \$0.25 for second prizes on the individual plates.

### Grange To Give New Prizes

This year the Grange has voted \$10 to be used for additional prize money. \$5 will be given as a grand prize to the family winning the most blue ribbons; \$2.50 will be used as an award for the best collection of canned goods and the other \$2.50 will be awarded at the discretion of the judges for any exceptional exhibits or deserving entries not covered by any of the listed classes.

Georges Wetterwald is Chairman of the Fair Committee. Others are listed in the Premium-List pamphlet

### Baked Ham Supper

There will be one of those yummy yummy baked ham suppers served in the Vestry by the ladies of the town after the Fair. The supper, sponsored by the Grange, will be served at 6:00 P.M. Just take a look down this menu and then make sure to reserve a spot on your memorandum for September 8, 6:00 P.M.: Tomato juice, Baked Ham, Mashed and baked potatoes, Squash, and Cole Slaw, Brown Bread, Rolls, and Relishes, Pie and Coffee. Umm!

### Auction After Supper

After the Baked Ham Supper, the Fair-Goers will convene once more in the Grange Hall where those fruits, vegetables and flowers entered in the fair will be sold. It is customary that any of these items, unless reserved by the owner, be auctioned off to help pay for the prizes given during the fair. It is also a good chance to buy some of those fine fruits and vegetables that show up at the Grange for the event.

### Special Displays Featured

As well as the edible items displayed at the fair, there will be also a table for paintings, drawings, photographs, weaving, and other arts and crafts. The Make-A-Dress Class which was recently conducted by Marion Fitzgerald will show a selection of the type of work that they accomplished.

This year the Cub Scouts and the 4-H girls will each have displays. The two groups are newly formed this year and have had a very enthusiastic start in town. Be sure to visit their booths in your visit to the fair.

Rain or shine, it will be a Fair Day in Buckland this Saturday, and there will be fun for all, young and old, right up until the very last item at the auction is before the auctioneer and is going...going...gone.

## **Page 2**

### IN THE MORNING MAIL.....

Dear Sir:

Last evening I read with great interest the latest issue of OUR BUCKLAND. Several items attracted special attention and have moved me to write to you.

First, a suggestion, I note that as a rule your correspondents sign with initials only. After staying awake trying to figure out who wrote this and that I suggest that full names be used. Surely there was not item that anyone need be ashamed of. Besides, the friends and neighbors recognize the initials anyway, and what would it matter if others did so?

Second, a contention: I note that a tale is told of a mystery bell which after many years was found in the top of a newly felled tree. The suggestion is made that a pioneer fastened the bell to a sapling. I wish to contend that there must be some other explanation. The pioneer must have been an agile climber or a very tall man because if one fastens a bell (or anything else) to a small tree and it is thereafter left alone it will always remain at the same distance from the ground. As evidence I can show my clothesline. Four years ago I fastened the line from our cabin to a small hemlock so that the line was level. Since then the tree has grown about six feet but the line is still level. Everyone has seen barbed wire nailed to a tree but it does not rise further from the ground no matter how many years pass or how tall the tree becomes.

Third, an explanation: Most issues of OUR BUCKLAND contain a contribution from my friend, George Fox, in which some mention is usually made in regard to Swill Hill. But he has never told your readers what Swill Hill really is. Many have been there and know the Hill. It occurred to me, however, that there must be some who wonder what manner of place it is that carries so unromantic a name.

Simply stated Swill Hill is just a couple of cabins in the pines. But it is much more than that. It is a place where simple living and outdoor work and play will repair the physical ravages of a hectic city life and bring back the lost sense of well-being. There, nerves, jangled nearly to the breaking point by a trying profession and the demands of worried people, are quickly restored and dulled judgement again becomes keen.

On Swill Hill indulge in my hobby of forestry. Trees are planted and tended. Much time is spent trying to improve the woods. Who will some day reap the lumber harvest? What does it matter? I reap a harvest every time I look at the trees because they are always sturdier and prettier than when I last saw them.

Swill Hill is also the squirrel, the rabbit, the partridge, the pileated woodpecker, the deer, the hedgehog and yes, the skunk (friendliest of all the wild creatures). It is the arbutus, the lady slipper and the laurel. It is the mass of flowers surrounding the cabin which Dot cares for so tenderly and which she makes bloom in profusion, from soil that is nothing but gravel, whether they wish to bloom or not. For her they seem to want to. It is the sturdy young pines that we have planted to replace those lost when our old cabin burned. It is the tolling of the bell of Mary Lyon Church which comes down the valley to us and always reminds us of "The Angelus."

It is the biting wind of a winter's night as we cross the river in our trolley and face the short but tough climb to the cabin secure in the knowledge that we can raise the temperature of the cabin forty degrees in an hour. (When one starts at fifteen below it is still cold.) Why is it that the path grows steeper each year?

It is the cheery greeting from the Marches as we pass their beautiful spot.

Swill Hill is the fun of living occasionally much as did our ancestors (who also knew these same hills) with most of the good things they had and without their pressing problems. It is the satisfaction of seeing our citybred children grow to love the woods and the country more and more and no matter where they go (one has traveled far) to always wish to return and bring their friends.

It is the memory of many merry gatherings of friends around the big fireplace and the loaded board. Sometimes the load on the table which makes everyone drool is furnished by the ladies of Mary Lyon Church and many are the complimentary comments which are in Springfield afterward.

Swill Hill is intimately associated with twenty-five years of continually ripening friendship with Dorcas and George. Many are the "projects" that we have worked out together on the hill. Friends at home often ask "What do you do all day up there? You must be bored to death at times." The truth is that we are busy doing things we like to do and there is never time enough.

Swill Hill is the friends we have made near-by: The Crosses, the Goulds, the Newtons, the Wheelers, the Malcolms, to name a few. Where else, I ask, can you find a man who keeps a saddle horse that he never uses solely, I suspect, because my daughter can handle that horse and loves to ride him?

Then there are always new acquaintances. This year we joined the Eastmans who with good taste, skill and the love of labor have transformed a rundown old house into a unique and lovely home. I mustn't forget Georgie's new pal, Sammy Lee. Sammy is a really American boy and is already every inch a gentleman.

Granpa Wise is Swill Hill too. His sturdy independence, his great knowledge of the woods and the wild, his familiarity with the homely things of the country and of old, his barn and shop which contain everything one needs and his every present "know-how" and willingness to help with whatever is going on have built up a debt to him that can never be paid. Without him Swill Hill as we know it could never have been.

In short, Swill Hill is work, play and health. It is freedom, friendship, love and tranquility.

Sincerely yours,  
James L. Smead

Editor's note:

Dr. Smead will note that his suggestion of having complete names after our articles has brought about a change in policy in the paper. Our Swill Hill reader scores another victory on his contention about the mystery bell. R. M. Hartwell first noticed this discrepancy in the story, reminded us that trees grow up, not down.

It has been a pleasure to print Dr. Smead's letter. I am sure that our readers will join me in thanking him for letting us share, for a brief moment, the wonders of Swill Hill.

*[The writer of the above letter, Dr. James L. Smead, was born in Greenfield on the 9<sup>th</sup> of January 1900. He married Dorothy "Dot" A. Wise on New Year's Eve, December 31, 1924 in Greenfield. They made their home in Springfield, Mass. Dr. Smead was once president of staff and surgeon-in-chief of the former Springfield Hospital, now Baystate. He was a veteran of World War I and World War II when he served for 18 months in hospitals in France and Scotland. He was a captain in the Naval Reserve at the time of his death on September 8, 1976. His wife, Dorothy (Wise) Smead was born in West Deerfield, November 27, 1900 a daughter of Lyman B. Wise and Mary C. (Rice) Wild. "Dot" died at the age of 87 on June 18, 1988 at Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital in Hanover, N.H. Dr. Smead and his wife Dorothy are buried together at Green River Cemetery, in Greenfield, Mass.]*

### EDITORIAL

A new month. Yes, it is easy to remember that we are just starting a new month. There are bills in the mailbox, the rent is due, bright new pictures have appeared on the calendars. Yes, and there's another issue of OUR BUCKLAND on the living room stand; September 1, it says on the dateline of the latest issue. September so soon. It's the last issue of OUR BUCKLAND for the summer, and it brings to mind the fact that summer is just about over. For some it means more work and problems, to some it means back to school; it means harvest time...and of course it also means the coming of autumn's scenic beauty.

As far as OUR BUCKLAND is concerned, it has been a good season for the home town newspaper. Enthusiasm has reached new heights this summer, with more and more readers and contributors adding to the many who already had made the paper a successful project. There is still a heavy burden on those who have to spend hours typing and mimeographing, but the compliments received help make it a more gratifying job.

Our last issue saw an innovation – ten pages. The unfortunate part was that more material was ready but the paper could not be expanded any more. It is for

that reason that Greenpencil's contribution was held over, with due apologies to the author, until this time.

There has been a suggestion that a paper should be printed once sometime during the winter months. It is quite possible that an OUR BUCKLAND supplement could be printed during the winter season.

As the ink dries on the last pages of volume III, OUR BUCKLAND, I would like to thank those who helped to write and print our paper. To our faithful readers, it is so long, until we meet again beneath the familiar heading that boasts the title OUR BUCKLAND.

**Robert Hartwell**

\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \*

Bill Fitzgerald's cartoon in the last issue of this paper pictured his lost pig scouting for Swill Hill. Last indication is that pig did not reach its destination, but decided to settle for Walnut Hill instead.

\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \*

## **Page 4**

### WARP AND WEFT

"I still don't understand what you mean by this Warp and Weft business." Twice lately this has been said to me so I will try once again to get my idea into words.

The lives of people of yesterday seem like cloth already woven. Today we are weaving our patterns. Tomorrow the threads will unwind and the new tapestry be woven across them.

Everything we do and don't do, or like and don't like, all sorrows and joys, is like a different color in the weft. Just so almost anything may be part of this page, as I try to talk about the patterns we are making here in our town.

Again I turned my thoughts to the past by going to Conwell Sunday\* at the little old church in South Worthington where Dr. Conwell preached sometimes. It is a white church with stone steps, and the pews are absolutely straight-backed and the seats are so high even grown-ups cannot touch their feet to the floor and we always choose a pew which has foot-stools.

Two stoves are in the back and the stovepipes go the whole length of the church, just as they do in the old picture of the Mary Lyon church. The lamps are kerosene lamps and old.

The speaker was Rev. Herbert Owen of Lenox. He had us remember that Russel H. Conwell was born in this little town, and grew up to be a lawyer. When he was a lawyer in Boston, some men from Lexington came to him to find out how to go about tearing down their church because it did not have enough folks to keep it going. So he went out to see what to do and to be the minister one Sunday. The next day he went out with a hammer and saw and nails and began to fix the steps. When the passers-by asked him what he was doing he said he was starting to rebuild



the church. One man gave him \$100 and another \$50, and by night he had enough to almost make a new building, and instead of being a lawyer he became a preacher.

Later he went to Philadelphia and there he found that many young men did not have the money to study and go to college, so he began to have classes for them and finally he had founded a university – Temple University – and thousands of boys went there because Dr. Conwell gave them the money. He earned tremendous amounts by giving lectures and he gave all the money away.

Where does this tie into warp and weft of Buckland? Ask some of the older generation and they will tell you of travelling miles to hear this great lecturer and of the huge crowd which went to hear him. The things he said are part of the pattern of living in the early 1900's. I heard him because I was a young girl when he was in his eighties and gave all his most famous lectures in the grove in South Worthington.

Here in Buckland we have acres of diamonds he used to talk about. He began with the story of the man who wanted diamonds, sold his farm and went looking for them. The man who bought stony farm found that the stones were literally diamonds and that farm became one of the great diamond fields of the world. What are the "diamonds" – the valuables – which go with life in Buckland?

Of course I think one of the values here is the setting of beautiful hills and valleys, of homes, of community life. Of course I also believe that a value is our ability in crafts and the interest in weaving by our own folks and by outsiders rather proves that the old-time abilities are still here. To make them worth money is a problem, of course, but many of the most valuable things in life do not turn into cash.

I wanted very much to surprise the parents of the community by showing I knew their children and surprise others by the number of children who will go to school in Buckland sometime if not just now. I was going to list the first names too, but here was not space enough left in the column, so I have asked the editor if that could be a separate item which you will find elsewhere in the paper. What scares me about it is that I am rather certain to miss someone or call him or her by the wrong name. I hereby apologize in advance. It won't be an intentional oversight.

Now we say goodbye to summer and to OUR BUCKLAND. Some folks think it should continue all winter, (so they say) which makes it seem as if they will want it next summer. Time will tell.

Best wishes to all,

Eleanor W. Clark

*[Russell Herman Conwell (February 15, 1843 – December 6, 1925) was an American Baptist minister, orator, philanthropist, author, lawyer, and writer. He is best remembered as the founder and first president of Temple University in Philadelphia, as the Pastor of The Baptist Temple, and for his inspirational lecture, "Acres of Diamonds". He was born in South Worthington, Massachusetts.]*

[ above was Retrieved 5/10/2024 from [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Russell\\_Conwell](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Russell_Conwell)]

*\*From the Worthington Mass. Historical Society we learn that the South Worthington Church is said to offer an annual “Conwell Sunday”. This beautiful and historic church usually opens just once a year for this memorable event.*

[<https://worthington-ma.us/2023/08/worthington-historical-society-august-2023/>]

## **page 5**

### **MYSTERY RIDE –HOT DOG!**

The Grange Mystery-Riders were very much mystified when Willis brought them clear up to the remotest parts of East Colrain for their evening picnic last August the 29. The rendezvous was a spot that might even be termed secluded in that very secluded section of Massachusetts (or Vermont?). Somebody had built a nice fire-place and table, though, and there were facilities for swimming near by—for warmer days.

After a few immature, silly games that made a big hit with all the kids, (list of kids in Grange Manual under “Officers and Members”) the group feasted on hot-dogs and soda. With about 15 present and 10 pounds of hot dogs, 2 cases of soda, it all adds up to Alka-Seltzer no matter what your education.

The Grangers amused themselves the rest of the evening by offering Dick Gerry “just one more hot dog.” They were just picking on him because he still hadn’t finished his first – or so he told his wife.

If the Grangers hadn’t been good Boy Scouts in getting their fire started, they did see to it that the fire was put out. Everyone took a soda bottle and went down to the River to get some water. Everyone but Edith Gerry, that is. She was so enthusiastic about her good deed for the day that she completely forgot to stop at the edge of the brook and went plunging right on in.

Happy but not the slightest bit hungry, the group headed home. The conversation on the return took many turns, but somehow hot dogs always came up. The crowning touch to the whole event came, though, when somebody suggested a most (at that moment) repulsive menu for breakfast: one large bowl of Grow Pup (arf, arf).

**Bob Hartwell**

### **LOCAL GIRL IN KANSAS FLOOD**

The Kansas Flood conditions are of special interest to those who realize that Jane Griswold’s new job has taken her right into the midst of conditions. For the benefit of those who have not known that Buckland was connected so closely with the disaster, this may be of special interest.

Last February Jane went to Washington to work for the National Red Cross as dietician in charge of planning the meals and food supplies in case of disaster. The army brings supplies in accordance with the lists Jane has already made out to the

disaster point. There local people may rush into work preparing the meals with perhaps one paid nutritionist to head the work and the rest done by volunteers. At least this is the situation Jane has found at Kansas City, Missouri.

Immediately after the disaster, Jane flew to the area and has since been helping there. Her hasty letters to her mother tell as do the news articles, of people absolutely without any food or clothes more than those on their backs when they were driven out by the flood waters. These people are very brave and grateful for the Red Cross help which has provided beds in an auditorium and food at schoolhouses.

Many of these refugees from the floods are Mexicans who do not plan to leave for they say, "We came to this United States to make our homes. We will stay."

**About the flood** from: <https://www.weather.gov/media/mbrfc/flood51.pdf>

*Described as "one of the greatest natural disasters ever to hit the Midwest. May, June and July of 1951 saw record rainfalls over most of Kansas and Missouri, resulting in record flooding on the Kansas, Osage, Neosho, Verdigris and Missouri Rivers. Twenty-eight lives were lost and damage totaled nearly 1 billion dollars. (Please note that monetary damages mentioned in this report are in 1951 dollars)...More than 150 communities were devastated by the floods including two state capitals, Topeka and Jefferson City, as well as both Kansas Cities. Most of Kansas and Missouri as well as large portions of Nebraska and Oklahoma had monthly precipitation totaling 200 percent of normal in May, 300 percent in June, and 400 percent in July of 1951. The June 1951 monthly average rainfall over Kansas of 9.55 inches was the greatest monthly average ever recorded...Friday, July 13, 1951 still stands as the single greatest day of flood destruction in this area. On this date, the Kansas River crested at all official gaging stations from Manhattan to Bonner Springs. The Marais des Cygnes, Neosho, and Verdigris Rivers were at, or near, crests at all points in Kansas. A total of 1,074,000 acres in Kansas and 926,000 in Missouri were flooded...*

**About Jane Griswold:** *A daughter of Gilbert Griswold and Mary Emma (Robinson) Bradford Griswold, Jane was born in Buckland on 10 Mar 1910. Jane and her sister, Roberta (1915-2004), lived at the historic Griswold House, also known as the Mary Lyon House, on Old Upper Street in Buckland Center. Jane was a 1928 graduate of Arms Academy in Shelburne Falls and a 1933 graduate of Middlebury College. Prior to retirement in 1976 Ms. Griswold was the Director of Dining Services at the University of New Hampshire for 16 years. Jane died aged 99 on Sept. 19, 2009. She and her sister Roberta are buried in Buckland Center Cemetery #03.*

## VISITOR LISTS BIRDS SEEN

The following birds have been observed in the Buckland vicinity, August 3 – 27, 1951 by Georgia M. Brack of New York City. Miss Brack was a guest at the Mary Lyon House this summer as she has been before. She did hope very much that she might see the Pileated Woodpecker, that large black bird with the flaming red crest which is so rare, but which lives on Koon Chaug.

Indigo Bunting

Goldfinch

Black-throated Green Warbler

Purple Finch

Robin

Ruby-throated Hummingbird

Rose-breasted Grosbeak

Norther Yellow-throat

Baltimore Oriole	Phoebe
Barn Swallow	Catbird
Chimney Swift	Flicker
Song Sparrow	Cedar Waxwing
Chipping Sparrow	Crow
Eastern Kingbird	Chickadee
Wood Peewee	Starling
Least Flycatcher	Redstart
Downy Woodpecker	Bluebird
Hairy Woodpecker	House wren
White-breasted Nuthatch	
Belted Kingfisher	Purple Crackle
Red-tailed Hawk	Red-eyed Vireo
Black and White Warbler	
Yellow Warbler	Wilson's Warbler

## **Page 6**

### POINTS OF THE COMPASS

#### 1. Teamwork

I am looking down into the valley. Fruit trees, pastures, houses, woods, a truck moving down the road (an artist would see a lot of other things besides)...I wonder what the valley was like a hundred, two hundred years ago. A story comes to mind, about farmer Brown and the parson. Brown was looking over his cornfield one day, thinking ahead and feeling mighty good about the coming harvest. The parson happened along, stopped to swap civilities, and felt that this was the right time to improve the occasion. So he pointed to the field and to the tall, sturdy corn stalks swaying in the breeze, and told farmer Brown how much reason he had to be grateful to God for all this blessing, what a fine field the Lord had given him, what rich soil He had provided, how good He was to make things grow, how well He saw to it that our good earth stayed fertile...

“Yep,” said farmer Brown, “I don’t doubt it a bit. But you should have seen this field when the good Lord was taking care of it all by Himself!”

Fruit trees, pastures, houses, woods, a truck moving down the road (an artist would see a lot of other things besides)...Yes, it took a good deal of teamwork between the good Lord and man to make the valley look the way it does now!

#### 2. Bread:

Speaking of teamwork makes me think of bread. Plain, ordinary bread, the kind I eat every day. Here I am, chewing a piece of it. The storekeeper sold it to me. The bakery sold it to him (with the help of a truck and delivery man). The baker got the flour from somebody who probably got it from the mill. Dozens of people at

work, dozens of machines whirring, to grind the wheat, to transport the flour, to knead the dough, to pack the loaves...The wheat came from a farm—men plowing, sowing, harvesting; and more machines on the job, machines that were manufactured somewhere, through the cooperative efforts of businessmen, engineers, factory workers, office labor. It needed all that (and railroads and freight trains and fuel) to get the machines to the farm to help the men grow the wheat to make the flour to knead the dough to bake the piece of bread I just ate...

Look at the other side, too. No matter how hard the farmers and all the rest might have worked, without the natural fertility of the earth, and the moisture of rain, and the warmth of the sun, and the secret beat of cosmic rays on the land, and the silent digestion of worms in the soil, and the steady cycle of day and night, of cold and heat, and all that goes into making the right kind of weather at the right time: and without last year's work to produce the seed grain, and the year's before, and the work of previous generation —there would be no wheat to make the bread.

A little piece of bread. It takes a lot of teamwork to make it and to get it to my table! There is a bit of practically everybody funneled and distilled into it. The work of countless people, of machines, the sun and the rain, the earth and the sky, the present and the past are all part of it. The whole ancient people, as we are told, experienced eating as a religious act. No wonder we still say grace (when we do) before eating.

**Amos Franceschelli**

*Presumed this could be the Amos Franceschelli listed in the 1948 year book as a faculty member at Arms Academy in Shelburne Falls. His listing includes his photo, name, and University of Toronto, Harvard Graduate School, Mathematics. He is also listed in the 1952 year book, in addition to Mathematics, he listed as Junior Class Advisor and Senior Play Director. He is listed as a teacher at Arms Academy living at 11 Severance St., Shelburne Falls in 1951 city directory.*

### A TRIBUTE

In the hills of Franklin County in a town both small and lovely,  
A wee group of busy people work together in the summer  
To produce a tiny paper loved by all known as "Our Buckland."  
Comment on the daily routine and the doings of the neighbors.  
Friends contribute notes of interest interspersed with bits of humor,  
Jolly jokes on this one—that one—mind your step. It may be your turn.  
Poems rare from sink and fireside give an added spicy flavor.  
Everyone enjoys the folk lore, where names come from, pranks of oldsters.  
We are grateful to these people, all the editors who labor.  
May your interest never waver and your work cheer many summers.

**Myrtle E. Lilly**



*This is most likely Myrtle Ernestine (Barrus) Lilly born 12 Mar 1887 in Goshen, Mass., a daughter of Willie Barrus & Lucy (Hall) Barrus. Myrtle married Earl Lilly (1886-1985) on 01 Jan 1909 at Ashfield, Mass. Myrtle died on 6 Jul 1971 in Florida. She and Earl are buried in Plain Cemetery in Ashfield.*

## OUR APOLOGIES

In our last issue we referred to the Buckland Men's Choir. It has been called to our attention that we meant Chorus. As Bill Fitz. put it, "You would hardly expect to hear a Choir sing "The Band Played On."

## **Page 7**

## RADIO HYPERBOLE

In the first issue of OUR BUCKLAND dated July 1, 1951, I was privileged to submit to our readers my unbiased opinion of the interruptions in the programmes (sic) to advertise the wares of the concerns which have bought that portion of the time on the air—announcements which describe in enthusiastically inaccurate terms the products advertised, and coming under the caption of "Commercials." Radio Raspings are sometimes called "Singing Commercials," which inform us of and improved-economy-sized budget-priced- will not harm romantic hands, action-packed package and known as Sirko, etc., etc. At this point, I really ought to get down to my subject matter and submit to my readers what I personally consider exaggerated outpourings over the air.

My first is that Broadcasting Station in New York City which generally ends its mid-day news commentary something like this:

"Looking out of my Studio window at the Crossroads of the World, the temperature is 85 degrees and the humidity 93%...wishing you all a very pleasant afternoon in Muggy Manhattan..."

Now I ask you, what did this poor old upside down World do before this modern phenomena came upon this earth! I believe I was taught at my school that the Crossroads of the World is that imaginary line drawn around the world which is called the Equator. Times Square is about 40 degrees North of the Equator—of course with a ladder and some glasses and on a clear day, you might see the imaginary line, but I have my doubts!

Now I come to my second statement not meant to be taken literally. A few weeks back the Empire State Building on Fifth Avenue, New York City, was sold, and we were all nicely informed that this was the tallest building in the world. This is not so. Our old friend Joe in Moscow can boast that the "Palace of the Soviets" in Moscow is exactly 52 feet higher than the Empire State Building. But what is 52 feet between friends!

Not to bore you to distraction, I now come to my final one. A few weeks ago in Korea, our American Boys strafed [*strafed verb: to rake (ground troops, an*

*airfield, etc.) with fire at close range and especially with machine-gun fire from low-flying aircraft] a Village near the 38<sup>th</sup> parallel, which I will call Titipusing, and eventually returned to their Base and reported to the officer-in-charge that they had killed no less than 500 Reds. Sometime after this bombing action, a patrol of the Middlesex Regiment paid a visit to Titipusing and could only find six poor harmless civilians lying dead. This was verified by a reporter recalled to his office in Fleet Street, London, after the Military placed a censorship on all outgoing war news from Korea.*

Do please forgive me, but I must tell you this one. Last Sunday evening preceding the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, I was informed over the radio that the signing of the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, in Philadelphia marked the birth of Democracy. I am of opinion that most high school boys and girls know that the birthplace of Democracy too place at Runnymede on the banks of the River Thames, in the year 1215 a.d. when King John signed the Magna C(h)arter. What our Radio friend meant to tell us was that 175 years ago in Philadelphia was the birthplace of American Liberty, but what is 561 years between the English speaking Democracies!

Greenpencil (CWWE)

## DRANO

This town has been my home place since Nineteen Forty-four and I think the folks are friendlier than I ever met before. They don't gush all over and slop around with praise. They don't do formal calling for they all have busy days. In the days when I was "Teacher" and lived in other towns, the ladies came politely in their "dress-up" hats and gowns, but their phrases dripped with sugar and I searched to learn the truth. Did they really truly feel indeed that I had helped their youth?

So I prize the look and manner which makes the words sincere. Politeness may require more gush but truth is good to hear.

Just the same it would not hurt us to remember folks need praise; and truthful compliments to help us all to better ways, and our Preacher and our singers, committees and all who lead, deserve to have the courteous words that are truthful praise indeed.

And I have heard it said that some folks have gone home and nearly cried when they had worked so hard and done their best and no one seemed glad they tried.

**Eleanor W. Clark**

MEN'S CHORUS TO CONTINUE

Buckland Center never knew that it had any exceptional talent in the line of male singing. There may be a few who would jokingly tell you that it still doesn't; but seriously all those who have heard the Buckland Male Chorus at either of the two band concerts in the Center, or at their guest performance in Shelburne Falls, appreciate the efforts of the newly formed group. It has taken several practices at the Grange Hall by both the crooners and their organizer and leader, Janet Wetterwald, to turn out a mastery of several four-part songs.

Even though the entire group insisted that it did not know how to read music the first evening, it was not long before the chorus was branching out into four-part singing...and staying on tune (some of the time). In their three appearances during the summer the chorus sang groups of songs including old-time favorites, folk songs, and hymns.

Since their efforts were so well accepted, and since getting together and singing was so much fun, the chorus has decided to continue meeting during the winter and practicing on more songs. If all goes well Buckland Center may have a permanent vocal club to be proud of, as well as to listen to at future concerts and other types of meetings. Let's hope that those distinctive black bow ties remain the mark of good music in Buckland for a long time!

THE YARN SHOP

When we first saw the advertisement for this shop in the Recorder we mentally canvassed the town to find out where it might be, for there are several who knit, crochet, or weave and who we thought might be interested in such a shop. A drive along Lower Street discovered a neat sign on the lawn at Churchill's and found that Beverly has started a new shop.

Her show room is the enclosed porch where the excellent light for matching colors is a help. She has an assortment on display for immediate sale and can obtain other colors and materials, included the special weaving materials, if desired. We wish her the best of luck with her project.

*Beverly Ann (Stickney) Churchill (1926-2002) and her husband Harlow Churchill (1922-2002) were married Sep 8, 1946 at Heath, Mass. They were living in Buckland (no street name listed) in the 1950 census with their daughter Audrey. Beverly and Harlow are buried in Leavitt Cemetery, Charlemont, Mass.*



## HANDS, HEADS, HEARTS, AND H'OXEN

Everything happens to Dunk Purinton. And just about everything that could happen to a person has occurred this summer. It might have seemed that it was enough when poor Dunk had a logging accident that set him back with an assortment of broken bones. But it would take more than a broken bone or two to keep Earl H. Purinton off his feet. He was soon (the next day, we are told) up and around on crutches or anything that would hold him.

We of course can't mention Dunk without saying a word or two about his prize oxen that have won prize after prize in the Oxen-Drawing contest at the fairs lately. Just this summer the front page of the American Agriculturist carried a photograph of one of Dunk's best pair of oxen, with Dunk himself, whip in hand and cigar in mouth, urging the bulls on to another victory.

Irony is the word for E.H.P's luck this season, though. With or without Dunk to drive, the oxen keep right on winning. But even though Dunk has had such misfortunes as being rained out, nothing like the Waterbury Fair has ever happened to him before. Harold Goodnow had gotten the oxen into his truck and brought them all the way down to Connecticut event, where Dunk was scheduled to have his oxen draw this year. When Harold got there, however, he found there had been a slight mistake in dates, and he had gotten there for the 4-H Fair instead of the County Fair.

"You'd think the papers would have said so," was Dunk's only comment.

**Bob Hartwell**

### DO YOU KNOW?

Each year farm people suffer about 18,000 deaths and 1,500,000 disabling injuries due to accident,

AND

DO YOU KNOW?

PHILIP A. MILLER

Sells Health and Accident, Surgical, Hospital, Medical Care, Polio,  
and Life Insurance.

**Adv.**

### IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Herbert Wilder was working in a hay field in Angola, Indiana, one Saturday last summer when the farmer asked him where he was from. When Herb told him he lived in Buckland, Mass., he exclaimed, "Buckland! Say, you come in and see my wife."

He did, and the wife turned out to be a relative of the Rainer family who used to live on the Hodgen place here in town. She welcomed him like a long lost friend, asked him to dinner, and her home has been open to him ever since. Herbert isn't old enough to remember the Rainers, but that woman has never forgotten Buckland!

### "WEAVER ROSE" OR "QUAKER BILLY"

In the days when every household raised its own flax and wool, spun then into thread and wove them into cloth, there were professional weavers who travelled from town to town to do the fancier weaving. These men vanished years ago, of course. Weaver Rose was one of the last of the professional weavers and he did not travel around. His home was Kingston, Rhode Island.

He was odd, something of a hermit, but his weaving was of such excellent quality that people often went to him to buy. One of the people who did that was Mrs. Vanderbilt's aunt, a lady who was a Smith College graduate in the very early days of the college. She bought and never used, two coverlets and five squares which might be table covers for the old-fashioned square stands. These have been here in Buckland and of much interest to the weavers of today—in fact, I must have one and only wish I might take them all.

Old patterns have names—Queen's Delight, Free Mason's Walk, Burgoyne's March, Chariot Wheels in Summer and Winter Treadling, and we hope to find the names of the others.

Here in Buckland we had a famous old weaver, too, called "Aunt Lydia." That weaving equipment at the Library was hers, although it is not complete equipment now. That funny gadget on the mantle is a Niddy-Noddy and is more unusual than spinning wheels, clock reels, and looms.

### **Eleanor W. Clark**

*To view an image of one of Weaver Rose's coverlets, we found one on the National Museum of American History located in Washington, D.C. at this link: [https://americanhistory.si.edu/collections/nmah\\_620408](https://americanhistory.si.edu/collections/nmah_620408) Along with a bit of a biography and information about the piece: William Henry Harrison Rose (1839-1913), better known as Weaver Rose, of Kingston, Rhode Island wove this brown, red, and white overshot coverlet in "Governor' Garden" pattern variation. Mrs. Minnie Kolbe Curtice purchased the coverlet and a pillow cover (T.10271) from his weaving workshop in 1903 for five dollars. The coverlet measures 81 inches by 72 inches and was constructed from two panels. Rose and his sister were among a handful of handloom weavers still weaving at the turn of the twentieth century. Handicraft Revival pioneers like Marguerite Davison collected traditional patterns from the Rose siblings as well as the women of Southern Appalachia and launched the handloom weaving revival that still exists to this day.*

## ...AND ANOTHER GENERATION

Naming the smaller children of this part of Buckland is getting to be a real stunt. This listing includes some who are already in school as well as the smaller ones. It is not in the least official.

Starting on Koon Chaug we list Susan and Sandra Wilder, Jody Wetterwald, and Pam Shippee. Coming down Town Farm Hill, Francis Trow, Jr. is sometimes called Little Francis and Linda and Roxanne Shulda live near him as do Kathy, Judy, and Mary Pat Fitzgerald. At the wayside Inn are Judy and David Paulin, also Little Ed and Ricky Bellows.

Upper Street is listed as follows: Lola, Dougie, and Robert Mollison; David and Tommy Shields; Angie Lincoln; Rosaline and Stanley Clark; Donald, Amy, Harry, Bonita, Dennie and Dougie, and Elaine Clark; Phyliss and Floyd Scott.

Starting Lower Street at Gilbert's we find: Gwen and Billy Gilbert; Billy, Dick, David and Benjamin Eastman; Jane Turomsha; Stephen Manley; Barbara and Mary Jane Eastman; Patsy Purinton; Audrey Churchill; Johnny Batchelder and his brother, Emerson (known as Pete).

On Cross Street we have Ann Purinton and Diane Turner, with Benjamin and Phillip Toy on the Hog Hollow Road, while Lewis Atherton has to represent Ashfield Road clear down to the Twin Bridges. There we find Annie Luce, David Reddy and Barbara Gould.

Depot Road starts with two youngsters at Shaw's , Berhard and Gerry.

At old Buckland Station live Steven and Loren Mayer; and on the old Otis Field place are Betty Lou, Mary Ann and Georgie, with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones Jr. (Mrs. Jones wrote the column "Feathers Over the Deerfield" for our Aug. paper.) Gordon Sweet's son is named David Gordon and the Mowry's two are Kathy and Fay; this carries us back to High Street, for Mrs. Mowry is granddaughter of Mrs. Lillian Hartwell.

Still thinking mostly of the smaller youngsters, we note at Four Corners, Susan Hale; and on High Street Steven Larned, Robert Cross, Bonita Dodge, and Billy and Douglas Newton.

If this is not the complete list, it is most sincerely hoped that all will realize that any omission or incorrect naming is absolutely unintentional. Try it yourself some day.

*End of this issue*

AN EVEN DOZEN

It was twelve years ago this fall that eager children anxiously waited by the roadside in upper Buckland for their first ride on the brand new shiny yellow school bus that was to take them to school. It marked the consolidation of the Buckland Center and old High Street schools, and it also marked the coming of Buckland Center's first school bus. Bill Nadeau was behind the wheel of the yellow wonder on wheels that morning, greeting the wide-eyed youngsters with a cheery "Good morning." Whether they cared or not, they were to clamber aboard the same bust time and again in the years to come, and always they could depend upon that same cheery "Good Morning."

It doesn't seem like twelve years ago that Bill first started his school bus route. As the years have gone by, Bill has toted the town's offspring from the first grade right on through high school. He's seen many a sheepish new face come aboard to face its first day alone in the big wide world, and he's seen just about as many walk past the stage in cap and gown, diploma in hand.

It takes twelve years for the average child to go from first grade to final graduation. So last spring was a special graduation indeed for Bill; the first graders of that first morning in 1940 were in the graduating class last June. For Bill Nadeau, it's one dozen down, and a dozen more started.

Twelve years a school-bus driver can have its good points, and can have its bad. There were never two children together who could be quiet long...and get a whole bus load...Not a day would be complete without a song or two, well off pitch, along with a broken thermos, fist fight in the rear, dinner pail lost or forgotten, and a pair of breeches torn. The high school group is not as noisy, but the higher the intellect, the better the pranks, of course. Driving is enough of a job, but add to it about thirty kids and wow!

But to Bill, it couldn't have seemed like a job. He loved the work, and there was no doubt about it. For years Bill has made extra trips with his bus for the convenience of the members of sports' teams, and others who wished to come home on the "5 o'clock". He goes to all home sports games, no charge, and has a nominal charge for out-of-town games. Rather than have the ones from on the hills walk in bad weather, Bill has often gone off his route, and sometimes gotten stuck in snow or ice for his troubles. One icy winter day after failing to make the hill to Nelson Ward's, Bill was faced with the job of backing back down. Bus driving is a task at the mercy of the weather, and whatever fate wants to deal out in flat tires and engine trouble.

One memorable morning Bill found himself critically short on gasoline. Would he make it to Shelburne Falls or not? The students hoped no, Bill hoped yes, and Bill won—but not by much. As he turned into Copley's Filling Station the old

Chevy gave its last cough and sputtered dead as the tank went dry. The irony of it all ruined the day of every student there.

Bill may never forget the morning his heater froze; nor will any of the students who shivered and chattered their teeth that frigid January morn. Before the bus had reached Buckland Center, the metallic inside roof was covered with ice from the moisture exhaled by the shivering group. Never again was the anti-freeze to get that low.

Everyone gets hit by government regulations. But until you've owned a school bus, you haven't lived...in the world of bureaucratic red-tape. Legislators in Boston stay up nights to dream new rules for school buses. Today's bus carries first-aid kits, fire extinguishers, flares, fire-ax, a battery of switches and enough electric bulbs to illuminate a Christmas tree. It's ll for the safety of our children but it does not make the bus owner's life any easier.

Well, Bill's business is better than ever these days. He now owns one brand new bus and another that he bought three or four years ago. He carries all the Buckland school children to and from school, grades 1 through 12. He has a fond memory of many faces he has known, and watched grow, through those dozen years. He may know more about your child than you do, and he could probably tell you a few things that would make your hair stand up and turn one shade grayer. But it's a comfort to children and parents alike to know that every morning, come rain or shine, there'll be a squeaking of brakes outside, a short toot on the horn, and then a cherry "Good morning," waiting to see Junior off to school. And until he gets there there's little chance of a single dull moment for Bill Nadeau.

## **Page 2**

### A TRADITION

Recent months have brought many visitors to the United States to study what we call "The American Way of Life." To be sure, the travelling guests are impressed by the great cities, the massive factories, the expansive industries, the abundant natural resources, the roads, automobiles, houses and machinery that make this the richest country in the world. But from what many of them say and write after their return home, we fear that our foreign visitors often miss the most important part of our American way of life – that spirit of cooperation and teamwork that keeps the nation running smoothly from the biggest industries down to the smallest of endeavors.

It was cooperation and teamwork that elevated this country from a wilderness to a prosperous nation. The first settlers on American shores found cooperation the key to survival in the wild forest of this continent. And long since, the American people have realized and use the value of that ideal. From it grew what we know – and sometimes forget – as the real American Way of Life.

At this season of the year we have an added opportunity to survey this tradition of teamwork. The fall of the year is harvest time, and harvest time brings the need for additional work, with it additional cooperation. And for witnessing this neighborliness, one could start at no better place than right here in our own town.

Hardly a summer passes, of course, without leaving stories of the farmer who, because of age or illness, could not care for his crops by himself. And though it's an old story, it unfailingly ends happily when the neighbors have a "Bee" and through mutual efforts get the crops harvested and stored for the winter. We've seen it time and again, and this year when Charley Shedd's hay went under cover via the "Bee" it was just one more page to a familiar tale—but a few stories were ever written with so warm and heartfelt a theme.

Town meeting will be coming along soon. What tradition there is in that historic event! From the very birth of our nation, right there in our native state, the townspeople have managed their municipal affairs efficiently and intelligently through the spirit of cooperation that reigns of the Town meeting. There is seldom—in fact almost never—complete accord at these meetings, but in the real spirit of the American way of life, it is the will of the majority that rules without dispute.

Fall, of course, brings to every American Community the annual Fair. There are big Fairs and little Fairs, but the real fun and excitement behind them come from that same source of teamwork and cooperation. One thing that foreign visitors do not understand about us is our ability to cooperate in competition. Though the two words would seem to be contradictory, they quite well describe the friendly competition of gardeners, fruit growers, and cooks who earnestly exhibit their products in hope of winning the prizes. But what has made the fair such a success is the fact that losers and winners alike manage to have the time of their lives, and everyone goes away happy. In Buckland, of course, the Community Fair this September 13 will once more bring a crowd of exhibitors and spectators, all of whom will have a good time looking and talking. And when the prizes have all been awarded and the tables cleared, townsfolk will then sit down to bid on the auctioning of the goods that were brought to the fair. It brings a satisfying and very American conclusion to an event which supplies both fun and profit to the community.

Harvest time finds farmers exchanging work and machinery, housewives giving their surplus garden crops to neighbors, and a thousand other little acts of kindness offered without thought of profit or repayment. When residents pass away, a community collection buys flowers for the funeral. When a family needs help because of sickness, fire, or accident, the townspeople will provide that help either in labor or in money. Members of the American community are ready to give time, money, and effort to make the lives of all content and harmonious. Such is the secret of the American Way of Life.

As the visitor passes up and down our valleys, watching the farmer on his tractor and the housewife in her kitchen, as he travels the streets of our cities, watches the trains and buses, autos and airplanes, as he passes our big factories and crosses our resourceful

## Page 3

rivers on our modern bridges, he can see and appreciate the material wonders of America. But not until he has found the spirit of cooperation and teamwork that lies beyond can the foreign observer hope to really understand this country. It is little wonder that so much misunderstanding exists in countries beyond the sea when foreign people try to evaluate America in terms of the dollar—and are often urged to do so by well-meaning Americans. It might be a much happier world if the people on both sides of the Atlantic took another look at what is really meant by “The American Way of Life.”

**REH**

### HELLO!.....

We're back again with a new issue of OUR BUCKLAND. Though you may have given us up for lost, we finally found a break in the summer's work and got together a few more pages of local gossip. It is regrettable that this issue number one of volume four will be the one and only, but a brief “Hello” is better than none at all.

Time flies, the ancients said, but it could hardly have flown faster than this summer. A whole summer was ahead of us just a breath ago—and now, so to speak, it breathed...right past us. Those who were lucky enough spent a few days, maybe a week, on vacation. Everyone had work to do, and here's betting some of it still isn't done. Social-wise, Buckland saw two Band Concerts. We said good-bye to our retiring minister and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. George Merrill. The Church, Grange, and Library will hardly seem the same without them. Another loss was the Fitzgerald's moving to Ashfield; so near, yet so far from the buzz of community life they centered in.

And so the people come and go from out little town, just as the seasons come and go. Here's hoping this humble little paper will also come and go for many more summers more. It was a brief acquaintance this year, but with an eye to the future we one more bid you...GOODBY!

### A TRIBUTE

On the evening of August 27 members of the Mary Lyon Church and other town friends gathered in the vestry for a very special supper. It was a farewell dinner in honor of Rev. and Mrs. George Merrill, retiring from their services here in Buckland on Sept. 1.

The Merrills have been a vital part of Buckland life for a long time. Mr. Merrill, as minister, has led his congregation every Sunday in Buckland's small but humble Mary Lyon Church. In addition, he has been a friend and counselor to many of us at some time. Mrs. Merrill of course will long be remembered for the pleasant greeting

she offered as we entered the Library. To both of them, OUR BUCKLAND offers its gratitude and well-wishes.

*Rev. George Merrill [1870-1955] came to Buckland from New Salem, Massachusetts, and stayed from 1942 to 1952. His long ministry of 55 years included churches of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. He graduated from Bowdoin College, Maine, in 1894 and from Andover Newton Theological College in 1897. His service here in Buckland included being on the Ministerial and Advisory Committee of Franklin County Association. His wife, Alma (Farr) Merrill [1889-1978], was a willing helpmate, active in the Ladies Club as vice president for four years and secretary-treasurer one year. She was hostess at the parsonage for many meetings of the Ladies Club, especially in the winter months. Mrs. Merrill was versatile in her achievements, being the librarian at the Buckland Library for several years.*

*On retirement in 1952, the Merrills moved to Honolulu where Rev. Merrill died on November 19, 1955. Mrs. Merrill returned to Greenfield and lived at Poet's Seat Nursing Home until her death July 13, 1978.*

*Rev. Merrill and his wife Alma are buried in Green River Cemetery in Greenfield, Mass.*

*[biography from the church History by Beulah Cross, likely written in 1985.]*

## **Page 4**

### WARP AND WEFT

Warp and weft of life in Buckland must have country life in it so it's a good place to write this column, out on the flat across from the Wilder Homestead, I think. The only trouble is that I am surrounded by so many weeds I cannot name that my flower, tree, and bird books should be with me!

Thinking back to the Sunday service that marked the close of Mr. Merrill's ministry here, I am wondering whether it helped him or hurt him, that so many were present when there have been so many Sundays it would have pleased him to see such a congregation. A spontaneous tribute like that must have been a pleasure.

Several times this summer strangers have said, "I suppose it must be quiet here after the summer. What do you do then?" How could I find words to tell them that I am frantically wondering how and when the exhibits for Greenfield Fair will be ready, the demonstrators for weaving for Eastern States organized, when I will get that committee for the Book of Remembrance together to get started on that, and we never did get the church manual revised, and there is a community service report due from the Grange before October 1, and how are we ever going to get this issue of OUR BUCKLAND printed? For more personal worries there's weaving to get to Greenfield Fair, demonstrators to get to the Eastern States Exposition, and salable weaving to have for that craft sale at Forbes and Wallace in October, to say



nothing of the worries of all of us to make our fall preparations for the winter ahead, food, clothes and shelter.

The brown dog is just back from her second journey across the brook to track the elusive rabbit, or is it deer tracks that interest her there? I suspect it is the rabbit, for surely she can find all the deer tracks she wants nearer the Homestead. Folks who pass by at midnight are always reporting seeing one or more deer in the fields by the barn or even nearer the road.

What was that bird doing clinging to the straight up and down boards of the barn? It was on the slate roof and then it flew onto the new door and then it flew onto the side of the barn. How did it stick there? What could it have been and what could it have been after?

Speaking of birds, did you see the blue heron? Miss Brack, the lady who gave us such a nice bird list last year reported that he was by Rand's bridge, and the next I heard he was at Joe Mayer's. A large bird, long legged, wide winged, and very blue but while most of them are quite wild, this one acted rather sick and allowed itself to be caught.

Our new librarian is not such a stranger to some of us as to others for she and Orta have been coming to town for some years. This summer, however, they have made changes to become year-round residents. They are living on High Street, on the old Sereno Howes place. Orta's grandfather was my great-uncle William Hartwell and he, and Aunt Mahala lived where Harry Kenney has his summer place.

Speaking of Harry Kenney, people like the boxes of cards they got from the Doehla company, but not many know that Harry is president of that company.

The reason I am sitting in this wood patch is to allow the brown dog to roam on this side of the road. With the fast traffic which goes by on the road we are afraid for the dog, lest she assume that all cars will stop for her to cross. If there is so much traffic now what will it be like when the construction on Ashfield Mountain is completed? We cannot help but sympathize with Mizetta Howes as she views the construction at her front door. Progress certainly brings its problems.

Miss Rice who has been with Mrs. Stetson this summer has been much interested to be in Buckland for she has connections with the Taylor line. A Mrs. Tymeson was in the post office the other day. She was descended from an Abijah Thayer who was a school teacher here in the earlier days.

Thoroughwort and motherwort have me confused but here are both, and Queen Ann's lace, thimbleberry, yarrow, blue bugloes, tansy, mullein, sweet clover, clematis, and forgetmenots (sic) grow in the pool amid the willows.

Have you seen the night blooming flowers which Ruth Hunt picks before the sun shines on them? They look like large morning glories, white with blue tinges, and have the fitting name of Angels' Trumpets.

This town of ours is a nice place, but sometimes it seems as if the community jobs fall too heavily on too few and then we question whether they are worthwhile. The lack of response to our request for contributions make it seem that it does not fill the need that we had hoped it was filling.

**E.W.C.**

For more about the Doehla Company and images of the cards, visit this link: <https://culturalheritagethroughimage.omeka.net/exhibits/show/disability/item/132>  
The business started in Fitchburg, Mass. by a man named Harry Doehla. “By the 1950s, the company had moved from being managed in the Doehla household on Frankfort Street to having over 600 employees working at four factory buildings in the city of Fitchburg. However, due to the demand for more space that was not available, Doehla Greeting Cards Inc. set up a new headquarters in Nashua, New Hampshire in 1951, where the newly invested property would be, as noted in a history at the Fitchburg Historical Society, “large enough to handle all of its manufacturing operations under one roof and still allow the company to expand.” Doehla would continue to manage a part of the company until he passed away in New York City on October 8th, 1977. In 2012, one building of the old Fitchburg Factory was converted into Simmonds Hall, a residential living space for students attending Fitchburg State University...”

*Abijah Pratt Thayer (1809-1891), a teacher, and his wife Rhoda Ballard (Williams) Thayer (1815-1890) are buried in Taylor Cemetery #02 in Buckland.*

## **Page 5**

### **BUCKLAND GRANGE DOPE**

Hi everyone!...News of Buckland Grange falls in this column. Read on if you're wondering what we've done this year. Maybe we haven't accomplished as much as we should have but certainly we have had lots of fun.

First, I want to mention how ever fortunate we have been to have Nathan Hale as our able Master. He just is quite a guy and if you don't believe me, come to our meetings and see for yourself. I'm sure the Grange won't mind my saying, “Thanks for all you've done.”

Entertainment at the Grange meetings has been met with much enthusiasm, and again we must tell Marion Fitzgerald how grateful we are for her ability as Lecturer. We had a real debate back in January—Old Times versus Present. By golly, the teams had us teetering back and forth making us wish were old timers and then convincing us we were lucky to be of the present generation.

One Act Plays entertained the Grange on a competitive basis of men against women. The women, try as they did, could not outsmart the men and it was plain to see they proved the stage was their possession. (For the ladies—we have to let them win once in awhile.)

Home Talent night proved many points of interest. We can entertain ourselves, we do have many hidden talents in these Buckland Hills, and it's fun to share your talents with others.

Those are just a few of our “fun times” and now a little news on the more serious side. You see we can be!!

Last May we had a fare-well party for Bill and Marion who moved to Ashfield. Although we had many a laugh because of the stage antics, we also had a realization of losing two powerful Grangers. Already their absence has been felt, especially when we find work to be done. It might be well for us all to use the Fitzgeralds as a goal to becoming better Grangers.

The main project of Buckland Grange for 1952 is to redecorate our building inside and outside. The whole idea represents money \$\$\$00 and we are attempting to feature different methods of increasing our financial status. Some committees are doing great while others are lying low and we hope will burst forth with all kinds of success. As editor of this column, may I kindly suggest we cooperate to our best ability when called upon. Your part may only be to bake a cake, sing on the stage, or maybe donate some junk scrap iron. Every little part helps and where there is a willing Granger, there is a way for Buckland Grange to shine with new paint and paper. Let's all help.

As our annual Fruit and Vegetable Exhibit slides into view, Saturday, September 13, we hope to see many displays on exhibit. The more competition we can stir up, the more fun to win an award. A new idea has been put to trial this year. We are giving prizes to the tune of \$10.00 to our best Buckland cooks. This should prove interesting. Say, Ruth Hunt, are you going to give us a hard time on the Apple Pie contest? How about parting with that recipe?

And now, so long, until we see you next year in “Our Buckland”. **E.S.G.**

### SMILE, DARN YA, SMILE

A man and his wife in California were planning a trip across the country. It was to be their young son's first journey of any length, and they felt it would be a very educational experience for him. So before leaving home, they gave him a diary in which they hoped he would rite his impressions of the many sights they would see. They travelled through the redwood forests and noticed that he wrote nothing in his diary. They passed through the Rockies, and still not entries were made in the book. When they reached the Grand Canyon, father took the boy over to the edge and, looking down, exclaimed, “Isn't nature wonderful, son! Just think---down there two miles below us, that stream of water has carved out a path for itself!” That evening they saw the boy writing in his diary, so after he had fallen asleep, they looked to see what he had written. This was it:

July 17<sup>th</sup> – Today I spit two miles.

\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

How about a first aid class here in Buckland? We think it would be a good idea. Talk to your friends about it and let's get the ball rolling.

If exercise is supposed to be slenderizing, how can a woman get a double chin?

## **Page 6**

### NOTES FROM THE WEAVERS

The Weavers Workshop has added variety to the possibilities of handweaving by having so many types of looms together in one place. Weaving there this summer have been Miss Stell Caoutette, a teacher from New Bedford who was particularly interested in experiments in color combination; Mrs. Frieda Epstein of Montgomery, Alabama, who has been specializing in matching sets of dishes to luncheon sets with an eye to future business; Mrs. Aldrich of Charlemont who has been weaving in Clearwater, Fla. For several winters and here has been weaving with ramie, making rugs, and teaching the lace stitches which can be used to put original touches to any articles; Miss Ruth Hill of Conway and Freeport, Ill., who came to make a set of baby blankets for practice with wool; Mrs. Eugene Crawford of Greenfield who has a new loom and whose five year old son also did a bit of weaving; Mrs. Hazel Cairns of Bernardston with Mrs. McComb of Gill with her daughters.

Mrs. Olive Dodge of High Street is specializing in old-fashioned rag rugs as she uses the materials at hand. In spite of the pressure for modern furnishings for homes, there is constantly a call for the rag carpet type of weaving and her loom should be heavy enough for a firm rug when the best size of strip for this loom has been found.

A turtle in black and gray rags on a yellow background is one of Vincent Newton's more modern experiments which is interesting weavers. Using long wooden needles he may use a dozen different rags in each row across the rug, and make a dozen squares which join together, as for the turtle's shell, or make any other designs which are desired. What next? In weaving there is often something new these days.

The register of callers is not absolutely complete for some fail to sign the book, but addresses include surrounding towns such as Shelburne, Ashfield, Conway, Charlemont, Greenfield, Bernardston, Deerfield, Pittsfield, Plainfield, Lenox, Northampton, Springfield, Longmeadow, and Westfield. More distant places include Norwell, Mass., Kingston, Pa., Miami, Fla., Worcester, Mass., Guilford, Conn., New York City, Greenwood, L.I., Greenwich, N.Y., Windsor, Conn., Hartford, Conn., Washington, D.C., and Melrose, Mass.

## A BLUE\*RIBBON DAY

This year's Grange Community Fair had many pleasant surprises for the contestants and the visitors. Top honors went to the Nathan Hales, whose display of vegetables won the State Award. It was no surprise when first award in the decorated cake division went to Sylvia Wilder, whose frosted replica of an open Bible had been the center of much admiration and praise. It was a surprise to Lena Hartwell when, and we quote her, "One lousy pie" turned up with a bright blue ribbon. And of course, added to these, were numbers of other awards in the many classes of exhibitions.

The members of the Fair Committee had one more award which they wished they could give. It was an award for being such a good sport, to the many Buckland citizens who so enthusiastically supported the Fair from the exhibits and food sale right down to the auction that cleared the hall.

## COME ONE, COME ALL

On Thursday evening, October 9<sup>th</sup>, there will be a community supper at Mary Lyon Church. This will be followed by an informal evening of fellowship. One of the speakers will be Rev. Kenneth Beckwith, western Massachusetts field secretary who has 200 Congregational churches "under his wing." We shall also have the privilege of hearing Karlton Johnson of Colrain, well known in this area for his work as a missionary in Africa as well as for his active participation in Christian work here at home. The entire community is invited, so may we all be there to enjoy a friendly evening together.

\*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*

For .....

COMPLETE INSURANCE SERVICE  
"Ask your neighbor"  
PHILIP A. MILLER  
Shelburne Falls

\*\*\*\*\*

How about it, folks ... would you like another issue of OUR BUCKLAND  
soon?

THE SUMMER VACATION

As days grow long we get out maps  
And pore them o'er and o'er.  
Shall we seek hills or ocean side  
That we've not seen before?

At last we find a non rush-time  
When we can get away.  
We stow our luggage in the car.  
We're off at break of day.

The first day out we hurry fast  
To get to pasture new.  
The fields are green, the clouds are white  
And skies so very blue!

When night comes on we stop for sleep  
Beside a waterfall,  
The plains, the beach or mountain top.  
It matters not at all.

Those chores at home that we might do,  
We've left them all behind.  
What man has done and God hath wrought  
Completely fill the mind.

One day at least while we are out  
Will surely rain all day.  
Our clothes get wet. The roads are mud,  
And we not quite so gay.

Vacation luck we have to take  
So we do not repine.  
Back home again, one things we know,  
Our Buckland sure looks fine.

**Anonymous**

Editor's note:

Many thanks to our anonymous poet. We regret we do not know your name so that credit can be given to you. For a wild guess, however, the editor would say that the author may have submitted other poems under the initials MEL?

### REMEMBER THIS ONE?

How many times have you found yourself recalling the lines of a poem you once read, perhaps memorized? Or maybe you find a few lines of verse copied among your memoirs. Chances are, you will want to re-acquaint yourself with the poem—like meeting an old friend you haven't seen in years. Miss Etta Howes has such a poem that she asked OUR BUCKLAND to help her with. Miss Howes has the text of the poem, but does not know the author. If you can help her, call 9355.

“I went to church in the mountains  
Far up mid the hills of God.  
Birds of the air sang anthems,  
Wild flowers sprang from the sod.  
No voice of man made prayer  
Nor praise to the God of all,  
But sound of the brook's low laughter  
Answered the red bird's call.  
Music of pine and aspen,  
In tones no choir could sing,  
When I went to church in the mountains  
And Nature praised Her King.”

### BEGINNER'S LUCK?

Maybe The Price Was Too High.

Potato bugs have been credited with reading the sales lists of seed companies in order to know where to go. Tain't so, or else they skipped the name of Bertha S. Wilder! All summer she has searched her hills of potatoes for a genuine potato bug. Not one has she found. Of course it is true that no potatoes have been raised on the place for a half dozen years, but still not a bug!

### A Peach of a Duck Farm

Dr. Harold Toy does not profess to be a farmer, especially since his business keeps him so busy. So when two ducks and a drake were blissfully quacking about the place last year, he paid little heed and let them “rough it” for themselves. Soon, however, the inevitable, and there were 29 little ducklings on the farm, too. Still Dr. Toy had no time to fuss with them, and except for an occasional handful of grain, the feathered family found its own forage and shelter. This year, the ducks are all

alive and doing fine – despite the fact they never saw temperature controllers, special diets, etc. etc.

One day while Dr. Toy was walking through his fields counting his ducks he suddenly looked up to see a tree loaded with peaches. After a trip back to the house for baskets, he picked nearly two bushels of almost “perfect” peaches. Not only had the tree not been pruned or sprayed, but Dr. Toy had not even known he had a peach tree on the place. How lucky can you get?

## Page 8

IN THE MORNING MAIL.....

Dear Friends,

OUR BUCKLAND is O.K. In a visit to Buckland some time ago I was pleased to see the paper.

Have read all the copies since and read them with interest. Some people I know, some I do not, but that does not spoil the publication.

May the interest be kept alive and active for years to come.

Yours truly,

Karl W. Doane Sr.  
Rochdale, Mass.

*This could be Karl Wallen Doane Sr. who was born 20 Dec 1880 Erie County, New York, died 12 Mar 1965. He and his wife Nina (Ward) Doane (1893-1972) are both buried in Leicester, Worcester County, Mass. Nina was the daughter of Wilbur Ward and Eva (Tower) Ward. No connection to Buckland was readily found but the names Ward, Tower, and Doane can be found in Buckland history books.*

To the Editor, OUR BUCKLAND:

We have missed you this summer – But were happy to welcome two ambassadors of good-will from the East who state that Silvia Gould Wilder has everything under control and is a handsome woman!

**Florence & Ernestine Taylor Geddes**

P.S. Dare you to print this, Syl!

**Ernie, Cooperstown N.Y.**

*Mrs. Florence Geddes - Buckland, Oct. 21 - Mrs Florence (Taylor) Geddes, 78, of Cooperstown, N.Y., died this morning in Bassett Hospital, Cooperstown. Her health had been failing for several months. She was born in Buckland on April 22, 1879, daughter of Samuel and Lucy (Perkins) Taylor. She attended Buckland public schools and graduated with the class of 1897 at Arms Academy. She taught school at Monroe Bridge, East Charlemont, and Shelburne Falls. She married Rev. Daniel M. Geddes of Ogdensburg, N.Y., Sept. 4, 1901. He died in 1931.*



*Survivors are a daughter, Miss Ernestine Geddes of Cooperstown; a brother-in-law, Ernest R Clark of Buckland; and a nephew. Funeral will be Thursday in Presbyterian Church, Cooperstown. Burial will be Friday at 2 in Taylor lot in Buckland Center Cemetery. Committal services will be conducted by Donald Judson of Mary Lyon Church. [published Oct. 22, 1952 Springfield Union newspaper]*

**Miss Ernestine Geddis**, 65, former Buckland resident, died Thursday [21 Sept. 1967] in Bassett Hospital, Cooperstown, N.Y., after a brief illness.

*She was secretary for 40 years of the Cooperstown Chamber of Commerce. She graduated from Arms Academy and Scudders School at New York City. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church and Criterior Club of Cooperstown.*

*Mis Geddis was born in Mayfield, N.Y. May 7, 1902, daughter of Rev. Daniel and Ann (Florence) Taylor Geddis.*

*Surviving are several cousins.*

*Services will be Saturday at 2 p.m. at First Presbyterian Church, Cooperstown. Burial will be in Taylor Cemetery, Buckland, Sunday at 2 p.m. Rev. Eric Bascom will officiate. Smith Funeral Home made local arrangements. [published in The Recorder, Greenfield, Mass., on Friday 22 September 1967 page 10]*

### TIRED OF COUNTRY LIFE – LISTEN!

The NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD recently carried an article that will be of interest to OUR BUCKLAND readers.

“In one of his illustrated lectures on agriculture and scenery in these United States, Professor J.H. Frandsen of Massachusetts State College\* makes the following comment regarding a New England hilltop:

An Englishman, looking over a rocky New England hilltop, is said to have exclaimed, “What can you raise on this soil?”

An old New Englander, living there, is said to have replied, “Sir, on this land we raise men.”

Not long ago a friend of mine showed me a hilltop in Western Mass. It was rough and stony, and farming it must have been hard work; and yet my friend hastened to explain that from that very hilltop in Franklin County one could see the birthplaces of more than a dozen distinguished Americans, among them being –

Charles Dudley Warner

Dwight L. Moody

Mary Lyon

G. Stanley Hall

Marshall Field

Russell Conwell

William Cullen Bryant

Josh Billings

“Surely,” said he, “there is something in these rugged hills, the simple ways of living and country life that transcends almost everything that the glittering lights of the city can offer.”

\*A fine article from the NEH, but we wish they had said University of Massachusetts...not Massachusetts State College. **Ed.**

## HI, HO, THE CUMMINGTON FAIR

Buckland certainly put itself before the public with the exhibits at Cummington Fair – pies, bread, rolls, doughnuts, braided rug, crocheted rug, sweater, children’s clothing, infant’s clothing, flowers, dish garden, plant, oil painting, stencilling (sic), and weaving. The prizes, just between us home folks, totalled (sic) almost \$50, and the prestige and honors in the of ribbons might turn the heads of any except our levelheaded folks!

A whole show case full of apple pics with Ruth Hunt’s wearing the blue ribbon! Loaves of bread—six of eight of them—and all three prizes coming to Buckland folks—Ruth Hunt, Christine Purinton, and Sylvia Wilder. A whole show case full of weaving spotted with blue ribbons and others.

Exhibitors included, -- Mrs. Richard Clark, Mrs. Olive Dodge, Miss Etta L. Howes, Mrs. Roswell Miller, Rev. George A. Merrill, Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Robert Haeberle, Mrs. Tella Wells, Mrs. Bertha Wilder, Miss Eleanor Clark, Mrs. Francis Wilder, and also Mrs. A.C.Aldrich of Charlemont, Miss Ruth Hill of Conway and Mrs. Frieda Epstein of Montgomery, Alabama who have been weaving at the workshop.

### *End of this issue*

**Vol. 5, No. 1**

**OUR BUCKLAND**

**July 1, 1953**

### TRAVELOGUE 1952-53

By Amos Franceschelli

I’ve been away about a year in Europe (studying and teaching) and in Mexico (on business). Your editor has asked me to write up my impressions of this year, just like that, in one easy paragraph. A wise editor – doesn’t want her writers to run riot!

I’m glad to be back in Buckland! They say we rush life in the States, -- but Buckland still has a quiet and steady heart-beat, enough of the modern machinery to do its day’s work efficiently, and plenty of green hills and blue sky and solid sense to enjoy the good earth at its best. It’s good to be part of it again. There’s a fine point about travel: you learn to appreciate home.

To be sure, travel can be an eyeopener. There is always a thrill in seeing new people, new places, new problems—life sparkling in different colors as you move across the earth’s surface. You travel across the European checkerboard – every checker is “fenced in”, frontier guards, passport formalities, customs inspection – and you begin to realize how carefree and untrammled we are in the States, with thousands of miles of open road in all directions. You pass through cities, in Germany or Northern France, that still show the scars of war – broken walls, skeleton house fronts, weeded ruins – and you realize again that, materially, we were relatively spared during the last war. You talk with people, across the ocean or south of the border, about their problems or about America, and you realize how much bridge-building is still needed between men and nations (the almighty dollar – it frightens them and attracts them!). Of course, in Europe, the big, overshadowing problem is the East-West tension. The papers don’t play it up as much as ours do; but you can sense it in most of the people. It lurks in their minds, it’s a matter of life and death to them, they know themselves nearer to it than we are. Perhaps, for that reason, they tend to be more cautious in their final judgements.

At the same time people are trying to get the most they can out of life. In Mexico Dity, for instance, on Corpus Christi Day (this year it was Thursday, June 4), the square in front of the Cathedral was alive with seething crowds mostly parents holding their little children by their hands, all dressed in their Sunday best, with flowers and colored ribbons, and the children carrying small wooden cages on their backs, with tiny toy pots, or straw mules, or assorted fruits hanging from the cages—they attended Mass, of course, and then promenaded happily about the square, munched and lunched when they felt like it (outside or inside the Cathedral), and had a wonderful time, while street vendors offered their colorful wares and eats on the sidewalks. Inside the fence surrounding the Cathedral groups of natives from near-by villages, dressed up as warriors or priests or demons, with shields and feathered headdress and brocaded cloaks, danced their lively native dances to the rhythm of self-made music—symbolic pagan dances, no doubt, but now presumably in honor of our Lord. Everything gay, bright and alive. The point, however, is this: Mexicans will celebrate a holiday at the drop of a hat. And though the standard of living is immeasurably lower for the vast majority of people tan in the U.S., they just throw themselves into the spirit of these festivals and seem to enjoy them as much as, say, as much as our young people enjoy square dancing...

[continued on page 4] I just notice, I’ve run over one paragraph! Better look up from the typewriter and stop. Ah, there’s the orchard, the trim what houses in the valley, the woods and the hills again – glad to see you!

WARP AND WEFT

If our life in Buckland were really a piece of cloth woven since the last issue of this paper in September 1952, we might say its colors, its materials, its patterns were quite different from any other year – new babies, new parents, new residents, new Grangers, new view points and new results.

Even Jennie Cooper returning from ten weeks in England and Amos, after a winter in typhus-stricken German, was most anxious to hear about the community health.

In all its fifty years, did the Grange ever have so many members about of an age 3<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 9sic) Grange is still as it always has been, a grouping of all ages, but the baby-sitter problem reveals an unusual shortage, <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> (or surplus?) Grange is still all ages and tastes, each finding something to enjoy in one part or another.<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>

In many changes of ministers at Mary Lyon church, was the change ever so extreme before from experienced Age to inexperienced Youth?

Was there ever a time when the non-members of the community responded so generously to a canvass for funds, thus indicating to the church members, that Mary Lyon church is not theirs alone but a community church <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>

And a Sunday School whose membership is over fifty, is a surprise to many who have not been in contact with the children of Today!

The Buckland Friends Fire Association has added the services of the ambulance to that of the fire district.

Christmas Club, which is really named Nut-T Club, has troubles involving distance, with Ellen Gelbar in Florida when Burt died, Sylvia Wilder suddenly returned to Westfield State Sanatorium, and Helen Williams and Harold having to desert their Buckland for work in Greenfield. But Sylvia is on the way to recovery. Ellen is soon to be in Connecticut, and Helen sometimes is at home.

The Buckland Belles, have their monthly parties, too, with assorted baby foods as most acceptable gifts.

The latest on the Manleys, finds them still in Denver, Colorado, where Stephen was gaining until he had pneumonia. Now he is gaining again, better balance, standing alone. The doctors have been re-shaping his skull, thus relieving the pressures. Now the special doctor is opening a clinic in Sacramento, California, and Helen and Dick will follow him there. The Robert Shaws are hoping to see them in Colorado before they leave in August.

The Buckland Male Chorus continues with their weekly enthusiastic meetings in the Vestry. (Were those cake crumbs seen there after rehearsal <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>) Their graceful thanks to the church for their meeting place took the form of a beautiful Vesper Service. They say they like to sing and act it. May they never lose that liking!

Thanks to Janet Wetterwald who started them, Stan Smithers who carries them on, and Sally Eastman, accompanist.

But, d'ye know sum'p'n?

Buckland has had lots of singing in its history. John Porter was choirmaster in the old unheated church with the choir in the balcony at the rear, getting the pitch from a wooden tuning fork. Today's chorus sang, "Day is Dying in the West," written years ago by William Sherwin who was born in Clock Hollow where Leonard Lund lives now. Some of the older folks are waiting to Arthur Smith with George Smith again, and I have heard it said that Mattie Wiley is the best alto in town.

Civilian Defense tries to arouse us with the church bell calling us to practice safety, and more than fifty of us had our blood typed by CD.

There have been drills in case of war before, for Buckland drilled on the Common and held its musters there in Revolutionary times and Civil War days and Injun' Fightin' time. All wars have hit hard in the homes of Buckland.

As for babies, let us add these to our list, wondering if it is complete, - Richard Berg, Pamela Churchill, Cynthia Brooks, Frank Gerry, Dennis Gould, Jill Anderson, Gary Bellows, Helen Shulda, Phillip Shulda, Dorothy May Sweet, John E. Eastman, Jr., and Joanne Phillips.

What is new? What is old?

Eleanor Wilder Clark

*It's hard to figure out why the paper had "3/4" in so many places. The above is typed as it appears in the original. We learn, on page 6 of this issue: "If anyone is wondering what the 3/4 means on page two, ask Eleanor. Now she admits she isn't all there."*

### **Page 3**

#### **WHO DONE IT!!!**

At a recent staff meeting at Ross Miller's home, making plans for printing this paper, it was suggested that articles, poetry and so on should be signed by the contributor. Initials have been used previously and we found our readers trying to solve the mystery of who is "X.Y.Z." instead of digesting the masterpiece before their eyes.

We all are pretty proud of OUR BUCKLAND and we should be proud to have our name included with our articles. We want to place credit where credit is due. After all, we print all the news that's fit to print and so far we have never sent back contributions with a pink slip saying - "Sorry, try again."

We are hopeful for tow more issues this season; therefore, we want you to realize your contributions are necessary to keep OUR BUCKLAND newsy, entertaining and original. Items may be left at our headquarters - the post office or our new branch office at the home of the Gerrys!!!

Upon reading the above I find this choice item lacks talent so just for spunk, I will sign off by saying - Who Done It".

## THE BAND IS COMING

July and August come marching along and so does the Shelburne Falls Military Band. A band concert is scheduled on the church steps the evening of July 15. Sometime in August they will make a return visit.

Listening to the band's music is well worth an effort to be part of the audience and, as in the past two years, we will have added attractions. If it's eats you want, there will be plenty down under the maple tree and if it's more music you want, there will be a handsome lot of Buckland men (Buckland Male Chorus) to sing to us at intermission.

Yes, the church and the grange, working together, will serve the innerman's demands. What a choice!! Hot dogs, coffee, donuts, popcorn, baked foods, ice cream, soda, and a smile tucked in for good measure. Everyone has a wonderful time to save July 15<sup>th</sup> for an evening of good listening and good eating.

## SING SING SING

The Buckland Male Chorus, a group of men who enjoy singing as long as it doesn't get too technical, gave a recital in the form of a vesper service at Mary Lyon Church, Sunday evening June 28.

The men have met weekly for sings, Stan Smithers as our director and Sally Eastman our pianist as the lone, but not lonesome, member of the fair and contrary sex. Attendance at rehearsals has averaged about eighteen. Stan and the few good singers in the group have put up with a lot, the rest of us put out and let the chips (flats) fall where they may.

As a "Thank You" to the church for the use of the vestry the idea of a vesper song service was conceived, the collection to be turned over to the church. In spite of a very warm evening a good sized audience attended and enjoyed the singing of some thirteen hymns by the chorus which for that particular evening was really "hot".

Our thanks and appreciation to our pianist, Sally Eastman; our director, Stanley Smithers, and to Mary Lyon Church.

President Richard Gerry, vice-president Francis Avery, secretary Winthrop Anderson, Librarian Carl Valiton, Samuel Wilson, Gerard Gilbert, George Smith, Edmund Smith, Roger Scott, Charles Canedy, Roswell Miller, Francis Willis, Donald Judson, Homer Smith, Clifton Shippee, Herbert Smith, Linwood Scott, John Powell, Donald Upton, Nathan Hale and Richard Berg.

## HI-HO ANOTHER SHOW

Yes sir, another big show is on its way to completion. Just to keep you wondering just what it is, I'll say first that it is sponsored by the Buckland Grange. It will take place on July 22 from 3:00 to 9:00 (in the evening, that is). The show is headed by Georges and Janet Wetterwald, Eleanor Clark and Roswell Miller. Now, those names should be enough to tell you that it's going to be big, it's going to be for the community to take part in, and it's going to be a huge success.

IT'S A HOBBY-CRAFT-ANTIQUÉ SHOW AND SALE. A PUBLIC SUPPER WILL BE PART OF THE PROGRAM. IT'S EVERYTHING ALL WRAPPED IN ONE!! YOU'D BETTER COME.

## **Page 4**

## OUT OF THIS WORLD

It's a pleasure to be writing something besides a sermon for a change. Like some of the rest of the contributors, I suppose, I was at a loss for what to write about when I was first asked. I've been mulling it over though, and decided I would share with you an unusual experience I had during the past year.

During the first week of May, I spent two days at an Episcopal monastery near Poughkeepsie, N.Y. The place is right on the bank of the Hudson and vet high enough so there is quite a view of the river. The Vanderbilt mansion was right across the water, and that was quite a sight in itself. The monastery itself reminded me of some of the college dormitories I have seen, with the exception of the chapel and bell tower which jutted out from the further end of the main part of the structure.

To reach the monastery, you leave the highway abruptly and wind down a gentle incline past grassy fields and what were once gardens, and even as you \_\_\_ [illegible] reach it, you have the feeling that this is almost another world. Everything is suddenly quiet compared to the traffic you have just left at the top of the hill; it sees strangely remote from the world that you move about in every day. This feeling is all the stronger once you step inside the building itself and enter into the community life.

The first thing I saw as we drove into the courtyard was typical of the atmosphere there, now that I look back on it. There, in a grass plot in the middle of a circular driveway, stood two monks talking. Like everyone else in the community, they wore long white friars cloaks, the hoods, thrown back against their shoulders, and a black cord tied loosely around their waists. All this is what I expected; what I wasn't prepared for was to find one of the fathers wearing a baseball cap. It seems so strange at the time to find such a thing in such a place that I had to restrain myself to keep from laughing out loud. After I had been there a while it didn't seem the least bit strange. For all the preoccupation with the devotional life, there was still a casual air about most of the monks that showed you that they were no stuffy

individuals who had lost their sense of humor. These were just normal people who would have fitted in just as well among the rest of us. The difference is that they felt drawn to this kind of more intense devotional life that can be had in the outside world.

This was called Holy Cross Monastery because the men there belong to a group that calls itself the Order of the Holy Cross. The members are grouped in three divisions. First are the postulants, who are there for a trial period of three or four weeks. At the end of that time if the postulant feels that this is not the place for him to spend his life, he is free to go. If, on the other hand, he decides to stay, he takes a vow of poverty, chastity and obedience before the entire community and receives the title of Brother, which means he is a lay member of the Order, as opposed to an ordained priest. Those who are ordained are called fathers, and they are distinguished by a wooden cross that is hung around their necks. Most of the brothers become ordained before they have been there very long, by a process of long study on their own; but I met a person called Brother George who had been there over thirty years and still did not intend to become a father. (to be continued)

**D. Judson**

### NO SOAP!

The prize for special effort this year goes to Clifton Eldredge. He offered to do the family dishes a few weeks ago. So he filled the dishpan and took a box of what he supposed was soap powder from the sink shelf and dumped in a generous supply. It didn't make suds so he added a little more. It still didn't, so he turned over the box and read the label. It said, "Argo Gloss Starch". It certainly beats all what a stiff job a man will make over washing a few dishes.

But, cheer up, men, it wasn't too long ago that Squick Wilder starched her clothes with Borden's powdered milk.

*Argo Gloss Starch was a laundry additive, you add it to your wash to "starch" your clothes. It is still available to purchase today (2024) on internet websites such as Amazon, Etsy, and EBay, probably others as well.*

*Presumed this **Clifton Eldredge** is the same person as:*

*Clifton B. Eldredge, at 80; former baker, florist in Buckland*

*Clifton B. Eldredge, 80, of 5 Daniele Drive, Wilbraham, the former owner and operator of Shaw Florists in Buckland for more than 50 years, died on Tuesday in a Hampden nursing home.*

*He also was a baker at the former Mary Lyon Boarding House.*

*Born in Harwich, he lived for many years in Buckland before moving to Wilbraham 10 years ago.*

*He was a member of the Eagles Lodge in Shelburne Falls.*

*His wife, the former Fannie Cord, died in 1971.*



*He leaves a daughter...of Hebron, Conn; a brother, Edwin of Haverhill; a sister, Vivian Eldredge of Fort Meyers, Fla.; three grandchildren, and several nieces and nephews, including Jeannette Bond, with whom he lived.*

*A graveside service will be conducted on Friday morning at the Buckland Cemetery. There are no calling hours at Smith-Kelleher Funeral Home of Shelburne Falls.*

*Memorial contributions may be made to the American Cancer Society, 57 Suffolk St., Holyoke, 01040.*

*[published Union-News, Wednesday, November 15, 1989]*

*Clifton and his wife Fannie are buried together in Center Cemetery #03 in Buckland Center.*

*"Squick" [a nickname] Wilder, who, in the above story starched her clothes with Borden's powdered milk, was a daughter of Ralph Lucian Wilder (1896-1979) and his wife Sylvia Grace Gould (1903-1977).*

## **Page 5**

US MOTHERS

by M. Lilly

Who is it that runs to and fro  
To wash the clothes and mix the dough  
Likewise must find long hours to sew?  
Us mothers

Who is it has the floors to sweep  
The meal to get, the peace to keep  
And never must be known to weep?  
Us mothers

Who is it must the picnic spread  
Provide the fruit, the sweets, the bread  
Then tuck the children into bed?  
Us mothers

Who brightens things when they look grey  
Who seldom leaves the home by day  
And never gets a raise in pay?  
Us mothers

Who is it hunts things high and low  
Must bandage up an injured toe  
And on occasion even hoe?  
Us mothers

Who is it teaches wrong from right  
And soothes the nerves in case of fright  
And thanks the Lord when it is night?  
Us mothers

Who likes the praise that efforts bring  
And tho some little hurts may sting  
Still would not change a single thing?  
Us Mothers

*With only a first initial "M" and no other clues, we were not able to conclusively determine the full name/identity of M. Lilly. This could be Myrtle Ernestine (Barrus) Lilly who submitted poetry with her full name to Our Buckland in an earlier issue. Myrtle was born 12 Mar 1887 in Goshen, Mass., a daughter of Willie Barrus & Lucy (Hall) Barrus. Myrtle married Earl Lilly (1886-1985) on 01 Jan 1909 at Ashfield, Mass. Myrtle died on 6 Jul 1971 in Florida. She and Earl are buried in Plain Cemetery in Ashfield.*

### WHAT A CONDITION!

by S. Wilder

T.B. or not T.B., That is congestion!  
Consumption be done about it?  
Of cough!! Of cough!  
But it will take a lung lung time!

### INVITATION

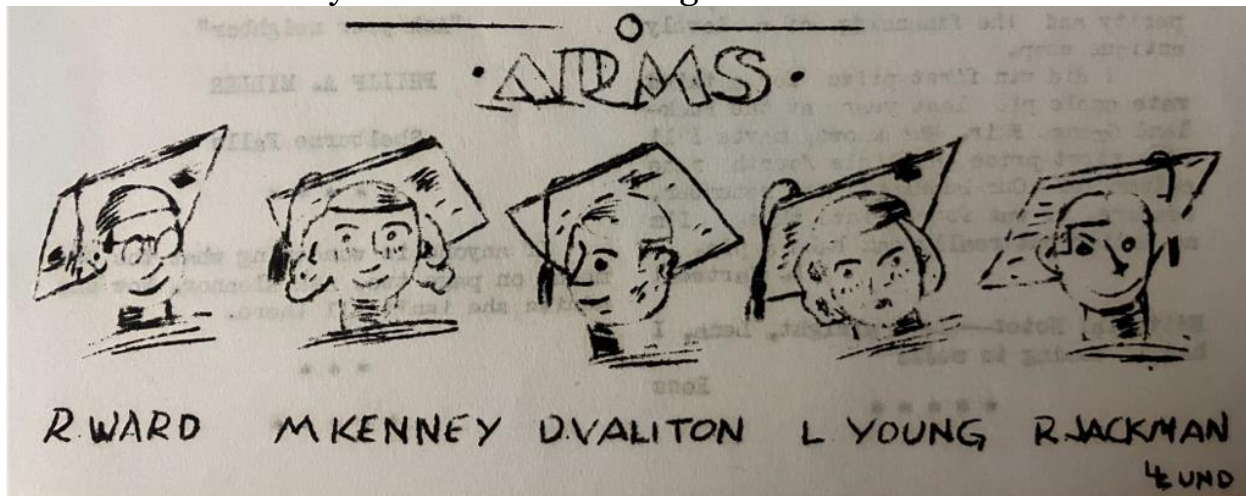
An elderly gentleman stopped to chat  
With an equally elderly lady,  
And I must admit that I listened a bit, in a spot that was secret and shady. She was dainty – petite, he was natty and neat  
And I'm sure they were both unsuspecting of my presence so near,  
For he poured in her ear these words of such careful selection:  
"There's a group about here which to some is held dear, while to others, there is no denying, has left them so strange, some nearly deranged, you'll admit such a clan could be trying.  
Weird tales have been told of those who've been bold enough to accept invitation.  
And I tell you, my dear, but just for your ear, of doings that have caused sensation.  
On this spot, bless my soul new residents and old take part in carousings (sic) so

strange, T'would put grey in your hair, leave you glued to your chair, and they call it the Buckland Grange! To you it may seem I am waxing extreme as I try to describe the condition which has grown, taken hold, obsessed (sic) young and old, has become practically tradition. This group, they do meet; and refreshments they eat at least twice a month without fail. And each meeting, I'm told, is fiasco so bold, it may be we will soon need a jail. The cause for such glee? You may take it from me must be harsh and harmful gaming, for which it must be they pay some small fee; but it does sound entertaining. The cause for my pause in your dooryard of course, was to venture this bold proposition: That if you agree to accompany me, we could join and I'll pay the admission.

**C. Lund**

### **Image of graduates 'ARMS'**

R. Ward M. Kenney D.Valiton L.Young R.Jackman



### **Page 6**

### **FOUND GUILTY**

(Note to our readers – At a recent Grange meeting there was presented a Mock Trial. The case was thin...The commonwealth of Buckland accused Lena Hartwell of illegally manufacturing and selling applejack (hooch), a by-product of Hartwell Apple Orchards. Cracking the case open came about when Willy Willis bought some of the stuff at the post office supposing it was ginger ale. It took two hours and seven minutes and approximately a dozen people to finally settle the case. The judge pronounced her guilty after the jury returned from the secret session. The fine (and he let her off easy!!!) was to write a column in Our Buckland. May we Grangers say at this moment that Lena was a wonderful sport and we did have a great time. The following are Lena's words:

Thanks to Nathan Hale. What a lawyer!! And Carol Lund who could tell us some fantastic tales (fibs) trying to save me from the law. Well, anyway, they tried

hard to win my case at the Grange Mock Trial. I was found guilty on a charge of distilling applejack.

The whole thing was sprung on me as a complete surprise when Deputy Bud Scott arrest me on this complaint. Just how Nature Boy Lund stumbled on to the old distillery rig supposedly found on the Hartwell farm is more than I'll ever know. You know, readers, this rig was formerly owned by our Judge Ross Miller. As I understand it, the Wilsons purchased a secluded farm up in Hawley that was formerly owned by the Millers and this wonderful distillery rig was found among many other possessions. We always wondered why Ross and Maywood purchased this out of the way place!!! Maybe this explains their sudden prosperity and financing of a lovely antique shop.

I did win first prize for a third rate apple pie last year at the Buckland Grange Fair. Who knows, maybe I'll win first prize on this fourth rate column for Our Buckland. Now remember, readers, I was forced into this. I'm no writer but really can bake a pie.

**L. Hartwell**

Editorial Note: It's alright, Lena. I had it coming to me!!!

**Ross**

#### 4-H GIRLS

I will tell what the Buckland Busy Bees did from September to June.

The girls took their aprons, potholders, dish towels, skirts and blouses to the Franklin County Fair. We also had a club exhibit and received a green ribbon.

Kathleen Truesdell showed how to pack a lunch box correctly. She received first prize. The girls canned and some had flowers, some had watermelon and some baked. We showed our canned goods at the Buckland Grange Fair and received first prize. The achievement meeting was when the girls received their pins for their work. We put on a program and invited the mothers to come. Mrs. Swindell and Mr. Atwood were there to give out the pins. We had refreshments and movies.

Then came Girls Day and we showed our skirts and blouses we had made during the winter. The older girls made dresses. Everybody at Girls Day who made a dress or skirt and blouse had to show them on stage. At the beginning there were some demonstrations. Shirley Atherton and Joyce Goodnow showed how to set a table correctly. In the talent show eight of the girls did a square dance called Lazy Jane.

Four of the girls are going to Camp Howe over in Goshen for a week. In the last week of July we are having a picnic.

**M. Litchfield  
Club Reporter**

\*\*\*\*\*

For .....

COMPLETE INSURANCE SERVICE  
“Ask your neighbor”  
PHILIP A. MILLER  
Shelburne Falls

\*\*\*\*\*

If anyone is wondering what the ¾ means on page two, ask Eleanor. Now she admits she isn't all there.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Page 7**

HISTORICALLY SPEAKING

Q. What is the history of the Ozro Field house across the common from the church?

A. It is owned at present by Mrs. Ozro Field who lives in Salem. Summer guests expected are Mr. and Mrs. Archie Blake of Windsor, Connecticut, cousins of Mrs. Field. Several of the ministers of the church have used this house for a parsonage.

Q. When was the present parsonage obtained?

A. It was purchased in 1888 when the Reverend A.C.Hodges was a minister here. His aunt, Miss Sally Gillett, who lived to be 101 yrs., 2 mos. and 1 day, left a legacy of \$1500 to the church. Other funds were raised by subscription and the house was purchased by the church for a parsonage. Some of our old-time Buckland residents remember attending the 100<sup>th</sup> birthday party of Miss Gillette and remember her as a little lady in a black silk dress with a white cap.

Q. How old is the Wilder Homestead?

A. The first deed to the Wilder land is dated 1771 and was given by a Mrs. Mary Smith, widow and relict of Hatfield to Gardner Wilder of Leominster. It was half of a 400 acre grant that was given by Massachusetts to Zechariah Field of Northfield, probably in payment of his services for fighting the Indians. It was bought by Mrs. Smith's husband and 200 acres sold to Othniel Taylor, the man who had so many mills down at The Millyard. He gave his part to the first Samuel Taylor who owned so much of Buckland Center. The Wilder half went from Shedd's corner down to the stone wall back of Rand's barn.

Q. Were the Indians and white me friendly around here?

A. According to various books and stories there was always peace when the fish were running up the river at Shelburne Falls which was called Salmon Falls.

Q. Was Buckland ever mentioned in any of the books written by Mary P. Wells Smith?

A. No, but most of her books were about the Conn. Valley, when the fear of Indians kept the settlers in small villages. One of her books, however, tells about a Wells family of Shelburne. The way of living must have been about like the way people lived in Buckland, which as being settled in that period.

## THE BUCKLAND BOY SCOUTS

Troop #87 now numbers fourteen boys, with six new boys joining during the year, and a number expected to join next fall. Those who joined this year were Paul Atherton, Melvin Cass, Donald Clark, Richard Eastman, and Franklin and Winston LaBelle. Of these six, the first four have already passed their Tenderfoot tests and have gone on to work on harder tests.

There are two patrols: The Eagles, led by Gene Jackman and his assistant patrol leader, Billy Eastman, with Lloyd Cass, Russell Dodge, Franklin LaBelle and Atherton making up the rest of the patrol; and the Panthers, led by David Jackman, assisted by Arnold Purinton, with Samuel Lee, John Carter, Richard Eastman, Donald Clark, Melvin Cass and Winston LaBelle making up the rest of the membership.

The year was highlighted by the Camporee which the boys participated in by patrols last May. This was held at the Greenfield Fairgrounds with all troops in Franklin County competing for best performance in camping and scout crafts. Both patrols performed well and came away with ribbons for their work.

In February, the Court of Honor for the Mohawk Trail District scouts was held in the Grange Hall here in Buckland with a number of our scouts receiving awards. Five scouts reached the next step above Tenderfoot Second Class and those were David Jackman, Gene Jackman, Billy Eastman, Arnold Purinton and Lloyd Cass.

Occasionally during the fall and the spring of the year, the troop went on overnight hikes to Camp Chesterfield and to Walnut Hill here in town, sometimes wallowing in mud or braving a little snow and cold weather.

The weakness of a lot of troops is that the scoutmaster has to run the whole show himself. This hasn't been true in my year with the Buckland Troop. Fred Howes from Ashfield has helped out in troop meetings whenever he could, serving as sort of an informal Assistant Scoutmaster. And besides him, we have had an active Troop Committee, headed by Bill Reddy. It's been an enjoyable year for me working with the boys and the troop committee; of course, the year isn't over yet, since we are still to send a number of boys to Camp Chesterfield for a week this summer.

BUCKLAND GRANGE DOPE

Master, Ross Miller – present; Lecturer, Bud Anderson – present; Secretary, Sally Eastman – present. These are the three best reasons why Buckland Grange is having a successful and active year. Of course, success is also due the other hard working and spirited members who are supporting them at meetings and give much time on “off-hours”.

As I read last year’s column to see where we left off, I find we mentioned redecorating our Grange inside and out. On the outside surface, it would appear little has been done but on the inside, actually and literally we have accomplished quite a bit. Referring to actually a group of Grange boys got some lumber, nails, hammers and elbow grease together. The result was a great surprise to all. They pulled down the stage curtains and pipes and built a wooden front for the stage of pine panelling. To get the full benefit of the job, one should come to Grange to see it. The floor has received special care of washing, waxing and polishing done by another enthusiastic group. The Grange tables are slowly being repaired. Some would fall apart if you even looked at them. I’m afraid our table trouble came as a result of too much basketball.

These are our actual accomplishments. Now, our members, who have worked hard but the results don’t show as yet, are the ones earning money to pay for those many pails of paint and various sized brushes. Many entertained for card parties through the winter that resulted in fun and money. We recently had a successful rummage sale down town. As there were a few items left over, we had a penny auction at our last meeting and gained a few more dollars. A certain clown in the group thought we were not making enough money so slid some of the articles back for a second sale. For more complete details contact N. Hale!!

So you see, we have been busy all through the year and having fun as we go along. I’ll report in a later issue the final plans for redecorating the Grange.

As a result of our four degrees worked this spring, fifteen people are finding out what it’s like to be a Buckland Granger. We surely are glad they joined us. New members are always a means of new ideas and talents.

**E. Gerry**

NATURE TRIPS

“Bird watching” seems to be a standard joke, good for a hearty chuckle, on some of the humorous radio programs and in occasional magazine articles. But I think that more and more people are beginning to realize that being a field birder is very relaxing and gratifying, particularly when you have children.

On our many trips for “good birding” we have discovered, not too far from Buckland, some grand places for enjoying ourselves and, of course, seeing many other things besides birds.

Not too well known to Franklin County folks is Arcadia Sanctuary in Easthampton. This sanctuary is supported by the very active Massachusetts Audubon Society. It is located on the ox-bow of the Connecticut River, which makes it a great stopping place for water birds. There are picnic tables for eating and trails for hiking, all taken care of by Mr. Ed Mason and his charming family.

A visit to Arcadia could be combined with a trip up to the top of Mt. Tom where the observation towers look over the Holyoke Range and the Conn. Valley (and in the spring and fall the towers are marvelous for watching the hawk migrations). At Mt. Tom located in Easthampton you will find a fine state reservation with trails marked and fire places and tables for picnics.

I always think of Mt. Toby when I think of Mt. Tom. Yet, there is really not much comparison. Mt. Toby is owned by U.M. and is used chiefly for experimental forestry and as a fire tower station. Cranberry Pond at the foot of Toby is a lovely place, somewhat secluded and filled with wild life in and around it. You don't drive to the top of Mt. Toby, as you can at Tom ...you've got to hoof it ...and it's a healthy hike. The view from the fire tower gives you another aspect of the Connecticut Valley.

In that area is also Mt. Sugarloaf which most everyone has probably visited. That's another place where your car takes you to the top...and you look down on peaceful Sunderland and the wide Connecticut River and see the fields making a real patchwork all the way down the valley.

Probably every family has its favorite spot for a picnic or a hike, but these are a few near-by that everyone can enjoy any season except mid-winter.

**I. Jones**

**Page 9**

**BUCKLAND**

Our Mr. Hale, “the meter man”, really went to town with his article on Buckland in Hi-Lines, paper published by Western Massachusetts Electric Company. (The library has a copy.)

He tells the traditional facts about the beginnings of the town and the town being incorporated April 14, 1779. The deer park, the rivers, the hills, Buckland's famous daughter, the town hall in the basement of the Congregational Church, the poor farm, the bridges and the old Troy-Greenfield Railroad which passed through town along the Deerfield River are both familiar and newly told.

The industries include the saw mills, grist mills, a trip hammer and a forge. From those mills were turned out brush handles, brooms, carded wool and ground and polished cutlery.



On the banks of the Clesson was a wooden ware shop in which the Goodell Brothers began the manufacture of thie patent bit-brace. The manufacture of files was an important product at one time as were sashes and blinds, tanned leather and snathes.

In 1814, G.F.Goodnow was associated with the Lamsons, the firm becoming Lamson-Goodnow and Company and, by the introduction of machinery, most of the machines were invented and manufactured by the firm. The company then was able to produce goods at prices which allowed it to compete with foreign countries where skillful labor was more abundant and less expensive. The firm originated many devises in the cutlery business, making the application of machinery so general that this branch of manufacturing became revolutionized no only in this country but in Europe also.

Of today, Mr. Hale tells of industries we all know about, but in the coming days we will be well pleased to have the careful record of Lamson and Goodnow, C.W.Ward, Mayhew Company, Shaw Greenhouses and so on.

The utilities are carefully described, the old Troy-Greenfield, the car shops for repairs of equipment, the Shelburne Falls-Colrain Street Railroad and the time when the western terminal of the New York, New Haven, and Harford branch line from Northampton was here.

Two thriving utilities which add a great deal of financial aid to the town in the form of taxes are the New England Power Company and the Western Massachusetts Electric Company. The Wester New England Telephone Company (formerly the Heath Telephone Company) was a thriving utility serving the needs of local communication, and now serviced by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. The Boston and Maine Railroad with its depot and much smaller yard remain of the railroads.

The birthday party when Buckland celebrated it's Sesqui-Centennial was an outstanding event not yet forgotten and carefully reported, but the closing is the best.

“Buckland still provides opportunities for merchants, industrialists, the traveler or the individual who just wants to ‘settle down’.

Whether you want an egg, an apple, a knife and fork, a beautiful painting, a week's vacation, a handful of flowers artistically blended, a carriage ride, a visit through utility generating stations, a ride on a railroad, a day's fishing, a Grange meeting, an appropriate Sabbath or a country supper, you can find them all right here in Buckland.

If you are in doubt as to what has been said in the previous paragraphs, about this grand old town, just watch the expression on some native son or daughter when they answer you and say, ‘Yes, I am from Buckland and mighty proud of the fact’.”

Sharing the credit for authorship of the article are Harold Atwood, Northen Division Editor of “Hi Lines” and Almon D. “Dud” Hale, retired Shelburne Falls employee and present resident of Buckland.

\*\*\*\*

## HINT FOR COFFEE-DRINKERS IN GERMANY

Take a can of Nescoffee along – a pound of bean-coffee in Germany costs about \$4.00! Coffee (and tea) is listed as a luxury article and is taxed accordingly. It's the main source of government revenue. The housewives are up in arms about it, for the German likes his cup of strong coffee – but so far all they have is government promises of better times to come. (Warning: I don't think Nescoffee is duty-free!)

**A. Franceschelli**

### **Page 10**

#### MODERN HISTORY – BUCKLAND CENTER

Auge, Warfield, Cross, Nadeau  
LaBelle, Mollison, Hartley, Monroe

Chiles, Dyer, Ward, Kenney  
Carter, Wetterwald, Wells, Wiley

Scott, Goodnow, Valiton, Powell  
Hale, Litchfield, Evans, Truesdell

Smith, Mayer, Meyer, Williams  
Eldredge, Woodward, Tower, Dunnell

Underwood, Hunt, Griswold, Johnson  
Trow, Shields, Aste, Bronson  
Perchard, Small, Lee, Anderson  
Lund, Bellows, Roberts, Stetson

Berg, Eastman, Gilbert, Judson  
Trumble, Gerry, Lilly, Hudson

Pike, Hathaway, Churchill, Reddy  
Tenant, Cass, Martin, Haeberle

Toy, Mazanec, Luce, Squire  
Nilman, Mowry, Rand, Poirier

Franceschelli, Burdick, Dunbar  
Jackman, Gould, Sweet, Wilder

Jones, Shedd, Atherton, Miller  
Wise, Laird, Dodge, Turner

If your name we failed to mention  
It certainly wasn't our intention

To slight such important history  
Advise your editor—your name you'll see.

**Nathan Hale**

[image: Drawing of J.G. "buy gas & oil"]

### PRINTER'S DEVIL

The printer's devil is a boy who is to run all the errands of the printer. He gets very inky.

This paper has not printer, so we all get inky and call ourselves names.

First the paper slides through too high and the roller gets all ink. Clean that roller. Then the paper is too low. Clean that roller. Then everything goes wrong. Clean that roller.

This paper is a job. Is it worth doing? We are doing as well as we can with the equipment. This mimeograph is used for any community project. Shall we try to get a new one?

Even then the stencil making is a problem of transporting one or more typewriters from this typist to that. Size of type is not enough. Sylvia's typewriter is still best.

Who has an idea on getting another mimeograph? No more OUR BUCKLAND unless we do, says I.

**Eleanor W. Clark**

*End of this issue*

*The following edition of Our Buckland does not have a date. According to an article in The Greenfield Recorder-Gazette published on Friday, Sept. 4, 1953 on page 16, the following edition, with Rev. Merrill's Hawaii piece, was mailed and available at the time of the Recorder-Gazette publication: **Sept. 4, 1953.***

## HAWAII

By Rev. George Merrill

Since I finally left Buckland, which had been my pleasant home for ten years I have had one of the greatest experiences of my life ---- a trip to far-away Hawaii, and already (July 6, 1953) quite a lengthy stay in that land, so different from anything I had ever known before. The voyage here to Honolulu was outstanding in every way. Mrs. Merrill and I came here on a freighter, "The Steel Maker" from New York by way of the Panama Canal. It was a large, steady ship, and no sea sickness told hold of me through the whole cruise. Mrs. Merrill suffered only a little in this way. We sailed down the Florida coast seeing the white houses and sand of Miami, Palm Beach, and around Key West. This part of the journey by Key West was at night, so we saw only the lights. Strange to say, Pres. Harry Truman did not come out to greet us, possibly sore because his party had just been defeated in a national election, and we had not voted his ticket.

We sailed across the Gulf and landed at Mobile, Ala. Here we stayed a day and a night while freight was taken on. While there we visited a large park remarkable for its beauty and the variety of its vegetation, and along one auto journey we went through large groves of pecans and bought a few to take with us. From Mobile we sailed to New Orleans; this city was interesting indeed. On an extended bus trip we saw and visited the great cathedral, going into the cell where the notorious pirate, Lafayette, was once confined. We passed by the scene of the battle of New Orleans and noted some of the many narrow streets, fine stores, and ca\_\_ [illegible]. We saw the beautiful grill work on some of the old houses, especially on the balconies.

After New Orleans came a good trip across the Gulf to the canal. One must see this and go through it in order fully to appreciate it. Even then he will miss something. The locks take you to different levels, the ship being drawn by donkey engines: -- and there the sail through Gatun Lake, sometimes almost brushing the shores with its strange plants, flowers, and birds will long be remembered.

From the western end of the Canal we went straight across the Pacific. The waters were comparatively smooth, and we were out of sight of land for more than a week. The quarters were excellent, and our meals, which we took with the crew (there were only six passengers), waited on by a most polite and accommodating Chinese boy, were all and more than we could wish. Our fellow passengers were pleasant -- two of them a Chinese doctor and his wife who was also a doctor, and a business man and his wife who were returning home to Honolulu after an extended visit to Spain. Thanksgiving Day we spent on ship-board, but we had a regular dinner with turkey and all "the fixins" as well as an abundance of other food.

It is hard to describe our sensations in Honolulu on the island of Oahu. Almost all the people you see here are Japanese, Chinese, Filipines (sic), and native Hawaiians. Caucasians (sic) also are then in large numbers. Here they, if they come from the main-land, are known as "Hooles." Both Orientals and whites are in business, governmental, and social, life, and there seems to be a very fine sense of brotherhood. Going into the stores I have felt at times as though I was quite a big man physically, so many Japanese clerks were so much smaller than I. The people are pleasant and helpful, so one need not feel out of the world at all. They like to make a gala occasion of almost

**[End of Page 1 – Hawaii continues on page 4 – to keep the story together, it follows on next line:]**

every public event. For example is the opening of the island legislature or the inauguration of a governor. They wear gay costumes, leis, etc., engage in hula dancing or sing the songs peculiar to the land. A great celebration was held on New Years Eve. We were with friends who lived on one of the hills overlooking the main part of the city and shore line. It was a striking view with the thousands of lights, and there was a great display of firelights, and the Chinese, I was told, have fireworks on many other occasions as well as New Years eve.

Aside from the people what engages the attention of the main-lander most is the vegetation of the islands, the rugged shores and mountains. It is well known of course that the islands are of volcanic origin, so often the soil is shallow and rather hard in some sections. Everybody bathes in the warm ocean water, and take great delight in the sea. The mountains do not look like our New England mountains or any others for that matter on the main-land anywhere. Many are extinct volcanoes with deep ridges up and down their slopes; and, on some islands, as recently on the largest island, Hawaii, the volcanoes are active. There are coconut and many other varieties of palms, banana plants, and numerous kinds of trees and shrubs. These are to be seen almost everywhere except on the steep mountain sides, which, as a rule, are quite bare save for a large number of cacti which seem able to grow where there is no soil. I never knew there were so many varieties of bananas. Besides these there are great fields of pineapples and sugar cane. It was most interesting to visit the great Dole pineapple factory with its intricate machines and hundreds of workers. Strange sights to me are the many flowering trees and shrubs. Hedges of hibiscus, pink, red and yellow oleander, and yes, night blooming cereus cacti are to be seen frequently. There is much fishing from the island shores and from small boats as well as from sheltered lakes and canals. I never saw so many kinds of fish as are to be seen in the markets and alive in the aquarium.

The climate, housing, and food are all that could be desired; mostly sunny weather may be expected, except close to the mountains where rain is rather frequent. In all sections there are occasional light showers; but, as a rule, when one of these light showers come, people meet it without umbrellas, and they dry off quickly in the succeeding sunshine. Then it is hot, as it is rather frequently, people have been known to get in the shade of telephone poles where they are

comparatively comfortable. The nights usually are quite cool, however hot the days and one can rest and sleep well.

Religious privileges on the islands are many and varied. Almost all shades of belief, both Christian and other, are represented. Central Union Congregational is the large and beautiful church where Mrs. Merrill and I attend quite regularly. We have attended others, some being racial groups and have found them helpful and inspiring. Certainly this is a wonderful country.

*Rev. George Anthony Merrill was born 6 Nov 1870 in Pownal, Bennington County, Vermont. His first wife Emma Annie (George) Merrill died in 1930. He and his second wife Alma Hope (Farr) Merrill, were very active in the Buckland community. Rev. Merrill was pastor of the The Mary Lyon Church, from 1942 to 1952. He had come to Buckland from New Salem, Mass. His service in Buckland included being on the Ministerial and Advisory Committee of Franklin County Association.*

*Rev. Merrill died 19 Nov 1955 (aged 85) in Honolulu, Hawaii. He and his wife Alma, (she died in Greenfield in 1978), are buried in Green River Cemetery in Greenfield, Mass.*

## **Page 2**

### WARP AND WEFT

I hereby publicly forgive the sins of the blue jay, (if any), because I have watched ma, pa and the small jays eating large fat caterpillars of the gypsy moth. Hereafter, the individual jay eating an egg of a small song bird or yelling thief to keep me from sleeping, may be blamed but if the rest will keep on eating once and a half their weight each day of caterpillars, they are “tops” with me.

The gypsy moth, according to Roy Chapman Andrews, is an imported pest and to day there seems to be no natural controls. Let's hope, however, that with the help of mankind, mother nature will keep this pest under control.

We have no right to let this one bad over-rule all the good that exists here in Buckland. What is it that comes to my mind? It's the talent and abilities that were brought out during our Hobby Craft Show.

Well, you know that was a specially good supper that the Grange ladies put on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. (The more I eat around in other towns, the more I realize that folks are not fooling when they praise Buckland cooks!) It was the community co-operation of lots of folks which made it successful. Sure I know some worked until they almost vowed they never would do it again. And some did only a tiny bit of help. And there is a pile of pie plates, un-labelled, waiting to be claimed while someone is muttering because those Grangers might at least return the plate if one made them a pie.

Same thing over at the exhibit. It was the grand co-operation of all which made that so worthwhile. It was better than anything I or anyone could have

planned alone. On behalf of ----- Say, why should I thank all who helped? I was just a committee person who tried to carry out what the Grange had said was wanted. Just the same I am tremendously grateful to all who helped.

An older Granger told me the other day that she remembered when Fred Dole first took a tiny part in Grange programs. She felt we of today did not realize the training ground available in Grange. I feel that the Grange offers much to the social, the play, the literary minded, as well as the community minded. It welcomes the old and the new-the entire family.

**E.W.Clark**

## RESEARCH

One of the compensations of the teaching profession lies in the fact that it's not a fifty-two week, (with two weeks off for vacation,) endurance contest. There are a few who could stand up under the strain. Witness the mothers who give fervent thanks when September brings School Days. We do have an opportunity for change and take advantage of it in various ways.

Some use the heaven-sent opportunity to search for a new position in greener, they hope, pastures. All too often, however, the change is only a change and more and better headaches develop. It is the time of year for driving School Superintendents crazy as they may wake up and find that veteran instructors have left for parts unknown and a new staff recruited – but soon.

Some teachers use the summer months for travel with the excuse that travel is broadening (to the mind that is) and that they will be better instructors as a result. Actually the reason is that they fervently desire to get away from it all, usually with kindred souls who can sympathize with them, since they share similar problems. This method of escape though, may be a snare and a delusion. Look what happened to Bachelor Amos who returned Benedict Amos.

The writer spends his time away from school in Research (spelled with a capital R please). It takes him into dusty garrets and dustier cellars, back sheds and shed chambers on the quest of early Americans. While to date there have been no great "Treasures in Truck and Trash" there have been numerous old ladies who have audibly wondered what I wanted with that old junk and have accepted the preferred cash with a guilty conscience, but with thanks that there are peculiar people in the world.

Actually, it is rather amazing to think that folks collect the things that some of them do. Often the more useless it appears the easier it is to dispose of it. Nothing however, kills a sale faster than to have a traveling companion ask, "What are you going to use it for?" It is an interesting and fascinating quest, and we have made many fine friends with our customers in the dealer fraternity.

Yours for Antiques – Dust and Cobwebs.

**Ross Miller**

HEIGH-HO  
COME TO THE FAIR!!

The annual fair season opens this month with all its expectations, excitement and enjoyment; action, apples, and aches; beans, bunions and breaks: crafts, cattle and cauliflower. Massachusetts fairs of local interest are scheduled as follows: Heath, August 26; Cummington, August 28-30; Middlefield, September 4-5; Northampton, September 6-12; Greenfield, September 13-16; Eastern States, September 20-27. Community interest is centered in our own Buckland Grange Fair which takes place this year on September 19. Although we do not have the extensive exhibits, livestock, and fakers (some question will be raised on this latter category by certain disappointed contenders for the grand prize over the past two years) connected with the larger fairs, most of the anticipation and prize competition among exhibitors is equally exciting.

Your Buckland Fair Committee believes that in order to make the Fair fair, it is fair to give you a few fair suggestions for a Fair exhibit in order that the fair Fair judges will be able to render your fair Fair exhibitors a fair Fair prize.

Suggestions ---

1. Exhibit the number of pieces asked for in an individual class, no more, no less; i.e. 5 beets, 2 heads of cabbage, 15 pods of beans, etc.
2. In selecting pieces try to get them of a uniform size and shape.
3. Wash but do not scrub all root drops except potatoes. Potatoes should not be washed, but they should be lightly brushed with soft bristle brush or soft cloth in order to remove surface dirt without marring the skin.
4. Leave 1 inch of tops on beets and carrots with tops clipped evenly across.
5. Onions should be matured so that top is shriveled close to bulb and does not show a green cut. Onions should not be peeled in white inner layers. Only the loose outside husks, top and roots should be removed, then the bulb prepared the same as the potatoes – brush, don't wash.
6. Stems must be left on squash, pumpkins, melons, etc.
7. Only the rough, frayed and discolored outside leaves of cabbage and cauliflower should be removed.
8. Ears of corn should have part of husk partially turned down but none of husk removed.
9. Beans may be brushed.
10. Fruit may be wiped lightly, never highly polished

Generally speaking, judging is done from a viewpoint of saleability (sic) of products, taking into consideration the uniformity, maturity, cleanliness (from dirt blemishes) and keeping quality of the individual exhibits within a class.



Being a consumer which would you buy from a standpoint of eye appeal, edibility, keeping quality – general excellence.

Prize money in the amount of \$50 is donated by the Massachusetts Department of Agriculture. Buckland Grange adds a substantial amount to this to make prizes available in practically every class of exhibits Premium lists will be distributed for our Fair early in September.

Let old and young join in the fun  
And have a Buckland Fair  
From far and near shout word, lend ear  
Fair Buckland, we'll be there.

**John and Sally Eastman  
Nathan and Gertrude Hale**

\*\*\*

### THE BUZZING BEES

Buckland Grange is donning the 1953 “New Look” this fall. Yes, a complete interior decorating project is in the making. With Cliff Shippee as our chairman, plans are definitely under way towards a full day of painting. September 12, which is a Saturday, will be the gathering of the “bees”. At this particular time, experience isn't necessary. All we ask is for two willing hand from each and every Granger.

The ladies are very much involved in the day's event. First we must be sure our bees start out in the morning with a “stay-by” breakfast. At noon a dinner at the vestry is scheduled for all the drones and queen bee. (Who will be the paint queen???)

To let the writer make this item be a success store, we must all promise ourselves we will do every bit we can. Certainly the day represents hard work as it also represents a good time. So be sure September 12 is circled on the calendar.

**E. Gerry**

### **Page 4**

[continuation from page 1 of Rev. Merrill's Hawaii piece as already transcribed above]

Dear Editor:

Copy of Our Buckland. (sic) If I was any good at writing I'd tell you about “Old John” who was the Forbes family horse of long ago and liked to go to church. The old indicating his very mature attitude toward undue exertion, not his age. He probably wasn't very bright even for a horse and not as good looking as Uncle Ed Wilder's sleek “Dorothy” or even Milton Sears' “Ned” but he knew a few things that were to his credit. And I like to remember our good kind “Jessie” horse who never seemed to consider herself at all.

**Bessie Forbes**

Editor's note: If "Old John", "Ned", "Dorothy" and "Jessie" had such wisdom and personality, I think we should hear more about them and get some good old "horsesense" back in our bones.

\*\*\*

## SYLVIA WE MISS YOU

When Our Buckland is off the "press" a great many besides her family wish Sylvia were back at the "Kitchen Sink". The sooner she is back among us the happier we shall all be.

Price of OUR Buckland  
Regular issue 10 cents  
Mail to you 12 cents

## Page 5

### A YEAR IN REVIEW

The new year finds our Buckland  
A land of frost and cold.  
The roads with ice are slippery,  
Tho better tan of old.

Then February greets us.  
How white and fresh the snow.  
A crust perhaps for sliding,  
Or a wet and chilly blow.

Comes March, the same old tyrant  
With bitter winds that roar.  
Your hat may go a sailing,  
It's no use to get sore.

April's sun may shine a bit.  
Some showers will surely pour.  
Green shoots greet us here and there  
By steps outside the door.

May's a very welcome month  
And things get really green.  
Again in rolling pasture lands  
The grazing cows are seen.

June is a sweet and balmy month.  
The grass grows green and lush  
Brown fields are newly planted  
And at dusk we hear a thrush.

July is full of haying tools,  
Machines begin to click  
As hay is mowed and raked and baled,  
Red berries ripen thick.

August is a growing time  
With garden foods to eat.  
The lightning frolics in our hills  
And waves of shimmering heat.

September is the harvest month  
All garner with a will.  
The bang of apples in a box  
Is heard across the hill.

October comes. So blue the skies!  
Bright leaves come wafting down.  
A squirrel scampers in the leaves,  
With nutty bulgings, brown.

November is a dreary month  
With fields so brown and bare.  
The Corn shocks stand like sentinels  
To watch those moon beams rare.

Snugly beneath December snow  
The whole world seems to rest.  
While children prove that Santa's month  
Of all the year is best.

Since warmth and holidays are gone  
More time inside is spent.  
It's been a grand old '53  
But I wonder where it went.

M.Lilly

## SUSPENSE

Here comes mother with the car,  
Go warn father, she's not far.  
Round the corner, into sight...  
Signaled left and turning right.  
Lord! Pray it's all a sad mirage –  
She's going to park in the garage.  
Thank goodness now she's going slow,  
I think she's got the car in low.  
See those eyes light up like flames,  
Just see the care with which she aims.  
She's nearing now - front fenders clear?  
And better check the two in rear!!

The engine roars, the car moves fore  
Up the ramp and through the door.  
Cleared the left, and cleared the right,  
Oh, how we'll celebrate tonight.  
She cleared it all, she made it Pop!  
Oops! Spoke too soon, she didn't stop.

Bob Hartwell

### WHO'S WHO IN BUCKLAND

Ross is our local antiquer-teacher  
Don plans to be an Episcopal preacher  
Nat Cass is our Buckland Center sawyer  
Nathan tried once to be a lawyer  
Johnny and George sell gas and oil  
While Willy and Walt both till the soil  
Eleanor is a weaver of cloth and news  
The retired Perchards do as they choose  
Nelly delivers mail for Uncle Same  
Mr. Pike sells you beef and ham  
Dick repairs whatever goes wrong  
And Shirley can sing a lovely song  
Mary's profession is a baby tender  
Don Billiel can mend a fender  
Charlie and George work up at the mill  
The Wilders are farmers on the hill  
Phil is a worker for New England Power  
Cliff can grow any kind of flower  
Leo is our painter of house and barn  
Preston is the boss of another farm  
Johnny spends his time in Western Mass.  
And Doris teaches her 4<sup>th</sup> grade class  
Benny paddles Scotts good Jersey milk  
Norma is a seamstress of cotton and silk  
Leona and Helen are lenders of books  
Buckland is full of A-1 cooks  
Listing Who's Who now must close  
Caring for Frank is what I chose.

E. Gerry

## IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TO ME

First of all, I fully well realize that fire never happens to me. It's always the other fellows how have them. Many times have I hear, "I !!!, have fire insurance? I don't need it, I'm not going to have any fire". However, I'm not selling insurance, but I definitely am selling the idea of what causes fires, how to prevent them and what one can do in the event of a fire, with the idea in mind that a life might be saved.

Let us consider a few hazards, hazards that exist, or could exist in most all our homes. Smoking in bed is one of the most dangerous smoking habits that one can acquire. For those who do, and there's a lot of them they at least should consider the lives of their family.

A great many fires are started by oily, greasy rags that are all bunched up. They should be destroyed when done using them or stored in metal containers with tight metal covers. Linseed oil rags are especially bad and have been known to burst into flame in less than twenty minutes.

Old house wiring is an invitation for trouble. Usually it is fused so high to run the appliances that the wire will get hot before the fuse blows and the fun begins!! Loose electrical connections are also bad as the loose wires cause arcing which in turn will heat any nearby combustible material to the flash point. This condition is especially bad, because it very seldom "blows" a fuse and therefore you have no warning unless it "buzzes" loud enough to hear it. I had this happen in my workshop, but fortunately we could hear it arcing.

Pennies placed under fuses, "because that's the only way I could keep 'em from blowing", is the cause of many a nice home or barn becoming a cellar hole. A fuse is not necessarily a regulation, but rather a safety valve in your electrical system. The greatest common cause of flown fuses is overloading any particular circuit with too many appliances and lights all being used at the same time. Know where your entrance switch is so you can "kill" the power at once if necessary. Never use water on an electrical fire. Water is a conductor of electricity and can very easily kill you. Do use carbon tetrachloride, dry fire powder or CO<sub>2</sub>.

Keep your Chimneys clean. A hot chimney or one with loose bricks can burn your house flat. I have seen stove pipe hoes papered over so they could not be seen – no protection at all between paper and inside the chimney.

Glass bottles displayed on window sills or where the sun can hit them may act as "burning glass" as we kids used to call them. Several fires have bee caused in this way that I know about.

Another very dangerous combination if "kids and matches". Strike anywhere matches should be kept out of the reach of children and kep in metal containers. Rather than cite examples, just dead your paper; it happens every day.

When you go to bed at night make sure all doorways and stairways are clear. Either leave your doors wide open or completely shut – never half way. A fall over something in a door or stairway or slamming into the edge of a partially open door could easily mean the difference between escaping or burning to death. Remember, when you smell smoke in the night the lights may already have been knocked out so keep a clear way to the outdoors. A very good suggestion is to keep a good flashlight in good working order at your bedside.

A few don'ts to remember are these: Don't jump from second story windows; hang down from the sill and drop down. It makes a difference of six feet. Don't swing doors wide open if you suspect there is a fire behind them or if they are warm to touch. If a door must be opened, stand behind it and open it very slowly with your weight against it and with the door between you and the fire. If you have a grease fire, smother it with baking powder or sand or rug, etc. never use flour as it explosive. A room full of flour dust can blow the side of the house out! Women shouldn't fight fires, especially of the rubbish or grass type, because their clothes catch fire too easily. It's better to lose a building than a life. Don't rush back into a burning building; material things are just not worth it. If your clothes are afire, don't run. It's far better to roll on the floor or ground in order to smother it. The urge to run is perfectly natural, but fatal.

If you are awakened at night by a fire, get everyone out, call the fire **[End of Page 6 – Fire article continues on page 10 – to keep the story together, it follows on next line:]**

Department, and then see if there is anything you can do. (Do in this order)

As I am writing this primarily for my friends and neighbors in Buckland, I'm sure that it will be of interest to them to know that fire holes are being dug. Remember that the best fire equipment in the world is worthless without ample water. A good illustration was in Shelburne a short time ago.

If you live in Buckland or within the Shelburne Falls telephone exchange, dial 411 for a fire; remember that number 411. Many minutes are lost by calling operator because she in turn has to call back to Shelburne Falls. Also tell where the fire is. That may sound funny but a lot of operators or fire station operators have heard the following message: "Quick, there's a fire at Joe Doaks" – Click and dead – silence. There may be a dozen Joe Doaks. Make sure they know which one.

To those that I've bored, I'm sorry indeed. If I have in any way helped anyone, I am very grateful. Remember most fires are cause by carelessness and could have easily been prevented. If we must have a fire, at least let us know what to do.

**R.N.Gerry**

OUT OF THIS WORLD

In continuing my article on my visit to a monastery, I find I could go on, if I wanted to, for more issues that "Our Buckland" could print. So, for the sake of brevity, I decided to concentrate on what seems to me the most important and interesting parts.

I suppose what most people wonder about monasteries is, what do the monks do there, and do they spend the rest of their lives within those walls. To answer the last question first, only a few of the men stay there all the time: everyone except the Father Superior (who is in charge of the monastery) and those who are too old or in poor health, leave the community every few weeks at least. Some go out to churches to conduct special programs lasting several days, some travel to Tennessee to fill in as teachers and chaplains at a small boys' school that the Order of the Holy Cross runs there. It is a rule of the Order that as long as a member is physically able, he must maintain contact with the outside world through special ministries such as I have mentioned. Even those who remain at the monastery are subject to this rule. The Father Superior is continually looking after the needs of individual members and guiding the daily program to meet those needs; one of the elderly fathers is designated Guest Master, and he looks after the guests, who like myself, come in to stay for a short time. Other members too old to leave are sought by the younger ones for spiritual help and guidance. Thus, the Order recognizes the dangers of its members coming into the community to escape from a world that offers too many chances to wander from the disciplined life a Christian is called to. Also, they have found that the most completely devoted life can only be found when shared.

Each day at the monastery is organized on a rigorous schedule, requiring that each member of the community abide by it, according to the vow of obedience taken upon entering the Order. Anyone who finds this strictness a burden will not remain long in the Order (by his own choice), but the consecrated person can find in it a discipline he may impose on his own personal life. The schedule is designed to make every activity of the day an act of worship, or rather to provide the atmosphere most conducive to that. Naturally, a good part of the day is given over to community worship.

The day begins with Communion at 7:00 followed by breakfast at 7:30. Then the community has free time until 8:45, when a service called Terce is held in the chapel. This, like the other services, is antiphonal, meaning it is in the form of a responsive reading such as we are familiar with, except that it is sung to medieval chants. Half the monks sit on one side of the chapel, the rest sit facing them, and they alternate, one half chanting one verse, the other the next. Also like all the other services, this is the same every day, taken from a book called the monastic journal, and composed chiefly of selections of psalms. Each service has a different emphasis, as one is confession, another thanksgiving, and so on.

At noon, after a morning of work, the Angelus is rung; the bell is tolled and during its tolling, everyone stand where they are and say the “Hail Mary” to themselves. Then all go to the chapel and services of Sext and None are sung, followed immediately by dinner. The afternoon is taken up with work on the building and grounds – cleaning and repair. At 5:00 Vespers are sung, at 6:00 the Angelus is rung again and then supper. About the meals – after Angelus, as at every meal, the community gathers in the hall outside the dining room, and lines up in a set order, with guests bringing up the rear. There is no conversation at all during the meal. When everyone is standing by their seats, they are led in a grace by the Superior, and during the meal, one monk who is appointed for that purpose reads from a devotional book. Just in passing, the meals were as good and made up of the same fare you would expect at home. When dessert is over the Superior sees that everyone is through, he raps on the table and all rise to let him pass from the room first. The others file along behind him, all the time saying the 51<sup>st</sup> Psalm responsively, led by the Superior. This was one of the finest part of my experience, seeing and hearing them filing down the hall in their white robes to the moving words of the psalm.

The service of Complin rounds out the day. From its start at 8:30 until breakfast in the morning, no one may converse. They consider night the best time for meditation, and so set it aside with the name of “The Great Silence”.

**D. Judson**

## **Page 8**

### ATTENTION HOMEMAKERS

We are approaching another interesting season of Extension meetings. From September to May we have – (definite dates will be announced later.)

Better Light – You will be able to dig out your old bottles and vases and make a lamp complete with shade.

Desserts – With all the good cooks there are in Buckland this may seem a little superfluous. However, as usual, you may get a new idea here or there which will add spice to your meals.

Christmas Everywhere – Countries travelled this year are Poland, Sweden, Greece, Peru, Penn. Dutch Country and Hawaii. Recipes of these countries are given and Christmas customs explained.

Buy and Alter to Fit – This is designed to give you glamour with what you have.

Family Stability – You can talk over your husband’s faults if you want, but it is supposed to be a general discussion on what makes for happy family life.



In the spring there is Home Makers Day, held out of town, which is the high light of the meetings. Everyone who has been in the past years always wants to go again.

There are roughly 100 families in Buckland. These Extension meetings are open to all so we should have roughly 100 ladies in attendance. As you all know Extension meetings are paid for by the government with your own hard-earned tax money. The government does this because it knows so well what America is made up of and the kinds of homes in it. What the government can do to educate the homemakers will educate America. Let's all make an effort to go to the meetings ourselves and get our neighbors to go. To imitate Tallulah Bankhead, "You are paying for it -----, why don't you get your money's worth?"

**Town Committee- Gertrude Hale, Ch.  
Agnes Truesdell  
Eleanor Reddy  
Christine Purinton**

N is for Nathan's new hickory stick  
A is for Arms Aggie boys, full of tricks  
T is for the Training the boys will get  
H is for Headaches we hope he'll forget  
A is for All the best wishes we send  
N is for Nathan both teacher and friend.

### NATURE TRIPS

Are you looking of a different place to take the family for a Sunday picnic and hike? Then you'll want to start exploring the Quabbin Reservoir area. Almost everyone has taken the drive which takes you across the dam at the lower end of the lake, where you can see what a wide are was flooded to make an emergency reservoir for Boston.

But that's not what I'm talking about. Several summers ago the Quabbin area, at certain gates was opened to fishermen, which meant that "birders", hikers and nature lovers also had access to that vast, somewhat wild territory. Most of the gates where you may enter are in Peersham, (sic) New Salem and Pelham. Anyone in those towns could tell you which ones are all right.

Once you've made a visit to this unique place, you'll understand what I mean when I say you get the feeling that ghosts are following you around wherever you walk. Old cellar holes, an old grist mill, a carefully planned orchard, stone steps are apt to greet you at any turn. In one spot the railroad tracks just disappear right into the lake, going nowhere now. Once when we were temporarily lost we discovered the old town line marker, with "Dana" on one side and "Petersham" on the other, still half standing. Already several factual books and even some fiction have been

written about the lives of the people who were affected when the state flooded their towns and homes for the reservoir.

Since the wooded areas of the Quabbin were without habitation or even trespassers for almost ten years, the wildlife increased abundantly. We never went there that we didn't see a deer or two. All kinds of ducks and water birds can be found on the lake. Duck hawks nest in the cliffs. Eagles circle the lake for food. The wild-loving pileated woodpecker has soared in numbers. The Water of the lake is teeming with fishes. Boats, not speed boats, but the slow plugging row boats have been allowed on the lake starting this year.

The many wonderful features of exploring the Quabbin area on foot attracted us again and again to take different roads, to enter at different gates and I think you would be fascinated enough to return, once you've made your first visit.

**I. Jones**

## **Page 9**

### FOR THE TRAVEL ALBUM

By R. Hartwell

Any trip from Kentucky in a 1940 Plymouth convertible should prove memorable, and when I traveled the route with two friends this summer, the memories proved to be pleasant ones. We took a scenic route home, and the story of our second day is the one I'd like to share with you. The scene of departure is the southernmost point of the Blue Ridge Mountain Parkway in central Virginia; the time ... 6:00 A.M. on the 1<sup>st</sup> of August.

I've seen many mountains in New England, including the White Mountains, but I will be forced to admit that these Blue Ridge Mountains have a beauty all of their own. The parkway, built exclusively for tourists, travels the western ridge, gently climbing up, down, and around the pine-capped peaks. Here and there a farm house breaks the pattern of endless forests, and along the entire trail one small town can be seen. The entire view seems so unreal; mountains so still, so perfect they might be pictures on a canvas, distant farms and pastures virtually hanging on the edge of a hill, and a fine paved road that goes nowhere, passes no house or store or filling station on its entire length.

To the right and eastward there are more mountains, slightly more rugged than these we travel on; and to our immediate left, the view drops downward nearly two thousand feet to a wide plain spotted with towns, villages, and farms. Around the base of every mountain there is a blanket of bluish mist. This mist stays around these valleys most of the time, brought the region its title of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

We leave these mountains presently and will spend the rest of the day traveling north, through Washington, Baltimore, and along the straight and

seemingly endless New Jersey Turnpike. It is after midnight that we approach our second memorable sight of this trip – New York City by night.

Signs along the turnpike remind the traveler well in advance that New York City is ahead. “Exit 9”, a marker, reads, “Holland Tunnel next right.” On both sides orange fires light the darkness where petroleum plants work through the night – adding their smoke and odors to the smog that sometimes settles on the city. Neon lights appear more frequently now – Newark is to our east, and Jersey City is somewhere ahead. For the first time the traveler realizes he is on an elevated roadway. Below, filling stations, restaurants, factories buzz with activity, oblivious to the hour of day. And above it all we travel along the elevated roadway – a bridge over a city.

Soon we spot the skyline of Manhattan, standing out against the darkness, marked clearly by the towering Empire State Building. The turnpike ends, and the road bears right to the George Washington Bridge. As we cross this enormous structure, there is time to glance back for one last look at the big city. Then we head down the ramps, getting a hearty taste of the city’s driving hazards, and managing to maneuver into the correct lane that will take us northward and out of the city. Once down on the Henry Hudson Parkway, we somehow feel relaxed. The lights of the greatest city in the world are behind us, and somewhere ahead a little town waits peacefully as we travel through the night....homeward.

\*\*\*\*\*

### METICULOUS AND PERSNICKETY

Neither of these words is in my small dictionary and someday I will have fun chasing them through the large one to see if they are just New England talk, or obsolete; but both have been used by me to describe the care, the painfully painstaking care that goes with successful printing by mimeograph.

Two people, Henry Trow and Robert Haeberle, Jr., both in the business of using such things tell me that our Speedoprint is one of the best mimeographs for our kind of use here and neither thought we would be better pleased with the other method which is done with a carbon paper.

So to those people who have been handing OUR BUCKLAND some loose change so as to help get better printing, we report that our Speedoprint has been cleaned and adjusted.

We will try to have someone use our overhauled machine who will be both meticulous and persnickety. Maybe from now on all printed matter will be readable in the future.

**E.Clark**

1953 HOBBY SHOW

Under the name of hobby, craft and antique show, Buckland Grange attracted over 250 people to see 1,000 exhibits of cherished antiques and modern hobbies. The exhibit reminded me of the 1929 heirloom collection and the 1945 craft show. In 1945, the paintings of Robert Strong Woodward and sculpture by Joan Hartley represented the professional work. Hand weaving then was a new fad.

Last month, as you entered Grange Hall, the first table on the right arranged by Winthrop Anderson featured Buckland. "Our Buckland" divided honors with the published town history and envelopes carrying design of the church as drawn by Mr. Woodward.

Mrs. Raymond Cooper, recently home from England, furnished coronation pictures and mementos. Amos Franceschelli brought interesting Mexican reminders of our "neighbor on the South". Nature exhibits of mounted deer head, trout and pheasant were shown by Walter Scott. I can't think of enough adjectives to do justice to the cedar chest and bookcase made by Ralph Wilder and the modern coffee table made by Richard Gerry.

Youthful hobbies were illustrated by Richard Hale with an Indian collection. The Perchard family displayed their treasured coffee pot of 1740, the muffineer and sugar sifter. The hand-painted Englis-ware plates each have different design. The dessert knives and forks are silver with bone handles. The Wedgewood hot-water jug added blue and the grace of lily-of-the-valley design to the arrangement. The big raspberries in the bowl just asked for nice thick cream from the Georgian creamer.

Miniature furniture made by J. M. Eastman and an old fashioned table, chair and glass paper weight arranged by the Eastmans and L. B. Wise were an interesting attraction. Pictures taken by A. C. Meyer and mounted by J. G. Powell showed the Worcester tornado destruction.

Mrs. Harry Strong, a Buckland Granger now living in Easthampton, started an outstanding hooked rug four years ago and expects to work at least six more years. When completed it will be 12 feet by 15 feet and truly a masterpiece of design and color. Mrs. N. L. Cass and Mrs. Malcom Dodge showed handwoven rugs with intriguing colors. Mrs. C. W. Trow arranged an old sewing machine that turns by hand, old spectacles both clear and colored and a silver watch with case opening like a double door. Mrs. Nelson Ward showed children's toys of wood and thrifty African violets. Exquisite handmade jewelry was sent in by Mrs. Ralph Wilder.

Quilting is not a lost art here in Buckland. There were several local ladies who displayed their abilities as did the Buckland Weavers with their many pieces of weaving.

Mrs. Aring's porcelain and pewter coffee pot, Mrs. Charles Litchfield's soup tureen, Mrs. Richard Clark's applique and crocheting, Mrs. Annie Griswold's table

cover, Miss Etta Howes' afghan, Mrs. Elsie Warfield's stenciling, Mary Trow's pottery and Robert Hartwell's painting drew admiring crowds.

Eleanor Clark's collection of first day covers with cachet shows what happens when you "catch" Mrs. Arthur Smith's hobby. May Mayer

*Mrs. Harry Strong was nurse/cook/housekeeper for Robert Strong Woodward during most of the 1950's.*

\*\*\*\*\*

[continuation of IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TO ME from page 6, already transcribed above]

### ***END OF THIS ISSUE***

**Vol. 6, No. 1**

**OUR BUCKLAND**

**January 1, 1955**

#### **ENGLAND, QUEEN OF ISLES**

By Jennie Cooper

This trip to England was not planned for Coronation, but I was fortunate enough to be there when Queen Elizabeth II was crowned in Jun 1953. I remember also, for was living there then, the coronation of King George and Queen Mary in 1907. I remember all the school children marching down to the center of Liverpool when the King and Queen came there and each child was given a newly-coined penny with the image of the King's head on it, an orange and a bag of sweets. We all looked up at the balcony of the town hall where they stood and waved and sang, "God Save the King." We didn't have the penny long, for the "little fortune" was spent immediately.

I crossed the Atlantic on the Queen Mary, which was wonderful. Even tourist class was like living in a beautiful hotel. The courtesy and service were eye-openers – everything done for you. All entertainment was free – movies, concerts, parties, games. The Sunday church service was most impressive, with church bells and chimes. All stood when the captain and officers in uniform entered. Both the President and the Queen are included in the prayer service on this British liner.

When we docked at Southampton the courtesy of everyone impressed me. The customs officers were anxious to please and help. The porters, storekeepers, all servants of the public, the taxi drivers, were pleasant and kind.

Then I was home again with my three brothers and sister, after 24 years away. One brother I knew instantly amidst the crowds of Good Friday at Liverpool, but another I didn't recognize for some time. The youngest brother is the Honorable Lay Leader at the church where I married in 1918, St. Chrysostom's Episcopal

Church. To be in that church again and hear my brother preach is an event I shall not forget.

My people, like all the English, were on rations, although now rationing is over but eating is not much better. Now the prices are so high, the housewife cannot afford to buy. My sister had at least 8 ration books for herself and her husband. The English were taking the ration business well but there was a shortage of food. I brought 50 pounds of food with me and it was like Christmas to them. My sister served a simple can of salmon to 8 people (no seconds, of course, but a good serving with lettuce and tomatoes). This was a great treat as they have had no red salmon for years.

Liverpool was disappointing. I remember it as a clean, progressive and beautiful city. In 1953 it seemed seedy and run-down and I blame the war. The stores are being rebuilt more like modern American stores. You can't go to just any butcher. You must register with a certain butcher and buy your meat from him. The same way with milk, butter and eggs, all to be bought at one store – that is, eggs if you could get them. You couldn't buy a dozen, but maybe two or three at sevenpence apiece.

At the butcher's you took what he had. You were allowed a couple of ounces a week for your ration and you saved it until you

## **Page 2**

Could get a pound or so. It might be stew meat or chipped beef.

Once my sister went to the store for cheese. When the storekeeper said she could have only an ounce, she replied: "That's all right. It will be enough for the mouse." And they had quite a joke about it. She herself nibbled at the tiny piece as she would nibble at some candy.

I am often asked about socialized medicine. You have to register with one doctor and by law you must not call another general practitioner, which is sometimes a hardship on both of you. Tourists, though, come under the socialized medicine plan and get their dentistry and eye treatment free.

Contrary to what you read in the papers, the feeling toward America was very good. The English people are thankful for all that is done for them. If the American people could really know what they have been through, there would be a better understanding between the two countries. America is tops with them.

The English people are better read than we are, I think, but they are not so rushed. No rush for the trolley – just queue up. If that one is full, wait for the next and think nothing of it. They think nothing of walking, either, sometimes walking miles to work or business.

I liked London, especially the well-kept grounds of the country houses and lanes. Every plot, no matter how small, has flowers growing, adding color and showing their interest in appearances. The British housewife has not interest in mops, but still does her floors on her hands and knees, and down the steps to the

sidewalk. Curtains and windows are her pride and joy and she is forever doing them. Even the brass knocker gets its daily polish.

The English love fireplaces and enjoy great comfort gathering around them, listening to the wireless, after the dishes are done. The tea kettle is always boiling on the hob. A cup of tea is constantly ready for friend or neighbor. Coffee is not part of the English home life.

Do you know how they serve coffee over there? I used to work in Lyons' Café, which is on a par with Childs' Restaurants over here. They had two large urns, one filled with hot milk and the other with coffee. When you asked for a cup of coffee, we would fill the cup nearly full of hot milk and top it with a dab of coffee. If anyone asked for "black coffee", we would raise our eyebrows, figuring he had been celebrating the night before and needed sobering off. The way they serve coffee is the answer to why England is a tea drinking nation.

I found the school system over there improved. Any middleclass child may have a free education, no matter what he wants to be, if he has the qualifications. At 12 years old, you are given an aptitude test. In any trade you are an apprentice for three years, (I think), getting an apprentice pay. No going out and demanding big pay before you know how to do the work.

When we think of war damage, we think of buildings. In the cemetery at Anfield, there is one monument in memory of over 500 killed in one building – all of those people killed in one direct hit. They dug a long trench to bury the bodies and parts of bodies. As no one knows just where their loved one's remains are, little bouquets of flowers are scattered on the green grass above the trench. It is pitiful to see.

But the Coronation was a glad time. The English people are loyal and devoted to royalty. We've had some rogues on the throne in

### **Page 3**

Past year, but of late we have had nice families. Every week for months before the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, a neighborhood group had called at the houses and taken a collection – whatever one could afford. Then at coronation time, the houses and streets were decorated with streamers and pictures and flags, with pictures of the royal family in early every window.

On the big day, the children had a big party with souvenirs or gifts (like a coronation mug) and tea and cakes, presided over by the adults. The adults had their parties in the evening. By doing it this way, every man, woman and child had a part in the celebration. Children will long remember it as I remember my bag of sweets and penny. It was a great event to add to my homecoming.

England today is poor. She was hard hit by the war and has taken and is still taking the hardships. Homes are still wrecked from war damage. At my sister's house, they are just now getting a new chimney. It will be years before all the damage is mended. There were months when they did not know a good night's

sleep. Men worked in the factories all day and went out as civil defense workers all night. They did not volunteer for this night work; they were told to go. With little sleep, they fought the incendiaries all night. It amazes me that they have been through so much and can still smile so quickly.

I had a wonderful trip home, and though there will always be a “bit of England” in my heart, I have never regretted marrying my Yankee sailor in 1918. I’m thankful I’m an American citizen. They say there will always be an England, and I hope they are right, but America is my home.

The End

*The author is presumed to be Jane “Jennie” (Aitchison) Lowell Cooper, born in Liverpool, England on 17 April 1899, died 3 June 1980 in Northampton, Mass. Jane was living in Buckland in the 1950 census on Ashfield Road, with her second husband Raymond Cooper and Jane’s mother-in-law (mother of Jane’s first husband Walter F. Lowell). Evelyn Lowell, was listed as aged 82 years, born about 1868 in Vermont. Jane and her husbands, Walter Lowell and Raymond Cooper, are buried in Center Cemetery #03 in Buckland Center. Mother-in-law Evelyn was the widow of Charles W. Lowell. They had married in Guilford Vermont 19 Dec 1892. Evelyn and Charles are buried in Arms Cemetery in Shelburne Falls.*

## Happy New Year

### OUR BUCKLAND

Published quarterly

Price: 10 cents mailed 15 cents

Editor: Carol Lund

Ass’t Ed: Marg. Wilson

Consultant: E. Clark

A new year has arrived and with it another issue of “Our Buckland”. I have been called many names for attempting this task of editing the paper; some complimentary; some very much otherwise. However, so many fellow Bucklander’s have rallied round and offered their assistance, that it wasn’t too difficult after all, and we hope you enjoy having the paper again.

We have tried a new set-up on some of the pages in this issue. We hope you approve of them, for they save us a tremendous amount of time and trouble. The publication dates of the paper have also been changed to January 1, April 1, July 1 and October 1. You may purchase it at the Post office or at the Grange Hall (on meeting nights). The rise in price of mailed copies is due to the fact that we expect the paper to be larger and therefore require more postage. If you’d like to have your name on the mailing list, just inform Eleanor who will see that a copy is mailed to you each quarter.



So much has happened in Buckland since the last issue of the paper was published, that it is almost impossible to mention all the events. However, with the paper being published quarterly, we hope to have complete coverage. If your particular project hasn't been mentioned, grab a pencil and let us know what your group is accomplishing.

Let us never again be guilty of allowing "Our Buckland" to gather dust on some hidden shelf for lack of support. We must have your cooperation. Buckland is YOUR town and "Our Buckland" is YOUR BABY! If you write it ... we'll print it. Mail contributions to Carol Lund, Box 46, Buckland or drop them at the post office. Deadline Feb. 28<sup>th</sup>. **Ed.**

## **Page 4**

### GRANGE NOTES

The year just past has been one of renewed activity for Buckland Grange. There have been a number of programs that have attracted more than the usual twenty-five members; the building committee gives us promise of having rest room facilities soon and the birth of "operetta guild" leaves little wanting.

The "Biggest" meeting night in 1954 was our Strawberry Festival. Leverett Grange joined us via their mystery ride. After the business meeting, tables set up in the vestry groaned under mountains of strawberry shortcake and round and square dances followed in the Grange Hall to make it one of the warmest, most humid evenings of the summer.

Our Sugar Eat brought back fond memories – it's been a long time since we tried this. A scavenger hunt took place during the boiling and proved to be a good mixer. I'll merely say there were some red faces when the "long johns" were displayed and then some "fuel" in the form of "coke" brought instead of coca cola.

Of course, the annual chicken bar-b-que was a big success. The meeting served as a booster night rather than a money-maker. Our committee reported the smoothest running bar-b-que yet. The chickens were undressed in advance by a crew of Grangers in Charles Stroheker's plant. Many thanks to Mr. Stroheker for his generosity.

Extra-curricular activities of the Grange included Pinafore which proved to be a great money-maker as well as a builder of Grange initiative and spirit; the Grange booth at Franklin County Fair which copped third prize money; and our own Grange Fair and supper which showed a profit in spite of Hazel.

For Grange doings in 1955, we must thank our Literary Committee for re-scheduling our favorite nights and finding new program ideas. Look at your new program book and you'll agree with me when you see it. One new "old" feature will be a Grange Sunday and Field Day.

Here's to seeing you in 1955!

**Withrop Anderson**

## JUST A LINE OR TWO ....

A vote of thanks to Leona Kenney for being so kind, cheerful and chatty whenever we visit the library and for getting all the best sellers while they are still best sellers!

“Our Buckland” has a companion in the publication field. A welcome, loud and long, to “The Messenger”, which is our weekly calendar, Sunday School guide and moral uplifter. Congratulations to Irmari Jones and her assistants. Keep up the good work.

The Extension Service is preparing some fine programs this season. If you'd like to attend Extension Service meetings, call Eleanor Reddy. This service is free to all who wish to take part.

The Grange Fair Supper Committee owes a vote of thanks to Mrs. Bessie Shippee for her help in the kitchen that night. Mrs. Shippee wasn't a member of the committee, but was nevertheless up to her elbows in dishwasher for hours. We won't forget that, fellow Granger!

We're not supposed to tell you about the Grange program scheduled for January 26<sup>th</sup> called, “We made it, By Jeepers!”, but it will be good. Come and see for yourself.

## **Page 5**

The world is full of poetry. The air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness. – Percival

### The Love of The Soil

By Eleanor Clark

When you've lived on the land til it's mixed in your blood  
And carved on your mind and your heart,  
You may try to go where the fates have willed  
And cheerfully do your part.  
But the world is wrong and you don't know why,  
Til life's changes again swing 'round,  
And you walk once more on the country sod  
And gain new strength from the ground.

The load on your shoulders is just as large,  
    But you carry it better somehow.  
The road ahead is as straight and bleak,  
    But you've courage to face it now.  
For hidden deep like a life-giving spring  
    From a never-failing source,  
Is the feel of the land, the strength of the soil  
    To help you follow your course.

So climb up the hill and over the rocks  
    Til the valley is far below;  
Throw your shoulders back, stand straight, breathe deep,  
    In the way you used to know.  
Then descend, as you must, to the level plain,  
    And go back to the routine grind,  
But the land will remain and its strength by yours  
    If it's part of your heart and mind.

### Resolutions

Who's making resolutions  
At the start of this New Year?  
Who's swearing he will never shout  
Harsh words in wifey's ear?  
Who's resolving to do better,  
Spend more time around the house?  
Who's saying he'll be less a man  
And more a little mouse?

Who's returning empty bottles,  
Cleaning out his messy shop,  
Gonna empty the car ashtrays  
And pick up his dirty socks?

Who's gonna give up smoking,  
Save the money for that set  
Of snow tires? Is it your guy?  
Well, it's not mine, you can bet!

C. Lund

## A Brief Moment

I saw her standing on the bridge,  
The moonlight on her hair;  
I stared with unbelieving eyes,  
No female was so fair!

When she turned and looked at me  
My heart began to flutter  
A smile adorned her gorgeous face  
My knees were melted butter.

With pulses churning madly,  
I met her friendly gaze,  
Returned her greeting casually  
Tho, in reality, quite dazed.

She spoke the words. I shuddered.  
With rage my hands did quiver.  
In throaty tones, she'd merely asked  
Could I start her worn out flivver? *[noun, **Flivver** is early twentieth-century American slang for an automobile, frequently used for a poor quality or poorly maintained car.]*

R. Allen

## **Page 6**

### MASSAEMETT

By Rubie M. Allen

The haze of Indian summer hangs over Massaemett.  
I sit and watch its changing colors from my window...  
A splash of yellow and of bronze amongst the pine and hemlock;  
The newly-painted towers of the electric system,  
Like slivers of pimento in a dish of garden relish.  
For years I have watched the changing seasons –  
The pale greens and the shad blossoms in the Spring;  
The lush greens in summer and the painted colors of Autumn  
And, when winter comes, the skeletons of the beech, birch and maple,  
As they cower and shiver while the haughty pines and hemlock  
Draw their green needles around them like a furred lady  
Who pulls her skirt back in fear of contamination  
From the rabble who walk the streets of the city.  
Many moons ago the wild savage trod the trails o'er the mountain

Hiding and spying on the white settlers  
As they hewed their homes out of the forest  
And cleared the land for their cornfields.  
Now the trails are hidden from the hunter  
Only here and there a trace that shows in passing  
That once upon a time there were red men  
Who lived and hunted upon Massaemett where the haze of Indian summer hangs.

*[Massaemett Mountain is a mountain in Shelburne, Franklin County, Mass. It is named for a chief of the Pocumtuck tribe, a confederacy of Native Americans who inhabited the region. The summit features a historic stone fire tower constructed in 1909. The top cab is not open to the public, however the stairway is kept open and offers views from multiple windows facing the four directions of the compass. From the tower, views include the Berkshires and Taconic Mountains to the west (including Mount Greylock), the Green Mountains of Vermont to the north, Mount Wachusett to the east, and the Holyoke Range to the south. The High Ledges Wildlife Sanctuary is located on the northern portion of the mountain. Shelburne State Forest encompasses the peak of the mountain. There are two hiking trails which provide access to the summit. Retrieved 05/16/2024 from [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Massaemett\\_Mountain](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Massaemett_Mountain)]*

### The Spotlight – H.M.S. PINAFORE

Ahhh...Gilbert, Sullivan and Wetterwald – What a team!

Mere words cannot express what we felt when we stepped out of Grange Hall after having seen “Pinafore.” Guys and gals, you did a beautiful job and Buckland will never forget it.

Janet Wetterwald and Sally Eastman...well, what can one say? Alice Hartwell summed it up pretty well when she remarked, “Isn’t it wonderful to have two such talented people in one small community?” We agree wholeheartedly.

Next, the cast – those superb, persevering, amazing Granges who set us all back on our heels, so to speak, by their performances. They can never know how absolutely first-rate they appeared to the audience. Cliff, in spite of his cold, portrayed the Captain to a “T” and memorized his lines like a professional. Bernio, as Sir Joseph, was unique and we’ve already nominated him for Broadway. Shirley? Now there you have a voice, a pretty face and heaps of grace and poise – a perfect Josephine. And who can sing tenor like our handsome Sam? Buttercup (our Betty) – so sweet and lovable she held the audience entranced. Bud really looked the part of Dead-Eye Dick and we loved his hook routine. And Hebe – cold, stern Hebe (didn’t Ruth do a wonderful job with that? We just roared!)

The chorus, costumes, sets, lighting, props, all were tops. If you think we’re prejudiced, (sic) you either didn’t see “Pinafore” or you are sour on the world. In either case, you have our sympathy.

**GOODBYE, CALIFORNY – HELLO, NEW ENGLAND!**

Dear Editor: I can't believe anyone would be interested in us or why we're living up on the hill, but you suggested I write about it so here goes.

Let me start on the day Sam was reading to me... "In choosing a particular farm, several things should be considered. The farm should be of the proper size for the purpose intended...and it should be suitable for producing the crops and livestock that are wanted." He closed the Government pamphlet and looked up at me. "Well, Marge, since we bought the farm because we liked the view, what can we do with it?"

Sam's statement was only a slight exaggeration. We had admired the view, the house, the constantly running water in the sink, but never in our wildest dreams did we think to look for stones in the fields, or take into consideration what type of farming we could try. Even if we had looked into every angle, we knew so little about farming that it wouldn't have made the slightest difference. We liked the place and we wanted to live there; that was that!

However, the time had come to think about what we could do. I was so rash as to make the comment that I hoped we wouldn't have to raise chickens. Since that I have eaten my words (figuratively and literally speaking). The Soil Conservation Dept. sent a man up to help us lay out a farm plan and for two hours he talked about chickens. We seemed to have very little choice in the matter. So here we are, two years later; the garage has been converted into a brooder house, and we've finished the last chapter of a book called, "Successful Poultry Management."

But how did we get here in the first place? That is probably what is bewildering to most of you. Well, I'll have to go back to a hot summer evening in California three years ago. The temperature had been in the hundreds all day and we both felt parched. We talked about the East, its beauty, its sudden rain storms with which Southern California is never blessed and all the lovely green grass and maple trees. We both were getting tired of brown, dried earth that peeked out between rows of orange trees. It wasn't long after that when a friend gave us a Strout Realty book in which were listed properties for sale all over the United States. Of course, we immediately turned to the Northeastern Section.

Finally, we arrived in the East and with the Strout book under one arm, we looked at farms. The more we looked, the more we liked the idea of living in the country, until it became an obsession(sic) with us to find a place. We traveled the highways and byways through New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine and Massachusetts, but it was only by chance that we stopped in Greenfield. The Strout man there mentioned a place up on a hill outside of Buckland. That first ride up Dodge Road left us a little breathless for it seemed as though we were leaving all civilization, but when we came to the clearing and saw the little house set off by itself, we knew we were home.

From there it's the same story of two city people falling in love with the country. We bought the farm in November of '51, but since I was to have a baby in February, we decided not to take up permanent residence until the following Spring. All that winter while we lived in Greenfield, we thought about farming. May arrived, Sam left his job in town and we decided to make a try at farming. Now I'm afraid you couldn't blast us off the hill. The peace and tranquility have gotten into our blood and the beauty is so spectacular that by other life would seem dull by comparison.

We gave the farm the name of Highland Lea, for it reminded Sam of the farms in Scotland. The name means mountain meadow, which we think describes it very nicely. We hope to be here a long, long time, to raise a family and watch it grow in this friendly community of Buckland.

### **M. Wilson**

*Samuel J. Wilson, Jr. and his wife, Margaret H. Wilson, purchased land and buildings from Miss Lillian J. Cronk (listed as unmarried, of Detroit Michigan) as published in the Franklin County registry of deeds dated 14 November 1951. At the time the Wilson's were living on Prospect St. in Greenfield, Mass. The Wilson's secured a mortgage from Greenfield Co-Operative Bank for \$4,000. The number of acres is not specified in the deed, only the boundaries. The recording states the land was actually recorded as being in Hawley (not Buckland) near the land of Roswell Miller and land "now or formerly" of Roy Merrill, a person named Davenport and a John McHaffie and "now or formerly" of Earl Purington...for those of you who are familiar with the area of Dodge Road, off Clesson Brook Road, and that general section, the town line for Hawley is very close...*

### **Page 8**

#### **WARP AND WEFT**

It is not a tapestry that Buckland is weaving, tying slowly knot by knot, but a swift-moving piece of cloth woven by a flying shuttle. Yet the warp is still birth and life and death and the unchanging hills and the passing seasons. The flying shuttle adds the touches of color and variety. A spot of color which is pleasing to me is to see Carol Lund putting Our Buckland on a definite quarterly basis, with Margaret Wilson planning to assist if the baby lets her. More power to them and let's bring on the variety.

Glowing color appears in the cloth and I trace it to the giving – the usual giving to TB, Polio, Red Cross, Arthritis, Cancer, Heart and the others where we exceed the quotas, but the most beautiful shades were put in by those who have baked and baked for the food sales and suppers and the auction; the den mothers of Cubs, the lists and pianists, the faithful who remember their absence, leaves an empty space and back up the leaders. I started once to make a list of the community giving which

has been going on; Church, Sunday School and all the rest, but we didn't give to be thanked, did we?

We missed something sincere if we stayed away from the Thanksgiving Eve service.

Somber tones have been in the warp during the past year and more while Our Buckland has restlessly awaited an editor. Death has come to old and young, to long-suffering and with surprising suddenness. Ernest Scott, Ray Clark, Grace Gould, Jill Anderson, and sorrow to the Litchfields by the death of their son, whom few of us knew. Sympathy could do little to help, but was sincere. Time and time again I have noticed how often people do not wait to be contacted by phone or in person for a collection in town where their neighbors are concerned. More and more, people are coming into the post office or calling up to say: "I want to be included..." "Put my name down, too." Believe me, Buckland is full of brotherly love.

Even as I type, the world comes of the death of Mrs. Auge and two grandchildren and a husband are bereft. Mr. Poirier's sister made her last visit here. Fire blazed out and a home was ruined while the Charles Nadeau family were away at Thanksgiving. Autos crash and leave the road. Only for the record can we let ourselves fear the tragedies, for Nature's motto is "always onward". The children are surely our onward look. The shuttle flies rapidly for them, too. Sunday School and day school, Cubs, Scouts, 4H, Choir, Good News and Fellowship meetings leave scant time to each to enjoy his company.

A look at the mailing list of this paper shows that the threads woven here reach far places.

**E.Clark**

*Ernest Scott died 24 Apr 1954 (aged 75) Taylor Cemetery #02, Buckland*

*Ray Clark died 28 May 1954 (aged 64) Goshen Cemetery, Goshen, Mass.*

*Grace Edna (Dudley) Gould died 16 Jul 1954 (aged 83) Center Cemetery #03, Buckland*

*Jill Anderson died 14 Sep 1954 (aged 1) Arms Cemetery, Shelburne Falls, Mass.*

*"Litchfields by the death of their son, whom few of us knew" = Thomas Cooley Litchfield who died 6 Nov 1954 (aged 41) Coventry Village Cemetery, Coventry, Vermont*

*Mrs. Auge = Minnie Elizabeth (Mayers) Auge died 2 Dec 1954 (aged 65) Taylor Cemetery #02 Buckland*

## HALLOWEEN HALLUCINATION

One Bucklander will probably never forgive us for our levity on this subject, but did you hear about a certain canine animal who was so taken aback by the children's costumes on Halloween that she bolted for the hills? Wonder if she thought they were Men from Mars? Next Halloween, Sally, you'd better buy Taffy a mask of her own – one that covers her eyes.



THE PEOPLE SPEAK

By Eleanor Clark

People dropping into the Postoffice for a stamp have made comments which almost make a report from the rank and file of us.

A teacher said: "I don't know why I take these knocks – partly because I won't quit and partly because I have something to give the children."

An engineer of roads said: "I've been back twice this Spring to see my ninth grad teacher. She gave me something no one else ever did." I asked, "Was she easy?" and the answer came emphatically, "No. How we hated the way she made us step around. But I've tried and I shall try again to see her. She helped me a lot."

Said a newcomer: "Isn't it unusual to find a community where so many folks have grown up, married, perhaps gone away, but returned to settle down nearby? Sometimes it seems as if they resented us who are new here." To which we had to reply, "It is a slow town to get acquainted in. Somehow we don't seem to understand how it feels to be a stranger in a community. And even if we do understand, food, clothing, shelter and the job leave us small chance to do anything about it."

An old lady, after gracefully welcoming a stranger, remarked to a friend, "I couldn't have done that in my younger days."

A local resident, after contact with state road engineers said in surprise: "These are good fellows. They seem to know their job and work at it. I was awfully pleased with them. Not much like the ones who play cards in the sand banks. These are O.K."

An 18-year old about to leave for military service admitted, "If I'd only had some high school, I could have gotten int the branch I wanted to. Education does count."

An observer said: "When you come right down to it, these small farms of New England can never be as efficient as the big farms in Ohio, for instance, Yet it is the way of life which means something so that our farmers choose to live this way."

The veteran of World War II said: "I get tangled up when I try to say it, but I wanted my own place, with the wife and kids doing things for our home together. I don't like sending the kids off on the bus. There is a something which I want them to get which they can get better in our own community school."

Said a teacher from another state: "It is idealistic and not too practical, but I think every high school teacher should have taught in the elementary grades. Then he would have an idea what he was basing his high school teaching on."

Said a minister: "I have always maintained that the minister should have his first parish in the country, maybe more of them. He needs the foundation it gives him."

**Page 10** (People speak continued)

The summer resident expressed her admiration for a year-round resident by saying: “There was a glow about her. It has always seemed to me as if the folks of the older generation had something which our generation very much lacks.”

These chance comments paint, or at least outline a picture, do they not? Yet I am told that others do not see the world as I do. Intangible values which we cannot put into words but which go with life in a small town where fashionable calling hours are not kept, but where people choose to live for a satisfaction which they get in some mysterious way. It seems clear to me that I am not alone in my liking for life in a small New England Town.

To All Bucklanders:

We realize the postoffice here in town is a homey place and, more than that, very handy. Some small-town postoffices are being abolished in order to save the government money.

A postoffice is rated according to the number of stamps it sells and the number of boxes it rents. No account is taken of the amount of mail delivered.

Therefore, since stamp sales are the official measure of the usefulness of our postoffice, let us bear that in mind in the future.

In this vein, you might be doing yourself a double service by letting us mail Our Buckland to you at 15 cents a copy. That’s only 60 cents a year. Where could you find a better bargain?

\*\*\*

Once again the Ladies Club has done itself proud by the serving of two delicious suppers – a chicken-on-biscuit (and wasn’t that salad superb?) and a baked ham which has always been a specialty. Quite a few turned out for these suppers, and no wonder! Let’s have another soon, Ladies.

\*\*\*

Although we’re definitely out of season, we cannot allow this issue to go to press without mentioning how the summer band concerts put on by the Church and Grange were enjoyed. They provide a wonderful opportunity to leave household chores behind, pile the kids into the car and take off for a night under the stars. Old acquaintances are renewed, new babies are available for inspection, but best of all are the well-prepared and well-delivered musical arrangements by both Shelburne Falls Band and the Buckland Male Chorus. What a boon the concerts have proven for entertaining summer guests, too. They can see Buckland at its best and partake of the delicious food. Who could ask for more? Let’s have more of the same, for many summers to come!

Quoting: There isn’t much fun in medicine, but there’s lots of medicine in fun.  
A lot of good could be done for the world if nobody cared who got credit for it.

STOP!

LOOK!

LISTEN!

By the time you ladies and gentlemen read this, the Buckland Players of the Buckland Grange will be plunged deeply into rehearsals for The Mikado, or the Town of Titipu. Popular demand from the public and success with Pinafore in 1954, put on another one. We're going to raise money by doing this. I don't know yet what for, but some really worthwhile cause – AND we're going to have a large-scale picnic working on it.

If any of you missed seeing and hearing the Pinafore, be sure you get to The Mikado. It will be present five nights, sometime around the end of May. Sometime before that – in fact, sometime soon after Christmas, someone will be around soliciting you for a cake or rolls or something for a food sale. This will be to raise money to buy the material for the costumes. You can't put on a pageant of Oriental Splendor without having costumers of Oriental Magnificence...and, as you all know, Oriental magnificence costs a pretty penny. So...if you want to be Dazzled by Beauty when you come to The Mikado, supply the food and then come and buy it.

Eleanor Reddy, as Chief Decipherer of Sketches Wizard and Wardrobe Mistress, is working on the costumes with the Committee. Bill Reddy is working hard on his part. He's the Mikado's Umbrella Carrier and is a deaf mute. Maggie Wilson is Katisha, a perfectly ghastly kind of person who speaks with a "bellow in a blast" and looks like a hurricane. Katisha is in love with Nanki-Poo, the Mikado's son. He his Sam Wilson (this is working our Very Nicely). Nanki is in love with Yum Yum (Shirley Scott), a young school girl, one of the Three Little Maids, the other's being Pitti Sing (Alma Shippee) and Peep Bo (Betty Powell). Yum adores Nanki but can't marry him because she is engaged to her guardian, KoKo, the Lord High Executioner (Bernard Shippee). Pooh Bah, Lord High Everything Else (Buddy Anderson) and Pish Tish, A Gentlemanly Gentleman (Russ Wells) help mix things up nicely with the assistance of the Mikado (Cliff Shippee) and – Love Conquers All while everything ends happily.

The rest of the School Girls and the Gentlemen of Japan haven't at this writing (December 13) sent in their answer, so we don't know specifically who's going to be what. But the next issue of Our Buckland will list them all, plus the Committees.

**J. Wetterwald**

\*\*\*\*\*

### TO BUILD OR NOT TO BUILD?

Oct. 1954: We have just returned from a town meeting at which the School Committee gave a report on conditions at Crittenden, along with their recommendations. They are agreed that while something has to be done, it would

be better to wait until we see what the Regional Committee decides about a Junior-Senior High before we make plans regarding Crittenden. This is what was reported:

The bathrooms at Crittenden (and there are only two) are located in the basement of the two-story building and the facilities are inadequate for the 232 pupils attending. Mr. Jackman (the principal) said it is difficult, since there are only two sinks in each bathroom, for the children to properly wash their hands before lunch. The cafeteria is small; the children eat in shifts, yet it is difficult to serve hot lunches in such a crowded area. The playground is also small, hilly

## **Page 12**

and covered with sooty dirt. The classrooms are overcrowded and the hot-air system inconsistent. Because there were not enough classrooms for the 8 grades, the milkroom was converted into a classroom, but it is smaller than the other rooms and difficult to heat.

If another or more classrooms are added onto the building, it would mean the playground space would be even smaller than it is now.

Someone suggested that when and if the regional Junior-Senior High School is built, it will eliminate the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades from Crittenden, leaving more room for the remaining 6 grades. It was also suggested that with the larger children not using the playground, it would mean more room for the remaining pupils.

Someone suggested doing away with the kindergarten altogether in order to make more room, but the Superintendent stated a survey shows children who attend kindergarten make better first-grade pupils.

We have been told by the Committee that no repairing or remodeling of Crittenden on its present site will bring it up to State regulations because they advocate 5 acres of land for the first 100 pupils and 1 acre of land for each additional 100. Crittenden sits on one acre of land. The State will not provide financial aid for remodeling schools.

If we build a new grammar school on a different site, the State will repay, over a period of 20 years, 24% of the cost. If we collaborate with a neighboring town and build a regional grammar school, the State will repay 40% of the cost, providing the school is built according to State regulations.

A survey has been made and a chart prepared showing the expected enrollment for the next 10 years and it will be definitely be larger in the coming years, a fact which should be taken into consideration. Crittenden now has a fire certificate for 225 pupils, although 232 attend. It is definitely known that at least 15 more will be attending next year and the fire safety man has warned he cannot issue a permit for a larger number of pupils because of the condition of the school.

It was brought to the attention of the meeting that we are trying to attract new business to this vicinity and one of the first questions that will be asked is, "What is the school situation?"

It was suggested that perhaps Buckland Center School, which is now standing idle, might be utilized to handle some of the overflow from Crittenden. The Committee reported this possibility had been investigated and the building is not useable in its present condition. The safety commissioner has refused to pass it and says it would take almost \$50,000 to put it in condition to be passed. The second story is not supported by pillars, but merely by an iron pipe construction known as "hanging a second story". We were also reminded that even if it could be used, the question would arise as to which grades would be sent to this school? If children of Upper Buckland from each grade were sent to this school, it would bring back the old system of more than one grade to a classroom. Also, the people living near this two-classroom school might object if their children were forced to attend this school rather than the one that has more complete facilities.

Three plans for the remodeling of Crittenden School were presented by the Committee, in booklet form. This booklet is on the Postoffice bulletin board for your examination, although each family has received a copy by mail recently.

We have tried to present the facts as they were reported by the Committee, without bias. We hope you will look into this problem with a serious attitude, as it is an important decision for all the residents of Buckland. **The Editor**

## **Page 13**

### BUSY BEES

At the Achievement Meeting, pins were given out for the year and awards made. The girls had a surprise party for Mrs. Agnes Truedell and Kathleen and Mary Lou Truesdell. Since Mrs. Truesdell has moved to Colrain, Mrs. Rose Mollison is assisting Mrs. Litchfield with the group.

The girls have met and elected officers for the coming year. They are: President, Linda Martin; Vice-President, Gwendolyn Gilbert; Secretary-Treasurer, Shirley Atherton and News Reporter, Lola Mollison.

The projects for the year have included clothing, canning, sewing, child care and home improvement. The girls had a food sale and contributed \$22 to the mattress fund at Camp Howe, the 4-H camp.

The Busy Bees were awarded second prize at Franklin County Fair last spring for their window display. They also took part in a cookie sale and Lola Mollison and Kathleen Truesdell won scholarships to Camp. Four of the girls from the group attended Camp Howe this summer.

Shirley Atherton was a County winner for her clothing project. She made the most garments of any girl in Franklin County and won a trip to Boston with the other winners from the County.

On Achievement Day the girls put on a Mary Lyon skit for which they received honorable mention.

Recently the girls have received instruction in textile painting and have made Christmas gifts.

**J. Litchfield**

## FARMERS

The achievement banquet on November 15<sup>th</sup> capped a very successful first year for the Buckland 4-H Farmers. Starting with a large group of enthusiastic youngsters at the organizational meeting in April, the Club broke down into four groups: Dairy, Poultry, Garden and Tractor, all under the leadership of Mrs. Elsie Mayer and Fred Laird. Each member could be in as many groups as he or she wished.

The first Tuesday of each month a general meeting was held, with meetings of the special groups on the following Tuesdays. During the summer, with the help of the parents, who provided transportation, the dairy group visited several farms in the area and practiced judging. Many of the members showed animals at the Fairs and brought home quite a few prizes. The garden members entered their produce. For the first time, Buckland had a judging team at the nearby Fairs.

The Club charter, presented at the banquet, had a gold seal on it, which means that every project undertaken by a member was completed, a very notable achievement. In a short time, the Buckland 4-H Farmers have certainly become an important part of our community.

**I. Jones**

### *End of this issue*

**Estimate/guess-timate: Spring 1955 (No date, No vol., No no.)**

#### Welcome to BERMUDA

By Mrs. Roswell Miller

Breakfast in Hartford and dinner in Bermuda marked the unbelievably fabulous honeymoon trip we had anticipated for 33 years!

With one of our grandchildren to start us off on our "Happy Holiday", the first flight for both of us, took us from Bradley Field via Eastern Airlines to embark upon our four-hour Colonial Airways flight.

The morning plane left on schedule with the great engines roaring along the runway at LaGuardia airport gaining but little speed. Soon we turned back to LaGuardia with difficulty comparable to a fuse blowing in one's home. This was eventually remedied and off we started, climbing gracefully, while the stewardess demonstrated how to buckle our parachute in the event we should have need of it.

Up and up we flew holding each other's hand, too enthralled and excited to even voice a thought of this wonderful event which was taking place in our lives.

After the first half hour or so of looking down onto cotton batting clouds and a quiet sea, many of the passengers began to read. We were fortunate in finding seats at a table opposite an interesting couple. The plane went more smoothly than in one's car and looking down on the white wave-tipped ocean which looked so absolutely motionless, a feeling of complete peace enveloped me and the words "He leadeth me beside the still waters" brought the realization of the true meaning of the familiar Psalm.

The luncheon was excellent, served by a pleasant Stewardess on a table as even and free from jiggles as on ground.

On and on we flew over an ever-changing sky, the plane seemingly unmoving, yet knowing we were traveling at a mighty fast clip.

Now, dropping close to land, all safety belts fastened, our Captain slowly circled the entire Island. If ever I am permitted to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, I wouldn't expect to encounter any place more like Paradise than first seeing the ocean change from deep lavender to all shades of blue and turquoise, beholding the whiteness of the roofs of the houses, the lush green hills, colorful gardens and houses of pastel shades on this beautiful North Atlantic Island.

Bermuda was discovered in 1515 by a Spaniard but settled in 1609 by shipwrecked Englishmen; is 21 square miles in total area and setup into nine Parishes with the capitol city, Hamilton, where the ocean liners dock adjoining the sidewalk in the heart of the business district and shops – an amazing sight, believe me. Bermuda is nearly 900 miles from Boston and over 3,000 miles from Europe, just to let you know how isolated it is! Its' hills of limestone and coral reefs rest on top of a submerged volcano and we were told that if the Island were lowered only 300 feet it would not be visible on the map.

## **Page 2**

The houses are built of limestone dug from the ground and is soft enough to be cut with a cross-cut saw, but hardens when exposed to the atmosphere. The roofs are made of thin slabs of this same stone, hand sawed by the natives. It is a law that a roof must be whitewashed twice a year as rainwater, which is caught on the roofs and converted into cisterns or underground water tanks, is the Island's water supply. Every house and hotel has its own container.

Power is produced by huge Diesel engines in Hamilton and sent to all the Parishes. Telephones, cable service, two newspapers (called "The Royal Gazette" and "Mid-Ocean News"), the King Edward Hospital, one radio station (I believe) but no television, many churches, beauty-hotels and guest houses, and the smallest drawbridge in the world are just a small part of modern living of which Bermuda can boast.

Gardens, shrubs, and many, many exotic blooms in every form and color, besides trees which looked very strange to us, grow in abundance, with the Easter lily and Passion flower taking the lead. A shrub, "match-me-if-you-can", derives its name from the fact that it is impossible to find two leaves on the heavily leaved shrub with the same coloring and size. The banana trees were interesting. The fruit is small and sweet and the growth sufficient to supply the Island. Palm trees of many varieties grow even in backyards. Bermuda's "red" birds, although quite commonly seen are tame and very brilliant in color.

Horse-drawn carriages are fun. The small English-made buses and automobiles are driven on the left-hand side of the street. The bicycles, foot-peddled and motor-driven, took one around the narrow streets and roads where I would hesitate to put my elbow out of a bus window for fear of having my funny bone scraped.

Bermuda's aquarium exhibits are perhaps the finest anywhere. Fish of varied shape and color were uniquely shown in large tanks. The Museum, mainly consisting of specimens of marine history of the Island, includes exhibits of sea shells, deep-sea fish and several examples of game fish. Also connected with the museum are tanks for tortoise, cages for birds of the Island and some rare birds. In passing one cage, to our utter amazement a large black bird turned, looked me squarely in the eye and emitted a loud "CAW CAW". It was none other than our United States crow which wakens me early many summer mornings. How we chuckled over the "something from home".

The shops have beautiful china, glass, silver and hard-to-find items which are far cheaper in price than in the States. English woollens, clothing, cashmere fabrics, doeskin materials, excellent in quality, are distinctive in Bermuda. We spent a number of happy hours browsing through these fascinating shops.

Prices in shops are all in pounds, shillings and pence, but each shop has a card showing the equivalent in dollars and cents and we soon learned almost to a penny the cost of our purchases in American money.

Truly, no word picture can describe the beauty of one of Bermuda's caves which we toured. The roof seemed to be hung with beautifully-colored crystalline stalactites which have been in formation for thousands of years by the constant dripping of water. Along one passage, deep in the cleverly-lighted cave, my eyes unbelievably caught what seemed to me to be an awesome formation of the figure of Christ which brought to mind so forcibly, that even in the depths of the earth the great Presence is ever vividly near us, if we can but see it. We will

### **Page 3**

Never forget the wonder and beauty of this cave with its magnificently colored formations, the crystal-clear lake about 30 feet in depth which rises and falls with the tide of the ocean.



St. George, the oldest part of the Island, was of tremendous interest. The Historical Society building with its ancient rooms includes a kitchen which has a wist-high hearth, old utensils, and a “settle” which was jointed so that the back of it might be reversed. How fortunate we were that the Curator of the Museum took especial interest in us, pointing out the “Breeches Bible”, a photostatic copy of Washington’s letter to the inhabitants of Bermuda asking for powder for the American Revolution for which we, in turn, would supply Bermuda with food which was at that time so badly needed. Before Washington’s letter reached the Island, a group of Bermudians had loaded powder into boats and sent it to our American forces. This same museum director took us to St. Peter’s Church (Church of England) which I believe as the site of the oldest Anglo-Saxon Church in the Eastern Hemisphere. Opening a large save, he showed us the priceless communion service and other items of value of this historical Church. Some of the streets and alleys have amusing names such as Old Maid’s Lane, Featherbed Land and Shinbone Alley.

Bermuda seems to have so much! The beach sand is fine and in some instances is a real pink hue. At other points we found rugged coral rock formation jutting out into the green and blue colored water of this fabulous Island smelling so sweet of flowers and cedar, with many of the houses and building having “welcoming arms” front steps which Bermudians consider a symbol hospitality.

We went to one of the sessions of the House of Parliament where the Chief Justice and the Speaker of the House of Assembly, bewigged as of old, with so serious and stately a manner, consider the problems of the Island. All this awed and inspired us.

Surely our “Cup” was full and overflowing and we hope and believe this treasure of a vacation will find us again in this self-governed and entirely self-supporting portion of the British Commonwealth of Nations – BERMUDA – an island of friendly and courteous people who speak faultless and beautiful English.

*According to the Massachusetts Marriage Index, Maywood Foster and Roswell Miller were married in Boston, Mass. in 1921, making their 33<sup>rd</sup> wedding anniversary (long awaited honeymoon) in 1954/1955. (This edition of Our Buckland is not dated).*

*Roswell was born 9 Sept 1898 in Mass., a son of William J. Miller and Catherine (Allen) Miller. Maywood was born named Alice Gertrude Maywood Foster, in Boston, Mass. on 13 August 1899, a daughter of Herbert A. Foster & Grace (Miner) Foster.*

*Roswell and Maywood moved to Buckland sometime between 1930 and 1940. They lived on Ashfield Road according to census records.*

*From Maywood’s obituary we learn that in about 1960 Maywood and Roswell moved to Zephyrhills, Florida where Maywood died 28 January 1989. Roswell had died 2 September 1968 at the Newport Hospital in Newport, Sullivan County, New Hampshire.*

*Maywood and Roswell are both buried in East Lempster Cemetery, East Lempster, Sullivan County, New Hampshire.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Some people praise flowers  
Some people praise dogs;  
Some burn oil for heating  
While others burn logs.

Antiques are just junky  
When you worship the new;  
While red is your color,  
My color is blue.

So some find “Our Buckland”  
Outdated and queer  
While others will keep it  
For many a year.

**E. Clark**

**Page 4**

### SPRING

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.  
- Bible

### EDITORIAL

Another issue gone to press – another sigh of relief and satisfaction expelled. Our last issue received such a rousing welcome and vote of appreciation, that our strength was uncannily renewed. Many thanks to our contributors and faithful readers.

Did you hear about the far-flung publicity one can achieve by writing an article for Our Buckland?

Shortly after Marge Wilson’s article appeared in paper, the Recorder-Gazette in Greenfield sent a reporter to the Wilson farm to write an article and take pictures of our now-famous Wilsons. You’ve probably seen it, but if not, something tells me the Wilsons must have some extra copies of the paper tucked away somewhere. At any

rate, Our Buckland does get around. So hurry up and write your piece and drop it in the Postoffice. Who can tell what may come of it? Next deadline is May 31<sup>st</sup>. Beginning with the next issue, we are introducing something new to the paper. It was suggested by our readers, and since Our Buckland is your paper, we are happy to cooperate. What I'm referring to is a "Yankee Swap Column", in which our readers may advertise whatever possessions they would like to dispose of, or swap with others. You may list as many or as few items as you like and, in either case, the charge for your insertion will be only 10 cents. Once you pay the initial fee, we will run your item in subsequent issues free of charge, until you have "swapped" or decided to retract your offer. You will be expected to include a phone number or some means of communication in your ad. So, dig in the attic, storeroom or into that old chest and decide which items you wish to swap. Mothers will find this column especially useful for swapping baby carriages, playpens, etc. Drop your swap notices in at the postoffice anytime and we'll print them all in the next issue. Deadline for contribution for the next issue of the paper is June 15<sup>th</sup>. With the coming of Spring, Bucklanders are usually quite busy, so be sure to write us and let us know what you're doing. Drop all contributions at the postoffice. 'Bye 'til July.  
Ed.

## Page 5

### It's a Boy!

At first you can't believe it  
As you come back to this world  
After nurse has just announced  
That a boy is really yours.

You think with trepidation  
Of the joys that he will bring  
And all the sounds of boyhood  
His lungs will proudly sing.

The dreams you start a-building  
For this tiny, little man  
Are wonderful and fearful,  
But he'll have his little plan.

Picture him as Senator  
In a legislature grand;  
Picture him as President  
To rule throughout the land.

He's sure to be successful  
If he chooses business life  
Or writes, or paints a work of art  
Or wins a famous wife.

But when your dreams are over  
And thoughts are clear once more  
You hope he'll just be happy  
With what life has in store

And if he looks like Daddy  
And has his winning ways,  
I know he'll make me happy  
Through all my living days.

M. Wilson

*It is presumed "M. Wilson", the author of the above poem, is Marg Wilson, wife of Samuel Wilson Jr. who were Buckland residents mentioned in earlier issues of Our Buckland. Coincidentally, a Greenfield Recorder-Gazette birth notice published Wednesday Nov. 24, 1954 on page 2 states a son was born to the Wilson's at Franklin County Public Hospital on Nov. 20 [1954].*

### Spring

Spring is here, I can tell  
Because of the apple trees  
That blossom and send fragrance  
Wafting on the breeze

And birds are winging gaily  
O're freshly-fashioned nests  
While daffodils shine brightly  
Across a hillside crest.

But mostly I know Spring is here  
Because our doors don't close  
And hubby's swearing 'cause he found  
A hole in the garden hose.

C.Lund

## Easter Wishes

A beautiful and all wise Nature  
Stirs from her winter sleep  
And whispers to her children  
Of a tryst they are to keep.

She washes them with raindrops  
And warms them with the sun;  
They lift their sleepy little heads  
And Springtime has begun.

So on this blessed Easter  
When all the world is new,  
God keep you well and happy  
Is the wish I have for you.

R. Allen

## To a Picture

Just a bit of woods  
And an old stone wall,  
A pine and a birch,  
That seems to be all;  
But the grass is soft  
In that field of green  
And the warm spring sun  
Adds warmth to the scene  
'Til I've left my task  
In the city's grime  
And I'm out in the fields  
In the gay Springtime.

It is only a picture  
Upon the wall,  
Yet it brings to me  
The spring's sweet call  
It loosens the load  
On my weary brain,  
Until I am strong  
For my task again;  
So I thank the artist  
Who made for me

Escape from the work  
Which as to be.

E. Clark

Page 6

EASTER [a drawn image of Easter lilies]

GOD THOUGHT SO, TOO

When we look about us at this time of year, we can see very clearly that life is precious. The long, drawn out time of snow and cold is like a bad dream. It isn't as important now. It is easy to say to ourselves and those about us: "Good morning!" We can mean it, too.

When we think about what happened on that early morning so long ago when God acted directly to change history, we are grateful to Him for doing it at this time of year.

God thinks life is precious, too; that is why he gave us the Resurrection – to make us understand how precious life really is. But life has taken on a new meaning, for it no longer means just the enjoyment of a span of years. It now is the direct contact of you and I as persons with the mystery of eternity.

What is this eternity? Outside of our faith it means nothing. Or at best the shadow of uncertain tomorrow. We talk a lot about tomorrow but seldom do something about it. In fact when we try we are usually considered other than today's children. Out of our faith we build our tomorrow and we call it progress. Progress is after all yesterday's impossibilities. Only by doing the impossible can we really find meaning to life and thereby find happiness.

What is happiness but the goal by which we strive to be better and the aim by which we do good. And God said: "The good is the Truth."

Like Potius Pilate, we ask, what is Truth? Jesus will not answer us either. Only God can do that. He says to us that the Truth is not found when we seek, but only when we accept the responsibility of the Resurrection, not as an even which happened almost two thousand years ago. The Resurrection is happening right now.

**Samuel Brown, Pastor**

\*\*\*\*

When Chateauneuf, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII was a boy of nine years, a scoffing nobleman, observing his simple faith, said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is."

"My Lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where God is not."

THE IDEAL SPOT

By Martha E. Smead, Written in Buckland, in September 1954

Somewhere in this world there is an ideal spot for whatever purpose one may need. Sitting under a pine tree near the spot which my parents have chose for their future home, I begin to feel the wonder and serenity which God created, even in this world of confusion. The pale blue sky, the fluffy white clouds, and the majestic green pine trees will always retain their beauty. I see a bright red maple, turned early, as the fall has just begun, rising in front of a still green oak; a white birch, a small pine tree and a dead stub of a pine, forgotten by the lumberman, who claimed most the large trees in that area a number of years ago. Looking above the small growth which has come in to cover the bare spot, I notice the distant hills which are breaking out with bits of color, a promise of autumn on the way. The rolling hills which God created in Buckland have a distinctive beauty during each season.

On the other side of the hilltop where I am sitting, many rows of pines, set out by man, stretch out before me down tot the dirt road that passes this spot. A few of these trees have been tipped by high winds, but they do not mar the scene. I can hear the roar of a freight train in the valley, reminding me that business is carried on even in this seemingly remote spot. The abandoned lumber road where I am sitting is another sign that this is not a place untouched by man, even though small trees have grown up in the road and pine needles are filling in the wheel tracks. A large rock rests beside the road. It was left by the glacier which passed through here thousands of years ago. A geologist calls the hill where I am sitting a glacial dump. That certainly is not an appropriate name for this spot, transformed by nature into pure beauty.

Many people who are fortunate enough to have a summer home to which they can retreat for rest and relaxation during the summer heat would never consider returning there in winter. In our family the situation is quite different. We have land on a hillside in the quit country town of Buckland. Over twenty-five years ago my parent joined with the Foxes, also from the city, to spend the summer vacation in the hills. Since then, two cabins have been built in a pine grove and more and more time has been spent here. Even in the winter, although the road is covered with snow, we journey across the fields, over the brook by means of a unique cable car made by Grandpa Wise, and up the hill to our treasure.

The whole family has grown to cherish this treasure, away from the trials and noise of city life. Mother has beautified the area around our cabin which was deprived of all its beauty by a disastrous fire. Only this past summer she started a garden in the spot choked by the large, clumsy roots of ferns, laurel, and trees. By next summer this promises to be one of the most gorgeous parts of our hill. Farther up is the woodlot, Daddy has set out about a thousand baby pine and spruce trees in a large open area. This year we shall enjoy our first Christmas tree, taken from

his hobby forestry. (It was a beautiful tree, much talked about among our friends in the city!) My sister and I have

## **Page 8**

Had the wonderful experience of growing up in both the city and the country. We always have and always will turn to our treasure in the midst of nature whenever possible. Even our cat, who has traveled with us to Swill Hill ever since he was a kitten, seems to know and love the woods.

Each time we must leave our treasure we look forward to the next time we may return to the place where our hearts truly belong. It is the beauty that God created that helps one to forget oppression and trouble and to remember that there are places in this world where peace reigns supreme. Yes, this is the ideal spot.

### AMERICA and NEW ENGLAND

On October 21, 1808, in the city of Boston, a baby boy was born. He belonged to one of America's largest families – the Smiths.

As a young man, he wrote bits of poetry, perhaps for relaxation after a grueling day, for he was studying to become a minister. As he grew older, he wrote many poems and his best known was called "America". The tune used was that of the British National Anthem and his song was first sung at a Sunday School celebration in the Park Street Church in Boston.

Without a doubt the Reverend Samuel Francis Smith had never covered much of the United States in 1832 when he wrote "America". His world was New England and it was of New England he wrote in his song:

"I love they rocks and rills"

What more aptly describes New England than "thy rocks and rills"? In what other part of the country do you find just that combination? Then,

"Thy woods and templed hills"

All over New England are the forests and in every little hill town are the temples of God with their white spires pointing toward Heaven.

"Our Father's God to Thee

Author of liberty...."

is sung by little children all over the country, their childish trebles blending...by young men and women with a ring of pride in their voices and by old men and women with crackling voices and a profound love for all it means. We of New England know what Reverend Smith was thinking of when he penned the beautiful words of "America".

Rubie M. Allen

\*\*\*\*\*



Quoting:

There are nine requisites for contented living; health enough to make work a pleasure; wealth enough to support your needs; strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them; patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished; charity enough to see some good in your neighbor; long enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others; faith enough to make real the things of God; hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

- Goethe

## Page 9

### THE MIKADO PROGRESSES

Do you know where there is a real Japanese gong—a round, large, hit-with-a-hammer type one?

Or nine, round, small, bamboo fans?

Or a large bamboo-and-paper umbrella that Bill Reddy can hold over Cliff Shippee?

Or a Japanese lute?

Or another tenor – or two or three?

This last is serious. For another week or so, we are welcoming Ladies and Gentlemen who would like to join the Mikado chorus. Any Granger interested, please get in touch with any of the following:

School-girls:            Alice Hartwell  
                                Winnie Shippee  
                                Shirley Wells  
                                Beverly Wall  
                                Joyce Goodnow  
                                Virginia Scott  
                                Edith Gerry  
                                Marilyn Kenney

Nobles:                    Francis Willis  
                                Herbert Wilder  
                                Kenneth Hartwell  
                                Russell Ward  
                                Buddy Scott  
                                Cliff Shippee  
                                Bill Reddy

Ko-Ko:                    Bernard Shippee  
Pooh-Bah:                Bud Anderson

Pish-Tush:	Russell Wells
Nanki-Po:	Sam Wilson
Mikado:	Cliff Shippee
Umbrella Carrier:	Bill Reddy
Katisha:	Margaret Wilson
Peep-Bo:	Ruth Ann Ward
Pitti-Sing:	Beryl Smith
Yum-Yum:	Alma Shippee

Accompanist: Cynthia Healy

Or, if you can't reach any of them, try one of the committees:

### **Page 10**

Costumes	Eleanor Reddy Winnie Shippee Ruth Andreson Bunny Scott Virginia Wilder
----------	--

Prompter	Millie Willis
----------	---------------

Lights	Dick Gerry
--------	------------

Properties	John Powell
------------	-------------

Make-up	Ross Miller and everybody in cast
---------	-----------------------------------

Publicity	Eleanor Clark Irmalie Jones
-----------	--------------------------------

Stage Set	Georges Wetterwald John Eastman Philip Shulda Bud Anderson
-----------	---

Soft Drinks	Lena Hartwell Norbert Hudson
-------------	---------------------------------

Telephoners	Maywood Miller Sally Eastman Shirley Wells
-------------	--

## Margaret Wilson

### Money Raising For Costumes

Ruth Anderson  
Alma Shippee  
Margaret Wilson  
Marjorie Warfield  
Jennie Cooper  
Millicent Burnap  
Bunny Scott  
Virginia Wilder  
Irene Trumble  
Elsie Warfield  
Joyce Shulda  
Mrs. Charles Troy

### Running Errands

Buddy Scott  
John Eastman  
Shirley Wells

### Tickets and Sales

Philip Smith  
John Eastman  
Lena Hartwell  
Marjorie Warfield  
Preston Warfield  
Elsie Mayer  
George Mayer  
Francis Stone  
Marjorie Stone  
Betty Purinton  
Lyman Wise  
Betty Powell

Here's a note for the Ticket Committee: I've already sold six tickets for Saturday night, June 25 – and not because I prodded a prospect with hot irons, either. Last week, out of a nice soft clear blue sky, a lovely lady said to me: "Please reserve six tickets for me for the second-night performance of Mikado. We're ALL going this year!"

Note to Everybody: Stop in at Eleanor Reddy's and see what she's doing with the Costumes. They are really amazing – even to weaving satin and cotton for Ko Ko's sleeves. She spends days hunting for the exact shade of yellow for Yum Yum and gold for Pish. As soon as the one-of-a-kind costumes are done, then the Five

Stalwarts of the Committee will get going on the twenty-two kimonos (two for each man), plus obis, plus sashes for the Schoolgirls and the Gentlemen.

Norma Hudson of the Program Committee is doing little caricatures of the cast and drawings for the programs. They're going to be printed this year with paid advertising and interesting notes and they'll be something you can enjoy and then take home and lock up with your treasures.

By the time the Mikado appears on the boards this June, the audience will probably be able to sing right along with the cast. The whole crew – or perhaps this time we should say “Court” – has been

## **Page 11**

rehearsing singly, in groups, trios, duets, climbing poles, doing dishes, in cars, over a hot maple syrup pan, feeding chickens, typing statistics and rocking babies.

Though we're only a third through the rehearsals, the real-life people have become so identified with their stage characters that one very small fry at least now says when Buddy Anderson drives up, “Mummy, here's Pooh coming to go ‘ah, ah, ah.’”

So many people have asked whether the Japanese names and Japanese words in the play are really Japanese that we did a little research. We discovered that the only fact in this line on which Gilbert & Sullivan experts agree is that KO KO is a real Japanese word – it means “pickles”.

One thing we're learning, working this closely with the Mikado, is that there is a line in it for every occasion. Our favorite at the moment – for obvious reasons – is:

“Congratulate me, gentlemen, I've found a Volunteer!”

To which the answer is:

“The Japanese equivalent for Hear, Hear, Hear!”

I also feel strongly with KoKo that:

“every man to aid his clan Should pot and plan as best he can.”

When I tell my school children they can pick their own song for singing next, it comes naturally now for me to say:

“Don't hesitate your choice to name,  
A dreadful fate you'll suffer all the same.”

Then, when we look at the calendar and see the Time and the Place approaching, we all say frantically with Nanki:

“Witness our distress, Here's a pretty mess! Here's a pretty mess!”

BUT... “we do not heed this dismal sound. For joy reigns everywhere around.”

AND...hear is a guarantee from G. & S., the Court, the Crew, the Committees, the Everybody, that – come June:

“The echoes of our festival shall rise triumphant over all!”

Remember the dates – June 24<sup>th</sup>, 25<sup>th</sup>, 27<sup>th</sup>, 28<sup>th</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup>\*

Tickets may be purchased from any Grange member.

All advance sales.

*\*The Springfield Union newspaper of Wednesday June 8, 1955 had an article listing the dates above on page 81*

## **Page 12**

### OH PIONEERS!

I’ve enjoyed reading the article Marge Wilson wrote about pioneering in Hawley. May I reminisce about my childhood days spent in the neighborhood about 48 years ago?

Dad brought his family there when he purchased the Cooley Brook Farm on the edge of East Hawley. He purchased this farm on borrowed money from a kind relative for a first payment, plus a bank mortgage, (or maybe the loan was all from the relative, I can’t be too sure about that). Inside of ten years the loan was paid off and he had become an independent dairy farmer. In the meantime, two other babies had been born, so we were six children; three boys and three girls.

Those were the days when Dad had to go out to work for \$1.00 a day to keep both ends going and work his farm and do chores evenings. However, he retired at the age of sixty and is still alive and now residing in Buckland at the age of 85 years.

He brags about how healthy his “brats” were, as we never had a doctor or dentist. No one ever had to coax us to eat. On the contrary, we never seemed to get enough to fill us up. We often walked miles, round trip, to attend a church service in Hawley Center. Our old mare had the heaves and we felt we would get there sooner if we hoofed it, as she would go up and hill, then rest. It seemed as though we would never get anywhere. We also walked two miles every day to the Dodge Corner, one-room school, now extinct (the road has been discontinued) where we gained our elementary education.

We often played with our little friends at Wilson’s farm when H.C.Dodge resided there. Mrs. Dodge was always such a kind woman and never forgot to treat the children before we returned home.

I recall our first auto ride to Shelburne Falls when Mr. Dodge must have been the first man to purchase a car in the vicinity, as he was a prosperous lumber businessman in those days. We had never been out of town and it was a great treat and a thrill.

Dad, (Sam LaBelle) saved enough money from his dairy farm to retire and hopes he never has to apply for State Assistance.

So good luck to Marge and Sam Wilson. We hope you, too, will find success and raise a healthy, happy family in the country.

I know what pioneering life is, as my first 18 years were spent in that style of living, but I still say – give me the modern conveniences!

Lena R. Hartwell

\*\*\*\*\*

Quoting: We make provisions for this life as if it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

### **Page 13**

#### WARP AND WEFT

Roofs – I never thought of Buckland as a village of roofs, yet as seen from the field above the Mary Lyon House this winter the angles and dimensions are interesting to one who doodles in squares and angles. Most of the buildings follow the type of the church, with ells and sheds and sheds and barns differing in size only. Have you noticed the Library roof?

“Texture” has been the stylish word in handweaving circles for several years – not patterns like our old coverlets, or our copies of them – not stripes – just cloth you instinctively reach out to touch. Seems as if life in our town the past three months has been texture weaving – maybe a nubby material! Busy as the adults are, it does seem as if the children are even busier and using one’s hand is practiced by all.

Handwork is certainly part of “bees” of church and Grange. Scouts build bridges. Cubs make many things – even shield of King Arthur style. Busy Bees weave and sew. Clesson Vally Dairy Club members groom and train their show stock. Tractors get winter care from that group. Stamp collectors sort and swap. Costumes for the Mikado progress as do the rehearsals. Water facilities at Vestry and Grange Hall wait for the when frozen water pipes thaw.

The Ladies Club becomes more and more a church group with sewing for missionary projects, a special quilt for the Walker Home for Retired Missionaries, as well as records of special reading, which are projects in the churches of the county.

Thinking of the empty houses in the Four Corners group, I turn to the town history for a bit about the Phillips House with its gambrel roof. I hear that it was more rooms than one would guess and one of them used to be half in Ashfield and half in Buckland. Does that mean that the town line was once re-surveyed? If that is “Four Corners” where was the fourth road – through the dooryard?

TV watchers reported a program on Mary Lyon about the time of her birthday, February 28. One question was, "Who was John Porter?" to which the simplest answer might be, "Teacher of Mary Lyon". I seem to picture him leader of the choir when there was a balcony in the church where the choir sat and the congregation turned their backs on the minister and faced the choir when they sang hymns. Incidentally, over the minister's head was a sounding board held up by a wooden hand. Children used to wonder when the hand would get tired. Quite recently that wooden hand was given to Deerfield Museum and we may see it there.

John Porter was the one who gathered the young people and children into a certain ketchen (sic) during the noon hour between the morning Sunday service and the afternoon one, 125 or more years ago, and started Bible study classes which were the beginning of a Sunday School here when Sunday Schools were new in this country. According to the records Dea. Porter held many town and church officers. He built the house where Dr. Toy lives. Wonder which church window has his name on it. Must look sometime.

## **Page 14**

"When my husband gave me the privilege of his name," said a little old lady to me about 10 years ago, "He gave me the whole of it, not just part of it." This comes to my mind often of late for Mrs. John Doe would be generally known as Susy Doe, -- if she lived around here. This train of thought comes today because of a conversation at Ladies' Club where one lady inquired how long one lived in town before one was addressed by their first name. I notice the change in customs, too, when some children address me as "Miss Clark" and others as "Eleanor". In the newspaper rules it is considered correct to use the husband's name.

As the "Messenger" which is published by the Sunday School with Mrs. Jones as editor and the "Our Buckland" go to press, I am always very conscious of those readers who used to live here or are away just now. They are especially interested in some of this "stale news" which has been part of our life since the last edition. Often they contribute and generously too, because they approve of our trying to have something of the sort.

The idea has just been suggested that along with the mimeograph should be a typewriter for making stencils. Whether it should be a good portable for stencils so that it might be taken to those typists who are willing to help but have not machine, or a standard desk model which would probably stay close to the mimeo, is one of the questions. This has been written (as have some recent Messengers which had qqq's and www's and other peculiarities) on my very light and flimsy machine called a "Skywriter" which is so light to carry that I enjoy it, but is about as poor for stencil making as possible, especially when I use it myself, for I never was a typist.

The copper kettles often seen at Grange Hall were commented on the other night. One belongs to the Grange and one belongs at the Vestry as is proved by the

lettering on them. They recall the days before percolators and dripolators when coffee was made in them.

One thing I miss from this paper is “The kitchen Sink”, the “Drano”, and the reports from past editors. Also shouldn’t one can edit (sic) as Carol Lund has done with this and the January issue include more of her own writing?

“Speaking of money” if you want future issues of this paper, be sure that your name is on the mailing list – that is if you want them mailed to you. Of course, if you pick up your copy at Grange or Post Office, the money part is taken care of on the spot – 10 cents per copy. Mailing is priced at 15 cents per copy.

Will there be a July issue, with Ye Editor a-roaming? (In case it hasn’t been mentioned, Carol Lund who has done days and days of editing and stencil-making has now moved to Springfield, I realize that she has been sincerely interested in OUR BUCKLAND and hope some way will appear so that she may continue with it.) For July issue I feel it is a project too good to let drop and I pledge my efforts for future issues. Yes – deadline for next issue will be June 15 – bring on the swap items as well as letters to the editor and all the help you will give. **E. Clark**

One hint for a future issue has been a special on births and I would add the suggestion that some of these “originals” which the youngsters say would make a delightful page. This paper is also one of the Home and Community Service Contest projects of the Grange. \$3000 would be a nice reward for good projects and a good report but but (sic) there are many lesser prizes and State Grange also has rewards.

It has been mentioned that these comments on the cost of this paper and other such material offend some people. Costs are mentioned because people ask but more important is your help that this paper be interesting and worthy.

## **Page 15**

### IF YOU’RE A “DO-IT-YOURSELF” FAN, YOU MAY BE INTERESTED IN THIS:

With a new house a-building, our young folks lacked cash for extra furniture. I assembled and finished for them a seven-piece dining set which is practical and decorative, and which has a substantial value, since all pieces rate as restored antiques.

The table chosen is an oval drop-leaf extension type, with extra leaves. The four chairs, found singly but nearly matching, are old fiddle-back Hitchcocks. There’s a lift-top commode, (sometimes called a “dry sink”), and a small oval one-drawer stand, both originally parts of a bedroom set. Total cost: \$21.50 for the seven pieces “in the rough”.

Old finish was stripped off, using paint remover. Chairs and commode received minor repairs and gluing. All pieces were sanded smooth, using my small vibrator sander. Three of the chairs received new cane seats. Two coats of flat black



paint, 24 hours apart, were applied, - then a day later, one coat of clear varnish. I was now ready for stencilling.

I was fortunate in having some experience I this phase of the project. Using suitable old authentic patters, I cut stencils from architect's linen. These were applied on the next coat of varnish, which it was still "tacky", using gilt powders. Incidentally, stencilling is an old craft, in which instruction is generally available.

Chairs and small table received additional gold decoration on leg and post turnings. When dry, another coat of clear varnish was applied. In fact, the big table top received FIVE coats, making it quite impervious to everyday use.

Work? Yes! But fun and satisfaction – and maybe an IDEA for others!

**Florence Haeberle**

FROM THE MAILBOX

Dear Eleanor Clark – I'll write it instead of calling you to the phone to speak of this Our Buckland. How much I enjoyed the copy. And how much credit you all deserve for it! I sent my copy on to George's folks, both because there are several things they will be awfully interested in, and because he has experienced publication work enough to appreciate the work someone had to put into it. Your article with the loom beside it is especially fitting and splendid and all of it. The Wilson's finding a home in what appeared to be an abandoned farm when I saw it years ago – Mrs. Cooper's article is so interesting, and again, ALL of it! **Mrs. Litchfield**

Thank you, Mrs. Litchfield, for "those kind words". We have heard from many of our readers in this vein and you have no idea what it does for morale. Thanks again. - Ed.

\*\*\*

Quoting: He was a bold many that first ate an oyster. - Swift

***End of this issue***

*No date – The following issue does not list a volume or number or date. From clues within the articles, our best guess is this issue was distributed in July of 1955.*

Since "Our Buckland" is a Grange-sponsored publication, and since Buckland Grange has done such a bang-up job on all its projects during the past year, we felt we should feature that up-and-coming organization in this July issue.

All of you who have worked on the various committees, who have perspired over the hot stove in the Vestry, bent over the sink washing dishes, banged your fingers with hammers on Mikado staging, pinched skin fitting pipes for the Grange lavatories – this is a tribute to all of you. You are the people who make up the Grange

and everyone in Buckland, as you well know, is 100% behind all your efforts. That's what makes for success.

The ladies who bake rolls and cakes; those who work on exhibits for the Fairs, who arrange vegetables and flowers so charmingly – these are the Grangers of whom we are proud to speak.

Those faithful members who never miss a meeting; who are always ready to head committees; who plan the excellent programs and make refreshments for the gang – these are true Bucklanders and deserve recognition.

Our Home and Community Service Committee this year has really been making things move. Thanks to the Eastmans, the Wilsons and the Robertses, our projects are moving fast and furiously. They are really accomplishing things.

First of all, and although we blush to mention such a delicate subject, I'm sure Buckland Grange has the most appreciated lavatories for miles around. What a wonderful and much-needed addition. All from the proceeds of Pinafore! Did you know they will be heated in the wintertime? Such luxury! Many thanks to Russ Wells and his crew for their unselfish donation of time.

Secondly, the card parties the Grange members held in their homes last winter contributed the sum of \$56.17 to the "till".

The latest of all Grange accomplishments (and I am speaking of "The Mikado," of course,) was such a success that we have donated a special page further on in the issue for reporting the facts and figures connected with it.

The childrens' Christmas party held at the Grange Hall under the auspices of Church, Grange and Ladies Club was quite a treat to the youngsters who were delighted with the huge Christmas tree and gifts presented.

## **Page 2**

The Buckland Fair was lots of fun; prizes were distributed to youngsters and oldsters alike and I'm sure it was profitable and enjoyable for all concerned. And, of course, we mustn't forget the Greenfield Fair where Buckland's display won third prize.

Another thing which our Grange accomplishes and which usually goes unnoticed, is our faithful contributions to many causes. In the past year, Buckland Grange has donated a total of \$60.00 to these various charities and health organizations.

The Grange Hall isn't the only place where improvements have been installed. The Mary Lyon Church has been equipped with a new heating system and new lavatories also. The Grange was able to donate \$100.00 for this worthy community project.

Now we come to one of the most recent accomplishments, all to the credit of our Home and Community Service Committee members who planned and arranged them – the round and square dances held in the Grange Hall every other Saturday evening. Besides making money for the Grange, they provide a "whale of a good

time” for all who attend. Everyone leaves the hall exhausted but happy. I’m sure there are some aching, cramped muscles around town the next day, but you will invariably find the same people returning again and again for more of this wonderful “punishment”. And the kids – why, it’s a real party for them. The teen agers, who for so long have needed a form of evening entertainment and fun here in Buckland, have certainly found just that at the dances at the Grange Hall. Come and join in the fun – everyone.

We all know the Grange Hall serves as a meeting place for the Boy Scouts under the direction of Mr. Samuel Brown, which is another commendable community service the Grange performs.

We arrived at the Baked Ham supper put on by the Mikado money raising committee rather late and practically everything was gone. Three cheers for our supper committees who never fail to fill us with good food and send us home smiling.

The brand-new Welcoming Committee formed by the Home and Community Service Group and consisting of the Gerrys, Powells, Andersons, Browns, Millers and Wellses, have already been busy. Francis and Millie Willis were “officially” welcomed to Buckland one evening recently when said Committee converged upon them in their new home for a “housewarming.”

Speaking of welcoming, we’d like to publicly welcome to the Grange the nine new members who joined this Spring, namely, Mildred Willis, Ferdinand and Margaret St. Pierre, Harold and Ruth Toy, Samuel and Janet Brown and John and Eleanor LaBelle.

### **Page 3**

The box marked “nylons” which you may have seen in the Grange Hall, is for the purpose of collecting nylon stockings to be forwarded to the National Home and Community Service Committee as part of our local committee’s project.

As to this publication, we are in our seventh year of publication. We must thank the Grange for sponsorship, and all past editors for their hard work. To all of you who have contributed and intend to continue to do so, please accept our thanks for your interest and to those of you wonderful subscribers who put up with our mistakes and amateurish efforts, who patiently pore over our sometimes practically invisible print, we extend hearty congratulations and appreciation.

Certainly, after looking at the record, we may all be proud of our Grange and its fine accomplishments. Hear this: Grange activities are dreamed up and carried out, in form, by the officers and various committee members (and they, admittedly, are tireless workers); but it takes the GRANGE MEMBERS to make any project truly successful.

\*\*\*

## EDITORIAL

If you hold your nose to the grindstone rough,  
And hold it down there long enough,  
You will soon forget there is any such thing  
As the brooks that babble and the birds that sing.  
These three things will your world compose:  
Just you and the stone and your darned old nose.

(from E.C.'s collection)

## SUMMER,

Buckland's Busiest Season, is with us again. So, come along, Fellow Bucklanders, and join those of your townspeople who are planning a wonderful summer of entertainment and fun for all of us. If you're not sure what's going on in town at this moment, stop in at the postoffice and get all the news from Eleanor, who always has it at the tip of her tongue. We're looking forward to seeing you at the dances, the band concerts, the suppers, fairs and what-have-you.

Speaking of fairs, the Ladies Club is planning a Supper and Fair for July 20<sup>th</sup> under the chairmanship of Imogene Litchfield. Try to get out to see the fancy work and plants that will be displayed and to eat the delicious food our Ladies always serve.

You have all undoubtedly read and enjoyed Maywood Miller's article on Bermuda in the last issue of this paper, but some of you may not know that while that issue when to press, Ross and Maywood were spending their SECOND vacation in that wonderland. I asked Maywood how she enjoyed their second trip and she said, "It was even better than the first!"

Can't resist passing on this one: "We're too disease-conscious these days. We read that one out of three dies of this, one out of five dies of that. We should accept the fact that one out of one dies of SOMETHING – and get on with the business of LIVING."

**C. Lund**

## Page 4

## FROM THE KITCHEN SINK

I'm a member of the Nut-T Club which every now and then comes in for unkind censure, especially from the men. We get together once a month, and every time we meet we sew or mend, crochet or knit, and then at last we eat! Although our tongues keep wagging as our busy fingers fly, we resent being dubbed as gossips and deny we qualify. Though scuttlebutt is tossed about, the chance is ten to one the source of the information comes from husband or from son. They claim we always talk about the ones who stay away, so we're present every meeting just for fear of what they'll say. BUT, if we'd stepped on half the toes these critics would infer, and out

tongues had been as biting as they'd have you think they were, our friendly little Christmas Club would not have lasted long! Yet we've been meeting fifteen years and STILL are going strong! Not a single member ever voluntarily withdrew – and that's as good a record as any men could do! Now when folks start to run you down it's either jealousy or else they've got a feeling of inferiority. We save up funds for Xmas exactly as we planned it, and have such fun so cheaply that the men can't understand it. So go ahead and call us cracked if it makes you happy to – Aw shucks, it's nut-meats or nut-meets – but anyway – “Nuts to you!” **S.G.W.**  
*The above article has a number of hand drawn illustrations.*

## **Page 5**

### HISTORICALLY SPEAKING SCHOOLS

The town records of Charlemont reveal that no appropriations were made for the public schools until 1770, when nine pounds were voted to be divided among the three districts – the upper, (present Charlemont village), the hill (later Heath), and the lower district. This lower one was made up in part of children living south of the Deerfield River which was later Buckland. Before this period the children were taught at the fireside by their hardworking parents, who prized (sic- prized?) as among their greatest blessings religion and education and who underwent great hardships to provide these for their families.

The petition for the incorporation of the town stated that the people felt they were destitute of schooling. In 1783, the General Court was petitioned for land to maintain the minister and the schoolmaster. The Commonwealth gave a strip of land between Ashfield and Buckland in 1792 the proceeds to assist in maintaining public schools in the town forever. This land was sold in 1839 for \$914.83; the income from this amount was \$54.89.

In 1799 when the deed from Samuel Taylor to the town was recorded, Buckland center was the location of the first school. This was called District No. 1. In that year, the teacher was paid 50 cents a week for her services. This building soon burned and in 1804, Samuel Taylor deeded to the Center District, the parcel of land where the schoolhouse now stands. On this site was erected a one-story brick structure with a square roof and high windows allowing the children no means of seeing passers-by. This building was torn down between 1850 and 1860, and the present schoolhouse erected. Until 1888 the upper room of this last building was known as “Band Hall” and was used solely for that purpose. As another schoolroom was needed, the band moved to the Methodist Meeting House and since that time the whole building has been used for school purposes.

The old brick schoolhouse recently removed when the road was re-located was in the North District. When this was built there was no school in East Buckland and some of the children came over the hill from Josiah Johnson's, Alfred Woodward's

and the other Woodward place. The brick building was unfit for use and taken down in 1840 and the last school house made from brick made over the river in East Charlemont. (continued on next page)

## Page 6

The history of District No. 3 is a story in itself of the schools which preceded Crittenden School, Crittenden served on the school board for a long period and several of his daughters were excellent teachers of local schools. Because of these facts the brick building in use today was named Crittenden School.

Nestled among the hills at the east part of town in the center of the settlement known as "Hog Hollow", was the schoolhouse where Mary Lyon received her education, sometimes walking the two miles from her home, and in the winter doing chores for her board at Spencer Woodward's. This farm and the old school plot were both located on the farm now owned by Carl H. Nilman. The community here sent eighty or more pupils at one time for their education. Many meetings besides school were held there, occasionally a spelling match, but more often a debate, such as:

Resolved – That the Indians have been more abused at the hands of the white men than the negroes.

Resolved – That the labor-saving machines are an injury to the working class of people.

Resolved – That the United States has reached the zenith of its glory.

In 1850 the old school house with its raised platform for the schoolmaster, was remodeled, but the committee reported in 1876 that the building was totally unfit for winter school and hardly fit for summer use. As a result, a new building was put up by Lucius Reniff costing \$389. The foundations were put in by Oswin Johnson, for \$38. This is the building which was sold by the town several years ago, for a shed on the Fred Laird Farm.

Halfway between the site of the present building and the Ward house, (Preston Warfield's now), there was a difference of opinion as to whether to remodel the old building or to tear it down and rebuild. Against the wishes of many, the vote of the district was carried in favor of remodeling. The next morning the schoolhouse was in ashes. They built a new one.

District No. 7 school was at the edge of Hawley in the settlement of Buckland Upper City, so named because of its early prosperity. The school was built in 1831 and closed in 1868. Later the building was torn down.

District No. 8 school was in Apple Valley, with plenty of pupils in the early days, but in 1870 there were not enough to pay for maintaining a school longer.

In 1885 there was a school over near the Charlemont line, kept in the home of a Mr. Thayer. The Secretary of Education strongly advised a Union School with Charlemont and it was voted by Charlemont at town meeting but Buckland never did anything about it. (continued on next page)

Until 1850 there was a school reached by taking the road to Ashfield past the Bray farm.

District No. 11 was also called the Pine Woods School and was on the land now owned by Luther Dunnell. This was deeded to Buckland by Abijah Thayer in 1844. It was closed in 1870.

These abbreviated records of the schools of Buckland have been taken mostly as printed in the Buckland Town History. There is an entire chapter which tells of customs in schools of one hundred years ago – the water pail, the cast iron stove, the visits of the “committee”, games, spelling bees, as well as the studies.

The story of Mary Lyon refers to several of these schools where she studied and taught. The story of her own school and Mount Holyoke College is still another tale.

Regional schools are nothing new. In 1854 the students of the Shelburne Falls Academy totaled 89 Gentlemen and 124 Ladies, one of whom was from Buckland. The towns included in the region stretched from Fitchburg to Saratoga Springs, N.Y. with four from Whitingham, Vt. And others from the town near it. Winchester, N.H., and Battle Creek, Mich., Wardsboro, Vt., Prescott, Cummington, Paxton, Shutesbury, Gill, Augusta, Me., Sutton and Sterling with among the far-away places represented.

\*\*\*\*

## CHURCH NEWS

The Mary Lyon Church has had a busy three months since the last issue of OUR BUCKLAND. The Easter morning service was preceded on Maundy Thursday by a communion service and reception of members and on Easter morning with a Sunrise Service held on the lawn of the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Perchard.

Samuel G. Brown, now Rev. Samuel G. Brown, was ordained as a Congregational minister on June 12, 1955 at the Mary Lyon Church. The questioning of the minister, the dedication to the High Calling were services open to all and a dedication to those who attended.

The annual meeting of the incorporated church was held June 6. The big business of the past year had been the furnaces and repairs, and a new budget of \$3500 authorized for expenses of the coming year. New committees were appointed and new officers elected.

The Sunday School classes closed with the children conducting these services on the morning of June 12. The annual picnic as scheduled was postponed in hope of a better date, for the picnic was planned as a family picnic, hoping that it could be a gathering together of us all, bringing our box lunches, rather than a picnic for Sunday School only.

The Mary Lyon Messenger signed off for the summer with the 35<sup>th</sup> copy of Volume 1. The gifts of those who were interested and felt it of value carried it throughout the year, ending with a balanced account.

Buckland Male Chorus gave its music to the Vesper Service of June 19, with the singers led by Stanley Smithers in religious music.

Rev. and Mrs. Brown held an open house at the Parsonage Sunday afternoon June 19. Vacation Bible School sponsored by the Council of Churches opened June 20 for two weeks with Mrs. Beulah Cross and Rev. Brown teaching. The Browns leave July 16 for their two week vacation. Church services are at 10 a.m. for the summer until Sunday School begins in the fall.

## **Page 8**

### P O E T R Y

#### FLORIDA NEIGHBORS

The mocking bird is friendly  
He's wide of tail and wing  
From wire or tree or chimney top  
He'll sit an hour and sing.

A lovely pair of cardinals  
Quite often cross the path  
Watch us keenly from a bush  
Then take a lazy bath.

The Blue jays like the bird bath,  
They make the water fly,  
Search for crumbs and hide them  
And are off into the sky.

A pretty brook of nine-quail  
Meander to and fro,  
Get frightened at 'most nothing  
Like those we used to know.

#### A PAIR OF TINY DOVE-LIKE BIRDS

Dust beneath the tree,  
Their gentle "coo" is near at hand,  
They're friends, it's plain to see.

Brown thrushes fly in quietly  
From lowly branches near,  
They gather crumbs and vanish –  
Just simply disappear.

The buzzards circle in the sky  
In circuits wide and small,  
Tho' typical of southern skies



He has not charms at all.

A lark sailed in one pleasant day  
With yellow speckled breast  
He lunged and plunged quite awkwardly  
But liked it like the rest.

A tiny little hummingbird  
With usual throat of red,  
Made visits long and busy  
To our nice petunia bed,  
When April came the cardinals bright  
With quiet skill and push  
Built a nest at the window ledge  
In our gardenia bush.

With all the warm and sunny days  
The nicest songs are heard,  
With all this music gratis,  
No need to keep a bird.

Myrtle Lilly

(Ed. Note: We are most happy and pleased to have one of our former and lately-missed poets back with us again.)

#### HOSTESS' LAMENT

My summer guests came laden  
With groceries galore –  
Chicken, roast beef, liver,  
Who could ask for more?  
But when I see the cartons,  
My heart is turned to lead.  
I fear I'll never hear the words  
"Let's eat out instead."

C. Lund

#### ONE FORD WIDE

As gaily I sped toward the city line  
On a rainy springtime night  
I thought I knew the whereabouts  
Of every car in sight.

Then there was a car crossing the street  
And a gap just one Ford wide  
Between the bumper and a car  
By the curb on the right hand side.

I jammed on the brakes & gripped the wheel  
As I steered for that tiny slit...  
Then there I was on the other side  
And none of the cars had been hit.

I turned to stare at the man in the car  
I think he glared at me;  
Then calmly he entered a driveway there  
And I drove along...but – Gee!!

E. Clark

Here's a piece of prose we figured deserved a place on our poetry page. Thanks to Leona Kenney for this one:

“We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Amen.”

Robert Louis Stevenson

## Page 9

A poem's life and death depends still not on the poet's wits,  
but on the reader's will.

### THE EIGHT-PARTY LINE

Have you ever tried calling on an eight-party line,  
Where patience is a virtue and hurry a crime?  
Pick up the receiver to find whether you're in,  
Then learn that listening is really a sin.  
For she's telling him she "can't keep the date",  
Because "Pa said you're keeping me out too late."  
You put the receiver back on the hook  
Sit back in your chair and pickup a book.  
When you try again, you hear a voice say,  
"I'm sorry, can't do it, we're making hay,  
By the way, did you know we bought a new cow?  
Traded fifty bucks and a rusty old plow."  
You hang up again and start pacing the floor,  
Hoping you won't have to wait much more.  
You pick up the thing and bravely inquire,

“Hello, is anyone using this wire?”  
No one answers – you’re left groping.  
Yes, silence, except subdued cough and breathing  
Two timid souls, but inwardly seething  
So you hang up again with a groan and a leer,  
For you know it is something you’re not to hear.  
You walk the floor with mental frustration,  
And darn the thing as an ancient creation.  
Ho! Next try, the phone hums in your ear,  
You dial the number with glee and with a cheer,  
While you patiently wait for answering, “Hello?”  
A butter-in squeaks, “I’ve got to get Jo,  
So, please, good neighbor, get off the line,  
You can have the whole phone to yourself, next time.”  
Yep, the telephone is a great invention  
For folks who have the best intention;  
First come, first serve, is a good-neighbor pact,  
So grin and bear it, if patience you’ve lacked.  
Just greet your neighbors kindly as before,  
Don’t let them know you’re telephone sore.  
Hope someday you’ll have a one-party line  
But you’ll miss town gossip many a time.

Walter J. Aring

Ed. Note: (We were more than happy to give a whole page to this one. It sort of struck a nerve.)

## Page 10

### YANKEE SWAP COLUMN

Wanted – a kiddie car – for what have we...

Irmari Jones, Madison 5-2197.

Square strips of handwoven cloth about 8” x 8” are always good for candy or magazine from the Weaver at the postoffice. (Be sure to remind her she has to do her part of the swapping.)  
Madison 5-2254

Will swap \$\$\$ for a good, used office file with one, two or three drawers that hold letter or legal size paper. C. Lund, Madison 5-9774 (evenings)

Someone suggested this column list outgrown shoe skates. Have you any?  
Madison 5-2254

Miss Hartley and Miss Munroe have decided to get rid of two new coffee makers – a dripolator and a percolator. (There’s a story behind this, but we’re not telling) Anyhoo, they like homemade candy with nuts in it, or whatever you have to swap.

Madison 5-6312

Several people have inquired about whether or not they could purchase homemade candy at the postoffice. Eleanor says she could easily sell two pounds a week to folks. So, make some pin money, candymakers.

If you have a swap item, drop it in to Eleanor at the post office. Be sure to include an address or phone number.

Will swap round electric broiler in good condition for one army cot in similar condition.  
C. Lund, Madison 5-9774 (evenings)

This isn’t a swap item, but we needed a filler here and this little poem Mrs. Allen sent us seemed to fill the bill:

If you’re a spinster and have no man  
And begin to think you never can  
If a pied piper you would be  
Here’s the advice I give to thee –  
If nice bread you can make  
And luscious rolls also bake  
Just take your bread all hot and brown  
And walk slowly thru the town.  
As the smell wafts thru the air  
Men will gather from everywhere,  
Take your pick from all the bunch  
And just follow my little hunch –  
Promise to always love and obey  
And have homemade bread every day  
You’ll have him eating from your hand,  
The lovinest man in all the land.

R.M.Allen

\*\*\*\*\*

The world goes up and the world goes down,  
And the sunshine follows the rain;  
And yesterday’s sneer and yesterday’s frown  
Can never come over again.

Charles Kingsley

## **Page 11**

This latest extravaganza proved to be another triumph for the Buckland Players, plus wonderful entertainment for all you lucky people who happened to be in the audience.

The Mikado played for five nights, sold approximately 600 seats and made (in round and estimated figures, of course) a profit of \$500.

The audience on each of the five nights were more than receptive (as who could help but be?) and found our famous players grinning from ear to ear with pleasure at the spontaneous applause brought forth. We had determined not to set ourselves up as critics of this particular undertaking, but Bernie's "Ko-Ko" personality oozed off the stage like glue and permeated each and every member of the audience. Marge Wilson, our horrible "Katisha" intrigued and surprised everyone with her talent and downright fearlessness about looking like a hag. (How many of us would have dared?) Buddy "Pooh-Bah" Anderson, puffed himself up delightfully and put his lines over so well we found ourselves gasping for breath over the effect. And, of course, our gorgeous "Yum-Yum", Alma Shippee, cause us to puff out our own Buckland chests, with pride. Cliff was the most majestic, wonderful "Mikado" we've ever seen and Sam, our handsom tenor, always cuts a manly picture on stage. Everyone – Russ Wells, Beryl Smith (who is quite a little trouper), Ruth Ann Ward, the whole chorus – (and Bill Reddy, our clown), was simply grand and did a beautiful job; the costumes were breathtaking; the piano-playing superb, thanks to the cooperative talent of Cynthia Healy; and the scenery!

I'm sure you all join me in my congratulations to cast, crew and all concerned with this production. May we have many more successes such as this one for the Buckland Players and may the Grange continue to profit from the membership of these wonderful, wonderful people.

Lastly, but most importantly – JANET WETTERWALL - WE LOVE YOU!

## **Page 12**

### WEAVERS

Jack-of-all-trades, also Jill and the Handy Many with Yankee ingenuity get a lot done and well done, too. Get a bunch of them together and they swap ideas and constantly improve. For weavers, the seminar July 28-29 in which the Buckland Weavers are so interested, will be a time of swap-ideas, learn-from-experts and see-what-others-do!

Beforehand we must get together an exhibit of our best. Then Thursday morning the 28<sup>th</sup> we set it up in Skinner Hall at the University of Mass. In the afternoon we get acquainted and vote for the best exhibit. In the evening, Mary Alice Smith, who is the editor of the magazine, "Handweaver and Craftsman", which

goes to all 48 states and 36 countries, will report on current trends. She will be just back from the exhibit of the Southern Highlanders at Ashville, N.C. Mrs. vonLadas, who speaks on color and design, has been working with Kate Van Cleve and does very original and very nice things.

Friday morning Dr. Marguerite Appleton of the Rhode Island School of Design Museum, describes the "Museum: a treasure house for craft ideas and someone from Robinson Yarns, Inc will tell of the most recent developments in synthetics.

Then the demonstrators! One will warp a loom. That is Mrs. Warren or someone she sends from Sheffield – our own friends of the South Berkshire Weavers, and Mrs. Arnold, also of that group, will weave on what is commonly called a 33 harness loom. Mrs. Neher and Mrs. Oberg, both of the Connecticut Weavers, are outstanding weavers. One will demonstrate "Tapestries" and the other "Linen Weaves".

Miss Kathryn Wellman of Philadelphia is the major speaker who will speak on "Weaving for Today's Craftsman". Weavers who know of her are delighted that she will be in New England and are planning to come for that alone they rank worthwhile.

So ---- July 28-29, the Buckland Wavers are planning to be at Skinner Hall, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, along with weavers of Conn., R.I., N.Y., Vt., and all over Massachusetts. Also they are very pleased with their president, Mae Aldrich, and the project in which she leads them and all of western Massachusetts too.

**E. Clark**

\*\*\*\*\*

#### 4-H FARMERS

The Buckland 4-H Farmers divided into two groups this year; those twelve and older formed the Clesson Valley Dairy Club – fortunately, all those in that age group are taking dairy for a project. The younger group call themselves Our 4-H Farmers. Their projects include dairy, poultry, and gardening. The first group met on the first Monday of the month after school and the second group on the first Tuesday of the month.

A major project of the club as a whole was the selling of lights bulbs for which a prize was awarded to top salesman, Lewis Scott. Also a very worthwhile prize of a free week at Camp Howe was awarded to the club member who showed the most improvement and who had done the most for his age since last fall. That was Bobby Hal\_\_ [illegible].

The Clesson Valley Dairy Club has been going on judging tours regularly on Tuesday evening. This is in preparation for many judging contests this summer and fall. Mrs. Elsie Mayer is the leader of the club again this year, assisted by Fred Laird. Nathan Hale is in charge of the tractor group.

**I. Jones**

***End of this issue***

Nowadays people seem to be interested in science fiction, trips to satellites and various aspects of future years. The staff of Our Buckland was not be outdone and we give you.....

### **BUCKLAND ~ 1975**

(When we decided to do this bit, I said to Eleanor, you write your version and I'll write mine, and we'll weave them together for our article. However, they were so differently stated that we decided to publish each, in its entirety. Here's Eleanor's...)

In 1975, one lovely August morning, I awoke with a stiffness in my bones which reminded me that I had passed the Biblical "three score and ten" [70 years old from Psalm 90:10]. Casually I reached to the bedside table for my daily capsule of "Youthful Pep", then relaxed again, only to find my mind too alert to just lie there and my thoughts turning backward to 1955. From the shelves and piles of books in my bedroom, I took the Our Buckland's for that year and let my thoughts take the path of memory – a most intriguing pastime.

The "Down North" area then had just started several projects which are boomers today. Of the older business, the Powells, J.G. and J.F. continue to look after their oil customers and some of that oil is synthetic. J.F. is specializing on sun heat for homes.

The Homestead Real Estate company has tied together homes and business opportunities which with the growth of atomic development in Rowe has increased the population until again Buckland and the towns of the region face schoolroom shortages. With Shirley Atherton as principal of Grades 1-6 in the 3-story regional school, cooperation between home and school is of the best, although Shirley is quite surprised to find that she enjoys working with the older children even as much as with the younger ones.

Wallace Jones has continued his reputation for accurate sawing and expanded a woodworking specialty company into a real business. Several of the old craft group are full-time workers and the whole affair has proved a boon to the retired and semi-retired.

Gordon Sweet's transportation and freighting project is quite a fleet of trucks, latest and most modern in appearance and fuel. Burt Shaw has once again proved that there is money in stuff others throw away, which added to his contract with the atomic area for valuable salvage makes the old fashioned junk dealer business a matter of definite and continuous profit.

### **Page 2**

The cattle business, once listed as nearly dead in town has followed the lead of the Angus of Al Myer's heard, and the quality milk producing and show stock of

Dick Mayer's, and the raising of young stock of improved quality begun twenty years ago with the artificial breeding. The 4-H youngsters have shown the advantages of the training in self confidence as they have gone out from Buckland into other projects than cattle judging, gardens, sewing, etc. The loyalty of Scouts is lasting and the leadership problem is less.

Sheep have been the surplus industry of the stony pastures. Once discarded as a project because of dog trouble, they followed the cattle in their feeding on improved pastures and with the outlet for carded wool through the cooperative mill to leading blanket manufacturers and a meat processing plant, also cooperative, have become an excellent "crop" for Buckland hills.

The fruit processing cooperative after years of failing to "click" as planned in the early 1900's, did bloom when the industrial committee and all citizens got together about 1956, and Apple Valley Products is a label all housewives recognize as quality on any fruit or vegetable as well as meat product.

The Pep Capsule has reached its full effect by this time and it is just as well, for a roll call of the varied business and the varied talents of Buckland is too lengthy business. One thing is very plain. Buckland is a town of individualists with the ability to work out their own variation of answers to the need of the area. From it go out competent young men and women to all parts of the world. My only regret is that I have not the time to recall in detail the familiar names of 1955 and their qualities and accomplishments. Nor have I touched on the changes along the Upper Clesson: nor a helicopter for every farm; wireless telephones and the scientific aids to life here as all over the world.

\*\*\*\*

Here's mine ...

It was a sunny, aromatic October Day when I decided to re-visit Buckland. I was walking along the Upper Road, past the white marble library which had been recently erected. Over the door, in ebony letters, I read: "Buckland Public Library – 1973" and there beside the door was a little bronze plaque:

"Donated by Buckland Grange No. 87 in the  
year of its spectacular success as the greatest  
and most accomplished Grange in the  
United States of America."

While I read this tribute, a large black Cadillac purred to a stop at the curb and a voice shouted: "Hi, what are you doing in Buckland?" I turned and there sat Sally in the back seat, wrapped in mink and driven by a chauffeur.

"Sally – Sally Eastman!" I walked over to the car. "I'd hardly recognize you. You look like a royal duchess."

Sally smiled. "Well, I'm not," she replied. "I'm still the same Sally. How about coming over to the house for a cup of tea?"



I climbed into the back seat beside her while the engine started almost soundlessly and we made our way down to the Lower Road. You know, it sounds silly, my calling it the “Lower Road”, because it’s actually a super-highway, six lanes wide with beautiful maples planed along the island in the center. We zoomed along at a terrific rate of speed, with Sally chattering gaily and me gazing open-mouthed at the beautiful homes and spacious lawns we passed. Along what used to be Clessons Brook, each side had been transformed into a beautiful grassy park with picnic tables, huge barbecue pits and shade trees. I saw people carrying prepared turkeys, pheasant, pies, watermelons, etc., to the already loaded tables.

“Tonight the Grange is putting on their weekly supper which is open to the public,” Sally explained.

“But there must be a mile or more of tables. Do they expect that many?” Sally laughed. “As a matter of fact,” she said, “they usually have five settings and you have to make reservations at least a month in advance if you want to be sure to get something to eat.” I was speechless.

After we’d left the gala preparation behind, we drove into the driveway of a huge brick building, one wall of which was entirely composed of glass. “Now, don’t tell me this is your house,” I gasped. “No.” Sally laughed again. “But there’s someone in hear you might like to see.”

We entered the mammoth front door (which opened before we reached it, of course) and stepped into the lobby which was decorated to the hilt and carpeted in some soft, shaggy stuff I have never seen before. A smart receptionist greeted us warmly.

“You look familiar to me,” I said. “What’s your name?”

She was a pretty girl and her blue eyes were friendly. She smiled. “Pamela,” she said.

“Not Pamela Shippee?” I stared unbelievably. “Why, I left you a little girl and here you’re a young lady.”

“I’m married now,” she smiled. “My name is Pamela \_\_\_\_\_ (who dares make a guess on that one?)

“I know your mother and father. How are they?”

“They’re fine. They’re out in California right now. My father’s company sent him out there to supervise the building of a new electric plant in Los Angeles.”

Sally, tripping over her furs in her anxiety to hurry me along, pushed me into an adjoining room where approximately sixteen stenographers and typists were busily at work. From there we entered another room where a beautifully groomed brunetee (sic) sat at a semi-circular desk, surrounded by phones. When Sally whispered in her ear, she picked up a phone and spoke into it, but strangely enough, I couldn’t hear a word she said. Apparently there was some sort of gadget which completely modulated her voice beyond hearing by any listener except the one at the other end of the line.

“Step into the elevator, please,” The girl pointed to a door which slid open almost miraculously and Sally and I were whisked up to the next floor. This time a lovely redhead came to greet us. “Do you have an appointment?” she inquired throatily. “No,” said Sally, “but this is an old friend and I’m sure it will be allright.”

I wasn’t paying too much attention to what she said, because I was staring at the wall opposite us. There was a painted mural covering

## Page 4

The whole area, of a woman with dark hair and laughing eyes. On her hand glittered a massive diamond ring and she was garbed in a charming but simple evening gown. I was sure I knew her from somewhere...

“That’s the owner’s wife,” Sally whispered as she hurried me through another door and into yet another room. A long red carpet ran through a few archways like a ribbon. The walls of the rooms were covered with tapestries showing scenes of Buckland and the surrounding towns, which I would have like to examine more closely, but Sally rushed on ahead. I followed as if in a trance and finally caught up with her as she stopped.

An ivory-leather-covered desk – the largest ever – was set upon the red carpet and in a chair behind it, lolling with the grace of well being and puffing a long cigar, reigned, of all people – John F. Powell. He grinned.

“This is Powell Enterprises.....what can we do for you, Madam?”

We three had fun remembering past good times and when Sally finally dragged me away again, I managed to snatch a moment to admire the painted wall picture of Betty.

“The Powells certainly have reached the pinnacle of success,” I remarked as we were swept down the highway in the Cadillac.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Sally answered casually. “My John has done fairly well for himself, too.”

“I assumed that through some strange coincidence,” I replied drily, my hand brushing the mink. “When we left, he was just getting started in the real estate business. How did that turn out?”

Sally straightened her shoulders proudly. “Last year he sold 300 houses privately and the contracting firm of which he is President built 500 new houses. Of course, they’re all heated with the new Powell Atomic Heating Systems and the plastic and nylon material for construction came from right here in Buckland. Bill Reddy’s plant on the other side of town manufactures it. Eleanor Reddy designs all John’s houses and has done a wonderful job.”

“When I left, Bill was grinding knives, of something.”

“That’s how they boomed to success. Bill invented a new material for knife blades. Absolutely impervious to any damage and never needed sharpening. The company paid him a fabulous price for the process and that’s how he began his

manufacturing plant. Eleanor still sews her own clothes,” Sally continued, “and, as a matter of fact, a few Paris designers have approached her to become part of their designing staffs, but Eleanor says she’ll never leave Buckland.” Sally looked at me coldly. “Only fools leave Buckland.”

I lowered my eyes shamefully.

When I raised them again, the sight that greeted me was Sally’s fabulous mansion, set in the midst of tall elms. “Sally, it’s beautiful,” I gasped.

“Oh, it’s not so wonderful,” she replied coolly. “You should see the house Doctor Toy built up on the hill. That’s really a showplace. Not one wall in the house that isn’t made of glass – even the ones between rooms.”

“Does he still have his office in Shelburne Falls?”

Sally’s eyes sparkled. “As a matter of fact,” she replied, “he and Ruth are in Europe now, and the Doctor is teaching a class at Berne, Switzerland. I understand they’re creating a riot over there

## **Page 5**

Because of the funny stories Doc tells of life in Buckland as it was 20 years ago.”

We sat in Sally’s gorgeous living room while the maid served tea.

“Is it true,” I inquired, “that everyone who lived here in Buckland 20 years ago, became successful?”

“That’s right. Buckland is one of the most talked-about communities in the country today. People from all over come to try to discover our secret.” She smiled oddly. “But we have never given it away.”

Realizing I would be no exception to this rule, I decided not to probe. Instead I asked, “How are the Miller? Do they still have their antique shop?”

“Ross is now head of Buckland’s school system. You know we built a grammar school, a high school, and now we are in the process of constructing a brand-new Buckland College, right in back of the old Mary Lyon house. Dick Gerry’s contracting firm bid for the job and George Wetterwald is supervising the construction. Ross will be Dean; Eleanor Clark is handling the instruction set-up and Janet is in charge of the music department – oh, by the way, Janet has done wonders with her theatre productions (20 of them, I believe), and it was decided to hand it over to a summer theatre group, subsidized by the Grange and managed by Janet. People come from miles around each summer to see the plays. The theatre, which stands on the spot where the abandoned school was, is a masterpiece of architecture. People rarely go to Tanglewood anymore, but continue on up to Buckland where they can see players who eventually end up on Broadway. Janet has had scores of offers to direct plays in New York, but she’ll never leave Buckland.” Here Sally gave me that cold stare again.

“Whatever happened to the Wilsons?” I asked quickly, changing the subject.

“Marge and Sam? Well, you’ll probably find this hard to believe, but they’re setting off next week for a trip to the moon.”

“The Moon!”

“Yes. They put their names in years ago and the reservations finally came through last week. You remember how they used to just pick up and dash off to California and Texas at the drop of a hat?”

I nodded.

“Well, they’re locking up the farm, which is also one of the largest resort spots around here, you know, and are taking off.”

“And the Bank?”

“It will be in good hands. Bernie Shippee and Sam have been handling it together for so long, that I’m sure Bernie will be able to carry on while they’re gone. Eleanor Reddy has promised Marge to sort of “keep her eye on” Neil and Sally. They’re quite grown up now, you know. Sally expects to be married soon, and Neil is entering law school next year.”

“When do the Wilsons expect to get back to Buckland?”

“Whoever could tell?” Sally eyed me curiously. “You aren’t suggesting that they might STAY on the Moon?” She snorted. “Whoever would leave Buckland voluntarily?”

I cringed again. “I didn’t see the post office on the Upper Road.”

“Oh, it’s out on the Hawley Road now. Of course, we don’t have to go there anymore to pickup our mail. Eleanor has a staff of drivers who travel by motor scooter and bring the mail deliveries to the houses. You know, there is so much incoming mail to Buckland from

## **Page 6**

outside communities who are trying to discover the secret of our success, that we had to build a post office with eighteen mail rooms and keep a staff of over 100 people answering what we call our “fan mail.”

“If you’re not too busy, could you show me a little more of the town?”

“Of course. I have lots of time with both the children in college. Nothing to do all day but find new ways of spending money. John makes me keep track of everything, though. He says he likes to know where the money is going.”

So we were off again, along the super-highway, traveling toward Hawley Road. “Is Irmarié Jones still reporting for the Greenfield Recorder?”

“Of course not. Irmarié’s been editing and printing her own newspaper for years now. It’s a daily and she employs about 20 reporters. Things are happening in Buckland today.”

“So I see.”

“That’s Buckland’s Recreation Center,” Sally informed me, waving her arm vaguely. I caught a glimpse of an enormous swimming pool flanked by umbrella-topped tables, a tennis court and, as the car rolled by, a golf course that stretched

into the background. We passed a huge white building with aluminum awninged windows.

“We’re very proud of our hospital,” Sally murmured.

“Say, aren’t those two modern buildings we passed on the site of the Smeads and Foxes camps?”

Sally smiled her secret smile. “They are. Those people were clever enough to settle permanently in Buckland just in time to share in the prosperity. They could see what a lot of other fullish people couldn’t see – that Buckland would come into its own someday.”

Again I held my tongue, ashamed.

“Does this road still lead to Ashfield?” I asked finally.

“This road,” said Sally firmly, “is a direct route to New York City. It was built by the Commonwealth because of the traffic problem created by summer tourists heading for Buckland.”

We passed a sign saying, “Wells Plumbing Supply” and I saw a neat, small, one-story building set back from the road.

“It doesn’t seem,” I said triumphantly, “as though Russ Wells had made the progress of some of the other Buckland residents.”

“On the contrary,” replied Sally, “that’s just his office building. Out on Hawley Road he has a plumbing supply storehouse from which he ships plumbing supplies to firms all over the country. The railroad built him a special line right to the warehouse.”

I wilted.

“Isn’t there anything left for FORMER residents?” I almost whined.

“There are some jobs. I don’t know how anyone would feel about hiring a “deserter,” however.” Sally glanced at my shabby clothes.

“To whom could Len and I apply for jobs?”

“Well, Maywood is a Selectwomen now...”

“A woman?”

“Why not?” Sally thought a while. “Well, you’re still a member of the Church, which is in your favor. By the way, we now have two new branches. We’ve kept the original Church in Buckland, but we also now have one in Lower Buckland and out on Hawley Road. There are three ministers now.”

## **Page 7**

“Then Buckland doesn’t have the trouble it used to with...” Even as I blurted the words, I realized they were tactless.

“Buckland,” Sally informed me coldly, “has so many applications from ministers each year, that Francis Trow has had to hire help to run his farm so he can answer letters. Lois told me just the other day that she wishes Francis would build himself an office because her house is so cluttered with mail inquiries.”

I was properly squelched.

“How about Buckland Bells, the Nut-T-Club and the Ladies Club? Are they still flourishing?”

“The membership has swelled so that the ladies have to hire the Theatre to hold their meetings and their works have done so much good for the Church and community that they have been asked to send representatives to neighboring towns to start clubs there.”

“Do you know,” I inquired humbly, “if anyone is living in our old house?”

Sally sniffed. “No one buys old houses now. They all build new ones.”

“Do you suppose Len and I could move in again and find some kind of work to do?”

Sally looked thoughtful again. “Well, I know Eleanor’s Weaving Guild needs someone to sweep the scraps off the floor after the meetings and I think Jimmy Mollison needs someone to round up his cows for milking each evening – he has a herd of 200 Brown Swill, you know...”

I sighed. Sally relented a little. “I’ll speak to John,” she said graciously. “He knows a lot of people and Ralph Blackmer, his partner has some pull in Washington – we’ll see what we can do.”

I thanked her and bit her goodbye at the Buckland-Ashfield line and climbed into my old beat-up 1965 Ford which I had left parked there. As I drove back to Springfield, I wondered how Len and I had ever been so foolish as to move out of Buckland twenty years before. **-Ed.**

Don’t sing of the “joys” of the Summer  
Which follows the beautiful Spring,  
For the joys and beauties all vanish  
And Summer’s an unpleasant thing

It’s work and too much of it always  
And even if ‘skeeters don’t bite  
There are bugs that go crawling – and ivy -  
And no cool way to sleep in the night.  
My nerves get all jangled. I’m cranky.  
I’m hungry and too hot to eat.  
I’m surrounded by jobs all unfinished,  
So Summertime just finds me “beat”.

I truly can give it one credit –  
One joy that I know it will bring –  
There won’t be another bum Summer  
Until after another cool Spring!

E. Clark

## Page 8

OUR BUCKLAND

Published Quarterly

10 cents per copy

15 cents mailed copy

Editor: C. Lund

Associate: E. Clark

\*\*\*

To Our Mailing List: Do you still like Our Buckland and want us to keep mailing it to you? Those of you whom we see once in a while, need not reply to his query, but those of you whom we have not seen nor heard from in a long time, please let us know whether you wish to be kept on our mailing list. Just drop a card to E. Clark, Buckland, Mass.

\*\*\*

We did not receive many contributions for this issue of Our Buckland, except for our few faithful friends who rarely miss. Therefore, there is quite a bit of OUR material contained herein. Let's have some more contributions. As we have sail all along, this is YOUR paper. YOU write it – we'll print it. (At least that's the way we'd like it to be.)

\*\*\*

The "Yankee Swap Column" seems to have died an early death, so we have discontinued it. However, we are more than willing to try any other ideas our readers may suggest.

## AUTUMN

Every green thing loves to die in bright colors. The vegetable cohorts march glowing out of the year in flaming dresses, as if to leave this earth were a triumph and not a sadness. It is never nature that is dead, but only we, that dare not look back on the past, and that have not its prophecy of the future in our Bosoms. - Beecher.

We ought to call this our "tongue-in-cheek" issue, since we are giving you a lot of tall tales to swallow this quarter. However, we are firm believers in the adage: "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men". Consequently, we are passing on this little piece Mrs. Rubie Allen sent us:

The early settlers of Buckland used to build their cabins on the hills away from the river on account of Indians. When I was a child I can remember old roads, cellar holes, lilacs and wild roses scattered over the hill; also a large hollow in a level field. According to legend it was called "Lost Post". It seem that one raw cold fall night a flock of wild ducks settled on the pond at dusk. The farmer who lived nearby decided that just at dawn he would be there and get himself some due before they flew. So, at dawn, he crept up close, raised his gun and fired into the middle of the

pond. An awful creak and loud quacking, the ducks arose in a body and flew away, taking the frozen pond with them. Only a few fish, floundering around in the dry pond bed, were left.

## Page 9

Rev. Samuel Brown preached his final sermon at the Mary Lyon Church Sunday, September 4<sup>th</sup>, taking for his scripture reading the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. His title “Star of the Unborn” was a way, he said, of looking into the future, particularly the future of the First Congregational Church of Buckland, commonly called the “Mary Lyon Church”.

Looking at the Mary Lyon window, given by the alumnae of Mount Holyoke College, he spoke of her vision and the wholehearted giving of her talents that the young ladies of her day might have a good, solid foundation.

“What do we of today have to offer our children?” A sanctuary steeped in tradition, where even the windows have a wealth of information joining the past with the future through us. A sanctuary which is beautiful, comfortable and in which we may justifiably take pride.

A Sunday School were week after week those who care that our children should have the advantage of training, meet with them to lead them in Bible study and Christian thought.

A location of beauty – “I will lift up my eyes unto the hills”. Jerusalem was also built on hills – several hills.

What shall we do in the future? Go on as before, or with a vision of our place between the past and the future? Pride will not build a Church. When John Porter, whose memorial window ever reminds us of his help in building this Church, gave of himself so generously, did he do it through pride?

What is our opportunity? Think of the first days after the death of Christ when the few people gathered together in terrified clusters, knowing they had discovered something wonderful. Think of Peter – a fisherman, a mender of nets, a steerer of a ship! What qualities did he have? Yet he mended the rifts in that first church as he had mended the rents in his nets and he steered the hearts of the people to use their talents as he had steered his ship toward a safe landing. So let us apply our humble talents.

We are Congregationalists because we believe in the Church as an individual organization which should be governed by the farmer, the mill worker, the office worker, the schoolteacher and all those who guide children, not by a group of theologians musing over points of doctrine. If you cannot think, you cannot be a good Congregationalist.

What is the goal? Where are we going? Nowhere – unless we have the scriptural Love. Love is a word of many meetings. We do not know Jesus’s exact



meaning, or even Paul's meaning in that beautiful chapter of First Corinthians. Yet Love is the key to the door of the future.

Where is the door? We find it in God's revelation through the Bible, in the promises of Jesus, in God's promises to Christianity. We must put away childish things. We must expect and live for the Second Coming. We must do our part. Whatever is to happen in all eternity, the promise of Jesus is, "I will be with you always". As we throw away our complacency, become Christians no in name alone, even the weak may hold up their heads as long as they are seeking.

As a wish for the First Congregational Church of Buckland – may we lift our hearts above, beyond and through everything so that we may see the great talent we each have – that as Christians we may know and show that every moment of our lives is our eternal chance to show the Great Truth.

## **Page 10**

We thought you might be interested in this poem Mrs. Allen sent us. She wrote it in 1938, but it is, unfortunately, quite timely for this issue.

### Flood Time

It is springtime in New England;  
The might river rushes on  
O're running its bank and flooding the lowland  
Leaving destruction and desolation in its wake;  
With despair the people view the havoc  
Wrought by the unruly waters.  
Is there weeping and wailing among them?  
Nay, the Spirit of the Pilgrim fathers  
Lies deep-seated in their breast.  
With implements of labor and with courage  
They put their shoulders to the wheel  
And by the time the river flows serenely  
The Spirit of (sic) New England will have conquered  
And life will flow on.

## Autumn

Blue gentian and wild easters  
Among driven grass and weeds  
A spoke of aged goldenrod  
All full of little seeds

A flock of winged birdslings (sic)  
Fluttering here and there  
If you make a sudden move  
They scurry through the air

Chill autumn winds are blowing  
Leaves rustle on the trees  
You wake up in the morning  
To find we've had a freeze

Though we are in the tenuous grip  
Of Autumn's frosty fingers  
The beautiful late summer has  
Cast a soft haze that lingers.

**R.M.Allen**

Soliloquizing (sic)  
I wonder at this knack that I sometimes  
Discover in myself – that bids me take  
Plain words and weave them in a pattern strange,  
For poetry to me has little charm.  
I care not for its far-fetched imagery.  
I pass it by, unless perchance some verse,  
Some simple rhyming jingle, holds my eye,  
And makes me scan its lilting metered lines;  
And yet there comes a day when I must take  
A simple statement, as, for instance, "See,  
An aeroplane!" and tell with rhythmic lines  
How, when the sun was low, a great bird came  
From out the sunset sky beyond the hill  
And crossed above us, bumping merrily  
As some gigantic bee might buzz along,  
Yet gliding on extended wings so wide  
And motionless. Good Heavens – to think that I,  
Who would be practical, have common sense,  
Nor wish to have my head among the clouds,  
Should have this funny knack! How strange!

**E. Clark**

## Page 11

### Buckland Farmers Club

(Written in 1928 which was the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the organization of the club and requested by some of our people who are interested in the early social activities of the town)                      By Tella Woodward Wells

When the message came one morning  
    Asking me if I would read,  
Naturally I fell to thinking  
    Whate excuse I had to plead.

I'm too old to learn new verses  
    Ones I know have grown quite stale;  
So I thought perhaps you'd listen  
    If I wrote a little tale,  
Telling in a few brief verses,  
    What it seems we ought to know –  
How this Farmers Club was started  
    Almost fifty years ago.

'Twasn't then an easy matter  
    To commune from home to home,  
For there was no waiting auto  
    And there was no telephone.

But the good folk in Buckland  
    Felt the need of social life, -  
Knew 'twas good to dine together,  
    Every farmer and his wife.

Saw the need of common council  
    Where the young folks too might come, -  
Spend some social hours together,  
    Bearing broader interests home.

There are still the early records,  
    Where I turn to find the date  
Of the time of organizing;  
    'Twas November of '78 [1878] –

To the little red North School house

Thirty sturdy farmers came  
With their pioneer leader,  
John H. Abbot was his name –

He a most successful gardener  
From the north part of the town  
And I find, as Charter members,  
The following names are written down:

Enoch J. and Hosea Stockwell,  
Jareb Gragg and Reuben Field –  
Mr. Field and Eli Maynard  
Secretaries pens did wield.

An early scribe was H.L. Warfield, -  
His descendants well we know.  
C.A. Wilder, W. H. Streeter,  
A. L. Pratt and Dr. Trow.

E. M. Smith, and quickly follows  
E. F. Smith, the elder's son –  
A. F. Kendrick, C. L. Guild,  
Deacon Marcus Purrington –

Luther and G. W. Truesdell,  
Newton Allen, Jude C. King,  
Spencer Woodward, Frank A. Woodward, --  
He who made the anvil ring.

James A. Streeter, Luther Severance,  
And the teacher, Abijah Thayer,  
James and Deacon Silas Trowbridge,  
E. D. Bement, Enos Ware.

The Constitution and the Bylaws  
Signed that year by these said men,  
Have remained almost unaltered, --  
Good for us as good for them.

One amendment I have noted  
Is not for us in this new life:  
When a man became a member  
Member too it made his wife!

And I'm certain that in these days  
We're not willing that the men  
Make us members of an order  
By the scratching of their pen!

There's a long, long list of members  
And a long, long list of change –  
Changes that have come so swiftly  
As to make some names seem strange.

But by far the greater number  
Who have met here all these years  
Bear the name, or are descendants,  
Of these early pioneers.

Let their ideals be respected  
As our motive, while we toil  
To increase the social progress  
Of the tillers of the soil.

Let us strive to keep our records  
So that they who read shall find  
We have tried to serve each other,  
Dear old Buckland and mankind.

*It is presumed that the writer of the piece above, "Tella", is Attella Calista (Woodward) Wells born in Buckland 17 Sep 1874 daughter of Spencer Woodward and Julia (Ware) Woodward. Attella married Henry B. Wells of Buckland on 22 April 1893. She lived her whole life in Buckland. She died in a Shelburne Falls nursing home on 20 Aug 1965 (aged 90). Her funeral was conducted at the Mary Lyon Church. She and husband Henry are buried in Taylor Cemetery #02 in Buckland Center.*

## **Page 12**

Do you suppose we'll win? How much? Thousands? In any event, the Home and Community Service Committed did their best to make a good report and was a dandy. It is just too bad the entire community couldn't see it and that it will not be returned for the record.

What is this all about? Each year Sears Roebuck Foundation gives thousands of dollars in prizes to Granges entering the National Grange Contest for community service. The State Grange also gives some recognition to Granges submitting an

especially good report. Our report consisted of 46 pages, not including Our Buckland, with a nice blue cover lettered by Sam Wilson, an index and with each section labelled by special colored tabs. To back up the claims for 12 projects were newspaper items and pictures, many of thanks to Irmarie Jones. The twelve projects involved 119 of the 139 Grange members, a score of 85.6%. The hours donated were important in the scoring and that's why John Eastman has been listing hours in his little black notebook – to help make the report for the National contest. Total hours of work were 3715. This is how they were figured: Mikado 1236; Church 1057; Grange bathrooms 96; Nadeau house 75; Bird Scout Sap Buckets 22; Grange Fair 116; Recreation Work bees 75; Cook Book 83; 4H & Cub Scouts 900; Band Concert 33; Community Christmas Party 97.

The Eastmans, Wilsons, and the Robertses as the Home and Community Service Committee, mailed the report August 31<sup>st</sup>. Now we can only wait.

\*\*\*

BUCKLAND WEAVERS gets the credit for sparking and organizing a Weaver's Seminar at Skinner Hall, University of Massachusetts, July 28-29! Heading it was Mrs. A. C. Aldrich of Charlemont who spent more than a year writing letters, arranging speakers, planning the gathering to the last detail. It was decided that if 100 did not come we were in the "red" and what on earth (sic) would we do for an "angel"? 290 attended so that made the financial part secure.

Lots of seminars are just shows with prizes, hurt feelings and mediocre speakers. These were the happiest weavers one could imagine. The shows were from 14 weaving groups – Southern Berkshire, Hampshire Weavers, Holyoke Weavers, Springfield Guild of Weavers, and Springfield Guild of Craftsmen, Deerfield Valley Art Association, Shelburne Falls Art Center, Hampshire Hills Handicrafts, Inc. and of course, Buckland Weavers. Other groups who exhibited were Weavers of Winchenden, Worcester YMCA Weavers, Lexington Weavers, Boston Weavers, Weavers Guild of Connecticut, and the studies of Kate Van Cleve of Brookline, Myra Davis of Boston and the Cates of Ashburnham.

The speakers were very good – very very. Color and Design: Trends in Crafts; The museum: Treasure House of Craft Ideas; Orlons and Synthetics; and finally, Katheryn Wellman of Philadelphia with dozens and dozens of swatches and yards and yards of weaving. There was a demonstration in threading a loom, in linens, in tapestry

## **Page 13**

weaving and in damask weaving on a 33 harness loom. (I have one which could have 8 harnesses, but the rest are usually 4 harness looms).

So the list of callers at the Post Office shows visitors come from all sorts of places because they have heard of the Buckland Weavers and because May Aldrich

sparked this seminar, the first in Massachusetts and we backed her. And we had a pretty goo showing ourselves when all our things were together.

Pressure has been great to have another one next year, but so far the decision has been to wait until 1957. We need some Buckland Weavers, although those from Clarksburg, Greenfield, Shelburne, Deerfield, Mansfield, Elmhurst, L.I., and Honolulu, T.H., seem very proud to join under the name of Buckland. Personally, I want to see Eleanor Clark confining her interests to becoming proficient in her weaving and less diffused in her interests. I'd like to have something for that 1957 show as well as the rest of the group!

It was a great seminar. I didn't dream one could weave a mess of threads so many ways into so many fine articles for so many uses!

\*\*\*

### THE HILLS OF HOME

As usual, the beginning of Fall finds me in New England and a guest at the famous Griswold Mary Lyon House. Since most of my life is spent either in New York City or in faraway and foreign countries, your Editor thought it might be interesting if I state on paper why after all my travels, I return again and again to Buckland.

I think first and foremost it is the hills, I spent this Spring in Greece and a more mountainous country does not exist. But those hills are rock, forbidding and snow-capped, even in summer. Of course they are thrilling and stupendous while "Our Buckland" hills are friendly and approachable.

It is pleasant, after leading such a crowded life, to be annually in a place where, for the Stranger there are lonely two places to visit - the Postoffice with its glimpse of the outside world and its stimulating Postmaster and the Library with its intelligent and pleasant Librarian.

The greatest Buckland asset for the city-bred person is the fact that the main road by-passes the village, and in time to come Buckland may be the only settlement that "has it" both ways - aloof and yet in touch with all the Massachusetts highways.

The cultivated fields and the well-kept mowings give the village a priceless rural air and yet the weaving industry, the Grange activities and the extremely interesting quarterly paper make the visitor realize that the "man with the hoe" is not the only one at work here.

Peace and quiet (once the ubiquitous road trucks have been silenced) and lack of "juke boxes" seem to be the things that drew me back every year and I delight in the fact that no matter how far afield I may roam, there is still a piece of tranquility and beauty to which I can return.

**Helen Evans**

BUCKLAND 1975 takes a backward look at YOUTH 1955 FAIRS  
as reported by Eleanor W. Clark

September 1975 was also a time of a backward look – guess my August mood held over – and 1955 seemed to be the year which held my memories most. Never before or since have so many community interests all been foremost. So just to prove I could still ambulate, I walked across the fields to Pauline Atherton's. (Altho' hiking and nature clubs have reversed that trend we used to fear what folks would cease to have feet they could use, I still do not walk enough.) I found Pauline in the trophy room, polishing silver cups, gold pins and rearranging many ribbons.

The trophies of Shirley, Paul and Lewis form a pattern of 4H, Scout and other Youth activities beginning with the Fairs of 1955. We both agree that showing at a fair is a good thing, a very good thing. It sets a date to have on e's best articles ready for the show. It makes the exhibitors study their exhibitors, polish the horns and hoofs of cattle, brush them, train them to show, train the exhibitors themselves to appear well and meet strangers. If the exhibits are cloth, they must be beautifully laundered. Cans of fruit must be exactly labelled, this can and that selected on excellence of color, arrangement and quality.

On the exciting days of the fair, one sees the best that one has done beside another's best to be judged not by one's chums, relatives and proud parents, but by someone who looks only at the article. The prize ribbon stands for something well done – and is a spur to do better next year.

At Cummington awards were received for applesauce, peaches, popcorn, oatmeal cookies, stencilled pillowcases, handwoven runners, luncheon sets, rugs, a belt, blouse and skirt, skirts with the names of Lola Mollison, Mary Litchfield, Gwen Gilbert, Linda Martin, the Rowell girls, Diana Roberts, Susan Wilder recalling the Busy Bees of that year and their weaving project. They even went to Eastern States to demonstrate with Mrs. Charles Litchfield and Mrs. James Mollison accompanying them. They proved with the textile paining that crafts could be 4H too.

The Cass boys started their travelling to fairs at Cummington too, then on to Middlefield, Northampton, Greenfield and Littleville. Their prize money is one of the ways they can pay for the calves they bought through the WTIC Calf Project. Lewis Scott, the Atherton's, and little Steven Mayer exhibited here and there and the judging team showed the result of their many trips to practice judging. It was at the local Western Massachusetts Dairy Show that Lloyd Cass, Shirley Atherton and David Jackman took three places out of the top five in judging, and Shirley was third in a group of 165 kids. It was at Eastern States David Fiske won a first and was one of three to show before the governor.

As I reminisced with Pauline and looked at scrap books I kept thinking of the painstaking listing that has to be done in all exhibiting – listing each article in the



right class and under the correct name, checking each article out after the fair closes, and especially I recalled my newspaper days! !!!!! Be as painstaking as I would try to be, somewhere I would slip into error! Yet as I look on the work of the Youth of 1975, I use the newspaper item of 1955 and the trophies of 1955 and marvel at the progress of 20 years in some things – but cows are still cows, and sheep, sheep, even though chickens are wingless, and I only regret that more of the old crowd did not take advantage of EXHIBITING AT THE AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

***End of this issue***