

V.I. 1977

# Skipmunk



A  
Story  
of  
Chicopee

Debbie Moran '77



Chicopee has long been a city rich with historic significance. City Hall, Market Square, the Duryea Car, Edward Bellamy, and the Ames Company are just a few of the landmarks which are world renown. And yet, ironically enough, during this, our becentennial decade, we have seen enough architectural destruction to last a century: The Mac Arthur House, The First Unitarian Church, Market Square, and most recently, the Almshouse on East Street.

Our book, we hope, will increase public awareness about Chicopee's history, and help to raise a few additional eyebrows to aid in curtailing future razings of Chicopee's very foundations. In addition, the book will restore, for some of you, a few fond memories, and will permanently record happenings which might otherwise have been lost.

The title for our magazine was carefully chosen among many that were suggested. We hung a "title sheet" at a central location for most of our staff; when anyone had an idea for a title, the person would add it to the list before it was forgotten. After about one week, the staff carefully scrutinized the proposed titles, and finally chose "**Skipmunk**," a title based on the original Indian name for a section of Chicopee Falls. That original spelling was "Skipmuck", but the staff decided the sound would be more pleasing by substituting an "n" for the "c". Besides, our magazine, and the original section of Chicopee Falls are two different entities. Thus, by the selection of the name, "**Skipmunk**," we feel we have not only a catchy sounding title, but also one based on an important part of Chicopee's history. The original indian meaning for Skipmuck was "a fishing place."

**Skipmunk** consists of a variety of historical elements. In some cases, our staff has gone out, armed with twentieth century technology—cassette tape recorders— and taped conversations with knowledgeable individuals within the community. In other instances, people have offered, or we have requested some of the articles which appear within these pages. At times we have also reprinted interesting articles which have appeared usually in past newspapers. Finally, we have approached members from our own staff to write material for this issue. We believe and sincerely hope, that as people become more familiar with our magazine, they will offer articles, stories, anecdotes, recipies, or whatever else they feel might be appropriate for it.

**Skipmunk Magazine**



Ref 974.425 628  
Vol. I, No 1

# The Original Treaty Of Chicopee

## APPENDIX D

### UNRECORDED DEED OF NIPPUMSUIT TO LANDS IN CHICOPEE.

The original of the following Indian deed of land in Chicopee north of the river of that name has never been recorded but a facsimile is in the Springfield City Library. It is printed in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, Vol 48 p 51, but not elsewhere.

Thes presentes witnesseth this 20 day of April 1641 a bargaine betweene William Pynchon of Springfield on Quinnetecot River on the one party and Nippumsuit of Naunetak in the name and with the consent of other Indians the owners of certaine grounde hereafter named viz, with name and behalf of Mishsqua and her sonn Saccarant and Secausk and Wenepawin all of Woronoco and Misquis the owner of Skep and other grounds adjoining and Jancompawm of Nanotak on the other party witnesseth that the said Nippumsuit with the consent and in the name of the rest for and in consideration of the sume of fiteene fathom of wampam by tale accounted and one yard and three quarters of double shagg bages one how seaven knives seaven payer of sessars and seaven aules with certaine fish hooks and other smale thingsm given at their request; all thes being in hand paid to the said Nippumsuit in the name of the rest: and for and in consideration of the said goods paid before the subscribing hereof hath bargained sould given and granted and by thes presentes hath fully and cleerly bargained and absolutely granted to the said William and his heires and assignes for ever all the groundes meddowes and woodlandes lieng on the east side of Quettcot river from the mouth of Chickoppy River vp to another smale Riveret caled Wollamansak sepe which Riveret runs into Quinnetecot River with the meddow and planting groundes call Paconemisk and all other meddowes that are wet and hassocky lyeing betweene the said Riveretes. Also all the woodlande lieng about three or fower miles vp Chickuppy River and the meadow there caled skip alias Skipnuck, or by what other name or names the said groundes be caled with all the pondes waters swampes or other profite adjoining to all the said premises with all llandes in Chickuppy River and the meddow and swampes caled Pissak on the sough side of Chickuppy river near the mouth of the River: The said Nippumsuit with the consent of the Rest above named hath absolutely sould to the said William his heires and assignes forever: to have and to hould the said premises with all and singular their appurtenances free from all incombrances of other Indians: and the said William doth condition that the said Nippumsuit shall have liberty of fishing in Chickuppy at the usuall wares that are now in use: In witnesse of these presents the said Nippumsuit with the consent of the Rest hath subscribed his marke the day and yeare first above written being the twenty day of the month 1641.

Nippumsuit	Mishqua	Saccarant	Wenepawin
Misquis alias	Weekoshawen	Secousklahe (?)	the wife of,
Kenip	Wauhshaes of Nontark		Jancompowin

George Moxom  
Henry Smith  
Jo. Pinchon  
to the presence of Coe

Witnesses to ye premises  
George Moxom  
Henry Smith  
Elitzur Holyoke  
John Pinchon  
Secousk, late the wife of Kenip.

given to Wenepawin at the subscribing one yard and 1/2 for a coate of broad Bayes: and 1 pair of brieches to Misquis and 6 knives to them all: also I trusted Misquis for a coate which he never paid and he was trusted vppon respect of setting his hand to this writtinge.

May the 24th 1641. When Secousk sett her hand to this writting Mr. Pynchon gave her 12 handes of wampom and a knife.

8t mon: 9 day 1643. When Jancompowin sett his hande to this writtinge in the presence of us and Coe Mr. Pynchon gave him a coate and knife. He came not to sett his hand to this writtinge till this day. Witnesses  
Geo. Moxon.  
Henry Smith.  
John Pinchon.

The woman caled Secousk above said who was the widow of Kenip after she had 12 handes of wampom and a knife: came againe to Mr. Pynchon the 27 June 1644: desyringe a further reward in respect she said that she had not a full coate as some others had: thereuppon Mr. Pynchon gave her a childe coate of Redd Cotton which came to 8 hande of wampom and a glasse and a knife which came to above 2 hande of wampom more: in the Presence of Janandua her present husband: witnesse my hand per me William Pynchon and she was fully satisfied.

Also Nippumsuit had another large coate for his sister that he said had right in the said land which came to 16s.

Also the wampom within named was current money pay at 8s per fathom at the tyme it was paid, per me.

William Pynchon.

Know all men that I William Pynchon of Springfield gent doe assigne sett over give and grant all my right in the land within named which I bought of Nippumsuit and divers other Indians 1641: to my son John Pynchon of Springfield gent and to Capt. Henry Smith and to Ensigne Holioak all of Springfield to them and their heires and assignes for ever to be disposed by their discretion for Farnes belonginge to Springfield at such rates as in their custome they shall judge to be Reasonalbe: witnesse my hand and seale this 17th day of April 1651;

William Pynchon (Seal)

Sealed and delivered and possession given in the presence of  
Thomas Cooper  
Henry Burt  
Simone Bernard.  
Rec'd in Courte Septr.  
30 1690 attest  
Sam'll Partrigg Clerk.

(Indorsement of John Pynchon.)

The purchase of the Land of Chicuppy up to Wallamansock scape and of Skeepmuck and the land adjoining, with Father's Deed of Gift of it.

# PATRONS

Atty. and Mrs. Ogozalek Jr.  
 Lucille and Edward Kolish  
 Mr. and Mrs. William Nowakowski Jr.  
 Catherine Queenan  
 Patricia M. Richard  
 Dorothy J. Hines  
 Daniel Hines  
 Mr. and Mrs. Eugene F. Frodema  
 Mr. and Mrs. Normand Lortie  
 Barbara Yuka  
 Mr. and Mrs. Latif  
 Mr. and Mrs. John Gorski  
 Mr. and Mrs. R. Cournsyer  
 Mildred E. Hines  
 Mr. and Miss Charles Wilson  
 Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Olivo Sr.  
 Paul W. Sypek  
 Mr. and Mrs. George Ladue Jr.  
 Mario and Elizabeth Brbovic  
 Mrs. Stella M. Desjarlais  
 Mr. and Mrs. John Darey  
 Stella Katopis  
 Charles Desmarais

D.J. Morissette Sr.  
 Dorothy E. McDowell  
 Mrs. John Stearley  
 Virginia M. Stahlsmith  
 Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stec  
 Alfred J. Picard Jr.  
 Elba C. Brodeur  
 Mrs. Kurdziel  
 Albina Forys  
 Arnold L. Smirnoff  
 Mrs. Ruth Feldman  
 Mr. Peter J. Courniotes  
 Christine T. Ciosek  
 Mr. and Mrs. Robinson  
 Mrs. R. Archambault  
 Ann S. Merritt  
 Tom Hurst  
 Miss Jane Babachicos  
 Mr. Robert Thiverge  
 Susan B. Burkhart  
 John F. Corrida  
 Frances A. Bigda  
 Ms. Linda Jordan

D.E. Kelliher  
 A. Noble  
 Diane Cartier  
 Mr. William Moge  
 David G. Coupal  
 Mona Hodnicki  
 Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wiggenger Jr.  
 Mrs. Helen Novak  
 Richard S. Lak  
 Mr. Poudrier  
 Thaddeus and Helen Konarski  
 Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Scott  
 Henry Fortin  
 Ruth Picard  
 Robert and Joseph Ludwin  
 Joseph M. Bucalo Jr.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Garstka and Sons  
 Raymond R. Deforge  
 Stephen A. Olivo Jr.  
 Mrs. Clinton S. Hall  
 Mrs. Bonnie M. Sokin  
 Mr. and Mrs. Emile LeBlanc  
 Stephen R. Jendrysik

OUR FEATURE PATRON:  
**CHARLES A. LUDDEN CO.**

Plumbing-Heating Contractors  
 Leo J. Rogowski, Prop.  
 252 Exchange St., Chicopee  
 594-6356

*The service and products of Leo J. Rogowski are known for their expert workmanship and superior quality over the last 53 years. Skipmunk sincerely thanks Mr. Ludden for his contribution which has helped us to serve the people of Chicopee.*

*Falls Prescription Center  
 Metras Electric Inc.  
 Falls Provision  
 Lysek's  
 Sroka's  
 Bo-Mar Paper and Novelty Co.  
 Durkee, White, Towne and Chapdelaine  
 Mickey's Bike Shop  
 Clapp's Upholstery  
 Ferris Young World  
 Chicopee Munciple Credit and Union  
 Chicopee Highlights*

*Chicopee Auto School  
 Chicopee Teacher's Credit Union  
 Class of 1977 CHS  
 Continental Beauty Salon  
 Class of 1976 CHS  
 Chicopee Teacher's Association  
 Class of 1979 CHS  
 Hastings Stationers  
 Shawmut First Bank and Trust  
 Sydlee Electronic  
 Class of 1978 CHS*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### FEATURE:

Chicopee City Hall, a Landmark of Pride by <i>Eileen M. Carey</i> .....	4
The Spence Letter by <i>David R. Spence</i> .....	6
Address to the Ancients by <i>Ann Marie Starzyk</i> .....	9
The Old Milk Run by <i>Nancy Chapdelaine and Theresa Kolish</i> .....	10
The Belchers by <i>Sue Bousquet</i> .....	11
Decisions by <i>Patty Saunders</i> .....	12
Bessie W. Kerr by <i>Doris Bresnahan</i> .....	14
Our Bridges by <i>Bessie W. Kerr</i> .....	15
Old Time Recipes .....	17
The Ames Company in Chicopee:	
The Civil War and After by <i>Lisa Mae Hodnicki</i> .....	20
The Famous Bronze Doors by <i>Karen Wegrzyn</i> .....	23
Poems by <i>William Kimberly Palmer</i> .....	24
Edward Bellamy by <i>Stephen R. Jendrysik</i> .....	28
Looking Backward by <i>Edward Bellamy</i> .....	31



“CHICOPEE”  
Birch Bark Place and Raging Waters

We dedicate this book to  
*Ellie Lazarus*  
and the entire staff of  
*Stone Walls*

SKIPMUNK is published quarterly. Subscriptions will be available starting January 1, 1978. Single copies of Volume I, No. 1 are \$1.75. There were one thousand copies printed of the first issue, so as to make it a collector's item. No portions may be reproduced without express written approval of the editors of Skipmunk. All requests should be mailed to: Editor, Skipmunk, c/o The Chicopee Public Library, Chicopee, Mass. 01013

SKIPMUNK is a self-financed, non-profit, and continuing historical publication directly or indirectly related to Chicopee's History. PATRONS for subsequent issues will be greatly appreciated. Suggested donations are \$25.00 & \$12.00 for large and small businesses or organizations, respectively, and \$4.00 for individuals. Checks should be made out to: SKIPMUNK. You are part of Chicopee's history; help us to preserve it.

Many of the articles appearing in this issue were accompanied by bibliographies and reference sources. Any questions on such matters should be sent to the editors, and they will be answered within ninety days of postmark. If sufficient requests occur, sources will be printed in subsequent issues.

SKIPMUNK was printed by Marcus Printing, Co., 206 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

SKIPMUNK - Vol. I, No 1  
c/o The Chicopee Public Library  
Market Square  
Chicopee, Massachusetts 01013

Winter Issue, 1977



## Chicopee City Hall: A Landmark on Pride

*by Eileen M. Carey*

The citizens of a growing community invariably find it necessary to erect a building that will serve as the seat of their local government. Very often, as in the case of Chicopee, the City or Town Hall is built so that it also serves as a center for the social, cultural and communal life of the residents of the area. More than one hundred years ago, the Town Hall of Chicopee, now the City Hall, was designed to enrich the community spirit of the citizens of Chicopee.

The Town Hall, located on the east side of Market Square in Chicopee, was erected in 1871. By reading the plaque in front of the building, one can learn that it was designed by Charles Parker of Boston, and was patterned after the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, Italy. The tower was possibly influenced by Oriental design. The original cost of the Town Hall was \$101,360.38, which included the building, land, and furniture.

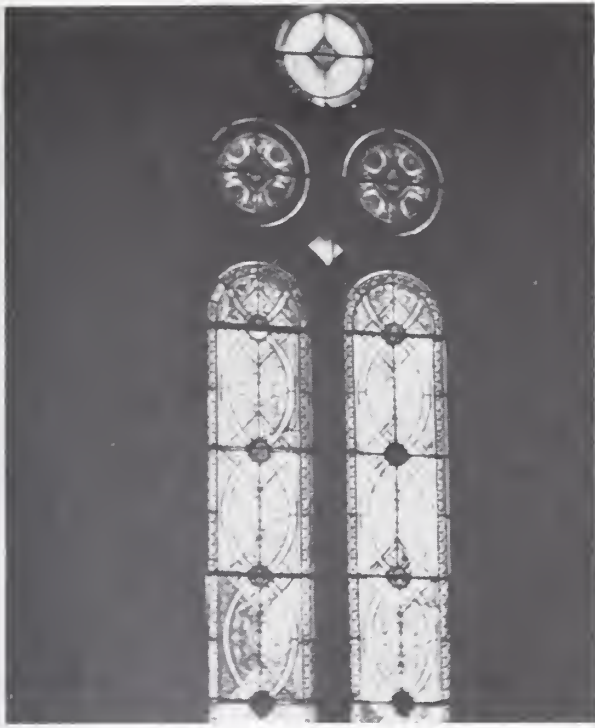
At each side of the entrance to the brick, stone trimmed building, there is a memorial tablet of bronze. Each tablet contains the names of soldiers from Chicopee who were killed in the Civil War, or to use the terminology of Chicopee residents of 1896, "The Rebellion."

The large clock on the tower of the Town Hall was paid for by subscription of the people of Chicopee, and the final cost was \$400.00. A gold eagle rests on the top of the tower, and has a wing span of seven feet. Before the eagle was raised to the highest point on the tower, it was put on display in the corridor of the new Town Hall. School children were allowed to come to view the ornament. The dedication exercises were held on December 21, 1871, with music provided by Patrick Gilmore's Band.

The original set-up of the Town Hall consisted of the offices for town clerk, school committee, and assessors located on the first floor, with the police department in the basement. In January 1872, the Chicopee Library was established in the back of the Town Hall, on the first floor. The library had six alcoves, along with a gallery for Congressional Records and state documents, which were special possessions for a library in the 1970's. A class of mechanical drawing students was held in the room next to the library. Many books on science, mechanics and the arts were acquired, and it was soon opened to the public as a reading room. In 1891, Chicopee received its

charter as a city and more rooms were needed for the board of aldermen. The library was moved to the Wells house, next to the present City Hall.





The large auditorium, enhanced by the stained-glass windows and chandeliers, has been the scene of many festive and cultural events. When the city hall was still a town hall, graduation exercises, May parties, band concerts, drama clubs, and school concerts were among the many activities held in the auditorium.

On November 21, 1879, H.M.S. Pinafore was presented by the Springfield Company. The City Hall was the location of the 35th Anniversary celebration of the Chicopee Knights of Columbus, on April 17, 1928. The occasion was under the direction of Grand Knight Dr. Patrick Moriarty, General Chairman James Bagley, General Secretary John E. Conner and Treasurer George O'Rourke. During the Depression, a charity ball was held in the City Hall auditorium on Armistice Day, November 11. The Veterans of Foreign Wars sponsored the event to raise funds for needy veterans and their families. In later years the auditorium's use was restricted to such infrequent occurrences as public debates and swearing in ceremonies for local office holders.

Many changes have taken place in the Chicopee City Hall since its days of celebrations and

parties. In 1928, the four floor annex was added at the east end of the building. The court room was opened in 1929. The graceful steps leading to the main entrance have been replaced by stone stairs. At one time the center of social activity in Chicopee, the auditorium has been partitioned into several offices.

Recognizing the need to utilize the building once again for social activity as well as to facilitate the transaction of civic affairs, plans are underway for the restoration of this stately majestic structure to its former beauty. Currently, a request totaling 2.2 million dollars has been sent by the City of Chicopee to the Federal Government in order to renovate the inside of the structure: If this request is approved, such repairs as new plumbing, heating, lighting, electrical wiring, which is now cooled by small fans blowing directly on the main fuse box; and roofing, will be carried out.

In order to increase the use of the building by all citizens as well as to conform to a 1975 state law, plans will also include ramps, special parking facilities, special curbs, walkways, new doors and elevators. This will

enable those people who have handicaps to transact their affairs more easily within City Hall.

In addition, when the relocation of the Police, Fire and Civil Defense Departments takes place in January, 1977, the offices housed in the auditorium will be relocated in order to allow the auditorium to be used once again for civic and social functions.

The City Hall is a beautiful old structure. This statement can be verified by its designation as a National Historical Landmark by the Department of the Interior. This distinction means that the essential internal and external characteristics of the building must be preserved and protected even if renovation is carried out. Let us hope that by a recognition and preservation of key elements of its past, while modifying and restoring part of its present form, the citizens of Chicopee will look to the Chicopee City Hall as a symbol of pride and unity for the future of the community.





## *The Spence Letter*

### Editor's Note:

*We have borrowed a letter out of Chicopee's past. The Spence Letter, which was written in the 1940's, was taken from the files of the **Springfield Union**. It was written by the late David R. Spence, a noted local historian. The letter was written to Richard M. Bailey, deceased, who for many years served as the Chicopee Bureau Chief of the **Springfield Union**. Mr. Spence and Mr. Bailey were deeply interested in local history. The story is printed with the permission of Mr. Henry Filar, the current Chicopee Bureau Chief of the **Springfield Union**.*

Mr. Richard M. Bailey  
172 Rimmon Ave.  
Chicopee, Mass.

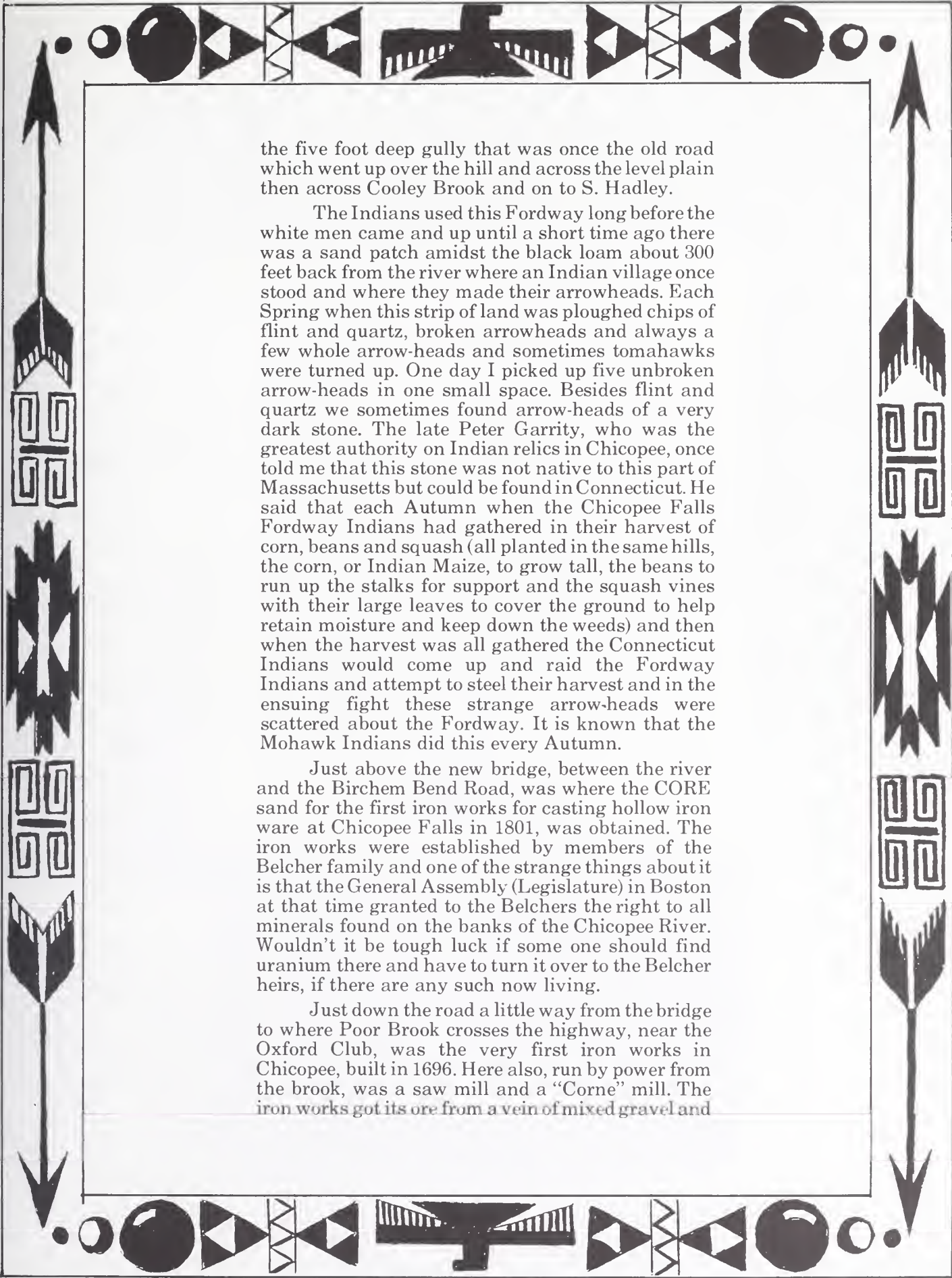
Dear Richard:

The other day, for the first time in many months, I drove up the Birchem Bend Road and was surprised to see piers already erected for a bridge just the other side of the old Robbins Road. The men who laid out this route, and the men who are building the bridge probably do not know that in choosing this location they are paying a great compliment to the very early settlers of Springfield who adopted almost this identical route for their first route to South Hadley.

Some day when you take your first trip across this new bridge, look down stream about 100 yards and on the North bank of the river you can still see the indentation of the old Fordway where the Springfield people drove their wagons, drawn by horses and oxen, on their way to the South Hadley rapids (now the location of the Holyoke Dam) to net shad and salmon to be salted down for Winter or to be sold in the villages at 1¢ per pound for shad and from 4 to 8¢ for salmon. We have the record of one Erasmus Morgan, for whom the old Morgan Road, opposite the Oxford Country Club House, was named, with five other men, caught 6000 shad and 90 salmon in one night.

If one rides or walks up from the old Fordway, straight across the Fuller Road and goes up the Lombard Road to the top of the first incline and instead of turning right on the tar road, looks straight ahead up through the woods, one can still see





the five foot deep gully that was once the old road which went up over the hill and across the level plain then across Cooley Brook and on to S. Hadley.

The Indians used this Fordway long before the white men came and up until a short time ago there was a sand patch amidst the black loam about 300 feet back from the river where an Indian village once stood and where they made their arrowheads. Each Spring when this strip of land was ploughed chips of flint and quartz, broken arrowheads and always a few whole arrow-heads and sometimes tomahawks were turned up. One day I picked up five unbroken arrow-heads in one small space. Besides flint and quartz we sometimes found arrow-heads of a very dark stone. The late Peter Garrity, who was the greatest authority on Indian relics in Chicopee, once told me that this stone was not native to this part of Massachusetts but could be found in Connecticut. He said that each Autumn when the Chicopee Falls Fordway Indians had gathered in their harvest of corn, beans and squash (all planted in the same hills, the corn, or Indian Maize, to grow tall, the beans to run up the stalks for support and the squash vines with their large leaves to cover the ground to help retain moisture and keep down the weeds) and then when the harvest was all gathered the Connecticut Indians would come up and raid the Fordway Indians and attempt to steel their harvest and in the ensuing fight these strange arrow-heads were scattered about the Fordway. It is known that the Mohawk Indians did this every Autumn.

Just above the new bridge, between the river and the Birchem Bend Road, was where the CORE sand for the first iron works for casting hollow iron ware at Chicopee Falls in 1801, was obtained. The iron works were established by members of the Belcher family and one of the strange things about it is that the General Assembly (Legislature) in Boston at that time granted to the Belchers the right to all minerals found on the banks of the Chicopee River. Wouldn't it be tough luck if some one should find uranium there and have to turn it over to the Belcher heirs, if there are any such now living.

Just down the road a little way from the bridge to where Poor Brook crosses the highway, near the Oxford Club, was the very first iron works in Chicopee, built in 1696. Here also, run by power from the brook, was a saw mill and a "Corne" mill. The iron works got its ore from a vein of mixed gravel and

ore located near the works and also from a vein on the banks of the smaller brook at the West end of the Country Club grounds. This vein runs clear along this section of country on both sides of the river. Some of this ore was used, along with that obtained from the old iron mine 80 rods above the Chicopee Falls, Dam, in casting the iron fence in front of the Laurier Club on Church Street. The year 1859 was cast in the gate. The fence must have been cast at the Ames Foundry in Chicopee as there were no patterns of this type and size at the Falls Foundry.

As one looks down the river from the bridge he will be able to see the great, green meadow of the Oxford Country Club pushing the course of the river in a great arc to the North. This great meadow gave the name of Skipmuck to this section by the Indians and some of the early writers claim that the word Skipmuck means Great Meadow in the Indian language.

If one stood on the bank of the river at this spot during a dry spell in Summer one would see three evenly spaced piles of stones across the river bed. These piles of stones were once the piers upon which rested a bridge crossing the river at this point. The road leading to the bridge was an extension of what is now Carew Street and ran right past the West end of the Country Club building. This was the bridge used by the stage coach on its way past the old Snow House and through "Johnie Cake Hollow" on its way to South Hadley. The Snow House was built about 1730.





## Address of The Ancients

by Ann Marie Starzyk

Almost everyone living in our area realizes that Chicopee has quite a unique history, but one aspect of our fair city often goes unnoticed: Chicopee's cemeteries.

Our cemeteries date back almost to the beginning of Chicopee itself, with the first cemetery located on Chicopee Street. This resting place of our ancestors is most notably recognized for its beautiful headstones, epitaphs and for holding the burial place various wars.

During this same period, one acre of land was leased to Chicopee Falls from the Chicopee Manufacturing Company for burial purposes. This cemetery is still known today as the East Street Cemetery.

Even though these burial grounds were extended almost three acres, a new and more suitable cemetery was needed.

In 1869, land was bought from four families and was introduced as the "New Cemetery," or as it is known today as the Fairview Cemetery. This cemetery is very unique for its loftiness and the graceful, symmetric appearance of its gateway arch.

As one walks through these beautiful cemeteries, there is a sense of tranquility and a feeling of the history of past generations.

Perhaps the serenity of cemeteries is summed up by this line. "The country home I need is a Cemetery." Mark Twain (c. 1900)



## The Old Milk Run

by Nancy Chapdelaine and Thersa Kolish

*The days of the horse and wagon milk runs are old and gone, but not entirely forgotten by Mrs. Kozik. A long time resident of Chicopee, Jane Kozik aided her father on his milk run for many years, until she took it over due to his illness.*

*A considerable amount of work had to be finished before any milk could be delivered. To start, each night someone had to drive out to the farms and bring the milk back to the dairy. After reaching the dairies, the milk was passed through filter cloths which collected the impurities in the milk when the milk was poured through them. When the milk was filtered, it was then placed in milk cans and put aboard the wagon with plenty of ice during warm weather.*

*When morning came around, the large work horses were hitched to the wagon to prepare for their long journey. This particular milk run described by Mrs. Kozik encompassed Market Square, Exchange Street, West Street, and Sandy Hill. Without any previous knowledge one might think delivering milk would have been an easy job. Not so, because most days it took eight or more hours to get the milk out. The reason for this was because the houses were not together as we find them today; in many cases, they were miles apart. Because of the fact that the houses were so far apart, the driver had to stop at each house and take down the milk cans, and fill the pitchers that were supplied by the buyers . . . In many instances, if the driver stayed too long at a residence, the horse would leave and continue along the route!*

*The days of the horse and wagon may have been enjoyable, but they were also hard, for trudging through waist deep snow was not easy. Those years ended and, for the most part, today, people get their milk from the local markets. Maybe home milk delivery was part of that close friendly atmosphere that our grandparents remember so warmly.*

# The Belchers

by Sue Bousquet

At the opening of the nineteenth century Chicopee was an agricultural outpost in the increasingly industrialized New England landscape. The economic growth of the small community was hindered by its limited agricultural resources. With the arrival of Benjamin Belcher, however, came the opportunity to share the prosperity promised by the industrial revolution.

Benjamin Belcher, with his wife Sarah, came to Chicopee Falls from Taunton, Mass. at the turn of the century. He launched his industrial career in 1801 with a partnership in an iron works on the Chicopee River at Skenongonuch (Chicopee) Falls. Four years later, Belcher bought out his partners and under his ambitious management, the Belcher Iron Works expanded its sales territory to include the Springfield, Hartford, Worcester, Northampton and Greenfield areas.

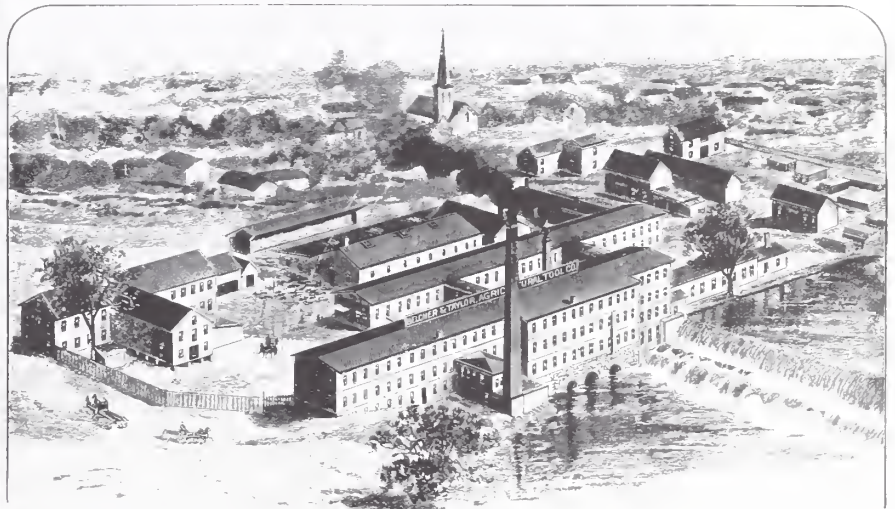
In addition to the iron-works, Belcher had acquired considerable land holding along the Chicopee River. The greater portion of these properties was sold in 1822 to Jonathan and Edmund Dwight, representatives of a group of Springfield and Boston Industrialists. The effects of this sale were far-reaching. The industrial developers lost no time in transforming the riverside woodland into a network of cotton mills, canals, bridges, machines shops and boarding houses. The venture constituted an open invitation to progress and the rural community responded with the manpower necessary to set the wheels of progress in motion. The native Yankee population merged with newcomers of mixed nationalities to make the enterprise highly successful, so much so that the Boston investors acted upon similar plans for the Chicopee Center area. Here, economic prosperity was realized in the formation of the Dwight, Perkins and Cabot Manufacturing Companies. Population growth and the influx of capital into the burgeoning business

community paved the way to independence, and in 1848 the town of Chicopee became liberated from its mother city of Springfield.

The sale of these land holding worked to Belcher's personal advantage as well. The mills provided a new sales outlet for Belcher Iron Works. The purchase of new and replacement machinery components could be effected more efficiently and more inexpensively by buying from a local supplier. The transaction also provided Belcher with additional capital for investment in the expansion of the Belcher Iron Works, and opportunity he was quick to seize.

Benjamin Belcher died in 1833 at the age of 68. The Belcher Iron Works, which had grown and prospered under his managerial know-how, passed into the hands of his three sons. One of them, John W. Belcher, ultimately gained sole ownership. In a later partnership with Jonathan and John Whittemore, the firm expanded to include the manufacture of Agricultural tools. The joint enterprise was short-lived, and at the death of his father in 1860, John W. Belcher, Jr. took control. By the latter half of the nineteenth Century, however, the industrial frontier in New England had begun to narrow, and the pressure of competition followed close on the heels of free enterprise. The B. and J.W. Belcher Company was forced to liquidate in 1889.

Benjamin's son Bildad, who had severed business ties with his two brothers, directed his own business acumen into a partnership for the manufacture of feed cutters. The Massachusetts Arms Company was formed in 1852. After the withdrawal of his partners, Bildad expanded the company's line of manufactured products. As it turned out, this action proved to be the company's salvation when faced with the panic of 1857 and the detrimental effects of The Civil War on the manufacture and the sale of agricultural products.



The Mass. Arms Company did not escape the consequences of economic crisis altogether. The company suffered financially under the strain of a weakened national economy, a setback which Bildad surmounted by entering a partnership. His new associate was George S. Taylor, who was then one of Chicopee's most successful merchants and who would become its first mayor. The Belcher and Taylor Agricultural Tool Company fared prosperously under Taylor's supervision of the paperwork and Belcher's scrutinizing management of production. However, new investors who had purchased a voice in company policy complained of Bildad's management. He was criticized for work that was "too meticulous and not well adapted to mass production." The demand for quantity at the expense of quality had found its way into industry. Bildad, having inherited a deep pride and devotion to his craft, rejected the new expediency and sold his entire holdings in the firm to George Taylor's brother, James.

The third son of Benjamin and Sarah Belcher, Benjamin B., is credited with the first efforts to unite the business community of Chicopee in a joint "investment" industry. The Chicopee Falls Company was formed in 1836 for the manufacture of hardware and firearms and operated on the principle that shareholders delegate the entire management of their investments to one or more of their co-investors. Unfortunately, the company was forced out of business by inefficient fiscal administration. The life of this enterprising pursuit, however, is not a true measure of its success; what is important is the unique and challenging concept behind it. The Chicopee Falls Company represented the first united effort on the part of the citizens of Chicopee to establish their own industry without relying on outside investors. The trial and error of this initial

effort served as a guideline for future investment companies of this kind, such as the Lamb Knitting Machine Company and the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, which proved successful.

The Belchers' contributions to Chicopee's economic growth were not their only achievements. Their dedication to the community transcended purely financial motives to include participation in the religious, educational, political and social growth of Chicopee. In 1825, while the Methodist population awaited the completion of their church, Benjamin Belcher opened his home to the congregation. Bildad Belcher taught school for four years and also served the community as town selectman, school committeeman and town assessor. Bildad's brother Benjamin served as chief engineer of the Chicopee Falls Fire District. The Belchers figured prominently in the establishment of The Belcher Lodge A. and F.M. in 1871, and the Unity Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in 1875.

Chicopee's growth from a horse and plow economy to a prosperous industrial city did not occur overnight. It was the energies, initiative and faith of people like the Belchers that urged the community out of the past into the modern age. The Belchers' many and varied contributions to Chicopee in its formative years are evidence of their pride in the city's achievements.

Recently, a controversy arose between local historians and progressive city planners over the Belcher-MacArthur House in Chicopee Falls . . . History yielded to the demands of modern urban development and the building came down.

The **decision** to raze the Belcher-MacArthur House was only one of many instances in the steady pace of progress in which the old must inevitably give way to the new .What goes up must come down. Musn't it?

## *Decisions*

*by Patty Saunders*

*With the cold snow whirling around my head,  
I feel a shiver of coldness and emptiness.  
My heart is impounded, it is reaching in opposite directions.  
My mind is in flight, so many miles away.  
I cannot do this any longer, I must decide **now!!!**  
I feel as if I'm twelve again, fickle as a little girl.  
I am destroying my brain with these bewildering thoughts.  
I am confusing bystanders who know not what is happening to me.  
A settling in my mind must appear or I shall soon crumble into this earth.  
I cannot do this any longer, I must decide **now!!!***



WHAT SHALL THE ANSWER BE?



## BESSIE WARNER KERR

*Mrs. Bessie W. Kerr was born in Bondsville, Massachusetts, December 6, 1877. She was a direct descendant of Deacon Samuel Chapin.*

*She graduated from Chicopee High School in 1897 and immediately entered the employ of the City of Chicopee as a library assistant. After forty years in this capacity, in October, 1939, she was appointed to fill the vacancy of Anne A. Smith as Head Librarian. Mrs. Kerr took pride in the fact that the Chicopee Public Library was the second oldest free library in New England, the first being the Copley Library in Boston.*

*Her first published work was a poem in Wilson Bulletin, January, 1931, but she is probably best known for the research and compilation of data on Chicopee. Her "History of Chicopee" appeared as a series of chapters in the Chicopee Herald, but, unfortunately, was not published in book form under her name.*

*During her tenure as Head Librarian, Mrs. Kerr was a popular lecturer. She used these appearances to acquaint the public with the resources of the Chicopee Public Library and was tireless in her efforts to promote a sense of pride in Chicopee's heritage.*

*Mrs. Kerr retired December 31, 1947 and died January 27, 1964.*

*by Doris Bresnahan*



# OUR BRIDGES

by Bessie Warner Kerr

In 1712 a County Road was laid out between the town of Hadley and Enfield, Conn. The grant stated "that it is advised that it go by Mr. Japhet Chapin's place." From Willimansett to the Chapin place the road was "three rods wide; then four rods wide south to the Chicopee River, then westerly to Mr. Henry Chapin's, then southerly to Springfield." (This nearly proves that Henry's house was not far from the corner of West and Center Streets.) Before 1780, the Chicopee and Connecticut Rivers were crossed in boats or through the fords or shallow water places, and in one or two instances by stepping stones.

About the time of the establishment of the First Church on Chicopee Street, citizens had hoped for a bridge across the river, but this was not authorized by the legislature until 1782, when Springfield was permitted to pay 200 pounds toward a bridge, and authorized to hold a lottery to raise more money. The bridge, completed in 1783, was a wooden covered bridge with wooden piers filled with stone. In 1787 it was used as a barracks for "rebel farmers" of Shay's rebellion, who camped there for one night.

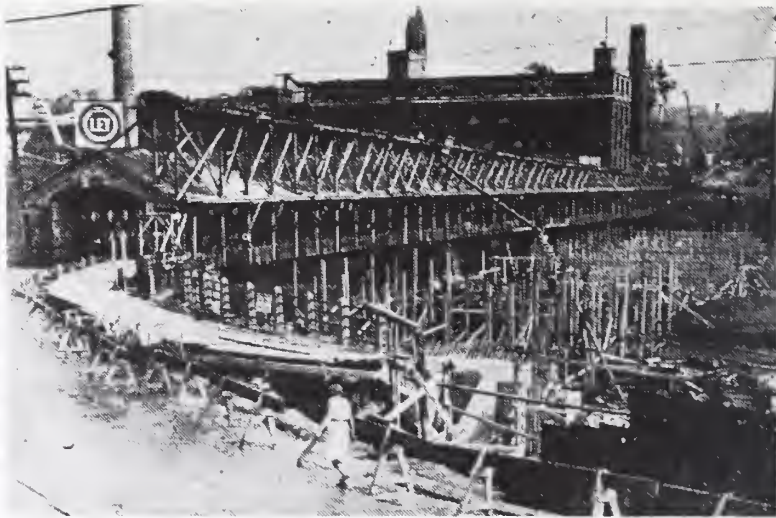
This first structure was rebuilt with great economy in 1821, using the old timbers as far as possible; then, the need being great, a new bridge was built costing about \$7,000.00. The Canal Company had built the section over the canal in 1823, and still kept that in repair, saving the town quite an expense. The covered bridge lasted for eighty-five years; was repaired in 1920-21, the cost of strengthening the floor with steel beams being \$30,000. Early in 1931 an order was passed by the Board of Aldermen to petition the legislature for the city to issue bonds to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars for the construction of a new bridge; this was increased to \$250,000 when the permit was issued. The chosen design was submitted by B.A. Annable of Springfield, that of a three-span concrete bridge.

Placed in a new location by the side of the old one, the new bridge was built with no interruption in the traffic of one of the busiest routes in Western New England. The structure is a beautiful one, of reinforced concrete, with an ornamental iron and concrete fence with fine iron supports for the lights. It seemed fitting that this bridge should be named as memorial to Rev. William F. Davitt, who was a chaplain with American Expeditionary Forces in World War I, and who was killed a moment before the Armistice was signed, November 11, 1918. Father Davitt was a native of Holyoke, but grew up and was educated in Willimansett; went to Chicopee High School, to Holy Cross College, and the Grand Seminary in Montreal. So the Davitt Memorial Bridge was dedicated November 11, 1931, with the finest ceremonies and parade ever held in Chicopee.

The terrible floods and hurricane of 1936 and 1938 seemed to have no effect on this firmly constructed bridge.



Photos by Kim Crochiere



*Photos furnished by Chicopee Herald*

A Chicopee-West Springfield bridge was agitated in 1846, and the Cabot-West Springfield Bridge Company was formed, chartered by the State, and authorized to build a toll-bridge across the Connecticut River near Jones Ferry, 1848. This was 26 feet wide, 1237 feet long, the piers were of Sandstone. Many shares were bought by citizens at \$100 per share, and \$38,000.00 was raised; some of these receipts and certificates are still in existence. The bridge was opened for traffic in December, 1849, the first day's tolls amounting to \$5.00. It was purchased from the Bridge Company in 1872 for \$36,000, Chicopee paying one-third, the County one-half, and West Springfield one-third. In 1903, when extensive repairs were in progress, a fire broke out at the west end, and, a strong west wind blowing, the entire bridge was gone in twenty five minutes.

For two years a ferry was used for crossing the Connecticut; but the first winter was so severe, the river was frozen so firmly it was thick enough for traffic from Thanksgiving until March. In 1905, a new steel bridge was finished, 23 feet wide, and the center 28 feet above high water. This bridge was in danger during the 1938 flood, but forty men from the Highway Department fought with sandbags, rock and paving blocks, and kept the foundation firm. A hole nearly an acre in size and twelve feet was washed out by the floods.

The old wooden bridge across the Chicopee River at Chicopee Falls was built in 1847, and was a bit longer than the one at the Center; a new one, iron and uncovered was opened in 1905, and served well until the floods of 1938 washed it entirely away from the supports; it settled sideways in the river, then sank. The bridge took with it a 20 inch water main, and as another main had burst up the river, the city was nearly without water for a few days. An interesting article on the running of a telephone cable across the river was printed in the "Bell Telephone Quarterly," telling the story of the attempt, first to fire a light line across by a rocket, which failed; then an airplane dropped a rope to which the cable was

attached, and communication was established in a very short time.

Another bridge to go out in the 1938 hurricane and flood was the old suspension bridge back of the Fisk Rubber Company, usually called the Swing bridge. This was hung years ago for the benefit of the folks on the Hill on the north side of the river. There is a rare postcard in the collection at the Library of someone crossing the bridge who, when she was a girl used to run across, setting the ropes swinging so fast, no one else dared to use it for some time. This little bridge was entirely washed away, and has not been rebuilt.

A new bridge across the Chicopee at Chicopee Falls was dedicated in 1939 in honor of Thomas F. Deady, the first known Chicopee Falls man to fall in battle in World War I. He was born quite near the site of the bridge, and was given a postmortem citation, as a member of the 102nd Infantry.

The Willimansett-Holyoke bridge was the result of a long contest as to the best place on the Connecticut for a bridge, and a Bridge Association was formed with J.B. Stratton as president, and in 1886 the first subscription of \$400.00 was received. When the Connecticut River Railroad was built, a "Passengers' walk" was the only way across the river, and a toll of two cents was required for this except on Sunday.

After seven years of bickering, the bridge was completed in 1893, and well celebrated by lawn parties, etc. This bridge was much damaged in the flood of 1936, the men of the city working thirty-six hours in the effort to save the foundations. The bridge was closed for two days.

There used to be a third bridge across the canal at Canal Street, but this was discontinued long ago; and the one at the foot of Grape Street was rebuilt recently. Every brook and stream in the city originally had a bridge of planks, not always safe, but these have disappeared with progress in our splendid road-building, and state highways.



## OLD TIME RECIPES

### GRANDMOTHER'S PEANUT BRITTLE

The ingredients for this recipe are: one cup white corn syrup, four cups sugar, five cups unsalted roasted peanuts, one and a half tablespoons butter and two and a half teaspoons baking soda. Put syrup and sugar in saucepan over medium heat. Stir continuously, until sugar dissolves. Continue to cook with candy thermometer without stirring until syrup reaches the "softball" stage which is 240 degrees on the candy thermometer. Add nuts. Continue to cook until candy thermometer reaches 300 degrees, stirring occasionally. This is the "hard-crack" stage. Remove from heat. Immediately add baking soda and butter, and stir until blended. The mixture will foam. Pour mixture into prepared pan "with speed". Cool for three hours. Break candy into serving pieces, and let set again for three hours. Store in airtight container for three weeks.

### YORKSHIRE PUDDING

This is a very nice accompaniment to a roast of beef; the ingredients are: one pint of milk, four eggs, the yolks and whites to be beaten separately, one teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted through two cups of flour. It should be mixed very smooth, about the consistency of cream. Regulate your time when you put in your roast so that it will be done half an hour or forty minutes before dishing up. Take it from the oven, set it where it will stay hot. In the meantime, have this pudding prepared. Take two common biscuit-tins, dip some of the drippings from the dripping pan into these tins, pour half of the pudding into each, set them into the hot oven, and keep them in until the dinner is dished up; take these puddings out at the last moment and send to the table hot. This I consider much better than the old way of baking the pudding under the meat.

### CELERY SOUP

Celery soup may be made with white stock. Cut down the white of half a dozen heads of celery into little pieces and boil it in four pints of white stock, with a quarter of a pound of lean ham and two ounces of butter. Simmer gently for a full hour, then strain through a sieve, return the liquor to a pan, stir in a few spoonfuls of cream with great care. Serve with toasted bread, and, if liked, thicken with a little flour. Season to taste.

### GERMAN RICE WAFFLES

Boil a half pound of rice in milk until it becomes thoroughly soft. Then remove it from fire, stirring it constantly, and adding, a little at a time, one quart of sifted flour, five beaten eggs, two spoonfuls of yeast, a half pound of melted butter, a little salt, and a teacupful of warm milk. Set the batter in a warm place, and when risen, bake in the ordinary way.



### OATMEAL CAKE

One and a half cups of boiling water, one cup of quick oats, one cup of white sugar, one cup of brown sugar, one and a half cups shortening, two eggs, one and a half cups flour, one teaspoon baking soda, one half teaspoon salt and one half teaspoon cinnamon. Pour boiling water over oats, let cool. Mix sugars, shortening and eggs. Add oatmeal mixture. Sift flour, baking soda, salt and cinnamon together. Add above mixture. Pour into 13x9 pan and put in oven at 350° for 40 minutes. Topping: 1 cup of brown sugar, one half cup of chopped nuts, five teaspoons melted butter, one half teaspoon vanilla, one cup of quick oats or coconut, and one quarter cup of milk. Mix together, spread over cake while and put into broiler for 3 minutes or until brown.

### RYE BREAD

To a quart of warm water stir as much wheat flour as will make a smooth batter; stir into it half a gill of home-made yeast and set it in a warm place to rise; this is called setting a sponge; let it be mixed in some vessel which will contain twice the quantity; in the morning, put three pounds and a half of rye flour into a bowl or tray, make a hollow in the centre, pour in the sponge, add a dessert-spoonful of salt and a half a small teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little water; make the whole into a smooth dough, with as much warm water as may be necessary; knead it well, cover it, and let it set in a warm place for 3 hours; then knead it again, and make it into two or three loaves; bake in a quick oven one hour, if made in two loaves or less if the loaves are smaller.

### CHEESE CAKE

Crust: one beaten egg, one and one third cup of flour, one quarter cup of sugar, three-quarters teaspoon baking powder and one third cup of butter. Mix together with fork and then by hand. Spread in ungreased pan, bringing mixture up to the sides half way. Drain a can of crushed pineapple and spread on crust. Filling: two eggs, beaten one at a time, one ounce and one ounce package of cream cheese, six tablespoons of sugar, three tablespoons of flour, one teaspoon of lemon juice, one and one half teaspoon vanilla and two cups of milk. Add milk slowly. Stir ingredients constantly. The mixture will look quite watery. Pour over pineapple. Sprinkle top with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake at 325°-350° for about 65 minutes or until browned.

### CRAB APPLE WINE

Soak a gallon of sliced, unpeeled crab apples in a gallon of water for two weeks, then strain and add 3 pounds of sugar for each gallon of liquid. Stir often for 3 days until fermentation begins, then leave for three days and put wine into a jar. Lay a piece of muslin over opening and leave on until fermentation stops, then cork tightly. After three months, bottle wine. This wine improves greatly by age.

### NOODLES FOR SOUP

Beat up one egg light, add a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a very stiff dough; roll out very thin, like thin pie crust, drudge with flour to keep from sticking. Let it remain on the bread board to dry for an hour or more; then roll it up into a tight scroll, like a sheet of music. Begin at the end and slice into slips as thin as straws. After all are cut, mix them lightly together, and to prevent them from sticking, keep them floured a little until you are ready to drop them into your soup, which should be done shortly before dinner; for if boiled too long they will go to pieces.

### CRACKNELS

Two cups of milk, four tablespoons of butter and a gill of yeast, a tablespoon of salt; mix warm, add flour enough to make a light dough. When light, roll thin, and cut in long pieces three inches wide, prick well with a fork, and bake in a slow oven. They are to be mixed rather hard, and rolled very thin, like soda crackers.



### SQUASH OR PUMPKIN BREAD

Ingredients needed for this recipe are: four beaten eggs, three cups of sugar, one half teaspoon baking powder, two teaspoons baking soda, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon nutmeg, two-thirds cup water, one cup oil, three and one half cups flour, one 16 oz. can of pumpkin filling or two cups of fresh pumpkin or squash. Mix all ingredients with wooden spoon till smooth. Pour in greased and floured bread tins. Bake one hour or more at 350°.

### CHOCOLATE -OATMEAL COOKIES

These cookies are made on the stove in a double boiler and then put in the refrigerator to harden. The ingredients are: two cups of sugar, one quarter cup of unsweetened cocoa, one half cup of milk, and one quarter pound of butter. Bring to a full boil for one minute. Remove from fire and add one half cup of peanut butter, one teaspoon of vanilla one teaspoon of salt and three cups of oatmeal with raisins. Stir well. Pour into a pan and let harden.

### FRUIT STUFFED PORK CHOPS

The ingredients for this recipe are: six pork loin chops, one and one quarter to one and one half inches thick (4 pounds), one and one half cups of stale bread cut in chunks, one half cup chopped pared apples (macs), one half cup (two ozs) shredded sharp cheddar cheese, two tablespoons light raisins, two tablespoons butter or margarine, melted, two tablespoons orange juice, one quarter teaspoon salt and one eighth teaspoon ground cinnamon. Have pocket cut in

each chop on the fat side. Salt and pepper inside of pockets. Toss together bread cubes, apples, cheese, and raisins. Combine melted butter, orange juice, salt and cinnamon; pour over bread-fruit mixture and mix gently. Stuff pork chops lightly. Place in a shallow baking pan. Bake in oven at 360° for one hour and 15 minutes. Cover lightly with foil; bake 15 minutes more. Makes six servings.

### TO DESTROY CRICKETS OR BEETLES

Put some strong snuff in the cracks and holes from whence they come. The parings of cucumbers will, if strewn about, near their holes, will drive them away.

### A HINT ON BAKING

A basin of water put into the oven with cakes or pastry will keep them from burning.

### CLEANING KNIVES

Vinegar and fruit stains upon knives can be taken off by rubbing the blades with raw potato, and then polishing on the knife-board in the usual manner.

### TO DESTROY FLIES

Strong green tea, sweetened well, and set in saucers about the places where they are the most numerous, will attract and destroy them. This plan is much to be preferred to the use of those horrible fly-papers, which catch the poor insects alive, cruelly torturing them whilst starving them to death.

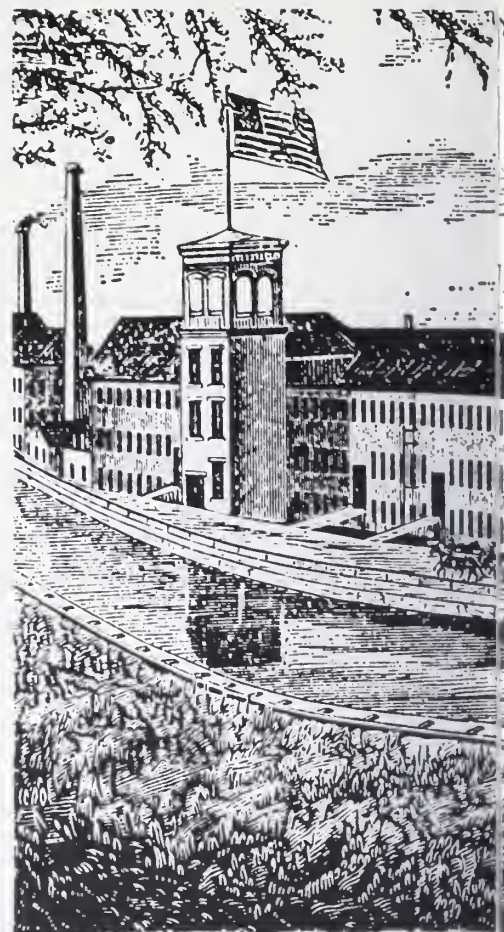
Printing by Andrea Frodema and borders by Rudi Ciecko

**Editor's Note:** Today the Ames Company still exists in the form of the Duprey-Ames Plating Company, and is located on Mountville Rd. in Willimansett.

## *The Ames Companies in Chicopee:*

### *The Civil War and After*

by Lisa Mae Hodnicki



**The Ames Co. of Chicopee, major p**

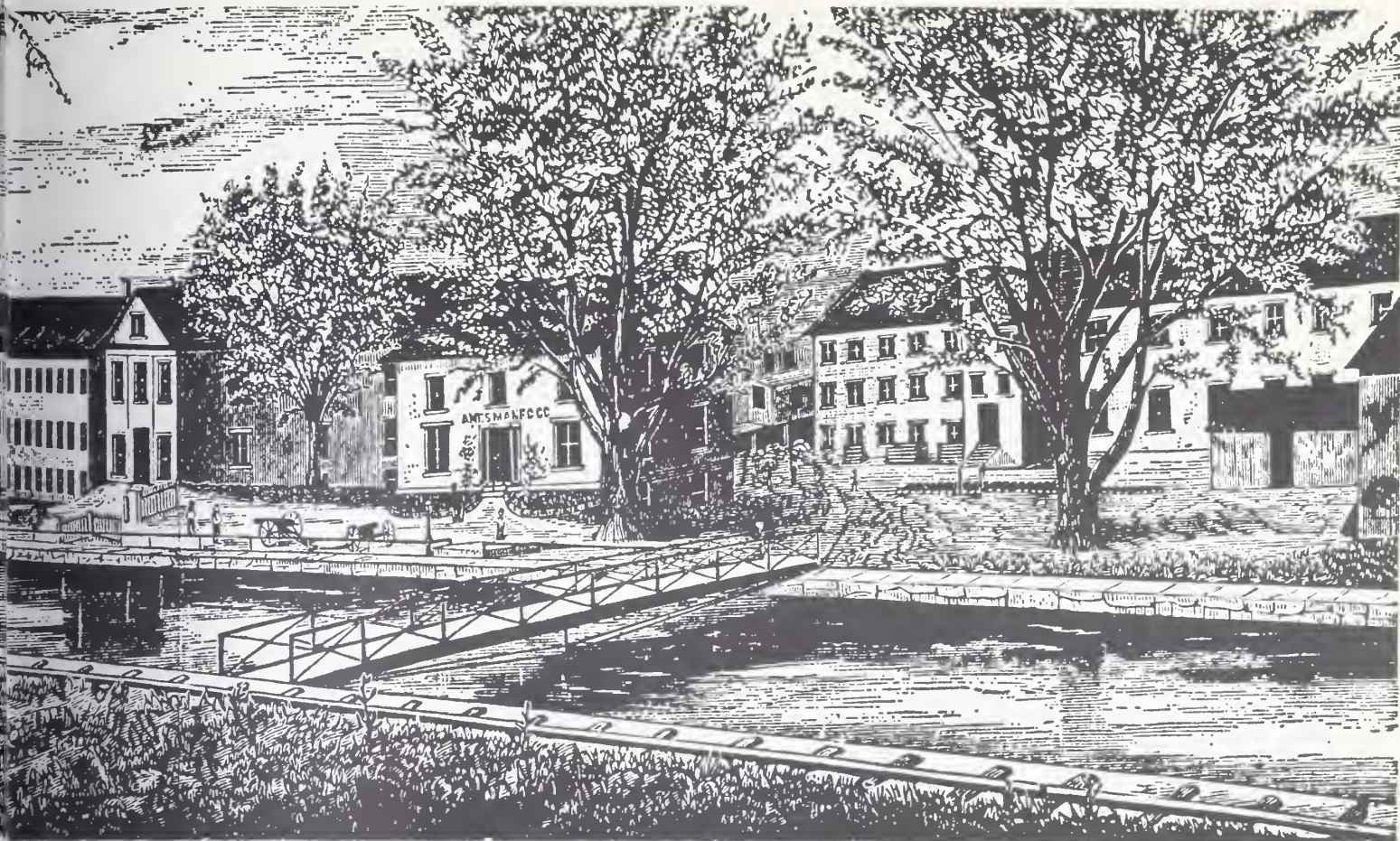
For many years the name "Ames" meant quality, dependability and service to people both here and abroad. When someone ordered from "Ames", he was sure to get well-made products soon. For about a hundred years, the Ames Manufacturing Companies brought fame to Chicopee, where they made statues, tools, machines, weapons, and uniforms.

It all started here in 1829, when the renowned Boston financier Edmund Dwight encouraged and helped Nathan Peabody Ames Sr. to relocate his famous Chelmsford, Massachusetts tool shop in Chicopee Falls, where Dwight had a summer home and where there was a vacant factory. In 1831, impressed with the quality of Ames swords, the federal government began to order from that company. Other requests streamed in from everywhere. In fact, by 1834, the demand for Ames goods had increased so markedly, that James Taylor Ames and Nathan Peabody Ames Jr., who were the founder's sons and the new managers of the company, moved it to a specially built, new, larger factory in what is now Chicopee. In 1840, the State of Virginia asked for six special swords, for each of which she paid one thousand dollars. In the same year, Nathan P. Ames Jr., a well-known munitions expert, was sent by the United States government to Europe to observe foreign methods of ordnance manufacture. From

that experience, he learned much which aided both the company and the nation. Also, a well-timed, expensive, and extensive reorganization was completed just before the Mexican War, which kept the establishment busy with orders for arms and for honorary presentation swords. The Ames Manufacturing Company, Incorporated, was under contract to supply the Springfield, Massachusetts and Harpers Ferry, Virginia Armories, the only two in the United States.

Then came the disastrous Civil War. While Ames was filling a federal order for the Harpers Ferry Armory, the armory fell into Confederate hands. Federal officials recommended diversion of those supplies to the Springfield Armory. These supplies helped the Union get started.

The Ames Manufacturing Company was a big asset to the Union. George Ashmun, a powerful Western Massachusetts politician, let it be known even to President Abraham Lincoln, that Ames was well qualified to supply the Union with arms. Edward Stanton, the Union Secretary of War, advised his department's officials that orders sent to Ames would be quickly and satisfactorily filled. Thus the Ames factory suddenly found itself very busy, and also found that further expansion was necessary.



producer of arms in the Civil War, occupied these plants near the Chicopee Center canal during that period.

Urgent requests for many types of arms were sent to the factory. To deal with these, five hundred men, more than ever before, were working for Ames. In 1861, fifteen hundred badly needed muskets were manufactured. After different and better machinery was made there, Ames turned out thirty-five hundred of them each month. By the middle of the war, one thousand men were employed there. The number slowly dropped to five hundred by the end of the war. These men labored from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m., Monday through Saturday, for two dollars a day.

Cannons were also important Civil War weapons. When the war began, no American commercial establishment was prepared to cast them. The Ames Manufacturing Company, which is believed to have been the first American firm to cast anything, already had had a wide experience in the casting of statues. Ames outfitted itself for the casting of cannons. There the rifled cannon was developed. However, smooth bore cannons, which require reborings, were used much more. Soon, each week seven cannons left the factory. This was more than enough to equip a battery, which is the smallest artillery fighting unit. That is very important because the army had such a large number of artillery mountings with no artillery on them, that it had asked for constant manufacture of cannons.

During the war, four hundred and thirty-five mountain howitzers, which had greater accuracy, range and speed, as well as deeper penetration than regular cannons, were made there. Demands for these cannons increased after Bull Run, the battle which proved that the Union would have a harder time defeating the Confederacy than had been thought previously. Then the Ames Manufacturing Company invented the Cohorn mortar, the most destructive type of Civil War cannon, and made more than two hundred of them by 1865. That was a lot because Cohorn mortars are big and heavy and difficult to make.

In Addition, Ames was the largest manufacturer of swords, sabers and bayonets for the Union. Early in the war, three thousand swords were made each month. Soon they were able to produce two hundred and fifty each day because they had employed more people. One thousand bayonets also left the factory each month.

At last the war ended. Still the Ames Companies kept busy. A tremendous number of presentation swords were ordered. Every town which the war had touched wished that their hero be honored for his participation in the war by the presentation of an honorary sword and an elaborate outfit. In later years, however, presentation swords were only given



*Photo supplied by the West Point Museum*

*This bronze smoothbore cannon was cast in 1842 and marked "N.P. Ames Founder, Springfield, Massachusetts" (Note: Chicopee was part of Springfield until 1848). During the Mexican War while under the command of Lieutenant John Paul Jones O'Brien, 4th US Artillery, it was lost to the Mexican Army at the Battle of Buena Vista, February 22-23, 1847. At the Battle of Contreras, August 20th, 1847, men of the 4th US Artillery under the command of Captain Simon Henry Drum recaptured the gun.*

for extraordinary feats or to visiting dignitaries. School children's pennies paid for a special Ames sword and outfit for Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd after he had discovered the South Pole. Queen Marie of Rumania was one of the last dignitaries to receive a special sword when she visited the United States. But these were not enough to keep the companies busy. Mail boxes, ticket punches, and almost any types of machinery were made there by contract. Things went on this way until James T. Ames retired as manager of the company in 1872. His successor, A.C. Woodworth, ran things in much the same way, but less efficiently.

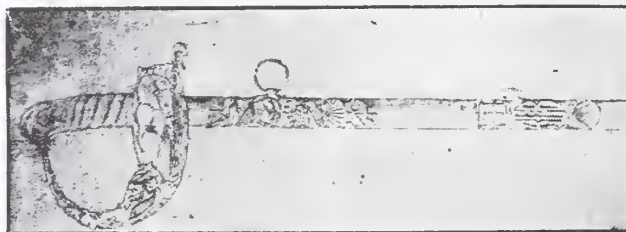
Then it was time to make more weapons. One hundred thousand Ames swords and sabers aided France in the Franco-Prussian War and another two hundred and thirty-six thousand helped Turkey in the Russo-Turkish War. The last large shipment of Ames swords was one for South America. Then in 1880, the sword department of the Ames Manufacturing Companies and that of the nearby Gaylord Manufacturing Company separated from their

respective companies and formed the Ames Sword Company. Charles A. Buckley was appointed manager.

An ambitious reorganization of the Ames Sword Company was undertaken in 1921 in an attempt to coordinate production units which had become inefficient. Fifteen or twenty of their most experienced employees, who had been with the company thirty or forty years, were laid off. The only products made all the time after that were regalia and uniforms of all types. At times the company would get special orders. Many were from theatrical concerns, the armed services and special groups. For the play "The Three Musketeers", one hundred swords with velvet scabbards were manufactured. Five hundred more were soon ordered. A company that was making a motion picture about the Confederacy wanted to use the original sword of Robert E. Lee, the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate forces, to make the movie more authentic. But those in charge of the museum where his sword was on display would not allow the famous sword, now extremely fragile from long use, to be moved. However, they would allow it to be photographed. Ames men went and took a picture of it. Then Ames made such an excellent copy of the original sword that it took the breath away from all who had seen the original.

Soon, however, the Ames Companies ran into financial difficulty. Orders were not what they had been. Besides, operating costs were high in Chicopee. Almost all their large holdings of land were sold and the buildings razed. Only enough space was kept for local sales and repair, and also for the manufacture of uniforms. The rest was moved to suburban Cleveland, Ohio. By the mid nineteen thirties, all of the Ames Manufacturing Companies had moved there, and Chicopee, Massachusetts lost companies that had brought fame and fortune to it for so many years.

It is unfortunate that the Ames Manufacturing Companies found it necessary to leave Chicopee. Still everyone can be proud of the fame Ames brought to itself, Chicopee and the United States. West Point is glad to have an old Ames cannon on its property. Even while the company was preparing to move, inquiries about old Ames products kept coming in. It is considered a great thing to possess something from Ames. The people of Chicopee should rightly be proud that this reputable company chose to spend so many years right here, working to serve our country so well.





# THE FAMOUS BRONZED DOORS

by Karen Wegrzyn

Out of the 550 doors of the Capitol Building, the most beautiful and magnificent ones of all were made right here in Chicopee.

The famous "Bronze Doors" of the East and West wings of the Capitol at Washington were cast by Chicopee residents, Silas Mosman and his son Melzar, who were famous for their military monuments and other works in bronze.

In 1853, a famous sculptor, Thomas Crawford, was Commissioned by the U.S. Government to start designing the doors. Because of his poor health, he went to Italy to do his work, but died before his sketches were completed. The unfinished designs were sent to William Rinehart of Maryland. The completed sketches finally reached Chicopee in 1865.

Silas Mosman was put in charge of the bronze casting of the East Wing doors, done in Chicopee at the Ames Manufacturing Co., which was at that time a leading producer of knives, small tools and ornamental swords. Because of the heavy work involved, Mosman brought in workers from France for help. The two East Wing doors were completed within two years. Each door was 6½ ft. wide and 14 ft. high, and the cost was approximately \$65,000. The doors reached Washington in 1868.

There was a time span of 38 years between the completions of the two sets of doors. The second pair intended for the West Wing were also designed by Thomas Crawford. Melzar Mosman, son of Silas, was commissioned by the U.S. Government to cast the doors. The casting was done in Chicopee, and completed in May of 1905.

A description of the doors published at that time read: "The doors are in two leaves, or halves, hung from a frame also of bronze, the whole weighing about seven tons. Each leaf has a top panel of open design, consisting of a star surrounded by a laurel wreath, with oak branches on each side, below are three panels and a medallion depicting scenes from the Revolutionary War. The right half portrays "War," the panels showing the Battle of Bunker Hill, Battle of Monmouth, and Yorktown, and the Medallion represents a Hessian soldier fighting a New Jersey farmer. The left side door, in the same order portrays "Peace," and Washington entering New York for his inauguration, and the Medallion represents peace and agriculture."





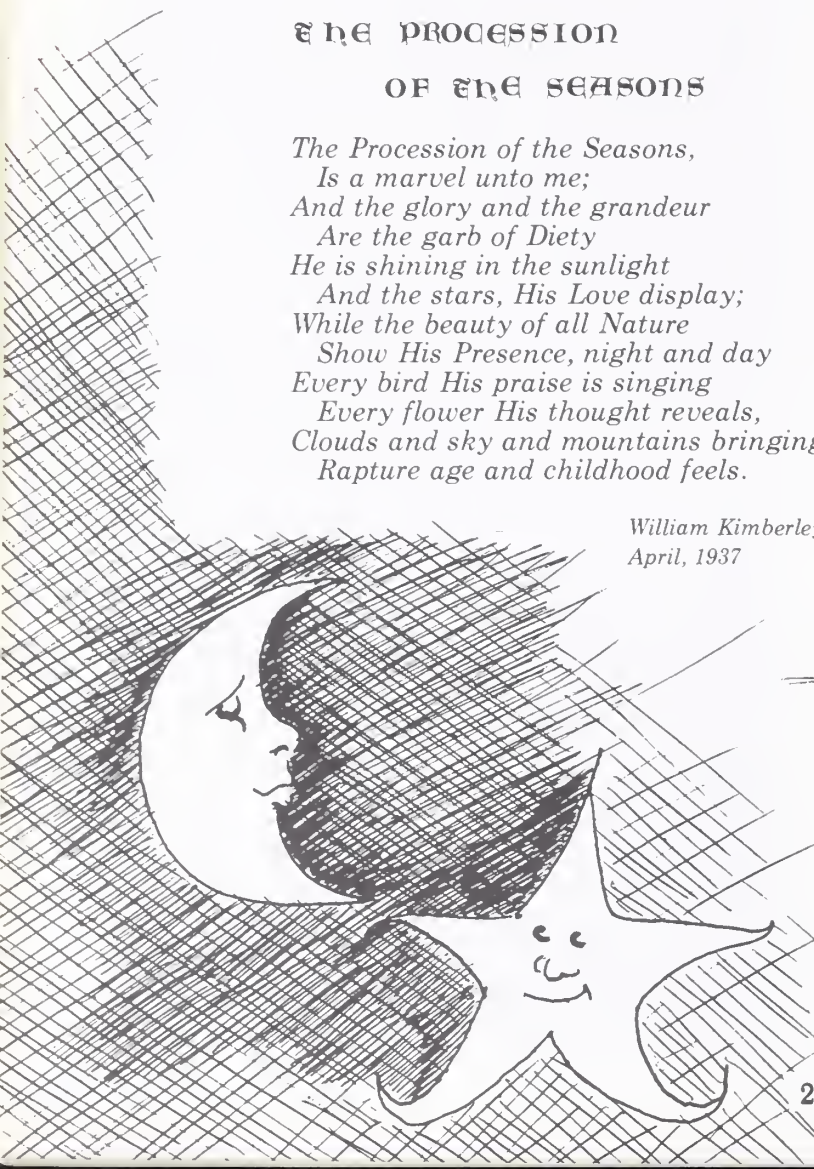
William Kimberley Palmer was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, in March, 1856. He lived there for ten years and his family moved to Chicopee, Massachusetts in 1865.

William K. Palmer was a very well-known poet in Chicopee, and throughout the area. He was a graduate of Chicopee High School in the year 1872. Following graduation, he went to New York to secure a job with Charles Scribner's & Sons, publisher. Mr. Palmer returned to the Chicopee area where he spent the last ten years of his life, and here he wrote most of his poems. He died on August 1, 1938, at the Mercy Hospital. The following are some of his more well-known poems:

### THE PROCESSION OF THE SEASONS

*The ProceSSION of the Seasons,  
Is a marvel unto me;  
And the glory and the grandeur  
Are the garb of Diety  
He is shining in the sunlight  
And the stars, His Love display;  
While the beauty of all Nature  
Show His Presence, night and day  
Every bird His praise is singing  
Every flower His thought reveals,  
Clouds and sky and mountains bringing  
Rapture age and childhood feels.*

William Kimberley Palmer  
April, 1937



Sketch by Claus Kormannshaus

# SOME OF WILLIMANSETT'S FOLK



*Time came and stood beside me  
 One early Augsut morn  
 "Thy ink and pen, pray take thee,  
 These names thy rhymes adorn  
 Good Deacon Orange Chapin  
 Who wrote 'The Chapin Book',  
 Within that tome each Chapin  
 For pedigree doth look;  
 Also wiite Walter Palmer,  
 A kindly-hearted man,  
 A shrewd New England farmer  
 Whose house you still can scan;  
 The Frinks, the Days, the Newells  
 Their memory I prize,  
 Their wives were household jewels  
 Now gone to Paradise.  
 The Chapins and Aunt Doshia,  
 Whitman and Edward, too,  
 The Griswolds, Pendletons and Skeeles,  
 No better folk there grew.  
 What memories the past reveals  
 The Wrights, the Whitneys, Browns,  
 Aunt Cynthia, William Burr  
 Write, write these good names down,  
 Whom our affections stir.*

*The Smiths, the Strattons, Atkins, too,  
 The Gowdys, Bannisters,  
 The gallant Davitts—they we knew,  
 Whose courage never errs  
 And children kind—and girls and boys  
 Come crowding in my mind.  
 Write down their worth that all the earth  
 Rejoice in young mankind.  
 In Beulah chapel too, some be  
 Of gentle folk and blest,  
 And where the red brick church you see,  
 Where Catholics seek rest  
 These churches teach the way of love,  
 The path of joy and peace,  
 Long may their spires point us above  
 Tho where all trials, cease."  
 Then Time said, "Williamansett hath  
 A warm place in my heart  
 But I must journey onward in my path.  
 May this young, Thriving mart  
 Outgrow the floods, and ever be  
 Hampden—a source of pride to thee."*

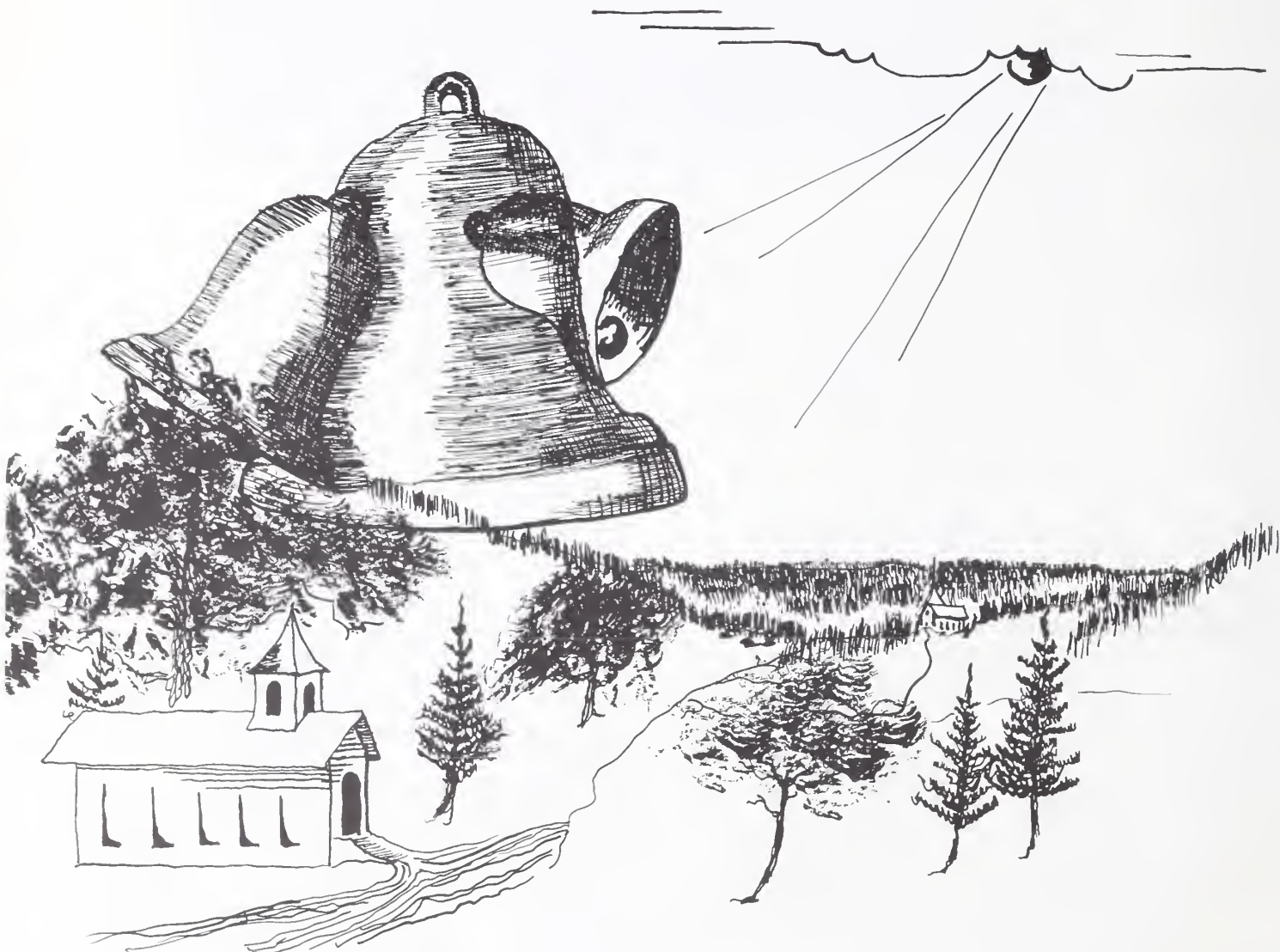
*Sketch by Nancy LaRiviere*

# THE BELLS

*The bells of Willimansett  
Upon this Lord's Day mourn  
Ring out in joyful greeting;  
"No longer be forlorn."  
"There is now woe or sorrow  
Can crush the Heaven born."  
And from the village of the Falls  
The Church bell chorus calls.*

*Anon, the bells of Holyoke  
Come sounding down the vale:  
"Rejoice all ye believers  
The Christ bodth never fail!"  
And from West Springfield's hillside  
This salutation clear:  
"No trial shall o'erwhelm thee  
Go on! Be of good cheer."*

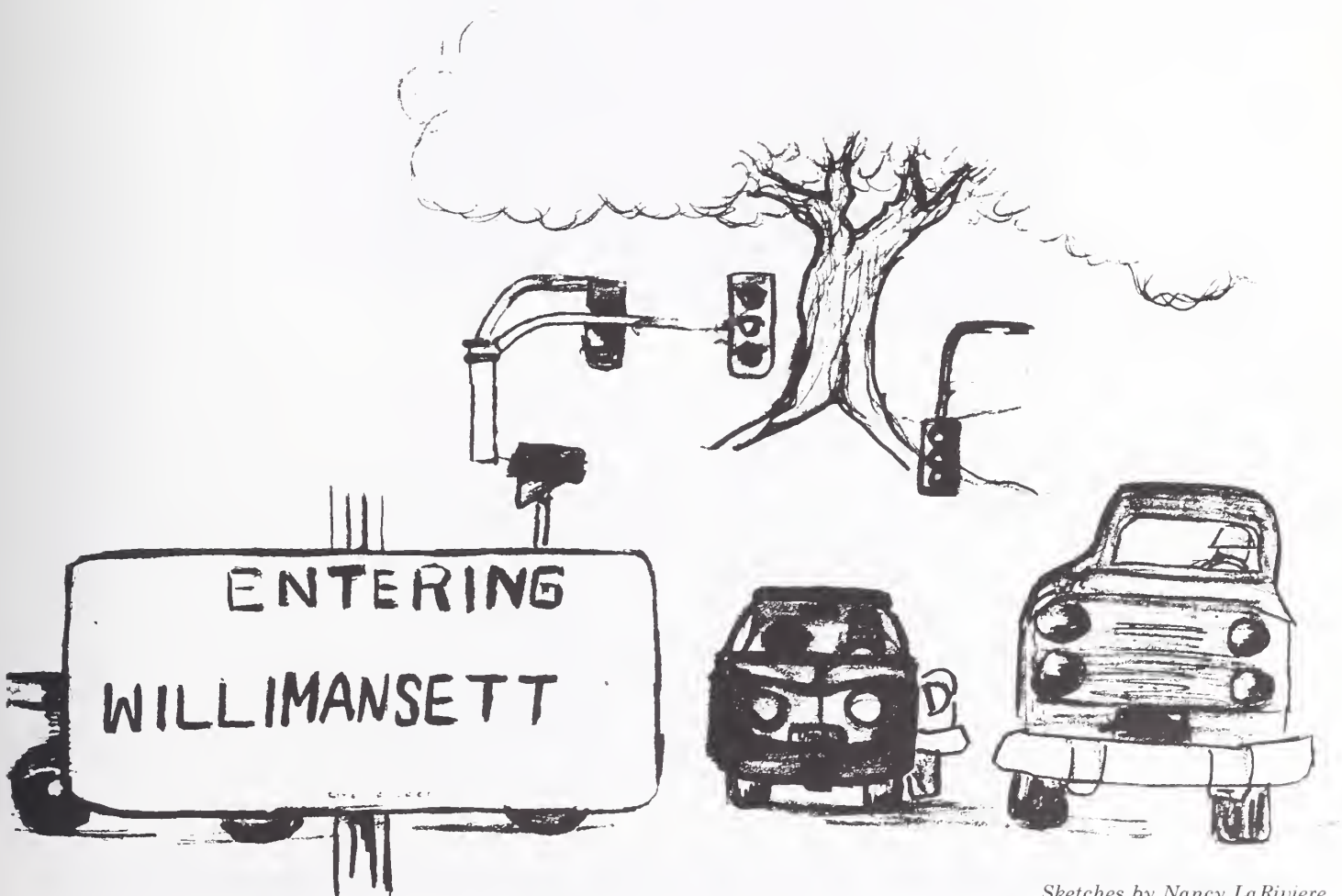
*And as we pause to listen,  
From the twin towers, the bells  
Where worship Polish Catholics,  
Still clear the chorus swells:  
"O, souls of earth, look upward,  
To God, the Father be  
And to the Son and Spirit,  
Praise through Eternity."  
Then, as "Ave Maria"  
Goes soaring to the skies,  
And many a glad "Te Deum"  
To peaceful Paradise;  
We hear the bird songs pealing  
This blessed Sabbath morn  
And little children's voices sweet,  
"Rejoice ye Heaven born!"*



# WILLIMANSETT

*In Willimansett blooms the rose  
The elm grows tall and fair,  
And memory it often goes  
Back to those days so rare,  
Before the trolley car was known,  
The auto but a dream  
When boyhood sat upon the throne  
Of days and nights that gleam.  
Tall stood the pine grove in the vale  
Beside the river deep,  
And in its tide, the shad did glide,  
The pickerel did leap;  
And in the brook, untainted, sweet,  
The trout in beauty grew;  
While overhead the song birds sang  
When Life was young and new.  
Changed is the place, yet well we know  
That fifty years from now  
The children of today will say:  
"Upon that hill's bright brow  
A grove stood there in '22  
So beautiful and free,*

*We wish that we and all of you  
It's foliage could see."  
'Tis true, the years relentless seem  
And many a change draws near,  
Yet those who steadfast, nobly live  
Their record shall endear.  
And tho' ten thousand soon shall live  
Where once but were five score,  
Yet Willimansett hath a place  
Secure for evermore;  
And wider will her influence be  
With each new century.*



Sketches by Nancy LaRiviere



*It is a rare individual whose vision extends beyond the horizon of his time. Such a vista is the inheritance of an uncommonly perceptive and precocious intellect, a mind which not only absorbs the spirit of the age but also anticipates what monuments to progress it will initiate. Edward Bellamy was such an individual. His insight into the social and economic forces that shaped the highly industrialized and competitive world in which he lived prompted speculation: Where does the path lead? What is our destiny? For Bellamy, the answers lay in a utopian adventure in Nationalism, a prophecy of brotherhood and peace, which he shared in Looking Backward.*

*by Nancy Woodard*

---

---

# EDWARD BELLAMY

by Stephen R. Jendrysik

Before 1887, Edward Bellamy was as obscure as the hamlet of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, where he lived. Still a quiet community in the 1880's industrialization had not transformed Chicopee Falls into a Holyoke or a Springfield or a Worcester. But industry had made changes that a sensitive observer like Edward Bellamy could hardly fail to notice. He used some of these impressions in a utopian romance called *Looking Backward*, which he published in 1887, and which turned obscurity to fame.

His name became world-renowned through the sale of over 400,000 copies of the book in the United States, almost as many in England and an equal number in Germany. Besides the German translation, copies were printed in Danish, Swedish, Dutch, French, Italian, Russian, Polish, Hungarian and other languages. A testimonial to his international reputation may be found in the experience of Patrick Shea, postmaster during Bellamy's Time, who declared that mail was correctly routed and promptly delivered to the author from all parts of the world in spite of the fact that some were addressed merely, "Mr. Bellamy, America," or "Mr. Bellamy, United States".

Briefly summarized, *Looking Backward* described the society of 2000 A.D. as a golden age in which cooperation had replaced competition at the core of the economic and social system. Human and economic waste was eliminated; industry was a blessing, not a menace; production was for use, not for profit; humanity enjoyed peace, plenty, leisure, freedom and beauty. Refined, idealistic people of taste, not frothing radicals, had promoted the evolutionary change to the perfect society. In the twentieth century, when control of the nation's economy had become lodged in progressively fewer hands, the government had assumed the right to manage the economy in the interest of the public. The state became the last great trust. "Nationalism"—state ownership of the means of production and distribution—was accomplished peacefully and by majority will. And thereafter the populace lived in harmony and contentment.

All of Bellamy's writing and thinking was an enterprising vision of things to come. He sketched out a map of possibilities and then treated them as probabilities. Bellamy was undoubtedly encouraged by Voltaire who said, "The right of commanding is no longer an advantage transmitted by nature; like an inheritance, it is the fruit of labors, the price of courage."

Bellamy was concerned with the happiness of man, his problems, his feelings, his emotions and man's true standing in time and place. He was concerned with equality for women, children's rights, and man's spiritual and philosophical development along with his economic betterment. His writings showed a penetrating understanding of the nature of personality. His treatment of guilt feelings and brooding over past sin has made a contribution to human thinking. Said Arthur Morgan in his biography of Edward Bellamy: "had that field continued to be his dominant life interest, his insight and sanity and his objectiveness might have made his work even more significant than that of Freud."

Bellamy was not a revolutionist; in fact, the Nationalist movement inspired by his book (which is actually looking forward) enforced the partnership of two inherently conflicting interest, Capital and Labor, and eliminated the possibility as well as the motives for revolution. Bellamy's dream does not include violence, disorder, and excess. His is for a regenerate society which is untroubled by antinomian impulses, and which serenely continues its spiraling ascent toward some higher "Solidarity."

Bellamy's contribution was valid then and is valid today and tomorrow, because he persuades people to think about American Society as a whole. Things are slowly moving his way.

Bellamy "caught hold of the wave of the future long before it broke upon the shore." It was Bellamy who insisted that "there is no stronger attribute of human nature than his hunger for comradeship and mutual trust." Bellamy insisted upon society's collective responsibility for each individual's welfare. The American Dream of the brave new world and the land of the free was all so vivid to Bellamy that he exalted it into a religion. This is in line with historian Toynbee who maintains that the mainstream of man's history shows that the only solution to the riddle of pain is for men to learn to revere each other in the realization that God is love.

Edward Bellamy had not read the standard socialist activity in the United States. But his Nationalism did share with "scientific" socialism the goal of an abundant cooperative commonwealth. The immense sale of *Looking Backward* gave collectivism an American audience of which more orthodox Socialists had only dreamed. The assured respectability of Nationalism, however, contrasted sharply with radical militancy. And Bellamy was not one to give practical form to his ideas. Yet the history of modern American Socialism really begins with the

---

---

publication of *Looking Backward*. Bellamy's ideas to which his admirers gave institutional expression in Nationalist clubs, mingled with other contemporary currents of reform in Populism.

Founded in the late 1880's by proper Bostonians, the Nationalist movement was soon preaching public ownership well beyond Massachusetts. Bellamy himself did not join immediately, but the founders consulted the prophet and received his blessing. Though other states had more than the eleven clubs chartered in Massachusetts, the Bay State remained the heart of the movement. The official journals, one of which Bellamy edited, were published in Massachusetts. Nationalists in the Commonwealth were active and articulate, and soon resolved themselves into a political pressure group that served as an example for their fellows elsewhere.

Bellamy's weekly "The Nation" was also founded "to educate the public towards bringing about an industrial system based upon the principles of human brotherhood"; in 1897 Bellamy was terribly plagued by tuberculosis but his famous Equality was published just the same; it was also the year Eugene Debs formed the Social Democrat Party.

Edward Bellamy was known to his friends and family as courteous, keen and the possessor of a

subtle sense of humor. He had an enormous interest in people of all walks of life, and during the depression of the 1890's streams of "Tramps" called at his home where they were treated with civility and charity by the man who possessed the "gracious touch" and faithfully practiced what he preached. It was somewhat of a distraction to his wife to find that her husband, unable to turn anyone away, gave his clothes to some needy visitor.

In 1898, and all too soon, the Great American Prophet, as philosopher John Dewey called Bellamy, closed his eyes on May 22 in Chicopee, Massachusetts.

Said John Dewey, "The worth of Bellamy's books in effecting a translation of the ideas of democracy into economic terms is incalculable. What Uncle Tom's Cabin was to the anti-slavery movement, Bellamy's books (by now translated into 33 languages including Braille) may well be to the shaping of popular opinion for a new social order."

Edward Bellamy's gentle, reforming creed becomes the theme of America's twentieth Century, from Wilson, Roosevelt and Kennedy; the American Liberal Creed has its roots in a Little White Greek Revival House on Church Street in Chicopee, Massachusetts.



*Residence of the Late Edward Bellamy*



---

---

# Looking Backward

2000 - 1887

WHEN I awoke I felt greatly refreshed, and lay a considerable time in a dozing state, enjoying the sensation of bodily comfort. The experiences of the day previous, my waking to find myself in the year 2000, the sight of the new Boston, my host and his family, and the wonderful things I had heard, were a blank in my memory. I thought I was in my bed-chamber at home, and the half-dreaming, half-waking fancies which passed before my mind related to the incidents and experiences of my former life. Dreamily I reviewed the incidents of Decoration Day, my trip in company with Edith and her parents to Mount Auburn, and my dining with them on our return to the city. I recalled how extremely well Edith had looked, and from that fell to thinking of our marriage; but scarcely had my imagination begun to develop this delightful theme than my waking dream was cut short by the recollection of the letter I had received the night before from the builder announcing that the new strikes might postpone indefinitely the completion of the new house. The chagrin which this recollection brought with it effectually roused me. I remembered that I had an appointment with the builder at eleven o'clock, to discuss the strike, and opening my eyes, looked up at the clock at the foot of my bed to see what time it was. But no clock met my glance, and what was more, I instantly perceived that I was not in my room. Starting up on my couch, I stared wildly round the strange apartment.

I think it must have been many seconds that I sat up thus in bed staring about, without being able to regain the clew to my personal identity. I was no more able to distinguish myself from pure being during those moments than we may suppose a soul in the rough to be before it has received the ear-marks, the individualizing touches which make it a person. Strange that the sense of this inability should be such anguish! but so we are constituted. There are no words for the mental torture I endured during this helpless, eyeless groping for myself in a boundless void. No other experience of the mind gives probably anything like the sense of absolute intellectual arrest from the loss of a mental fulcrum, a starting point of thought, which comes during such a momentary obscuration of the sense of one's identity. I trust I may never know what it is again.

I do not know how long this condition had lasted,—it seemed an interminable time,—when, like a flash, the recollection of everything came back to me. I remembered who and where I was, and how I had come here, and that these scenes as of the life of yesterday which had been passing before my mind concerned a generation long, long ago mouldered to dust. Leaping from bed, I stood in the middle of the room clasping my temples with all my might between my hands to keep them from bursting. Then I fell prone on the couch, and, burying my face in the pillow, lay without motion. The reaction which was inevitable, from the mental elation, the fever of the intellect that had been the first effect of my tremendous experience, had arrived. The emotional crisis which had awaited the full realization of my actual position, and all that it implied, was upon me, and with set teeth and laboring chest, gripping the bedstead with frenzied strength, I lay there and fought for my sanity. In my mind, all had broken loose, habits of feeling, associations of thought, ideas of persons and things, all had dissolved and lost coherence and

were seething together in apparently irretrievable chaos. There were no rallying points, nothing was left stable. There only remained the will, and was any human will strong enough to say to such a weltering sea, "Peace, be still"? I dared not think. Every effort to reason upon what had befallen me, and realize what it implied, set up an intolerable swimming of the brain. The idea that I was two persons, that my identity was double, began to fascinate me with its simple solution of my experience.

I knew that I was on the verge of losing my mental balance. If I lay there thinking, I was doomed. Diversion of some sort I must have, at least the diversion of physical exertion. I sprang up, and, hastily dressing, opened the door of my room and went down-stairs. The hour was very early, it being not yet fairly light, and I found no one in the lower part of the house. There was a hat in the hall, and, opening the front door, which was fastened with a slightness indicating that burglary was not among the perils of the modern Boston, I found myself on the street. For two hours I walked or ran through the streets of the city, visiting most quarters of the peninsular part of the town. None but an antiquarian who knows something of the contrast which the Boston of to-day offers to the Boston of the nineteenth century can begin to appreciate what a series of bewildering surprises I underwent during that time. Viewed from the house-top the day before, the city had indeed appeared strange to me, but that was only in its general aspect. How complete the change had been I first realized now that I walked the streets. The few old landmarks which still remained only intensified this effect, for without them I might have imagined myself in a foreign town. A man may leave his native city in childhood, and return fifty years later, perhaps, to find it transformed in many features. He is astonished, but he is not bewildered. He is aware of a great lapse of time, and of changes likewise occurring in himself meanwhile. He but dimly recalls the city as he knew it when a child. But remember that there was no sense of any lapse of time with me. So far as my consciousness was concerned, it was but yesterday, but a few hours, since I had walked these streets in which scarcely a feature had escaped a complete metamorphosis. The mental image of the old city was so fresh and strong that it did not yield to the impression of the actual city, but contended with it, so that it was first one and then the other which seemed the more unreal. There was nothing I saw which was not blurred in this way, like the faces of a composite photograph.

Finally, I stood again at the door of the house from which I had come out. My feet must have instinctively brought me back to the site of my old home, for I had no clear idea of returning thither. It was no more homelike to me than any other spot in this city of a strange generation, nor were its inmates less utterly and necessarily strangers than all the other men and women now on the earth. Had the door of the house been locked, I should have been reminded by its resistance that I had no object in entering, and turned away, but it yielded to my hand, and advancing with uncertain steps through the hall, I entered one of the apartments opening from it. Throwing myself into a chair, I covered my burning eyeballs with my hands to shut out the horror of strangeness. My mental confusion was so intense as to produce actual nausea. The anguish of those moments, during

---

---

which my brain seemed melting, or the abjectness of my sense of helplessness, how can I describe? In my despair I groaned aloud. I began to feel that unless some help should come I was about to lose my mind. And just then it did come. I heard the rustle of drapery, and looked up. Edith Leete was standing before me. Her beautiful face was full of the most poignant sympathy.

"Oh, what is the matter, Mr. West?" she said. "I was here when you came in. I saw how dreadfully distressed you looked, and when I heard you groan, I could not keep silent. What has happened to you? Where have you been? Can't I do something for you?"

Perhaps she involuntarily held out her hands in a gesture of compassion as she spoke. At any rate I had caught them in my own and was clinging to them with an impulse as instinctive as that which prompts the drowning man to seize upon and cling to the rope which is thrown him as he sinks for the last time. As I looked up into her compassionate face and her eyes moist with pity, my brain ceased to whirl. The tender human sympathy which thrilled in the soft pressure of her fingers had brought me the support I needed. Its effect to calm and soothe was like that of some wonder-working elixir.

"God bless you," I said, after a few moments. "He must have sent you to me just now. I think I was in danger of going crazy if you had not come." At this the tears came into her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. West!" she cried. "How heartless you must have thought us! How could we leave you to yourself so long! But it is over now, is it not? You are better, surely."

"Yes," I said, "thanks to you. If you will not go away quite yet, I shall be myself soon."

"Indeed I will not go away," she said, with a little quiver of her face, more expressive of her sympathy than a volume of words. "You must not think us so heartless as we seemed in leaving you so by yourself. I scarcely slept last night, for thinking how strange your waking would be this morning; but father said you would sleep till late. He said that it would be better not to show too much sympathy with you at first, but to try to divert your thoughts and make you feel that you were among friends."

"You have indeed made me feel that," I answered. "But you see it is a good deal of a jolt to drop a hundred years, and although I did not seem to feel it so much last night, I have had very odd sensations this morning." While I held her hands and kept my eyes on her face, I could already even jest a little at my plight.

"No one thought of such a thing as your going out in the city alone so early in the morning," she went on. "Oh, Mr. West, where have you been?"

Then I told her of my morning's experience, from my first waking till the moment I had looked up to see her before me, just as I have told it here. She was overcome by distressful pity during the recital, and, though I had released one of her hands, did not try to take from me the other, seeing, no doubt, how much good it did me to hold it. "I can think a little what this feeling must [have] been like," she said. "It must have been terrible. And to think you were left alone to struggle with it! Can you ever forgive us?"

"But it is gone now. You have driven it quite away for the present," I said.

"You will not let it return again," she queried anxiously.

"I can't quite say that," I replied. "It might be too early to say that, considering how strange everything will still be to me."

"But you will not try to contend with it alone again, at least," she persisted. "Promise that you will come to us, and let us sympathize with you, and try to help you. Perhaps we can't do much, but it will surely be better than to try to bear such feelings alone."

"I will come to you if you will let me," I said.

"Oh yes, yes, I beg you will," she said eagerly. "I would do anything to help you that I could."

"All you need do is to be sorry for me, as you seem to be now," I replied.

"It is understood, then," she said, smiling with wet eyes, "that you are to come and tell me next time, and not run all over Boston among strangers."

This assumption that we were not strangers seemed scarcely strange, so near within these few minutes had my trouble and her sympathetic tears brought us.

"I will promise, when you come to me," she added, with an expression of charming archness, passing, as she continued, into one of enthusiasm, "to seem as sorry for you as you wish, but you must not for a moment suppose that I am really sorry for you at all, or that I think you will long be sorry for yourself. I know, as well as I know that the world now is heaven compared with what it was in your day, that the only feeling you will have after a little while will be one of thankfulness to God that your life in that age was so strangely cut off, to be returned to you in this."



### . . . About the Editors:

They say that too many cooks spoil the broth, but don't believe it. We have had five editors, and over forty members, all of whom have contributed to make what we hope is an attractive, compact and partial (to be continued) story of Chicopee's past. I suppose the first issue would never have come about without the initial step taken by Pam Frame, a Chicopee High School sophomore. Pam wrote to Ellie Lazarus, editor of *Stone Walls*, a similar publication for the hilltowns of the Berkshires, and asked for information about starting a magazine. The response was informative, and also included an invitation to Ellie's home in Huntington. Our staff met with their staff; we learned, and we could sense that they really enjoyed it. A book could probably be written about the interim, but it will suffice to say that from our efforts, we now present *Skipmunk*, Volume I.

As our book began to take shape, Pam Frame's organization was nicely complemented by the needed wit of Theresa Kolish, and the perseverance of Linda Lortie, also Chicopee High coeds. Theresa offered ideas and humor at the times when they were most needed, and Linda voiced strong opinion, leadership, and, in essence, kept the ball rolling, when it seemed that some were going astray.

Finally, the medals for the most overwrought editors must go to Sarah Ogozalek and Deborah LeBlanc. The latter supplied much of the creativity for this issue, and both supplied the main thrust of the time consuming task of screening, editing, proofreading, and arranging the articles. I sincerely believe that the magazine would not have come about without the incessant efforts of Sarah and Deborah.

The editors of *Skipmunk* will continue to work to bring Chicopee its second of the continuing quarterly series. But they would also like to extend an invitation to the citizens of Chicopee to become actively involved in the magazine, for it is our wish that *Skipmunk* will continue to be a part of Chicopee's future, long after the present staff has moved on to other pursuits.

*Stephen Olivo*

### . . . Our contributors:

**Debbie Morin** sketched our cover, City Hall. A 1976 graduate of Chicopee High School, Debbie is presently an art major at Holyoke Community College.

**Eileen M. Carey** is an upperclassperson at the Elms College. In recent years she has worked closely with the Chicopee Historical Commission.

**Theresa Kolish** and **Nancy Chapdelaine** are Chicopee High School sophomores. As well as being sports enthusiasts, Theresa has served as editor of *Skipmunk*, while Nancy heads the interviewing staff.

**Andrea Frodema** is also a Chicopee High School sophomore with an obvious talent for art.

**Ann Marie Starzyk**, a Chicopee High freshman at Kirby School enjoys sports and reading, as well as writing for *Skipmunk*.

**Nancy Woodard**, a member of the English Department at Chicopee High, helped in writing the "Belchers" and serves as *Skipmunk's* grammatical consultant.

**Karen Wegrzyn** is a Chicopee High co-ed who seems headed toward a successful career in art.

**Sue Bousquet**, a teacher at St. Joan of Arc School in Aldenville, presently serves as the chairperson of the Chicopee Historical Commission, and is deeply concerned with the preservation of Chicopee's historic buildings.

**Doris Bresnahan** is a chief librarian at the Chicopee Center Library, where she once served under Bessie Kerr.

**Stephen R. Jendrysik**, a local historian, heads the Bellamy Association and teaches at Chicopee Comprehensive High School.

**Nancy LaRiviere** is a talented art student at Chicopee High School.

**Patty Saunders**, amateur poet, is a senior co-ed at Chicopee High School.

**Rudy Ciecko** aids *Skipmunk* with his art, design, and creativity. A 1976 graduate of Chicopee High School, Rudy has attended Holyoke Community College as an art major.

**Lisa Mae Hodnicki**, a Junior at the Elms College, is a Spanish major and has recently worked with the Chicopee Historical Commission.

**Claus Kormannshaus** is a senior at Chicopee High School, and has an obvious flare for art.

**Kim Crochiere**, a Chicopee High School Senior, has supplied many of our photos, and plans a career in Photography.

**Stephen Olivo** is a member of the English Department at Chicopee High School, and serves as the advisor for *Skipmunk Magazine*.

**The Chicopee Center Public Library**, particularly **Mrs. Allen**, **Mrs. Rita Thormeyer**, and **Doris Bresnahan**, get our final and most sincere thanks for devoting time, patience, space, and many words of encouragement to the *Skipmunk* staff.



## *Our Heart's In Chicopee*

Before Chicopee became a city . . . Chicopee Savings was already rooted in Market Square, serving its citizens in the home of Jerome Wells, its' first president. That was in 1854 and Chicopee Savings was located where the Chicopee Public Library now stands.

In 1874 . . . to better accommodate our many patrons, we moved to larger facilities on the ground floor of what is now the revised version of the Market Square Hotel. In 1924, we moved once more. This time to 36 Center Street, just a few steps from Market Square.

Then, in 1973, bowing to our ever increasing number of patrons, our main office shifted another few steps to our present location, a new million dollar building at 70 Center Street. Then we added a satellite facility at 596 East Street with another opening at the Fairfield Mall soon.

As we start our 124th year of serving Chicopee, you might say we're deeply rooted and attached to Chicopee, scarcely a block from where we started.

You know, our heart's in Chicopee. We've helped to shape its history — and became part of its history. Today, we're Chicopee's oldest continuing established corporation. .

For this success . . . we thank you and your parents and their parents!

# **CHICOPEE SAVINGS**