A

MAYNARD

SAMPLER

1871 - 1996

FORWARD

The Town of Maynard was incorporated April 19, 1871 and in celebration of its one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday we are proud to present this booklet on varied subjects relating to the history of our town.

The story that unfolds is an extension of the work done by the authors of "*The History of Maynard*" published by the Maynard Historical Society in 1971.

It is our pleasure to present this collection of stories to you as they were written and hope that there is something of interest for everyone.

Maynard Historical Committee

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FOND MEMORIES

I have fond memories of a time before all the beautiful open land was given up to new homes and shopping centers. Today no berry bushes can be found alongside the stonewalls that once bordered the roads. No chestnut, walnut, butternut, beechnut or hazelnut trees to shake the fruit from, no wild grapes to pick. I miss the aroma of jellies being made; of picalilli and mustard pickle. I remember the smell of pumpkin and apples pies, of fruitcakes being prepared for Christmas and of chestnuts roasting on the lids of the black iron stove. There were many things we did not have, but we had our faith and we had one another.

Ralph L. Sheridan

We dedicate this booklet to the memory of Ralph Sheridan.

August 6, 1898 - June 30,1996

Maynard Historical Committee

"AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING"

By Elizabeth Schnair
For the Maynard Historical Society

Observance of the tremendous amount of traffic and activity that make up the daily hustle and bustle in the small town of Maynard makes it difficult to conceive a picture of this area without a "main" street or even a "great" road. Unbelievable as this may seem, such was the situation back in 1700 when the territory east of the Assabet was Sudbury, and west of it, Stow. There were no bridges connecting the two settlements until 1716 when the town of Sudbury voted that "there be a horse bridge built over the Assabet River between lands of Timothy Gibson and Thomas Burt." This first bridge was known as the Dr. Wood's Bridge on the New Lancaster Road which we know now as Russell's Bridge. (The present bridge was re-built in 1929, no doubt it had been re-built several times previously.)

With the building of the bridge, the New Lancaster Road became one of the earliest main highways in this vicinity. It ran northwesterly from Sudbury Center and intersected the Old Marlboro and Concord Roads near the Old Rice Tavern at the present Old Puffer Road. It continued in a westerly direction for about three miles, crossing Dr. Wood's Bridge to White Pond Road, and into Stow Lower Village near the cemetery (just below the present Erkinen Garage.) From here, travel was made to Lancaster and Fitchburg on a main road.

The area along the New Lancaster road easily attracted settlement. It was excellent farm country. Many natural brooks and springs run through it and irrigation was no problem. Farming was, of course, the principle business in those early days.

Other bridges were built but not for about 100 years later. The Ben Smith Bridge, built in 1816, opened the Great Road, and made travel from Sudbury to Stow more direct and comfortable to ride upon. The Paper Mill Bridge (crossing the Assabet on Waltham Street) was erected in 1840, and the Main Street Bridge was built in 1848 at "Mr. Knight's Factory."

The area of the New Lancaster Road holds much interest to members of the Maynard Historical Society. In this territory lived some of the first prominent Maynard citizens, some of whom exerted their influence to incorporating the new town. Sudbury designated the location as "the Northwest District." We were anxious to explore in, around, over and under anything and everywhere! So, I made arrangements through the Commanding Officer of Natick Laboratories to conduct two field trips into their Military Reservation, which now has the only access to the area. The two excursions were made on Sundays May 15th and 22nd, 1955.

Don Lent, head of Maynard Public Works Dept., and Ray Sheridan were asked to be our guides, since both men were familiar with the land. Don's old homestead on Puffer Road was one of those surrendered to the Reservation.

Others making the tour were Selectman Roland Wright of Stow, whose vast knowledge of historical data is of great value, Ralph Sheridan, Winnie Hearon, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Waldron, Walter Mattson and myself.

We started from the gate at the end of White Pond Road, making the first stop at the Stow-Maynard marker on the Old Gately Land. We then made our first entrance on to the Old Puffer Road (which also is the New Lancaster Road.) The next stop-off was the location of what would be one of the oldest houses in Maynard -- the old Jim Haynes place. Other families who lived there were Petersons, Quigleys, and lastly, the Everett Sarvela family. Nothing remains here now that bears witness of a house being there. Pictures that Mr. Sarvela turned over to me show the house with a low slopping roof and a scant foundation appearing almost to be setting directly atop the ground. This may be why no evidence of a foundation was there. There were, however, two beautiful spruce trees at the center of a semi-circular driveway standing like permanent guardians over priceless memories.

Don Lent's old home was our next stop. Between Sarvelas and Lent's homes ran Honey Pot Brook. It is said the old time farmers used the brook to cool milk in the containers, and they claimed it made the milk sweet as honey. That is how the brook was named.

This was the first time Don had visited his homestead since the house had been demolished. Here, also, were two huge Linden trees which Don tells us faced and framed his front doorway. He also located an old mailbox post-dried and rotted but he recognized it. The two Lindens looked sadly at us as we proceeded down the road. Don and Ray pointed out where the old water line from White's Pond crossed the Puffer Road. We could also see there a roadway once connected Puffer Road with Taylor Road.

Our next stop was at the Jonathan Puffer home, another of the oldest homes. It was acquired by the Puffer family in 1743 from Ephram Pratt and remained for several generations of Puffers. Jonathan Puffer was one of the signers of the petition to incorporate the town of Maynard. The last puffer descendent to be born at this home was George Newton, prominent Maynard resident of recent years.

To the north of this house was a farm and home belonging to the Anderson family. Land for this farm was purchased from the Puffer land.

In front of these two foundations was the only part of the Puffer road that was covered with macadam. Most of it was sandy and rocky. There is a town bound on the Puffer land, which Ray and Don located for us. This is one of the bounds mentioned in the Act of Incorporation of Maynard.

On the second day of our tour, we entered the Reservation through the Main Gate on the Hudson Road. We spent the first hour trying to locate a Stow-Maynard bound that set in the middle of a railroad track, but were unable to find it. I spoke so admiringly of the beautiful pines there that Ray dug up a small one for me.

We proceeded next to the John Williams property. This is completely inaccessible and we had to be content to view it through a fence. This was not an old place, in comparison to others we had seen, but lovely and interesting. Many stately pines guard it now.

The Rice Tavern was no doubt the highlight for me and this was our next stop. I had read so much about it while doing research and had been curious to find the location. This must have been a fine old building. The foundation is still firmly intact as is a beautiful old well about nine feet deep.

According to Mr. Hudson's history of Maynard, the Rice Tavern was purchased by one Jonathan Rice, Sr., from a Benjamin Crane of Stow in 1685. It was run as a tavern for 100 years. Travellers would stop here for food, drink, rest and change horses. It was also used as a general meeting place, for the early settlers and many matters important to the inhabitants were discussed here. It was closed as a Tavern in 1815. Jonathan Vose ran a farm from there for many years. Mr. Vose's son John, was a school teacher in Maynard and he was also the first town librarian from 1881 to 1885. He was one of the petitioners for the town's Incorporation.

In later years the house was owned by the White family. The ell part of the house was detached and moved into the Old Marlboro Road opposite Vose Playground by one Harold White. Until 1942 it was occupied by the White's. The foundation and front steps can be seen from the road.

We left the Rice Tavern and visited at the Paanenen Farm up the road. This was another fine old farm, but has no historical value. The foundation of a huge silo intrigued me. It is still as firm and sound as the proverbial Rock of Gibralter. Near it was another well covered over with an inverted V-shaped wooden roof.

I had never seen Puffer's Pond although I had heard the name all my life. This was our next stop. I had no idea such a breath-taking beauty was hidden here. But here it was! It was a warm, sunny afternoon, no wind, the pond was completely unruffled. A lovely sandy shore, lined with beautiful pine and birch hugged the Pond securely.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nyman had a summer home here. Mr. Nyman was one of the petitioners for the Incorporation of Maynard in 1871. He also was one of the first three water commissioners in 1888, with Thomas Hillis and Thomas Naylor. Theses three made the contract with the engineers to install the water system into the town.

Mr. Nymans wife, Sara, succeeded Mr. Vose as librarian in 1885 and remained in that post or 44 years until her death in 1929.

The last stop we made inside the compound was the Maynard-Sudbury town bound a short distance from Puffer's Pond. This runs in a direct line with another one at the Maynard-Sudbury line about 50 feet off Route 27. The next bound post is just below St. Bridget's Cemetery on Route 117, and these three for a "V" giving Maynard a sort of diamond shape.

I left the fenced-in territory, my brain swirling with excitement from all that I had seen that day. I imagine, to some people, to be excited about "old farm country" seems ridiculous, but for me, because I have such deep feeling for Maynard and its people, past and present, it is far from the ridiculous. This was where a town had its beginning and flourished. I salute those pioneers who foresaw a future in this territory.

Thriving in my back yard with tender loving care is my 30 inch pine tree. I have named it the "Northwest District Pine" -- in memento.

MAYNARD IN MOURNING

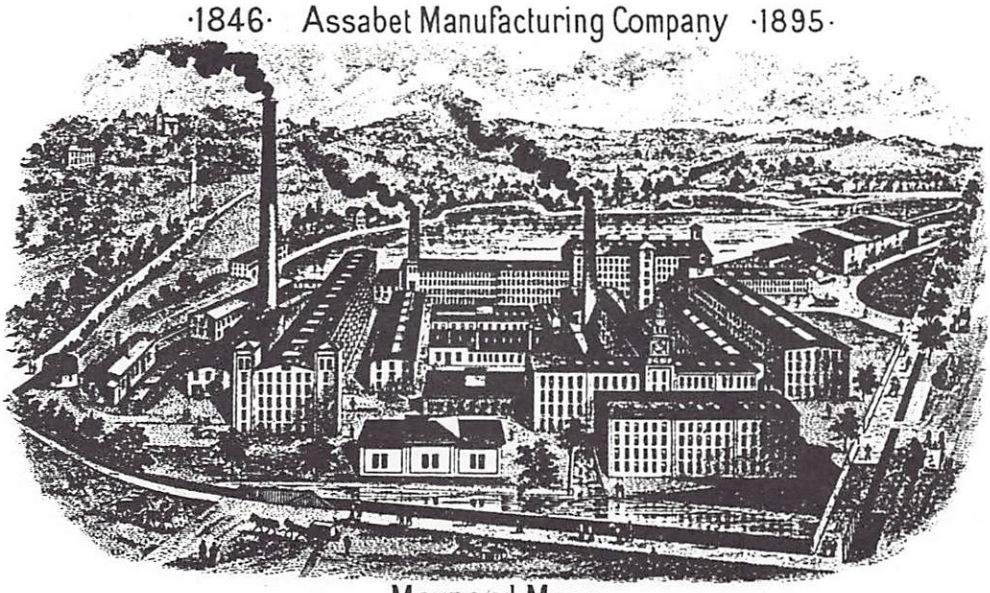
Mr. Maynard was not so absorbed in his mercantile business as to be unmindful of matters of a moral and religious concern. He and his wife were original members of the Evangelical Union Church of Maynard, and gave liberally for its support. Mr. Maynard died at his home March 5, 1890. He retained full possession of his faculties until his eightieth year, when he became enfeebled by a stroke of paralysis, from which he never wholly recovered. His death was the result of an accident which occurred a short time before his death, when he was found in an unconscious condition at the foot of a stairway. Being left for a short time by himself, it is supposed that he attempted to go upstairs, when his limbs failed him and he fell. The funeral took place March 8th, and the following description of the event was published in the *Boston Herald* of that date:

Funeral of Its Founder and Most Prominent Citizen

"Maynard, March 8, 1890. This thriving village has today worn a funeral aspect, and well it might, for all that is mortal of Amory Maynard, the founder of the town, as well as its' most conspicuous local figure for a long period of years, has been consigned to mother earth. Everywhere about the town emblems of mourning have been noticed. In fact, the praises of Amory Maynard are in every one's mouth, and nowhere were more evidences of esteem shown than among the hundreds of operatives who have for many years had reason to regard this venerable and worthy citizen as their friend. The mills of the Assabet Manufacturing Company, which were started by Mr. Maynard, and at the head of which concern he had so long been placed, were closed during the afternoon. All the places of business wore a Sabbath aspect from 1 till 4 o'clock, out of the respect entertained for the deceased. The private service occurred at the family residence on Beechmont, where prayers were offered. In the Congregational Church, with which Amory Maynard had been identified ever since its organization, the

public funeral services occurred, and the structure was filled to overflowing. Among those who came to offer the last tribute to their friend's memory were a great many of the employees of the mills. As the funeral procession entered the church, Rev. David H. Brewer, the Congregationalist pastor of Maynard, read passages of scripture. In his remarks he traced the career of this remarkable man from the time when he started, a poor boy, in the neighboring town of Marlboro, until he had obtained that degree of success in a business way which had enabled him to found one of the leading towns of this commonwealth. The singing was by a selected quartet, composed of local talent. The closing selection was 'God be with us till we meet again.' "

Old business associates from New York, Boston and other localities were present at the funeral services. The remains were taken from their last resting place to the beautiful family tomb at Glenwood which Mr. Maynard constructed years ago.



TALE OF BURIED TREASURE

Pirates went into woods with digging tools, heavy bags. Unfortunately X does not mark the spot.

But there is an historical buried treasure story unique to Maynard. it includes pirates and money and the whole bit, Sheridan sald in a 1991 interview.

The story has been passed down for generations since the late 1800s when Maynard was founded.

Sheridan believes the story grew as storytellers added their own bits of entertainment. No matter what the actual story is, some people believe a treasure exists somewhere in the neighborhood of Route 27 and Great Road.

If the treasure does, or did, exist, what it is remains a mystery according to the "Annals of Sudbury, Wayland and Maynard," by Alfredo Sereno Hudson.

In the early days of Maynard, "during a severe storm in the spring, several persons came to and were quietly quartered in the barn of one of the Smiths," the annals say.

This barn, according to Sheridan, was the Red Fox Inn on Great Road, once owned by the Smith family and now known as the Thompson Farm.

"The unknown visitors were afterwards supposed to have been pirates from the fact that they were very free with their money, paying liberally for what they obtained . . ."

As the story goes, the pirates were later captured, convicted and about to be executed when they wrote to the owner of the Red Fox Inn, a Mr. Smith, and requested he go see them in return for which he would receive valuable benefits.

Smith denied the request and wrote the pirates off as criminals.

But Hudson's annals describe the pirates as going off into the woods with digging tools and heavy bags north of the inn.

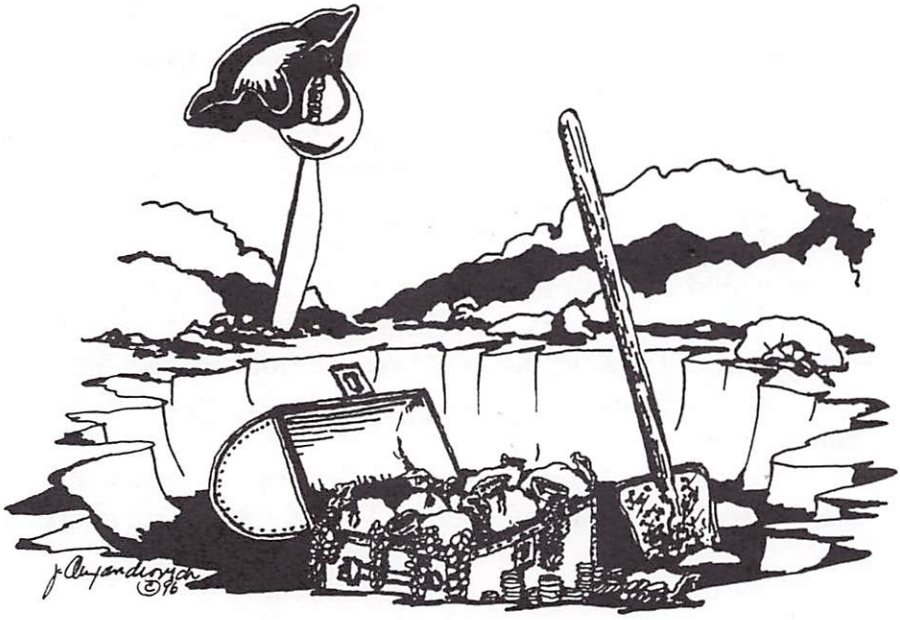
The legends conclude that something was buried in those woods.

But Sheridan was unconvinced. "I don't believe this story," he said, "As far as I'm concerned it's a myth."

But many others do believe it. Sheridan has received calls from people from Pittsburgh and New York who want to dig at the site.

Sheridan also tells people interested in reaping the benefits of such a treasure that the story is just that -- a story.

Excerpted from the Maynard Beacon July 11, 1991.



Monograph on Ruth Trent - Cousin to Lincoln

It seems to be in the nature of human beings to want to bask in the reflected glory of some institutions or illustrious person-like the fellow that tells you as he extends his hand-shake the hand that shook the hand of the President. So also in the case of communities that bask in glory if a person of great reknown is claimed as a native son - so also in any town is felt pride that some of the citizenry claims ancestry back to the Mayflower. In this monograph we have another instance of this pride. The following is taken verbatim from the Maynard News of February 21, 1913. The News was a weekly-predecessor to the Assabet Valley Beacon.

Cousin to Abraham Lincoln
Mrs. Ruth Trent bore that relationship

Mrs. Ruth P. Trent of 32 Parker Street is a cousin to Abraham Lincoln. Her father was a brother to Abraham Lincoln's Mother. Mrs. Trent will be 91 years of age on the 29th day of August and she is one of the very smart old ladies of this county and appears like one much younger than she really is. She goes about the house with the aid of a cane, but does sewing and knitting with great dexterity. She can see to thread her needle with the aid of spectacles, but then that is common to all ages. One of her most enjoyable occupations is the making of braided rugs. She cuts and sews the rags together without assistance and makes some very beautiful rugs, and her home is well supplied with these articles of her own manufacture. Within the past year she has made three patchwork quilts and the work is so nicely done as to arouse the envy of many young and middle aged ladies who are themselves expert sewers. Notwithstanding the fact Mrs. Trent is well along toward the century mark she retains her mental faculties to a remarkable decree and is a good conversationalist. She likes to tell stories of her younger days and remembers all the details as if but yesterday. Upon many subjects she is very interesting for she is a remarkably well posted women. She is a reader and every day

she scans the daily papers for she says she wants to keep up with the times, and she enjoys talking over the current events with friends who call on her.

Mrs. Trent is a devoted Christian, a member of the Congregational Church and although she is now unable to attend Church Services, she highly enjoys the devotional exercises which are held with friends who call and see her.

She was born in Attleboro. Her father was Minor Phillips, a well-to-do- farmer, who a few years after the birth of his daughter Ruth, moved to Winslow, Maine, where he remained for a number of years, then went West and later returned to Attleboro where he died. Mrs. Phillips, Ruth's mother, died and was buried in Winslow, Maine.

At the age of 30 years, Ruth married John S. Trent of London, England, an Englishman who came over to this country, and the newly married couple settled in Middlefield in this state. Four children were born to them, Anne F. and Julia A. were twins, Mae and Maude, 3 of whom are now living. Anne and Julia, the twins were never married and are living in Ballarsville, Maude married James Higgins who is a resident of Maynard and proprietor of the grocery store at 5 Waltham Street.

The house that Mrs. Trent lived in is the present home of Sirkka and Alric French. The store James Higgins occupied was in the approximate location of the United Cooperative gas station on Waltham Street.

Mrs. Trent died September 5, 1918, 96 years old and is interred in Glenwood Cemetery. There were no records kept, or if kept were poorly organized, for a search of Glenwood Cemetery files disclosed a James Higgins lot, his wife Maude and her sister Julia buried in the Higgins lot but no Ruth Trent. It is a large lot adjoining the G.A.R. lot and the assumption is that this is where Abe Lincoln's cousin is buried.

I am indebted to Miss Janette Taylor for aid in this monograph.

B. R. Koski -- November 1964

THE BOSTON POST CANE

An interesting sidelight into memorabilia of half a century ago was the travels of the Boston Post Cane. Apparently this newspaper thought it would increase its circulation by presenting a cane to the Selectmen of all the towns in Massachusetts, who in turn would present it to the oldest inhabitant to use until death, or removal elsewhere, then it would pass on to the next oldest.

All the dates that follow are from the Maynard News:

August 20, 1909 - Lewis Stetson Towne, residing with his daughter, Mrs. Daniel Parmenter, was the first recipient of the Boston Post Cane, a handsome goldheaded ebony cane. He used to run the wheelwright shop next to John Glynn, the blacksmith. He is ninety years of age.

December 23, 1910 - The cane was passed on to Gavin Taylor, Brooks St., age 89.

December 27, 1912 - Gavin Taylor died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William Gutterridge. He was born in Scotland, and was assistant overseer of weaving for thirty-five years. Joel Parmenter is thought to be the next in line.

April 18, 1919 - Selectman Binks presents the cane to Edward Henderson, Pleasant Street, 85 years of age. Four have held the cane so far.

September 26, 1919 - Selectman Binks presents cane to John Fix, age 91. Next in line is Dennis Callahan, 87, and Sumner Rogers, 84.

May 28, 1920 - Dennis Callahan, age 90, holder of the Boston Post Cane, still going strong, vegetable garden and all.

January 13, 1922 - John K. Fix, 3 Parker Street, passes on. He was born in Germany in 1830. He was head machinist at the woolen mills and later at the powder mills.

January 20, 1922 - Dennis Callahan received the Boston Post Cane from Selectman Binks. He is ninety-five years old.

(As you must note, the above dates somehow got mixed up in the newspaper, and who the holder of the cane was during this period. - Author)

November 27, 1925 - Joel Parmenter dies at age 90.
December 25, 1925 - Daniel Coughlin presented cane at age 85.
October 26, 1928 - Daniel Coughlin, 15 Maple Street, passes on at age 89. He was born in Ireland, resident of Maynard for sixty-five years. he is survived by daughters Mrs. Albert Sylvester, Mrs. Catherine Bariteau, Miss Nellie Coughlin, and sons Daniel, Bartholomew and Thomas.

This was the last date that we have out of the Maynard News. We checked with Mrs. Jeremiah Lynch, granddaughter of Mr. Coughlin, if she could aid us further but the curtain seems to have dropped on this quaint passing of the cane from one enfeebled hand to another. All that can be said now is that if the cane is in someone's hand now he must be close to a hundred and fifty years old!

I am indebted to James Farrell for additional research.

Read at the January 1966 Maynard Historical Society Meeting - B.R. Koski

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The Maynard Boston Post Cane has been located. It is presently on display in the Maynard Selectmans Meeting Room at the Town Hall.

CRICKET

Hanging on the far right-hand wall of the Maynard Historical Society room is a black and white photograph of the Maynard Cricket Club.

While photos of the basketball and baseball teams can be easily identified on the same wall, this group of men dressed in white uniforms seem more obscure.

The picture depicts the once-highly acclaimed cricket team, points our Maynard's historian Ralph Sheridan.

Not many Maynard residents recall those days.

"Ninety-nine out of 100 (Maynard residents) never knew we had the cricket club," Sheridan said of the team which dissolved in 1925, when their clubhouse burned down.

By then, baseball and soccer had taken over the interest of United States citizens and the English sport faded away, Sheridan said.

But for a time the cricket tradition was kept alive and well in Maynard.

It was just a sport, but the game was uncommon in the United States.

The town's participation in the sport is another factor in creating Maynard's unique character, Sheridan said.

This game, resembling baseball in many ways, came to Maynard with skilled English mill workers recruited to work in the woolen mills, Sheridan explained. As more people immigrated to Maynard in the 1800s, the team grew.

Each team had 11 players. The game takes place on the "pitch," and area of a field much like a golf green. Placed 22 yards apart from one another are two 28-inch wickets, wooden devices that signify an out when hit by a catcher with the ball.

In front of either wicket stand two batters, each a member of the same team. Surrounding the green in various spots throughout the field are the outfielders, so to speak.

There is also a "bowler" -- better known to U.S. citizens as a pitcher -- and catcher, just like in baseball.

But this pitcher stands partly behind one batter and throws the ball to the other batter. The ball is hit after one bounce and the two batters make mad dashes back and forth on the green, scoring their runs until the fielders impose a threat. Or they could be dubbed out by the umpire, holding their bats all the while.

This process had to take place for each member of the team at bat.

The games could last for days and they did at the official cricket field where the Green Meadow School playground now stands, Sheridan said.

"The scores were astronomical," he went on. "You could score 250 runs."

While Sheridan was not old enough to play in the sometimes day-long cricket games, he recalls playing copy-cat games in Maynard streets.

Sometimes the children used tomato cans or whatever they could find to substitute for the 28-inch wicket creating the boundaries of the game, he said. But they still used the bat that is a cross between a wooden base-ball bat and a pizza server.

Since those days, however, interest in cricket has died down along with the passing of the English immigrants, Sheridan said.

"It never went over very big around here," he said. "It's always been popular in England. It's a national pastime" there.

GYPSIES IN MAYNARD

The Lincoln Library of Essential Information, 1928 Edit., says this about them: "The name given in England to the wandering tribes that since the beginning of the 15th Century have been scattered over Europe. They were supposed by the English to be Egyptians. In France the Gypsies are called Bohemiens, from the belief that they were originally Hussites driven from Bohemia. Scholars now believe that the Gypsies are remnants of a tribe from India. Their language is undoubtedly derived from Sanskit, though it is mixed with many words from other languages. They call themselves Rome, and their language Romany. For several centuries they were a source of trouble in Europe because of their wandering and thieving habits, though they were protected in Scotland by Royal authority.

Maynard began to receive an annual visitation from Gypsies sometime in the 1890's, maybe earlier. Our first firm information about them is a short news note of August 4, 1899, that a band of Gypsies are in camp just beyond the Catholic Cemetery. May 11, 1906 news note tells us that Stanley's Gypsies are located in town. November 3, 1911 article relates that a band of Gypsies have been invading the town from their camp near St. Bridget's Cemetery during the week. A longer piece in the paper of August 4, 1916 tells of a group of Gypsies on Monday creating excitement in town. They were camped on Acton Road, near Parmenter's Crossing on the Acton side Sunday, and made their presence felt by many attempts at petty larceny.

They had permission to stay until Monday, then moving onto Parmenter's land on the Maynard side. In the afternoon six of the women made a shopping tour of the town, helping themselves in some stores and in others trying to cheat the merchants. Chief Binks, Officers Sanford Swanson and Harlow Green visited them Monday night. The Chief of the Tribe

produced a $1.00 receipt for use of the land for three days. Judge Wilson said they had a right to stay. Chief Binks tried to scare them but they were wise and nothing could budge them. there were about 80 in the band. Many curious people visited the camp to see them. They left town on Tuesday.

Our last newspaper note is dated June 4, 1920: Charles Stanley's roving band of Gypsies are making their annual visit to Maynard and are in camp just beyond the Catholic Cemetery.

The over-all impression is left that the Gypsies had a circuit that was made during the warmer months of every year. The women wove baskets and made other things that they sold or bartered; the men were horse-traders. They came with their tents and belongings in wagons and usually set up shop by Old Mill Road adjoining St. Bridget's Cemetery. They were a colorful people and no doubt titillated the curiosity of the rustics no end. Thieving possibly to them was no sin, from stories told by old timers. They must have believed in sharing.

Recollections vary, but by mid 1920's they are not remembered as coming into town. We have been told that a permanent colony of them existed near Fort Meadow between Hudson and Marlboro; also that the men were fiercely handsome. Less than a year ago a Boston paper printed an article about a Gypsy Tribe that has been settled in Boston for many years. Possibly civilization caught up with Stanley's Gypsies in the 20's and that is where they are.

Carnivals, circuses, Gypsies - in the old days they all brought a little bit of the outside world to Maynard, for good or bad.

All dates are from the Maynard News. Other general information we are indebted to William Salo, Ralph Sheridan and Mrs. Ralph Sheridan.

Read at the January, 1968 Meeting of the Maynard Historical Society.

B. R. Koski

SOLDIERS MEMORIAL
UNVEILED SUNDAY AT MAYNARD

The unveiling ceremonies and dedication of Memorial Park and monument, Maynard, took place Sunday afternoon at the new park on Summer Street. The ceremonies began with a parade a half-mile in length, which formed and marched from the corner of Nason and Summer Streets to Edward Miller Square, and thence to Rafferty Square on Main Street. Returning along Main Street the parade turned at the Methodist Church corner and continued along Summer Street to the park.

The parade started at 2:15 o'clock and was headed by a squad of police directly behind Marshal William Brindley. Following the police was the United Concert band with Leo Koski as leader, and Miss Gladys Graham of Concord Junction, drum major. The latter's uniform was bedecked with many medals won by her for Scotch dancing and band leading. Then there were eighteen color and standard bearers from various visiting and local military organizations, a firing squad, a squad of visiting ex-army officers, six Grand Army veterans, thirty Spanish war veterans, and forty-nine members of the local Legion Post. This section of the parade was headed by Commander Charles Mathewman of Frank J. Demars Post, A. L., assistant marshal. Following the Legion came the committee on the memorial and the invited guests in twelve automobiles. The second section of the parade was headed by St. Bridget's Cadets, under the supervision of Rev. Charles Donohue, former army chaplain; the Boy Scouts with Scoutmaster Guyer W. Fowler, and the school children led by Superintendent William H. Millington.

At the memorial the massed colors were stationed around the monument, with the legations lined up before the speakers' stand, which held thirty-five invited guests.

Following the bugle call and playing of "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," Associate Judge Howard A. Wilson, presiding chairman, called upon Rev. A. Morrill Osgood of

Somerville, chairman of the original memorial committee, to open the exercises with prayer. Selectman Carlton then presented the memorial on behalf of the town fathers and committee to the people, mentioning in his remarks that Maynard's only claim upon a G. A. R. veteran had been snatched away within twenty-four hours by the death of Thomas Campbell, drummer in the war of '61. Led by George Woods the thousands of people gathered then sang the "Star Spangled Banner."

In the absence of State Commander Goode of the American Legion, who had been called to Annapolis, and Leo J. Harlow, past state commander, who had met with an accident on Saturday night, Legislative Council of the American Legion Robert J. White of Watertown gave the dedication speech. While the speech was being made the colors were raised on the flag-staff by Commander Mathewman and the memorial was unveiled by Miss Marion Holt, granddaughter of the late Abner D. Holt, G. A. R. veteran, for many years commander of Isaac Davis Post, G. A. R., and the originator of the memorial idea.

"America" was then sung under the leadership of Mr. Woods. Representative in Congress Mrs. Edith Nourse-Rogers was called upon and passed pleasing and fitting remarks. She was followed by Captain John A. Boardman of Concord, Spanish war veteran, and for many years in service at the Philippines, but recently returned from China. Ex-Mayor of Marlboro and State Adjutant of Spanish War Veterans Charles F. McCarthy spoke interestingly, as did Senator George G. Moyse of Waltham. Judge Prescott Keyes of Concord and Colonel James P. Clare of West Acton, hero of three wars, completed the speaking of the day. Final benediction was given by Rev. Edward F. Crowley of St. Bridget's church.

Immediately following the speaking of the day the firing squad under the leadership of William Moynihan, fired three volleys in honor of the departed, in whose honor the memorial was erected and taps were sounded by John Tierney, one of the cadets, nephew of Myles Tierney, whose name is enrolled on the tablet.

One of the G. A. R. veterans to whom the people paid tribute was Waldo Chapman of Concord, who despite his declining years insisted on turning out with the "boys." The Spanish war veterans were headed by John E. Loring of Marlboro and had in their number present three brothers, Chief Marshal William Brindley of Maynard, Lawrence Brindley, retired after thirty-one years of regular army service, and George Brindley, the law two from Boston:

The memorial is inscribed:

Erected by the Town
of
Maynard
to commemorate
the services and sacrifices
of her citizens
in the
1861 - Civil War - 1865
1898 - War with Spain - 1903
1917 - World War - 1918
in honor of those who served.

In memory of those who died in the World War: George A. Daley, Frank J. Demars, C.E.F.; Anthony J. Dzerkacz, Frank C. King, Edward Miller, C.E.F.; John R. Murray, C.E.F.; Ralph L. Pantom, Myles J. Tierney. "Their name Liveth Forevermore."

This memorial park and monument arose from an idea which originated ten years ago when a specially organized committee set about to raise the sum of $1,000 with the idea of erecting a suitable memorial on the G.A.R. lot in Glenwood cemetery. At that time the committee was composed of Rev. A. Morrill Osgood, chairman; the late Harley J. Dwinell, treasurer; the late Commander Abner D. Holt, his daughter, Mrs. Annie Ramsdell, and James Hilferty, the latter being the only member of the original committee now residing in Maynard.

Action was about to be taken, as the committee had raised over $1,000, when the World War broke out. Interest in the war pushed the memorial from the people's minds and when the war was over the memorial was forgotten for a time. At last the American Legion and some of the original committee got together and revived interest in the fund.

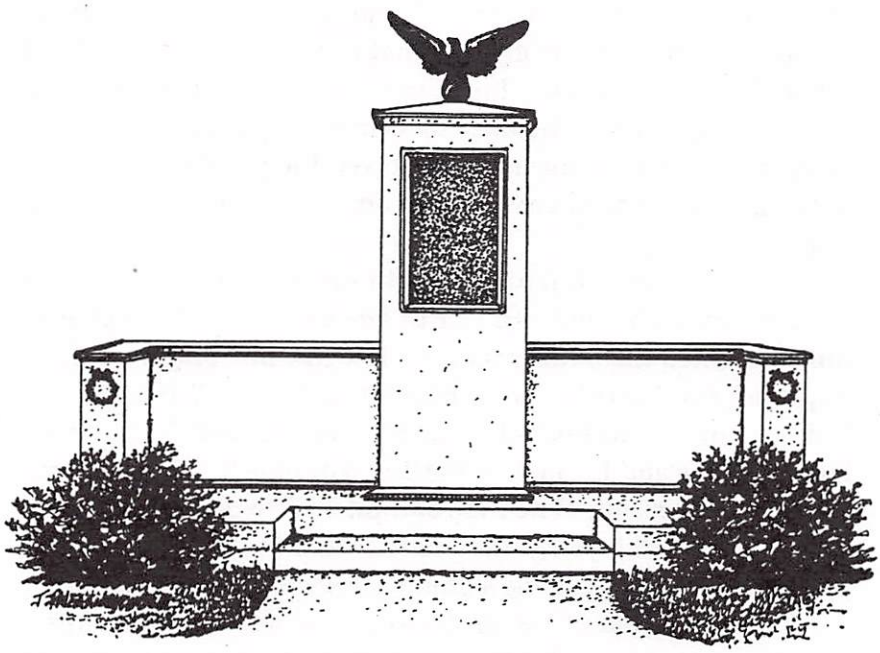
Recently it was the vote of the townspeople to turn over $4,175 to the memorial committee, which was returned to the town by the state as an apportionment of the excess amount raised on $5.00 poll taxes during the war. This money with the original fund and a section of land on Summer street owned by the town made the memorial and the park, which was dedicated Sunday, possible.

The committee on the memorial consisted of Chairman Attorney H. A. Wilson, Selectman Edwin Carlton, William Brindley, Charles Mathewman, Carl A. Peterson, Frank J. McCarron and Charles H. Persons. They were appointed at the town meeting last spring and given the location on which to erect a suitable memorial. They had the park graded by the Bedford Nurseries and plants and trees set out. A portion of the park was left for a recreation and playground for the children. On the mound near the center of the lot they erected the seven-foot high, eleven feet wide monument of white Barre granite with a bronze tablet, and surmounted by a bronze eagle with a wreath of bronze on each wing.

The fruits of their labor were repaid by the turnout at the dedication and the great praise allotted them by their fellowmen for their diligent work. On Sunday they were honored by the presence of most of the officials they invited to be present, among them Representative H.T.G. Dyson of Hudson and Miss Lillian M. Frost, a regular army nurse, member of the Edwards Legion Post in Acton, and the only one in this community to have five distinguished service medals, the most one person can be awarded. Former Representative Dr. F.P. Glazier of Hudson, the selectmen of Hudson, Concord, Stow, Acton and Lexington, the mothers and brothers of those mentioned on the tablet and the distinguished speakers were

accorded seats on the platform. The reception committee was Ex-Representative P.J. Sullivan, O.S. Fowler, Dr. E.J. Flaherty, James J. Ledgard and Thomas F. Parker.

Following the dedication the visitors and the marchers were given a lunch at Cooperative hall by the members of the Ladies Auxiliary, headed by President Mrs. Robert White.



WHY HE STOOD AT PLATE WITHOUT BAT

Maynard - Joe Constanza, by his teammates known as "Snub," diminutive right fielder of the Maynard High School nine, inaugurated a nonviolent offensive that is new to baseball when he stepped to the plate in the fourth inning of the Milford High School-Maynard High School, Midland League game. Joe went to bat without a bat. Unlike Babe Ruth and his war club, Joe carried no weapon of offense. Ghandi himself was never more peaceful than little Joseph when he faced the Milford pitcher. The uproar started after the first ball was pitched to him.

Joe is a four-foot freshman. Don Lent, coach of Maynard High, and his board of strategy doped it out that Joe was built so close to the ground that it would be difficult for a school hurler to pitch to him. There was a fly in the ointment -- Joe had a weakness -- he likes to swing at high ones. The board of strategy in a brilliant moment solved the problem -- they decided to take the bat away from Joe -- send him up without a bat.

Came the now famous fourth inning. Joe walked to the plate without a bat in hand. "Put one over and I'll knock it a mile," taunted the batless batter. The Milford players were pop-eyed and looked to their bench where "Hop" Riopel, Milford coach, was not -- he was hopping toward the plate to look over Joe and his lack of batting equipment. The umpire was grim and silent. The first ball pitched to Joe was high and wide. "One ball," yelled the "umps" and in the same breath cried: "You're out," as he signalled Joey to the bench.

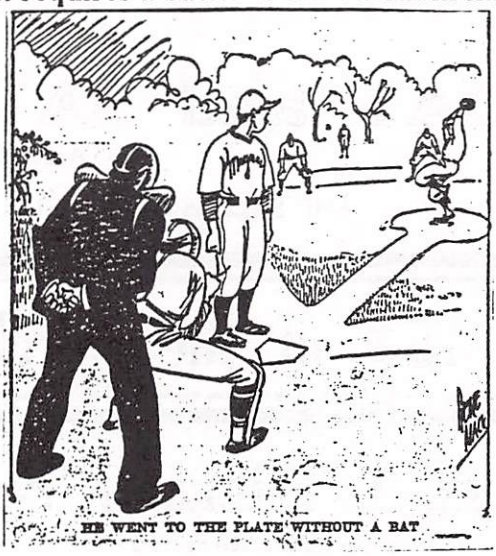
A riot broke loose on the Maynard bench. The umps announced that he had called Joe out for not reporting to him when he went into the game as a substitute in the second inning. After a violent thumbing of the rules books the game went on, Maynard protesting.

"Take Your Base"

Smiling Joe was grim when he took his place at the plate in regular order in the sixth without a bat in hand. He dared the Milford pitcher to put one over the plate, which he didn't and Joe drew a free pass. Again in the ninth Joe was up, but this time with a bat. He only proved the strategy board was right -- he swung at three high ones and was out.

The game was over on the diamond, but the battle was just beginning. Arguments raged on all corners. Wherever one went the play was discussed. hot, hectic, bellicose. Old baseball players and experienced umpires differed. Old friends parted bitter enemies, good fellowship fled from social clubs and even homes were rent by the strife of argument. There is no agreement about it. Some say a batter must have a bat to bat and others stubbornly contend there is no rule that says a batter must have a bat when he goes to bat. President Hoover will have to issue a proclamation or Judge Landis will have to hand down a decision to stop the argument that little Joe started by his nonviolent offensive. Neighborhoods are disturbed and say something should be done about it.

Don Lent, Maynard coach, protested the ball game. The coach says that according to the rules Joe was legally in the game and could not be called out for not reporting to the umpire when he went in as a sub. The rule on this is clear, the coach says. And Coach Lent is waiting for someone to show him a rule that requires a batter to have a bat in hand when he goes to bat.



HE WENT TO THE PLATE WITHOUT A BAT

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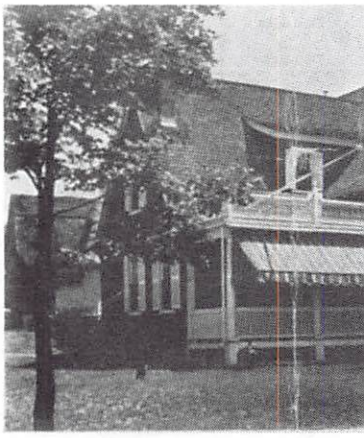

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Sounds of the Twenties
by Elizabeth M. Schnair

Maynard Historical Committee

The Reverend Alfred S. Hudson, poet and historian from Sudbury, in writing a history of Maynard in 1890, used the phrase "The hum of mills amongst the hills.: That comforting sound was so prevalent in this town for 80 years people built up an immunity to it and paid no attention to it at all.

Reminiscing about the peculiar song played on factory machines by skilled craftsmen and wafted out over the whole town by material air waves, one recalls that many other sounds guided our lives at the same time."

A small child living in Maynard in the twenties and thirties became accustomed to the these sounds which reverberated so regularly every day that the pulse rate of the life of the town was subconsciously recorded.

There were no clock radios in the twenties to awaken gently a deep sleeper and get him up for the day in a pleasant mood! No such devices were needed then: a child would be half-aware that a new dawn was about to break when the dingling of milk bottles bouncing and jouncing against their metal carriers composed their own distinct music as the milk man wove his way from house to house. It was five o'clock in the morning!

That prelude was Father's alarm clock and shortly afterwards the house would rattle and shake, evidence that he was up and about, making certain that comfort for his family would be assured as he shook the ashes from the big furnace in the cellar. Then he poured shovelful after shovelful of black coal into the monster which harbored an insatiable appetite for so early in the day.

In another hour, the sound of footsteps on the walks outside, sometimes accompanied by the squeaking of a lunch pail handle, indicated that the laboring man was on his way into the big woolen factory or the dangerous Powder Mills for the

rest of the day. At quarter of seven, a sharp, piercing siren from the roof of the Assabet Mill unceremoniously roused from sleep any and all who were not yet fully awake. The first whistle warned the mill-hand that his work would begin in exactly fifteen minutes - no sooner - no later! At 6:55 another siren vented forth another warning and promptly at seven, a third short blast was interpreted by the work as the "Go" signal. The whistle blowing pattern was repeated at 12:45, calling back to work those who had had an hour off for dinner. The siren also blew at noon, and at 12:10 every day, two short, sharp blasts gave official proof that the system, was in good working order: the same test that is still in use 50 years later! At 5:00 p.m. the whistle blew for the final time daily and the work day was completed. The towns people were so accustomed to the tone of the whistles that they were amused at the reaction of visitors to the community who voiced their anger and resentment at being startled right out of their shoes by such a shriek!

The sound of the train coming over the tracks from South Acton to bring the commuters to Boston was the warning signal to school children that it was 7:30 and time to get dressed and ready for school. While walking along (yes, we walked to school - all of us!) we could hear the sound of hammers banging. New homes were being constantly built as Maynard was still a very young town. Some men built their own homes to be able to move their families out of the tenement blocks which the mills had built when the town was first established. Skilled carpenters from within the town were hired by men unfamiliar with such work. Many sturdy homes were built here by Levi and Cliff Cheney, James Mullin, Sydney Shattuck, Wilbur Croft, Henry Price, Richard Allen, Joe Foster and Herb Hastings. The town was growing rapidly and they men were kept very busy.

Friday and Saturday nights were exciting nights for youngsters. They were often taken downtown while the week's supplies were being purchased. Friday was established everywhere as "pay day" and all the merchants obliged by

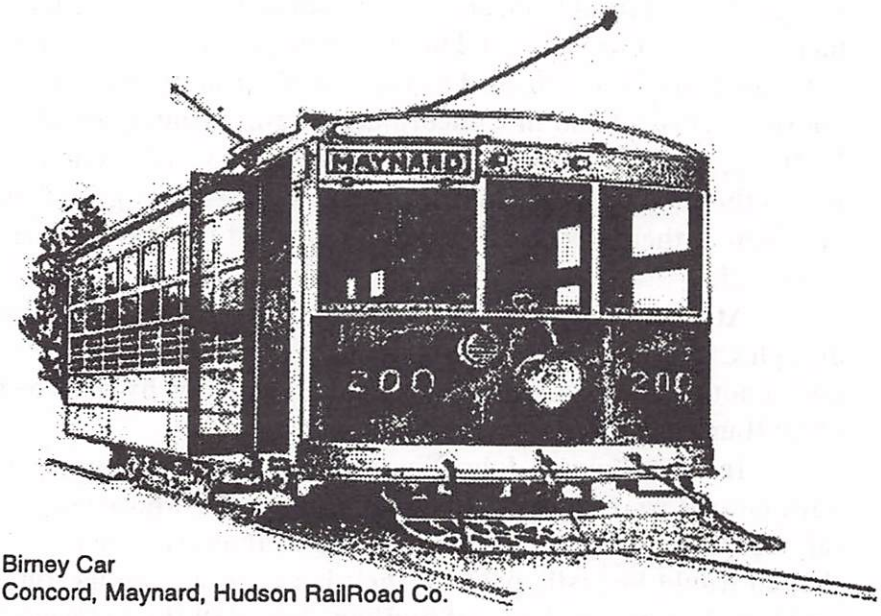
remaining open until 9:00 p. m. on both nights. I recall another shrill whistle - this time, however, it came from Mr. Gramos' steam peanut cart which he placed out on the sidewalk in front of his store on the corner of Summer and Nason Streets (now Mascarelli's Jewelry Store). He also had a pop corn stand there, but Heck and Harry had a monopoly on that business up nearer the center of town. A nickel would buy a generous serving of piping hot buttered white popcorn delivered into your hands by Harry Ledgard, and usually accompanied by equally generous wisecracks - especially if he happened to by your uncle! He had an infectious uniqueness I have never encountered in any other person. The Dry Goods Store operated by the sons of William Case possessed an odd sound one wouldn't hear anywhere else. It, too, was a whistly sound.

In the rear of the store was a huge desk built upon a rotunda with 2 or 3 steps leading to it. It was elevated just high enough for the book keeper to oversee the entire store. About an arm's length above the desk was a series of strong cables spanning out in all directions to every department on the floor. When a purchase was made, the clerk would make a record of it, put the receipt and the money into the bottom half of a small round metal container which was then screwed to the top half of the same container attached to one of the cables. Then the clerk pulled on a cord sending the container to the desk where the bookkeeper made out the change and sent it back. While on its travels, the money container emitted its own zingy whistle. Truly it was really something, that wonderful store!

Since this is my story, I cannot fail to recall a happy sound so dear to my own family, yet contributing for many years a little colorful fascination to the children of all ages! This was the sound of the clip-clop made by shoes of Speck, our lovely chestnut brown Shetland pony - family's great pet. He acquired his name by having a quarter sized white spot right between his two eyes. Who could forget the four Schnair kids merrily jaunting through the streets of Maynard in a wicker ponycart pulled by Speck, or, in the winter, a sleigh just big enough to hold four children would be announced by the merry

jingle of a set of bells my father attached to the shafts. Who could forget the sight of 4 small fists and jumping up and down in anger when the snow-plow man came along and took all the snow off the road so their father could get out to work!

These were the happy sounds - the sounds of the "twenties and thirties." Day became night and the town quieted down. As sleep approached "the hum of mills amongst the hills was heard again. All was well in a little girl's world".



Birney Car
Concord, Maynard, Hudson RailRoad Co.

OLD MARLBOROUGH ROAD

Old Marlborough Road, or as it was known in Colonial times, "The Old Marlborough and Concord Road", is one of the older roads in the Town of Maynard. As the names implies, it is a road that is not entirely confined within the boundaries of the Town of Maynard.

Let us first look into the reason for the construction of the road. Travellers between the towns of Concord and Marlborough in colonial times used the Boston Post Road (U.S. Route 20) from Sudbury to Marlborough. A more direct route was desired by these early travellers. A direct highway from Concord to Marlborough was proposed.

In order to have a new road constructed, a petition must be presented to the Court of Sessions. The Court of Sessions Records of 1759 state that a petition was brought forth in 1758 to build a road from Concord to Marlborough. A committee met in Concord on the first Tuesday of September 1758 to lay out a highway from Concord to begin at the county road at the house of Oliver Wood in Concord and to run through a part of Sudbury, a part of Stow to the county road in Marlborough, that is the road to Worcester. The Court of Sessions gave their approval at their meeting in 1759 and laid out the way the road would take.

At a town meeting in Sudbury on March 5, 1759, Major Joseph Curtis was chosen to report to the committee on the laying out of the road and he was paid 50 shillings by the Town of Sudbury as his salary.

In 1760 Colonel John Noyes, Deacon Josiah Haynes and Ezra Graves were chosen to met with the people whose land was taken for the laying out of the road and settling with them so that all would be justly paid for their land. At a town meeting on May 11, 1760 the Town of Sudbury accepted the judgement of this three man committee that had met with the landowners and declared that all the inhabitants of the Town of Sudbury should be assessed to pay for the cost of the land taking.

At a Sudbury town meeting on October 20, 1760 the town voted to pay Major John Curtis, Deacon Josiah Haynes and Ezra Graves for their services in settling the claims for land taking with the landowners. Colonel John Noyes was not given compensation for his services. As he was town moderator this duty fell under his office as moderator.

Old Marlborough Road has its start in Concord from Old Road to Nine Acre Corner, just across from the entrance to the Emerson Hospital. It proceeds on its westerly course to the Sudbury line where the name changes in Sudbury to Powers Road. When Powers Road enters North Road, our road follows North Road, or as it was known at that time, "The Fitchburg Turnpike" to the Maynard town line. Prior to the incorporation of the Town of Maynard on April 19, 1871 this portion was part of Sudbury. Shortly after entering the Town of Maynard our road leaves the "Fitchburg Turnpike" now known in Maynard as "The Great Road" and once again receives it's original name of Old Marlborough Road. At this intersection of Old Marlborough and Great Road a blacksmith's shop was run by Abijah Brigham from 1770 until 1880.

Old Marlborough Road joins Parker Street in its journey westward. At this intersection a school was built. At a town meeting in Sudbury in 1779, $157.50 was voted to build a school in the North West District. It was used there for many years and then moved to the crossroads of Parker Street and Great Road and used there until 1881 (known as the Turnpike School) when it was moved to Acton Street to be used as a dwelling house. Many prominent figures of early Maynard received their education in this school.

Old Marlborough Road follows Parker Street for a short distance and then it leaves it to pass close by Vose Pond. It then crosses Puffer Road, or as it was known then "New Lancaster Road." New Lancaster Road was a stage coach route from Boston to Lancaster as was Old Marlborough Road a stage route between Concord and Marlborough. Close by this intersection was located Rice Tavern. Rice Tavern was used between 1700 and 1815 as a meeting place for all activities as well as a stop for travellers on the stage coach routes.

After passing Puffer Road, Old Marlborough Road enters the Federal Military Reservation. This reservation was developed by the United States government in 1942 as an Ammunition Storage Depot and has been closed to all unauthorized personnel since that time. The road passes out of Maynard, through Stow and into Marlborough while in the Federal Reservation. On leaving the military area the road continues on under the name of Concord Road until it joins the Boston Post Road in Marlborough. On a map of 1794 it was referred to as "The Marlberry Road."

On April 19, 1775, the Sudbury Minutemen travelled down Old Marlborough Road to join in the battle at Concord. With them was Deacon Josiah Haynes who was to fall in battle later that day.

As Old Marlborough Road is located in that portion of Maynard that was once part of Sudbury it was assumed that all roads were accepted by Maynard on it's incorporation in 1871. In 1960, there was some doubt as whether Old Marlborough Road was accepted when the town was incorporated. On examining the old records of Sudbury we find that on November 9, 1758 Major Joseph Curtis, Colonel John Noyes, Deacon Josiah Haynes and Ezra Graves signed a paper with the list of names of the people who had land taken from them in the laying out of the road and this was received and accepted by the Court of Sessions and recorded to that end that Old Marlborough Road was to be known and used as a public highway. With this evidence the Town of Maynard accepted Old Marlborough Road at its town meeting in 1961, two hundred and three years after it was laid out.

We now see that Old Marlborough Road's pleasant rural county road look belies its past. It has witnessed a great deal of history in its lifetime, both in Maynard's and Our Country's.

Elmer W. Matson

A TIMELY TALK ON THE TOWN CLOCK

By Elizabeth M. Schnair

The new official seal for the Town of Maynard, as adopted at a Special Town Meeting held on January 13, 1975, features its most familiar landmark - the so-called "Town Clock". The Maynard Historical Society has had very little written information about the clock and for this reason I made an attempt to gather some interesting facts through personal inquiry with a few people who worked for the American Woolen Co. and could perhaps supply the answers to some questions.

One reason that no accumulation of historical data had ever been recorded was, that although the clock has always been referred to as the "Town Clock", Maynard could never claim its ownership, and therefore there are no records to consult. It was given to the Assabet Manufacturing Co., in 1892 by Lorenzo Maynard, Agent for the company, and the son of Amory Maynard, its founder in 1848. In 1898 ownership was transferred to the American Woolen Co., and in July 1953 to the Maynard Industries, Inc. During the summer of 1974 Digital Equipment Corporation purchased the entire mill complex where it had rented space for 15 years. Thus, the beloved "Mill Clock" is now the property of Digital.

The clock tower is a completely wooden structure over a brick base. The outside of the tower was painted white with a brick-red trim, and these colors were borne for 50 years until World War II. The red was overlaid with grey to make it less conspicuous from the air. The clock was made by the E. Howard Clock Co. in Waltham, Massachusetts. A staging was set up and installation of the machinery was begun on October 11, 1892. The four faces of the clock was installed the following week and all the staging was removed on October 17, (1892). This charming bit of reporting appeared in the Concord Enterprises under the Maynard news items on October 27, 1892:

"The clock on the mill Tower proves to be one of the greatest conveniences in our village and when striking can be heard at quite a distance, the quality of the tones of the bell being rich, penetrating and pleasant. The new dynamo for

lighting the tower went into the operation Monday evening (October 23, 1892) and hereafter the clock will be illuminated all night. The mill company are entitled to the thanks of all the community for this great public blessing."

The stairways to the tower number eight landings - three of these from the fifth floor (the height of the main building) and boast 124 steps, is 85 feet from the ground. The stairs in the main building are of normal width, but the nearer to the top, the narrower they become. The wooden tower floor is 12 feet across. Into each of the four corners are installed heavy iron rods which descend two floors down into the tower. These rods add strength to the wooden edifice and have protected it from being blown away by buffeting windows. The clock mechanism is in the middle of the tower and extending from the center of the machine to each individual face are four metal shafts. A small clock, 9 inches in diameter is used to adjust and set the controls of the large clock since the outside of it is not visible from the inside of the tower. There are 2 windows with cables and weights - one for the timer and one for the striker. They are wound with a crank - type handle requiring much human muscle and elbow grease! The operating machinery is an eight day mechanism so must be wound every week. 90 turns of the crank are required to wind the timer and 330 times to wind the striker (which no doubt explains why the striker doesn't strike much any more!) The complete winding job takes an hour and a half!

The clock faces are 9 feet in diameter and the sides of the tower are twelve feet wide. Behind each face is a metal shield 8 feet in diameter and 3 1/2 feet from each face. These shields hold five 60 watt bulbs each and light the clock faces.

Originally the power for the clock lights was operated by a water wheel which generated 40 cycles. When the town was converted to 60 cycles in 1929 the clock lights were not converted and continues to be lighted by the water power until the floods of Hurricane Diane in 1957 inflicted devastating damage to many of the first floor mill buildings. Much re-

wiring was necessary and while this was being done the clock lights were put in the regular 60 cycles. It is rumored that Digital is arranging to electrify their rare possession. I classify it as a rarity because most other tower clocks of the same vintage have been destroyed or become victims of automation. Certainly, the latter is more convenient and accurate and the whole town should operated on the same time.

So, this is the story of the "Town Clock". No matter who owns it, supervises it, cares for it - perhaps even destroy it, it will always affectionately be Maynard's "Town Clock." Long may it tick.

Credits - Concord Enterprise - 1892.

Irving Burg for information on the water wheel.

Mr. Arthur Dawson

And especially to Mr. Pat Murray, long time Maynard resident, and maintenance man for the mill property who patiently answered a barrage of questions over a 2 week period and provided the statistics and descriptions.

N. B.

The 60 watt bulbs which lighted the clock faces have been replaced (in 1992) by 3 watt fluorescent bulbs.

A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN F. LOVELL

Aaron Glickman - The Screech Owl 1939

There is an old tale about two children who searched all over the world for the Bluebird of Happiness, only to find the bird at home. It is the same with all of us. We open our mouths and gape at the wondrous feats of far off heroes, and we often proclaim, "What wouldn't I give to know a person as plucky as that!" If we only opened our eyes and ears to the situations about us, I am sure we would find many heroes as great as those we read about in history books or even greater.

For instance, do you know in our very vicinity there dwells a man who denies most vigorously that "life begins at forty"? For this man, life began in the sixties and has gone on and on.

You may not know him personally, but if you have lived in Maynard for any length of time, you must have had an occasion for being thankful to him.

I speak, of course, of Mr. John F. Lovell, President of the Lovell Bus Lines.

I shall not tell you very much of his boyhood. That in itself would demand more space than the Screech Owl now contains. I must, however, show you how his determination even then was remarkable.

Born at Plymouth, Massachusetts, September 28, 1858, Mr. Lovell did not have the advantage of going to school long, for at the age of nine, he was forced to leave school and seek employment. This industrious fellow found work in a nail factory in Plymouth. A seventy-one-cent-a-day job wasn't much pay for an ambitious boy, but after all, what kind of a salary can one expect to get at the age of nine? At eleven, he left the factory, and went to his grandfather's farm in Carver. While at the farm, he started a little business of his own selling milk. Mr. Lovell used to ask his uncle to make out his customers' bills. One day, however, his uncle said to him, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself; a boy fifteen years old not being able to read or write." That statement hurt John's feelings, but he soon realized that it was true, and something ought to be done about it. He couldn't attend school, but did the next best thing by gathering whatever books he could obtain and by beginning to learn how to read and write. A short time afterwards he was making out his own bills.

John stayed at this farm until he was twenty-one years old, and then he moved back to Plymouth. There he secured employment in a shoe factory and increased his salary from $1.00 to $4.00 a day. At 24, he married and moved to Ashland, where he worked in a shoe factory; later, with the aid of his wife, he opened a restaurant. The shoe factory, failing because of a depression, made it necessary to seek work again, and this time he secured a job in Woburn with an insurance company working on a commission basis, and receiving $15.00 to $25.00 a week. Speaking of his experiences during this period Mr. Lovell remarked: "The people I took the premiums from needed the money more than I did."

While living in Woburn, he decided to go into the theatrical business, for his weekly salary with the insurance company was not sufficient to support him and his wife. The result was that he opened theaters in Beverly and Gloucester. He was becoming prosperous in the business, but soon "old man depression" came once again, and he lost these too.

But now it is time to begin telling you of the remarkable part of his life. I refer to it as being "life begins at sixty-one." For it is from this age that Mr. Lovell's success story begins. At this age, he found himself penniless. Most men would be thinking of retirement and pensions, if any. But not he! He was determined "to be successful." With only a Model T Ford to his name and enough money to buy four gallons of gas, he started a taxi-cab business. John Lovell described the Ford as being "an ancient looking old trap," but if it could be returned to him today, it would be of great value. Gradually, his cab made enough money; thus he was able to add more to his business.

One day the mayor of Woburn asked him to establish a bus line from Woburn to Reading. Mr. Lovell, foreseeing a great chance of expansion, agreed immediately. He did not have much capital, but because of faith stored in him by the Reo Company of Boston, he was given busses on credit terms.

Mr. Lovell was now on his way toward success. His business in the Woburn district expanded rapidly. Soon he had busses running in Wilmington, Billerica, and Melrose.

In 1921, the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway decided to run street cars in the Woburn district. Mr. Lovell was asked to sell his busses. He replied, "I'll sell anything but my wife." The concern was sold to this company for $45,000.

At this point in his life Mr. Lovell, then sixty-three, could retire with enough money to enjoy a comfortable and quiet life. But by now, you realize that such a sheltered existence was for other men, not him.

Upon hearing of the discontinuation of car lines in Maynard, he decided that he ought to begin a transportation business in this thriving town. His experiment proved to be a great success. He soon reserved the right to operated busses between Maynard and Concord, and Lexington and Woburn. He now has these vehicles running through several towns and cities. In fact, Lovell Bus Lines carry passengers through twenty-six different places every day. Ten of his twenty busses in Weymouth carry the school children to and from school daily. Last year, his busses traveled over a million and a quarter miles. At present, Mr. Lovell has 65 busses and expects to procure more.

At this writing Mr. Lovell is eight-one years old, and still has not thought of retirement. He visits his office every day, and follows his schedule with the same vigorousness as in his younger days.

Yes, again I repeat, we certainly do not have to search in history books for the lives of great men; we have one in our own community by the name of John F. Lovell.

*By 1954, the Lovell Bus Line was out of business and the service between Maynard and Concord only, was taken over by the Middlesex and Boston Street Railway Company, which is now a part of the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority.

*History of Maynard
Maynard Historical Committee 1971

THE MICCICHES
Coming to America
By R. Samuel Micciche

In the year 1922, over one-half million immigrants entered the United States from different countries to set their sights on a better life in this new country. Also in the month of July of the same year, part of the Micciche family arrived at Ellis Island.

My father, Alfonso Micciche, and older sister Angelina were here in the United States about 18 months earlier. While here, my sister was engaged and married Antonio Mistretta. They lived at four Mill Street. My father also lived there with them. He was employed by the American Woolen Mills. Not being able to speak the language of this country, he was given a job as a janitorial custodian in the Weave Room Department.

He worked there and earned enough money to send for his wife, Rosalia, daughter Anne, 17 years old; Millie, age 12; and Sam who was seven years of age.

Arrangements for coming to America were made by my mother and my uncle, Aurelio Veneziano, who, at that time, was employed by the Internal Administration of the city of Rome. They took care of the passports and many legal documents required to enter the United States.

From the small town of Comitini, Sicily, a Mediterranean island with a population of 300 located off the Southern coast of Italy, we boarded a train bound for Palermo. There we embarked on the ferry boat to the port of Naples, Italy. It was in that location that everyone from Northern and Southern parts of Italy met to embark the ocean liner *President Wilson* for the long journey to American, the land of excitement and opportunity.

Incidently, the town of Comitini, where I was born, was a town where the only means of livelihood was the mining of sulfur. This raw and processed sulfur was shipped to all parts of the world.

The United States was the largest buyer of this product which was used in the manufacture of matches. It also had agricultural and industrial uses as well.

The town of Comitini had four stores, one of which was operated by my parents. It was located on corso victor Emmanuel, the main thoroughfare of Comitini. (In the United States this store would have be called a convenience store.) There were two churches, one tavern, several administration buildings and many apartments which were fully occupied.

Well, after we boarded this large ship, we saw that there were approximately 600 Italian immigrants aboard. We recognized about 12 or 15 passengers who came from our immediate area and with whom we stayed together, throughout the entire voygage.

Some of the people came from Comitini, Favara, Aragona, and Monticatini, all of which are in the province of Argrigento, the ancient Greek city. The land travel and ocean voyage coming here to America took 18 days. The ship battled very rough seas--especially near the channel of the Rock of Gibraltar, where the Mediterranean sea joins the Atlantic Ocean; it was here that everyone on board got sea sick and feeling very uncomfortable.

The women and children were stationed on one side of the ship, and the men were separated in another part of the ship. The food during those ocean days was not very appetizing. The menu for the entire trip was almost the same every day.

Beef stew with potatoes and carrots was the meal, and occasionally we were treated to a dish of spaghetti and meat sauce. (However we never saw any meat.) The meat was reserved for the first-class passengers. We didn't see any choice steak or any other fine foods, and those who did were passengers who had an extra few bucks to pay for it.

Nevertheless, everyone made the best of the long voyage, singing songs, knitting and amusing themselves the best way they could in order to made the time pass more quickly. Playing cards was a great pastime among the men. They also played the game of "Morra," which is played with the fingers and seemed to be enjoyed by everyone.

Throughout the entire trip, all of the passengers on board wore identification tags with their names and point of destination written on them. Everyone watched over their meager and treasured belongings. There was a lot of scandalous thievery among the passengers and the ship's crew.

Upon arriving to the United States, immigrants who could afford a first-or second-class fare were briefly inspected aboard the ship and allowed to enter the country without difficulty. Only the poor "steerage" passengers were required to undergo strict inspection.

The so called steerage passengers traveled in the lowest level of the ship, near the steering machinery and powerful engines which made so much noise that it was very difficult to get any sleep during the night. Steerage passengers did not receive a very warm welcome or even human welcome while on this voyage. The passengers in the upper classes would not associate with the people in the lower section of the ship.

Incidently, the fare for the steerage passengers was only $59.00 per person and that included beef stew and spaghetti throughout the trip.

We finally approached the New York harbor. With great joy and excitement, everyone on the deck of the ship was looking at the Statue of Liberty, remarking how large and beautiful she was.

Ellis Island was very close by, and, upon docking, disembarkation was conducted quite orderly. First-class passengers lost no time in getting ahead of everyone. Then came the second class group of immigrants. And last came the steerage passengers--which took several days.

There were many staff employees and a large group of Italian volunteers from the city of New York, who assisted with interpretation and gave instructions and directions to steerage passengers as to where to go for their health inspections.

If anyone was found to have any diseases such as typhus, he or she would be rejected and held aboard the ship and sent back to their homeland on the same ship on its return voyage to Italy.

My two sisters, Annie and Millie, and I passed the examination but my mother was held back because of an eye problem. She was taken away and put in quarantine for an additional examination, which took place later in the day.

There we were, my two sisters and I, without our mother and not able to speak the language. Of course, we were in a state of shock and very hungry, our eyes full of tears while crying for our mother.

Later the same day in the distance, we saw our mother coming toward us with an Italian interpreter, who told us that the problem was only a cold in her eye. The doctor assured her that it was nothing to worry about and passed her following the second examination.

Most of our group who cleared the inspection were herded like cattle on a tender boat which was nearby. We were guided to the Battery building on the mainland where, for the first time, we set foot on the shores of New York.

While we stood there with identifications tags still on our chest, more Italian volunteers at the Battery placed us on a train to Grand Central Rail Station. There we boarded the train to Massachusetts, via Providence, Rhode Island. Miraculously, we arrived at Concord Junction railroad station.

My father and my older sister and her husband were waiting for us. We boarded the automobile with the driver whom they hired to take us to Mill street in Maynard. We lived with my sister and her husband for about one month. Then we moved a short distance to eight Pine Street.

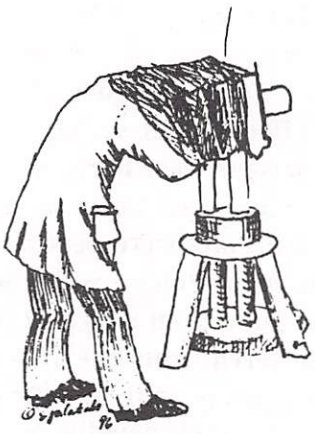
From then on, we were on our own, furnishing the home and getting the house to be as comfortable as possible. We were befriended by all of our neighbors who also helped us enjoy the area. Our neighbors were Nick Driscoll, a policeman in the town and Douglas Webber, operator of the town trolley. Across the street, the Christofono family ran a store.

Bill Smith, a machinist in the American Woollen Company, and his family, as well as the Graceffa family helped my family to get around Maynard.

Today's generation cannot begin to imagine the plight of the immigrants and difficulty they had in getting into this country. We were poor and had no source of funds. We were huddled into the masses and often fell victim to many unscrupulous "con men."

Once we established ourselves in America, the next and more important challenge was to find employment. Most people cannot imagine how difficult it was to find any type of work. Years later Annie and Millie were very fortunate to find jobs in the American Woolen Company, referred to as "the Mill." My mother worked in the Carding Department of the Mill. I attended the Wilson Grammar School. Later my mother and two sisters attended the evening adult education classes where they learned English in order to become an United States citizen.

Many Italian immigrants settled in Maynard. A large number of them started their own businesses and contracting companies, becoming successful enough to support their families.



FAMILY
by Stan Kulik

Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen:

As a life long resident and citizen of Maynard, I am honored, tonight for having been asked to speak before the Maynard Historical Society. I have been asked to speak about my family, a family consisting of two Polish immigrant parents and three American born children living under one roof in Maynard.

At first, when invited to speak about my family, I was somewhat reluctant to do so. What prompted my acceptance was the great respect I have always held for my beloved immigrant parents on their immigration to America and the many other immigrants I had got to know while living in Maynard. I will try to give you all a glimpse into that family life.

In Webster's dictionary, the word family is listed as a noun with numerous definitions. I chose two for tonight, the first reads: "The basic unit in society having as its nucleus two or more adults living together and cooperating in the care and rearing of their own or adopted children." The other definition reads: "A people or group of people regarded as deriving from a common stock." No one here really needs a dictionary to define family because I believe family has a special meaning of its own for everyone. Today, much is being said about family, its effect or its non-effect on our society.

Both of my parents were born in Poland and came to American at a very young age. In those years, things were most difficult in Poland and Poles were persecuted by the Russians, particularly in the parts of Poland which were annexed by Russia. My parents came from that part of Poland to America seeking a new life, different from the life they were living in Poland. They came literally with only the clothes on their backs and very little money for their new life in America. They left

behind, not only their beloved country of Poland but their parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters and friends and never knowing if they would ever return to Poland to see their loved ones again and they never did return to see their loved ones. Ladies and gentlemen, this took a great deal of courage! Who of us here would venture doing the same? Imagine for one moment . . . leaving one's country for another, not knowing the language of that country, nor being able to speak, read or write that language, coupled with no assurance of a job for a livelihood. My parents like so many other immigrants were young and were most willing to seek a new life in America. It was a dream for many immigrants then and it still remains the same today.

The travel via ship from Poland to America was a long voyage for my parents. The ship was crowded with many immigrants, packed in like sardines and travel was not via first class. Upon landing in America, the next step was to pass through U.S. Immigrations at the port of entry. Usually a sponsor would be present to verify to the U.S. Immigrations that the immigrant entering America had a place to stay and live while in America. These sponsors for my parents were Polish friends. Once my parents had passed through U.S. Immigrations and were given entry to America, they were thrilled and very happy to be in America. Their Polish friends helped them to get somewhat established and to get a small job but from then on, it was for my parents to do things for themselves. Shortly after entering America, my parents came to Maynard seeking a job in the mill. My parents did not know each other in Poland. They met in Maynard, fell in love and were married in Maynard. My Mother had five children, one daughter and four sons but she lost two of her four sons. My Dad worked all his life in the Maynard mill having low wages. My Mother had worked a few years in the mill and had worked part time on the farm to help support the family.

While growing up as children, my sister Sophie, my brother John and I lived in an apartment in the so called "Blocks" on Main Street opposite the United Methodist

Church. There were three blocks, three stories high with six apartments and six families per each block. In each apartment were found three bedrooms, a living room, a large kitchen and a bathroom. A total of eighteen families were living in close proximity to each other and these eighteen families represented Italian, Lithuanian, Polish and Russian families, all with American born children. It was like one big happy family living in the blocks. Everyone got along nicely! If a person, living in the blocks was to get married, everyone got invited to the wedding. If a person in the blocks died, everyone went to the wake and funeral. In those days, the wake was held in the apartments. The families had small vegetable and flower gardens planted in the rear of the blocks.

Our apartment was always kept clean by our Mother. The women in the blocks all took turns in washing the wooden steps in the hallways leading to their respective apartments. These steps were washed by the women on their hands and knees, once a week. As kids, we always had a bath or were cleaned up before going to bed. We had our Sunday best for church and for special occasions.

When playing ball, should I break a window, my Dad would repair it. Should someone break our window, their Dad would repair it. All the parents in the blocks had a good understanding of kids. They knew that kids would play one day, fight the next and on the third day become friends again. It was such understanding by all the parents that made living in the blocks a fine place to be.

None of the kids in the blocks had many toys, if there was a toy, it was shared with all the other kids. They learned to improvise many of the games they played. We played kick the can, peggy, hide and seek, football, softball and baseball. We went sliding and ice skating in the rear of the blocks. As kids, we went swimming at Lake Boone, Mill Pond, at Rockies, rear of the Maynard Town House and another swimming hole called Rafferties, further up the Assabet River. We played and went walking all over Summer Hill. Our parents would take us to pick mushrooms in the woods also to pick blueberries, blackberries and raspberries. Despite our being poor, our childhood days were truly happy ones!

In the blocks, families owned a cast iron stove and wood and coal was burned in them. It was a chore to have to bring up wood and coal each day from the cellar to the second story for our parents. During the winter these stoves were used for cooking and heating the apartments. In the summer a kerosene stove was used. My mother never used a cook book and she made great dinners of roast beef, chicken, turkey and many Polish soups. Her pastries were delicious but her apple pies were out of this world especially right out of the oven.

Our parents spoke to us in Polish, while growing up, and we learned English from the older kids in the blocks. The language barrier was a hardship for my parents but they later on learned to speak English on their own. People in those days, who had the command of the English being able to speak, read and write it usually landed the jobs as bosses in the mill.

I was very young during the depression years but I do remember my parents with another family would chip in and buy a live pig from a local farmer. The farmer would have the pig slaughtered and then deliver it to the blocks. There, my parents would clean and cut up the pig and store the meat for the winter months. They knew all the procedures to accomplish this. This was both a practical and economical move to provide meat for two families during the hard times, a method for survival. There was no refrigeration those days, the meat, fresh vegetables and fruits were stored in the cellars of the blocks, it was an ideal place because it was always very cold in the cellars. We had a lot of pork and the word cholesterol wasn't heard of then. None of the food our parents gave us to eat ever made us ill. They were always very meticulous in handling any foods.

My parents coming from Poland were Roman Catholic and we all belonged to St. Casimir's Church in Maynard. The church played an important part in their life here in American, it helped them to assimilate into the American way of life. We always celebrated two Polish religious traditions, Easter and Christmas. On Easter Sunday, we as a family always attended the sun rise 6:00 AM Mass. The parish priest would on the Saturday before Easter Sunday, go to each of the parishioners

homes to bless their Easter food. The food was prepared nicely and set on a table which was covered with a white linen tablecloth. The food usually consisted of hard boiled eggs, which were colored, homemade raisin bread, farmers cheese, butter, homemade Polish kielbasa and rye bread. This food was for our breakfast following the sun rise Mass. After having said our prayers, before eating our breakfast, each member of the family would pick up an egg. Taking the narrow end of the egg, each of us would try to break the narrow end of the egg held by the other member of the family. As kids, we thought it was fun to see who had the strongest egg. At Christmas, we as a family always went to the mid-night Mass at St. Casimir's Church. We never minded the one mile walk. Some years, there would be a light snow fall and with all the Christmas lights, it was a beautiful sight. Coming home from the midnight Mass, we as kids would hang up our stockings in back of the kitchen stove, as we had no fireplace in the blocks. Upon getting up on Christmas morning, we would find a nice orange and a small beautifully decorated box of chocolates in our stockings. We never got gifts as children do now. . . we were happy to just get the chocolates. My sister said that she always tried to find the store where my father bought the chocolates, but never did find out.

Our parents always taught us to respect people regardless of their ethnic background, their race, color or creed and to be good to all people, who we met in life. If we were found to be misbehaving, my Father would use an old razor strap, about 3 1/2" wide, about 3 feet long and it was cut up on one end, made to contain several loose ends. Boy, did it hurt when used over my bum! My sister never got the strap, my brother, seldom if ever, but I got it most of the time and I believe I deserved it.

I remember my Father telling me about a man, who he had met, who was bragging how great his old country was over America. My Father said to the man, "If your country is so great and much better than America, why don't you go back to it? I will take a day off and help you pack!" My father always

spoke favorably of America and always spoke about the many freedoms found in our country. When he became a naturalized citizen, it was one of his proudest days in his life. Both my parents loved America and loved living in it.

In the blocks, our parents owned a swing along with others, it could seat six people on it. In the summer, people would come out to sit on the swings and homemade benches and talk about old times in their countries and about current events in the U.S. Sometimes, when kids were not playing, they would sit with them and listen to the stories.

When Peoples Theatre existed, kids in the blocks got to see movies free. The boys would congregate in the lobby, and Joe Farrell, then janitor in charge, would pick 6 or 7 boys to go into the theatre to see the show. After the movie, the boys would remain and pick up any folded down seats and perhaps sweep the floor. This was their free admission . . . the price of admission use to be 20 cents.

Being kids, having great parents, who always were loving and caring parents, we didn't realize how poor one's family was, we were having fun as kids. It was later, in the early teens that it became evident to us. We lived in the blocks in a humble apartment while many families were living in their own homes on Brooks St., Summer St. and elsewhere in what were then considered palatial homes. I will never forget the day I said to my Father, "Pa, don't you want to leave the blocks and own your own home?" In reply, my Father go up and got his life savings account and showed it to me. . .it told me everything. My Dad did not have enough money for a down payment on a home.

In the much later years, while living in the blocks, our neighbors above us were Bob Whitehouse, his wife, Gert and their son, Bobby. Below us lived Curty Anderson, his wife and family. This is where honest Andy started his used car business and with his brother, Arnold, turned it into one of the largest successful dealerships in our state. His wife told me that she loved living in the blocks. She said it was close to all the stores and she always had many visitors drop in.

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to close my talk by sharing some personal thoughts about my two Polish immigrant parents. What I will say about my parents, I am sure, could be said of other immigrant parents, who had lived in Maynard.

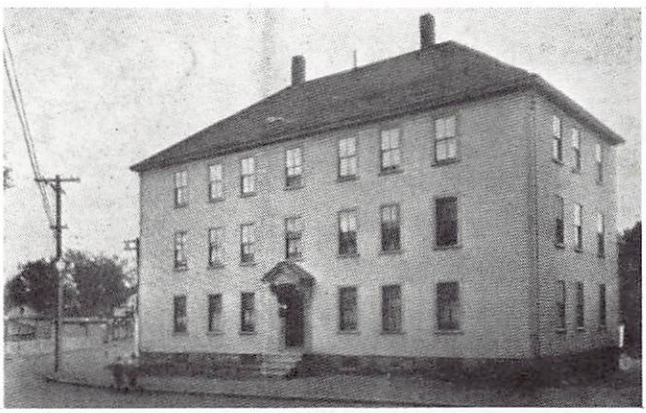
In our family it was our two Polish immigrant parents, who taught us to love God, America, our neighbors and to be good to all the people who we meet in life. Our parents were poor throughout their lives in America but they were happy to be living in America. They never stopped loving America nor did they ever cease in being good citizens of this country. They always spoke favorably of America and never against it. They rose above any possible discrimination, intermediation and above those people, who may have looked down on them for just being Polish immigrants. My parents never sought to get Polish as the language of American but rather accepted English as the language of America. There were no bilingual schools for them as immigrants. They learned to speak English, the hard way . . on their own. Yes, my parents were poor and so weren't many other immigrants and Americans, too! My parents didn't have any welfare no did they accept any charity. . . they worked hard for a living. They had no hand outs of any kind. They did not steal from the mill, the farm, their neighbors nor from America! They paid whatever taxes they had to pay and they paid all their bills all the time. When my parents died, they were found not to be in debt to anyone.

I am proud to be an American, born in America of Polish immigrant parents and I am proud of my Polish heritage. Who of you here, isn't proud of being an American, born of immigrant parents in America and isn't proud of whatever heritage you may have. Who of us here, are 100% American if he or she isn't American Indian. We should all be proud of whatever we are because I believe it was God that created all of us! Who of us had any control at our birth to be anything other than what we are now. In our family, it was our Polish immigrant parents that taught us to always get along with all people in life. Just look around in the world, when people do

not get along and are not good and respectful to each other, look at the consequences found.

If I were born into great wealth and had all the money to buy anything one could wish for in life but did not have the two Polish immigrant parents that God gave me, truly, I would have nothing! I thank God for having had great parents!

I thank you, all for hearing my talk!



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