

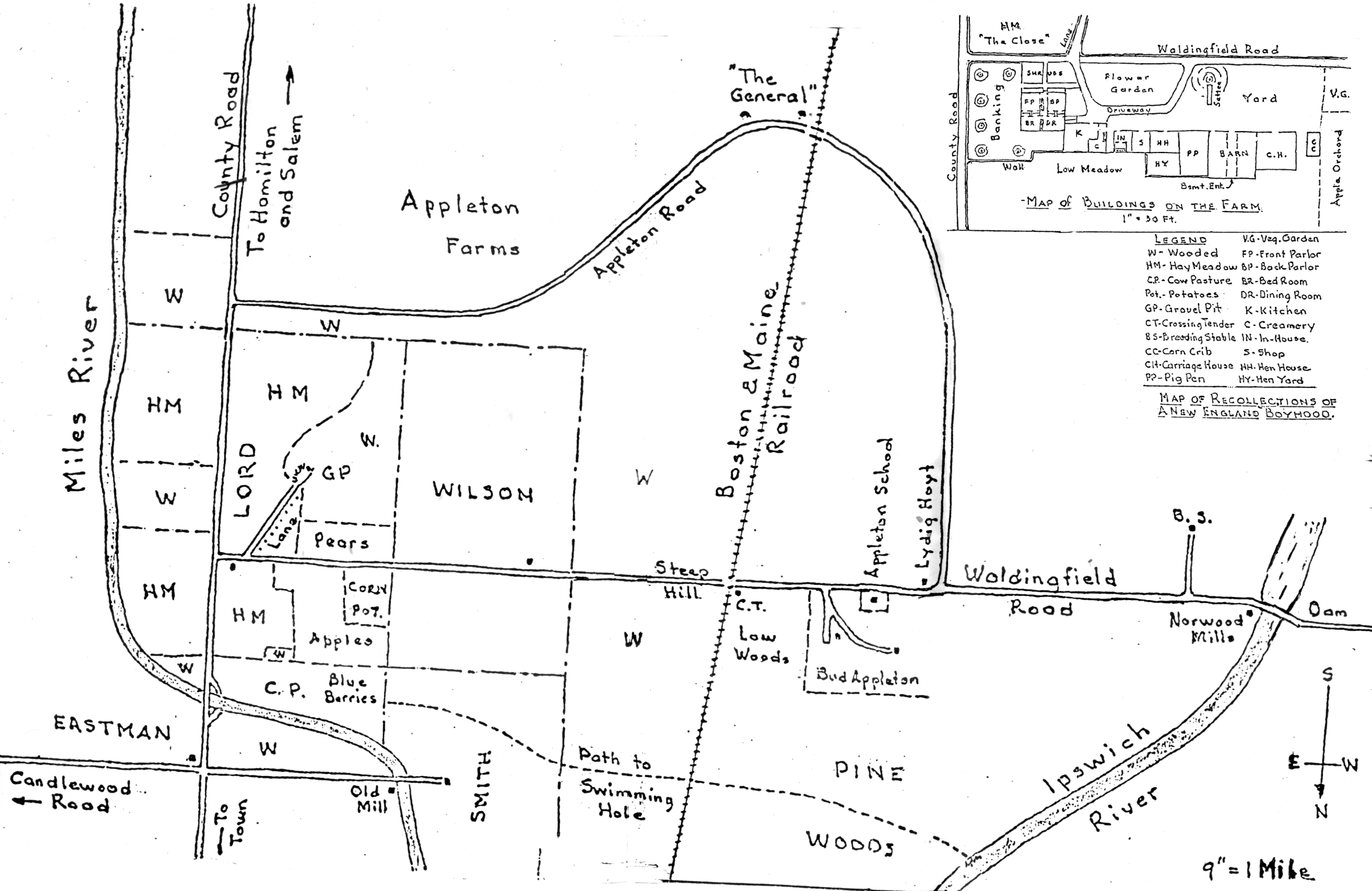
Recollections of a New England Boyhood

1886-1908



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What is written hereafter is based entirely on recollection, without benefit of research. It does not qualify as history. Persons identified by name are at least several years dead.

Ipswich, Massachusetts

I am, on both sides of my family, a town man of Ipswich, of English descent.

Before 1630 the townsite was used by Indians for at least some part of each year and it was called Agawam both by them and by the earliest settlers. So far as I knew, they - the settlers - paid the Indians nothing whatever for the property. They just took it over, in the King's name, while the proprietors were out of town.

The inducements offered to attract settlers varied tremendously with the class of settler. Some of the new arrivals in Boston were gentlemen of standing and property in England. Some were tradesmen who could be of much value in a new colony. Some were free laborers and others indentured servants. Each class was offered such inducement as seemed appropriate and necessary to get them to settle in Ipswich.

On my mother's side the earliest settler was a gentleman, Samuel Appleton, of Waldingfield, England, who arrived in 1632. He had a large family. Having worn out one wife in child-bearing, he brought with him only his second wife and her children. He felt that he needed a lot of land and Ipswich gave him a town lot of five acres and a farm of more than a square mile (on a portion of which I was born.) The Appletons were militarily inclined and headed many of the expeditions against marauding Indians. The head of the clan when I was a boy was General Daniel Fuller Appleton (civil war). While my branch of the family stayed poor in Ipswich, most of the others sought and won fortunes in Boston and New York and came back to build summer houses on parts of the old farm.

On my father's side, the earliest settler was a tailor, Robert Lord, who came to town in 1634. He got only a half acre lot on High Street, across from the cemetery in which about one-half of the increase in population had found a permanent home. Life was exceedingly hazardous for new born and adults alike in these days. Robert Lord was evidently well educated. He served as town clerk for many years while other officials came and went rapidly. None of the tradesmen got any farm land. They grazed their animals on "common" land.

Two citizens of Ipswich served as governors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The town seal of Ipswich bears the proud inscription Birthplace of American Independence, a claim arising from the fact that two Ipswich men were the first colonists to be hauled off to jail in Boston for refusing to pay certain taxes and to affix certain stamps to their documents. Many Ipswich men acquired wealth trading out of Ipswich Bay to China and the Orient. Some may have brought in Negro slaves from Africa.

Ipswich entirely escaped the Witchcraft Delusion that ravaged Salem and other nearby towns. This was due to the high quality of the ministers. The delusion originated in the household of a Salem Village minister (who, having left Salem, was forcibly returned and hanged). Two of his girls, together with some neighbor girls, overly excited by stories told them by his slave woman (who escaped hanging but was sold out of town), claimed to be invaded by evil spirits set upon them by “witches”.

Those girls were responsible for most of the accusations that ruined many innocent persons. The girls enjoyed unprecedented power for a time. Many if not most New England “divines”, including Cotton Mather of Boston, aided and abetted the girls. But when three of them rode into Ipswich, ready and eager to point a finger at local witches, they were promptly chased out of town.

Perhaps the most distinguished of Ipswich citizens - master of every learned profession - minister, lawyer, physician, scientist - was Manasseh Cutler. He served both in the state legislature and in Congress. With Franklin and Rush he was one of three noted American scientists of his time. Serving as a chaplain in the Revolutionary War, he was a friend of the officers and soldiers who had to take their pay for war services in Continental Certificates, which soon depreciated to twelve cents on the dollar. The Ohio Company of Associates was organized in Massachusetts, with Cutler as counsel and one of three directors to exchange these certificates at face value, for land in the Northwest Territory then opening for settlement.

Cutler was sent to New York, where Congress was in session, to effect the purchase of a million and a half acres and to make sure that the Ordinance of 1787, then before Congress, was a satisfactory governing document. On July 9, 1787, when he arrived, the earlier draft of this ordinance had progressed to second reading - and it was entirely unsatisfactory. Then began the most astounding performance as a lobbyist that I have ever heard of. He saw every member of Congress and they directed a committee to withdraw the ordinance, and to revise it to suit Cutler, who submitted a written list of his requirements. Two days later, the new ordinance was submitted and two days later still, it was unanimously enacted into law, without a change. And the Constitutional Convention, then sitting in Philadelphia, asked Cutler to come there and embodied many of his ideas in the Constitution of the United States - but they omitted one most important provision - the barring of slavery and involuntary servitude. Congress formally approved the sale of 1,064,285 acres to the Ohio Company of Associates, who proceeded to found the town of Marietta and the nearby settlements.

When the first group of settlers were ready to depart, they first assembled in Ipswich, at Cutler's home, and took over the covered wagons that he had designed for their travels. He did not move to the new colony but three of his sons did. Among his scientific achievements was the first collection of plants of New England - over four-hundred species, all cleared

with the author of the binomial system of nomenclature in Sweden (Linnaeus). In the East, towns include not only the thickly settled areas but also all of the outlying farms. Our place was two miles from the center of town but still a part of the Town of Ipswich. I walked these two miles to school, or sometimes skated three miles in winter, on the Miles and Ipswich Rivers.

The Indians of Agawam

The dispossessed Indians never murdered or scalped any residents of Ipswich, so far as I know, but they did cause no little apprehension. An Indian would enter a house unannounced - perhaps when the husband was away - and he was generally treated with a lot of apparent cordiality. He would lay down something that he had brought, indicating that it was a gift. Of course he expected a gift in return. If he pointed at something of lesser value, rather than to a gun or a fine but of clothing, he generally got what he asked for and they were glad to see him depart. But departing he took along the gift that he had brought. Indian giving.

Some Indians, of course, lost out in their mixing with the intruders. I have never read of any Ipswich man taking a Indian for his wife. But they did have their affairs. One Indian maiden, according to legend, waited long and in vain for the return of her lover from the sea. The hill on which she languished is still called Heartbreak Hill.

Boy (37) Meets Girl (33)

Father came of a large family - three boys and six girls. But two of the boys died in infancy. When Father was eight and just well started in school, his father died very suddenly. Opportunities for gainful employment for females were practically nil, so Father had to quit school and go to work to support the family. This he succeeded in doing. He had to leave Ipswich and was gone most of the time for twenty-nine years working as a carpenter. He was thirty-seven when he returned after all of his sisters were married. He had a fine tenor voice and was soon singing in the Methodist choir. There, Mother, who was an unquestionably old maid of thirty-three, spied him and, fortunately for me, latched onto him.

They had four children: Mattie, who was seven years older than I; Ramie, five years older; Myra, two years older; and me, born when Mother was forty- two.

Mattie went to the normal school and taught in Georgetown, where she married the son of the folks with whom she roomed and boarded. He was a piano salesman and eventually had piano stores of his own in Amesbury and Newburyport. They had two children, a girl still living, and a boy that no one in our family, save me, saw alive. I was home on a brief vacation and a few days after my visit he died. Mattie died in unnecessary

and terrible agony, from gall stones. She would not permit a strange man, surgeon or no, to operate on her body.

Ramie married but had no children. His first love and work was the driving and care of high stepping horses. From that he shifted smoothly into the driving and care of costly motor cars. Finally he developed a profitable business in long distance taxi service out of Ipswich. His widow sold the High Street lot and house thus severing our last land tie with the town. Myra also attended normal school and taught out of town, but she married an Ipswich boy who worked in Peabody. She had four children, eleven grandchildren, and I know not how many great grandchildren - the end is not yet. She lived many years and died in an ancient Maine farmhouse, in which the partitions, of normal thickness, proved to be of solid wood - a bit of a handicap when they put in electric lights.

Helpers on the Farm

Mother had one helper who lived with us as one of the family. She knew of no relatives and had no desire for money, of which we paid her little. But when dressmakers came, Belle Getchell was fitted with a couple of new dresses like the other ladies of the family. Belle was a good and tireless worker, happy in the security she felt, and in the love we all bore her. And she loved all of us - especially me. All because I was clever enough when the time came for my first public speech, to utter not the trite da-da or ma-ma - the best that most babies achieve, but to come right out loud and clear with Belle! It was the word that I had heard most frequently during my brief life and I joined the chorus, profitably. Belle never forgot it. From then on I could do no wrong and nothing was too good for me.

Father had a helper, too, but one who at times proved an embarrassment. He got room and board only - we trusted him with no money - but Mike Judd was a gifted stone mason and never lacked for the price of one too many whiskies. As a farm hand he was only so-so. Father said that it was easier to do a job himself than to get Mike to do it. His services were in great demand for the building of stone walls such as enclosed our acres. In winter he would assemble glacial boulders - there was an unlimited supply of them in our fields - at the site of the proposed wall. In warmer weather, after studying a chunk of granite for a few moments, he would make his decision and a few blows with his sledge would reduce it to large pieces, each with an almost perfectly smooth face. These faces fitted together, like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, into the outer faces of the wall, using no mortar. The interior of the wall he packed with the rougher fragments. The final result was beautiful stonework, admired by all, that lasted for decades.

Mike's big handicap was his fondness for liquor. Our family were teetotalers, for good and sufficient reasons. My grandmother, Susanna Appleton, made one visit too many to friends in New Hampshire. There she met a dashing young man who swept her right off her feet and was soon her

husband. He was a good worker when sober but he took no particular pleasure in being sober. His crowning achievement came when one winter morning he hitched his horses to a loaded hay wagon and drove to Salem, twelve miles away. After delivering the hay to a livery stable and getting his pay, he decided that one for the cold road home was in order. In the saloon he met a man from Ipswich who told him that his house had just burned to the ground but that the family were safe. Four days later, grand dad arrived home, sober and penniless - a terrible example and warning to all his descendants to this day.

The Old Farm

I do not rightly know just how much of the original Appleton farm my mother owned when I was born. But it was a large farm by New England standards. Five acres of pears, ten acres of apples, a big gravel pit up the Lane, extensive wood lots and hay meadows all about, a big patch of corn and potatoes, a large cow pasture along Miles River, and good sized vegetable and flower gardens. Perhaps a hundred and twenty acres in all, but that steadily decreased as we sold off pieces for summer homes. Finally, in 1901, we sold the house and our last forty acres and moved to town. Our house was moved to the old potato patch and there joined to the equally old Wilson house to make yet another summer home. Father still owned a two-family house on the original High Street town lot. One tenant was dislodged, an addition built to house a kitchen and bedroom - here I lived for two years, Ramie for the rest of his life.

By present day federal standards, we were poor but we never suspected it. We always had plenty to eat and were well clothed and happy. Even after we had sold the pear orchard and most of our cherry trees I continued to pick the fruit and sell some of it to the new owners who were too proud to pick fruit. My brother was an ardent hunter and kept our table supplied with rabbit and other game. I joined him in fishing, including spearing eels through the ice in winter.

It is true that Father would have preferred carpentry to farming but he still had and used, occasionally, his fine hand tools, that I was never allowed to touch. He had no power tools - they had not yet been invented and we had no electricity. After moving to town he went back to carpentry and when eighty years old, took the contract to repair the steeple of the old North Church, which had been damaged by lightning. He worked off high ladders and scaffolding.

The Buildings on our Farm

Our house stood on the corner of County and Waldingfield Roads, well back from both. On County Road, there was a banking, a walled, raised area with several fruit trees. Entrances were all on Waldingfield. In all, there were ten large bedrooms in our house and ell, and four living rooms. On the

first floor was the Front Parlor, never once used during my boyhood but always kept scrupulously clean. Its horse-hair furniture was prickly to sit on, but then, nobody sat on it. Across the entrance and stair hall was the Back Parlor, used occasionally for parties and more comfortably furnished. Mother's and Father's bedroom, where I was born, was back of the front parlor. The Dining Room completed the floor plan, the largest room in the house, where we children studied our lessons. Each room had two large closets and a coal-burning stove connected to two large chimneys. There were no fireplaces and no central heating.

On the second floor were four bedrooms, without stoves, finished like the first floor with plastered ceilings and wall paper. Woodwork was painted and grained in imitation of wood. On the third floor, four more bedrooms, but these were beautifully finished in natural wood - the finest rooms in the whole house. In the stair hall were several trunkfuls of ancient clothing and one of textbooks and religious tomes, left by some minister of the family. Here we played on rainy days. I picked up a bit of information here, but not much religion.

The ell was attached to one corner of the house. It had, on the first floor, a large L-shaped kitchen in which Father and Mother sat in the evening. There was a large cook stove with a hot water heater and a sink with a hand pump. Behind the kitchen was the creamery, where the milk was cooled in large cans immersed nearly to their tops in a water tank. Upstairs was Belle's bedroom. We took our baths in the kitchen with the help of a wash tub.

For the other purposes of a bathroom we had to go outdoors for about twelve feet in all weathers, to the outhouse in the first section of a long, low shed. The outhouse was really an inhouse - a building within a building. It was finished nicely in natural wood and the inner walls above seat level were completely covered by color plates from Godey's Lady Book and sheets from the illustrated news. It was a pleasant place to spend a few minutes. The toilet paper came bound in the form of a Sears Roebuck catalog.

In other compartments in the shed were the wood and coal bins, Father's carpentry and paint shop and the hen house. Then came the large, open hog pen, followed by the barn with attached carriage house, in which the Italian workmen later slept and finally, after a third fire break, came the big corn crib, that later served as the Italian food store. Altogether the buildings extended, in typical New England fashion for more than two hundred feet.

The kitchen brings to mind the passing of our old mongrel dog, Jack - so old that we thought it merciful to shoot him. Ramie got that mean job. The rest of us children huddled close to Mother, waiting for the report of the gun. When we heard that, we opened the kitchen door - and in came Jack, wounded, seeking his usual resting place under the sink. It had all to be done over.

Church, School and Library

Practically every Sunday we drove to Aunt Laura's, also on County Road but in town and only a short block from the Methodist Church. There we had Sunday dinner, a very pleasant event. I attended Sunday school and abhorred it. Boy's classes were taught by middle aged, very severe, unmarried women, wearing big, droopy hats, who knew nothing about boys. If you asked teacher what Sodomy was, and why the Bible and the Church were so down on it, all you got was a vacant stare. I admit it was a chancey question, but she plainly did not know the answer and neither did I until many years later the brother of a close friend was sentenced to life imprisonment for killing a man who had accused him of it.

Our minister for most of my childhood was a man named Wood, who must have satisfied our elders or they would not have kept him so long. But his sermons, which were not short, put us boys to sleep - only our parents would not let us sleep in church so we squirmed and wriggled the seats out of our pants. But for three years it was very different. Boys came gladly to church to listen to Francis J. McConnell (later a bishop and a college president) who was studying in Boston and weekending in Ipswich. He made things come alive. He satisfied my idea of a prophet - tall, gaunt, not handsome and never ponderous. How he could preach! We boys worshiped God and McConnell - or maybe the other way about.

I would have quit Sunday school if they had not made me librarian. My brother refused to attend either church or Sunday school and for good measure, he also quit public schools as soon as the law allowed. In public school it was altogether different. I never wanted to be absent and I rarely was unable to get to school. Even though most of my teachers were not young and not beauties, I liked them all. My insatiable desire for knowledge of any kind made me a comfortable student to handle and I was teacher's pet. I skipped one grade entirely.

Ipswich had a fine library, endowed by a wealthy sea merchant. I generally spent an hour there after school before starting the long walk home. There was a full-time librarian who I got to know well and who started me on a sound program of reading. My folks rarely purchased a book and certainly no novels. But the library had everything.

Social Life on the Farm

Neither my brother nor I ever hosted a party. Girls gave them and boys merely attended. I sometimes attended my sisters' parties although they did not invite me. Their guests sometimes insisted on my presence. All very fine except when I was called out into the hall to be kissed at Post Office. That indignity I fought tooth and nail and feet - which was the reason they wanted me. Two larger boys would deliver me to my tormentress in the hall, who would hug and kiss me for an unconscionable time to the continued amusement of the party. Then I had to call out a girl and kiss her - always

prettiest present - before I could escape. It was really not half as bad as I made out.

In the family we played mostly the old educational games, handed down from generation to generation, such as dominoes, in which the entire family joined, including Belle and the English gardener. Father had a fine set of chessmen acquired from some foreign port by a sea - faring ancestor. I greatly admired the superb carving, but we played the simpler game of checkers or parcheesi. We had no playing cards, frowned on by the Church as the tools of gamblers. Out of doors our favorite game was hide and go seek, with the settee under the the big elm in our yard as the home base and with no end of close-by hiding places. Croquet we played but not as a game of skill as we had no lawn. On our gravelled yard, all depended on repeated collisions of ball with pebbles. Out door games ended at dark s we had no yard lights and my playmates had a long way home.

My nearest playmates were Arza and Minot Eastman, a half mile nearer town and across Miles River. One day, playing duck on the rock, I caught Arza cheating at my expense. When he persisted in the cheating, although I was a peaceful lad slow to anger, I chased him into his own kitchen and administered a handsome drubbing. His mother, after her initial surprise, applauded my efforts. " He has been needing that for a long time," she said. Across the railroad tracks and about a mile beyond our cow pasture, Ipswich River flowed through a large pine forest over a gravel bottom. Here we boys swam - or paddled about noisily. No one lived in the woods and we could yell out heads off without disturbing anybody. Pure joy! One boy who lived several miles away in Hamilton, used to join us. He fancied himself the most successful girl charmer anywhere around. One day, while we whooped and hollered joyously, some of his " conquests" sneaked in and removed all of his clothes - and only his. Of course we swam in the nude. When the loss was discovered, it took a while to convince him that no one of us was responsible. He came home with me and hid during the rest of the afternoon and evening, before taking off for home in the dark - stark naked. There was no telephone to let his folks know where he was or why he had not come home. He was quite safe, however, as there was little night traffic and no automobile headlights.

Mother and Aunt Laura were sisters, but because of Mother's late marriage, I was about the same age as Roland, one of Aunt Laura's grandsons. Once we two went out together to spend the night - the entire night - before the Fourth of July exploring the town for adventures that our classmates bragged about. We would join them discretely, for once. We set forth at ten looking for excitement - and found not a trace of it. We went all over town and the only other living beings we saw or heard were a few tomcats. At four in the morning, bored to death, we were glad to crawl onto bed. But now we had a promising project. We were going to Great Neck to camp out for a week.

We had a row boat, a tent, lots of utensils, a few blankets and an insufficiency of food. The last did not worry us - we could dig any amount

of clams whenever the tide was out. Great Neck was a huge inactive sand dune fronting on Ipswich Bay. Its only inhabitants were a few cows. Extending from one corner, like a pointing finger, was Little Neck, much smaller and lower, and almost completely covered with summer cottages of Ipswich families. It was always breezy and cool there. Little Neck stood squarely in the path of the Ipswich River, forcing it to make a sharp turn to the right and then after a few hundred yards another turn to the left, in order to empty its water into the bay. At the first dogleg a wooden pier extended to deep water to permit the steamer, Carlotta to take on and discharge passengers to and from town. At high tide, Little Neck was almost completely surrounded by water. We walked about and rowed our boat and had a nice quiet time.

I had promised Mother that I would call on the Starkey's, relatives of Father, who had a cottage near the point, close to the second dogleg. One morning, it seemed that the time had come for this visit. the tide was coming in slowly and quietly. Our boat was already afloat. To reach Starkey's I had to row around the pier, so I started rowing leisurely for that target. Looking over my shoulder I became aware that the near rail of the pier was lined with men waiting for the Carlotta to carry them to town and to work. They all seemed to be looking at me. There seemed to be an atmosphere of expectancy. I decided to impress them with a sparkling display of oarsmanship, that they would not soon forget. I feel sure that it was not forgotten for a long time. Putting all my strength into each stroke, I soon had my boat skimming and dancing over the water, on a bee-line for the end of the pier. As I made the turn about the pier, within a few yards of my audience, I ran smack, head-on, into the Atlantic Ocean flooding into Ipswich River. My boat lost its momentum in a few seconds. Row as hard as I could, I was barely able to hold my position. I was working hard and getting nowhere.

Now the men on the pier were becoming real interested. Some gave friendly advice. Some offered derisive comments. But most were so doubled over with deep intestinal mirth as to be unable to speak. Apparently watching me pull thirty strokes to the minute without gaining an inch, was the most amusing thing they had seen in ages. With my strength rapidly ebbing, I turned the boat about and back for camp. Never had I felt so ashamed and so humiliated. My ears burned as I thought of all those men shouting and laughing at my puny performance. Had not the tide already covered the clam holes, I would gladly have slithered into one and disappeared.

After moping about the tent for a while, I decided to go afoot to Starkey's since I was too weak a child to row a boat that short distance. I was well received and returned to camp with a whole pie and other most acceptable food. But my greatest gain was the recovery of my self-respect. I learned that the men on the pier had known something that I did not. They knew that the stretch of water between the two doglegs was commonly called Labor in Vain and that no man in his right senses attempted to row it

when the tide was boiling in. Muhammad Ali could not have rowed that boat around the end of the pier at the moment when I was attempting to do so. I was ignorant but not such a weakling. A few days later, we floated on another incoming tide into town.

The Opposite Sex

Beside my sisters, I cannot recall a single girl who lived in our neighborhood. I certainly had no girl playmates. At school in town I associated with girls only during class hours. One of the summer residents, a Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, the wife of an Episcopal minister of New York City, and the most beautiful woman I ever knew, lived in a smallish home about a mile from our place. I met her while delivering cherries to her kitchen and she took a fancy to me. She was a famous beauty and her picture was often in the papers. She was invariably included in the annual list of best dressed women in America. I worshiped her from afar and did get to speak to her occasionally. If I were working in the flower garden when she drove by in her pony cart, she would stop and ask questions about some flower. They were the exceptional ones who had no flower garden and she knew even less about flowers than I did. But she was interested.

When Mother died I was out of the country and did not get to attend her funeral. That night my brother was roused out of bed at two A.M. by a woman who wanted to see me to talk over old times. She told him that she had been my sweetheart in grammar school. I remember her as the prettiest girl in my class, who sometimes was waiting at her gate to walk the rest of the way to school with me. We exchanged presents at Christmas and under-cover notes during study periods. And every year for two or three years I beseeched her to be my valentine. I did not squander money on her presents. Mother was pleased that I was finally becoming aware of girls and she knew what would please a young lady of that age, so she made the presents for me, which were simple but very nice.

There were three grade schools in town and only one high school. Entering high school I was confronted by several lovely faces and I proved fickle. I have always considered the face as the most attractive feature of a girl and I admired a succession of pretty faces, none of which were really my girl, until I took note of a long-legged classmate who was not only very pretty but who could outrun any boy. When we chose sides for Prisoner's Base at recess, she was always first to be claimed and I second so we were always on opposite sides. When we had taken enough prisoners to tempt her speed, I watched her like a hawk. When she left base, I was after her in a split second and unless she saw me and turned back, I was usually able to intercept her (a hug was unavoidable) before she could effect a release. I took her by the hand to escort her to the line of prisoners and she held hands willingly enough, although she was making faces at me all the while. At running games she was my girl but at other times it was hard to tell whose girl she was.

You can fool a country boy into believing that Santa Claus brings Christmas presents, but you cannot fool him into believing that storks or doctors are responsible for babies. Animal sex is open and above board and omnipresent in the country. I know that our cows were taken to somebody's bull and our mares to somebody's stallion. My father regularly supplied the hay for a big breeding stable near Norwood's Mills and a few times he invited me to come along. There I saw the whole business, including courtship and culmination. It was as near as Father ever came to sexual guidance. And Mother never mentioned the subject.

But boys in school supplied any deficiency in information. Many claimed to have had experience and I was certain that two of my best friends were experienced. But mostly such knowledge was based on pornographic material, purchased by mail and exchanged, both printed and photographic. I saw very little of such material and considered it disgusting rather than pleasing. A pretty face was a girl's mark of excellence for me. Maybe I would have been more successful with girls if I had paid more attention to the plainer ones, but my motto has always been the same as that of my high school class: *Ad astra per aspera* - To the stars however difficult the climbing.

My Chores

My regular chores included keeping the coal hods full and the ashes and clinkers removed in winter. In warmer months I had to escort the cows to pasture in the morning and back to the barn at evening. A friend of mine hated cows - dumbest of all dumb animals. Maybe he had to milk them - I never did. They never bothered me except for the very rare occasions when a cow decided to drop her calf deep in the highbush blueberries and charged me if I came anywhere near. Then I had to call for help - for men to calm the mother while the baby was placed on a litter and borne home.

After I started school in town it was also my regular duty to bring home the mail. Each family had a glass fronted box (without door or key) so one could see if he had any mail to ask for. We always had as my parents subscribed to a daily newspaper (the Boston Globe) and to several national magazines, including the Youth's Companion. But I have not mentioned by far my biggest chore.

Every summer home had to have a large formal flower garden, always in full bloom. Any plant that did not cooperate was yanked out and replaced by another in full bloom. The English professional gardener who created and tended "Budd" Appleton's garden lived with us, except for a short period in winter when he worked in Florida. By mid-March he was opening up the greenhouse and starting seedlings, some for this year's use and others for future consideration. The latter were grown in a big flower garden between Waldingfield Road and our driveway. If Budd wanted to see what his garden would look like next year, he had to visit our garden this year. He never did. It was what is now called a trial garden in which new varieties are tested.

Vegetables were tested in the same manner in our big vegetable garden. Eggplant, for example, made its debut in Ipswich in our garden. We ate it a full year before Budd could do so.

And who hoed and cultivated and weeded those two large gardens? I did! At age eight, I became assistant gardener and man of all work, and liked the non-paying job very much. It gave me a hobby that has given me much pleasure in all my subsequent life.

There was no insecticide problem then - there were no insecticides or herbicides or other poisonous chemicals. I made use of Paris Green only very rarely. Potato bugs I picked into a canfull of kerosene as I walked up and down the long rows. My plants thrived on good old barnyard manure and bugs seemed to leave them alone.

I still had time for fishing, all done on the banks of Miles River. When the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came along, every teacher was asked to sign up every pupil - especially every boy. Most signed promptly, glad to please the teacher at so little trouble, without blinking an eyelid or changing a habit. But I - teacher's pet refused to sign on the dotted line. I intended to keep right on fishing and not to be a hypocrite about it. "But you eat the fish you catch, don't you? It is alright to catch fish to eat." "No ma'am - not sunfish." Sunfish was my most common catch but only hens condescended to eat them. Dense thickets covered most of the shores of Miles River and it was tough going to reach the deep pools in which the tasty pickerel awaited my hook baited with frog's legs (another reason for not signing with the S.P.C.A.) They were good sport and good eating and I spent many a happy hour alone on the banks of Miles River.

The Town Waterworks

Father was a successful politician - Republican, of course. Everybody trusted him. He was sober, industrious, economical, churchgoing. For many years he was chairman of the Board of Selectmen, the body that governed the town. But finally he fell. George Schofield, editor and publisher of the Ipswich Chronicle - and a Democrat - decided that Ipswich needed electricity and city water. He ran against Father - and won in a landslide. A brook was dammed over Rowley way, a power plant built, a reservoir dug into the top of 200 foot high Town Hill, some water pipes laid, and the heavily populated part of town had water and electricity and paid the added taxes cheerfully. But the outlying farms had neither.

Father's loss turned out to be a gain. Cycle Clubs of Boston staged "Century Runs" on summer Sundays. Sometimes one of these passed through Ipswich, en route to Newburyport, in the morning and again returning. In the morning I was in church but in the afternoon I saw all those beautiful "bikes" tooling merrily past our corner. My brother had a "big wheeler" a bicycle with a huge wheel in front and a tiny one trailing behind. I learned to ride it by mounting from the top of a wall, hitting each pedal a lick when it rose within reach and continuing until the machine finally

deposited me in the ditch. My younger sister also mastered it to the same degree. But it was nothing like those sleek bicycles that I saw on Sundays.

I took my toll of the cyclists. My lemonade was five cents a glass and business was brisk and profitable, with lemons at eight cents a dozen. It was not ice cold - merely from the bottom of the well - better for hot and tired cyclists. But not profitable to finance a new modern bicycle. How was I to get one?

The summer folks came to my rescue. They wanted city water and were willing to pay for it. A contract was awarded to the Goodhue Company for several miles of pipe. Young Goodhue came to our house to live for three months. His working force of thirty Italian laborers were bedded in the upstairs of our carriage house. Our big corn crib was converted into an Italian food store, selling the food they were used to, which they cooked over open grilles built in the nearby apple orchard, each grille serving several. And I became the water boy at a dollar a day.

Enough to buy two or three bicycles. All up and down the trenches the cry went up: "Water Boy! Water Boy!" Filling my pail at the nearest pump, I came running. Their work was hard and hot and they thirsty. I worked hard to quench their thirst and they liked me. I suppose that I reminded them of their family at home that they were saving every cent to bring to America. No one minded that all drank from the same dipper.

After a hard day's work and a hearty meal they gathered in front of the carriage house. One played an accordion and all sang with good voices. It was as good as grand opera. In fact they were singing selections from grand opera mostly. At first my parents forbade me to join them but after a while they relented and I was with them every evening - their Bambino. When they went to another job they left the accordion with me.

I soon had a new bicycle to ride proudly to school. For the first time in my life I deposited money in the bank. But it was not my first bank account. When each child was born, Father deposited five dollars into his account in the Ipswich Savings Bank. Mine stayed there drawing compound interest for seventeen years.

Domestic Affairs

Our domestic economy was founded on these things - eggs, butter, skim milk, fruit, pork, potatoes and hay - and sales of land. Butter and eggs were exchanged at the general store for other foods and for dress goods. It reminds me of a story. One day a farm woman came in with butter and eggs and a few dressed chickens. She handed a list of what she wanted in exchange. The grocer was surprised to find butter on her list. He asked her if it were a mistake. "Oh, no," she said, "We found a dead mouse in the cream. What folks don't know won't hurt 'em." After she left, the grocer smiled broadly, "She took home most of her own butter. What she don't know won't hurt her." To continue my account of domestic affairs: Hay, potatoes, pork and fruit brought in cash with which to buy the food that appeared at

out door at regular intervals in wagons. The butcher cut off the meat that Mother wanted. The fish monger let Mother choose her fish, weighed it, cut off the heads and cleaned it. Tea and coffee and other staples came in other carts. Ice, harvested in winter from the Ipswich River, arrived on the ice wagon to keep our ice box cool in summer. To this day, I commonly refer to the refrigerator as the “ice box”.

If you should remove from present day grocery stores all the items that we did not find there, they would be ninety-five per cent empty. Perhaps not quite that empty as flour came in barrels and molasses in hogsheads. Bread, cakes, cookies, pie and pastry of any kind were home made, not bought. Of course there were no frozen goods. Saltines had not been invented - we used “pilot bread” - crackers about three inches in diameter and quite thick. Or little oyster crackers that swelled to thrice their original size when dunked in soup that was always home made. Eggs were handed to customers in paper bags. Ice cream was purchased and eaten at confectionery stores, where candies were also available.

This reminds me of a story often retold at our house. One of my great aunts, having arrived at the shocking age of twenty-one, without finding a husband, was reduced to receiving the attentions of a chap who no one else wanted. One day he appeared with a flourish, all dressed up, in his one horse shay. Great Aunt, also in her best bib and tucker, climbed up to the high seat and they departed for Salem. Arrived at a nice confectionery store, they seated themselves at a table and he ordered ice cream - then a decided novelty. When it was served, there was but one dish and he proceeded to eat that. After a while he turned to his companion, who was regarding him coldly, and said, “It was licking good, Sal, Why don’t you get some?”

The Crossing Tender

I first attended, for three years, the one-room Appleton School, about a mile from home on Waldingfield road. The road climbed a high hill, then descended precipitously to the railroad track, and continued through low woods where pink lady slippers grew. The crossing was dangerous - it was hard to halt a loaded wagon on that steep grade - so the railroad company stationed one of its older employees there in a little cabin. When a train was due, he appeared with a flag by day or a lantern by night. He also seemed to appear whenever I passed by and we soon became friends. To while away his idle time, he secured many empty wooden cigar boxes, from which he made exquisite doll-house furniture, with perfectly fitting joints and lovely polished surfaces. I admired his work honestly and he once gave me a little dresser that was a gem - beautiful in its own right as cabinet work. I wish I had it now.

I Go to Orono

The farm sold, we lived in town during my last two years of high school. I graduated at the top of my class and I wanted more education - lots of it. And my parents believed that I should have it. I wanted to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but it was much too expensive for my parents' means. I went to Boston anyway in hopes of some miracle. I one of their scattered buildings I found a Professor Swain, who was understanding and sympathetic, but the best he could suggest (there were no scholarships, then) was that I go to the University of Maine, which he said was a good engineering school. Every year, Professor Swain came to Orono to deliver a course of lectures to seniors and every year he sent for me to come to talk with him.

As the time approached for me to leave for Maine, "Red" Alexander of Boston came to see me, while visiting a relative in Ipswich. He was a few months younger than I and a brilliant student as well as a musician. He was an aggressive sort of person, full of pep and enthusiasm, a perfect target for sophomore hazers, especially as he frequently failed to wear the cap prescribed for freshmen. He landed in the campus frog pond before he was a week in residence. His ambition was to be the quarterback of the football team - which he never realized, although he worked hard at it for three years. Then, having completed the four year course in chemistry in three years and one summer session, he went to Harvard for graduate work and received his M.S. degree from Harvard a few days before receiving his B.S. degree from Maine. We remained life-long friends.

In order to accommodate the largest entering class in its history, the University had rented an old, vacant, four-story hotel building in Orono - fully a mile and a three-span wooden covered bridge from the campus - as a freshman dormitory. There, Red and I shared a large room with a chap from White Plains, New York, who only stayed one semester, and with a huge football aspirant, much older than we. He was six feet four inches tall and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds and he played for four years. Once he had planted his feet solidly, as a guard on defense, opponents learned that they had to go around that position or else come to a sudden and painful stop. He was unmovable. On offense he was equally unmoving, so another husky played there in his stead. It was the beginning, so far as I know, of the two-platoon system now universal in college football.

I Meet Butt Harlow

As my first semester ended, another husky football player, previously only slightly known to me, proposed that we room together in the new hotel across the street. As it turned out, Butt Harlow and I were as complete opposites as you often find rooming together, but we soon became good friends. He did everything that a proper student was not supposed to do - superlatively well. I did everything that a proper student was supposed to do.

The first gain from this partnership came when, a few weeks later, the old hotel dormitory burned to the ground one day and all the students still living there lost all of their personal belongings. After a while an opening occurred in an on-campus dormitory - Oak Hall - and Butt and I moved there. It was a four-story and basement building. Three floors were used as studies and the fourth was the "ram pasture" where we all slept. Each student provided his own furniture, most of it handed down by graduating students, much the worse for long and hard use. We ate in a connecting building - the Commons - where the food was only fair, although we rioted occasionally to get a better cook or manager.

I found rooming with Butt Harlow a bit strenuous and after a short time we parted on the best of terms. It was disconcerting, on going up to bed, after studying late, to find Butt sleeping blissfully with a big collie dog in my half of the bed. Later I had a corner room beside the principal entrance with an excellent musician as a roommate. He was devoted to Grieg and I came to share his love for the Poet and Peasant Overture and other of his compositions. And later still, the "Count" was installed in the room just across the hall that was formerly the reception room - as far as visiting women were permitted to go in Oak Hall.

Whenever any major mischief occurred on campus, Butt Harlow was usually suspected - correctly - of being its author. He unquestionably had the makings of an exceptionally able engineer. Working in the dark, with improvised tools and with companions under the influence, he could accomplish feats that most of us could not match in broad daylight and with all conveniences. An electric railway ran along one side of the campus, connecting Bangor and Oldtown (where Indians make fine canoes). At stopping points there were good sized waiting rooms, open on the track side. We had none at the Oak Hall stop but at Veazie, a suburb of Bangor, and the home of "Aunt Hat" and her stable of accommodating women, there was one, until suddenly, it appeared at the Oak Hall stop ten miles away. Aunt Hat was perturbed and came to the campus to register a complaint. She met Prexie Fellows, who took her for a ride(not aware of her business interests) all about the campus. He succeeded in calming her down to the extent that she dropped her complaint and we kept the waiting room. That incident caused quite a bit of joyful comment among the students.

And Prexie was not properly rewarded for his diplomatic ability. One morning, his buggy, with horse properly in the shafts, was noticed perched precariously on the flat roof of Oak Hall. That, I contend, was something very few student engineers could have dreamed up and accomplished, even if the horse was a mock-up. The campus caretakers found it all they could do to get the horse and buggy down, before a cheering crowd of students. That will give you an inadequate idea of the capacity of Butt Harlow - for liquor, or mischief, or leadership.

Proctor at Oak Hall

In my sophomore year I was employed as a tutor to assist the professor from whom I had taken the course the previous year, to teach general engineering drawing. It paid enough to cover all my college expenses, relieving my parents. I continued as a tutor in various subjects in later years and my junior years I added the proctorship of Oak Hall. my friendship with Butt Harlow was an asset here, although no one expected that I could entirely suppress such genius as his. At least I had no difficulty discovering the details and personnel of any mischief that still occurred. No one was expelled and at times Oak Hall became quite sedate. When the remnants of my class returned to Orono for their fiftieth anniversary in 1957, a former Oak Haller and a star football player - the only negro in the college while I was there - came to me relatively sober and thanked me profusely for letting him graduate. He had been one of Butt's companions on several occasions that I knew about. Had made good as an engineer in Philadelphia.

My most interesting and difficult job as a proctor lasted for two years. "Count" Enrique Perez Palacio of Lima, Peru, entered the university as a junior and was assigned to my tender care in Oak Hall. His object, of course, was to learn English and to help out I took a course in Spanish with him. He was engaged to a girl in Lima who wrote two or three times each week - very fat letters. He wrote equally long and frequently in reply. But that did not keep him from exploring to the full every aspect of student life in Orono, Bangor and Veazie. I well remember him coming to me one morning all excited: "Yesterday for the first time I thought in English!" It was exciting! Never have I thought in French, German, or Spanish. He had expected to attend our fiftieth but his wife wrote that a short time before he had entered the hospital and there he had died.

One of my most sensitive jobs as proctor was to secure the observance of the unwritten but well understood regulation that each resident of the Hall must bathe at least once a week, put fresh sheets on the bed and clean underwear and shirt on the body. This bothered only a few "exceptional" students. There were bathing facilities in the basement of Oak Hall but most of us preferred to clean up at Alumni Hall gymnasium. I had one customer who I kept a close watch on and still he never seemed to smell as sweet as I thought he should. Many of the boys mailed their laundry home, but I patronized a laundry in Augusta, that had a representative in the Hall who collected, shipped and distributed with never a mix-up such as modern laundries seem unable to avoid.

At that time the College Supply Store occupied a couple of rooms in Oak Hall. Principally they bought and sold textbooks, new or used, and writing materials. But they had many other items, such as celluloid collars (all the rage) and Ingersoll dollar watches - but no cigarettes. If one used tobacco at all it was considered more sophisticated to smoke a pipe. In spite of the extra traffic that the store occasioned we were never bothered by

stealing, even though few studies were ever locked. We were poor but honest.

My athletic career at Maine was brief and inglorious. I tried for basketball but was never a varsity player. In literary activities I fared better. As the first editor of the Maine Blue Book, I published Lincoln Colcord's *Metamorphosis of the Mate*, which was later printed in a national magazine. As an associate editor of the 1907 Prism, I handled successfully the delicate personal biographies based on interviews. In scholastics I had to be content with second place after a coed whose major - Mathematics was as difficult as mine - Civil Engineering.

College Romance

There were only seven coeds in my class - not nearly enough to go around, and I never got to know any of them well. Once a couple of them, stranded like me on campus during a brief vacation, sent me a box of fine fudge. But that was hardly romance. Finally however, I did get a taste of it. Between my junior and senior years I worked for the American Bridge Company in New York City as a checker. They had kindly found me a place to stay over in Greenpoint near the ferry terminal, with a Dr. Lucretia Morden. She had an entire four-story unit in a block long building. She occupied the first floor with her office and living quarters and rented many rooms on the three upper floors. Most of her roomers boarded in the unit next door and in the evening gathered on the narrow front porch and the broad entrance steps, until things cooled off. There seemed to be no one near my age and innocence until I discovered that the doctor's sister, Milly was spending the summer with her. Milly was a medical student in Toronto.

Once discovered we gravitated together, and spent our weekends exploring the environs of New York - even as far as Coney Island, but generally to more worth while places. And we joined the after dinner assembly on the front porch of an evening in the furthest back corner. In late September we returned to our respective campuses and we corresponded for a few months. Someone - Milly said that her roommate had - sent me a photograph of a girl anyone would be proud to know. But women doctors do not often marry, and I was not anxious to change the rule, so correspondence gradually ceased. Years later I came across an entry in the Chicago telephone directory: Millicent Morden M.D. with home and office addresses. Maybe it was the same girl? Maybe I should call?

Class Prophet

For my Junior Class Day I was class prophet. That noon a senior friend invited me for a ride in his canoe on the Stillwater River that skirted the campus. It was often full of logs on their way to saw mills on the Penobscot River below, but just then it was open with only the booms in place. It was a lovely sunny day and we were enjoying our trip greatly when we ran onto a

partly submerged boom. Over went the canoe and deposited both of us in deep water. I am not a swimmer. I never swam before and never after but that day I swam for my life. My companion who had seen no need to come to my assistance, righted the canoe and we continued our trip drying out in the warm sunshine.

That night my class still had its prophet, none the worse for wear, who gave much the usual forecasts. Most of my classmates were easy guesses. But I failed completely to predict that one of them would rise the highest above the earth's surface (over twelve miles) that any man had ever risen before the astronauts came along. Or that another, pioneering in medical statistics, would end up as president of Johns Hopkins University. Or a legal authority in America on tollroads and super-highways. Or even that my good friend, Red (now Bill) Alexander, after success as a teacher would become a millionaire business man.

Bits and Pieces

In making the final assembly of this material there were items that either did not seem to fit in or that went into hiding just at the moment that I needed them. I am adding some of these items like the pages of Mark Twain's punctuation marks, for the reader to insert wherever he pleases.

At The Appleton Farms, which the General owned, the principal profit crop was hogs, of which there were several long low sheds. They were fed with swill and skim milk collected from all over the neighborhood and with potatoes boiled in huge kettles over blazing fires. It was an exciting place, especially at meal times, with hundreds of hungry hogs squealing in unison, demanding their suppers. Two of my favorite playmates were sons of the superintendent of the farms.

There were many children of summer residents with whom we might possibly have played for a few months but we never mixed with them. We felt sorry for them, always dressed up, riding around in carriages or pony carts with their mothers, never allowed to go barefoot - while we were having great fun playing running games. They did ride horseback, which would have been nice, but our horses were work horses, not saddle horses.

There were fires in town during my boyhood but very few of them - only two that I remember. On the whole, fire has mistreated the old town very gently as the large number of houses over one hundred and fifty years old attests. The two fires I attended were spectacular bonfires two or three hundred feet long, in which a string of wooden store buildings, one to three stories high were completely consumed, leaving not enough salvage for even a fire sale. The best our Agawam Pumper could do was to save the adjoining buildings, although those husky men had won many a contest with the pumpers of nearby towns.

There was no Ipswich Historical Society when I was a boy. The old Whipple House was on the West of the railroad track and the fine Heard Mansion (he was the donor of the Heard Library) was on the South Green.

Both were acquired later by the Historical Society which was well supported by both townspeople and summer residents, and which is a model of such societies. It has published two huge volumes (Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony) and twenty five or thirty other books and pamphlets descriptive of ancient customs, land title changes and genealogical information. they moved the old Whipple House a mile to near the South Green, more visible to tourists, giving it a new foundation and a chimney built of the same bricks. Still heated by fireplaces, with well smoked, low, beamed ceilings and tiny window panes, and an old fashioned garden.

Aunt Laura's husband had a neighborhood store facing the North Green. I went there to see him only at discreet intervals, since my parents traded with a competitor on the nearer South Green. When I did appear he would fill a small paper sack with candies of my choice - all of two or three cents worth, when a cent was valuable!

We had neither radio nor TV, but I do not consider that so much of a loss as some folk would. Like a story Dr. Adams used to tell about the hamburger maker who insisted that his ingredients went in strictly fifty-fifty - one mouse and one elephant - these media seem to me compounded of one elephant - the commercials, and one mouse - the news and worth while information, with most of the news bad. We learned our lessons much better free of such distractions.

Most of the summer population in our neighborhood "rode the hounds" regularly, chasing a fox that was never overtaken. The hounds were quartered at the clubhouse of the Myopia Hunt Club in Hamilton and their attendants wore red uniforms and made quite an impression on small boys. All the members of that club were supposed to be suffering from that eye defect, but probably many were not. Ladies rode side-saddle. We were paid an annual fee for permitting them to ride through our hay fields and crop lands in pursuit of the fox. They carried no guns and foxes had no trouble keeping out of reach of the dogs - they probably enjoyed the chase as much as the dogs did. Hunts were frequent and quite exciting to us boys, as we never knew when we might hear the sound of the horns and the baying of the dogs, right in our own fields.

Between Ipswich Bay and the town and extending most of the way to Newburyport was a stretch of salt marsh several miles wide, and flooded during the highest tides, on which salt hay grew. Father owned a few acres and harvested the hay every fall for bedding for horses and cows. To do the mowing, raking and stacking, horses had to wear wooden shoes, a foot in diameter, on all four feet. The hay was placed on circular groups of posts out of reach of the tide, and was brought home during the winter when the marshes were frozen. Between holdings there were deep ditches always full of salt water even at low tide.

Tin cans and other debris did not accumulate so fast in those days as they do now. We had no dump but the summer folks did have a common one, in which we boys sometimes made "finds", such as boxes full of candle stubs a few inches long. Melted and recast, these made new candles. Another

valuable find was a carriage whip, the lower part of which was made of whalebone. Sections of this could be smoked like a cigar.

Eels puzzled me greatly as a boy. In mid-winter an eel spear probing in the mud of the river bottom would bring up an abundance of them. In mid-summer, the same tool found no eels at all they looked more like snakes than any other fish I knew, but they were good eating, although much fatter than other fish. I never suspected that eels were born in fresh water streams and then went into the ocean to live their lives, returning only to spawn and die in their native stream. Had I known this, I still would have been puzzled as to how they got back into the Miles River, for they had to pass two dams in the town with no fish ladders to help them/ there was always water overflowing over the dams. They must have been able to swim up that almost vertical overflow - something that I would never have thought them capable of.

Ipswich Mills were located at the upper dam and furnished half of the available employment in town. Every New England river had its cotton mill. Most of the fathers of my schoolmates worked in the mills, and most of my schoolmates would be working there later. The leaders in our church were mostly executives or superintendents of departments. But such employment did not appeal to me. Even as a boy I wanted to become a part of the construction industry, as my father had been. Now I will end my boyhood recollections, still fresh and exciting after more than sixty years away from New England.

*Regarding "Recollections of a New England Boyhood" by Arthur Russell Lord –
The Manuscript was sent to Mrs. Appleton in 1990 by Mr. Lord's niece.
The following is the text of the letter sent to Mrs. Joan Appleton with a xerox of the
typewritten manuscript:*

22 Cambria St.
Clearwater Beach Florida 34630
March 25, 1990

Dear Mrs. Appleton,

You may remember that after the article about Appleton Farm appeared in the farm magazine, that I wrote you about the fact that my mother and grandmother were born on the farm. I also mentioned the fact that my uncle had written an account of his boyhood there. It has taken me two years to find this copy of that account. I have had it copied but I think it would be appropriate to have the original placed with the other records of the farm, if you think that would be a good idea. I was very fond and proud of my uncle and it gives me great pleasure to think that his memories of his boyhood might become part of the records of Appleton Farm.

Yours sincerely, Winifred Nason

There are additional chapters that do not appear here. These tell of Mr. Lord's life after leaving college, in Maine, and moving to Chicago where he had a career as an engineer. These later chapters are titled:

*I Leave New England (For Urbana, Illinois)
I Become Famous Over Night
(First test for actual stresses in a concrete building)
Enter World War One
(With Negroes in Texas and scientists in Pennsylvania)
Boom and Bust
(What goes up too high to fast must come down hard)
The Public Relief Decade
(Illinois Emergency Relief and Works Progress Admin.)
Enter World War Two
(Five years in Washington and twenty five in Palos).*

From the Internet:

Descendants of Joshua Lord

Generation No. 1

1. Joshua¹² Lord (*Nathaniel*¹¹, *Aaron*¹⁰, *Nathaniel Jr*⁹, *Nathaniel*⁸, *Robert Sr*⁷, *Robert*⁶, *Anthony*⁵, *John*⁴, *Tomas*³, *Hari*², *William*¹) was born March 07, 1807 in Ipswich, Essex, MA (Source: *Vital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849*, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 245.), and died October 12, 1848 in Ipswich, Essex, MA (Source: *Vital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849*, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 619. of dysentery). He married Martha Willet April 15, 1830 in Ipswich, Essex, MA (Source: *Vital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849*, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 282.), daughter of Moses Willet and Martha Fellows. She was born December 01, 1809 (Source: E.E. Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 131*, 55b.), and died July 29, 1884 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b. apoplexy).

More About Joshua Lord:

Occupation: Farmer

Children of Joshua Lord and Martha Willet are:

- i. Martha W.¹³ Lord, b. June 14, 1831 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38a.); d. August 12, 1864 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b.); m. George W. Langdon; b. November 01, 1830 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b.); d. November 24, 1902 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b.).
- ii. Margaret B. Lord, b. August 17, 1833 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38a.); d. August 01, 1909 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b.); m. Henry F. Russell.
- iii. Elizabeth B. Lord, b. 1835 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38a.); m. Warren Boynton, June 12, 1859 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b.).
- iv. Moses W. Lord, b. 1837 (Source: (1) Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38a., (2) *Vital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849*, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 620. Computed from age at date of death); d. September 23, 1848, Ipswich, Essex, MA (Source: *Vital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849*, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 620. dysentery).
- v. Aaron Lord, b. February 07, 1840 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38a.); d. January 22, 1921 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b.); m. Catherine Elizabeth Underhill, February 27, 1878 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b.).
- vi. Mary Rindge Lord, b. April 05, 1842, Ipswich, Essex, MA (Source: *Vital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849*, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 247.); m. John Manning Dannels.

- vii. Hannah Ellen Lord, b. July 28, 1844, Ipswich, Essex, MA (Source: *Vital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849*, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 243.); m. John W. Newman, June 14, 1868 (Source: Fewkes, *Darling Papers Volume 132*, 38b.).
- viii. Edmund Bebee Lord, b. January 26, 1847, Ipswich, Essex, MA (Source: (1) *Vital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849*, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 242., (2) *Vital Records of Ipswich, Massachusetts 1850-1910*, 90.); d. September 14, 1848, Ipswich, Essex, MA (Source: (1) aVital Records of Ipswich Massachusetts to the end of the year 1849, (Published by The Essex Institute, Salem, Mass, 1910), 617. dysentary, (2) *Vital Records of Ipswich, Massachusetts 1850-1910*, 86.).

More About Edmund Bebee Lord:

Burial: North Burial Ground, Ipswich, MA

Arthur Russell Lord

Parents: Aaron Lord -- Catherine E. Underhill

Grandparents: Joshua Lord -- Martha Willett

The Ipswich Vital Records do not list many Underhills however there is a marriage of Jeremiah Choate Underhill to Susanna Appleton Oct 21, 1798. Presumably these are Catherine's parents.

The problem that you face in tracing these lines is that Ipswich was a summer home. In the winter they went back to Boston or Cambridge. Since marriages were in the summer, they were in Ipswich. Births and deaths were not usually at the summer home. (Of you got sick you did not travel to the summer home or if already there, you went back to town to see your regular doctors) Therefore Ipswich records show no births for the Underhills and few deaths as well.

Editors note:

The corner of Bay Road and Waldingfield Road is known as "Underhill's Corner."

Arthur Russell Lord's family home was originally on that corner, opposite "Mary White's Gate," at Appleton Farms.

In 1905, the Lord house was moved and conjoined with another Appleton house, by Ruth Appleton Tuckerman. She was one of the daughters of Daniel Fuller Appleton.