Sesqui-Centennial Addresses

AND

TEXT OF THE PAGEANT

Middlefield, Massachusetts — August 19th and 20th, 1933

MIDDLEFIELD STREET FIFTY YEARS AGO AND TODAY

Published by the Town Committee:
Henry S. Pease, Mrs. Helen Wright Cook and Cecil Alderman

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INTRODUCTORY

At the annual Middlefield Town Meeting in February, 1932, it was voted to appoint a committee of three to consider the advisability of observing the sesqui-centennial anniversary of the Town, in 1933. Henry S. Pease, Mrs. Helen Wright Cook and Cecil E. Alderman were appointed. This committee made a favorable report to the annual meeting in February, 1933, and were authorized to arrange the celebration. One hundred dollars was voted toward the expense.

This committee chose a committee on publicity and program and the celebration occurred August 19th and 20th. Louis C. Smith was made President of the Day, while Harold McElwain Pease was appointed Marshal, the one son, the other grandson of the men who took similar parts in the Centennial Celebration fifty years ago. Edward Church Smith, whose father gave the historical address at the centennial, was invited to make the sesqui-centennial historical address. Philip Mack Smith was invited to write a Middlefield Pageant.

The program was carried out with notable success and the attendance was gratifying. As a Memorial of this great celebration of the one hundred fiftieth birthday of the Town, the full text of the historical addresses as well as the text of the Pageant are here printed. They were felt to be of a high order, worthy of permanent form, and will form a valuable supplement to the "History of Middlefield" of which the Town is proud. The community spirit and fellowship in a great inheritance was very marked and deeply felt. It is hoped that this publication will serve to deepen the tie of unity that binds Middlefield sons and daughters together, and to the Old Home Town.

The Roll-Call by families, following the papers by Henry S. Pease and Mrs. Helen Wright Cook on "The Men and Women of the Past Fifty Years," was a moving experience. It is not reproducible here. Dr. J. B. Clark's pictures of "Middlefield as I have seen it" were delightful. The discussion of "Middlefield as I should like to see it" took the form of a vision of a Community Building to be known as Forefathers' Memorial.

It is regrettable that we cannot reproduce the letters of greeting from many Middlefield sons and daughters. The friendly greetings from representatives of neighboring towns were greatly appreciated: P. A. Frissell for Hinsdale, J. C. Ballou for Becket, Clement Burr for Worthington, E. R. Morgan for Washington, Frank Fay for Chester.

There was disappointment that Governor Joseph B. Ely was unable to accept our invitation. His gracious letter follows:

Boston, August 19th, 1933.

My dear Mr. Pease:—

I am sorry I cannot accept your very kind invitation from the citizens of Middlefield to attend your 150th anniversary.

The spirit of the Pilgrim has ever led in the development of your town—so typical of New England—and it has carried your sons and daughters from our own shores through to the Pacific Sea. I congratulate you all upon this happy occasion, and I bid them God speed as they continue the onward march.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH B. ELY.

Henry S. Pease, Esq.
Middlefield.

WELCOME ON BEHALF OF THE TOWN

RALPH BELL

As Chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Middlefield, it is my pleasant duty to welcome from far and near the sons and daughters and friends of this good old town to this celebration of the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation.

Fifty years ago the Centennial Celebration took place on these grounds, and the President of the Day was our beloved and distinguished townsman, the late Metcalf John Smith.

It is therefore fitting that on this occasion this office should be filled by his no less beloved and distinguished son. I present to you as President of the Day, Louis C. Smith, of Middlefield and Newton Center.

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT OF THE DAY

LOUIS C. SMITH

In 1783, one hundred and fifty years ago, an important event occurred in this locality. A town was born and christened Middlefield. This new-born town came of worthy ancestors and had a goodly heritage. She was a sturdy child, one who early manifested sterling qualities of character and one who was able to make her own decisions, and they were usually good ones, on questions of policy.

As the years rolled by this town passed through the periods of youth and of middle age and into the period of mature age. During all this time she preserved the sterling characteristics which she had exhibited in her early years. She was ever ready to do her part not only in cases of emergency but whenever help was needed in any direction or for any worthy cause.

When the time came that this town, which was born in 1783, had lived a useful and honorable life for a period of one hundred years, it seemed appropriate to give a birthday party in honor of the event; and so the centennial celebration of the Town of Middlefield was held in August, 1883.

There are a goodly number of those present who remember that occasion, although probably the recollection of many may be, as mine is, the recollections of a child. The lasting impressions which a child receives from any event, such as the Middlefield centennial celebration, is very different from those received by an adult. Prominent among my recollections of this noteworthy event are, the big tent pitched on these grounds just north of the cattleshow hall and which seemed to me big enough to hold half of creation; the crowds, as it seemed to me, of people who were in attendance; the fact that my father, three of my uncles, and a cousin of mine had parts in the speaking program; and the general gala atmosphere which prevailed. Of the speeches themselves I remembered practically nothing and I should now have no knowledge of what was said on that occasion were it not for the printed record. Suffice it to say that the one hundredth birthday party of Middlefield was fittingly celebrated.

At that time it seemed as though this town had acquired a status which she would always retain. Practically all the farms in the town were being cultivated and to a large extent by families who had lived on them for one or more generations. Roads had been improved and there had been no change in methods of transportation or communication for a long time so it seemed as though the community had settled into a manner of life which would continue indefinitely.

And then fifty years more rolled past and again it seemed fitting to mark the passage of these additional fifty years by giving the town a second birthday party, her one hundred and fiftieth. So here we are assembled on practically the same spot as that on which the one hundredth birthday party was held in order to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Town of Middlefield.

As we take a backward look we find that Middlefield has by no means preserved the status quo of fifty years ago. While the town records still carry some of the old family names such as Alderman, Bell, Cottrell, Fleming, McElwain, Olds, Pease, Smith, Sternagle, Wright, yet there are many names familiar to those who lived here fifty years ago that are missing and many new names have appeared. Revolutionary changes have come about in methods of transportation and communication and as a result life in Middlefield today is quite different from what it was at the time of the centennial celebration.

But notwithstanding these changes Middlefield still preserves her sterling character. The Middlefield of today is still the Middlefield of which we may be justly proud and this is because she expresses the character and ideals not only of the people who lived here and were identified with the town fifty years ago but also of the people who are now living here, or are now identified with the town. Middlefield is what she is not only because of what our grandfathers and fathers were and did but also because of what those who are now living in the town are and do.

In this connection I should like to quote from two of the speeches which were made at the one hundredth anniversary celebration because the quotations express much better than I can the reason why we are proud to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth birthday of the Town of Middlefield and the privilege we now have of making secure for future generations the good name which Middlefield has always enjoyed.

I quote first from the opening remarks of my Father who acted as President of the Day at the centennial celebration. Here is what was said on that occasion:

"We, the dwellers in Middlefield, now acknowledge that we have 'a goodly heritage'. We remember today that this town is what it is because of the sterling worth and character of the generations that have gone before. We also desire to be impressed with the truth that the Middlefield of the future will be largely what we of the present generation are making it. And, fellow-citizens, impressed with some just sense of our responsibility to those who shall come after us, be it ours to transmit to our children this goodly heritage, not only unimpaired, but still further enriched and ennobled by our own manly, Christian living."

I also repeat the last paragraph of the historical address delivered at the centennial celebration by Professor Edward P. Smith.

"The blessings we rejoice in today are almost wholly due to the humble but good men and women who, among these hills, faithfully and bravely lived a hidden life, and rest now in untitled graves. The wealth of the inheritance we enjoy is, under God's providence, but the legitimate result of the toils they endured, of the sacrifices they made, and of the blood they shed. We shall best reverence their memory by simple loyalty to truth and right. We shall most honor Middlefield, the mother of us all, by blessing her history with a future in harmony with her past."

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

EDWARD CHURCH SMITH

Fifty years ago last Monday, a small boy sat on the front steps of his grandmother's house and with keen interest beheld a stout team of horses pulling up Town Hill a wagon heavily loaded with Bolton's Mammoth Tent. That canvas was to be used to house the festivities on the following day. At a later hour the same small boy was permitted to accompany his aunt upon a visit to the store in Factory Village where she purchased of Mr. John W. Crane, the storekeeper, sundry pieces of red, white, and blue cloth. Later he saw

these fabrics sewed together, and on the following day displayed upon the front porch.

This small boy was, of course, quite too young to know what it was all about, and so was not permitted to join in the festivities. He did, however, have the privilege of accompanying his father uptown where he beheld with amazement the largest flag he had ever seen hanging from a rope stretched between a pole on the Triangle and the tower of the Congregational Church. He was permitted also to visit the Fair Grounds and see the big tent, erected and ready for the celebration. That was all the present speaker saw of the Centennial of 1883. Years afterward, this same boy happened upon a modest pamphlet in his father's library and read with eagerness the history of Middlefield as given in the historical address which his father had delivered. This mere beginning of a town history aroused in that youth an enthusiasm for local historical research, and led finally to the publication of a more complete volume upon that subject. And thus your historian of today happened to engage in the study of the past of Middlefield, and to have the privilege of participating in the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

A casual summer visitor to Middlefield, given to cross-country rambles and hill climbing, after encountering our stony pastures, rocky summits and overgrown valleys, dotted with cellar-holes and traces of abandoned farm yards, would doubtless inquire, "Why did folks ever try to make a living in Middlefield, when there is so much better land elsewhere? With rocky and stubborn soil, frosts in nearly every month in the year, with a short growing season at the best, and with the terrible winds and snows of winter, why should anyone choose to live on the Middlefield plateau?" Let me then, in the short time at my disposal, endeavor, very briefly, to show who were the pioneers who selected this region for their home, why they came and what they did with the opportunity to establish a new community here.

The settlement of Middlefield, which was a small but thoroughly characteristic part of the westward movement of population in the New World, was the result of two strong forces which opposed each other. One was the pressure of the pent-up population in Massachusetts and Connecticut, seeking new homes along the valleys of the Housatonic and Connecticut Rivers in Hampshire and Berkshire Counties during the first half of the eighteenth century. The neighboring towns of Becket and Washington had their beginnings during this period. The other force was the fear engendered by the insecurity of life and property so long as the savage tribes held sway on the frontier. The early operations of the pioneers who started, after 1737, to open Western Massachusetts, were hampered by the activities of the Indians; Becket and Williamstown were abandoned, and not a new town was planted after 1754 until the French and Indian war was over.

After the fall of Quebec in 1759 the outward pressure was again released. Settlement in the territory occupied by Worthington, Chester, Peru, and some parts of what is now Middlefield, was stimulated by the sale at auction by the Province of ten new townships. While the Scotch-Irish were active in various parts, especially in Blandford, the great impulse to settle the hill-country came from the farmers and artisans in the overcrowded inland towns of eastern Connecticut. Some moved up the river into New Hampshire and Vermont. Some of the more adventurous pushed into New York where the Iroquois held sway, and others into the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. But those who did not wish to settle too far from their old homes could secure wild lands at reasonable prices in the Berkshire Hills, to which the roads in the Connecticut and Westfield River valleys formed a convenient pathway for them for a large part of the distance.

A number of unfavorable conditions tended, however, to restrain this westward movement. The depredations of Indians and Tories disrupted the settlements in Northern New York. The wave of emigration had not progressed far when the Revolutionary War broke out, and many young men who were ready to move entered the Patriot Army. The controversy between New Hampshire and New York over the New Hampshire Grants made the settlement of Vermont hazardous. Indian massacres and civil strife drove residents from the beautiful Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. In contrast with these

scenes of turmoil, the peaceful hills of Western Massachusetts must have appeared more and more attractive to those in Connecticut who were forced to seek cheaper lands, or whose relatives had encountered ill fortune or death on the western or northern frontiers. In a word, then, Middlefield was occupied by a sort of back eddy-current of westward migration, when unfavorable conditions temporarily diverted the stream, which otherwise would have flowed on into New York and Ohio as it did as soon as the causes of disturbance were removed.

So far as can be learned, actual settlement in Middlefield territory began in 1769. That was the year Napoleon Bonaparte was born; Louis XV was still King of France; Catherine the Great ruled Russia; and George the Third had been King of England for nine years. Under the repressive policies of the Mother Country the American Colonies were becoming restive and the year 1769 was marked by the Virginia Resolutions and the boycott under the Non-importation Act. The earliest settlers here were squatters of Scotch-Irish extraction, the first to come being the Taggarts who previously had lived in Blandford and Murrayfield. This family settled on the rich meadows of Factory Brook which came to be called Taggart's Brook while that neighborhood was known as Taggartstown. About the same time another man from Murrayfield, William Mann, made extensive improvements on land in Prescott's Grant now the farms of Jesse Pelkey, G. E. Cook, and Mr. Birnie. Between 1778 and 1783, Miles Washburn from Norwich, cleared land near the Drozd place. But after coming into conflict with the rightful owners of the land they occupied, all these squatters moved away before the town was ten years old.

About 1770 the first of the more permanent settlers arrived. Benjamin Eggleston pushing out beyond the settled community of Murrayfield, now called Chester, made his home near the farm of the late Ovid Eames. Two years later his father, Bigot Eggleston, arrived and John Taylor made his home near the house of Harold Pease. Samuel Taylor, who, tradition says, left Pittsfield for fear of the Indians, purchased the territory around the Center and built his cabin east of the Fair Grounds. The Rhodes family from Voluntown, Conn., established themselves in the Den where John Rhodes built the first grist-mill.

Prominent among the pioneers was David Mack of Hebron, Conn., who after acquiring a little capital by trading with the Indians on Lake Champlain, invested in land half a mile south of the Center, where in 1774 he built a log cabin and cleared some land, and the following year brought his wife and child to share with him the rough life on this hilltop. Eight families had settled here when Mack arrived, and by 1781 there were at least fifty families. Of those whose names may be familiar to you, the Bells, Metcalfs, Wrights, Olds, Taylors, Graves, and Blossoms came from various places in Massachusetts. But the majority were of Connecticut stock which included the names of Robbins, Blush, Newton, Church, Meacham, Pease, Ingham, Mack, Alderman, Root, McElwain, and two unrelated families of Smith. Few of these names are to be found among those of the citizens of Middlefield in 1933, but she is happy to number among her permanent residents today those who bear the names of Alderman, Graves, McElwain, Olds, Pease, and Smith. The McElwain family holds a record among the permanent residents for now a member of the sixth generation is living in the old homestead built by the pioneer, Timothy McElwain in 1797. Walter Smith occupies the dwelling in Smith Hollow which was the tavern of his grandfather, Asa Smith, a century ago. The dwelling of Matthew Smith, built in 1806, is now the summer residence of Louis C. Smith of Boston. Mrs. Clark B. Wright spends her summers on the Nathan Wright farm in the Den. Alfred S. Crane, a descendant of Uriah Church, owns certain tracts of land which have been among the properties owned by the Churches for over a century. And Harold Pease still lives at Hesslewood which his great-grandfather purchased in 1821.

Surveying briefly the 220 settlers who with their families made up the town's population, the following facts may be of interest. Of these 220, 114 came from Connecticut, 87 from Massachusetts. While the latter came singly or in twos or threes from towns scattered throughout the state, the Connecticut people came in colonies from a few places; East Windsor, Enfield, East Haddam,

and Hebron furnished 73 settlers, while the neighboring towns of Colchester, Bolton, Somers, and Preston contributed 24 more. As a result the Connecticut people and their descendants were prominent in local affairs. Of the seventeen selectmen chosen between 1783 and 1800, thirteen were from Connecticut and four from Massachusetts, while between 1800 and 1830 all were of Connecticut origin except one. Every town clerk and representative to the General Court during this period was either a Connecticut man or a descendant of one.

No fewer than 94 of the pioneers saw active service in the Revolutionary War. Some of the older men like James Dickson and Ithamar Pelton merely turned out at the Lexington Alarm. There were younger men including John Smith and Uriah Church who saw many engagements and were with General Washington at Valley Forge. Five sons of Samuel Taylor served in the Patriot Army and family tradition adds that the youngest also saw service as a drummer boy. Middlefield's most famous Revolutionary settler was Israel Bissell of East Windsor. He it was who carried the news of the battle of Lexington, spreading the alarm through Massachusetts, Connecticut and on to New York and Philadelphia, a horseback ride of 350 miles, covered in four days.

When the settlers had time to turn from their private affairs and consider their state socially and geographically, they found themselves seriously handicapped in several ways. As you all can see by this map, the Middlefield plateau is cut off from much of the surrounding territory by the deep valleys of the Middle and West Branches of the Westfield River. With only the rough Indian and pioneer trails, these people found themselves practically isolated on these hilltops. David Mack could reach Becket Center where he should worship and attend town meeting only by a most round-about journey requiring half a day. He did occasionally take his family and some of his neighbors to church at Chester Center when weather permitted. Others of his fellow pioneers were still worse off. While those in the Chester Section could reach Chester Center without undue difficulty, those in the Worthington Section were from five to seven miles from their meeting-house, and the one road that town had provided for them did not modify the steepness of the climb out of Smith Hollow Valley.

But among these people so hampered by location was one group more unfortunately situated than the rest, the dwellers on Prescott's Grant. This tract of land was part of a grant made by the Province in 1771 to the heirs of Benjamin Prescott of Groton, Mass. The Middlefield portion, which had been purchased by Josiah Arnold of East Haddam, Conn., who had sold lots to his neighbors for speculation or settlement, was as yet included in no incorporated township, and no one there had authority to levy taxes and build highways. As this tract lay squarely across the main trails from the south to Pittsfield and Albany through Partridgefield to the north and through Hartwood to the northwest, there was little promise of getting a continuation of the county highway which had been laid out through Chester Center and the Chester Section as far as the Becket line. The disadvantages are quaintly stated in the following extract from the petition for the incorporation of a new town, drawn up by David Mack and signed by his fellow settlers:

"All the persons who are settled on said lands live at a distance of five miles and some at much greater distance from the meeting-house in their respective towns on which account many of your petitioners have been obliged either to carry these families the distance above mentioned in rough roads or to educate them without any of the advantages of public institutions, except in some few cases in which they have been able to procure preaching among themselves; the many disadvantages arising from the Roughness of the Roads, Steep Hills and Rapid Rivers, that are in the way to their respective towns are more than many of your Honours would think of; that those of your petitioners that live in the tract of land called Prescott's Grant not being annexed to no towns have no privileges as other towns have nor ever can have till that August Body the General Assembly of the Commonwealth Incorporates them and allows them the privileges of other towns . . ."

Under the circumstances the formation of a new township was the only reasonable solution. As a result of Mack's efforts and the petition, the new township of Middlefield was incorporated March 12, 1783 and included the

sections you see on this map, which was made for the Middlefield Centennial Celebration of 1883 by Miss Carolyn Church. The Act of Incorporation declared that the inhabitants of the southwest corner of Worthington, the northwest corner of Murrayfield, the northeast corner of Becket, the south side of Partridgefield, a part of Washington, and Prescott's Grant were thereby incorporated into a new town to be called Middlefield which was to be annexed to Hampshire County.

The first town meeting was held at the house of David Mack, April 10, 1783. The first selectmen were Samuel Jones of the Chester Section, David Mack of the Becket Section, and Job Robbins from what had once been Partridgefield. At subsequent town meetings the layout of needed highways was approved, thirty pounds appropriated for the support of preaching, ten pounds for schooling, and a committee appointed to find a site for the meeting-house, the civil and religious center in every well-regulated New England town. Time will not permit a discussion of the interesting and protracted controversy over the meeting-house site. The citizens were hopelessly divided in many ways. Not only were they of different origin, Massachusetts against Connecticut, but they represented former citizens of no fewer than five townships, not counting the Grant. Some were of English extraction, some were Scotch, and others were Scotch-Irish. A further fact, which was doubtless the reason why it took nine years to agree upon a settled minister, was the presence of Congregationalists, Baptists, several staunch Presbyterians and, perhaps, some Methodists among the people. Selfish desires to have the meeting-house near each section or fraction probably added to the strife. But at length after seven years the site where the Middlefield Community Church now stands was approved, and the highway to Blossom Corner was laid out to appease the folk in the eastern part of the township. The meeting-house was completed in 1791 and the following year Rev. Jonathan Nash of Amherst became pastor of the Congregational Church which had been organized in November, 1783, with sixteen charter members.

The history of Middlefield may be divided roughly into three periods of approximately fifty years each. The first division extending to about 1830 was characterized by isolated farming activities. Permanent villages had not developed and the residents were scattered with fairly even distribution over the entire township. They lived in old-fashioned houses, each built around its huge chimney with its great fireplace, and with other rooms so arranged as to make the large living room the one defensible place in winter. The farmers worked their land without the machinery which so lightens the labor of men today, lighting their houses with candles, and traveling on horseback or oxcart.

With neither markets for their produce nor good roads to travel had markets existed, each farm and community had to be self-supporting. In Middlefield, as elsewhere, men raised, slaughtered, and salted their own beef and pork. Hides, tanned by John Metcalf, were turned into shoes, boots, harness, and saddles by local workers of leather, among them Eliakim Wardwell and Benjamin Pinney. Candles were made from tallow and soap from the grease. From flax and wool grown on the farms the women spun, wove, knit, and dyed almost all the summer and winter clothing and household linen. Carpenters made furniture and wagons as well as houses and barns. James Dickson found a good clay pit on his farm and started a brickyard there. A limekiln was operated on a small scale in Blush Hollow where there is an out-crop of limestone. Dr. William Coleman had a distillery for making cider brandy near what is even now known as the "Still Bridge" in the Pease District. Wheat, corn, and barley were ground into flour by John Rhodes at his grist-mill in the Den. Rough boards were sawed from logs at John Ford's saw mill on Factory Brook.

This was the era of turnpike roads, improved through highways, built to facilitate western migration. Since the towns could not afford to appropriate money for these highways, the proprietors were permitted to collect tolls from the traveling public. The tavern keepers were very busy politically, working to have these roads established where they would pass their public houses, and naturally the taverns became the nuclei of villages. In Middlefield the first budding village was in the Pease District, centering around John Taylor's tavern, later operated by Enos Blossom and others in the interesting

old house now the dwelling of Harold Pease. Eli Skinner had his blacksmith shop across the road from the tavern. Eliakim Wardwell had his harness shop close by. Dr. Bazaleel Wright, the first physician, lived in this neighborhood. Elijah White, the cooper, was located a little way up the road to Peru; near Mrs. Dyer's was the tannery run by Thomas Root and later by John Metcalf, while Dr. Coleman's still was nearby.

But the county road established in 1784 from Westfield to Pittsfield followed the West Branch of the Westfield River to the foot of Mount Gobble and thence climbed northward passing through what is now the Alderman farm and on by David Mack's house instead of serving Chester and the Blossom tavern community. Thus the chance of a flourishing village growing in latter place diminished, and Mack's tavern, later operated by David Mack, Jr., began to flourish. A small community began growing here. Until the meeting-house was built, Mack's dwelling was a good place for holding town meetings and church services. Mack's potash works was in this neighborhood, and Amos Strong and after him Ebenezer Emmons had a blacksmith shop close by. David Mack, Jr., about 1804 built himself a fine house on what is now known as the Parsonage Lot. In addition to his other ventures Deacon Mack became the first storekeeper in town, at first doing business in one of the rooms in his dwelling. Later a commodious store building was erected.

To be sure the Center had been selected as the site for the meeting-house, but could we look back at the hilltop, as it was in 1800 we should see a barren, windswept summit, the meeting-house, with no spire, perched on the rocks, Oliver Blush's tavern which still stands as the house of Miss Kate Smith, Lewis Taylor's red story-and-a-half house on the site of the Wayside Lodge, and Pastor Nash's house a little further north. Stores had a way of growing out of the tavern business. By 1810 the trade at Blush's public house was so good that starting a store at the Center seemed a promising venture. Accordingly a cooperative enterprise was begun by several leading citizens, and their store, which was built in 1812, still stands as the office of Dr. Starbuck. One of the principal members, Edmund Kelso, who was doubtless the storekeeper, was appointed the first postmaster in Middlefield in 1813.

This period saw the beginning of industries on a larger scale as transportation improved and markets became more numerous and accessible. The waterpower facilities on several streams in various parts of the township were employed to operate a dozen sawmills and turning shops. The woolen manufacturing business, which flourished in Blush Hollow for nearly a century, began in 1794 when Moses Herrick erected on Factory Brook a fulling mill for finishing cloth woven in the farmers' homes. This mill after, a few years, became the nucleus of the woolen plant owned by Amasa Blush, who besides a larger fulling mill, added in 1815 a three-story woolen factory which came to be known as "Blush's Carding Mill." The first carding shop in the Hollow, however, was one erected by Ambrose Church as early as 1808. His account books show that he served not only 129 families in Middlefield, but, during the War of 1812 when there was a demand for army blankets, uniforms, and clothing of all kinds, he did custom work also for sixty-seven families in Chester, fifty-two in Washington and many in Peru, Worthington, and other neighboring towns. This shop and a fulling mill were acquired about 1815 by Uriah Church who had previously woven army blankets at his home where Mr. Gardner now lives. The large demand for wool during this period led the farmers of Middlefield and surrounding towns to engage in raising Merino sheep. Following the close of the War, however, a flood of English dress goods was dumped on the American market. Congress failed to enact a protective tariff, and Blush and Church were hard hit. The effect on the farmers was more serious, prices of wool fell and many fine flocks were ruthlessly slaughtered.

The pioneers found that the climate here was not always favorable for crop raising. Justus Bissell complained in 1807, "Season very weat and Backard that Some dident git Don moing till the middle of September." The next year he wrote, "Besides sickness we have a very horrid Spring." The severity of the climate with lack of preventive medicine resulted in much illness and high mortality especially among the children. While all the thirteen children of Deacon Mack reached maturity before there was a death in the

family, no doubt setting some kind of a record, such an achievement was the exception. Justus Bissell in 1807 enumerated many members of his family who had suffered from "this great cold that goes about among us." One is impressed with the large space in early correspondence devoted to the ill health and death of relatives and friends.

An entry in the diary of Hiram Leach, 1846, is probably typical of experiences with epidemics:

"Mar. 22. Supper to Isaiah's. He was sick with measels but worked today.

"Mar. 23. Went to C. Coals and got near a qt. of rum for Isaiah. I borrowed it. I did his chores for him 22nd, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th in the morning.

"Apr. 2nd, 3d, 4th. I was sick with measels.

"Apr. 7th. I feel quite smart; measels come out on my feet. Mary and Eunis have measels now.

"Apr. 13th. P. M. to see H. Hawes . . . about what I had said about my having the measels. S. Graves said it to A. Graves, Jr., that I ought to be prosecuted for exposing people in Middlefield. I had a hard talk with A. Graves about the same."

Lack of adequate quarantine doubtless accounted for the numerous dreadful casualties which the vital records show.

This period saw the resumption of westward migration as the young and restless element in the community, attracted by the tales of rich lands in the west, decided to try their fortunes on the frontier. Some men like Nathan Mann who lived near the summit of Dickson Hill and Benjamin Blish on the windswept top of Johnnycake Hill discovered that what they had purchased from speculators was land of little value for cultivation and were anxious to try again elsewhere. A study of the census records has revealed that including the young unmarried men with the families emigrating up to 1820, 280 families or potential heads of households had moved away. In fact only one third of the families migrating to Middlefield remained as permanent residents of the town. Of those who moved away one-half went to other towns in Massachusetts, one-quarter settled in New York State while most of the remainder made their homes in Ohio and other western states. The attitude of Blish, who went to Mentor, Ohio, is probably typical of that of many pioneers, of whom it is stated, "There for twenty years lived Benjamin Blish, rejoicing even amid the privations incident to a new settlement that he had placed his children in a more desirable location than the Green Mountains of Massachusetts, where his entire life had been one of severe labor and close economy, with no better outlook for them."

The second period in the history of Middlefield, extending from 1830 to 1885 saw the growth of communities and the expansion of local industries. The jack-of-all-trades farmer began to disappear and his home ceased to be a factory on the farm. With improved business among the woolen manufacturers, following the high tariffs of 1820, there came another large demand for wool, and the farmers in Middlefield, as elsewhere, were active in sheep raising, specializing the Merino breed. So much attention was paid to this line that the dairy and cattle raising industries suffered. In 1836 there were over 9,000 sheep in the township, a count exceeded throughout the state only in the towns of Hinsdale and Lanesboro. While some men were active as manufacturers, others with talents for trading went into the mercantile business. These activities together with the building of the Western Railroad brought into existence the three communities, Factory Village, the Center and "The Switch."

As business improved the plants at Factory Village were enlarged. The business of Amasa Blush was continued by his sons, Oliver and William D., under the name of O. Blush & Co., and about 1834 their plant was extended by the erection of a new finishing shop south of the dwellings of the owners. By 1840 the partnership was dissolved, and William Blush, taking possession of the finishing shop equipped it with a full set of machinery for the production of broadcloth and satinet. After the burning of this factory, William Blush built a shop for the manufacture of wagon parts and similar wooden articles which he operated for twenty years.

The firm of U. Church & Sons, which had added a three-story woolen mill to the fulling and carding shops, also prospered, and by 1848 the demand was such as to warrant the erection of the large "Lower Mill." After the death of Uriah Church, his four sons continued the business under the name of S. U. Church & Brothers. While for a few years conditions necessitated the manufacture of twills and other goods in which coarse wool was used to some extent, under the management of Sumner Church a broadcloth of superior quality was obtained by careful grading of the wool, and by greater care in fulling and washing than was generally exercised. This product, Mountain Mills Gold Band Cloth, possessed a soft finish and brilliant luster, sold for twenty-five cents a yard more than other brands in the markets of Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, and was especially popular with the wealthy planters of the South. During the Civil War six months were spent making cloth for uniforms, and when a period of high prices and protective tariffs came a little later, the Churches entered upon the most profitable period of their career.

As a result of these activities, Factory Village grew into a bustling hamlet with a schoolhouse, store, sawmill, and the numerous houses of the folk who worked in the various woolen mills. The more pretentious residences of the mill owners added much to the appearance of the community. To provide a supply of water for power during the summer, the mill owners built the large dam across the valley on Taggart's Brook, now known as Factory Brook, creating the pretty mill pond known as The Reservoir. Later two additional dams were built farther up the stream.

The most important changes in population during this period, aside from the westward migration, took place among the workers in Factory Village. The earliest employees there were of American stock from the farms in this and the neighboring towns. Then came English families among whom we remember the names of Bottum, Braithwait, Evans, Kershaw and Wilcox. The Irish who came to this country when driven from home by the potato famine were represented by the Rowens, Flemings, Gallivans and Walls. The arrival of the "forty-eighters" from Germany brought the families of Dolman, Hauck, Schrake, Carne and Vetter, while the still later influx of French-Canadians added the Enos, Boshans, Gordons, Pelkeys, Saverys and Vincents. Thus with the new-comers at the Hollow and the natural increase in the other families, the population of the town was maintained at an average of slightly over 700 for a period of thirty years.

While the Hollow was growing, the Center was becoming the market place of the township. Though the co-operative store failed, it later came into the hands of Solomon Root who conducted a successful business for thirty years. The prosperity of this establishment caused the Macks to move their store from the Parsonage lot to the corner opposite the meeting-house where they and many successors have done business with varying fortunes, and where today George Olds is serving the public. So good was business at the time of the consolidation of the Root and Mack stores that U. Church & Sons ran a store in Mrs. May Youtz's house for some years. In addition to retailing dry goods and groceries, the merchants undertook to handle the export business of the farms, thus gathering in the trade which had hitherto been carried on at Westfield and other places. The farmers brought their cheeses and barrels of pork to the stores, taking their pay partly in wares and the balance in cash. As ten barrels of fresh meat made eleven barrels after the salting process, the packers were amply recompensed by the returns from the sale of the extra barrel.

With the growing importance of the Center came the new residences of Dr. Warren, E. P. Morgan, Ira B. Sampson and others. In 1846 the Congregational Society, finding its half-century-old meeting-house as much out of style as out of repair, called upon Volney Peirce of Peru to turn and renovate the structure. His inartistic belfry placed on the ridgepole and familiarly known as "Jim Church's Pepper-box" was such an eyesore that in 1855 Franklin Stowell, also of Peru, was employed to design and build the simple but not ungraceful belfry and spire which for the next half-century was a familiar landmark. Concerning this Judson Smith wrote to his brother, Joseph, "The steeple is gradually assuming its own beautiful proportions, and when completed will be a great ornament to the town." The Baptist Society had been

formed in 1817 and built its first meeting-house just east of Ralph Bell's farm. As a result of the general movement for improvements, the Society in 1846 built a new house of worship at the Center just east of the Mack store. Following the example of the other denominations, the Methodists who for a number of years had been very active in the Den, moved their chapel to the Center to a site south of the Congregational Church. To these public buildings was added a one-story town hall which was later replaced by a two-story building. This building also housed the school of the Center District and replaced the older schoolhouse which had stood between the Congregational and Methodist Churches. The parsonages of the Baptist and Congregational Societies were added and the general appearance of the village was greatly enhanced by the removal of Oliver Blush's barns to make room for the mansion of Oliver Church, now the "Big House" owned by Dr. Starbuck.

In contrast with the beginning of the Center and Factory Village, the origin of the community at Middlefield Station was due entirely to the construction of the Western Railroad along the West Branch of the Westfield River. In the late thirties the valley took on new life when swarms of workmen came to camp in temporary shacks while they constructed the track along the right of way once occupied by the Pontoosuc Turnpike. When the road began operations in 1841, there was no station at Middlefield, but only a turnout which allowed trains to pass each other. The switch for the turnout was tended by Daniel Fowler who lived near by and from this railroad device the community which gradually grew in this locality received its local name, "The Switch." About 1843 John Mann built a saw mill and opened a store where a post office called Bancroft was opened in 1846. Mann started a paper mill which later was owned by William West who built the brick mill which was operated through most of its existence by Bulkley, Dunton & Co. of New York. Supplying wood for the early locomotives on the railroad became a flourishing industry for a number of years for local citizens. At one time two kilns for making charcoal were operated.

But among Middlefield's citizens there were many more farmers than merchants or manufacturers. Though comparatively few of the farms were notable for crop raising, the majority of them were well adapted to grazing, and with the coming of the railroad the raising of cattle for market received an impetus. Local stock raisers were interested in the improvement of their herds which was made possible by the importation from England of the Durham Breed as well as the Devons and Jerseys. Those who are familiar with these activities recall the names of Middlefield's bulls, "Roan Duke", the shorthorn bull owned by Eldridge Pease and "Americus" owned by Matthew Smith. Then there was the Alderney bull of William D. Blush, and those prize winning shorthorns, "Duke of Clarence" and "Glendale Duke," exhibited by the late Clark B. Wright. It was the development of the cattle industry which led to the formation of the Highland Agricultural Society in 1856, among whose promoters we recall Ambrose Loveland, Matthew Smith, Solomon F. Root, and Edwin McElwain. The Society was incorporated in 1859, and Middlefield was selected to have the charter for the annual Cattleshow, thanks to the vigorous representations of Matthew Smith before the committee of the legislature, in spite of opposition on the part of the town of Huntington. Mr. Smith had presented the Society with land for the Fair Grounds the year before and an exhibition hall was erected soon afterward. The annual Cattleshow has been held here each fall, presenting excellent exhibits of cattle, horses and sheep, field and garden crops. The women and children have brought for display good specimens of the products of home industries. The Society has been commended for giving the practical farmer an opportunity to show what he can accomplish without the handicap of competition with wealthy owners of fancy stock.

Mid-century Middlefield was a community of about 740 people when the Civil War broke out. Though remote from the large centers of trade and population, the town was deeply affected by the mighty currents of thought and the events which molded the characters of men and institution, and the discussion of slavery during the decade preceding the conflict brought out a great variety of opinion at the stormy debates which enlivened the long winters. That mountain life was good soil for the anti-slavery crusade is

shown by the fact that Dr. Jefferson Church, a son of Middlefield, became a prominent abolitionist in Springfield. To be sure Rev. Lewis Bridgeman, the ardent abolitionist from Oberlin, was too advanced for the Congregationalists, but the community generally became anti-slavery, and but one copperhead was found in town. When the war broke out all classes of young men responded to the call for volunteers—farmers' sons, hired men, mill workers and railroad hands—nearly fifty men went from Middlefield, thirteen of whom gave their lives in the service of their country. War meetings were held, Metcalf J. Smith was in charge of thirty recruits who were housed on the Fair Grounds; the Root store furnished the subsistence and the State paid the bills. The women also labored valiantly knitting socks, scraping lint, making shirts and bandages for the Sanitary Commission.

The education of the children has always been a matter of great importance in Middlefield. At an early town meeting the citizens voted ten pounds for schooling. Later the town was divided into districts that each section might look after the needs of its own young folk, who in 1800 numbered 400 in the township. That the teachers were good is attested by the number of pupils who became successful business executives, ministers, educators, and scientists beyond the limits of the town and the county.

During the second period of the town's history, educational activities were broadened to give advantages beyond the scope of the district school. Through the efforts of Deacon Alexander Ingham, schools were provided for the immigrants working on the railroad and for their children, a genuine missionary work which elicited wide and favorable comment. At the Center the "Select School" conducted by Azariah and Metcalf J. Smith and others, offering college preparatory courses, gave excellent instruction not only to local students of promise but also to pupils from neighboring towns, to the lasting benefit and gratitude of the young people who were privileged to enjoy these opportunities. Singing schools trained singers for the choirs of the churches. Sunday schools laid the foundations of manly virtues and every Christian grace. By all these means Middlefield attained a high standard of rural culture, the influence of which is still potent in the life of this highland community.

Middlefield's interest in education was not limited to the maintenance of her local institutions. Research into the labors of Mary Lyon to raise funds to found Mount Holyoke Seminary has revealed the large share the citizens of Middlefield had in that enterprise. It is surprising to note that among the various amounts contributed by ninety-one towns in New England, Middlefield ranked seventh, with a total pledge of $1,122.50, being surpassed only by South Hadley, Boston, Easthampton, Conway, Heath and Abington. That six of the pledges from Middlefield were for amounts ranging from $100 to $500 shows what enthusiasm Miss Lyon was able to arouse here, and what a keen appreciation some people then had of the advantages of advanced schooling for women, at a time when many doubted whether women could be or should be educated. The further fact that the average subscription in Middlefield was over $43, while the average pledge elsewhere was $19, may suggest, perhaps, the degree of prosperity enjoyed locally at that time, as well as the intensity of the interest aroused. The number of the town's young people who have obtained higher education in this and other states further attests the belief in the value of schooling which this section of New England has displayed.

Middlefield was prosperous about the middle of the nineteenth century. From 1850 to 1870 the real estate valuation increased thirty percent. Dan Pease was the wealthiest farmer at the half-century mark. Twenty years later Hiram Taylor held that distinction. These years saw the various denominations reach their greatest strength and activity. The Baptist Church numbered among its one hundred members many of the most influential men of the town, and there was a steady increase in membership during the pastorate of Rev. Joseph M. Rockwood. The Methodist Society, however, which had flourished for a quarter of a century in the Den, had not prospered after its move to the Center, for soon after that change a number of deaths and removals so reduced its membership that services were discontinued some years previous to 1873, when the Church Brothers purchased the unused Methodist

Church and presented it to the Congregational Society for a chapel. The Congregational Society, which had held its own through several pastorates, received a substantial increase in numbers as the results of the labors of Rev. Moody Harrington. A new parsonage was erected at the Center and the minister's salary reached $900 during the pastorates of Rev. John Dodge and Rev. Charles M. Pierce.

But periods of prosperity do not last forever, and after 1870 Middlefield approached the third period of its history. As the result of economic changes, only gradually realized, combined with a series of misfortunes, business which had flourished so luxuriantly began to decline. The settlement of the Far West had progressed so rapidly that the raising of cattle and sheep on the vast plains began to compete with that industry in the East. The development of the factory system in the cities and larger towns where the labor supply was large and transportation facilities abundant furnished competition for the Middlefield industries. The young people were attracted to the West and to the large cities by the opportunities for gaining a livelihood with the result that when the old folks had passed on, many farms were abandoned and the buildings allowed to fall into ruin.

At Factory Village a succession of disasters reduced the activity of the woolen manufacturing plants. In 1871 Church Brothers' Upper Mill was destroyed by fire. The firm lost a large quantity of goods in the Boston Fire of 1872. Then came the depression of '73, which was followed by a damaging flood a year later, when the dam at the Goose Pond on the hill west of Factory Brook broke under the pressure of water from a cloudburst following a week of rainy weather, bursting in turn the dam at the Upper Reservoir and then the big dam across the valley above Factory Village. Deacon Meacham's timely discovery of the impending flood and his dramatic ride to give warning have been immortalized in a familiar poem, which, however, fails to mention the equally valuable services of Orrin Pease, young John Metcalf, James T. Church, and George Brown in spreading the alarm which gave the inhabitants of Blush Hollow time to reach the hills before the deluge came. While the Churches suffered considerable loss especially at the Lower Mill, the old Blush plant was entirely swept away and the William Blush shop so damaged that it was never operated again. In spite of discouragements and losses, the Church Brothers rebuilt the dam and the Upper Mill entirely without outside encouragement or financial assistance, and continued business for several years. The supplanting of broadcloth by worsteds in popular taste, the competition of factories equipped with steam power and otherwise more favorably situated decreased the share of business left for the Middlefield manufacturers. The withdrawal from the partnership of two of the brothers and the death of Sumner Church in 1884 still further affected the business so that Oliver Church, the surviving member of the firm, discontinued operations in 1890. Subsequent enterprises which tried to use the old plant failed and as though to end everything, the flood of 1901 removed the Reservoir and the dams and did much damage throughout the valley. Thanks to the alarm given by Frank Curtiss no lives were lost, but with this final blow to industry, Factory Village began to disappear. The Upper Mill was taken down to build the large stock barn on Ralph Bell's farm, the tenement houses were used for other farm buildings, the Lower Mill was dismantled and shipped to Springfield as second-hand lumber. Several dwellings have been destroyed by fire. Mr. Thomas H. Fleming moved the store to replace his establishment burned at Bancroft, while the blacksmith shop was made into an addition to the Wayside Lodge by G. E. Cook. With the burning of the paper mill, the town lost its last manufactory. These changes have entirely altered the appearance of Blush Hollow and no one passing through the quiet street today would imagine that it was once the center of a bustling hive of industry.

The church societies suffered with the decline in prosperity of the community. The Baptists became too few to maintain preaching and services were discontinued in 1890 though the Sunday School was continued for a short period. Reduced finances at times have made it difficult for the Congregationalists to support a full-time pastor. Lightning and fire destroyed the building together with the Town Hall in June, 1900.

The population of the town which had averaged over 700 during its period of prosperity dropped to 400 in 1905, to 280 in 1920, and at the last

census in 1930 there were but 197 inhabitants. Middlefield with her factories gone has thus returned almost to her condition before 1815 when she was merely a region of scattered farms, though now with but twenty-five per cent of her population at that date.

Shall we stop here, and inscribe as our final conclusion, "Ichabod—The Glory has departed?" No indeed. Middlefield has not ceased to be. She is bravely continuing to carry on in spite of her reduced citizenry. She has not, like Pelham, petitioned for the privilege to cease to be a town. During recent years, agriculture has been maintained, and grazing is still a major industry. The making of maple syrup and sugar is an important activity on several farms. The Highland Agricultural Society continues to hold its excellent Cattleshow every fall. Various organizations such as the Loyal Legion, the Progressive Club during the '90's, later the Choral Club and the Country Club fostered moral and social interests and achieved many village improvements. Since 1912 the Middlefield Grange has been a vigorous social and educational factor, developing leadership and debating ability in its members and promoting social unity. Today similar activities are being promoted by the recently organized Middlefield Community Guild under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Youtz.

The church has survived its losses and discouragements, and from the representatives of three denominations has been formed the Middlefield Community Church of today with its composite house of worship. Its main auditorium is the Baptist Church building moved to the site of the Congregational Church. The Sunday School Room is the Chapel, formerly the Methodist Church. The tower was added to the other structures when relocated in 1903. New windows were provided with the money paid the Baptists for their building. Mr. Asher Pease donated the ornamental metal ceiling, Mrs. H. E. Stanton of Huntington, was instrumental in providing the ornamental window for the gable, and the new church, a real symbol of unity, was dedicated in January, 1904. This edifice is the religious center of the town where the work of social unity and spiritual uplift, begun by the pioneers a century and a half ago, has been ably promoted under the leadership of many beloved pastors, whose roll includes the names of Youtz, Bryant, Bowden, Fate, Estabrook, and Bartley.

Middlefield of 1933 finds herself on the "Skyline Trail" readily accessible now by automobile along an improved highway, as contrasted with her former isolated condition of not even appearing by name on some road maps. The recent advent of power lines has brought electric lights and household machinery to replace kerosene lamps and hand labor methods of past generations. The telephone connects citizens with each other and the outside world. In recent years the various enterprises conducted by Dr. Amber A. Starbuck at the Big House, the Wayside Lodge, and the Gift Shop have added greatly to the all-year-round activities at the Center, as well as contributed to the entertainment of guests during the summer season, when Middlefield's population is augmented by the influx of former residents who winter elsewhere, and the summer colony which finds here the joys and relaxations of the great outdoors. There are resources in scientific forestry and in the expansion of the summer activities which may promise much for the future of the town.

In a very true sense the finest products which Middlefield has given the world have not been won from her soil or made in her factories. The choicest fruits of her labor have been her sons and daughters, trained in these rural homes and schools and churches. Nowhere has there been a keener appreciation of the vast difference between getting a living and living, than in this town. It was to inculcate this lesson and to develop character that at an early town meeting the citizens appropriated money for the support of preaching and for schooling, and down to the present day these two essentials for proper development and right living have been nobly maintained. We honor today the memories of the pastors who fearlessly have preached the gospel here. We pay tribute to the many devoted teachers who trained and inspired the youth of this town, and whose names are inscribed on our hearts in loving memory.

It would be futile to endeavor to estimate the great debt which Middlefield's sons and daughters owe to their home training, to the examples and

precepts of noble fathers and praying mothers who taught those lessons of obedience, honesty, cooperation, initiative, and vision which are required for success. Roger Babson, the statistician, has estimated that the leaders of men form two percent of the population, and that of this fraction 95 percent come from the country. Time does not permit us to enumerate those who have gone from Middlefield to become leaders in the world. Others with longer memories than mine will discuss these important personalities. But they have been a goodly company, not only bringing renown to the village of their birth but rendering invaluable services to their day and generation. And what has been achieved in the past can be done again. If in the future Middlefield can serve as a training ground from which shall go forth into the battle of life her sons and daughters, disciplined and inspired by home influences and ready to take their places as leaders, she will be doing a great work. For mankind has always sought leaders and never so eagerly as today.

As we have surveyed the past of Middlefield, and evaluated her present, counted our many blessings and privileges, we joyfully exclaim with the Psalmist,

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.
Yea, I have a goodly heritage."

We must realize, however, that the Middlefield of the future will be largely what we of the present generation are making it. Therefore, the possession of these advantages confers upon us, the citizens of today, the imperative obligation to transmit to our children this goodly heritage not only undiminished and unimpaired, but still further enlarged and enriched by our own manly, Christian living.

THE VILLAGE AND THE SUMMER RESIDENT

THEODORE CLARKE SMITH

I speak to you today as one of the grandsons of Middlefield, one whose father was born there but who became one of the great army of Middlefield boys scattered over the United States, who met wherever they went, other sons of hill-towns in New England. So I was not born in Middlefield, but within five weeks after I came into this world, my father and mother took me to the old farm, confident that Middlefield air and sunlight and the scent of July fields and woods would be the very best thing for any infant,—but especially for a grandson of the old hill-town. The habit thus started has continued for more than sixty years. Nearly every summer, for a longer or shorter time, boy and man, I have turned my face towards my grandfather's and my father's home, needing now no less than a lifetime ago, the invigoration which the hills can bring me, as no other place can.

It was during my childhood and early manhood that I spent the longest periods in Middlefield, and it is from those formative years that I treasure the greatest store of memories. And it is because the Middlefield of the last quarter of the nineteenth century has been steadily fading away, while a new Middlefield arises in its place, that I wish to dwell a little upon what that experience meant to me. The town life of that epoch, I said, has largely gone, but it was given to you in broad outlines in the address you have just heard, and I need not seek to describe it in any detail. It was still an age of hand work on the farms and of working with horses and oxen. The machine age had brought the mowing machine, the horse-rake, the hay-tedder, the threshing machine; but they were all operated by horses, and horses drew the ploughs, and horses or oxen hauled the hay-carts and the farm wagons. Men worked by means of horses, and they traveled by means of horses. One harnessed up, as a matter of course, before doing anything except work in the garden or in the barn. Life in Middlefield was geared, as we now say, to the speed of the horse. There was no hurry, there was nothing to be gained by hurrying. The farm horse did have a limited ability to trot, but not up hill and half of every journey consisted in going up steep hills over thank-you-ma'ams and sometimes ledges. Roads did not have to be smooth. If they were not muddy and not too rough they would do. When my father came from

n to Middlefield he rode up from Chester or "the Switch" behind just a horse as he had driven in his boyhood, passed the same farms, the e fields and bumped over the same rocks he had learned to know in his y days.

For me, a city boy, the sharing of the farm life for weeks or months in summer was as interesting, as fascinating, as it was beneficial. Almost ery kind of farm activity had a novelty that did not wear off. Each year .e advance into a hayfield was the opening of a campaign, a visit to a wood- ɔt to haul a load of wood an exploration of the unknown. The daily excursion .o a pasture—"going after the cows"—was a different problem each time, for the cows never came conveniently down to the barnyard gateway, but invariably had to be hunted for in remote swamps, tangled woods or distant half-overgrown clearings.

Even weeding carrots, digging potatoes or cutting corn could be made into an exciting game by turning it into competition,—each boy trying to beat the other to the end of his row. I well remember one occasion when my uncle himself came into the game, undertaking to cut two rows of corn while I and my cousin Louis,—the genial presiding officer of the day—each cut one. He held us even, and I rather think he pulled ahead at the end, as we two little fellows struggled breathlessly to do our part. As to haying, it was the fixed hope of all of us boys that at about two or three in the afternoon a towering dark cloud might rise up behind the woods, a low grumbling be heard and an exciting contest to get in as much hay as possible before the thunder-storm crashed upon us, might forthwith begin. How heroic to work to the very last minute, until nature's artillery was splitting the heavens over us and a wall of rain was roaring over the tops of the woods to the west! One had a sense of Leonidas at Thermopylae or Horatius at the bridge or at least Thomas at Chickamauga!

And then the interludes such as driving to Chester with the old horse for a load of feed, or to get a tool to replace a broken one. No one who shoots over a road today at forty to sixty miles an hour can possibly understand the charm of such an excursion, with its leisurely descent far down to the valley, its still more leisurely return, the walking uphill to ease the load for the horse and the pauses for rest. We boys were in no hurry. We were enjoying with intimate knowledge the familiar road and the familiar sights and only from such intimate knowledge can real delight in a place or in scenery come. Much of the old road to Middlefield station has ceased to be, destroyed by the freshet of thirty-odd years ago, but every inch of it stays in my memory, with all its beauty, its turns, its fern-clad banks and the rushing stream—fixed there by those slow happy journeys, taking half a day in the seventies and eighties.

I did not often visit the farm outside the summer months, but I spent part of one Christmas vacation there and I twice saw the spring sugaring, so that I knew a little of the winter life. Of course in this I met the New England "Sabbath". And here let me say that an immense amount of nonsense has been written about that institution to the effect that its gloom and austerity made it a day of terror to children and of dark ennui to adults. While there may have been households in which this was true, it was certainly not the impression that I gained as a boy from the Sundays at Middlefield. I have before me a journal that I kept in the year 1883 in which, among the daily records, I come to the full account of a typical Middlefield Sunday as it was experienced at my uncle's farm: which was, and is, a mile and a half from the Center, too far a return between services for a real Sunday dinner. The journal says, in the plain, unvarnished style of a small boy:—"This morning after prayers I dressed up and getting into the carryall drove over to town to go to church. We got there rather late." (A not infrequent occurrence, I remember.) It appears that four of us went to the Baptist Church, two to the Congregational "where Uncle Judson preached." "After church was over," it continues, "I went to Aunt Lucy's and read some and looked over the list of library books. Then Gerald and I, Kate and Florence went and got a book apiece and as we were going back to Aunt Lucy's the bell rang for afternoon service. I went to the Congregational Church with Mamma and Papa, heard a good sermon by Uncle Judson and walked home with

Gerald and Ernest." And now comes a significant sentence, "A ca passed us on the flat, containing Stella, and Gerald stared quite hard. H curious boy." Stella was the unquestioned belle of the village among younger boys and my cousin was among the victims. I, still a small regarded his symptoms with curiosity and some derision, but undeniable i est. The fact was, the Sunday services were a social occasion, for before after them there were chances for seeing people, men and boys, and the too, were girls to admire from a distance, even during the sermon. The were all sorts of compensations, in truth. It seems now somewhat heroic go from breakfast to four p. m. without eating, walking one or both way from the Center, but the dinner that greeted us on our return was enough for the hungriest growing boy. Still further, Sunday evening after sundown was a period of peculiar charm, since the old fashion of "keeping Saturday night" as part of Sunday lingered sufficiently to render Sunday evening a time of marked relaxation. We children enjoyed our privileges to the utter-most on such occasions.

Then there was Cattleshow, a celebration beside which anything that happened in my experience during my city life was insignificant. Since it still lives on, not wholly changed, I will not describe it as it was, but merely remark that it stands out in my memory as a two-day reign of excitement of all kinds;—the preparations, the gathering of cattle and sheep, the dust, the greetings, the people from outside as well as the relatives and neighbors from the township, the band, the address, the side-shows, the oyster-tent, the merry-go-round, and, climax of all, the trotting races and the hauling contests, as well as the men's potato race. I can see now the figure of George Bell, whom I ordinarily encountered at church as a decorous worshipper, transfigured into something superlative by a large badge and a sash as he rod around on horseback—the marshal of the occasion. I can see the crowd the hall and the unspeakably tempting exhibits of food, cake, maple sug and other sweet things. But they are there still, and so, to a great extent the other features. I must not let my memory linger too long on the boy recollections of the crowning day of the summer.

This brings me to the Centennial. How clearly the memory of that even stays with me, even without the assistance of that juvenile journal fro which I have already quoted and from which I mean to quote again, from it description of that celebration. To me, as a boy, it was, in some respects no quite equal to Cattleshow, for it only lasted one day, and there were no races no sideshows, no chances to earn rides on the merry-go-round by grinding a ancient hand-organ, no chance to wander constantly from point to point a the restless child is impelled to do. On the other hand the Centennial had more people, it had a band fully equal to that of the second day of Cattleshow, and it had the particular wonder of the big tent, referred to by our Chairman. The diary shows what an important part that tent had in the boy's interest. On August 13, he notes that his father and a cousin were cutting "staddles"— to him a new word—out of which to fashion tentpegs. Then the arrival of the tent is mentioned and presently the fact that it was part-way up. The next morning, the diary shows that Uncle John and the oldest cousin, Gerald, went over to town to help about the tent while the rest of us,—bitter fate— had to weed carrots. Small wonder that our stent was done by the end of the forenoon and we went at once to the Center to see the tent, walked home to dinner and returned to see some more of the tent. Apparently I walked that distance of over a mile and a half from the old farm—three miles the round trip,—five times in two days to see that tent. Even on Wednesday, the fifteenth, when the celebration took place the tent was not forgotten. The journal contains a picture of it, standing rather near the Cattleshow building, with people around it and carriages driving up, and also a plan of the interior as arranged for an auditorium. Finally on Thursday, the day after, the entire journal is filled with a detailed account of the taking down of the tent, and a picture of the men folding it up. I spent the whole day there, watched the performance and was proud that I was allowed with Cousin Gerald to take "some of the ropes and all the smaller tent-poles to the Switch". "We wer gone almost until dark," concludes the account, enthusiastically. "It was good interesting day."

But to return to the celebration itself. The journal shows the boy vastly impressed by the numbers of people, and still more by the quantities of free food prepared for the lunch. He even made an effort at elegance or rhetoric in describing them: "Carriages soon began to come, carriages of all kinds, and a long line of them was fastened to the fence, the sheds were full, a good many were fastened to the cattle-pens, and the crowd in and around the now completed tent (the central point) was large and active." "In the hall there were stacks of loaves of cake, heaps of biscuits, bushels of doughnuts, pans upon pans of beans, and girls and boys with one or two men crowded the doors and passage-ways." The thirteen-year-older evidently felt that he had literary powers when he wrote those sentences. But he lapsed into plain English when the time came to describe the collation, for he sensed what we could now call a lack of executive efficiency. "Then came dinner", he writes. "There were some wooden plates first, then some biscuit, then cake of various kinds, then baked beans and lemonade. No spoons were passed with the beans," he added mournfully, "and we had no meat to speak of in our section."

It was at this point that the village belle reappears in the journal, the same Stella who was mentioned on Sunday. During the luncheon hour my mother was talking with her mother when the young lady herself drew near and there was some discussion as to which was the taller. My mother proposed that we measure, but I well recall how, abashed by the mere idea, I fled. My journal comments mournfully on this lamentable display of cowardice. "Somehow I am always afraid of girls, especially pretty ones." At thirteen such a phenomenon is not uncommon. It soon disappears.

But the exercises themselves, although of less powerful attraction than the tent in which they were held, did not fail to impress the boy, and here I may add my own persisting memories which are much clearer in regard to them than the mountains of food and the awe-inspiring tent. I well recall every one, from the address of welcome by my Uncle John,—of which one listener was reported to have observed to his companion—"pretty good for an old farmer"—at least so runs the family tradition—to the last response from adjacent towns in the late afternoon. Perhaps the one which thrilled me the most was a short speech from my cousin Azariah Root, for "the young men of Middlefield." I can see him now, leaning slightly forward and speaking with his peculiarly easy, smooth, and inimitable manner. He had recently graduated from college and had with him a stove-pipe hat, which I was sorry he could not wear during the speech. It would have been so impressive.

The journal is sparing of comments, but it does say this. "Then Uncle Edward made an historical address which was very interesting, so interesting that I forgot to sketch any." It was in the afternoon session that my father, Azariah Smith, read a commemorative poem. He loved Middlefield profoundly and I can see now that he wrote with deep feeling, but I doubt if the thirteen-year old boy appreciated that. I suspect that it was the presence of touches of humor which stirred him to the following candid comment. "After dinner papa read his poem. It was splendid, *much better than I thought it would be.*" But for real enthusiasm, in the journal one must wait until the speech of the representative of Becket was reached. The account says, "As the day wore on a good many people left, but enough were left for quite a respectable audience. A man from Becket made a funny speech, almost the only one of that kind, except papa's poetry." The little boy, like the great American audience in general, hungered for a chance to laugh, and made the most of one when it came. The journal continues, "He said that Becket was very generous. It gave its whole reservoir to Middlefield at the time of the great freshet. However, as young people are apt to be more gushing than older ones, Middlefield gave her whole reservoir at once, while at Becket it took four days to let it out." With this mildly humorous remark the journal ends its narrative. "We all went home tired." It was a noisy, crowded, exciting occasion, with band-playing, speeches, a huge number of horses and carriages, incredible quantities of food, and, above all, the vast and interesting tent. Such was the Centennial through the eyes of a small boy.

So far I have been speaking only of myself, but it is time to leave the reminiscences of a small boy and turn to a larger subject suggested by what I have been describing. When my father came back to the old farm, or, unable to come himself for more than a part of the summer, sent his wife

and children, he was illustrating a striking element in the history of New England, namely the strong tendency of men and women who had left the hill-towns for their life work to return there for summers not merely to reunite with their old neighbors and their relatives but because they loved the place, and devoutly believed that nothing could be so good for their growing children. From Maine to Connecticut this holds true. During the years when I was a boy on the farm in the summers, other families were doing the same thing: Peases, McElwains, Churches, Roots—and they are doing it still, even to the third generation.

It is a large significant social fact. Every summer sees the return of the descendants of Middlefield to live for a longer or shorter time on the old hills, to walk over the old roads and breathe the fragrant and bracing air. People like this still feel their inheritance, still feel themselves part of the community and are active in church and social affairs during their stay. Connected by ties of blood with half the inhabitants of the town today, they form a shifting yet enduring connection between Middlefield and a score of outside cities.

What amusing times we had, in our days of social activity,—times which are no better than those that the young people have today,—but which labored under some difficulties that inhered in the age before electricity and automobiles. There are those in this audience, I am sure, who can recall the days of the Middlefield Progressive Club,—thirty years ago,—and of its dramatics, minstrel shows and occasional agitations for public improvements. My personal connection with it was chiefly as one of the audience, but in a simultaneous plunge into community music I did play a part which it is amusing to recall. Inspired at the outset by our pastor, the Reverend Mr. Youtz, who looks now not a day older than he did thirty-five years ago when he assumed the leadership, we gathered the summer people and the residents together and performed cantatas not only for our own entertainment but for that of neighboring towns, "Under the Palms," "Ruth," "The Haymakers." We drove in assorted buggies and other conveyances to Hinsdale, to Worthington, to Chester, to Becket and struggled back over country roads in the dead of night, climbing the steep long hills to Middlefield.

We had calamities through the illness of performers. In the case of Ruth, Mrs. Youtz, who sang the part of the Moabitish damsel, was disqualified for singing at Worthington by a sudden ulcerated tooth which swelled her face out of all symmetry. My sister took her part at a few hours' notice and although in one place she skipped about ten bars to the consternation of the pianist,—myself,—and the perplexity of the leader, the performance was rescued. But two days later, on the way to Chester, fate brought a sudden illness on her which sent her to the Chester Inn and threatened the performance with disaster. Then Mrs. Youtz, although by no means symmetrical, gallantly returned to the game and by keeping her profile toward the Chester audience saved the day. It should also be said that Naomi, a soprano, took over the rest of my sister's own part on ten minutes notice. Of my own exertions as accompanist a vivid recollection persists, for I played at Middlefield and at Hinsdale on melodeons with different names on their stops and different peculiarities—the knee swell, for instance, of the Hinsdale melodeon stayed "swollen," so to speak, once it was pushed back and had to be hauled to normal by hand when one wanted to diminish the sound. At Worthington I had an upright piano over and around which I peered in a vain effort to see Mr. Youtz's baton as leader. And at Chester I played on the school piano, which by years of pounding had been reduced to a flat dead tinkle. Although I thrashed at it until my arms ached nearly to the shoulder and my fingers were lame I could not play loud enough for the chorus to hear me. It was all great fun. We enjoyed the singing and the night journeys and got great amusement out of even our little calamities.

It was in the wake of these returning children and grandchildren of Middlefield that another kind of summer visitor began to appear, that of the "summer boarder" who came to pay for the privilege of living in one of the farm-houses and sharing the family fare, usually for reasons of health or economy. Very frequently they were friends of the grandchildren who heard them talk of Middlefield's attractions and wished to share them. Out of the summer boarder grew the boarding house, then the summer hotel, which, no matter how small, established a different kind of summer resident. The essen-

tial divergence between the hotel resident and the preceding type is that he, or she, comes to Middlefield solely for the air, the place, the sky and mountain scenery and not in any degree for the community. The place assumes then, some of the aspect of a resort, with both its advantages and its disadvantages. Yet so long as the boarding house or hotel—by courtesy,—served to house both the summer boarder and the returning native or descendant of a native, the community flavor persisted. Such was the old "Wayside Lodge" and "Golden Glow." Even the present "Big House," although somewhat special in its purposes, contains the returned cousins and relatives as well as its particular residents. Middlefield has never gone far as yet in this stage, nor is it likely that it will do so. The reason is partly that the town has escaped the fate of having any group of wealthy people take it up as a place for a so-called colony, but it is more because another influence has come in to turn the whole direction of men's activities and interests. I mean the automobile.

This new invention has intervened powerfully to affect farming,—of which I shall not attempt to speak,—and to abolish at a blow the isolation of the Middlefield of the last century. It is transforming our society. The automobile which began as a pleasure-car is now a business fact. The truck, the tractor, the powerful motor-car are changing the conditions of farming everywhere by abolishing time and distance. One can drive in summer to Springfield now, in about the time it used to take to push the old farm horse to Chester. Given a road not too utterly muddy, a modern truck can penetrate to any farm, but the change of the roads brought by the new transportation is one of the most marked facts. No longer are the town roads a matter of interest only to the farmers who use them, they are of vital interest to everybody else in the state and so the state itself enters the game and pushes right across Middlefield not one but two heavily constructed auto roads. In this fact we may typify the change from the old days of the isolated hill-top town between its two deep valleys. The outside world has pushed into Middlefield, because it must.

Of the economic effects this is not the time to speak. Allusion has been made to them in the address which preceded. But it has brought such a town as Middlefield, once the good road is built, within the range of cities great and small, and it now becomes worthwhile for a man to build a house for his own use, during the summer, as an escape over week-ends, or for his family to occupy while he stays in the city and works, to run up whenever time offers itself. In other words, the isolated hill-top village becomes something almost suburban! We then come to the final stage when the summer people begin to establish houses for their own private use. First to do this, of course, are the returning grandchildren, who frequently inherit houses which they cannot occupy all the year but which they maintain as summer homes. Others buy old houses and refit them. At present no less than four such are kept up by members of my own family connection, whose winter duties keep them many hundreds of miles away. It is a labor not only of home-making but of genuine love to take over an old house and preserve it. Not only that, it is well worth doing, for these old houses, built by the New England master-builders of old times—Pelton, Church and the rest—have still a solidity, a balance of proportion and a simple dignity that renders them something apart from the modern cheap construction.

Then too, there is the large modern house which is occasionally built in Middlefield as in other hill-towns,—the house recently burned, built by Thomas Martin, and the still larger house erected below where we now stand, by Mrs. Roberts. But the typical house of the automobile era is the bungalow, the small refuge to which one can run up at odd times, and where one can stay as long as one wants. Already the bungalow has appeared here and is destined, doubtless, to multiply steadily. It meets a genuine need, and is perfectly adapted to our fragmentary, hurried, automobile-controlled life.

It is too early yet to estimate the contribution which the new summer population will make or can make to the life of Middlefield. One thing is clear, that the very large proportion of returned Middlefield descendants among the house and bungalow owners will tend to keep the summer population from diverging widely from the permanent residents. They are, in many cases, of the same blood. As for the summer boarders who for years have graduated

into the householder class, they are indistinguishable from real sons or daughters of Middlefield, so far as interest in the community goes. It is impossible for a cottager not to come to feel a sense of common interest with the permanent residents, his neighbors; the men who vote to apply the taxes he pays, to repair the road near his house, and who supply him with what he consumes in the summer. In such a town as Middlefield there is no reason to look for anything but good from the presence of this form of resident.

The town will need their aid and support too in meeting certain dangers which arise directly from this new accessibility by automobile. Anyone in fact now can penetrate far into the hills if he will risk roads off the main highway. Those who live in Middlefield are unpleasantly aware of the repellant city types who push up into our roads as berry-pickers or as fern-pickers in certain seasons. I well remember encountering specimens of the loutish, sullen, city rough who had forced an old car far up into the half-abandoned roads north of my uncle's farm-house in search of berry-pastures and neither knew how to be civil nor accommodating, when spoken to cheerfully as is the New England country custom with wayfarers. Such is the penalty one pays for the accessibility conferred by the car. Then too there is the certainty of the roadside stand, the eating joint and, since the car will bring types who know only city forms of amusement,—the high probability of the roadhouse and the noisy resort. In other words, the city will push its tendencies out into the hill-town. With the full completion of the "sky-line trail" the way will lie open from either east or west at almost any time of year, save the dead of winter. To cope with this sort of thing the small town is obviously unable, singlehanded. It is a problem of policing and of jurisdiction and since the state by pushing the roads in has created the problem, the only rational thing is for the state to meet the consequences. In fact we are rapidly heading in that direction in all questions of protection to life and property. The problems created by the automobile and the automobile road are so large that only a state or even a federal power can control them.

But there is one difference between the people of Middlefield in the nineteenth century and those of the present day which goes beyond matters of transportation or of residence, and which makes us celebrate this sesqui-centennial in a different way. A great change has come over ourselves and our country since 1883. The men who drove their buggies and carryalls over the dusty August roads, and the men who addressed them in the big tent, in that year, still had the same ideals, the same standards as the men who gathered a century earlier to elect the first selectman. It is true that a frightful Civil War had come upon the country, it was true that new political evils were becoming visible, yet the old loyalties still held firm,—the church, the party, the beliefs in courage, self-control, honesty, decency. The men in the big tent of 1883 felt no gap between themselves and their forefathers. They all felt that, come what may, they meant to stand on their own feet and to speak what they thought, as competent American citizens, loyal to their town, their state and the larger ideals of faith, sobriety, and religion.

But the fifty years since 1883 have done more to alter our sense of unbroken connection with the past than the whole century previous. We of 1933 have had our faiths and loyalties assailed by tremendous changes in methods of living and of thinking. One of the most marked peculiarities of the thought of the last twenty years has been a violent revulsion against all that characterized our American life of the nineteenth century and a fairly savage repudiation of the old-fashioned standards, whether in religion, in literature, in business or in politics. Just now, in 1933, we seem to be emerging from a time when faith, religion, decency were called Victorian or Puritan, and recklessness, self-indulgence and the gambling spirit were erected in their place into new standards. Now we are a trifle tired of the new moralities. They certainly have failed to prevent financial and political disaster, bankruptcy, suicide and the blight of hard times. Flippancy, and sneering at virtue as quaint and Victorian are not shown to be of any value at all when confronted with bed-rock hard facts. How pitifully thin and silly they sound today!

At this turning point in the history of the old town, at its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, let us hope that the elements that work for strength and solidity in its people may be helped and not hindered by the summer colony. May the descendants of the old families not lose their sense of oneness

with the people still living in the town and be ready to stand by them when opportunity occurs. May the people who by building or buying houses for summer occupancy have become tax-payers and temporary annual residents, not simply regard the place as a refuge where they may seek solitude and idleness for a while, but as a tie binding them to the fortunes of the township and the townspeople.

The age is based on hurry and speed. Restlessness tends to corrode the spirits of old and young, rendering them too impatient to stay long or think long on anything. Yet here in this old town where the hills stand the same as a century and a half ago where the forests grow very much as they did in the days of the Mohicans, and where the same streams flow gurgling down their rocky beds or pause to glide through occasional meadows just as they did when our grandfathers were boys, it ought to be possible to escape from meaningless activity and regain perspective.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCE

CHARLES H. WRIGHT

In its preface the conventional modern book acknowledges the debt of its author to those who have helped make the work possible. I desire to acknowledge my obligation to those who have assisted me in becoming a resident of Middlefield. Shortly before Christmas, 1931, my son and I acquired title to the Pease School House on the road to Chester. I acknowledge the courtesy of the Selectmen, of the Town Clerk, and of the seven or more good and true citizens of Middlefield who were kind enough, in the dead of winter, to constitute a quorum at the special town meeting which authorized the sale. I thank the Peases, Henry and Harold, for their kindnesses and the fire warden, for making it possible for me too cook in the open without incriminating myself. I appreciate the cordial welcome that Middlefield has given me. I invite you all to call at the Little House,—so we call it that it may not be mistaken for the Big House. I would like to know when this school was built and who constructed it. One of the alumni takes it back about seventy years. Then its pedigree vanishes. In the southeasterly corner is an old school desk with a book on it in which I ask all the alumni,—and those who have tried to be alumni,—to register. Stop in.

One of the Boston Brahmins, in that patronizing manner they so efficiently affect, once asked me if I had lived all my life in Western Massachusetts. He seemed to suspect I had. I was pleased to be able to reply, "not yet." Among these hills I have spent my life. In their shadow I hope that I may end it. My ancestry is of New England. The greater part from hereabouts. I am proud to be able to say to you in the words of Ruth, "thy people are my people, and thy gods my gods." Asahel Wright came to Windsor when it was preempted from the Indians. His son Asahel, whose Williams diploma I have, 1803, practiced law at Chester Hill over a century ago, living in the residence of my good friend Mr. Dewitt Dewolfe. He is buried in the cemetery across the way beside his wife, Frances Bascom, daughter of my great, great-grandfather Aaron Bascom, pastor in the church nearby. His parsonage was the white house now occupied by Mr. Goodwin. Charles Wright, son of Asahel and Frances Bascom, journeyed frequently from Chester Hill to Middlefield in an effort to persuade Martha Putnam McElwain, daughter of Deacon George Washington McElwain, to become his wife. He had competition. Martha's hand was also sought by Mr. Sumner Church, then of the Big House, who lived more handy by. The family legend is that the Deacon finally decided Martha had "played around" long enough. One evening he called the young men and Martha into the parlor of Mrs. Roberts farm house, where Martha was later married, and told her that it was time for her to choose. She made the Wright choice. Accordingly I am here. My other grandmother nearly made me trouble in arriving here. A Quakeress, she hesitatingly eloped at Providence with my grandfather, a young physician, *persona non-grata* in her family. It was my great good fortune to be thrown into most intimate association with both of the dear old ladies. They each lived into their nineties and were my intimate confidants. From them I have had much account of the New England of more than a century ago.

I will not detain you with further ancestral reminiscence. I have shown I have a right to be here. I came through the second Timothy McElwain, father of Deacon George Washington, in 1781, two years before the incorporation of Middlefield, who built the house in which Mrs. George McElwain now resides and which we all regret has been so lately visited by death. Through the McElwains I am related to the Peases, and the Peases to the Wrights. We are all tied in with the Smiths, the Macks, the Churches and everybody else. The first Asahel was the father of eleven; my father was one of nine; the Middlefield ladies of the early Victorian era were most charming. It was a happy matrimonial hunting ground. There was even a Helen M. Smith here which was my wife's name before she married. You, all of you, are some kind of a relation of mine. When you call at the Little House—as I know you will—if you desire further genealogical discourse, with the aid of the splendidly written history of Middlefield I can convince you not only that I am a connection of yours but that I am related to each one of you in a half a dozen different ways.

Middlefield was the Mecca of my boyhood. From Hinsdale, where I was born and where Deacon George Washington lies buried, when the Wright clan foregathered from the distant places we always visited Middlefield. I have driven here again and again with my father and his brothers to pay homage at the tombs of our ancestors, to enjoy the bounteous hospitality of Jonathan McElwain—in Timothy's house—and to visit all the family shrine. Middlefield days—now gone some fifty years—were great days for me. I, the eldest of my generation, always sat between two of the brothers on the front seat and held the reins—when the horses were standing still. I knew all about the Timothy McElwain farm; where the berries were, northwest of the house in the pasture, where the spring is—spring water right out of the ground was so good—the wild flowers in the western meadow, certain woodchuck holes, that looked as if there might be something in them, the hollyhocks, the enormous quartzite boulder in the front yard down which it was a delight to slide—surreptitiously—for it was forbidden pleasure. It had abrasive effects on Sunday trousers. I can walk right now—and in the dark—to the exact place where the jam should be. Today I am the only survivor of the pilgrims. I return here, as you all do, to memories that are dear to me, to know again in recollection,

"The touch of a hand that is vanished
The sound of a voice that is stilled."

Here we look down the long vista of the years back to the happiness of childhood, when each succeeding day was full of new adventure, when the world was clean and good and true, held nothing in it false or base or mean—when we had not lived through the ugly days of disillusionment. We return to relive the past, to know once more the glory of its sunrise, the ever changing beauty of its sunset. We come back to the wonderful dreamland of a vanished youth. A great poet has said it for me.

"Strange to me now are the forms I meet,
When I visit the dear old town,
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each shaded street—
As they're nodding up and down—
Are singing the beautiful song.
Are sighing and whispering still,
A boy's will, is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

"There are things of which we may not speak,
There are dreams that cannot die,
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
That bring a shadow to the cheek,
And a mist before the eye,
And the words of that Lapland song
Come over me like a chill,
A boy's will, is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The last half century, about which so much has been said so ably with a little over a decade added marks that period of my life. In my boyhood here and in Hinsdale, where I lived, the culture of the Puritan still endured even if the full vigor of its stern discipline had abated somewhat. The Congregational Church was the dominant influence in the town. No longer supported by taxation its word was still final in matters secular. The austerity of the Puritanical background was softening but something of it was still there. Pleasure was slowly being injected into life. One who was too completely joyous was looked down upon a bit by the elect as sinfully frivolous. Life was still serious—death extremely dangerous. The last fifty years have greatly changed this. Cigarettes—they were unheard of in this earlier day. Cigars were rarely seen except in the possession of the very rich—and they were few. The pipe was the proper thing, smoked somewhat apologetically, for one who smoked—much more one who chewed—was on the edge of the precipice. Ladies did not smoke—at least officially. The few elderly women who indulged used a pipe clandestinely. Ladies clothed themselves quite differently and more extensively than now. Young ladies were decorous. None of the gay abandon of the thirties. A man in golf togs would have assembled a derisive entourage of small boys. Cards—bridge had not been invented—and dancing were devices of the devil, alcoholic refreshment beyond the pale. Sunday baseball would have been impossible. Indeed those with acute consciences abstained from buggy rides on Sunday though the buggy could be used to convey one to church. The young man who sported a snappy buggy drove the lady of his choice to evening service—it was not vespers but a full grown service—and let the old horse walk all the way home—perhaps even was permitted a few dear moments on the horse hair sofa in the unventilated parlor. This last usually didn't amount to much for the young lady for swains in that Spartan day were as laconic as Calvin Coolidge.

Sunday was a hard day for small boys. We were compelled to don strange raiment and charged with moral responsibility for its preservation. Church twice a day—unabridged services—and Sunday School. Physical activity was restricted to the front yard, behind the picket fence. We couldn't read J. Fennimore Cooper or even take the very briefest excursion into the fascinating woods behind the barn where possibly there might be a few Indians left over. We had only Sunday School books about nice little boys that were never naughty and died and went to heaven and had roses on their graves. In the late evening though we sometimes had a dignified stroll with father and learned all about the trees and the flowers and the stars and all the strange living things, and went to bed full of hope for the morrow. As we grew on toward manhood we came to know something of the great truths behind the stern creed of the Puritans, that their God was a real, a living Jehovah, whom eyes of faith had seen, whose law they respected, to whom their souls paid homage—a support in life, an eternal hope in death.

"To him the first fond prayers were said,
Our lips in childhood framed,
The last low whispers of the dead,
Were burdened with his name."

This strict life—shot through with the priceless heritage of a warm and loyal parental affection—has left its impress upon all the men who are of these hills. It has molded their characters, has formed and strengthened them. The fundamental nobility of its ethics has gripped them as has the beauty of these hills in which they have been reared. With advancing years and in a changing world their affectionate memory of it deepens.

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Or brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my soul away.

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish fancy
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

Social movement has altered life in these hill towns. The more adventurous have gone far out into the world to be replaced by men of other races. Today less than one-half of the citizens of Massachusetts are native born, that is with both parents born in this country.

Successive waves of immigration from abroad have wrought this change. These hill towns, however still, have the greatest proportionate number of the old stock. The effect of this invasion is apparent in the vital statistics of Middlefield. One hundred and twenty voters are enrolled on the last list used. Of these thirty-nine are foreign born, indicating that of the present population of two hundred, about three-fourths are native. The proportion of the native born would be diminished greatly if the nativity of grandparents was considered.

The last fifty years have seen another great change. Scientific knowledge and industrial progress, through the materialism they have engendered, have hardened the arteries of society and dimmed its vision of the ancient faith. These men of the hills, reared in Puritanism, have spread out over the nation to give it much the larger part of the spiritual impulse that still remains within it. Today their migration has shifted the center of gravity of Puritanism to the great states of the middle west where it is still a vital force. There your pastor, Dr. Youtz, has served it with great distinction. From its altars may come the fire that shall rekindle the spiritual life of a materialistic nation.

Herbert Spencer has said human life is of two dimensions, length and breadth. In the last half century its area has widened greatly. The telephone, the automobile, the electric light, the radio, and the movie—the cultural value of all of which is doubtful—have all reached the hill top.

Another social change—a result of greater leisure—has come about. Clubs, fraternities and a wide variety of other organizations, baseball, tennis, football, golf and bridge—both taken much too seriously by the *intelligentzia*—the social activities of the church, all alien to the elder days have a part in modern life.

This modern life sometimes seems to have broadened into barren fields. Nowadays with greater activity there is much lost motion. We run around in circles. In my law office I have a telephone, a stenographer, a typewriter, a dictaphone, a multitude of other *impedimenta*—and a high rent. Asahel, of Chester Hill, had his office in a one story wooden building about ten by fifteen feet in his front yard. His horses were in the barn, his livestock grazing outside. Food was growing in the backyard. A client could take the day to talk it over. If none appeared the cattle and the food kept on growing just the same. Tea, coffee and the spices of the east were all that came to Asahel from over the seven seas—no fruit from the tropics for breakfast. The maples about the place gave him sugar. Fuel was cut in the woodlot. His meat was in the barn. Deer and other game, pickerel, trout and perch were close at hand. The orchard and the fields yielded their harvest. In such an environment and in blissful ignorance of the germ theory—modern diseases had not been invented—men lived to be eighty and ninety and ninety-five with the house, the well and the barnyard all conveniently adjacent. With time to get acquainted with himself, with his simple wants easily supplied, in the rare beauty of this setting, not imprisoned within brick walls, with the snarl and roar of the streets and the ring of the telephone eternally in his ears, I sometimes think Asahel had the best of it. His life may have been narrower than mine but richer in its total content.

Great as the changes of the last half century have been even greater seem impending. With diminishing effort we draw more and more heavily upon the inexhaustible stores of nature to serve real or imagined needs. Instead of

satisfying our wants this great wealth creates new desires. The more we have the more we want. Intellectual effort has spent itself on material achievement. Increasingly the growth of a selfish and sordid materialism is erasing not only the simple faith of the fathers from our minds but all spiritual ideals as well. Society, looking down from the high mountain of achievement, has bartered its soul for the riches of the earth.

In this setting came the great war. It is estimated that it has cost society three hundred and thirty-seven billion dollars, an amount nearly equal to the total valuation of the United States. The war ended. We paid for it with debts. A war weary world continued to dissipate its remaining substance in thoughtless extravagance and riotous living. Complacently it imagined that it had abolished poverty. In the "open noon of its pride" came the great depression. Like a pestilence it swept over civilization, searing and withering the economy of the world. Today a broken humanity stands at the crossroads. Where it is going no one knows.

When there is bread enough for all to eat why must men hunger? Upon its answer to this question depends the continued existence of the capitalistic state. Humanity is stumbling in its own shadows. Science gropes in darkness, in strange regions where the senses fail, beginning to see dimly something of the outline of the eternal God, whom in its intellectual arrogance it had foresworn. Are we witnessing the disintegration of western civilization that Japanese Count Okuma prophesied would be the aftermath of the great war? Are we in the stormy dawn of a fairer day when there shall be given from all according to their ability, to each according to his need?

As we pass through the fading beauty of these unchanging hills in the thickening darkness of the night from their high crests strange new lights flash out, nervously, marking the untried pathways through the air. If society can find its soul, if from out the depths it can lift up its eyes to the great silent hills of faith from whence came the strength of those whom we here remember, if it shall set upon the enduring foundations of those eternal hills the new lights with which it seeks to guide us, these strange, new lights—God willing—may lead us through the untried pathways into the way of peace.

THE HIGHLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

WILLARD A. PEASE

Mr. Chairman and assembled guests; To me has been assigned the honor of representing the Highland Agricultural Society, an organization which has steadily held to the principles for which it was founded throughout its seventy-eight years of existence—namely, to promote the advancement of agriculture.

In reviewing the history of the Society I must necessarily refer to the past records which are very meager. I am also indebted to many of the older members for information which they have given me.

We find from the records that in 1856 Matthew Smith offered a portion of his pasture which is the ground on which we are now assembled, to be used as a Fair ground. In August of that year a partial organization was made with Ambrose Loveland as president, and Solomon Root as secretary. On September 16 of that year the first Fair was held. In 1857 a permanent Society was formed with Matthew Smith as president and Edwin McElwain as secretary. In 1858 a fence was built around the grounds and money to finance the undertaking was raised by securing life memberships in the Society. Also steps were being taken to incorporate the Society. At this point in the history of the Society we find the Town of Huntington starting a movement to have the Fair removed to that town, and they went so far as to send a delegation to Boston to appear before the Agricultural Committee of the General Court, but, from the records, we find that the honest, practical, and sincere arguments of Matthew Smith won the day for Middlefield, and in 1859 the Society organized under their charter with Dr. James Church as president and Charles Wright as secretary, and at this time the grounds were deeded to the Society by Matthew Smith. The members and others gave very gener-

ously of their time and labor so that the exhibition hall was completed for the Fair of that year. For many years the second story of the hall was used as a dining hall, and at that time there was a flat roof from which an unexcelled view of the surrounding territory could be obtained. It was a great disappointment to many when it became necessary to place a hip roof over this on account of continuous repairs.

In 1859 the exhibition became so large that a second day was necessary to complete the judging, and as the years passed a track was built and premiums offered for racing, and for several years good trotting events were staged. As it became increasingly harder to secure horses to come to a one-third mile track, interest began to increase in draft horses and oxen, and today it is our biggest event for entertainment, we having some of the best at any of the Fairs in the Commonwealth.

In the early days of the Society we find that on the evening of the first day of the Fair they held social gatherings either in the town hall or the exhibition hall, and there were discussed problems relating to the farm.

On the afternoon of the second day the Society sponsored an address in the church by some man of note, but none more distinguished than Calvin Coolidge, who visited us in 1912.

As we review the later years of the Society I would call your attention to some of the changes, most noteworthy of which is this building in which you now sit and which was sponsored by Harry A. Ford of Dalton, then president of the Society. This building cost the Society nothing, the material being donated by Mr. Ford and the labor by the people of Middlefield and surrounding towns—another example of the splendid co-operation which the Society has enjoyed during all its years of existence.

I would call your attention to great changes in our exhibits, noticeably this, that, in the early years of the Fair practically all cattle exhibited were of the beef type, but now dairy cattle hold the predominating place.

In the early history of the Society we find that horses held as large a part in the Show as cattle, but today, outside of our draft classes, they form a very small part of our exhibit.

And now in closing I wish to make these few remarks from my own observations. The success of the Highland Agricultural Society has been sustained by two features—one is the foresight of its members in keeping men outside of Middlefield interested in the Society by spreading the honor of president around, as records show that only one-third of the time has a man from Middlefield held that office. And the other, last but not least, is that spirit of co-operation with which everyone has rallied around the officers throughout all these years, without thought of monetary gain, but rather to make Middlefield Fair the best in the State and to make it an influence in the community. Today the Highland Agricultural Society's standing with the State Dept. of Agriculture in Boston is excelled by none. May this spirit of co-operation always continue.

THE GRANGE IN MIDDLEFIELD

JOHN T. BRYAN

Mr. President: I have been asked to say a word for the Grange: I enter upon the duty with some misgivings, when upon an examination of the program I find that professional and legal talent are in the majority, and I suppose you will not expect much from a layman, especially in speaking for an organization I deem so vital to the best interests of a rural community.

I am reminded of the man who was about to be married for the third time, and it was also the second matrimonial venture for the prospective bride. Elaborate invitations were prepared, but before being sent out they wrote across the bottom "Be sure and all come for this will be no amateur affair." The Grange had its inception in times very much like those through which we have recently passed and from which by no stretch of the imagination emerged.

What the farmers of Iowa and some other western and northwestern states, not exempting nearby New York, have been doing the past year the farmers of Western Massachusetts did many years ago, for there are many resemblances between the revolt in some parts of the West and Shays rebellion in 1786.

Hard money was leaving the country, soldiers had returned to farms loaded with debt, our barns, granaries and store-houses were glutted with the products of the soil, for which there was no market at home or abroad. Tax gatherers were seizing live-stock and evicting tenants. The debtor class demanded an issue of State paper money as a temporary relief. Hard money men controlled the government.

Many debtors in our own Western Massachusetts sought to close the courts. Thus began what we know as Shays rebellion. For five months the followers of Daniel Shays terrorized the Commonwealth, closing the courts at Concord and Worcester, attacking the arsenal at Springfield in quest of arms. They were hunted in Hampshire and the Berkshires amid winter snows, and finally dispersed at a pitched battle at Petersham in February, 1787.

A very similar condition followed the war between the States. The young men who had done such valiant service, both in defense of the Union and for a lost cause, returned to their homes to find no jobs awaiting them, heavily mortgaged homes, exorbitant interest rates, high taxes.

To any who can remember the depression of the late sixties can be seen a close parallel with conditions that have existed since the palmy days of 1929.

In January, 1866, Oliver Hudson Kelley of Minnesota, a native of Massachusetts was chosen by the U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture to travel through the South for the purpose of observing agricultural conditions. He found hundreds of plantations desolate and in ruins, whose owners were destitute, whose condition was not unlike the tenant farmers of his own Northwest.

After long and careful consideration he was led to believe that the hatred that existed between sections could best be destroyed through some great fraternal organization that would unite the rural people under a common banner.

After a two month's trip in the South-land he made a visit to his niece, Miss Caroline Hall of Boston and to her he unfolded his plans for organization. It was she who suggested that women be admitted to membership on the same terms as men. Probably this one suggestion has enabled the Grange to live longer than any other farm organization. The mingling together of men, women and youth in a social center as one fraternity has kept the Grange ever on the upward march. It is stronger today than ever before.

In March, 1868 the National Grange, then composed of less than a dozen members gave Father Kelley a letter of authority to organize Granges in any State. His salary was to be $2,000.00 per year but a joker was added to this stipulation, that he was to collect the salary from the Granges he was to organize. The first organization was at Fredonia, N. Y. on April 15th, 1868.

Middlefield has always been on the alert to gather unto itself anything that would be for the best interests of its community life, and when the agricultural press such as the Country Gentleman, the Rural New Yorker and the New England Farmer printed stories of the advantages of Grange membership, Middlefield people were ready and eager to absorb every word, with the result that in January, 1873 less than five years after the first Subordinate Grange started on its career, Middlefield Grange No. 33 was organized with Metcalf J. Smith as Master and Jonathan McElwain as Secretary.

Unfortunately all local records of the early Granges were destroyed with the burning some years ago of the Town Hall, and the early records of the State Grange are very meagre, but it probably disbanded after five or six years. The Granges of those early days were founded not alone for their social and educational advantages but for their pecuniary value.

The theory was that through co-operation the products of the farm and of industry could be disposed of at the highest retail price, and such supplies as its members needed could be secured at the lowest wholesale terms. This theory did not always work out in practice. In the carrying out of this theory many Granges established Grange stores. Middlefield among them. But usu-

ally these stores were short-lived, often causing dissension among the members which resulted in breaking up the Grange.

I recall being present at a public installation of this early Grange and have in mind a very vivid picture of a sedate old gentleman as he held a lamp in one hand and a manual in the other, and installed the officers. For a period of perhaps ten years the town was without a Grange. Sometimes a Farmers' Club was held for a few weeks during the winter season.

In 1887, as I recall it, Brother W. B. Barton of Dalton, then a Deputy of the State Grange, thought it time to rekindle the smoldering Grange embers of the town, and he effected a reorganization, but the fire of Grange ambition soon died out and it simply ceased to exist without the formality of disbanding after three years.

In a community like this, where its people are interested in education, in co-operation, in community improvement, in rural development, in improvement of the home life, the spirit of the Grange is sure to assert itself. After twenty years of inactivity, when we pause to consider the proportions the Grange has attained, with a subordinate membership of more than 800,000, with more than 3,200 Grange Halls, representing an investment of $25,000,000, with six hundred Grange meetings every week-day evening in the year, do not think for a minute that Middlefield would not want to be in the game.

On October 21st, 1912 the then State Master, Brother Charles M. Gardner paid a visit to our town, not for the purpose of re-organizing or of resurrecting old No. 33; but with a slate wiped clean, organized Middlefield Grange No. 310, with 54 Charter Members.

The social and educational activities of this Grange have been invaluable. They promote stability, friendliness and community pride. A national leader has said, "When a Grange goes into a community, flowers grow in the front yard, and a new hope comes to the heart of the farmer and his family."

A live Grange, with its membership united, working harmoniously for the best interest of the local community, has an actual money value to the town or city where it is located.

Middlefield Grange can take a just pride in its twenty years of activity. Each year it has contributed to the State Grange Educational Aid Fund. Some of the youth of its membership have taken advantage of this fund to aid them in securing an education.

Each year something has been done along the line of community service, and several prizes have been secured in competition with Granges throughout the Commonwealth.

One member of this Grange has been honored with the position of Deputy of the State Grange for two terms. Another has to his credit two terms as Master of the District Pomona Grange, while a third has served two terms as Pomona Lecturer.

Several times this Grange has made very creditable exhibitions at agricultural fairs and has always been placed in the money column.

During the World War this Grange as an association and many of its members subscribed liberally to the purchase of Liberty Bonds to carry on a conflict to make the world safe for Democracy.

I want, in closing, to leave with you this request: Be loyal to your Grange; be loyal to Middlefield.

THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTRY IN MIDDLEFIELD DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS

WM. T. BARTLEY

An invitation to speak historically of the Church and the Ministry in Middlefield during the past 50 years reminds me of Daniel Webster's words to the survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill, 50 years after the battle. He said, "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation." It is true that fifty years ago I was a schoolboy, but the fact does not need to

be emphasized. It was only 20 years ago that I began to know Middlefield, and I knew it intimately for only four years, so that the rest of the history of the half century must be obtained only from books or from hearsay.

This celebration, like that of 1883, was due on March 12th, but is held in August. The reason why will be readily understood by those who live here. If you have ever walked the hill road on an evening in March, with a hat that you expected to blow off, and the thermometer hugging zero, and the moon pouring out the cold light for which it is famous, you have known the real terrors of winter.

In speaking of the *Church*, we may first give thought to the *building*, for a church of worshippers is at a disadvantage unless it has a church edifice. The original members must have felt this during the 8 years after organization of the Society, as they met in houses and taverns. They were very undecided *where* to build, and perhaps too poor. This is the third church edifice. The first one was occupied from 1791 till 1846, 55 years. The next building was used from 1846 till 1900, when fire destroyed it, for 54 years. In that year, during the pastorate of Rev. Henry M. Bowden, lightning struck the steeple, and as the fire could not be extinguished at that height on this dry hilltop, and as it was impossible to cut the heavy beams of the spire, the fire worked down to the ground, making a complete ruin. The Baptist Church, which for many years has worked in very close harmony with this, promptly offered the use of their building.

We now speak of the much more important church, that group of professed believers, who have publicly declared their faith in Christ, and banded themselves together to work for the coming of God's kingdom. We may almost call it the Church Everlasting. It may go on for a thousand years, for all we know, though buildings for its worship may decay and be replaced. Here is a gathering of persons who are principally Congregationalists and Baptists. Though it is not a federated church, it is truly a union church. After the close of the pastorate of Rev. Joseph M. Rockwood, in 1900, the Baptists had no other pastor. In 1900, after fire had destroyed the Congregational building, the Baptists generously offered the use of theirs, and in the same year sold their building for a low price to furnish the auditorium for this church. The Middlefield history says of them,—"A tolerant spirit has obviated any semblance of a church wrangle, and the village church of today, nominally Congregational, lives quite as much by the spiritual fruits and vital character bred under Baptist influence."

In 1892 the Baptists were invited by the Congregationalists to help them in selecting a pastor. By 1897 the union was complete.

The church life of Middlefield has been much enriched by the Smith family. Of Baptist origin, they took delight some years ago in enacting a scene from the early history of the town, in which the Congregationalists, claiming the right to tax all the people for their church, seized a cow to pay the church tax of a Baptist widow. From some source there sprung up here the tradition that in the beginning every one was named Smith, but as fast as any one did wrong. his name was changed! Believe it or not,—but the Smiths have a wonderful record. In the early days there were three successive Matthew Smiths, fathers and sons.

Matthew Smith the third, was the father of Samuel Smith and Samuel was the father of Metcalf John Smith. If any man can be said to have shaped the destiny of a *town*, it seems that to Metcalf John Smith, that honor might be ascribed. The great renunciation that *that* gifted teacher made was the introduction to a brightening of the corner where he *was*, that deserves the highest praise. In 1908, at the dedication of markers on the site of the former Baptist Church, a speaker said of him, "He impressed me as few characters have ever done. He always seemed to me like one from another world, lent to our little town by a kind Providence. He represented a type of life and a bradth of vision of which some of us might have remained for ever ignorant, had it not been for him."

Viewing his career and good name, one dreams of a consecration of high abilities in obscure places that would make their population proud to live there, and relieve the overgrown state of some of the largest cities.

The children of Judson Smith, the great secretary of the American Board, have done much to enrich the life of this place, and among them is the speaker who is to follow me on this program.

The sesqui-centennial depends for its success and attraction upon this remarkable family. The president of the day on Saturday was Louis C. Smith, the author of the pageant was Philip Mack Smith, historical addresses were given by others of the family, and we know that if that lovable man and eminent theologian, Gerald Birney Smith had been permitted to live till this day, he would have seconded with all his heart every effort now being made to observe a worthy anniversary.

Many other names are deserving of very high credit, but I ought not to take the time to mention them. They will be given something like the prominence that they deserve, at the roll call this afternoon. Such names as Alderman, Cottrell, Eames, Graves, McElwain, Pease, Olds and Wright come readily to mind, and my hearers can add many others.

The catalogue of ministers during the past fifty years is long, for the pastorates have usually been short.

Just before the end of the first century of the Church's existence it had for a minister, Rev. Samuel Evans, whose service was from 1881 to July, 1883. This makes it probable that at the Centennial, August 15th, 1883, the Church had no pastor.

Rev. Albert G. Beebe served from 1884 till 1886. From Middlefield he went to a church in Southwick, Mass.

Rev. John Alpheus Woodhull, a graduate of Yale in the class of 1850, served from 1886 till 1889. He died in 1902.

Both Mr. Beebee and Mr. Woodhull are described as gentlemen of the old school, rendering dignified service, but seem to have been faced by difficulties not easy to overcome.

The next pastor had more difficulties than those who went before him. His name was Wm. E. Morse, and he served for one year, beginning in May, 1890. He was pronounced too aggressive, though it does not appear in what way. Long before his days, one of the Middlefield ministers harped on the abolition of slavery till he wore out the patience of his hearers.

Shortly after this pastorate the Church was *incorporated* on the 9th of August, 1892. The incorporation made it unnecessary to do business through the Society, which had existed since November, 1783, only a few months after the formation of the Town. This wise step was taken without the guidance of a minister.

September 14, 1892, a little over a month after the incorporation, the Church called Rev. Lucien Kimball, a graduate of Andover Seminary in the year 1887. He for some time edited a paper called "The Church and the Times," but this was not permanently successful.

During the four years of this pastorate the Church family presented to the Congregational Church the chapel, formerly the Methodist Church, of which they had for some time allowed the Church the use.

Near the close of 1896, at this time when new courage was greatly needed, Mr. Kimball was succeeded by your former pastor and present senior pastor, Herbert Alden Youtz. "The Lord raised up a deliverer."

Mr. Kimball went at a later date to Dummerston, Vermont, and probably later still, to Hopkinton, N. H. There he was made Pastor Emeritus, a high honor, and holds that rank today, and resides in Hopkinton, 37 years after closing his pastorate here.

Mr. Youtz, who was a native of Iowa and a graduate of Boston University, began his pastorate in November, 1896, two months after Mr. Kimball's departure, and served the Church with much vigor and success till December 17, 1898, when he resigned because of a call to Providence, R. I. Under his management the Church gave up the missionary aid, which had amounted for a time to $300 a year. In the middle of his term of office the Baptists, who had been worshipping with the Congregationalists at the preaching services, but had for a few years kept up their Sunday School in their own church

.g, discontinued their Sunday School. Arthur D. Pease, a Baptist, was the superintendent, and a very much loved one, of the Congregational day School.

Mr. Youtz, who later became Dr. Youtz, both as a doctor of philosophy a doctor of divinity, has taught theology in widely separated places—icago, Montreal, Auburn and Oberlin. It is fitting that here, though retired om Oberlin, he should have his theological school with one member, your junior pastor. He is like one of my college classmates who, with an eye undimmed, had reached the age that enforced his retirement from a famous preparatory school. When given a farewell banquet he said, "I'm retired, but I'm not retiring," and found a school in North Carolina, a field for more work.

Of Dr. Youtz's continual interest in this Church, you well know. Before my coming he was one of the principal demonstrators of the beauty of the place, driving me with his ponies to various parts of the neighborhood. Often has he assisted the Church in securing a new pastor. His home among you is a magnet to draw admiring visitors.

In May, 1899, about four months after Mr. Youtz's departure, Rev. Henry M. Bowden became his successor. Mr. Bowden was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1886, was graduated from the Yale Divinity School. In that same year he was ordained. He was a native of Walden, N. Y.

After Mr. Bowden had been here three years, and before the new church was finished, he resigned, and became a teacher in the American International College, in Springfield. He and his family showed their scholarship and perseverance by studying Polish, a language of great difficulty, the very pronunciation of which is a barrier, requiring the learning of a new, and unnatural sound of the consonant r. It is a pleasure to know that Mr. Bowden is living in Alford, Mass., a rather near neighbor to his former parish.

The rebuilding of the church was authorized May 21, 1901, but it was not dedicated till January 14, 1904. It will be easily seen that the next pastor inherited the hard questions as to the nature of the new church building. He came late in the fall of 1902. This new pastor was the Rev. Seelye Bryant, a native of Sivas, Turkey—of missionary parentage. He was graduated from Amherst in 1887 and from Princeton Seminary in 1890.

In March, 1907, after serving the Church for about four years and a half he was called to the Olivet Congregational Church in Springfield, and therefore resigned.

During the remainder of the year the Church was served by Rev. Francis A. Fate, whose cottage was known as the Fate cottage during my years in Middlefield.

For the next five and a half years the pastor was Rev. William A. Estabrook, of Amherst, Mass., who was ordained in 1893. His service here began January 1, 1908 and ended in July, 1913, because of his acceptance of a call to Brimfield, Mass. He later went to Thetford, Vermont, where he is at present preaching in the Congregational Church, and where he has been for the past ten years. He made warm friendships while here, and the length of his pastorate was surpassed by only two out of the 17 ministers who had up to that time served as pastors.

My pastorate here began December 1, 1913, and ended August 30, 1917. During this period the great war broke out in Europe, and by April, 1917, it had spread to this country. I enjoyed life in the attractive parsonage, and reveled in the wonderful views to be seen from its windows. Fine friendships were formed which will last, and the presence of many children in the preaching service was gratifying. The state wards added to their number. Of the support of visiting ministers I may speak later: it was one of the greatest pleasures to receive it so abundantly.

In the winter of 1917-1918 the church was served by Mr. Albert D. Stearns, who was with it several months.

His successor for one year was Rev. Aaron Avery Gates, who at the same time was pursuing studies in Hartford Theological Seminary. The year of Mr. Gates' ordination was 1911. He now resides in Hartford, Conn.

After him, apparently in 1920, came Rev. Alvah J. Rhines, of H... a graduate of the Springfield Y. M. C. A. College.

A pastorate of two years, from November, 1920 till November, 192... that of Rev. R. Barclay Simmons, who came from Shoreham, Vermont went to a Congregational Church in Chicopee, Mass. He was ordained in ... He has been called recently to Hebron, N. H.

On the first of August, 1923, Rev. James G. Robertson began a ser... which lasted, I think, for three years. He was a graduate in the class of 18... of the Yale Divinity School, and was the secretary of his class. In 1889 he wa... ordained and installed as pastor of the Chester, New Hampshire, Congregational Church, and I, being then a college student, sang in the choir on that occasion. His pastorate in Chester covered many years. After his term of service at Middlefield, he was called, in 1926, to Colebrook, Conn., where he has spent the past seven years.

From 1926 onward it is my impression that the pastorates have usually been short, and under young men,—Haskins, Teed, Corey, Hall. Of these I know little.

Having found life in your parsonage so pleasant, I always feel regret if I hear that your minister is not using it. Pleasantly stamped on my recolle... tion for life is the memory of the Sunday dinners when the sunlight fell ... the tablecloth, and an almost unexcelled view was spread before us. Perh... if the Church should search for some minister of 45 or so, who is ambitio... but has found that ambitions are often frustrated,—who can say,

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude,"

he would be happy to summer and winter with you.

These reminiscences should surely refer to the ministers who have b... here during the summers. Dr. Youtz with his hospitable summer home he... might be called the chairman of the group, a pastor of pastors. Then there w... Dr. Ferris, what an interesting, wholesouled, unconventional man he w... Pastor of a Philadelphia church of a thousand members, what a comradesl... he showed here! Once, when I quoted some New Testament saying ab... obedience to officials (I think it was the saying that "The powers that be ... ordained of God") he said, "I don't believe that!" How much we regret t... death called him so early.

Gerald Smith—we hardly could call him *Professor* Smith—was a marvel... friend. "When Cattleshow came round," he was there, watching the ox... drawing weights, for he had a life-long interest in the driving of oxen. ... told me a stirring tale of the time when he, as a boy, went with his fath... to liberate a cow of theirs from the durance vile in which an old man h... placed the creature, and calmly took it away, though the man threatened hi... with a club. He trembled, but his father did not seem to.

Dr. J. Brittan Clark, pastor in my days here of the oldest Presbyterian church in Washington, was another of that circle. He once gave me Jowett's fine work on Preaching, in which he placed a card, with these words, "*With loving best wishes from your fellow worker.*" Could any courtesy have been finer? Once this brotherly pastor said to me something like this,—"We might each envy the other's work—or rather, *I* might envy *you* yours." This is a revelation, and he may be here to hear it, but it will not pain anyone to know it.

We are all sure that Tryon, North Carolina, is favored to have such a pastor, and the Congregational denomination to have added such a Presbyterian minister.

How shall one appraise the value of the work of the Church and the Ministry here during the past fifty years? Complete appraisal is impossible, but it is sure that in "A world where strong temptations try," there have been those here who regarded temptation as a danger and sin as a curse: mortals—sometimes erring mortals—but men, women and children who saw a heavenly vision, and could not bear to lose sight of it. As rills help a river, so this spiritual fountain has helped the spiritual streams of a nation whose prosperity has rested largely upon GOD.

So I have taken you on a ramble through the topics of the Church Buildings, the Church people and the Ministers of fifty years. Will you not hope-

fully look forward to a fine half century to come? I fully expect that for the two hundredth anniversary some of those *now present* will gather on this rock-ribbed height to make merry with the children and grandchildren of some of those now around you. Man dies: Cities pass: God LIVES. A handful of corn has been sown in the earth upon the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shakes like Lebanon.

EDUCATION AND THE LIBRARY

MARY C. SMITH

Education and the library in Middlefield make a kind of foot-note to Mr. Bartley's address, for in New England tradition the church and the school have together been focal points of community life. Till recent years both were expected to show their influence on the individual in as obvious a way as the meeting-house and the schoolhouse marked the center of the town. The only true religion expressed hope publicly, had its name recorded on a church roll, attended services. The only real education came from books, from attending an academic institution, from receiving the diploma or the degree.

Middlefield is a New England town, and the story of education here, which may be found in full detail in the Middlefield History, is that of most New England towns: Money set aside for school purposes at the second town meeting in 1783; the whole town finally supplied with schools till in 1850 there were eleven districts; select school for those who could avail themselves of its opportunities, in the mid 1800's; the uniting of all but the Switch school into one central school in the 1900's; the present use of the district schoolhouses with their good workmanship and right proportions as dwellings. So far a typical progress. But we like to think there are special features which differentiate Middlefield from other communities.

The majority of the pioneers who founded it were separatists from the state church. They cared enough for their intellectual integrity not to be afraid to leave the traditional fold. They had the desire for independence of living at no matter what cost of labor, as my cousin's paper yesterday suggested, and as the perennial disputes over boundary lines witness. They were a group of neighbors in Connecticut and their neighborliness persisted in the new settlement though farms were even more widely separated. The town has not been intruded on by outside influences sufficiently to change these essential qualities. Or perhaps it is the spaciousness of the earth and sky here that has made conformity to the standard unnecessary. Certain it is that from the early days a Middlefielder has found no labor too hard if an education could be gained by it, the people of the community have done all they could to help the ambitious young student, the new in education has never been frowned upon. Several of the most advertised educational ideas of today were quietly practised in Middlefield years ago. There is adult education, practised in a way by David Mack who finished his education by going to school with his children. There is the Americanization of our foreign population. I quote from Deacon Ingham's papers:

"In 1838 after trying in vain to benefit the foreign population, then employed in the construction of the Western railroad, by direct religious influences, I initiated under what appeared to me the especial leading of Providence the plan of bestowing upon their children the benefits of our public school system—giving it so far as practicable a religious direction. In this work I labored with great success, spending much time during three successive years with several hundred dollars in money. The subject was brought to the notice of the authorities of this State and of New York and favored by them. It likewise arrested the attention of benevolent associations and secured the aid of many philanthropic individuals—all of which appeared to result in awakening our Irish emigrants extensively to the benefits of education for their children, and to hasten their becoming Americanized and their being brought under the influence of a purer religion."

You see also in this account the suggestion of religious instruction in the public schools, a much discussed proposition of present education. Today we have the experimental college. As yesterday's pageant showed, there was

interest in Middlefield in 1837 in the dangerous experiments of a female seminary. Twenty-six of Middlefield's men dared to contribute to the founding of Mt. Holyoke—some fifty cents, and one $500. Out of the ninety cities and towns contributing all over the State only six gave more than a thousand dollars to the venture, and the little town of Middlefield was one of those six. But Middlefield's interest was more than pecuniary—it extended to the trusting of the daughters of Middlefield to Miss Lyon's care. As our Middlefield history states—and you recognize the history in all my facts—in the years from 1838-1880 no town in Western Massachusetts, large or small, sent more young women to the Seminary than Middlefield. That the young men who could do so would go away to school was taken for granted in New England. These trained young people came home and taught in the district schools for a term or a year, giving to the mid-century children a desire for the adventure and wider outlook of higher education. Had they been modern children we might have called it the desire for the social prestige of college. To meet the need of preparation for the colleges came the Select School—Deacon Ingham had one. Mr. Sears had one but the name we all associate with the school is that of Mr. Metcalf John Smith, a teacher in every sense. We of today talk of the Dalton plan, the Winnetka idea, but in Mr. Smith's school we had the ideal of all educations. There the teacher knew each pupil in his heredity and his home environment as well as in his own personal traits. There the pupil was forced into no prescribed course but chose his own electives, there each pupil's needs were studied and met with charity and fairness and no avoidance of the difficult, there the teacher showed his joy in teaching and the fullness of his own living. Small wonder that almost every family in town was willing to work to send young people to school and to college and that neighboring towns sent children. Mr. Smith's influence on education continued outside the town when as superintendent of schools he was interested in the individual teacher in the district as he had been in the individual pupil in the school. No one visit a year, no perfunctory typewritten directions, but real observation, real suggestion, straight pointing out of weakness and praise of right methods. The teacher under him had the help that few of the executives of our present big school systems can give. And politics, in true modern fashion, kept him from continuing in that job. But he had given Middlefield, at any rate, the habit of good schools. Her young people have been continuously successful in the high schools and colleges they have gone to, as a reading of the history will show. Right now, among others, there is Bill Cook, started in Middlefield schools; who was chosen by the International Business Machine Company for further training and who was one of the twenty out of a class of 207 successful in getting a job. And there is Louisa Johnson, trained in the Center School by one of Middlefield's own daughters, Ida Bell Eames, who had the highest record of all the grammar school graduates of the Chester, Middlefield, Becket district, and who was steadily on the honor roll in high school last year. So great has been the interest in education in town that practically every house has sent out not only its student but its teacher. Several important schools counted themselves fortunate in having teachers from Middlefield. The south end of town has sent Ethel Pease to Utica and Helen Alderman to Providence,—the Center has given Nellie Cody to Montclair, the East Side, Kate Smith to the La Grange, Illinois High School, the Factory Hollow, Hazel Boyer to Springfield. Experimental eagerness still goes on in young people who have come from Middlefield families or who have adopted Middlefield as a summer home. There is Adelia Alderman in the field of home economics, Paulina McElwain in that of the Nursery School, Cecil Smith a professor of music in Chicago particularly caring for the church music his father was so interested in. Philip Youtz, interested in adult education and Helen Evans, first with Sarah Lawrence College and now with the Experimental Groups. The very air of Middlefield must be saturated—I won't say contaminated—with education so many of the summer visitors who find the hill-top congenial are teachers and professors—those commonly called educated.

A part of true education is a joy in reading. Sometimes this comes from a scarcity of printed material in the surroundings, sometimes from an abundance. Here in New England it has usually come from an abundance of books, if not in the home, then in a public library such as has been an institution in Middlefield for years. Deacon Ingham maintained a library of some sort.

Perhaps the books we find in attics with the Lyceum or Young People's Library stamp were his. Then the religious earnestness of the town brought many books to the churches and their parishioners, for conviction backed by books was well-nigh unassailable. Another look at the attic—and we find books with such titles as:

Ladies of the Covenant.
Christian Consolations.
Constitution of the Reformed Dutch Church.
Christian Baptism—Its Mode, Obligation, Import and Relative Order.
Gospel Sonnets.
The Shady Side of Life In A Country Parsonage.
Many of the books were published denominationally:
The American Baptist Publication Society.
American Tract Society.
For the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The library that we all use today is a witness to the interest of Mrs. Lucy Newton. She was a Mt. Holyoke graduate of keen mind, she had taught her younger brothers and sisters after coming home, she took responsibility seriously, she had a brother Azariah in the publishing house of Ticknor and Fields. So she brought to her task a rare selective power and a sense for directed reading and the needs of children. No child in the most perfectly equipped of modern city libraries today could have more careful guidance. Even the adult could not be sure of getting the book he wanted. He was wiser just to ask for a book—and let Mrs. Newton give the book she thought suited to his needs and tastes—her memory could be trusted not to pass out one already read. But her library sense went beyond guidance. It extended to the physical care of the books. Any torn page was scrupulously mended, each book was covered to prolong its life. There is today in her attic a pile of old newspaper wrappers, carefully ironed out, thriftily ready for use as covers. It went beyond mere regulations and opened the library at all hours, though not on Sunday when the Sunday Schools supplied the need of books, if not of literature! It went even to the helping of library borrowers on problems not of reading. Many is the child who got extra tutoring from Mrs. Newton on the particularly difficult school task.

After Mrs. Newton's death other public-spirited women carried on her work, giving hours of time outside their regular jobs to the wise selection of books, and to the maintaining of the catalog and of order. The town people were proud of their library, the visitors were amazed at the wide choice and high quality of the books, and at the generous terms of lending. Now the State helps in the cataloging and buying of the books, for the day of the individually run library is over.

Such is a statement of the traditional education through school and library in Middlefield life.

But education is something more vital and more inconspicuous than schooling or degrees. It is being able to give all of one's self to the problem in hand. It is being resourceful enough to solve new problems as they come up; not to meet set conditions but to be flexible and adjustable to all the unforeseen turns that life may take. It is finding one's self in whatever surroundings one may be in. Such education comes to the man on the farm quite as readily as to the bookish scholar. He has not available all the gadget and expert aids to easy living, and so he must use himself, *his* hand, *his* brains. Conditions on the farm seldom repeat themselves, for nature delights in contriving some new catch. The machine-trained man might be lost, knowing only his one method, but the farmer works out a new salvation and educates himself with each new job. His very surroundings create in him a steadiness of purpose and an acceptance of the whole of life that are less easily attained in the city jam. The march of the seasons, the succession of the generations, the goodness of the total process of nature, however cruel the details. are part of his daily life. He knows the importance and the absolute nothingness of the individual in the scheme of the whole. From his own door-yard, without the study of books, he can sense the progress of civilization. There is the nature which governs human life in the going down of

the sun, in the mystery of the full moon quickening his pulses—and there is the human science that has conquered the elements in the beat of the air-mail engine as it goes serenely from Gobble light to Washington.

This education and the more obvious kind of degrees—both are represented in town as on the printed program. Here in Middlefield they are friends. Together they have made Middlefield the place where we all love to be, where somehow folk have learned not to be condemnatory of deviation from the usual and conventional, where disaster and loss can be endured, because of the neighborly sharing of other's troubles, where people are educated in living.

CULTIVATING SPIRITUAL VALUES IN MIDDLEFIELD

HERBERT A. YOUTZ

Fifty years ago Professor Edward P. Smith, closing his brilliant historical address, used these words: "In a most important sense the great work of Middlefield has not been in either agriculture or manufactures . . . Middlefield's first effort has been to make, not money, but men. Thus has she gained her best title to immortality."

A worthy past is looking down upon us today as we face the unknown future. Has Middlefield in 1933 fallen away from the noble tradition of the fathers? Are we producing turnips, sheep, cattle, hay, or are we producing men and women? Is our supreme loyalty to the economic order or to the spiritual order? Shall we plan to cultivate Spiritual values in Middlefield in the future?

Spiritual leadership is supposed to be supplied by the churches, but much conventional religion today is deadly and powerless, and many respectable churches are dead or asleep. Religion is in much confusion and is suffering depression. Some churches are advocating the substitution of nationalism, economic prosperity, pleasant Sunday afternoon socials, or the religion of golf and baseball. Religion of this type is never a living force in society. Our own church is suffering from spiritual paralysis and the impotence of disunity. But there is a kind of living religion which is thrilling and beautiful, refreshing, the greatest regenerative force in society, the greatest source of power and joy that the human heart knows. I want to help to cultivate living religion in Middlefield, for it produces a noble type of men and women.

But what are the marks of vital religion? In reply to this question Jesus, more than once, emphasized the child-attitude toward life and counselled his disciples to learn of children. What can we learn from the child? I believe that the little child can lead our community into three deep experiences which will radically transform Middlefield and make it a Kingdom of Heaven. I commend three child-attitudes toward life: First, the healthy child faces life with a song of joy; Second, he is delighted with beauty; Third, his play is the most fascinating interest in the world.

1. The child accepts life with joy. It is all good to him, all joy. He has no suspicions; he trusts. He has no fear, no anxiety, no cynicism. He has no unkind, gossipy criticism, until he learns it from his elders. The world seems good to him. The language of his heart is a song.

Did not Jesus live with shining eyes, a lover of life and of mankind, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross and despised the shame? Is it not written of the Early Church that it went forth on its conquering way, SINGING? Went forth to persecution, to martyrdom, to cruelty, to social ostracism, singing for joy their Gospel of Life's sacred meaning! "I am not ashamed of the Gospel", cries Paul, "it is the power of God!" The Gospel of life's sacred meaning has contributed more to the joy of overcoming the world than anything else in human history! In sharing that joy men have discovered their sonship to God!

But that early triumphant joy of the Christian Church has largely gone. Christianity has forgotten its Song. The world has fallen upon evil days of depression and fear, and hate, and unbelief, and distrust, and cynicism, and gossip. These are things that weaken and destroy society. We have lost the

childlike vision that Jesus brought, of joy and beauty and power, and the churches are dying of sheer dreariness. We have forgotten how to sing our great Song of Life's Meaning!

We in Middlefield can regain the joy and the power of vital religion only as we come back together to the spirit of children, loving one another, renouncing our unneighborly gossip and disunity, and cultivate the spiritual values of life which build up and ennoble men and women. I should like to help to lead Middlefield in that kind of a crusade.

2. The child-attitude of delight in Beauty is another path into the Kingdom of God. The child is sensitive to color and line and harmony and music and the beauty of landscapes and flowers and trees. Beauty influences us all silently and unconsciously, entering our souls and profoundly influencing character. And the appreciation of beauty can be cultivated; it is being cultivated in our own schools.

The Great God has given Middlefield a great asset of natural beauty. Who of us has not gloried in the hills and the clouds and the Autumn colors! We breathe an atmosphere of beauty here. Like men of old we have looked unto the hills for our Help, even when we were far away. And a good many of us are doing what we can to beautify our homes and our roadsides. This is a kind of leadership that cultivates our deeper appreciation of spiritual values. "Out of Zion the Perfection of Beauty, God hath shined", says the Psalmist. I am sure that God loves beauty for He clothes Himself in many forms of loveliness. If I had another life-time in which to teach religion, I should teach less theology and more of the revelation-power of beauty. I am not sure but the deepening of our appreciation of these things is the supreme way of cultivating spiritual life in Middlefield. If we unite to make Middlefield beautiful, it will bring new unity to the community, and new visions of God.

3. A third primary child-attitude toward life is the dramatic fascination of Play,—which we grown-ups call Work. What is more delightful than the happy absorption of the child in his play. Call it the Day's Work or call it Play, there is a way of regarding the worth of our work which makes it all joy and purpose and enthusiasm. The drudgery of work, its meaninglessness, our slavery to it, are soul-destroying forces. The child-attitude toward work as a glad cause makes every-day living a challenging adventure and makes work a sacred task. There is a kind of imagination which makes work feel like delightful creative Play!

Let me illustrate this by a wonderful modern parable,—the Parable of the Three Laborers. Three men were breaking stones. A stranger asked the first man what he was doing. "I am breaking this stone", he growled. "And you?", the stranger asked the second man. "I am working for $10 a day," he replied. When they asked the third man, he replied, "I am building a cathedral."

Don't you see that a man's motive is what life means to him; his appraisal of life's values; his sense of its beauty and worth; his real philosophy of life! Tell me what life means to a man, what he regards as life's true values, and I know whether his religion is banal and deadly or the power of God in his life. A man's motives make his life great or common. Those three laborers are three familiar types of men that we see every day. To the first man, his work was just breaking stones, just sullen drudgery, just deadly monotony,—no meaning, no beauty, no joy, no progress, no goal, no motive, but just a sordid, slavish existence. Multitudes of people are living on that plane. Much religion in the churches is just as sordid and empty and meaningless as that,—just endlessly breaking stones.

The second laborer was earning big money. Life meant to him prosperity. Life's values for him were economic values, money and the things that money can buy. The world today is dominated by an economic philosophy of values, and the churches today are dominated by a like philosophy of prosperity. And in this time of economic disaster, when our social order threatens to crash, the churches too often have no motive to offer except the money motive. We have no values but money values!

The third laborer was building a cathedral! The meaning of the thing that he was doing lifted life out of drudgery and sordidness, and filled it with vision and hope and beauty and joy. He had a dominating motive which

transfigured life and work. That is the victory that overcomes the world,—the discovery that life is sacred and infinitely worthful and full of meaning. The discovery that work is an adventure in creating something of permanent worth. The discovery that our neighbors are sons of God. The meaning of the day's work to a man of vision and faith is the experimental discovery of God and immortality, as the goal of life. This is thrilling religion, the religion of power and invincible enthusiasm for life. Work means the building of a cathedral. That is our task. That is our motive.

Of all the great Gothic cathedrals of the world, there is one that stands out preeminent for its glorious beauty and grandeur,—the cathedral of Chartres in Central France. The history of Chartres is a moving story. Eight hundred years ago, in the time of the early crusades, a group of poor peasants with deep religious feeling, were moved by a common desire to erect a temple to Mary, the Mother of God. Hundreds of them pledged their all and made incredible sacrifices to build a temple that should be worthy of the Son of God and his Mother, Mary. They banded themselves together and actually harnessed themselves together like beasts of burden and drew huge stones for miles to build its foundations and walls. They consecrated themselves to years of loving labor in raising the walls, the mighty arches and the slender spires. Some of them labored from boyhood to old age for the love of the beautiful cathedral they were building.

And there it stands today after eight centuries, a tremendous thing of glorious beauty and strength, within and without a masterpiece among cathedrals. Its marvelous windows, its exquisite carving, its great aisles, its faultless unity of design and decoration, make an impression of perfection of beauty out of which the glory and power of God shines. I cannot conceive that anyone can come under the spell of Chartres without tears and the stirring of the nobler emotions, for it symbolizes an heroic human experience.

We are living today in a time of great social changes. In the New Deal that is coming to society, what will a cathedral look like? We shall never go back to the old order. Those people are wrong who assume that the old economic order will return and that the old political ideals will satisfy us. In the New Humanity that is growing we shall have a new morality that will see more clearly that not the payroll and economic rewards are the great motives of life and work, but the producing of men and women who will invent a new kind of cooperative society and new ways of building civilization.

In this New Order of Society, why cannot Middlefield be a genuine pioneer, a village set on a Hill, helping to lead, helping to enlighten the world! In this new order there will be a new kind of church and a new reality in worship. Religion and worship are going to be interpreted in a larger human sense as fullness of life! Worship will touch all the aspects of life, its work, its play, its education, its art, its drama, its music, its business, its farming, and it will be cooperative worship!

We must build cathedrals for the New Age. But there is to be a new order of cathedral. What would a Middlefield cathedral look like? I think it will be truly a community cathedral built by us all, which shall, by its beauty and nobility and practical adaptation to community need, call us every day to friendlier relations, to better standards of living, to a new sense of beauty, to a new sense of social values and a new sense of reverence for men and women, a new joy in our community work together. In short it will call us to worship God and love our neighbors!

My picture of the Middlefield cathedral would be something like the Community Center that was sketched last evening. It would be a beautiful, spacious building, in the center of the town, expressing our best cooperative efforts to build. It would be built out of native materials. It would grow out of our home civilization and be shaped by our own needs and ideals. It would provide for all of the normal social functions of the Town; place of worship, Town Meetings, Library, School, an historical Museum to preserve and cherish memories of the past, a Play House, a Recreation Hall, a Planning House, a beautiful, home-like Social Center for every man, woman and child where we can sing together and plan our work cooperatively in the spirit of friendship and not of politics and the payroll.

This Community House can be built if family groups of the descendants of Middlefield will loyally cooperate to raise, each, a Family fund, as a memorial of the name. Thus we should have a Mack Fund, a Pease Fund, a Smith Fund, an Alderman Fund, and so through the roll. Perhaps a family or an individual would endow the Library, the School, the Museum, the Social Room, the Auditorium, bearing the name of the individual or family commemorated. We might name the building, Forefathers Memorial Building, a perpetual memorial to the men and women whom we are honoring today. If we can find donors to found such a cathedral, would it not be as worthy and as influential an enterprise for our community as that great French Cathedral at Chartres?

Then there would be another large fund to be raised by our citizens who have no money to give but who could give generously of time, labor, materials of various sorts, and man-power to erect the building and beautify the premises.

I have little doubt that if family groups can be found to provide the first fund, the whole town, man, woman and child, would rise to the challenge, and rally in the spirit of willingness and unity and enthusiasm and comradeship to work out the second fund. And the cathedral would be built by us all working together, a Community House where we could build up manhood and womanhood in the town, and thus raise a beacon light on this Hill for our own inspiration and for the leadership of other towns and communities. Thus I think that Middlefield might become a sort of Mecca, a unique meeting-place and retreat for groups of students who are studying and planning the New Social Order of the World.

We of Middlefield have a great heritage; let us be worthy of it! Let us undertake some great inspiring task together that will honor our fathers and mothers! Our very location here on this beautiful hill is an unique asset that gives us natural primacy and leadership and puts upon us a responsibility to place Middlefield on the map of those who are seeking to build a better world today, a Kingdom of God.

This program of building will stagger the faith of some. They will say it is the impractical dream of an idealist, and cannot be done by our small community. In reply it may be said that nothing but an heroic program can regenerate the social life of Middlefield.

I have faith to believe that a group of friends can be found to furnish the financial foundations, upon which we can build. I do not know, but we can challenge them to help us, and I think unknown friends would rally to our help. And I believe with my whole soul that if the foundations were laid, Middlefield would be aroused to unity and enthusiasm for an heroic undertaking together which would awaken our neglected latent forces of friendship and love and fellowship. And sharing in the labor of building our cathedral we would find *ourselves*, find our neighbors are Sons of God, and make our community life a little Kingdom of God. I recommend heroic, concerted action in building together a beautiful enduring Home for our Spiritual Values.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEN OF MIDDLEFIELD OF THE PAST FIFTY YEARS

HENRY S. PEASE

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the closing scenes of this celebration we have met to pay a tribute of respect to the men and women of this community of the last fifty years, and to use the words of that great statesman, Abraham Lincoln, as he stood on the battlefield of Gettysburg, "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this." At the outset let me recall to your attention some of the men of fifty years ago, the family names of which have become extinct in the life of this community.

Beginning in a remote section of the town there were Spencer Knox, William Alderman, Daniel Alderman, James Granger, Lansing Ferguson,

Harlow Loveland and Charles Coombs. Of these seven families only one is now in existence in our community, namely that of one of our most highly esteemed citizens, Mr. Alderman.

In the center of our town fifty years ago we found John Bell, Matthew Smith, Dwight Geer, Edward Bottom, Henry Hawes, Hiram Taylor, the Rev. Joseph M. Rockwood, the Rev. Charles M. Pierce and Oliver Church. Of all these families only one is now represented in our community life,—that of Church by Miss Alice Church.

There are many other names that fifty years ago were very familiar to every one of that time, that are *now* only a remembrance,—the Bryans, the Inghams, the Roots, the Howes, the Churchills, the Carrolls, the Houcks, the Meachams, the Dolmans, the Wilcoxes, the Blushes and doubtless many others whom I have not mentioned, none of whom are represented in the community life today.

Who were some of the outstanding men of fifty years ago, the leaders in the community life? John L. Bell, Metcalf J. Smith, Oliver and Sumner Church, E. James Ingham, Howard, Clarkson and Milton Smith, Jonathan McElwain, Harlow Loveland, Daniel Alderman, Arnold and Asher Pease, Harry and Lyman Meacham, John W. Crane, Hiram Taylor, Charles and Clark B. Wright,—these were some of the representative men of fifty years ago.

But what of these men of that time? They were in most instances great men, in that they were men of honor and integrity, men of ability, far-sighted men, men who considered it a privilege as well as a duty to give to community life the best of their talent without remuneration, except that which came to them by knowing that they used to the best of their ability their God-given talents, men who by their lives exemplified many of those principles of perseverance and thrift, which so characterized our forefathers as on the rock-bound coast of the Plymouth shore centuries ago, they laid the foundation for this great American nation.

Permit me to cite one instance where a leader in the community life was appointed to a very important town office which carried with it a most insignificant salary. When informed of this appointment and the salary he was to receive, he said, "We do not expect to be paid for this work; we do these things for the good and happiness which they bring to others." Such were the men of fifty years ago.

In my vision I behold these men of fifty years ago. I behold them as they take their places in the family pew on a day which was to them the "Holy Sabbath day" and in a house which they felt and called the sacred house of God. They came regularly, some of them many miles and in all kinds of weather. I behold them as they bow their heads while the minister offered a fervent prayer to God. I behold them as the oldtime doctrine is proclaimed from the pulpit, listening intently to each word and taking the message to their homes and into their lives as they mingle with their fellowmen during the week. I behold them as they gather in the Sunday School to talk over in a friendly way a section of what was to them "God's Holy Word." I behold them as they return to the Sunday evening service and the midweek prayer meeting. I hear their voices as they ring out in songs of praise to the Most High One. I hear them as on their knees they plead with Almighty God for a manifestation of His holy presence, pleading as they often did that the young might be brought to see the light and to follow in the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene. I behold them in the daily walks of life living as they prayed and following closely the teachings of the greatest of all commandments, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Such were the men of fifty years ago.

Coming down to nearer our own time permit me to call your attention to some of the outstanding men with whom many of us have been privileged to associate in the community life,—George S. Bell, George W. Cottrell, Wesley J. Chipman, Fred L. and Peter F. Boyer, Edwin S. and George E. McElwain, Cooley W. and Willis B. Graves, Herbert H. Prentiss, John Cody, and one other who while we were privileged to claim him as one of our citizens, was a most outstanding figure in the community life, a man whom I had the honor on the floor in the hall of a convention to place in nomination

as a candidate for Representative in the General Court of this Commonwealth, a place to which he was elected and which he filled with credit to our district, —John T. Bryan. One other very outstanding citizen I would not fail to mention, a man who without doubt in his lifetime had shown his fellowmen more kindnesses than any man of his time, and one who was respected and loved by all who knew him. As I stood at his bedside and saw his eyelids closed in that last long sleep I could but feel the community had lost a real friend,—Arthur D. Pease. These men like those of fifty years ago were of that same high standard, an honor to the community. These men which I have mentioned were not only loved and honored in our community but in many other communities in the western part of our beloved Commonwealth, they stood on a level with the best.

During the last fifty years we have seen many young men grow to manhood. We have seen them go out to the varied stations of life, to the busy marts of trade, and in nearly every instance they have made good, thus casting a reflection of great credit on the old hilltop town where they were born and where the high ideals of life were firmly fixed in their lives. I firmly believe that they often in their thoughts turn back and praise the town of their birth. Perhaps most widely known of all these loyal sons of Middlefield in the past fifty years, was Professor Azariah Root, eminent librarian and leader of sterling character. He passed away at Oberlin in recent years, where for a generation he had been a power in the life of Oberlin College.

During that terrible conflict, the World War, when the call came to Middlefield for men, eleven of our noble youth responded and stood ready if need be to lay down their lives on the fields of action to defend our Nation's honor. Upon their return from the service the community erected to their honor a most fitting memorial. Such were the men of Middlefield of the last fifty years.

Thus far my remarks may have sounded to you as pessimistic, but we must bear in mind that many clouds have a silver lining and this one is no exception. Thirty-five years ago a young man just out of college came to Middlefield as a candidate for the pastorate of our church. He had an exceptionally pleasing personality and was a very able preacher. He was called to be our pastor and in this church was ordained to the Christian ministry. For a time he acted as pastor of this church until called to a larger and more promising field. Later he went across the mighty main for further study, then coming back to this country he engaged in teaching in the great institutions of learning for many years. But at home or abroad he had an undying interest in Middlefield, and now that he has retired from teaching he has come back and taken up his permanent abode among us. He is a man of the highest type, a leader, an untiring worker, a deep thinker, a wonderful asset to our community, Dr. Herbert A. Youtz.

A few years ago one of the greater lights in the legal profession in a neighboring city was looking for a quiet restful place where he could spend the week-end. He looked at many places in many towns, but finally selected a quiet spot in our community, for, as he told me he liked the welcome he received here. Now we claim him by peaceable possession as our own. Coming as he does from the higher walks of life he, like the one just mentioned, is another great asset to our community life, the Hon. Charles H. Wright.

At the outset I quoted from the words of a great statesman, in conclusion I quote from another. As I look back over the last fifty years of our community life I am reminded of the words of that great statesman Daniel Webster as he stood at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument many years ago when he said in part, "Venerable men you have come down to us from a former generation. You now stand where you stood fifty years ago shoulder to shoulder with your neighbors and friends in defense of their country. The thing you witnessed then you witness no more, the same heavens are indeed over our heads, the same ocean rolls at our feet that rolled there fifty years ago, all else—how changed."

WOMEN OF MIDDLEFIELD OF THE PAST FIFTY YEARS

HELEN WRIGHT COOK

One of the early recollections of my school days is of going down with some of the school-girls to thread needles for Grandma Root who would in return give us flowers.

Grandma Root, as many of you know, was a daughter of David Mack and was present at the celebration fifty years ago. One of her granddaughters, Mrs. H. E. Stanton of Huntington, is here today.

Another granddaughter, the late Mrs. F. E. Warren of Cheyenne, Wyoming, was one of the first women to cast a ballot in the United States as Wyoming was the first State to grant suffrage, and she was on hand to cast the first vote.

Another granddaughter, Mrs. Sophia Smith Martin, who gathered material and compiled both Smith and Mack genealogies,—works which are more appreciated as time goes on—spent a great part of her early life here and later owned a summer home here.

These three granddaughters were born in Middlefield and spent their early life here and were very loyal to the town. Another familiar figure at the Center was Aunt Sally Dickson, well remembered for her quaint sayings,—as when she had two boys come in to set up her stove and, as often happens, the pipe did not fit—she said, "Yes, yes we should have a season of prayer before putting up a stove-pipe." Her caps were great creations as she gathered scraps of silk and lace to decorate them from far and near.

Then there was Mrs. Lucy Newton, long-time librarian, who started many of us on the reading of good literature by saying, "Here is just the right book for you" or "No, I wouldn't take that book."

We did not appreciate the advice then as we do now when we look back. She took excellent care of the books and made wise selections.

Fifty years ago there were two churches in town,—in the Baptist Church we can recall the familiar faces of Mrs. Rockwood and her daughters, Susie and Emily; Mrs. Arnold Pease and Alice; Mrs. Harvey Root; Mrs. Clarkson Smith; Mrs. Howard Smith; Mrs. Charles Wright; Mrs. Ferguson; Maria Loveland and many others. Mrs. Harlow Loveland and Mrs. Alderman were my loved Sunday School teachers.

In the Congregational Church were Mrs. "Deacon" Graves (so called), Mrs. Oliver Church, a kindly woman who was always helping some one in her quiet way both by a kind word and generous deeds; Mrs. Sumner Church, a co-worker, also Mrs. Lydia Geer who always attended church services and prayer meetings and who, if, at the Quiltings at the Ladies' Society any one's work did not come to standard would slip over and take out the long stitches and put in her own fine ones. Many quilts quilted by the Ladies' Sewing Society can be seen today in different homes. Other members of this society were: Nancy Wheeler, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. McElwain, also the Misses Meacham.

All honor to the hard-working farm women of fifty years ago. As we look about us today and see the many helps and labor-saving machines, we wonder at the work accomplished and the large families brought up and sent out into the world as useful men and women.

In spite of their busy lives, they were regular in church attendance and displayed the old time cordiality and hospitality. I especially remember Mrs. Clark B. Wright, Mrs. McElwain and Mrs. Howard Smith as genial hostesses. Among others of the farm women who brought up large families were: Mrs. Combs, Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. Asher Pease and Mrs. James Ingham who was always forehanded in her work so that she had time for fancy work such as crocheting and knitting. There was Mrs. A. M. Cottrell, who had very positive views especially on religion; and we recall her daughter, Mrs. Prentice as a great lover of flowers and they seemed to thrive under her touch.

Mrs. Jacob Robbins, who beside her housework, wove rag carpets for the people here and in neighboring towns. Now, a word for the women who were foster mothers to so many state wards,—Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Cody, Mrs. Cottrell, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Carroll and Mrs. Millott. We are sure the influence of these homes left an impress on the character of these boys.

In Factory Village we recall Mrs. Wm. Blush who used to take boarders, Mrs. Kershaw and Mrs. Houck, who always wanted you to come in and have a cup of tea and a bit of "Germany cake" with her.

Also Mrs. Rowen and Mrs. Gordon who both had large families, some of their descendants are living in town now.

The women of Middlefield have always been interested in Education,—especially Mrs. M. J. Smith, Mrs. Julia Smith, Mrs. Clarkson Smith and others who have made every effort to give their children higher educational advantages. A large number of young women became teachers and have taught in town and many have taken positions in larger towns and cities.

Many recall Mrs. Sara Smith Ames who was a successful teacher in Claverack, N. Y. Miss Elma Smith, a famous writing teacher—and our loved president of the "Ladies' Aid", Carolyn Church, who was teacher of sewing for many years in the Hawaiian Islands—also Mrs. Sophia Smith Burt who was on the Islands for three years.

Many here today recall attending schools taught by Mrs. Elsie Wright Cottrell, Mrs. Mary McElwain Wright, Susie and Emily Rockwood, Mary Bryan Johnson, Kate Bryan Graves, Annie Pease Van Housen, Winnie Smith Meacham; all these were teachers who had been trained in the Select School of those days and needed no Normal School Diploma.

The school teaching tradition still goes on as we have with us Miss Kate Smith, teacher in La Grange, Ill.; Miss Nellie Cody, Montclair, New Jersey; Miss F. Maude Pease, of Springfield; Mrs. Ida Bell Eames, teacher at the Center School here and many of the younger women who are teaching in this and neighboring states. The women are faithful helpers in the church and many are the financial difficulties that have been tided over by the help of the Ladies' Aid. They also do their part in raising the missionary fund and all other activities of the church.
They also do their part in raising the missionary fund and all other activities of the church.

At one time there was a thriving W. C. T. U. in town.

Many remember the Progressive Club,—the girls of that day certainly did their part. In the Grange the women have a prominent part, both as officers and in the literary and social activities.

In the Highland Agricultural Society, women, besides getting up the dinners on Fair days, help fill the exhibition hall with needlework as well as canned fruit and vegetables and cooked food. Miss Ella Chipman has held the office of director for many years as have also Mrs. Alderman and Mrs. McElwain.

The women of the town have been loyal workers in the American Red Cross.

In passing, we wish to pay tribute to Mrs. Arthur Pease who was ever ready with sympathy and a helping hand in sickness or trouble of any kind.

Now may the rising generation be true to the high standards of the past and always be loyal to the old hilltop town!

DAVID MACK LEADS THE FIGHT FOR A NEW TOWN

MARY LYON VISITS MIDDLEFIELD

A PAGEANT OF MIDDLEFIELD

Written and Directed by

PHILIP MACK SMITH

Assisted by

MRS. MARY NEWELL YOUTZ

The pageant deals with important events taking place in the vicinity of the Fair Grounds during one hundred years, beginning in 1763 when Worthington and Murrayfield (Chester) were marked out for settlement, and the Indian title to all remaining lands in Western Massachusetts finally extinguished. Near this hill-top and between the corners of these townships lay the northeast corner of Becket, established in 1737 as Township No. 4, but no settlers had appeared in this section by 1763.

EPISODE I. BUYING THE MOHICAN HUNTING GROUND—1763.

Benjamin, Chief of Housatonic Indians.....H. Francis Pease
Konkapot, a younger chief.....Florrie Donoghue
James Birchard, a settler in Becket.....Cecil Alderman
Samuel Taylor, a surveyor for Col. Worthington.....Arthur Gardner
Eldad Taylor, a surveyor for Col. Murray.....Neil Nickerson
Col. John Murray, of Rutland, a proprietor of Murrayfield....Benedict Sweeney
Col. John Worthington, of Springfield, a proprietor of Worthington..Ralph Bell

Scene: A bare hill-top near the northeast corner of Becket (Cattleshow Grounds). Summer, 1763. (Enter Left, Benj. and Konk.)

Benj.: (Sweeping the western horizon with his arm.) All these hills and woods toward the setting sun to the Hudson River, more than you can see,—once the hunting ground of our noble and ancient tribe, the Mohicans. When I was a boy we came every spring from our village on the Housatonic to hunt the moose on these mountain tops. Every fall we went on long hunts all through these valleys for deer and bear, and for beaver and otter. Those happy days are gone!

Konk.: But how did we lose our hunting ground?

Benj.: White man kept coming. Wanted our lands, first along the Housatonic. They cut down much trees, make big wooden wigwams, kill the deer. We sell lands. They take more than we sell. Make Indians get out. Now we sell our last tract. Nothing left but our village in Stockbridge.

Konk.: But the white fathers on the seashore gave us wampum, didn't they?

Benj.: They give us Indians' wampum, but that no good now. They give us white man's wampum, but that good only for white man. Indian buy fire water and guns and go crazy. Today the white chiefs from the Connecticut will come here to see their lands. They will bring more wampum for us from the white fathers. (A rustle is heard, Right.) Here is some one now. (Enter Right, Bir.: He is surprised to see Indians, but regains his composure.)

Bir.: I am Mr. Birchard, of Becket. You are from Stockbridge, are you not?

Benj.: We are chiefs of the Housatonic Indians. We have been to Boston. When we sold the Becket lands thirty years ago, the paper say "east on the headwaters of Farmington River." That is way down there (pointing out a line running through Becket Center). Becket men take land up to here. (Indicating line running west just south of the Cattleshow Grounds.)

Bir.: We know nothing about that. We came from Connecticut. We bought our lands from white chiefs at Boston. White chiefs from the Connecticut come here today and will pay you for all your lands. And the Becket people send you these. (Presents them with knives with which they are pleased. Indians move to Left. Another rustle to Right. Enter Samuel and Eldad carrying bags.)

Eld.: Good day, Birchard, (they shake hands) this is Samuel Taylor, of Springfield, surveyor for Col. Worthington, and I have laid off the boundaries of Murrayfield as well as I can for Col. Murray.

Bir.: Glad to see you, Eldad. But where are Col. Murray and Col. Worthington?

Sam.: Trail so bad we had to leave our horses back a ways. They are coming on foot. Foolish for Col. Murray to come way out here. He's a proud Tory who belongs in London or Boston, but sot on the idee that he can make money selling western lands. Col. Worthington's different,—he has lived on the frontier all his life. (Gazes intently at the Indians.) Isn't that Chief Benjamin?

Bir.: Ay, surely.

Sam.: (Looking around him.) By all that's wonderful! This is surely the place. (Goes over to Indians and shakes hands.) Chief Benjamin, do you remember me?

Benj.: Ugh, you the man I showed trail to when French and Indians attack Pittsfield.

Sam.: (To Bir. and Eld.) During the late war my house was attacked by the hostile Indians. My wife and child escaped on a horse, heading up this way along the old Indian trail that goes over the Westfield River. I tried to follow, but we might all have been lost if Chief Benjamin here hadn't shown me the way they went.

Benj.: And you got away? This is the place I told you to camp over night,—no trees near. You see Indians coming far away.

Sam.: Ay, we got here and camped safely, traveling on to Springfield the next day. We owe our lives to you. I won't forget it. (A rustle, Right. Enter Col. Worth., followed by Col. Murray, out of breath. Eldad advances to meet them.)

Eld.: I must apologize for bringing you over such a rough path, but this is the most convenient spot for looking the ground over. The others are here. Sirs, may I present James Birchard, of Becket,—Col. Murray and Col. Worthington. (They shake hands. Bir. motions to Indians to come forward) and Chiefs Benjamin and Konkapot, of the Housatonic Indians. (They all shake hands.)

Col. W.: My good chiefs, we are glad to see you. You and your warriors did us much service in the late war. We trust you received the wampum and rum for these lands here (waving hand about) which white fathers sent you at Stockbridge.

Benj.: Ugh, ugh, chief from the Connecticut, we have the wampum and fire water,—very pleased to get it, but not enough. White men took these lands (pointing southwest), when they first settled Becket thirty years ago. Not on Indian papers at Boston.

Bir.: Good sirs, I have already explained to them that the General Court is making a final payment to satisfy them, and that you have brought this with you.

Mur.: (Impressively.) Illustrious chieftains, by the authority of the Great and General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and as a member of the Council of his Excellency, Governor Bernard, in the name of our most gracious sovereign, King George the Third, it is my privilege and pleasure to bestow upon you,—(Indians look about bewildered, not understanding. Mur. stops and looks at Worth.)

Worth.: The Indians do not understand your language, Col. Murray. I think no long speech is necessary.

Mur.: This money and these gifts in full payment of all your claims to lands in Western Massachusetts outside your reservation at Stockbridge. (Hands over money and trinkets, which Indians receive sullenly.)

Worth.: You understand? No more you come here to hunt and fish. Big hunting grounds beyond Great River. You can move out there. (Worth. presents deed which the Indians sign.)

Benj.: But this is our home. Hunting grounds beyond Great River not our home. If we go there, we go as beggars. White man try to make Indians like white man and stay in village. Indians must hunt and fish. Indians never wanted to sell hunting grounds to white man. Indians let white man hunt and fish, but Indians want to hunt and fish too. When bad Indians came with French to kill white man, our Indians saved them from death,—and this is our reward, you drive us from our home! (No further reply is made and Indians retire to background, watching the proceedings of the others and looking at their trinkets.)

Mur.: Well, that's over. I don't want to hear anything more of Indians or their claims. Let's get to business so we can start back out of this wilderness.

Worth.: Now, Birchard, if you can show us where the Becket line runs.

Bir.: Ay, sirs. (Pointing.) The northern boundary comes over the hills and along this ridge about here, running over on the east slope half a mile to a large stone. Then it runs south to that hill they call Gobble Mountain.

Sam.: Then the Worthington line comes over the hill about here (pointing north) meeting the Becket line just over the slope there.

Worth.: (Pleased.) So this is my land, then, with this excellent outlook.

Mur.: (Disappointed.) I suppose so. But not even the Scotch-Irish will settle way out here. Well, where does my land come in, that's what I want to see.

Eld.: The Murrayfield land, Sir, (pointing) comes to a corner right over there between Becket and Worthington. It's only a short distance off the trail. Perhaps we'd better go back and find it.

Mur.: By all means! Worthington, we can trust these men to set the boundary between us. Let's get back to civilization. (Exit Right, Eldad, followed by Mur. and Worth., the latter waving good-by to the Indians.)

Sam.: (Gazing at the hills. To Bir.) Sort of restful lookin' at them hills. This spot has brought me luck. If Col. Worthington will give me a good bargain, I might take a notion to settle here myself.

Bir.: This country will be settled soon enough, I'm thinkin', if we don't have war with Britain. These high and mighty Tories like Murray 'cause a lot of ill feeling in the provinces.

Sam.: You're right there, Birchard. Better come along with us. (They start toward exit Right, but Samuel stops and walks over to Indians.) Wait a minute. (To Benj.) Benjamin, won't you take this to remember me by. (Gives him his pistol.) But be careful how you use it. (Slaps him on the shoulder as he leaves.)

Benj.: Thank you, thank you. I be careful. Good bye.

Sam.: Good bye and good luck. (Sam. and Bir. exeunt Right. Indians look after them as they leave, then walk to Center looking again at hills.)

Konk.: This is a real good bye for us!

Benj.: Ugh! (Looking at his gifts and money.) Pistol, knives, Indian wampum, white man's wampum,—all no good. Nothing can pay us for our lost hunting ground, our old Mohican home. (Benj. raised his hand as if in benediction to the lands within his vision, motions to Konk. to pick up the money bags, and they slowly exeunt Left.)

EPISODE II. FIGHTING FOR A NEW TOWN—1781.

In September, 1781, the General Court of Massachusetts appointed a committee to meet at the house of David Mack in the northeast corner of Becket with representatives of the adjoining towns and Prescott's Grant to decide whether a new township should be formed from their outlying corners.

Jahleel Woodbridge, Chairman, Committee of General Court..Willard A. Pease
Benjamin Mills, Committeeman.....Charles Cook
Col. Asa Barnes, Committeeman.....Ralph Bell
James Birchard, representing Becket.....Cecil Alderman
Jonathan Brewster, representing Worthington.....Robert Prew

Capt. James Clark, representing Chester.....Alfred S. Crane
Capt. Nathan Watkins, representing Peru.....James Cody
James Dickson, of Prescott's Grant.....H. Carleton Hall
Samuel Taylor, of S. W. Corner of Worthington.....Arthur Gardner
David Mack, of N. E. Corner of Becket.....Alton Sternagle
Mary Mack, his wife.....Helen P. Cook
Sarah Mack, his sister.....Gertrude Boyer
Priscilla Loveland, a neighbor.....Noel Newell
Molly Dickson, daughter of James Dickson.....Julia Youtz
Polly Wright, of Chester.....Grace Olds
Lewis Taylor, son of Samuel Taylor.....Jack Carlin
William Taylor, son of Samuel Taylor.....Sumner Crane
Solomon Ingham, a neighbor.....Neil Nickerson
Oliver Blush, a neighbor.....Elmer Olds

Girls: Ellen Birnie, Mary Bell, Katherine Birnie, Ernestine Gauthier.

Women: Mrs. Mary N. Youtz, Mrs. Bessie Newell.

Scene: Public room of David Mack's new house. Evening, middle of December, 1781. (Enter Mary, Sarah, Priscilla and Polly.)

Sarah: Can't we decorate a little, while the Committee are eating supper? Things don't look very festive here.

Mary: Why, yes, girls, if you don't disturb the meeting in the dining room. (Exit Sarah, Center.)

Prisc.: You see, some of the boys'll be likely to come over. They'll want to know if we're going to have a new town or not. (Sarah returns with flags and hemlock boughs. The girls begin to decorate.)

Polly: Perhaps we could have a dance if we can get enough boys to come in. I can show you some steps.

Sarah: Oh, that would be wonderful. We don't have any dances up here. Not enough new settlers here yet. (To Prisc.) Have you met Oliver Blush yet? He's a jolly chap.

Prisc.: No, but I hope he comes. (Enter Right, James Dickson and Molly.)

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Dickson. Go right into the dining room where the men are.

Dick.: Thanks, Mrs. Mack, this is a fine evening for December. (Exit Left.)

Prisc.: Glad to see you Molly. But where are all the boys?

Molly: Oh, they're all outside. They come with us as far as the door. Mrs. Mack, won't you coax them to come in?

Mary: Indeed, I will, if that's what the trouble. (Exit Right.)

Sarah: (To Molly.) Is Oliver Blush out there?

Molly: (Teasingly.) Yes, your Oliver Blush is out there, and you're all of a blush in here! (Girls all laugh. Enter Right, Lewis and William in uniform, Solomon and Oliver, followed by Mary.)

Boys: (Following each other to the left part of the room.) Good evening, Sarah, Molly, Priscilla.

Mary: Take your coats right off, boys. (Boys take them off and the girls take them from boys and put them on a sofa.) You know all these girls, I think, except Polly Wright, of Chester. Polly, these are our soldier boys, Samuel and William Taylor, of the regular army; and Solomon Ingham, he was at Bunker Hill, and Oliver Blush,—just moved up here from Colchester. And Oliver, you know Sarah, David's sister, (girls giggle) and Molly Dickson and Priscilla Loveland, all neighbors here.

Sarah: We've talked about trying a dance after the committee meeting is over. We might practice a bit now. Lewis, you know the steps,—you show us what to do.

Lewis: All right, Sarah. Come on boys, we must make the most of our evening. Now you girls stand in line right across the room here. (Girls face the audience) and you boys face the girls, but be sure you get opposite the right girl. (Boys move awkwardly about, William standing opposite Priscilla, Oliver opposite Sarah, Sol. opposite Polly, and Lewis on end opposite Molly.)

Lewis: Now, everybody, three steps forward, left foot first, and bow. (They do this, but are interrupted by the entrance of the men from the dining room.)

Sarah: Oh, bother, the Committee men are coming in. Let's go into the parlor. We can practice there.

All: Yes, yes, let's go there. (Boys take their girls and exit, Center. Enter Left, Brew., Bir. and Sam., pausing in Center.)

Bir.: A right good dinner, Brewster, what say you?

Brew.: Ay, truly, Birchard, surprisingly good for this wild country.

Sam.: Yes, David Mack is a young man of uncommon energy and good sense. You can see what he's done here in six years. I trust, Mr. Brewster, after crossing the valley from Worthington Center, you can understand why it is that I don't get to meetin's oftener than I do.

Brew.: Can't blame ye at all, Taylor. Had to lead my horse part of the way down the hill and most of the way up this side. Thought I would never get to the top, I did.

Bir.: It's much the same story with me. There's the valley of the West Branch between here and Becket Center. I see why Mack chooses to go to church at Chester Center. (They move Right and continue to converse. Enter Capt. Clark, Watkins and Dickson.)

Clark: Now, Mr. Dickson, you people in these parts are on the same ridge as we in Chester. There's a tolerably good road part of the way. We think you should join with us.

Dick.: But, you don't realize, Captain, that many of us on Prescott's Grant over here (pointing) are seven miles from Chester Center Church now. We have nothing to gain by joining you.

Wat.: You are really much nearer Peru meeting-house, Dickson, than any other. All you need is a good straight road. We'll promise you that if you'll come with us.

Dick.: (Firmly.) No, gentlemen, we want a town of our own. There are enough settlers already in this middle ground who have no town privileges or are poorly served. Why should we spend a day travelin' to church or town meetin' and back, when we can have these advantages right here on this hill. (They move, Left, to make room for Committee and Mack who occupy Center.)

Wood.: I confess, Mr. Mack, that I was somewhat surprised to find you housed so substantially here. You must believe there is a bright future for this neighborhood.

Mack: I have no doubt of it, Mr. Woodbridge. There will be a highway from Chester through to Pittsfield as soon as a road can be laid across Prescott's Grant. Something must be done soon to organize these people into a township.

Mills: How many families are there in this proposed township?

Dick.: Over fifty now, Sir, and more ready to come as soon as it is certain that the war is over.

Barnes: As a soldier, gentlemen, I am convinced that, so far as this region is concerned, the war is over.

Sam.: May it please your honors to note, this plan does not draw off the people from our eastern towns. These good settlers are mostly from Connecticut,—Hebron, East Haddam, Enfield and Windsor; they have no political connections with this Commonwealth, and must rely on your fairness and good judgment. (Committee look at each other impressed.)

Wood.: Well, what do our town representatives think about the new town, Mr. Birchard?

Bir.: Sir, our old town of Becket is considerably larger than these newer ones, and has been a long time growin'. We feel that we can well spare for the new township all the lands lying north of the West Branch.

Wood.: And you, Mr. Brewster?

Brew.: We of Worthington are of much the same view, Sirs. These lands west of the Middle Branch are quite isolated from our central part. It is very difficult to get improvements over here. 'Twill save us much trouble and expense if the new township, as proposed by Mr. Mack, is approved.

Mr. W.: And what has Chester to say?

Clark: Our situation is a leetle mite different. Being as these lands lyin' between Chester and Peru are on the same general ridge of hills, we kind o' calc'late that they might be divided between us.

Wat.: Speakin' for Peru, I may say that we also favor the division of the intervening lands between us and Chester. Then Becket and Worthington could keep some of their valley lands they are now thinking of givin' up. (To Brew. and Bir.) Had you thought of that?

Brew.: Well, no, I confess I hadn't.

Bir.: Nor I.

Mack: But, gentlemen, our people have gone over all that, and we have agreed to oppose every measure except that of a new town. We must look to the future. Settlers from Connecticut will soon be flocking into even the distant corners of these townships. The formation of one new township will not materially affect the prosperity of the others, but it is vital to the happiness and welfare of these good families who are hazarding their fortunes in these isolated hills and valleys.

Wood.: (After conferring with Mills and Barnes.) Mr. Mack is right, but perhaps the matter should be deferred until we are more certain that the war is over. (Mary enters, Center, bringing newspaper to Mack and returns.)

Mack: We do not want to seem too impatient about this, but we have been fighting for a new township two years already. May I suggest a short recess while we look at the last Connecticut Courant which has just arrived. (Hands paper to Wood.)

Wood.: By all means, let's have a recess. (Opens paper while the young people enter, Center, and spread out in the background to hear news.) Well, here's the full text of Lord Cornwallis's letter on his surrender at Yorktown,—says he's greatly indebted to Gen. O'Hara,—guess he is. Very decent of him,—says the treatment of his troops by General Washington has been "all that is right and good". (Applause.)

Now, this is indeed distressing,—"A few days ago died near Abington near Alexandria shortly after his return from the siege of York, John Parke Custis, step-son of his excellency General Washington. The death of this accomplished gentleman in the bloom of life hath involved his relations and numerous friends in the deepest affliction." (Murmurs of sympathy.) General Lafayette passed through Hartford on his way to Boston. General Washington and his lady have arrived at Philadelphia.

Now listen to this: "The united fleets of France and Spain cruising in the English Channel, consisting of 53 sail of the line, is greatly superior to the English fleet." (Cries of hurrah and applause.)

"The Dutch are increasing their marine and if the English should obstinately persist in the war another year, will have a fleet at sea sufficient, with the aid of their allies, to annihilate that of Britain as well as her commerce." (Hurrahs and applause.)

Now, this is what we want to know: "Many gentlemen at New York have given it as their opinion that since the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army, peace must inevitably take place." (Louder cheers and applause.)

Gentlemen, I have changed my mind. I believe with Col. Barnes that the war is surely over. The Committee will recommend the incorporation of the new township at once. If there is any delay, it will be the fault of the General Court, not ours. (Cheers and applause.) It will be in order to propose a name for the new township. I shall be glad to present any name you may suggest.

Dick.: Let Mr. Mack name the town. He has been to great personal sacrifice to help us. (Applause.)

Wood.: That idea seems agreeable to all.

Mack: Why not call the new town *Middlefield.* At this middle point, equally distant from the mountain church spires of Becket, Chester, Worthington, Peru and Washington, will rise another church spire, gathering into a common fellowship all these outlying and neglected groups of settlers. God grant their hopes may not be disappointed! (Applause.)

Wood.: Well named, Mr. Mack,—Middlefield it shall be! I declare this meeting adjourned! (Applause and cheers for Middlefield as the young people mingle with their elders, congratulating Mack and thanking the Committee for their decision. A fiddler appears and starts a jig. The young folks dance a quadrille while their elders look on, drinking tea and conversing, after which all exeunt.)

EPISODE III. HANDLING THE SHAYS REBELS—1786.

The pitiable condition of imprisoned debtors and impoverished soldiers of the Revolutionary War, due to a worthless currency, loss of markets, and other causes, led many good citizens to sympathize with Daniel Shays whose followers prevented the sitting of the courts in several counties. The local insurgents eventually landed in jail and Capt. Mack magnanimously secured their release.

David Mack, Captain of Militia.....Alton Sternagle
Mary Mack, his wife.....Helen P. Cook
Sarah Blush, his sister.....Gertrude Boyer
Oliver Blush, her husband.....Elmer Olds
Eliakim Wardwell, Insurgent leader.....Philip Mack Smith
Daniel Meeker, Lieut. of Insurgents.....Ernest Boyer
Solomon Ingham, Lieut. of Militia.....Neil Nickerson
A Rider.....Sumner Crane
Mack children.....Bobbie and Shirley Olds
Militia: Cecil Alderman, Adam Tefts, Ralph Bell, Jr., Olaf Dyer, Walter Ferris

Scene: In front of Capt. Mack's tavern. A warm December afternoon, 1786. A powder keg stands at corner of house, Left. (Enter Left, Oliver Blush and Sarah. Oliver is in uniform, and has gun. As they are about to enter tavern, Center, Mack appears in captain's uniform.)

Mack: Hullo, Oliver, go right in, the rest of the company are here. (Oliver enters.) How are you, Sarah? You'll find Mary round at the side door. (Sarah starts to go right, but turns suddenly as David is about to re-enter, and draws him back.)

Sarah: Brother, you must be on your guard. There's much Shays talk in town,—even in the company. And Oliver,—keep him out of trouble if you can. (The company begin to file out with guns and accoutrements.)

Mack: Yes, yes, Sarah, I don't think there'll be any disloyalty, but go on now, and don't talk of this to Mary. (The company scatter about, Eliakim and Daniel in right foreground. All turn toward Mack as he begins to speak.) Boys, I guess you all realize that things is comin' to a head in this rebellion business. Troops from Boston are marching to Springfield to protect the national stores. General Shepard has ordered out the militia to protect them from the Shays men until the troops arrive. You have been drafted to make up the town's quota, and we march tomorrow morning at six. Better look over yer guns and sech now. If you lack anything, I will supply it. Middlefield must make a good showing. (Men look over their guns and trappings. Mack hands out one or two knapsacks and canteens. Eli. and Dan. draw apart. Sol. is standing near Mack.)

Eli.: He don't say nothin' about the powder and shot.

Dan.: You might slip a word to Solomon.

Eli.: (Nods and casually walks over to Sol.) How about ammunition, do we get it today or tomorrow?

Sol.: Captain says tomorrow'll be soon enough.

Mack: (Overhearing.) Don't want you boys startin' any rumpus till we get to the firin' line.

Eli.: (Returning to Dan.) He's wary. I wonder if he suspects us!

Mack: Are you all fixed up, boys?

All: Ay, Captain.

Mack: Tomorrow then at six. If Middlefield can help Springfield to get back the good order and respect for law that we still enjoy here, this expedition will be worthwhile. Good day, boys. (Exit C.)

All: Good day, Captain. Good day, David. (The company move away slowly, Left, except Sol. who moves Right.)

Sol.: Any of you goin' my way?

Dan.: No, we're going over to Blush's for a spell.

Sol.: Plenty of liquid ammunition over there! Don't overload yerselves. See you in the mornin'.

Dan.: Don't worry about us. We'll be right here. (Exit Sol., Right.)

Eli.: Glad he's gone. We can talk freer. (Sarah appears, Center, looking for Oliver.) There's your bride, Oliver, better take her along home and we'll follow. (Oliver meets Sarah and they exeunt, Left, Sarah, giving them a covert but suspicious glance as she passes.) Wa'al, what are we to do now? David don't act as if he knew anything about the Shays men right in his own company. Hullo, who's this? (A horseback rider appears, Left.)

Rider: Is Mr. Wardwell here?

Eli.: Right here, sir. (They draw off, Right, while Rider hands message to Eli.) Ha, from Luke Day, head of the Shays men at West Springfield!

Rider: I must hurry on. Now is the chance to right your wrongs. Don't fail us. (Exit Right.)

Eli.: (Reads and starts, Left.) This way, boys, quiet and quick. (Exeunt Left.) (A pause of three minutes indicates passage of time until 6 A. M.) (Enter, Right, Sol. in uniform, with sword. As he approaches house he is seized by Eli. and Dan. who steal out from Left, is gagged and bound to tree. Other soldiers appear and stand guard about the house. Eli. takes off Sol.'s cap, hands it to Dan. who puts it on. Eli. puts on Sol.'s sword. Eli. draws sword and stands near door. Dan. does same, standing on other side. A soldier raps on the door. It opens quickly and David Mack appears in uniform. Soldier jumps behind him to prevent retreat.)

Mack: Mornin' boys. (Looks about bewildered.) Where's Solomon? You look warlike with those swords. What's the matter here?

Eli.: David, by order of General Shays you are arrested. I am Captain here now, and Daniel is Lieutenant. The company will march with us to support the force of General Day at West Springfield.

Mack: So! Are you all mad, boys?

Eli.: Mebbe we are. Mad 'cause we hain't got enough continentals to pay off our mortgages. We can't sell any beef now, or pork, or even cheeses. The General Court don't do nothin' to help us,—what are we to do,—we're desperate!

Mack: I know, boys. I feel for you, and I'll help tide you along as I can, but I beg of you, wait a bit longer. Things is bound to be better after this Springfield rumpus is over.

Dan.: We've waited too long already, Captain. It's time to act.

Mack: If this is somethin' personal agin me, boys, better have it out now, or forget it for a spell. I don't want to see you get into any trouble.

Eli.: No, David, we've no uncommon grudge agin ye. We're just agin the standing order.

Mack: (Sternly.) Then, by the Eternal, remember I am an officer of the State acting under orders of my superior. This is treason, you'll go to jail sure,—and you might swing for it.

Eli.: Mebbe so, but we've considered all that. We can't wait any longer. (Holds out hand.) Your cap, and coat and sword. (David delays a minute while in thought.) Must we force you to give 'em up? (Soldiers crowd around him.)

Mack: Of course, boys, if ye're dead set on this foolishness, I'll not argue with you longer. Give me a little room and I'll accommodate you. (The soldiers stand back while Mack hands over cap, coat and sword. Eli. starts to hand sword to Oliver. Puts on coat and cap himself.)

Mack: Can't you give that to someone else?

Oli.: No, let me have it. (Grabs scabbard and belt from Eli. and puts it on.)

Mack: (Disgusted.) You young fool, Oliver. What'll your bride think of you?

Eli.: Are you ready to march with us?

Mack: Sartainly, if you say so. But you might give me a parole, then you won't have to bother with me on the road. Make it for three days, and I'll swear not to take up arms against Shays durin' that time.

Eli.: Guess that's reg'lar, ain't it, Daniel?

Dan.: Looks fair enough to me. You can write it out, can't you, David, and we'll sign it.

Mack: Ay, ay, Daniel. Just tell Mary to fetch me my writin' things. (Dan. exit, Center. Sol. is now discovered working himself loose from the rope. Mary rushes out, Center, followed by Dan. who has paper, pen and ink.)

Mary: (Looking around anxiously.) What's wrong, David?

Mack: Well, Mary, these boys have decided they'd ruther fight against the State than for it. They've elected 'liakim captain, and have granted me a parole as a prisoner of war, if you please.

Mary: Well, of all the fools I ever heard tell of, . . .

Mack: Never mind, it's no use arguin'; now if you'll just go back inside, I'll be with you in just a short spell. (Mack leads Mary to door and whispers something as she enters. He returns, takes pen and paper from Dan. and writes out parole laboriously on his knee. The company is absorbed in this action and does not see that Sol. has got loose from rope and has disappeared around house, Left. A moment later Mary, also unseen, removes can of powder at corner of house.)

Mack: Here you are (reading) "We hereby grant David Mack, Captain State Militia, Middlefield, Massachusetts, a parole of three days, he agreeing not to take up arms against General Shays during that time. I swear to this, boys, (raising his hand) and you know I'll stand by it. Will you sign, Captain Wardwell? (With a touch of irony not noticed by Eli. who signs with a flourish.) And you too, Lieutenant Meeker? (Meeker signs.)

Oli.: (Stepping up.) And I'll sign too.

Mack: No, young feller, (putting parole in his vest pocket). Two's a plenty. This ain't my last will and testament.

Eli.: All right, boys, we'll go. Hurrah for Shays!

All: Hurrah! hurrah! Down with the Courts! Down with the lawyers! (A horseman is seen, Right, crossing the field from back of the tavern to the road.)

Dan.: Egad! Who's that?

Mack: 'Pears like Solomon to me. I've been wonderin' where he was all this time. (They look at the tree and see no one there.)

Dan.: It's sartainly him, but what's he up to, I wonder?

Eli.: (Grabbing a gun as if to shoot, but sees it is too late.) The powder, boys, where's the powder? Wasn't it sittin' there at the corner a moment ago? (Soldiers crowd around Mack.)

All: Yes, give us the powder and shot.

Mack: (Still looking at horseman.) 'Pears to me like Solomon has it.

Dan.: Gad, guess he has. Tarnation take him. (The others mutter curses under their breath and are disgusted and angry.)

Mack: Well, Middlefield bullets will not be fired agin the State, even though some of her men would dare to fire them. (Mary appears with flag at door and sticks it up beside her.) Remember, boys, you're up against General Lincoln, Washington's right-hand man at Yorktown. Hurrah for Lincoln! (Applause from Mary and children at door.)

Eli.: (Exasperated.) For God's sake, come on. I'm captain here. Fall in. Forward, march. Hurrah for Shays. Justice to all! (The men fall in and march out, Right, cheering feebly.)

Mary: (Coming forward.) Are you all right, David?

Mack: A heap sight safer than those simpletons. But what am I to do now? I am under orders to report to General Shepard. If I do, it will go hard with these neighbors of mine who have signed this parole.

Sar.: (Entering hurriedly, Left.) Have they gone? Why, David, what's the matter? (Mary exit and returns with beaver hat and coat.)

Mack: All gone for Shays, Sarah, but Solomon and I. Don't worry about Oliver. Like as not the skirmishin' will be all over by the time they reach Springfield, if they ever do. Leastways, I kept him from signing this parole.

Mary: You must go, David. (David puts on hat and coat.) Reckon Solomon will have your horse ready at the cross-roads.

Mack: (Embracing women and children.) Good-bye, wife and sister, if I am delayed in gittin' back home, you may know that I am at Northampton gittin' my neighbors out of jail. Wish I could stay right here,—I can't fight, but the State must know that there are still some loyal citizens left in Middlefield. (Exit Right, waving to family who stand watching and waving, then exeunt. Center.)

EPISODE IV. PITCHING THE SPOT FOR THE MEETING-HOUSE—1790.

Due to the difficulty of finding a spot equally accessible from all directions according to the roads then built, and other reasons, no meeting-house had been built by 1790. No cross-road from Middlefield Center east to Blossom Corner had been built, and all travel between east and west passed south of the Cattleshow Grounds by way of the fork in the road at Deacon David Mack's (now Rev. J. B. Clark's house).

Ithamar Pelton, a builder of meeting-houses.....H. Carleton Hall
William Church, master builder.....Ralph Bell
Deacon David Mack.....Alton Sternagle
Solomon Ingham.....Neil Nickerson
Rev. Stephen Williams.....Donald Pease
Andrew Meacham.....Arthur Gardner
Israel Pease.....Willard Pease
Alice Root, a niece of Mr. Pease.....Adelia Alderman
Lucina Root, a niece of Mr. Pease.....Helen Alderman
John Metcalf, of Herkimer County, N. Y. .....Robert Prew
A Pioneer from Connecticut.....Peter Tefts
His Wife.....Rosina Bell

Scene: Near the beech staddle on the county road near the center of Middlefield. Piles of boards with boxes and barrels strewed about. Enter Ith. and Will. They are inspecting the materials.

Ith.: Well, William, what's the prospect for settlin' the spot for the meetin'-house tomorrow at town meetin'?

Will.: Not any as I knows of. Let me see, it was eight years ago they selected the first site up north of Blush's tavern. Guess we would both have settled some other place if we had known there would be sech a delay.

Ith.: You're sartainly right. Why down in Connecticut I built half a dozen meetin'-houses during that same period. Up here all I done is to clear my farm and build a few good houses. How about you?

Will.: Waal, I bin here eight year myself, and bought my lots ten year afore that, so I guess I'm here to stay.

Ith.: Now here's this pile of lumber and we're all ready to start buildin'; then the folks over east and south vote to set the meetin'-house up on the hill there. (Points to Cattleshow grounds.)

Will.: Well, it's more convenient for them, I can see that. Those over east hev to go all the way roun' by Deacon Mack's to get here.

Ith.: Hadn't orter say it, perhaps, being as I'm supposed to belong to the folks over east, but the meetin'-house ought to be on the county road.

Will.: We seem to think pretty much alike on this. Wonder if we can't get some compromise put forward that will suit all parties. Hullo, here's Israel Pease. Wonder if he couldn't help us out. (Enter Isr., Left.) Good afternoon, Mr. Pease.

Isr.: Good afternoon.

Ith.: We were wondering if you couldn't suggest some plan for nailin' down this meetin'-house site once for all,—something fair to all parties.

Will.: You're a new-comer here and not mixed up in this ill feeling that exists between Deacon Mack and Andrew Meacham.

Isr.: Well, I have a plan, but it will need the support of both these men if it is to go through. William, suppose you propose it to Mack on the quiet like, and you, Ithamar, take it up with Meacham, and then report back to me. Now, it's like this,—

Will.: Here's the deacon now, and Solomon Ingham, and Rev. Stephen Williams, our preacher,—tell us quick. (Isr. and Ith. exeunt, Left. Isr. telling plan in whispers. Will. returns as Mack, Sol. and Mr. W. enter, Right.)

Will.: Good afternoon, Deacon Mack, Solomon, (nods to them).

Mack: How are you, William? Mr. Williams, this is William Church, master builder on the meetin'-house. Guess he'd like to see the location settled on as much as any of us.

Will.: I reckon so. (Shakes hands with Mr. Williams.) Glad to meet you, sir.

Mack: (Looking around to see that his remarks are not overheard.) Among my friends here I want to say that I'm in a quandary about this meetin'-house site. Folks look to me to take the lead ever since I helped git the town incorp'rated. But that Shays Rebellion rumpus, as you know, has made me disliked in certain quarters. Now everything I bring up is opposed. I'm goin' to let someone else do the talkin', I'm done.

Mr. W.: That might be a wise decision just at this time. But I hope if any reasonable plan is put forward, you'll be ready to favor it on its merits.

Mack: Well, that depends,—I don't want to promise too much. (Ith. and Mea. are seen approaching from Left.)

Will.: If you'll excuse us, parson, I'd like a word with David. We'll see you again later.

Mr. W.: Certainly, Mr. Church. (Mack and Will. withdraw, Right, and engage in conversation. Enter Left, Ith. and Mea.)

Sol.: (In an undertone.) Here comes the greatest part of our trouble right here. (As Ith. and Mea. approach.) Mr. Williams, this is Andrew Meacham, formerly of Enfield, Connecticut, and Ithamar Pelton, another builder of the meeting-house, and this is Rev. Stephen Williams. (They shake hands.)

Mea.: How are you, parson? I s'pose you and Deacon Mack are going to pitch the spot for the meetin'-house for us. Well, it's been "perfixed" already several times, but one more pitch might land it in a place we could all agree on.

Mr. W.: No, Mr. Meacham, we haven't discussed that point yet. May later.

Mea.: Well, you might as well know now as later that the Deacon and I don't seem to look at things in the same light, meetin'-house or anything else. I declare I don't see why folks set such store by what he says and does. Don't know just why, but when he gits up in prayer meetin' to pray, I hev to git up too,—and walk out.

Sol.: Then there's one thing you'll allow he can do, Meacham,—he can cast out devils. (All laugh but Meacham.)

Mea.: All right, Wiseacre Solomon, hev your little joke. But this is town meetin' now, not prayer meetin',—and the Deacon is up against too many devils all at once, and he can't get rid of 'em, that's what's botherin' him.

Mr. W.: I know you boys don't mean half you say, or I'd be worried,—but, seriously, Meacham, if you were a minister looking for a parish, which I am not, wouldn't you fight shy of this town until it got ready to pull together and get the meeting-house built?

Mea.: Guess I would, parson, guess I would. But,—(Sees ox cart approaching.) Wonder who this is? Lots of travel through to Pittsfield these days. Pity more of 'em don't stop here. (As the strangers stop, Mack and Will. draw near. Will. and Ith. take this occasion to exeunt, Right.)

Mea.: (To Pioneer.) Good day folks! Travelin' through? Anythin' we can do for you?

Pio.: Howdy, sirs. We calc'lated to find a town hereabouts called Middlefield, but we don't see it. Is it further on?

Mea.: Waal, this is it, all around us here, sech as it is.

Wife: But where's yer meetin'-house? Heard as how you was buildin' one last year.

Mea.: Waal, my good lady, (pointing to the boards) this is as fur as we got, but I 'spect we'll begin buildin' as soon as spring comes. Was you thinkin' of settlin' hereabouts?

Pio.: I'm sure disapp'nted not to see more of a village here and no meetin'-house yet. It's about as they told us, Sally, down Enfield way,—the settlers here have to go out of town to attend a Sunday service,—boys and gals growin' up without religion, young folks goin' to the Squire to get married, or huntin' up a parson in another town.

Mack: (Advancing.) I don't know yer names, my good people. We may look like a frontier settlement, but we have had a church society here for eight years, with preachin' as we have been able. You probably know Rev. Stephen Williams here, and, as Mr. Meacham says, we are (hesitating) almost ready to raise the meetin'-house.

Mr. W.: My friends, I think you would do well to stay the night at Blush's tavern yonder, and let these good people show you around a bit. Mr. Meacham here is from Enfield and folks down there are likely to take too seriously what he says when he pays them a visit. They probably told you also that there was a deadly feud between Deacon Mack and Mr. Meacham, but you see they are able to stand together here and talk to you.

Wife: I'm glad to see that. We did hear somethin' of that nature. Thank you for your welcome, but I calc'late we'll be journeyin' on. Good day.

Mack: I'd be happy to put you up with us just below here.

Mea.: So would I, but I'm a bit further down.

Pio.: Thank you again, sirs, but we're thinking of goin' on to Vermont. Good day to you all. (Exeunt Pio. and wife while others watch them disappear.)

Mack: They was likely folks. Wonder who they were?

Mea.: Guess I'll have to tell them Enfield folks to quit talkin' about us that way.

Mr. W.: Better wait, Meacham, until the meeting-house is actually going up,—then you'll have something worth talking about.

Mea.: You sure is plain spoken, parson. Hello, here's some more folks. (Enter Right, Israel Pease, Alice, Lucina, and Metcalf. Ith. and Will. follow and stand in background looking on.)

Isr.: Good afternoon, Mr. Williams; you've met my nieces Alice and Lucina Root. This is John Metcalf, of Herkimer County, New York, who's headin' back east. He's stayin' a few days with Thomas Root. (To girls and Met.) And these others are Deacon Mack, Mr. Meacham and Mr. Ingham. (Met. and girls shake hands with Mr. W. and nod to the others.)

Met.: Your outlook is far reaching. (Looking around.) And is this your Center?

Lucina: Yes, sir, there are the boards for the meetin'-house.

Alice: But they ain't sure they'll put it here. These men are that changeable,—they vote for one place at one meetin' and two days later they vote for some other place. It all seems to stupid to me.

Met.: Not so stupid, probably, when you know all the reasons.

Isr.: Quite right, Mr. Metcalf. (To the others.) I might say that Mr. Metcalf is a tanner by trade and is lookin' for a likely place to set up in business.

Mea.: Couldn't do better than locate right here, Sir. You see all these hills about here. Nothin' better for pasturin' cattle when they're cleared. This will always be good cattle country.

Mack: We have to go to Becket now with our hides. We'd welcome you among us.

Sol.: New settlers are comin' in here right along now, and they'll come fast as soon as the meetin'-house is raised.

Alice: Yes, but the meetin'-house ain't even located yet, and pa says a lot of 'em is waitin' to see what's what,—and they're wise.

Lucina: That won't be long, I'm sure, Mr. Metcalf.

Alice: But some of our settlers couldn't wait and have left already,—there's Enos Blossom and Warren Mack, and pa says Captain Daniel Emmons is going back to East Haddam.

Lucina: What of that? He probably made a good sale of his farm to the Lelands, so he can afford to go back to his old home to live.

Met.: Well, the girls are set on showing me the Falls, so I guess we'd better be going.

Mea.: You must come and stay with us, sir, if you're not goin' to be at Mr. Root's for a spell.

Mack: Come around in a day or two, if you care to, and we'll talk over that tannery business.

Met.: Thanks for your cordiality, sirs. I'll see you again. (Exeunt Right, Met., Alice and Lucina.)

Mack: There's a likely chap. We mustn't let him get away from here.

Mea.: Reckon one of them gals will attend to that all right, if they don't both get fightin' over him. That gal Alice sartainly didn't paint a very pleasant picture of us.

Mack: No, I wanted to choke her.

Isr.: I'm glad you realize the unfavorable impression we are giving to others. Perhaps this is a good opportunity for me to say, since the meeting-house is on every one's mind, I believe the site question can be settled now without any more delay. Raise it right here, then (pointing) build a cross-road from here over to Blossom's to meet the road going to Deacon Mack's. Then we people over east can get to this spot as easily as those over west. (Mack and Meacham look at each other to see how idea takes.) We have many substantial men here,—Durants, Newtons, Smiths, Churches, Aldermans,—can't name them all,—still living in log houses, waiting to see what will happen. We want to keep these men here. If this plan is just to all, I beg of you, let us unite on it and get our meeting-house built without delay.

Mea.: I don't know whose idea this is, or what's back of it, but it looks tolerably like a settlin' of this whole cantankerous business.

Isr.: If it meets with general favor, I shall be glad to take the lead in bringing it to a vote. How does it strike *you*, Deacon Mack?

Mack: Gentlemen, this is not my idee, but it seems a good way out.

Isr.: (To Meacham.) And I can count on you to support me, Mr. Meacham? If not, we might as well drop it right here and now.

Mea.: Waal, I don't want to be the cause of any more delay in this matter. I'll agree to support you if Deacon Mack will.

Isr.: That's fine. And you, Deacon Mack?

Mack: I certainly can't do less than Mr. Meacham to help you out, Mr. Pease.

Mr. W.: Well now, if both of you agree to uphold Mr. Pease, I know your friends will do so, and our difficulties are over. Let's go over to Blush's,—it's too cold to stay here. (Puts arms about shoulders of Mea. and Mack and starts, Left.) All you have to do now is to shake hands over it and tell your friends down in Enfield and Hebron how fine everything is going, and anybody who says that Middlefield isn't a full-fledged town now doesn't know what he is talking about. (Exeunt Left, Mack and Mea. shaking hands.)

Sol.: Well, all the devils seem to have been cast out! We'd better all follow on to see how long this love feast is going to last.

Isr.: Guess the parson will keep them on good terms. He hasn't been in the church business fifty years for nothing.

Will.: You did well, Mr. Pease, to get them together the way you did.

Ith.: Yes, indeed. Now, if the town will only pitch the meetin'-house site right back by these boards where it was afore, it will make Middlefield a town we'll all be proud to live in. Come on, let's celebrate! (All exeunt Left.)

EPISODE V.—CULTURE COMES TO THE COMMUNITY—1836.

Beginning with the War of 1812 Middlefield gradually grew to be a prosperous town chiefly through the raising of fine wool which was sold to the local woolen mills owned by Uriah Church and Amasa Blush and their sons. About this time Mary Lyon visited Middlefield in the interest of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, making her headquarters at the home of Alexander Ingham, who kept a select school and free library in his tailor shop at the Center.

Col. David Mack.....Alton Sternagle
Solomon Ingham.....Neil Nickerson
Alexander Ingham, his son.....Henry Cummings
Sarah Ingham, his wife.....Jennette Abbe
Mrs. Mary Pease.....Ethel Pease
Mrs. Lucina Smith.....Dorothy Cummings
Mrs. Lucy McElwain.....Paulina McElwain
Mrs. Sally Graves.....Gladys Nickerson
Mrs. Phebe Church.....Mrs. Ida Eames
Miss Mary Pelton.....Hazel Boyer
Dr. Joseph Warren.....Sumner Crane
Milton Nash.....Sumner Brown
Elbridge Wheeler.....Adam Tefts
Rev. Russell Hawkes.....Donald Pease
Miss Mary Lyon.....Kate W. Smith

Scene: In front of Alexander Ingham's house, Middlefield Center. Afternoon, summer, 1836. (Enter Col. Mack, with tall hat and cane, book in hand. He raps at the door, Center, and Sol. comes out.)

Mack: (Shaking hands.) Well, I declare, Solomon, it's good to see you again. Now that Alexander's married I hope you stay here a spell.

Sol.: And I miss Middlefield, David, I sartainly do. But you look prosperous here. Up in Hinsdale the State has been countin' the sheep, and there's over ten thousand.

Mack: Well, Middlefield has almost as many. The Church and Blush mills here are takin' all the wool we can raise, so the farmers are all goin' in heavy on Saxony sheep. We've a new road down Factory Brook to the Pontoosuc Turnpike, and another down the mountain to Chester Factories. Now we can get our woolen goods and farm produce to market as handy as any town.

Sol.: When we were clearin' our farms fifty years ago, we never dreamed of good times like these. No time or chance to get much larnin' when I was a boy.

Mack: And I had to go to school with my children to get mine.

Sol.: Now here's my son Alexander, with a fair education and a good tailorin' trade, fittin' pupils for college in his spare time.

Mack: And startin' a town library where one can borrow books for little or nothin'. (Sees women coming.) What's all this? Is Alexander running a school for tailors also?

Sol.: No, this is the new women's sewing circle. They've been asked by Miss Mary Lyon to furnish a room for one student in that college for women she's raisin' money for at South Hadley,—Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, I think she calls it.

Mack: Now there's another new idee,—givin' women as much education as men. In our day, gals got even less learnin' than the boys, but they seem to get along all right.

Sol.: But here is your own daughter, Phebe Church, and young Dan Pease's wife, and Lucy McElwain and Sally Graves, and Samuel Smith's wife. They must believe in it. (Ladies enter during above speech. Sarah Ingham

enters, Center, to greet them. Men assist in bringing chairs. Ladies seat themselves right foreground and prepare to sew on sheets and pillow cases.)

Mack: (To Phebe.) How are you, Phebe? How's Uriah and the boys?

Mrs. C.: All in good health, Father,—and you?

Mack: Tolerably good for a man of eighty-five. Well, get on with your knittin' work. (Withdraws with Solomon to left foreground where they sit on a bench and talk.)

Sol.: You might see Miss Lyon one of these days. She travels about considerable in these parts.

Mack: If I could once see her, I'd soon tell how practical her ideas are. (Enter Milton and Mary, Left. They stroll to the middle of stage while the others are working and talking with each other.)

Milt.: Now where did you get hold of this notion of higher education for women, Mary?

Mary: Oh, from Alexander, I suppose. He's full of new ideas, anti-slavery, total abstinence, religious revivals, free libraries, and sech. What's the matter? Don't you want women to be intelligent?

Milt.: Why, yes, but if women have as much education as men, they won't be just teachers,—they'll want to be doctors, and lawyers, even ministers, and then where will we be?

Mary: Milton, there are in this country right now 120 colleges for men and this Mount Holyoke Female Seminary is the first one for women. I don't think you need worry about us women just yet.

Milt.: Maybe not. Well, you must get to work; I'll join the men folks. (Mary joins the women, and Milton the men.)

Mrs. P.: Don't see how we're ever goin' to raise enough to fit out that room. If Miss Lyon could only visit us, more interest could be aroused.

Mrs. I.: So many women, like their husbands, don't see the use of educating girls when most of them get married anyway.

Mrs. S.: But Samuel is always reading books, ever since he couldn't go to college, and with my two girls Lucy and Sarah growing up and wanting to be teachers, he's more favorin' the notion than most men.

Mrs. Mc.: Jonathan don't say much one way or t'other. What Miss Lyon says sounds practical enough, he thinks, but he don't much like the idee of her goin' 'round alone visitin' strange places.

Mrs. G.: But she generally has some minister or deacon with her, when she travels any great distance.

Mary: And like enough gets scolded for going around that way too. What's a woman goin' to do anyway?

Mrs. C.: Well, Uriah ain't so interested as he might be. He's just getting on his feet again at the woolen mill since the freshet washed his dams away. Anyway, our children are all boys. (A horse and phaeton come in sight, Right.)

Mrs. I.: I see we have visitors. (Rising.) If you'll excuse me. (Alexander enters, Center, and greets guests with Sarah. Miss Lyon and Rev. H. alight. Sol. leads horse Left, while guests and hosts enter house, Center.)

Mrs. Mc.: Say, ain't that Rev. Hawkes, who used to be minister in Peru?

Mrs. G.: It sartainly is, and he's been in Cummington since.

Mrs. S.: Why he's the parson that's been going around with Miss Lyon. My goodness, that must be the lady herself.

Mrs. C.: You don't say. I wonder if she won't say a word to us now. (Goes over to Mack.) Father, we think that's Mary Lyon herself.

Mack: Really? Looks like a sensible woman to me.

Mrs. P.: Wish Dan could hear her!

Mary: Oh, he won't be neglected. She knows the men hold the purse strings. Well, well,—more visitors. (Enter Left, Dr. Warren, and Elbridge Wheeler.)

Dr. W.: (To ladies.) I hope we're not intruding. (To Mack.) Do you think I could see Alexander a moment?

Mack: I'll fetch him for you. (Enters Center, and reappears with Alexander. Milton rises and stands with Elbridge.)

Alex.: Ah, Dr. Warren. (Shakes hands.) How are you Milton, Elbridge?

Dr. W.: As you know, Alexander, young Nash and Wheeler here are studying medicine with me, but I think they would make more progress if they had a better knowledge of English,—the ability to speak and write good, clear and correct English. I know I can leave this to your own judgment.

Alex.: I shall be most happy to talk with the boys, but at the moment I have an important matter in hand. There is a surprise in store for you all. Ladies, perhaps you have guessed that our visitor is none other than Miss Lyon herself, and she has consented to say a brief word to you now. (Alex. returns to house and men seat themselves. Mrs. I. and Sol. enter and sit down. Miss L., Mr. H. and Alex. appear, Center, Miss L. between the two men, and proceed to Center foreground.)

Alex.: I present the Rev. Russell Hawkes, of Cummington, whom many of us knew when he was a minister in Peru.

Mr. H.: Ladies and Gentlemen, we do not, I am sure, come to you wholly as strangers. Your townsman, George W. McElwain, I formerly knew as merchant in Peru. Mr. John Mack, the brother of your distinguished citizen, Col. David Mack, has entertained Miss Lyon and myself a number of times at his tavern in Plainfield. We have met Col. Mack's son also in Amherst and he is a warm supporter of our cause. We rejoice that he has just been elected to the board of trustees of Amherst College.

It is through these connections and others that I have urged Miss Lyon to visit you on her splendid mission for the higher education of women. We feel that a town that could send forth such men as Dr. Lyman Coleman and Dr. Ebenezer Emmons would fully understand and assist her in her efforts to establish Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. I introduce to you Miss Mary Lyon of Buckland and South Hadley. (Miss Lyon steps forward and Mr. H. and Alex. seat themselves.)

Miss L.: Friends of Middlefield: I am happy to meet you here. To these ladies who have pledged themselves to furnish a room in the proposed seminary are tendered my special thanks.

For years there has been on my heart and mind in such a way that I could not rest the call to do something toward the founding of an institution where young ladies of sixteen years or over could have the same opportunities for pursuing studies in the classics and sciences that have for years been open to young men.

It is not that women may be like men, but that they may better fulfill their special mission. What could be more important than preparing the daughters of the land to become good mothers? If they are fitted for this situation they can easily become good teachers and good members of society. There is a demand just now in Massachusetts for women teachers, and few can qualify.

My heart has yearned over the young women in the common walks of life till it has sometimes seemed as though a fire were shut up in my bones. How can education come within their means? At last I have a clue to follow. In many a home I have seen the daughters perform skilfully all the labors of the household. I am convinced that we could so systematize the household tasks of this proposed institution that the work might be done by the young ladies. Such a plan would reduce the expenses by one-third or one-half.

But the proposed seminary is still a dream and cannot become a reality without financial aid. "Where", I asked myself, "shall I go to present my cause? Where but to the farmers of western Massachusetts, men of plain, good commonsense, who will surely feel the necessity of giving their daughters the best possible opportunities?" It is to them that I hope to speak later. (Applause as Miss Lyon concludes and returns to house with Mr. H.)

Alex.: We must conserve Miss Lyon's time and strength as she must call on some of our leading families. Will you please spread the notice that Miss Lyon will speak tonight at the Pease District School house. (The company

breaks up. Alex. goes into house, brings out three library books, giving one to Mrs. S., one to Mrs. McE., and the third to Col. Mack.)

Alex.: (To Mack.) Here's your book, Colonel Mack,—sorry to keep you waiting. Hope you enjoyed Miss Lyon's remarks.

Mack: Well, I'm always willin' to learn, but I'd like to ask her some questions. Send her over tomorrow, if she wants to come.

Alex.: (To Dr. W.) Splendid. And when can she see you, Dr. Warren?

Dr. W.: Any time she can catch me home, Alexander. But I must go.

Alex.: All right, Doctor. (Exit Dr. Warren, Left.) (To boys.) If you boys will come in tomorrow at one o'clock, we'll see about those advanced studies. (Goes over to women and joins in their conversation.)

Mack: (To boys.) Don't neglect your opportunities, boys. My son David had to go to Westfield to get what's offered to you right here in Middlefield. (Ladies begin to pass out. Alex. retires to house leaving only Mary.)

Milt.: We'll do our best, Colonel Mack.

Wheel.: Indeed we will. I'm going your way, may I walk along with you?

Mack: Certainly. Glad to have you. Good bye Solomon. (Exeunt, Left, Mack and Wheel.)

Sol.: Good bye David, it's been good to see you again.

Milt.: (Taking Mary's hands.) I suppose by now you're dead set on going to the Seminary in a year or so,—then I'll never see you again.

Mary: No, Milton, it will be too late then to continue my formal education; but I can study with Alexander here, can't I?

Milt.: Wonderful! (They start walking toward Left Exit.)

Mary: Then when you have finished your higher education, and Alexander has given me up as hopeless, if you think *you* could make me intelligent, you are welcome to try. (Exeunt Milt. and Mary, Left.)

INTERLUDE. DEACON MEACHAM'S RIDE. (Blush Hollow Flood, 1874.)

Deacon Meacham represented by his son, Harry Meacham, of Dalton.

Poem read by David E. Greenaway, of Springfield.

EPISODE VI. LOCATING THE HIGHLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—1858.

Matthew Smith, officer of the Society.....H. Carleton Hall
Francis Root, officer of the Society.....Parker Schofield
Charles Wright, officer of the Society.....Charles Cook
Eldridge Pease.....Adam Tefts
George Huntington, of Becket.....Olaf Dwyer
Hezekiah Taylor, of Westfield.....Ernest Boyer
James Brigham, of the State Board of Agriculture.....Arthur Gardner
Robert Kenyon, of Huntington.....Willard A. Pease
Worcester Taylor.....Sumner Crane
Mike, a peddler.....Peter Tefts
Maria Smith, wife of Matthew.....Bessie Newell
Anna Root, wife of Francis.....Ellen Birnie
Harriet Taylor, wife of Hezekiah.....Constance Newell
Sumner Church.....Alfred S. Crane
Boy.....Walter Ferris

Scene: Near entrance of fair grounds around which a new fence has been built. Morning on first day of exhibition, 1858. (Enter, Center, Charles with small table which he places near left entrance. Has paper, tickets and money which he arranges. Francis enters, Right, with hammer and two pickets which he lays down under table.)

Fran.: (Wiping face with handkerchief.) Well, Charles, that was close figurin'. I nailed up the last picket over in the far corner (pointing south) jest as Cattleshow is about to begin.

Chas.: Well it's none too soon, here's someone already. Oh! it's the peanut man. Does he get in for only ten cents?

Fran.: No, no. Matthew says to charge these peddler fellers a dollar. They take in more money than we do.

Chas.: Where is Matthew, anyway? You'll have to take tickets till he comes. (Mike enters, pays money, gives ticket to Fran.)

Fran.: Well, Mike I see you aren't going to miss any sales today. Bring me some peanuts when you get around to it. (Mike goes Right, with box and tray with straps on which he arranges his wares.)

Chas.: Hullo, here's George Huntington from Becket. Funny how those who live farthest away often get here first. Howdy, George. (George appears with boy leading cow and pays admission.)

Geo.: Mornin' Charles, fine day for the fair. I see I'm early, but you can't jest calc'late how long it'll take to lead a pesky cow over these hills. (Gives ticket to Fran.)

Fran.: Might as well wait here, George, till more come. (Pointing Right.) Well, here's Matthew at last. (As Matthew enters, Right, rapidly.) Mornin' Matthew.

Matt.: Mornin' Francis, Charles,—how are you George, (waves at Geo.) I been watchin' the fence, boys, over in that southwest corner,—and there's some young sprouts over the hill there (pointing) that are sot on seein' the show free. (To Francis, taking his place) you'll have to chase 'em off, I reckon. I'll take the tickets. (Exit Right, Francis who has picked up a picket. Matt. strolls over to talk with Geo. Enter Eldridge with boy leading cow. Matt. returns to his post, taking his ticket.)

Matt.: Mornin' Eldridge. Fine day. Where's your Devon bull?

Eld.: Oh, he's on the way with all his family, but this cow is more chipper than the rest of them.

Matt.: Better stop right here until the crowd begins to come. (Boy leads cow over by other cow. Eld. and Geo. talk. Enter Left, Hez., who gives Matt. ticket.)

Hez.: A fine mornin', Matthew, (shakes hands),—are you having a good turnout?

Matt.: Yep, Hezekiah, the entries has come in mighty well. Do you see our new fence?

Hez.: Looks like you meant to locate right here for good.

Matt.: That's what. We'll try to get incorp'rated this fall, then I'll give the Society a deed for this land. If all goes well, we'll put up an exhibition hall next summer.

Hez.: That's all well enough. But I've heard talk as how some of your members was going to try to have the Society take up land in Huntington, where they could have horse racing and such.

Matt.: They do, eh? There can't be many. Most of our members are interested in cattle.

Hez.: It's Robert Kenyon you'll have to keep an eye on. He'll be here soon. (Enter Fran., Right, leading a young chap by the collar.)

Matt.: That's right, Francis, no free passes to those who come in over the fence. (To boy as they pause in Center of stage.) Young feller, you've had yer fun now, and you see we mean business. We know you want to see the show, and if you'll walk up to Mr. Wright like a man and pay yer ten cents, you can stay right here. Otherwise you go out and stay out. (Boy walks slowly toward Chas., then pays his money to Chas., giving ticket to Matt.)

Matt.: That's right, boy.

Mike.: Peanuts, here's your fresh baked peanuts and popcorn. (Enter Left, Maria, Anna and Harriet, carrying quilt, fancy work and clothes horse, purchasing admission as usual.)

Matt.: Well, Maria, I didn't reckon you ladies would want to exhibit anything until we got a building, but you're welcome, and you too, Anna and Harriet.

Maria: Don't know as this is any place for women, Matthew, and we know yer head is all filled with cattle and sheep,—

Anna: But we wanted to help swell the crowd and add a little something that will interest the women folks.

Harriet: Can we set these up here somewhere?

Matt.: Yes, yes, of course. Right over here (pointing left background). But we hain't no money to pay premiums on your fancy contraptions,—you know that?

Maria: Of course, Matthew, we know that! (Women retire, Left to set up their exhibits.) (Enter Brigham and Kenyon, the latter sportily dressed.)

Matt.: (To Francis.) You take the tickets. Hezekiah and I will have our hands full talkin' to these fellers. Send the exhibitors around the other way; we won't want to be interrupted. (Francis and Charles stand at left taking admissions, but directing people to go around back of enclosure. Kenyon and Brig. approach Center.)

Ken.: (Shaking hands.) Good morning, Mr. Smith. I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Brigham of the State Board of Agriculture.

Matt.: (Shaking hands with Brig.) Glad to have you look us over. This is Hezekiah Taylor, of Westfield. (Hez. and Brig. shake hands.) I hope you think our cattle are worth the trip up from Boston.

Brig.: You are certainly on top of the earth here, Mr. Smith,—and in the heart of a good grazing country, I should judge.

Matt.: Yep,—Middlefield, as the name says, is the middle point where the three counties come together,—just the place for a Cattleshow.

Ken.: The drawback up here, Mr. Brigham, as you see, (pointing to grounds) is there ain't no level place for hoss racin'. Got to give a crowd like this some sporting life to make a show pay.

Matt.: Yep, Kenyon, if I was pickin' out a race course, I could do better than this,—as Roland Blossom would say, "There ain't a place on these grounds flat enough to set a pail down." But, gentlemen, this is a Cattleshow, just as the name says, and I calc'late these cows feel jest as much at home on this hill as they do on any of the other thousand hills hereabout.

Brig.: But I don't see many people coming, or many exhibitors.

Hez.: It's early yet. You can't see them from here. They're going around under the hill. I want to show them to you a little later. We have four hundred entries for cattle alone.

Ken.: But if the show was located down the valley nearer Springfield, folks could get to it much easier.

Matt.: But why shouldn't we have the Cattleshow right here where the most cattle are? Cattle is the life of the farmers here. Ain't it handier for folks who is interested in good stock to come here, than for us to take our stock down toward Springfield where most folks don't know a cow from a porcupine?

Brig.: Well, there's some sense in that. (Enter Worcester Taylor with boy leading stallion "Berkshire.")

Ken.: But you must admit there's a great interest in horses also.

Matt.: (Beckoning to Taylor to join him.) Now don't think we're agin horses. We raise some tolerably good ones for farm work. (Showing off horse to Ken.) Now this is what I call a real horse, Kenyon, owned by Worcester Taylor here, horses for work, not for play.

Ken.: (Exasperated.) But your dodging my point,—you know very well, I'm not talking about draft horses. (Laughter by others. Taylor retires to background with horse. A driving horse and buggy is driven in by Sumner Church.)

Matt.: (Briskly.) All right, I'll show you something else. (Pointing to Church's horse.) Here's a critter owned by Sumner Church that will wear a race horse clean to a shadow walkin' up and down these hills.

Ken.: Gol darn you, Smith, I'm talkin' about trotting matches and nothing else. It's these that bring the people, you can't deny it.

Matt.: (As Church drives off.) Now city folks ain't comin' up here to see a trottin' match when they can see better nearer home; but farmers and stock men will come up here to see our Durhams and Devons, cause there ain't any better anywhere in the State. (To Brigham.) Mr. Brigham, I don't want you to get the idee that this Society, with a few cattle out front as a disguise, is really a contraption for gambling on horses, or speculating in real estate, or some other money-making scheme. This is an honest-to-goodness Cattleshow, and it will remain so, as long as I have anything to do with it. You'll have to excuse me, I'm a busy man today, but I'll see you later. (Exit.)

Brig.: Seems to be in earnest about this cattle business.

Hez.: Yes sirree. You'll find, Kenyon, that you've a fight on your hands if you try to move this Society to Huntington. (To Brigham.) Now, Mr. Brigham, I want to show you some oxen I just bought of Nathan Wright for $225. You'll not see any larger for their age anywhere. (Takes Brig. by the arm.)

Brig.: You'll excuse me, Kenyon,—I'm getting curious about these cattle, —must take a look at them. (Exeunt Hez. and Brig., Center.) (Kenyon shakes his fist at Hez. as he disappears. Then walks quickly toward Left exit.)

Fran.: You're leavin' early.

Ken.: I'm wasting my time here.

Fran.: Guess you are, guess you are. (As Ken. exit, Left.) That man ain't interested even in race horses except as a chance to make some easy money. You better drive along and get your places before they're all taken. Ladies, if you'll move your exhibits further up the hill, they'll be seen by more people. (All exit Right, but Fran. and Chas.)

Matt.: (Returning, Center.) They're all here, boys, Harlow Loveland and Harvey Root and Charles Bills with their herds. If that State Board of Agriculture man don't think we have a genuine Cattle Show here, he'd better go back to Boston, for he's wastin' his time and ours. (Exit Left, all.)

SESQUI-CENTENNIAL HYMN—1783 - 1933

(Tune — All Saints)

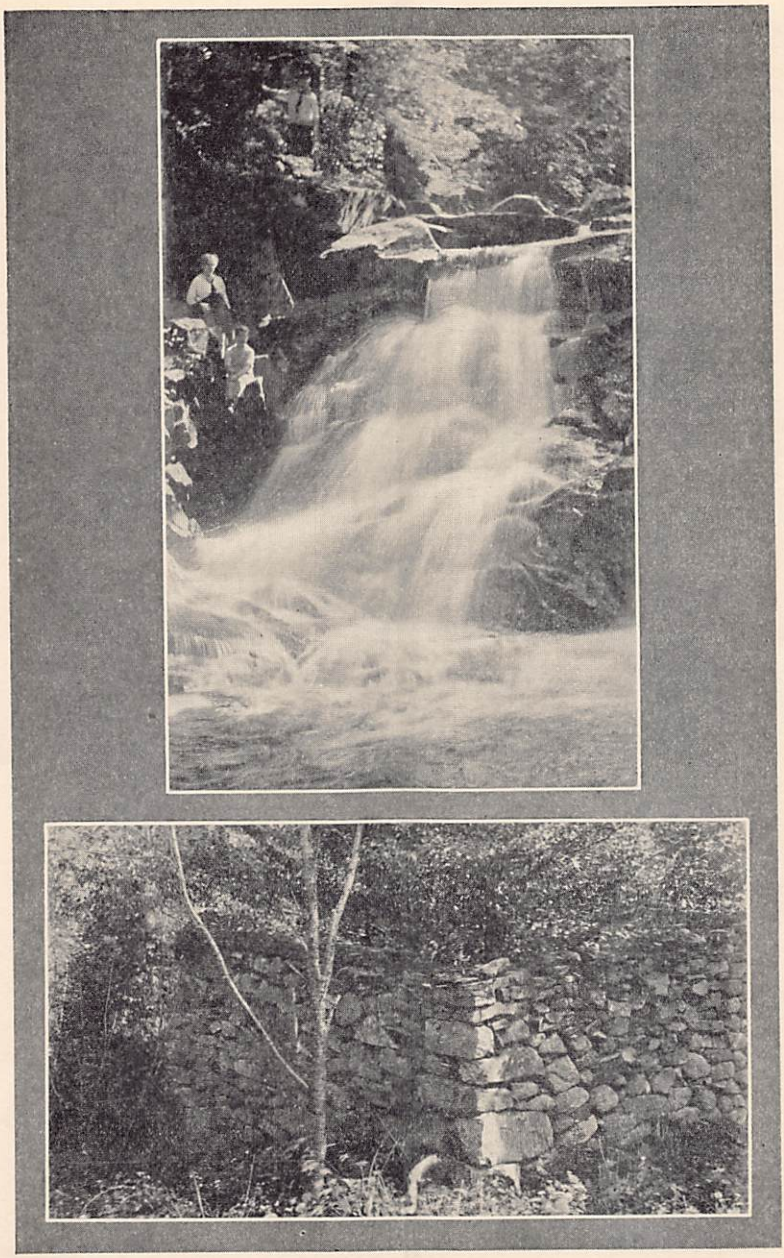
I

Dear Middlefield, dear Middlefield,
Thy children honor thee,
We love your every forest glade,
Your every brook and tree.
We love your far off deep blue hills
So peaceful and so still,
They stand like truths with age-old grace,
They stand with steadfast face.

II

Dear Middlefield, dear Middlefield,
Built high among the hills,
Hold fast the torch our fathers lit
Through vision, toil and will.
From time to time the years bring change,
And voices known are still * * * *
We'll face the hills with onward march
And higher lift the torch.

—Bessie McElwain Newell.



GLENDALE FALLS AND OLD MILL

A Distinguished Service to the Town

A HISTORY OF MIDDLEFIELD, MASS.

By EDWARD CHURCH SMITH AND PHILIP MACK SMITH

with the assistance of

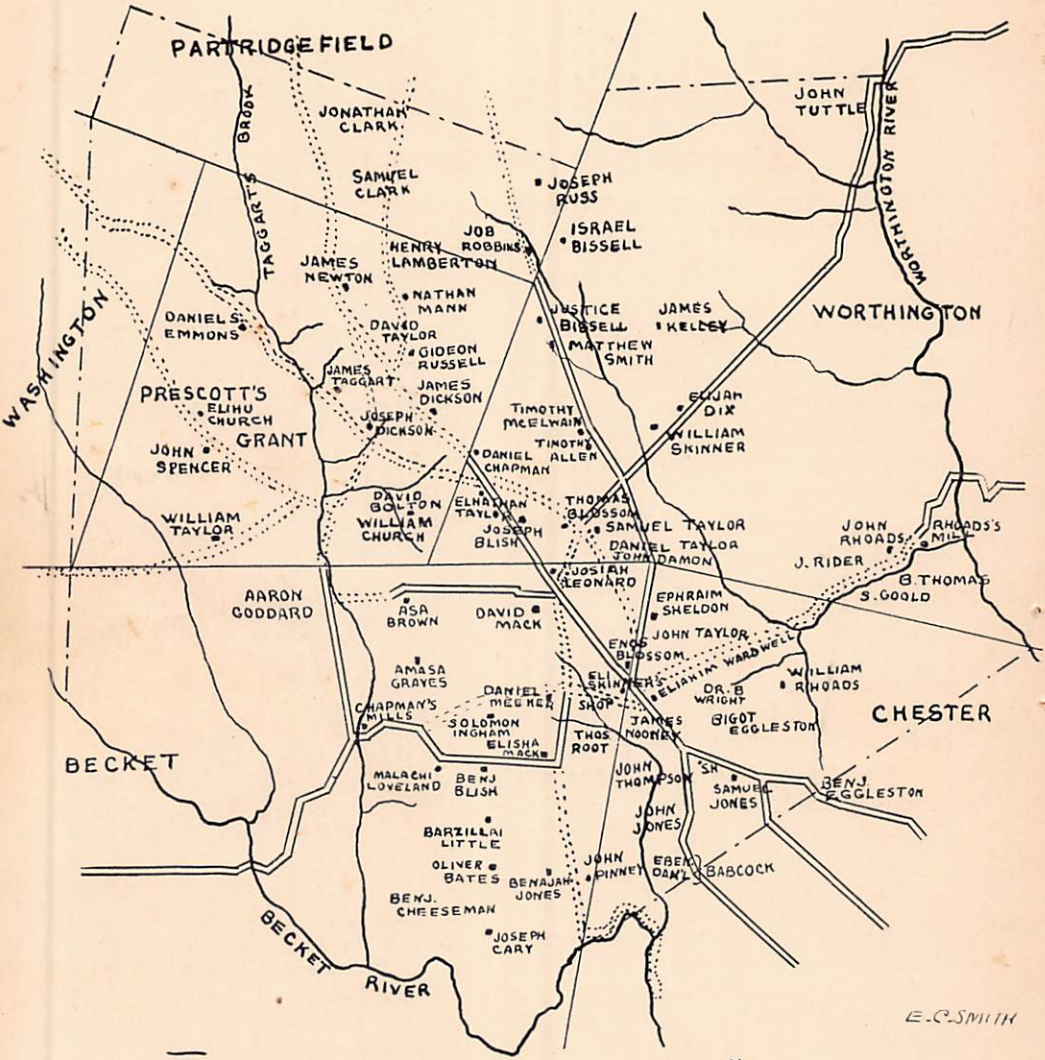
THEODORE CLARKE SMITH

James Truslow Adams writes of our Town History: "Very few local histories give such a complete and detailed story of the entire economic life of any community . . . Almost a unique account of the origins of all elements of the town, the ebb and flow of its prosperity and population, and the distribution of its influence in other parts of the country. Much space is given to a detailed description of its architectural changes."

Another distinguished historian, Dr. Frank Hugh Foster of Oberlin, writes, "It is the best town history I have ever seen". Continuing, he writes; "It is written in a charming style, is profusely illustrated, minute, and copious in its information, entertaining throughout, but above all, so distinguishes the different periods of the town history, and so skillfully connects them with the contemporaneous history of the State and Nation, as to bring out with great vividness the real causes and meaning of the events related."

The limited edition of the History is already half sold. Copies may be ordered through Mrs. Helen Wright Cook, Middlefield, Mass.

As an expression of appreciation and gratitude, in the name of the Town, the Middlefield Community Guild voted an honorarium of one hundred dollars to the editors of the History of Middlefield, and invited them to be the guests of the Town during the Sesquicentennial Celebration. This action of the Community Guild may be regarded as evidence that the younger generation are awake to the idealisms of life,—a good augury for the future of Middlefield.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JONATHAN CLARK
SAMUEL CLARK
TAGGART'S BROOK
JOSEPH RUSS
ISRAEL BISSELL
JOB ROBBINS
HENRY LAMBERTON
JAMES NEWTON
NATHAN MANN
DANIEL S. EMMONS
DAVID TAYLOR
GIDEON RUSSELL
JAMES TAGGART
JAMES DICKSON
JOSEPH DICKSON
PRESCOTT'S GRANT
ELIHU CHURCH
JOHN SPENCER
WASHINGTON
JUSTICE BISSELL
MATTHEW SMITH
JAMES KELLEY
JOHN TUTTLE
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WORTHINGTON
ELIJAH DIX
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1783
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