

**TOWN OF
WESTFIELD**

IN REVIEW



1776-1976

GRATITUDE

The compiling of this booklet has certainly reaffirmed my love and interest for the town of Westfield. The people of Westfield can boast and be proud of their heritage. The histories and stories of the men and women of Westfield exemplify their high ideals and goals; their belief in God, their courage and strength, and their willingness to work. Thank God for such a heritage.

My sincere thanks and gratitude to everyone, who in any way furnished any kind of information, data or pictures for this booklet. A special thanks to Jason Carter, Candace Bean, Ralph Miller, Josephine Pudvah, and Iva Angier (who so willingly let me use some of Alton Angier's beautiful poems, which told so much about Westfield.)

Also I do want to thank Denise Couture for doing some of the typing, and Loretta Laplume for confirming some of the information and helping to assemble the booklet.

I am sure there were many more facts and pictures people would have liked to contribute, but due to the time limit they were not included. Maybe a supplement could be considered in the future.

Thanks again, without all your help this could not have been done.

JEANNE C. BEAULIEU

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page No.
Bicentennial Program 1976	2
Bicentennial Committees	3
Bicentennial School Program and Flag Presentation	4
Bicentennial Flag Raising	7
Town Charter	9
Westfield Lot Map	10
Geographical Map of Westfield	11
Geological History of Westfield	13
Centennial Celebration & History of Westfield - 1902	17
History of Westfield by Iva Angier	22
Buck Hill Map and Names Corresponding	23
Poem on Buck Hill by Jason Carter	24
Town Clerk's Office and Former Town Clerks	25
1976 Report of Westfield	26
Freeman Oath Administered to our Young Voters	27
Lieutenant Henry E. Bedell's Story and Pictures	30
Rodolphus Reed's Story	41
John and Phebe Corrow's Story	42
Margaret Snyder's Saga	44
Early Scenes of the Village of Westfield	46
Pictures of Buck Hill and Village	55
Famous Men of Westfield	60
Aaron Charles Hitchcock's Life and Meeting Concerning Library & Museum & Pictures	65
Westfield Covered Bridge	71
Balance Rock	72
Hazen's Notch	73
Pictures of Westfield Bobbin Mill	74
Scenes and Facts of Westfield	76
Facts about Westfield Post Office	80
Brief History of the Congregational Church by Candace Bean	81
Brief History of the Westfield Grammar School	84
Early School Pictures	86
Lee. R. Miller's Story	88
Jason L. Carter, a Former Resident	91
Iva & Alton Angier and some of his Poems on Westfield	92
Chester Bean's Family History	107
Recognition of a Century Farm Owner	108
The Daigle Store, a "Landmark"	109
Alpine Haven's Development	113
The Mill Brook Camp Ground	116
W.S. Trumpass' Poem (If Vermont was Flattened Out)	117
Song of the Vermonters - 1779	118
Mill Hollow Pub	120
Bits and Pieces	8

**BICENTENNIAL PROGRAM
TOWN OF WESTFIELD — JULY 10, 1976**

7:30 A.M. - 10:00 A.M.	PANCAKE BREAKFAST
10:30 A.M.	PARADE
8:00 A.M. - 7:00 P.M.	LIBRARY and MUSEUM OPEN HOUSE
12:00 P.M.	ECUMENICAL SERVICE - Out doors. Followed by Picnic Dinner - (Bring own lunch & join the crowd)
1:00 P.M. - 4:00 P.M.	FIELD DAY
7:30 P.M.	TALENT SHOW
9:00 P.M. - 12:00 P.M.	DANCE "Johnny Sicotte and His Band"

ACTIVITIES:

Moon Walk for Children
Assorted Games
Scott's SUGAR HOUSE
QUEEN for the Day

BICENTENNIAL COMMITTEES

Pancake Breakfast	Denison F. Lyster - Chairman
Parade	Reginald LeBlanc - Chairman
Band for Parade	Suzanne Couture
Flowers	Connie Daigle and Dianne LeBlanc
History Booklet	Jeanne C. Beaulieu - Chairman Loretta Laplume - Denise Couture
Posters	Jane Ellsworth - Chairman
Library & Museum	Helen Rogers - Chairman
Food Booth for Church	Carolyn Lyster - Chairman
Field Day	Louis Daigle - Chairman
Marking of Homesteads	Florette Galipeau - Chairman
Fish Pond	Erlah Kennison - Chairman Dottie Deslandes - Deborah Gallup
Talent Show	Alicia Couture - Chairman John Ferrara - Master of Ceremonies
Dance	Hilda Daigle - Chairman
Booths	Romeo Myott - Chairman
Parking Facilities	Floyd Coulter - Chairman

**Westfield School's Bicentennial Program
and
Bicentennial Flag presentation by Senator
Melvin Mandigo of Glover**

The Westfield Elementary School was packed Thursday evening, June 10, when the elementary school children accompanied on the piano by their music teacher, Mrs. John (Carolyn) Ferrara, presented their Bicentennial program. Remarks during and after the program were "no one had ever attended such a perfect program before"; "The children were super perfect." Details later.

Another highlight of the evening was the presentation of the Bicentennial flag and certificate by Senator Melvin Mandigo of Glover.

The flag was presented to Yves Daigle, chairman of the selectmen, the certificate to Louis Daigle, principal of the school. Opening remarks and introduction were by chairman, Mrs. Chester Bean.

Yves Daigle thanked Senator Mandigo for attending the program and presenting the flag. The senator spoke briefly following the presentations. He noted "There was very little left to say, after listening to and seeing the excellent acting by the children." Their program was based on the past 200 years to the present day.

Senator Mandigo was accompanied by his wife, and other guests were present from Lowell.

The teachers, Mrs. Reginald LeBlanc, Mrs. Cyrus Benson, Louis Daigle and music teacher, Mrs. John Ferrara are to be commended for the excellent ability of their pupils to present such an interesting program.



**BICENTENNIAL FLAG RAISING
HELD ON THE TOWN SQUARE ON MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1976**



BICENTENNIAL FLAG — A Bicentennial flag was presented to the Town of Westfield at ceremonies held Monday noon at the village square. Pictured above are Rep. Alvin Warner (left) who presented the flag to Leon Couture (right) town selectman. Yves Daigle, (center) chairman of the board of selectmen, observed as the Bicentennial flag and the American flag were raised to the top of the flag pole.

Bicentennial Flag Presentation - 1976

At noon on Monday, June 14, a beautiful summer day, the Bicentennial flag raising program took place on the village common here. The master of ceremonies, Louis Daigle, elementary school principal, opened the program with the Star Spangled Banner by the elementary students led by their music teacher, Mrs. Carolyn Ferrara, and the public.

Rep. Alvin Warner of Lowell spoke briefly before leading the assembly in the Pledge of Allegiance.

Mrs. Chester Bean, presented the Bicentennial flag to Mr. Warner, who was assisted by two selectmen, Leon Couture and Yves Daigle in raising it.

This was followed by "The Spirit of America's Bicentennial" by Rep. Warner and a song by the elementary pupils and Mrs. Ferrara, joined by the public.

Addressing the group assembled, Representative Warner observed that, "The spirit of America's Bicentennial is sweeping the country, particularly in our State of Vermont because of events and activities such as are happening here today, and because of the effort, determination, sacrifice and patriotism of people working together with a strong belief in God, the ideals which made our country great.

"We must," he said, "give great credit to our ancestors who worked under that formula to achieve freedom. Each and every war in which this country has been involved has been to produce or preserve freedom for you and me.

"Westfield never shrank from its duties. The records show a long list of names of men and women who served in the Armed Forces, some of whom never returned. On this very special day let us bow our heads for just a moment in tribute to those who made these sacrifices....But, let us not take this freedom for granted. It has been paid for!

Today we sometimes think our governmental system is sick. It certainly isn't perfect, but when we look around us, nation by nation, I believe that most of us would agree we have the best in the world. That is why we are so proud of Old Glory....that is why we are also proud of the new Bicentennial flag. It represents the progress of the last 200 years, as well as our nation's birthday.

"I believe this achievement can be attributed to what Abraham Lincoln stated well over 100 years ago - 'government of the people, by the people, for the people.' That is what we still strive for today," Warner stated. "We've had severe growing pains in some areas of the nation. Vermont had not suffered extensively until the last decade, but with strict regulations I believe Vermont growth is very well planned."

Mr. Warner said, "The people of Westfield are to be commended and deserve a lot of praise in their pride and long range planning...

"One has only to drive up North Hill to see beauty that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the State of Vermont, and that wasn't planned recently....Or drive around the Loop Road and see how beautifully the land

and buildings have been maintained. I used to think as I made many trips through the village here as a child, that Westfield, being so neat and clean and beautiful, that was where the rich people lived.

Mr. Warner said, "I believe that building 116 years old, is a good example of the way the people of the town of Westfield have preserved their properties.

"I think maybe I have already taken up too much of your time, but I would love to have prepared a lecture just on the history of Westfield's so many interesting things. I am sure that one of the things that stimulate my interest here, is the fact that my mother was born here and grew up here in Westfield and naturally I heard stories of many interesting events that happened a long time ago, but let me say there is one thing in particular we can all be proud of and that is, the people of Westfield still work for a living."

Yves Daigle thanked Mr. Warner, the school and Mrs. Bean, to close the program.

Guests were present from surrounding towns.

The Bicentennial flag and certificate had been presented to Westfield Thursday evening, June 10 at the school hall, following the elementary school Bicentennial program.

Guest speaker was Senator Melvin Mandigo of Glover.

After reading the certificate Senator Mandigo presented it to the principal of the Elementary School Louis Daigle.

"Of course," he continued, "the real fact is pride, ambition, and hard work, a heritage that was handed down from the early settlers."

Westfield was chartered by the State of Vermont in 1780, one of the first in Orleans County. The first settlers came 18 years later in 1798, Jesse Olds with his family from Massachusetts.

Within the next three years enough settlers had come to Westfield so that on March 29, 1802, they held their first town meeting, but because of the limited number, some served in several offices. One person held five.

The next year two schools were built, one on West Hill, which is now known as Buck Hill, the other on North Hill. One was covered on the outside with rough boards, the other with bark. They didn't build here where the village is now located, because it was believed that this valley a few years earlier was a large pond and the land was still too wet to build on.

But in a few years they did build here in this spot, and in 1857 C. Braley was the representative to Montpelier and lived here in the village.

They had school in his barn for three years. It worked out so well and had a good attendance. In 1860 the present school was erected, the first floor for classes and the second for town meetings.

**STATE OF VERMONT
THE GOVERNOR, COUNCIL, AND GENERAL ASSEMBLY
OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FREEMEN OF VERMONT**

To all people to whom these presents shall come Greeting. Know ye that whereas it has been Represented to us by our Worthy Friend Daniel Owen and Company, that there is a Tract of Vacant Land within this State which has not been heretofore Granted, which they Pray may be granted to them. We have there fore thot' fit for the due incouragement of settling a new Plantation within this State, and other valuable considerations us hereunto moving, and Do by these Presents in the name and by the authority of the Freemen of the State of Vermont, Give and Grant unto the said Daniel Owen & Com'y hereafter named as follows, Viz. Thomas Owen 3rd, Daniel Owen 2nd, James Cowen, Jeremiah Sanders, Andrew Waterman, William Waterman, Jesse Foster, Amos Horton, Daniel Warner, Noah Mathewson, Abraham Mathewson, Aseph Wilder, David Arnold, 2nd, David Richmond, Caleb Arnold Jr., Derious Smith, Simeon Smith Thomas Wood Thomas Wood Jr., Humphrey Wood, William Wood, John Wells Jr., Joseph Wells, Jr., Stephen Smith, Stephen Smith Jr., Thomas Smith, Stephen Killey, Samuel Clark, Simeon Sweet, Henry Sherburn, Jonathan Smith Jr., William Mathewson, Jesse Eve, Elisha Brown, William Wade, Hon'be William West Esq., Caleb Arnold, Thomas Burlingham, John Sprague, Benjamin Wilkerson, Thomas Owen, Daniel Moory, Solomon Owen Jr., William Colgrove, William Barton, Ambrose Kimble, William Roads, Stephen Kimball, David Darling, Asa Kimball, Cornot Smith, Reuben Mason, Thimothy Wilmith Jr., John Kimball, Jesse Brown, Asa Kimball Jr., Jeremiah Smith, Thomas Chittenden Esq., and Sprague Potter, Together with five sixty-fifth parts of said Township to be appropriated to public uses as follows, viz. one share for the use of the first settled Minister of the Gospel, to be disposed of for that purpose as the Town shall direct, one share for the County Grammar Schools throughout this State, one share for the support of the Ministry in said Town and one share for the use and support of a school or schools in said town, the following tract or parcel of Land lying and being in this State described and bounded as follows, viz. Beginning at the northeast corner of Montgomery, then east in the same direction with the south line of Richford six miles, Then southerly on such point as to Gain six miles on a parallel from the west line of Wyllys, Then west Parallel with said south line of Wyllys to the southeast corner of Montgomery, Then northerly in the easterly line of said Montgomery to the bounds Began at, will contain the contents of six miles square and no more. And that the same be and is hereby Incorporated into a Township by the name of Westfield, and the Inhabitants that do or shall hereafter Inhabit the said Township are declared to be Infranchised and Intitle to all the privileges and Immunities that other Towns within this State do by law exercise and Enjoy.

To Have and To Hold the said Granted and described tract of Land as above expressed with all the privileges and appertenances to them and their respective Heirs and assigns forever upon the following conditions and Reservations, viz. That each proprietor of the Township of Westfield

aforesaid his heirs or assigns shall plant and cultivate five acres of Land, and build a house at least eighteen feet square on the floor, or have one family settle on each respective Right or share of Land within the term of four years after the circumstances of the War will admit of settlement with safety, on Penalty of the forfeiture of his Right or share of Land in said Township and the same to revert to the freemen of this State to be by their Representatives regranted to such persons as shall appear to settle and cultivate same. That all pine and oak timber suitable for a Navy be reserved to the use and benefit of the freemen of this State.

In Testimony whereof we have caused the seal of this state to be affixed this 15th day of May, A.D. 1780 and in the fourth year of the independence of this and the United States of America.

Thomas Chittenden.

Joseph Fay, Sec'y

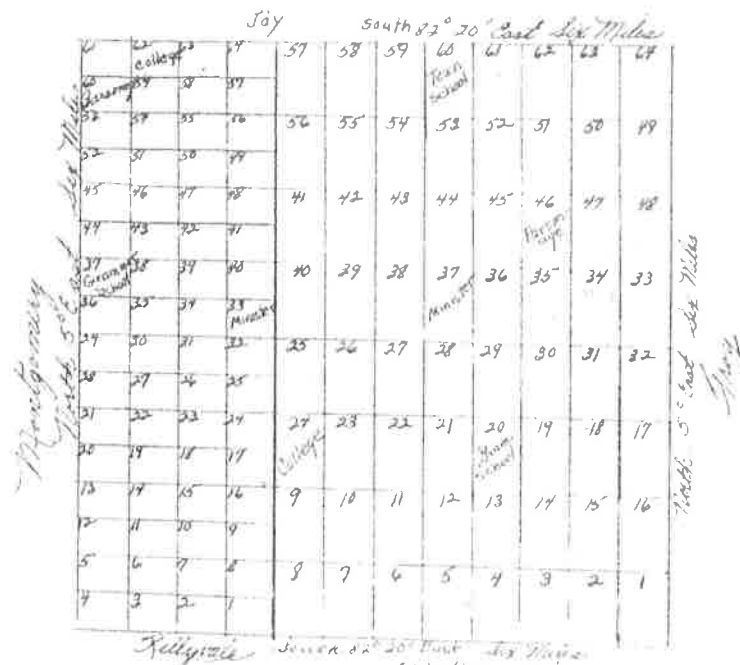
Bits and Pieces

"According to Raymond Clark - there used to be a sign at the South end of the village on the Flat, near the Tamarac trees, which read, 'Speed 8 miles per hour!'"

The term 'Licking Jackets' - was used when men would challenge themselves with whips.

Westfield has never had a Catholic Church in town, members either belonged to the Troy or Lowell parishes. The present Catholic Pastor is Reverend Richard W. Tinney, who serves the two parishes.

Westfield



A true copy from the
Grafts Book of Plans
March 1910 F. H. Keen

WESTFIELD

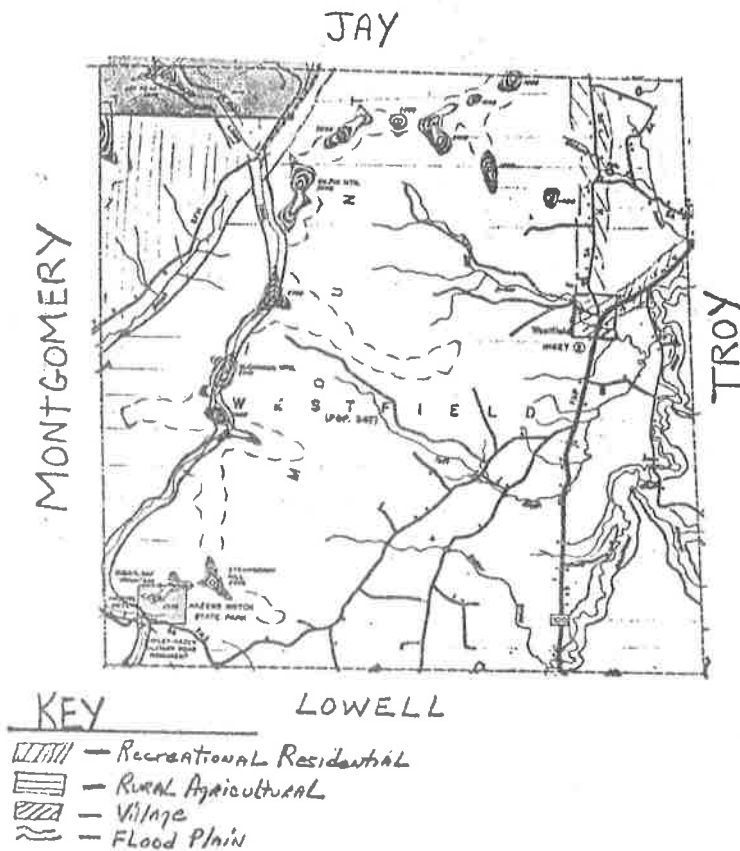
Westfield lies in the western part of the county, in lat. 44°52' and long. 4°30', bounded north by Jay, east by Troy, south by Lowell, and west by Montgomery, in Franklin county. It contains an area of 23,040 acres, chartered by Vermont to Daniel Owen and fifty-nine associates May 15, 1780.

The eastern part of the territory is level, lying in the fertile valley of the Missisquoi River, while the western part extends upon the main chain of the Green Mountains, being a succession of rugged mountain peaks from Montgomery mountain in the southern part, to Jay Peak in the northwestern part. South of Montgomery mountain, between it and the north line of Lowell, the range is made passible by Hazen's Notch, a gap several hundred feet in depth. Its name was derived from Gen. Hazen who built the Hazen road in revolutionary times. The principal stream is the Missisquoi River, which runs in a northeasterly direction through the southeast corner of the town, receiving several tributaries which form an accession to its waters equal to nearly the original amount on entering the town.

The first of these is called Coburn brook. It rises near the line of Jay, and, running in a southeasterly direction into Jay, enters the Missisquoi near the south village. The next runs in a south, and then in a northerly direction, uniting with Mill Brook near the Troy line. This stream received its name from Lyman Taft, who erected the first grist and saw mill in town, upon its banks. The most southerly stream is called Burgess Brook, from one of the settlers who lived near it on West Hill. It rises in the southwestern part of the town, flows a southeasterly course and joins the river near the south line. Another stream is formed by the confluence of two brooks in the southern part of Troy and runs a short distance in Westfield into the Missisquoi. These streams afford many excellent mill sites, while the broad meadows of their valleys afford large ranges of excellent farming land, the soil being of an alluvial character. The timber of the town is that common to Northern Vermont.

The rocks entering into the geological structure of the territory are principally of the talcose schist formation, though there are, in the eastern part, some considerable beds of clay slate and serpentine. Several large boulders of granite abound have been used for building purposes, etc. The serpentine rocks extend from Lowell through the southeast corner of the town into Troy, forming numerous bluffs of several feet in height. In connection with this range, chromate of iron, bitter spar, talcose slate, and specimens of asbestos have been found, and also veins of amianthus, a variety of asbestos having long threads like flax. On road 21, near Hazen's Notch, some St. Albans parties opened a soapstone quarry and an asbestos mine which gave promise of success.

In 1880, Westfield had a population of 696, and in 1882 was divided into seven school districts, and contained six common schools employing two male and eight female teachers, to whom was paid an aggregate salary of



\$439.75. There were 138 pupils attending school, while the entire cost of the schools for the year ending October 31st was 438.65, with E. H. Belyea, superintendent.

As of 1883, Westfield, a post village in the eastern part of the town, contained two churches, a school building, town hall, two stores, a blacksmith shop, wheelwright shop, and about 250 inhabitants.

Hoyt & Wakefield's lumber and starch mill, located on Taft brook, Road 15, manufactured potato starch, and spruce hemlock and hardwood lumber, employing ten men.

All, or nearly all, of the original proprietors resided in Rhode Island, all but one, Thomas Burlingame, ever lived in town and he only remained a few months. The town was surveyed by Gen. James Whitelaw, of Ryegate in 1780. Nothing was done towards the settlement of the town, however, until eighteen years afterward. In 1798, Jesse Olds, from Massachusetts, came into town and commenced a settlement on the West Hill. For nearly a year this family lived here with no neighbors nearer than West Troy, 12 miles distant. The next year, in 1799, Wm. Hobbs, Anthony Burgess and John Hartley came to town with their families. These four families constituted the population for about four years.

In 1806, the main road from Westfield to Lowell was laid out very near where the present stage road runs. This was a great convenience to the inhabitants, as previous to this only a road leading to Craftsbury ran over the West Hill, an exceedingly tedious and uncomfortable route. The first schoolhouse was built on the West Hill, about 1804 - 05, the first teacher being Sally Hobbs. The next schoolhouse was built in 1806, about six or eight rods east of where the academy now stands.

In 1818, Jerry Hodgkins moved from Belvidere to Westfield and opened a small store. This was a great convenience to the people, as previous to this their trading was all done in Craftsbury, some 18 miles distant.

The people were without a mailroute or a postoffice for nearly thirty years. About 1830, a mail route was established between Craftsbury and St. Albans. Soon after a branch route was established between Lowell and North Troy. Ezra Johnson carried the mail twice a week on horseback. A post office was then established in Westfield, previous to the people went to Craftsbury for their mail.

The war of 1812 proved a severe check on the growth and prosperity of the community. Though the people were never molested by the enemy, the effects of the war upon the town were disastrous. Settlers no longer came in at the rate they formerly did. Property depreciated in value and a great stagnation seemed to settle upon the general business and prosperity, and many of the inhabitants left for other communities.

After the battle of Plattsburgh in 1814, many who had left gradually returned to their farms. In September, 1814, a military company was organized, the first in the town. Maj. Cornill of Derby, assisted by Capt. Hovey, of Troy, presided over the organization. This group, together with a company of Government soldiers stationed at North Bay about this time, tended greatly to reassure the people and quiet their alarm.

When the Great Rebellion came upon us, Westfield was not found wanting in patriotism and public spirit. Forty-three of Westfield's sons went to the front, and eleven of them are now resting under the green turf they died to save.

*From the Gazetteer and Business Directory of Lamoille and Orleans Counties, Vermont, for 1883-1884. Compiled and published by Hamilton Child, Syracuse, New York.

**SOUVENIR AND PROGRAMME OF
TOWN CENTENNIAL AND CELEBRATION
FRIDAY, JULY 4th, 1902 WESTFIELD, VERMONT
HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF WESTFIELD**

The town of Westfield is situated in the northwestern part of Orleans County. It is bound on the north by Jay which separates it from the Canadian border. On the east it is bound by Troy, and on the south by Lowell. On the west it is bound by Montgomery which is in Franklin County. Westfield is six miles square, containing 23,040 acres. The town is watered by the Missisquoi River and its tributaries. The section along the river and for a distance back from it form a part of the choicest and most fertile farm lands of this region. The climate is invigorating, the water pure and sparkling, the scenery is picturesque and grand. On the north the summit of Jay Peak is within the borders of this town, and likewise the gap in the mountain known as Hazen's Notch.

Originally the town was granted to Daniel Owen and others, most of whom were of the state of Rhode Island. The charter was signed by Gov. Thomas Chittenden at Arlington, May 15th, 1780. Only one of the original proprietors, Thomas Burlingame, ever resided here. About 1803, Burlingame made a clearing on the farm now owned by C.E. Bryant. He left after a few months.

The first settler was Jesse Olds who came from Massachusetts in 1798 and located on the West Hill in what is now a pasture owned by Frank Wright. He is said to have been a gentleman of culture, a graduate of Harvard College, a lawyer and a Congregational Clergyman, who by reason of irregularities left civilization and sought the wilds of Vermont. The next year William Hobbs, Anthony Burgess and John Hartley came. Hobbs

located on the "Bull Place" and Hartley on the North Hill the farm now owned by Alfred Hartwell.

In 1803 David Barber and Rudolphus Reed came to town. Mr. Reed's son, Calvin, resides here now, the oldest male citizen in town. Mrs. Betsey C. Stebbins is the oldest lady in town; August 3rd she will be 90 years old. In 1804 Captain Medad Hitchcock and his sons, Thomas, Heber, and Smith came to town and located on the "Flat" where the village now stands. The Hitchcocks built a saw mill and grist mill on the stream above the village. The captain built a barn which is still in use on the farm of Hiram Miller. Mrs. Miller is the captain's great granddaughter. In 1806, Dr. Shubel Winslow and his sons, Luther and Amasa, Thomas Stoughton, Jarias Stebbins and David Hitchcock came to town. In 1809 James Brown came. In 1818 Jerry Hodgkins came from Belvidere and opened a small store. In 1839 O. Winslow, R.S. Page, and Smith Hitchcock opened a store here. Mr. Page was the father of Ex-Governor C.S. Page of Hyde Park, he was born here.

In 1810 the population was 149. In 1900 it was 646. The first celebration of the fourth of July was in 1806. Asa Hitchcock was orator, Amasa Winslow was toast master, and a platoon of twelve soldiers fired the salutes. The first plow was brought to town from Craftsbury by Rudolphus Reed, who carried it on his back.

Prior to 1820 the post-office was at Craftsbury. About that time a small route was established between Craftsbury and St. Albans, passing through Lowell. A branch route ran from Lowell through Westfield to North Troy. The mail carrier making two trips a week. The postmaster in Westfield was Henry Richardson.

In 1818 the Cong'l Church was organized by Rev. Levi Parsons, missionary, with a membership of ten or eleven persons. About 1830, largely through the instrumentality of Deacon Page, a church building was erected near where Orrin Bailey's house now stands. In 1848 this building was taken down and moved to the village, and the present building erected.

The M.E. Church was organized in town in 1830, with seven members. The house of worship was built in 1869. The Rev. J.H. Wallace is the present pastor.

There is a considerable number of Catholic families in town that belong to the Roman Catholic Church in Lowell.

Prior to 1806 there were two schoolhouses in town, one on the West Hill, and one on the "Flat". At present there are seven schoolhouses. In 1857 the Grammar School Incorporated by the Legislature largely through the efforts of Carnot Brailey, who was the representative from Westfield that year. In 1860 the present school building and town house was erected.

The late Aaron E. Hitchcock presented the town with ten thousand dollars with which to erect a library and museum building, fit up the museum, and establish a fund for keeping in part the building and in part the museum. In 1899 the building was erected, 42 by 30, two stories and a basement. The library and museum are now in successful operation. E.S. Miller is the librarian.

The physicians who have resided in town are Shubel Winslow, Henry Corey, A.W. Annis, J.D. McKenzie, A.C. and G.A. Martin, E.H. Belyea, and F.S. Gray. The present physician is W.A. Young.

Jesse Olds, Jarius Stebbins, Henry Richardson, and N.C. Hoyt have served as associate justices of the Orleans County Court.

At the present there are two stores in town - H.D. Miller and H.B. Hitchcock, proprietors; two blacksmith shops, William Dickson and W.H. Kelley, proprietors; one repair shop, S.L. Hendrix, proprietor; one shoe shop, Napoleon Root, proprietor. There are two steam lumber mills - one on the West Hill operated by D.A. Wakefield, the other in the village, L.S. Woodworth and son, proprietors.

The postmaster and town clerk is H.D. Miller; deputy sheriffs, W.W. Wakefield and G.W. Miller, the latter is also constable and collector; the treasurer is H.W. Burnham; selectmen H.P. Woodworth, W.H. Burnham, H.O. Miller; Listers, Edwin Boynton, E.H. Hitchcock, Elmer Edmunds; road commissioner, Edwin Boynton; school directors, W.B. Gilpin, Willard Farman, John Watkins; justices of the peace, E. L. Miller, L.S. Woodworth, W.B. Gilpin and J.A. Boutwell; member of the General Assembly and president of the Westfield Centennial Association, L.S. Woodworth.

Marvelous changes have been wrought since that March day one hundred years ago when the pioneers of Westfield gathered in the house of Jesse Olds and organized the town. Will the changes wrought in the coming century prove of equal magnitude? The people who observe the next centennial anniversary will behold Jay Peak and Hazen's Notch and the smoothly flowing river, but of the condition of life it is not for us to know to-day.

Westfield, Vermont July 4th, 1902

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES
Westfield, Vermont
FORENOON

July 4th, 1902

8:00 A.M. Parade
11:30 A.M. Tug of War, Troy vs Westfield Purse \$5.00

AFTERNOON

1:00 P.M. Speaking by
Ex-Gov. C.S. Page, Hyde Park
Hon. T.J. Boynton, Boston
Hon. O.S. Annis, North Troy
Hon. O.C. Miller, Newport
1:30 P.M. Baseball Game, North Troy vs Newport Center
Purse \$10.00

RACES

2:30 P.M.	Bicycles	Purse	\$3.00	\$2.00	\$1.00
3:00 P.M.	Potato		1.50	1.00	.50
3:15 P.M.	Sack		1.50	1.00	.50
3:30 P.M.	Obstacle		1.50	1.00	.50
4:00 P.M.	Slow Horse		3.00	2.00	1.00

EVENING

8:30 P.M. Fireworks \$250.00

COMMITTEE ON SPORTS

O.W. Bailey	Dr. W.A. Young
W.O. Wright	D.A. Wakefield
John Watkins	

MARSHALS

I.D. Johnson	G.H. Buzzell
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AIDS

W.D. Miller

L.S. Woodworth, Pres.

Ed. Boynton, Sec'y.

HISTORY OF WESTFIELD, VERMONT
Written by Iva Angler

History of Westfield, Vermont; from 1780 to 1967; Westfield contains 23,040 acres and was chartered by the State of Vermont to Daniel Owen and 59 associates May 15th, 1780. The town was surveyed the same year by James Whitelow of Ryegate, Vt. Not anything was done towards a settlement of the town until 1798 when Jesse Olds from Massachusetts, came into town and settled on the West Hill. Mr. Olds was a man of culture and was a Harvard graduate. The next year families came, cleared small spaces; rolled up log cabins and started making homes in the wilderness. Most of our earlier settlers came from Mass., Conn., and R.I.

In 1803 a grant of land on the West Hill was made to Lyman Taft of Massachusetts on condition that he would build a saw mill and grist mill on the lot. He did so and it was in operation but a short time when it burned. Another mill was soon built on the banks of Taft's brook and was in operation many years. I believe Hoyt and Wakefield were the last owners.

The West Hill or Buck Hill as it is sometimes called, was at one time quite a little village with its mills, boarding house, blacksmith shop and school house. The first school House was built around 1803 or 1804, with Sally Hobbs as teacher. Our present building was erected in 1860. There were three other schools on West Hill. One in the Trumpass district, one in the Lapear district and one in the mill district. Also one on the North Hill; one in what was called Moodyville.

There was a starch factory on the West Hill just at the left of the covered bridge (now removed for a more modern bridge). Many farmers raised potatoes to take to the factory to be ground into starch, thereby adding extra cash to their meager supply. There was also another starch factory at what we now call Daisy's Falls, above where Sidney Hendrix lived.

The first town meeting was held March 29th, 1802 at the home of Jesse Olds. Mr. Olds was the first town clerk. The names of six citizens appear on the record.

November 1803 Rudolphus Reed left his home in Massachusetts with his family and household goods on a wagon. Snow came and they spent the winter in Craftsbury, coming to Westfield in the spring. The journey was long and hard. Mrs. Reed was expecting a child and it is thought that a boy named Calvin was born somewhere between Albany and Lowell, Vt. They didn't have much shelter at night and only salt mutton for food and whiskey for drink.

In those early days Vermonters consumed a great amount of hard liquor. Scarcely anyone frowned on drinking as it was a custom and habit.

The prevailing attitude then was - that strong drink gave courage to the soldier, wisdom to the statesman, fervor to the preacher and strength to the worker. They did have laws against drunkenness and they were enforced. Mr. Reed was an energetic settler building a shoe factory on the bank of the brook where Harold Twombly's garage now is and did a thriving business making shoes by hand.

The valley wasn't settled until sometime after the West Hill. It is thought that the so called flats where the village is now, was too wet to settle on. The first settlement was on the meadow below the present Harold Davis place, by Thomas Burlingame. He for some reason didn't remain long. The so call flats were settled gradually and nearly every home had a well.

Saw mills usually with grist mills were established in the valley as time went on. A mill on the brook back of Jean Meunier's owned by L.S. Woodworth & Son was in operation for many years and furnished employment for many in the village. Earlier, the brook between Yves Daigles and the Berthiaume place was dammed up and a mill with an up and down saw built. It was owned by Oscar Miller. The following story is told about Oscar - Mr. John Prouty of Newport came to see Oscar one day about going to Newport to work for him. He wouldn't give Mr. Prouty his answer at once. He felt his clothes were not good enough to go to Newport. Some of his friends hearing about his problem, passed the hat, getting money enough to buy him two black shirts. He went to Newport and in time became a partner in the concern now known as Prouty & Miller.

A wheelwright shop above the Woodworth mill owned by Sidney Hendrix was operated many years. After he was unable to work, his son Winifred carried on. There was also a shoe shop below Jean Meunier's. Mr. Root repaired shoes for many years. When asked how much for repairing your shoes he would say, "Beedy holy, 15 cents, come again." Later a harness shop and creamery were in operation at about the same location.

In 1818 Jerry Hodgkins moved to town from Belvidere and opened a small store. He took black salts in exchange for goods and they were manufactured into pearlash. This was a great convenience for the settlers as they had to go to Craftsbury to do all their trading, also to have grist ground.

Through the years other stores were opened in the village and changed hands. H.D. Miller owned and operated a store between the present store and Paxmans. That burned soon after Mr. Miller sold it. Homer Hitchcock owned and operated a store where the town garage is now. At one time this store was as well stocked as any store in the valley. This store burned in 1935. Homer was also town clerk and many town and church records were burned or charred. Our present store owned by L.B. Daigle, Inc. is a modern store and a help to the surrounding communities.

At one time there was a Fort below the Miller farm. One of the barns on the place was a part of the fort. Nearly every small town had a fort of some sort in the early days.

Well, I remember the cheese factory situated below the Reg. LeBlanc farm house. I used to ride down with my Father or brothers with the day's milk. When the cans were empty we drove around to the back of the building to fill the cans up with sour whey and flies to take home to feed the hogs.

The first Congregational Church was organized by Levi Parsons April 19th, 1818. Meetings were held in homes and barns until a building was erected in 1825 about half way between Reg. LeBlanc's home and Curtis Jacques on the west side of the highway. It was a work of art for those days. The hewn timbers were furnished for 15 cents a hundred, sawed timber for 58 cents, rafters and sleepers for 22 cents a hundred. The frame for \$41. In 1848 this building was thought unsuitable for the times so it was torn down and a new church built on the corner near the present school house for \$690. This was remodeled from time to time. In 1905 the present church was built for approximately \$3,500. Value of the present church now \$20,000. It was dedicated free from debt Jan. 1st, 1907. I would like to add here that the Ladies Aid was a big help to the church. When they wanted money for some project they held sales, suppers and ice cream socials and made their pledges. The Social Union today is very active.

The Methodist Church was organized February 22nd, 1831. It was not until 1869 that a building was erected at the cost of \$2,000. The last service was held March 10th, 1907. The building has been used as a store and now is a garage.

For nearly 30 years after the first settler came they had to go to Craftsbury for their mail, also to get their corn and wheat ground, until grist mills were built here. About 1830 a mail route was established over the mountains from Craftsbury to Lowell and soon after a branch route from Lowell to North Troy. Ezra Johnson was the first mail man carrying the mail on horse back twice a week. In later years a stage route from North Troy to Lowell was established. This carried mail and passengers. The arrival of the stage was one of the events of the day.

In 1899 Aaron Hitchcock gave the town \$10,000 to build a library and museum, at one time the coral collection was thought to be the best in the state. There are many fine specimens of animals and birds, also many antiques.

Friday, August 21st, 1908 a celebration was held at Hazen's Notch with the unveiling of a tablet with the following inscription, "Terminus of the Hazen Road 1779," by Mildred Bell, daughter of Walter and Lizzie Hitchcock Bell. This military road was commenced at Newbury, Vt., and planned to St. Johns, Canada. It is thought that fear of invasion by the French caused Gen. Hazen to abandon his task.

The War of 1812 took its toll on the population of our little town. September 1814 a military company was formed. The first in town and every abled bodied man joined the company. When the War of the Rebellion came 43 of Westfield's sons went to the front. The town has not been found wanting in any national crises. Some served in Korean War, Lloyd Bean. Eleven served in World War I. Thirty boys and four girls in World War II, Madeline Duranleau U.S.N.; Jeanne Cecile Coutu U.S.N.; Reine Yvette Coutu, W.A.C.; Marice Angier Cox A.N.C. serving with her unit in England.

Through the years many of her sons have left to make places for themselves in World affairs. Namely - Jeff Boynton, Atty. Gen. of Mass.; Carroll S. Page, Gov. of Vt.; Marcellus Farman, ordained Minister and Chaplain of Vt. Senate; Harry Gilbert, successful real estate agent; Sandy Annis, successful lawyer, North Troy, Vt.; Oscar Miller, partner of Prouty & Miller at Newport, Vt.; Mason Stone, State Commissioner of Education of Vt.; Georgette Coutu (Sister Patrice, S.S.P.S.) missionary to Ghana, West Africa.

The dedication of the Gilpin and Buchanan Mountains was held at the Westfield Library August 4th, 1957. Hon. Lee Emerson guest speaker.

On July 4th, 1902 Westfield celebrated its centennial with a forty-eight gun salute. There was a colorful parade in the morning with floats and other attractions. Speeches during the forenoon and a baseball game in the afternoon. There were fireworks in the evening. The first 4th of July celebration was in 1806.

It is with pride that the people of Westfield can boast of having one of the Natural Wonders located right in their town. The often publicized "Balance Rock", is located on West Road on the Buck Hill only about 10 minutes walk from the town highway, on the former Snider place so called. Much credit is due Jason Carter of Lowell for cleaning the trees and brush from around the rock so it can be seen better. The rock is estimated to weigh around 100 tons and is balanced on the very top of a ledge capped hill. It must have been left there when the glacier that covered this part of North America melted away and science tells us our old friend has been guarding the valley for 12,000 years.

A survey recently made by Jason Carter with the help of Edward Ostrout of the homes once on the hill, revealed that of 81 places only a few were lived in now.

About 1956 some of the citizens of the surrounding communities became interested in developing Jay Peak as a Ski Area. A company was formed, shares sold and trails marked out, and a chair lift bought. In 1966 the Weyerhaeuser Co. of North Troy, Vt. bought controlling interest in the company and it has been greatly developed up to the present time. In March

1967 the aerial tramway system was put into operation, each car carrying 61 persons. The ride from the base station to the top of the mountain takes six minutes and travels a distance of almost a mile and a half. This tramway system is the largest in eastern North America.

To me the Majestic beauty of the mountain I have lived in sight of for most of my life, is spoiled, but I expect that that is progress.

I would like to add this poem written by our friend, Florence Kendall.

JAY PEAK

Moulded by the Master's hand.
High above the rest you stand
Like a sentinel on high.
Loved by every native son
Who has eyes to gaze upon
Thy beauty 'gainst the sky.

O'er your head and round your feet
All the seasons storms have beat,
Calm and steadfast, stand you there.
Moonlight evenings, sunny days,
Spring and autumn go their ways.
Yet you never change or care.

Many come to climb thy side,
Feast their eyes on beauty wide.

Spreading out both far and near.
Inspiration there, they gleam
As they view the distant sheen
Of the lakes and rivers clear.

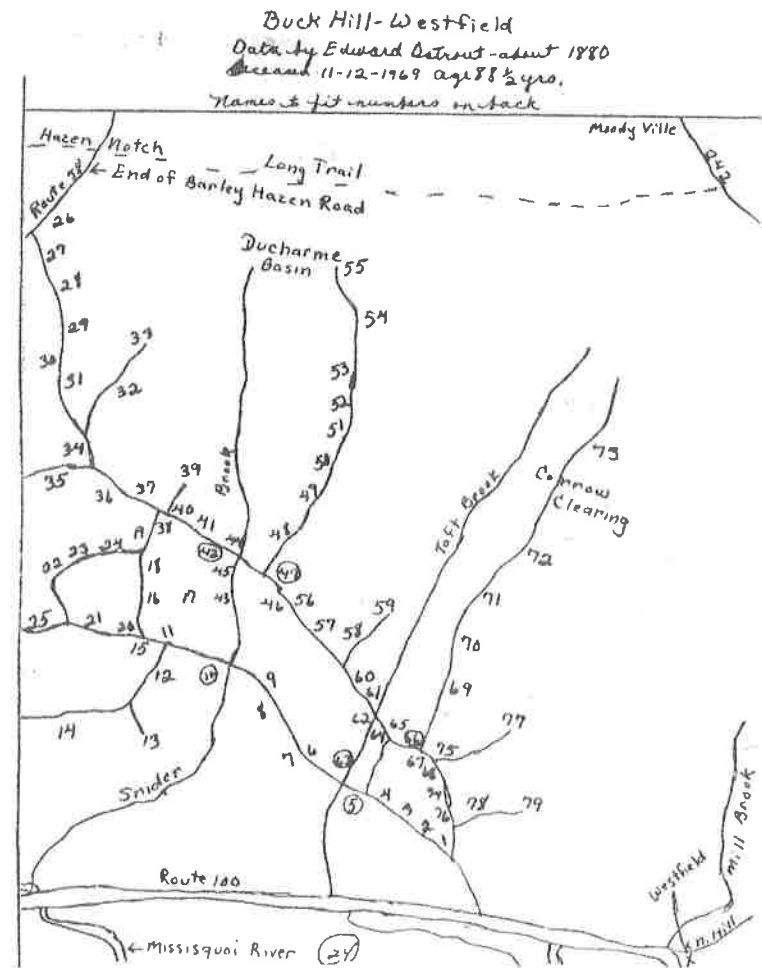
O, may those who gaze on you,
Learn a lesson great and true.
For this world of toil and strife,
Teach them how to rise above
Petty discord, and with love
Gain a broader view of life.

By: Florence Kendall
Troy, Vermont

NAMES CORRESPONDING WITH BUCK HILL MAP

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. Buck-Stone-Kendall-Crawford | 41. Lapierre-Martin-Verge-Foster |
| 2. Sawyer-Johnston | 42. Shingleville School |
| 3. Brown-Ed Ostrout | 43. Chas. Tillotson |
| 4. Kimpton-Seymour-Ed Ostrout | 44. Margaret Nadeau (1841-1920) |
| 5. Starch Factory | 45. Coburn |
| 6. Watkins-Maclure | 46. Young-Gilbert-C. Ostrout (camp) |
| 7. Unknown | 47. Blacksmith Shop |
| 8. Kirk-Sanborn-Pion | 48. Ed Ducharme |
| 9. Sylvester | 49. Florence Ducharme |
| 10. Trumpass School | 50. Goddard |
| 11. Fose Ostrout | 51. G. Ostrout |
| 12. Trumpass-Pion-Couture | 52. Joe Dubey |
| 13. Tillotson-Sanville | 53. H. Ostrout (father of Ed & Chas.) |
| 14. Brown-Pion-Audet | 54. Bapp |
| 15. T. Roberts | 55. Touchette |
| 16. Papineau-Verge | 56. Seymoure-Pete Ducharme* |
| 17. Ducharme | 57. G. Miller-Jacques-Goddard-Verge |
| 18. Alec Dubois | 58. Kennison-Griggs-Wright-Julius and Forest Sheltra |
| 19. Will Bellrose | 59. Moss |
| 20. Laplant-Recor | 60. Bill Edmunds |
| 21. McGlenn | 61. Hod Stetson (Smith camp) |
| 22. Tim Dubois | 62. D. Foster |
| 23. Snider | 63. Saw Mill (Wakefield's) |
| 24. Gardner | 64. Boarding House (Wakefield's) |
| 25. John Gilbert | 65. Wakefield-E. Ostrout-Mason Trlr. |
| 26. Besaw | 66. Mill School |
| 27. Wilson | 67. Nelt Dubois |
| 28. Deufe-Doyle | 68. Peter Recor |
| 29. Barnes-Monteith | 69. Chas. Gilbert |
| 30. Hoyt | 70. J. Hovey |
| 31. Seymour | 71. Arthur, Valmore & Joe Verge |
| 32. P. Benware | 72. Nelt Corrow |
| 33. Manosh | 73. Joe Corrow |
| 34. Benware-Seymour | 74. Flushey-Sisco-Verge |
| 35. Stetson-Snider | 75. Stilletto-Arthur Benware |
| 36. F. Martin-Goddard-Verge | 76. Julien Benware |
| 37. Ducharme | 77. Reeds-Kettles |
| 38. Sherbert | 78. Foster-A. Verge-Alpheus |
| 39. Barney-Simeno | 79. Bull Lot & Cellar |
| 40. C. Barre (log house) | |

*Log House built in Ducharme Basin and moved here.

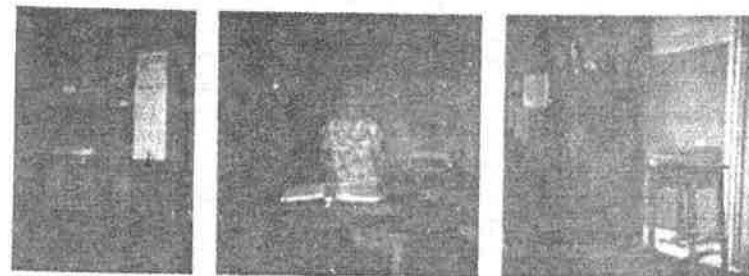


BUCK HILL

Up where the west wind are just a little stronger,
 Up where the snow stays a few weeks longer,
 That's Westfield's "Buck Hill" my friend.
 Until you have walked some of the endless miles
 Beside the old stone walls that marked their land,
 Until you have looked into the scores of empty cellars
 Where homes no longer stand,
 Until you have stooped and with your bare hands
 Have lifted up some of these stones, and learned of the toil
 And sweat with which each rod of land was cleared,
 Until you have looked for a house you knew was there
 And found only the chimney above the snow,
 Until you have felt the fury of these winds and faced the blinding
 Storms--YOU--cannot know the awful price they paid for a place
 To live and raise their children in.
 Yet live they did and people walking in the "woods" today
 Marvel at the old stone walls they see, still straight,
 Still even, still marking their builders' land--
 A monument to their labor and a tribute to them all.

By: Jason L. Carter

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE



The office is located on Route 100 between Lowell and Westfield at the home of the Town Clerk, Mrs. Loretta G. Laplume.

It was moved from the Village home of the former Town Clerk, Mrs. Jeanne C. Beaulieu to its present location on August 15, 1969.

WESTFIELD TOWN CLERKS

Jesse Olds	March 1802 to 1803
Anthony Burgess	1803 to 1809
Thomas Hitchcock	1809 to 1835
Henry Richardson	1835 to 1842
Arad Hitchcock	1842 to 1843
E.W. Writcher	1843 to 1847
Henry Richardson	1847 to 1848
Asa Decker	1848 to 1852
Abiathar Annis	1852 to 1862
D.H. Buck	1862 to 1864
Abiathar Annis	1864 to 1865
Henry Miller	1865 to 1879
James Hill	1879 to 1883
N.C. Hoyt	1883 to 1898
H.D. Miller	1898 to 1903
H.B. Hitchcock	1903 to 1946
Rhetta Geoffroy	1946 to 1947
Ruth Miller	1947 to 1949
Charles Pudvah	1949 to 1957
Jeanne C. Beaulieu	1957 to 1969
Loretta G. Laplume (Present)	1969 to —

A.D. 1976

Westfield now has a population of 398. It contains one school, employing three teachers and one music teacher. We are blessed with a beautiful Congregational Church, the Hitchcock Museum and Library, a general store, one modern motel, a ski lodge, a post office, two small restaurants, one hockey stick mill, a furniture factory and overnight trailer park.

The Westfield revenues are derived from property taxes. At the March Annual Town Meeting the voters approved the Selectmen budget of \$29,225.00 and the School Directors budget of \$84,588.00 Our tax rate of \$3.51 was set by our Selectmen in April after the Listers appraisals.

The following are our Town Officers who are elected by the voters at the Annual Meeting:

Moderator - Roger Meunier	Term 1 year
Town Clerk - Loretta Laplume	3 years
Town Treasurer - Loretta Laplume	3 years
Selectmen:	3 years
Philippe Beaulieu	
Leon Couture	
Yves Daigle	
School Directors:	3 years
Alice Chicoine	
Roland Limoges	
Roger Meunier	
Road Commissioner - Clifton Kennison, Jr.	1 year
Auditors:	3 years
Alice Sheltra	
Constance Daigle	
Delpha Coulter	
Union High School Director - Hazel Davis	3 years
Listers:	3 years
Loretta Laplume	
Louis Berthiaume	
Robert Galipeau	
Tax Collector - Reginald LeBlanc	1 year
Overseer of Poor - Board of Selectmen	
Constables:	1 year
1st Reginald LeBlanc	
2nd Andre Racicot	
Town Agent - Denis Meunier	1 year
Town Grand Juror - Clifton Kennison, Sr.	1 year
Hitchcock Museum & Library Trustees:	5 years
Helen Rogers	
Harold Twombly	
Wilbur Firkey	
Jeanne C. Beaulieu	
Loretta Laplume	
Health Officer - Nancy Lillcrap - Appointed by the Selectmen.	

Friday, July 2, 1971



ADMINISTERING THE FREEMAN'S OATH — Mrs. Loretta Laplume, Westfield town clerk, administered the Freeman's Oath to 17 young voters, 18, 19 and 20 years old at special ceremony held in her office at 5 p.m. The new voters were the first in the state of Vermont to cast the ballots. This was at the special town meeting held at the Westfield elementary school on the elementary school budget. The following young people were given the Oath by Mrs. Laplume: Joyce Paxman, Nancy Azur, Peter Routhier, Suzanne Jacques, Rachel Laplume, Yvon Laplume, Connie Laplume, Yvette Sheltra, Gail LeBlanc, Steve Myott, Bruce Davis, David Maclure, Jacques Couture, Pauline Couture, Robert Willis and Susan Coulter.



SIGNING STATEMENTS — As new adults, 17 Westfield young people, 18, 19 and 20 years old, were given the Freeman's Oath at ceremonies held at the town clerk's office. This group and any other new young voters are required to sign a statement certifying that they are residents of the town. Copies are filed with the town clerk, the motor vehicle department, the tax department, and the office of Secretary of State.



Westfield Teen-ager Makes History

Miss Suzanne Jacques, 19, is the first Vermont teenager to vote under new

LT. HENRY E. BEDELL

In the reconnaissance to and skirmish at Gilbert's Ford (also called Lock's Ford) on the Opequon, September 13, 1864, among the men wounded by shells from a battery on the further side of the stream, was Lt. Henry E. Bedell, of Company D of the 11th. The remarkable history of his case, surpassing fiction in romantic interest, is thus narrated by Col. Walker...

Lt. Bedell was a man of splendid physique, muscular and athletic, over six feet tall and about 28 years of age. An unexploded shell crashed through his left leg above the knee, leaving flesh at either side, and a ghastly mass of mangled muscles, shattered bones and gushing arteries between. The bleeding was stopped by compression and the surgeons speedily amputated the leg at the upper third. Everything that the rude circumstances permitted was done for the sufferer, but there was little hope of his recovery. Though his natural vigor was in his favor, his very size and muscular strength on which he had prided himself were against him, for it was computed that over sixty-four square inches of flesh were laid bare by the surgeon's knife. His right hand had also been seriously injured at the same time, receiving comminuted fractures of the bones of three fingers and of the middle hand. The treatment of the hand was, however, deterred until it should be seen whether he would rally from the shock of amputation.

The ride of seven miles back to camp at nightfall was a terrible ordeal to the wounded man. An ambulance under the most favorable circumstances is no "downy bed of ease", and the jolting over rough ground and across ditches partially filled with rails, reduced Bedell's chances of life to hardly one in a thousand. His death was in fact expected every minute, but sustained by stimulants and his indomitable courage, he reached the army lines alive.

Fortunately a house was accessible, and the use of a vacant room on its second story was obtained, where Bedell was placed on a pick hastily stuffed with straw upon the floor.

To the surprise of everyone, he survived the night, and a faint hope of saving his life was awakened. On the second day after the skirmish, the surgeons decided to attempt the rehabilitation of the shattered hand. One or two fingers were removed, the broken bones were adjusted and the patient rallied in good spirits from this operation--but his struggle for life had just begun. After a few days of such rest as his miserable pallet could afford, orders issued in preparation for the coming battle of the Opequon came to remove the sick and wounded to Harper's Ferry, 20 miles away. Army wagons and ambulances were loaded with the unfortunates and an attempt was made to transport Bedell with the rest. But although he had already endured a rougher journey, it was while his wounded nerves were benumbed by the first shock of his injury. Now the torn and gashed flesh had become inflamed, and he had less strength to endure the torture.

At every motion of the ambulance he groaned with agony, and it was soon evident that it would cost him his life to carry him one mile. He was returned to his straw pallet, all but expiring. The Army moved in the morning and Bedell was left lying on his chamber floor with a soldier nurse and such hospital as he would be likely to need before his death. The soldier left to care for him soon followed the army, at Bedell's request, for the country swarmed with guerillas, and under the system of reprisals adopted by Mosby and Custer the life or death of the nurse would have been a mere question of time, had he remained.

The family who allowed the Union officer the use of their naked room to die in, had little sympathy for their unfortunate guest. The solemn promises, made to his comrades, to give him care and attention were deliberately violated, and his chamber was never entered by them. Death, horrible in its pain and loneliness, must have come quickly, had not a good Samaritan appeared in the person of a southern woman who united with a tender heart the rarest courage, devotion and perseverance.

Mrs. Bettie Van Metre was a Virginian, born in the Luray Valley, scarcely twenty at the time in question, and of attractive personal appearance. She had been educated in comfortable circumstances and before the war her husband had been moderately wealthy, but now his farm was as barren as a desert, not a fence to be seen, and nothing to protect had any enclosure remained; there was a mill upon the premises, but the miller had gone to fight for his country, as he believed, and there was now no grain left in the country to be ground. Officers who had called at her door, remarked at the brave attempt at cheerfulness which so manifestly struggled with her sorrow, and treated her grief with deference. For this delicately nurtured girl was living alone in the midst of war; battles had raged around her very dwelling: She was entirely at the mercy of those whom she had taught to believe were her deadly enemies, and who held her husband and brother prisoners in Fort Deleware, taken while fighting in the Confederate army, the brother being until long after this time, supposed to be dead. Her only companion was a little girl, perhaps ten years old, her niece. There this young woman and this child were waiting in their anxiety and desolation, waiting and praying for peace.

We should hardly expect the practice of active, laborious, gratuitous benevolence under such circumstances; but we shall see. It is not known how Mrs. Van Metre learned that a Union officer was dying of wounds and neglected in the house of her neighbor, but no sooner had she made the discovery than all of her womanly sympathy was aroused. As she would have longed to have her husband treated or her brother under similar circumstances, so she at once resolved to treat their foe. She would not be moved by the sneers and taunts which were sure to come, but she would have him at her house and save him if she could.

The lieutenant had now been neglected for a day or two longer: he had resigned himself to death, when this good woman entered his chamber and with kindly words called back his spirit from the mouth of the grave.

She had been allowed to keep an apology for a horse, so old and broken-winded and rheumatic that he was not worth stealing, and also a rickety wagon. With the assistance of a neighbor whose color permitted him to be humane, she carried the sufferer to her house, and at last found himself in a clean comfortable bed, his wounds washed and his bandages cleansed, and best of all his wants anticipated by a gentle female tenderness that inspired him with sweet thoughts of his home, his family, and his life even yet perhaps to be regained.

The physician of the neighborhood, a kind old gentleman, was at once summoned from a distance of several miles, and uniting personal sympathy with professional zeal, he promised his daily attendance upon the invalid. The chance was still but a slender one, so much had been endured and so little vigor remained, yet those two good people determined to expend their utmost endeavors in the almost desperate attempt to save the life of an enemy.

And they succeeded. The details of convalescence are always uninteresting; it is enough to say that Bedell lay for many days wrestling with death, but at last he began to mend, and from that time his improvement was rapid. But although Mrs. Van Metre and the good doctor were able to supply the Lieutenant's most pressing needs, still much more than they could furnish were needed for the comfort of the invalid, and even for the proper treatment of his wounds.

No stimulants could be obtained except the vilest applejack, and the necessity for them seemed absolute; no clothing was to be had, and he was still in his bloody garments of blue; delicate food was needed, but the impoverished Virginia larder had none but what was simple and coarse.

At Harper's Ferry, however, was a depot of the U.S. Sanitary Commission, and stores in abundance. Someone must undertake a journey thither. It was a long day's ride to make the distance and return, and success was by no means assured even if the storehouse could be reached. It was in the charge of strangers and enemies. The Lieutenant was too feeble to write and even if he had been able to do so there was no way to authenticate his signature. But a woman would be far more likely to succeed than a man. And in fact no man would be allowed to pass within the limits of the garrison encircling Harper's Ferry. So it came about that the feeble Rosinante and the rattling wagon and the brave-hearted solitary driver made the dangerous journey, and brought back a feast of good things for the sufferer.

The picket had been seduced by her eloquence to send her to headquarters, under charge of a guard, which watched her carefully as a

probable spy. The General in charge had seen fit to allow her to carry away such trifling articles as the commission people had been willing to give; and although the chances were even that the gifts would be used in building up some wounded rebel, still the earnestness and apparent truthfulness of her entreaty for relief overbore all scruples; the old fashioned wagon was loaded with the wished for supplies, and the suspicious guard escorted the cargo beyond the lines. The trip was thereafter repeated week by week, and when letters were at length received in answer to those deposited by the fair messenger, postmarked among the Green Mountains, her triumph was complete, and her draft good for anything the Sanitary treasurer contained. The only lingering doubt was in regard to the enormous amount of whiskey the invalid required. Mrs. Van Metre, however, explained it was needed for diplomatic as well as medicinal purposes. Of course, it had been bruited about among the neighbors that the miller's wife was nursing a Federal officer. In that region now abandoned to the rule of Mosby and his men, concealment was essential. Therefore, the old men who had heard of the convalescent must be taken into confidence and pledged to secrecy, a course rendered possible only by the liberal use of spiritus frumenti. Under the influence of such liquor as had not been guzzled in the valley since the peaceful days of Buchanan, the venerable rascals were easily convinced that such a shattered life as that of the Lieutenant could not greatly injure their beloved Confederacy.

Five weeks after Bedell was wounded, Sheridan's army was encamped on Cedar Creek. The Lieutenant now greatly needed his valise from the army baggage wagons. Therefore a journey of 20 miles up the valley was planned, which brought our heroine and her little niece to the army again, with a few words traced by the maimed right hand of her charge as her credentials. Her simple story awakened the profoundest wonder and surprise among the Lieutenant's former comrades, as they learned that their favorite who was dead was alive again, and felt how much true heroism her modest word concealed. She had plainly abandoned herself for weeks to the care of a suffering enemy, and yet she did not seem to realize that she deserved any credit for so doing, or that every woman would not have done the same. She was loaded with the rude attentions of the camp, and spent the night comfortably (from a military point of view) in a vacant tent at Winchester, but she obtained it on her return.

The next day break found Getty's division fighting the battle of Cedar Creek. Amid the mounting in hot haste and the thronging confusion of the mornings surprise, General Getty found time to commit his terrified quests to the care of an orderly, who by a circuitous route conducted them safely out of battle.

While the army was near Berryville, in September, some of General Getty's staff officers had called upon Mrs. Van Metre and had persuaded her to prepare for them a meal or two from the army rations, there being a

magnetism in female cookery that the blades of the staff were always craving. In her visit to the army just mentioned, she had learned that one of those casual acquaintances had fallen at the former battle of the Opequon, and that his body was still lying some where on that wide battlefield. Seizing the earliest opportunity after her return, she personally searched all through the territory between Opequon Creek and Winchester, amid the carrion and the graves, until she found at last the rude board with its almost obliterated inscription that fixed the identity of the too scantily covered corpse. Shocked at the sight, for the rain had exposed the limbs and the crows had mangled them, she procured a coffin and laborers from Winchester and had the remains decently interred in the cemetery there at her own expense. Then she addressed a letter to his friends giving them the information which she possessed, and they subsequently recovered the relics, thanking God and their unknown benefactor.

After a long period of careful nursing, varied only by her weekly journey to Harper's Ferry for letters and supplies, the prudent doctor at last gave his consent that Bedell should attempt the journey home. Armed now with a pair of sanitary crutches, he doubted, not that he could make his way if he could once reach the Union lines, but the difficulty of getting to Harper's Ferry cost him much anxiety. Though at various times forty guerillas together had been in and about the house where he lay, the careful watch and care of his protector had thus far kept them in ignorance of his presence. This journey was, however, likely to prove even more difficult to manage. At length one of the toddy drinking neighbors while relating his trials and losses chanced to mention the seizure by our troops, of a pair of his mules months before, and the fact that a negro had since seen them in the Martinsburg corral. A happy thought struck the Lieutenant; he at once assured the old gentlemen that if he could only be placed (what was left of him) in safety at the Ferry the mules would be returned. The promise might perhaps be considered rash, seeing that Martinsburg was twenty-five miles from Harper's Ferry, under a different commander; that it was decidedly unusual to restore property seized from the enemy for government use; that the chattels were long ago far up the valley, and especially that Bedell could not have, in any event, the faintest shadow of authority in the promise. But the old man jumped at the offer and the bargain was struck.

It was decided that Mrs. Van Metre should accompany the Lieutenant home, both for his sake, as he was months from recovery, and for her own, as she had now lived for years in unwanted destitution and anxiety, while a quiet comfortable home was thenceforth assured to her by her grateful charge until the return of peace; and who knew if she might (not) in some way regain her own husband, as she restored another's?

So the party was made up and the journey commenced. The officer was carefully hidden in a capacious farm wagon, under an immense heap of straw, and though two marauding parties were met during the day, the cheerful smile and the well known jolly farmer disarmed suspicion. The

escape was successful. The clumsy vehicle drew up before headquarters at Harper's Ferry and Bedell was saluted once more by a sentinel, as he dotted his hat to the flag he had suffered for, headed the procession to the General's room.

The unique party told its own story. The tall Lieutenant emancipated, staggering on his unaccustomed crutches, the shrinking woman, timid in the presence of authority, though so heroic in the presence of death, and the old Virginian aghast at finding himself actually in the lion's den, but with the burden of an anxious longing written on his wrinkled face -- each character so speaking, the group needed only this simple introduction: "General, this man has brought me in and wants his mules!"

General Stephenson, warm hearted and sympathetic, comprehended the situation at once. He made the party seat themselves before him and tell all their story. He fed them at this table and lodged them in his quarter. He telegraphed for a special leave of absence for the officer, and secured free transportation for both him and his friend, and finally, most surprising of all good fortune, he sent the Venerable charioteer to Martinsburg, the happy bearer of a message that secured the restoration of his long-eared quadrupeds.

On the next day Bedell and Mrs. Van Metre went on by rail to Washington, where of course everyone treated them kindly and gave them all possible assistance. When the paymaster had been visited and all preparations made for their journey north, it was determined to make an effort to secure the release of the rebel prisoner. So it came about that the quasi-widow and the crippled officer called together upon Secretary Stunton. The busiest of all men found time to hear their story, and despite the "stoney heart" attributed to him by his enemies, he was deeply affected by the touching tale, and the ocular demonstration of its truth in the person of the wounded soldier. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he gave the order requested, earned by acts that few women would have dared; and the couple with glad hearts, crossing the street to the office of the Commissary General of Prisoners, presented the document to the clerk in charge to be vised. But here another difficulty arose. Someone had blundered, and on searching the records of the office, the required name could not be found. The cruel report was made that no such prisoner had been taken.

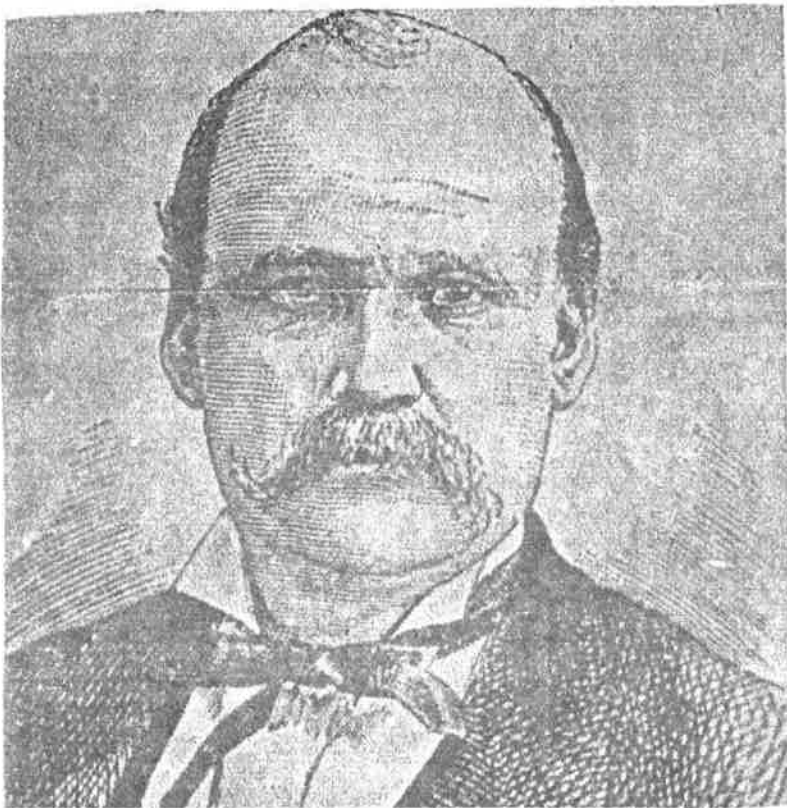
Nevertheless, Mrs. Van Metre's information had been direct and her conviction of some mistake was sure. They laid their case before General Hitchcock, then in charge of that office, and again the story was argument enough. With trembling hands the old gentlemen endorsed the order: "The commanding officer at Fort Delaware will release any prisoner the bearer may claim as her husband."

The prison barracks were quickly reached. The commandant caused the thousands of grizzly captives to be paraded. File after file was anxiously, oh how anxiously scanned by the trembling woman, and when the circuit was almost completed, when her sinking heart was almost persuaded that death instead of capture had indeed been the fate of the one she loved, she recognized his face despite his unkempt hair and tattered garment, and fell upon the neck of her husband as he stood in the weary ranks.

A few days more and the two united families were at rest in Bedell's New England home.

P.S. This home was on North Hill in the town of Westfield, Vt.

WESTFIELD'S FAMOUS CIVIL WAR HERO



Lt. Henry Bedell's picture made 15 years after his Civil War experience.

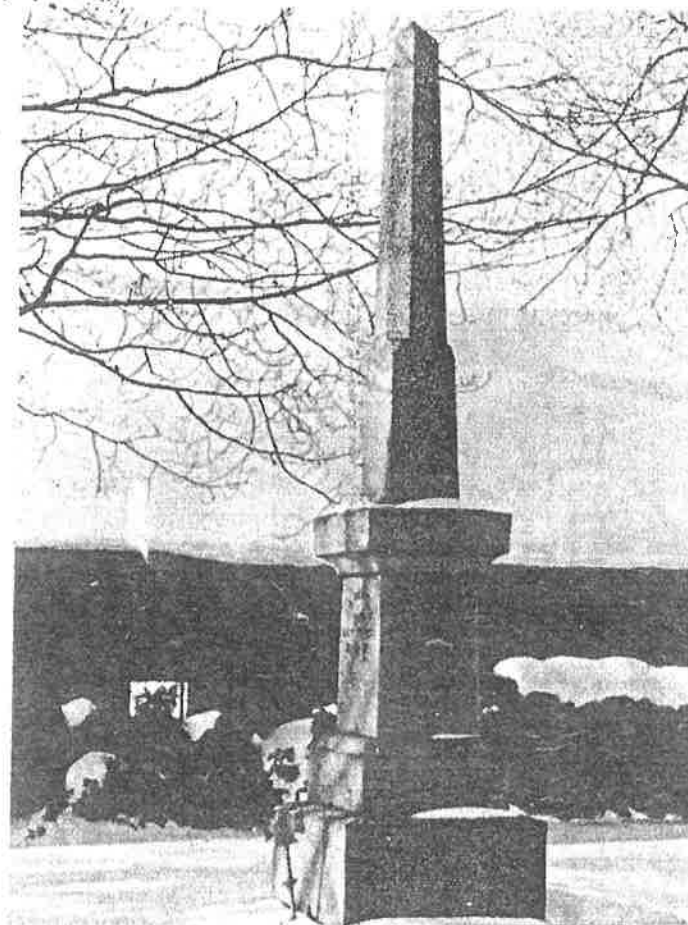


Farm on Jay Peak road where Lt. Bedell reportedly lived.
This property is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Galipeau. The Gilpins built this in the early 1800's.



H.E. BEDELL, CIVIL WAR HERO—

Lettering on Bedell family monument in the East Main Street cemetery in Newport yields information that Lt. H.E. Bedell, Civil War hero, was born in Westfield Dec. 13, 1837, and died in Newport in 1911 at the age of 76.



FINAL RESTING PLACE OF UNION VETERAN—

Vermont granite shaft at the East Main Street cemetery in Newport memorializes Lieut. Henry E. Bedell, Union soldier from Westfield, who served with Co. D, 11th Vermont Volunteers, and was severely wounded in the Civil War.

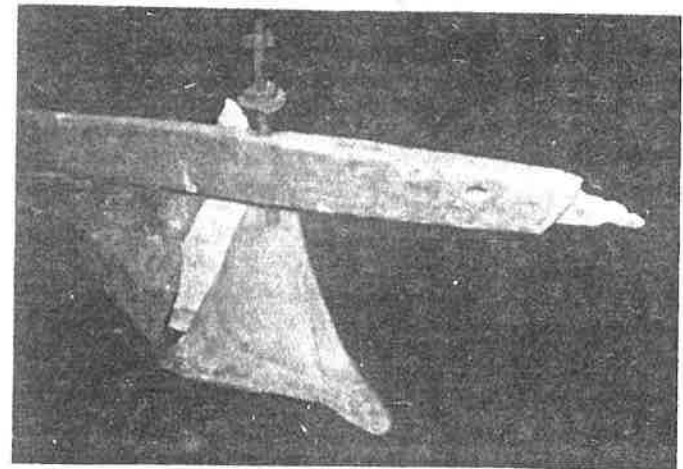
EXPERIENCES OF AN EARLY SETTLER

[Copied from the "Vermont Historical Reader"]
The Tuttle Company, Publishers, Rutland, Vt. 1895

Rodolphus Reed came from Massachusetts to Westfield, bringing his family and goods in a two-horse wagon. At Craftsbury his wife was taken sick. It was late in November when she was well enough to go on, and a deep snow had come. So Mr. Reed changed his wagon for a sleigh (the sleigh was a sled and the team two year old steers) and started with his wife and a babe two weeks old, thinking they would reach Westfield before night.

They had not gone far when Judge Olds of Westfield, who had been away, and was returning on horseback, overtook them and said he feared they would not get through that day, but he would go on and send help as soon as he could. Mr. Reed had just crossed a high hill when night came on. They made a fire and stayed in the woods.

The next day they reached the part of the valley where the village of Lowell, Vt. now is, and found a shanty, having three sides of logs and a roof of bark, in which they spent the next night. For food and drink they had only salt mutton and whiskey. Early the next morning men and teams came to them from Westfield and helped them to their home.



The first plow brought to Westfield by Rodolphus Reed. The plow is on display in the Westfield Museum.



Mrs. Betty Van Metre "The Unknown Heroine" who saved the life of Lt. Henry Bedell of the 11th Vt.

THE STORY OF JOHN AND PHEBE CORROW

Submitted by Mrs. Hattie Foster Martell
Written by Marlon Sanville Labell

John Corrow was born in the little town of West Derby, Vt. in the year of 1834. To Joseph and "Annie Lapier" Corrow and when the Civil War broke out • John was paid to take another man's place.

When John came back again he went to Canada to live for awhile. There he met and married Phebe Besaw. They moved to Derby where the first of their 18 children were born Benin, Edward and Anna. Then they moved to Westfield where John cleared the land under the looming, Jay Peak. He built a big log cabin and this is where 16 more children were born.

This was called the Corrow Basin and within the last four years I have talked with some of the older people and they still remember it as the Corrow Basin. One of their children died. But a grandson came to live with John & Phebe; Edward's son, Clifton.

John's daughter Tinney married Homer Foster and they later lived in Westfield where some of their five children were born. Another daughter Nora married Valmore Verge and they settled in Westfield. One of Nora's daughters still lives in Westfield and a number of her grandchildren live there too. I'm sure you will all know Mrs. Bertha Sheltra.

Another daughter Lydia married Harry Sanville, I am one of their five children, Marion Sanville Labell. Through the years some of the Tinney Foster children and myself have stopped in Westfield to call on the Chester Bean family and the Clifton Kennisons and others. Also another daughter married Joe Verge - Alice. They lived in Westfield and had three sons. Alice died in Westfield.

In 1915 Phebe died and was laid to rest in the Catholic Cemetery in Lowell. Then their daughter Alice died, and in 1922 my mother Lydia died. They are buried in the same cemetery. After Phebe's death, John move away to Coventry, where he buried his son Andrew in 1916, and in 1922 John was laid to rest beside his Phebe.

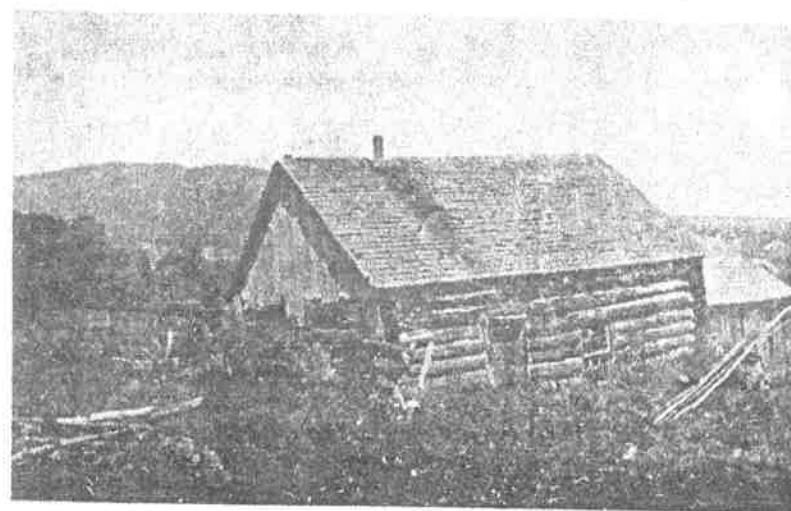
I never travel through Westfield but what I picture my grandparents and their many children, and I picture that log house with its large family. And dream a while of our own John and Phebe, and wish all of you the best as you celebrate your Bicentennial Year.

And we are happy to know that our grandparents and parents had settled in the beautiful town of Westfield, nestled in the Green Mountains.



Left to right - Nora Foster, Tinney Foster, Hattie Foster, daughters of Tinney.
(These were the granddaughters and daughter of John and Phebe Corrow)

HOME OF CIVIL WAR VETERAN IN WESTFIELD The Margaret Snyder Home, Westfield, Vermont



Patience---Understanding Highlighted Westfield Saga

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was mailed to this newspaper by Miss Ola LaPlante of Lowell and in her own words.

"For many years I have watched your newspaper, in hopes that someone better informed, would bring the story to light again.

"The only way we can preserve this marvelous story is to retell it, to refresh the memory of those who know it, and to delight those who have never known of it. I may stand corrected on many of the lesser points, and I invite guidance in relating the tale, almost three generations old, as I have gathered it together.

"Only a few crumbled stones remain of the foundation of this cabin. It is on the left side of the road, as we travel toward Westfield village, in the vicinity of the Balance Rock, Mr. Carter wrote about in your columns last fall."

by OLA LAPLANTE

There was nothing to indicate the unusual devotion and patience in the love and marriage of Charles and Margaret Snyder. It took place in 1860, as nearly as can be figured. The happy couple lived in the famous log house of this story. Had not the young groom had dreams of a better house to live in, greater prosperity, a hope to see the world and share some of its wealth, this story never would have been told.

Only a few brief years marked the short period of happiness for Margaret. Soon her husband followed the call of his dream, and started on his long journey, which lasted so many long, lonely years.

Margaret chose to remain in the little house she loved, and await his return. She fulfilled her promise of lighting a candle every night, in the window to guide him home.

"—And though you sail the seven seas
And round the world you roam,
My love shall be the light, my dear,
That turns you home."

For 33 years the light was seen in her window each night. Many can even now, attest to having seen it, and being conscious of the remarkable endurance of this lonely little woman's love and devotion.

What was in the little house? It was one room, flanked by a fireplace, a mantle with a clock, candle sticks and a supply of candles. A table with dishes, a bed, chairs, braided rugs on the floor, were about the only furnishings.

On one wall, pegs held some clothes, and on some pegs hung herbs, drying, to make medicine. Corn, with husks braided, decorated one wall in beautiful clusters, while drying fruit hung from the ceiling.

During the long summer days, Margaret toiled from dawn to dusk. She braided straw and made hats, an art requiring much skill and patience. She gathered wood for the hearth, and cut hay for the cow. She was nurse and midwife for those who needed her. Her garden provided a store of food, and against the winter she barricaded herself well. Only against loneliness and solitude did she feel helpless. These she couldn't avoid. As hard and crude as the granite hills about her, loneliness and doubt rose and threatened.

The years stretched on until long after the end of the Civil War. A weary and broken soldier, entirely disabled, disillusioned and doubtful, sadly returned to the home of his youth. He was welcomed and lovingly cared for by Margaret. The accomplishment of almost a lifetime of hoping brought to a quiet close the weary years of a patient love.

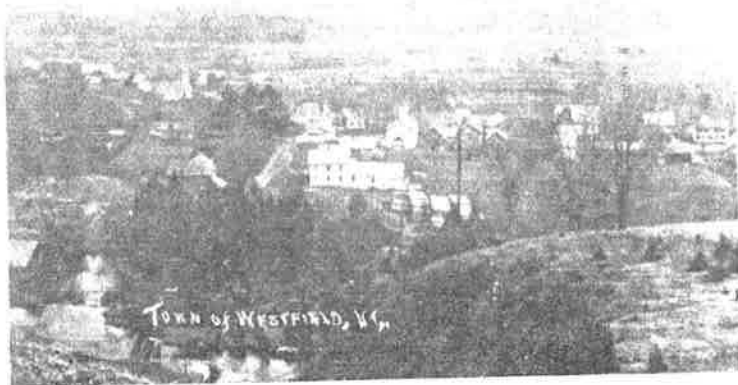
One summer morning Margaret passed on to her heavenly reward, scarcely as wondrous as the incomparable fulfillment of her earthly one! She was holding the hand of her beloved, as day touched the room with gold. He noticed an unusual slackness in her clasp, and turned to behold her head bowed in a last quiet sleep. So ended a devotion so deep that even time couldn't dull its brilliance.

Charles joined her before many seasons passed, so now, two graves lie side by side, in Westfield's Evergreen Cemetery. United at last for eternity.

SCENES OF THE VILLAGE OF WESTFIELD



The first house at the right was formerly owned by Octavien (Joe) Contu, and now by Bob Chinileski; the next house was the so-called Dr. Young's residence. The people in the picture are left to right - the Bessette brothers, Kenneth Young, son of Dr. Young, and Ralph Miller. Year 1914.



Town of Westfield, 1910, taken from the old ball ground.



North Main Street, Westfield, Vt., 1912.



Main Street south from the park, Westfield, Vt., 1908.



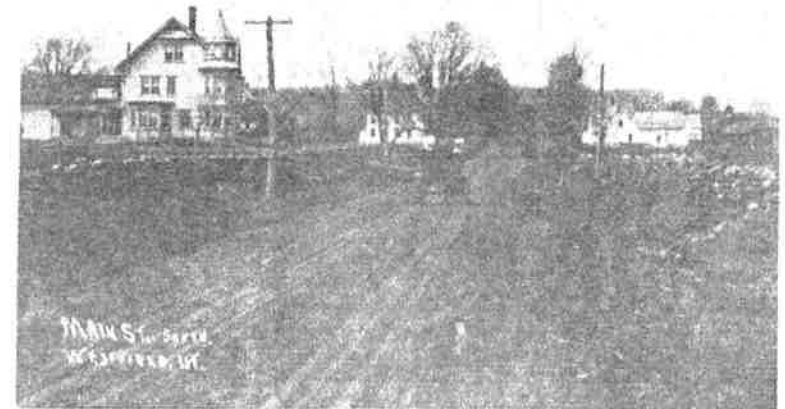
The Methodist Church, Westfield, Vt., 1908, now being used as a garage by Peter Archambault.



The Woodworth's Mill, Westfield, Vt., which was located just a little above Jean Meunier's house, 1913.

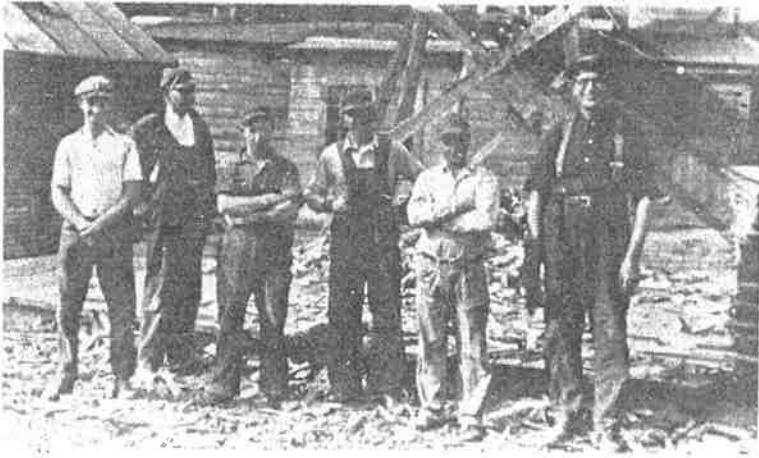


Main Street north, Westfield, Vt. - Iva (Johnson) Angier and parents, lived over the store.

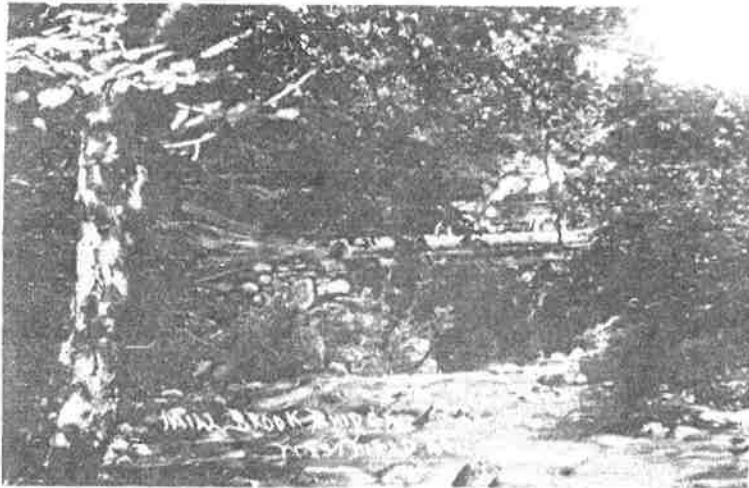


1907 - The Miller House and below the library, across from the library was the old Methodist parsonage, the first house.

Westfield Bobbin Mill - 1931



Left to right - Raymond Collins, Albro Hunt, manager, Chester Bean, Harley Collins, Joseph Roberge, Fred Green, Mr. Bickford, fireman.



Mill Brook Bridge, Westfield, Vt., 1907. Located by what is now the Gerald Paxman place.



Main Street, Westfield, Vt., 1908. Congregational Church on the right.



Main Street and park, Westfield, Vt., 1908. Front of the Herbert Miller Store on the left and the school can be seen, and the Cong'l. Church opposite the road.



Graded School, Westfield, Vt., 1910. At the right of picture - the former Morey and Ducharme property.



Westfield School
1920



Westfield Village
from the top of Streeter Hill - 1921.



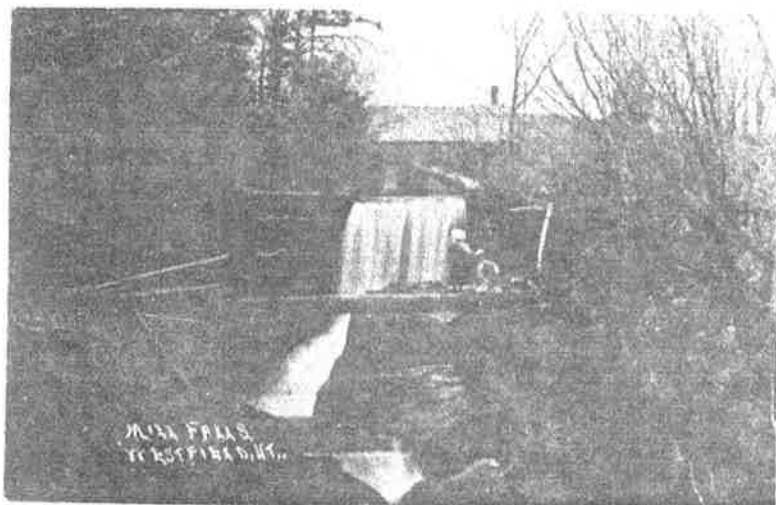
The former farm of Howard and Josephine Pudvah, and of Charles and Mary Lou Pudvah. Photo taken in 1961. The barn was demolished and replaced with a 12 unit motel in 1967, under the name of the "Sir Charles", proprietors were Charles and Mary Lou Pudvah. The cottage in the right of the picture was the generating plant for the house and the barn.



Looking South on Main Street, 1900. Methodist Church seen on the right.



The Mill Brook in Westfield, Vt., 1908



On the Mill Brook - Daisy Falls - a starch factory in the background, 1907.



Albert Sherbert's Home on Buck Hill, 1919.
The school team - Mr. Sherbert took the children to the Lapier school.

Home of Joseph Ducharme on Buck Hill, 1918. Where Elsie (Ducharme) Sherbert was born.



1921. Dr. W.A. Young's Home.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ducharme were living here when it burned in 1922.



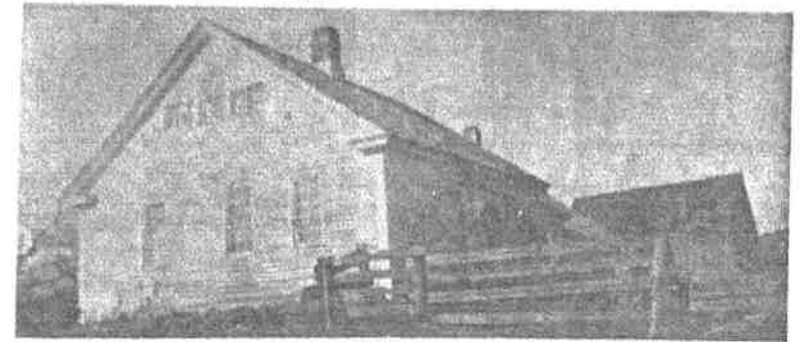
This log house was first erected in Ducharme Basin by M. Daniels. It was later moved to its present location and was last occupied by Nelson Ducharme. Edward Ostrout's grandfather had moved it.



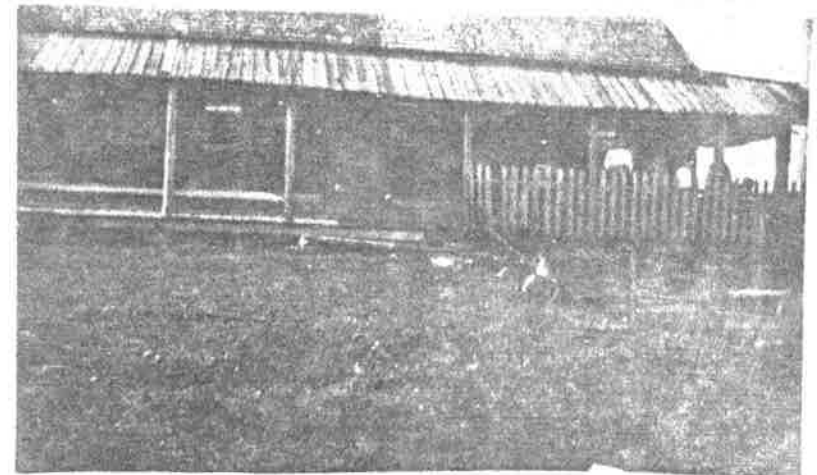
School House on Buck Hill, Trumpass District.



Burnham Place, 1915, now owned by Yves Daigle.



Streeter home, which was located at the top of the hill. This property is no longer existing.



Iva (Johnson) Angier was born in this house located on Buck Hill.



Seas Johnson's Home on Buck Hill.
He was Iva (Johnson) Angier's
grandfather.



Jay Peak, 1946.



Dr. William A. Young
in his office.



Freemont Miller and team, 1921.
Now the Philippe Beaulieu residence.

1976
WESTFIELD COLONIAL MOTEL



The former Sir Charles Motel was purchased in 1972 by James and Anne Byron and renamed THE WESTFIELD COLONIAL MOTEL. The property consists of the original twelve units, restaurant, lobby, kitchen and Village Colonial home, set on just over three acres of land. A paved parking lot and a swimming pool were added by the Byrons in 1973. The beautiful North Country scenery with its changes of season and peaceful quiet are its main attractions to people visiting from congested urban areas.