

**PROCEEDINGS**  
OF THE  
**BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
**FOR 1954-1955**



BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS  
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY  
1956

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## OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES 1954 - 1955

### PRESIDENT

MRS. HARRISON G. BRIDGE

### VICE PRESIDENT

DR. HAROLD BOWDITCH

### TREASURER

J. FREDERICK NELSON, 347 Harvard Street

### CLERK

LEA S. LUQUER, 34 Griggs Road

### TRUSTEES

Donald K. Packard, Miss Elizabeth Butcher,  
J. Francis Driscoll, S. Morton Vose, Gorham Dana and  
Officers ex-officio

### COMMITTEES

FINANCE—J. Frederick Nelson, *Chairman*  
Edward Dane,  
*President*, ex-officio.

ROOMS —Mrs. Bertram K. Little, *Chairman*  
Mrs. J. Frederick Nelson, Mr. Daniel Tyler, Jr.

LIBRARY—Miss Elizabeth Butcher, *Chairman*  
J. Francis Driscoll.

PAPERS AND PUBLICATIONS—  
Dr. Harold Bowditch, *Chairman*  
Charles B. Blanchard, Samuel Cabot,  
Francis A. Caswell, James M. Driscoll,  
Miss Mary Lee.  
*President* and *Clerk*, ex-officio.

MEMBERSHIP—Mr. Donald K. Packard, *Chairman*  
Miss Julia Shepley, Mrs. Lea S. Luquer.

DELEGATES TO THE BAY STATE  
HISTORICAL LEAGUE—  
Miss Margaret A. Fish, Miss Mary Lee,  
Mrs. George C. Houser.

## BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING 1954

The fifty-third Annual Meeting of the Brookline Historical Society was held at the Edward Devotion House on Sunday afternoon of January 17, at three o'clock.

The Meeting was called to order by President Bridge who began by reading her Report for the past year which was accepted and placed on file. She went on to pay tribute to the large number of members who had braved arctic temperatures and blasts to attend.

In the absence of the Treasurer, Mr. Briggs, the Clerk, read his Report which was accepted. The Report indicated a net gain of more than \$600. for the year.

Mrs. Bertram K. Little, as Chairman of the Committee-on-Rooms, read her Report covering the activities of that Committee. She was followed by the Delegates to the Bay State League who reported that they had nothing to say.

For the Nominating Committee, Mr. Bertram K. Little brought forward the following names for Officers for the ensuing year: For Treasurer, Mr. Albert P. Briggs; for Clerk, Mr. Lea S. Luquer; for Trustees: Mrs. Harrison G. Bridge, Dr. Harold Bowditch, Miss Elizabeth Butcher and Messrs. Gorham Dana, J. Francis Driscoll, Donald K. Packard, and Morton Vose. There being no dissent, the Clerk was instructed to cast one ballot for the election of the same.

The Clerk read an interesting letter from Mr. Carl Goodspeed presenting to the Society a number of books and pamphlets from his own library he considered might be of definite historic interest. It was moved and seconded that a vote of thanks and of appreciation be made to Mr. Goodspeed for his interest in the welfare of the Society and for so significant a gift.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan R. Morse were then proposed and elected to membership. There being no further business, the Chair declared the business meeting adjourned.

Mr. Gorham Dana read a paper on five of the early Taverns of the Town and passed around photographs of these buildings for all to see. Prior to the reading he made a few remarks about Pierce Hall.

At the conclusion, a Panel composed of Messrs. James MacKey, William Paine and James M. Driscoll, presided over by Dr. Bowditch, took over the program. Each of the three was allotted a ten minute period in which to reminisce about the

Brookline of his youth and boyhood before questions from the floor were allowed. It is safe to say that the memories evoked proved of unusual interest and humor. A Stenotypist, engaged for the meeting, recorded these remarks. The record, properly edited, will appear eventually as part of the Proceedings for the year 1954.

After the panel discussion had ended, a program greatly enjoyed by those privileged to hear it, the meeting was declared adjourned. Refreshments including plenty of hot cocoa and the customary sandwiches of high quality were served by Mrs. Nelson.

About sixty-five members attended, a record for an Annual Meeting.

Others elected during the year include: Miss Elsie Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Carle, Miss Emeline and Miss Ruth Cox, Mrs. Bryant Decker, Mrs. Nathaniel Sage, Mr. Robert Feer and Mrs. John Reidy.

Respectfully submitted,

LEA S. LUQUER,  
*Clerk.*

**BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT**

**FIFTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING, JANUARY 17, 1954**

It is always a great pleasure to be able to start this report with an announcement of increased membership. Since our last Annual Meeting, although we deeply regret that we have lost by death three members, and four other members, (three for non-payment of dues and one by resignation), we have added a total of twenty new members, making a gain of thirteen for the year. In a Society of our size I think that is very encouraging, for it shows that people really are interested in our efforts to preserve the story of old Brookline.

Our Spring Meeting last year was held at the home of Miss Margaret A. Fish, one of our life members. After a short business meeting, we had the great pleasure of hearing Mrs. Bertram K. Little speak on the subject of her recently published book, "*American Decorative Wall Painting*". Anyone who has heard Mrs. Little speak knows how clearly and excellently she presents her material, and as the lecture was illustrated with colored slides, it was most informative and entertaining. Miss Fish invited the members to stay for a delicious tea at the close of the meeting, and I should like to say once more how grateful this Society is to those members who have found it possible to open their homes to us for our Spring meetings.

The Fall Meeting, presided over by Dr. Harold Bowditch, was held in October at the Brookline Public Library. Dr. Bowditch introduced the speaker, Mr. Henry Hornblower 2nd, who gave an illustrated resumé of the accomplishments to date of the Plimouth Plantation Restoration work. We are always glad to be kept informed of the work of Societies similar to our own and appreciate Mr. Hornblower's coming to report on their progress. Mrs. George C. Houser, who is the Chairman of our newly formed Hospitality Committee, arranged for the refreshments and the novel table decorations, which consisted of bright fall flowers in an antique straw turkey container.

The Trustees, as usual, have held three meetings during the year, for the transaction of general business and the planning of the Society's meetings, and in closing, I wish to repeat my annual statement that your Trustees welcome any ideas for topics that might be written up and be of interest to our members. I feel we have a great deal of hidden talent in this group and hope that modesty will not deter any potential authors.

RUTH POND BRIDGE,  
*President*

## BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

### TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT

Cash and Securities on hand January 1, 1954		
U. S. Series G 2½% Bond .....	\$1,000.00	
Brookline Trust Company .....	1,662.55	
Brookline Savings Bank .....	1,865.59	
		\$4,528.14
Receipts for 1954 (net)		
Membership Dues .....	482.00	
Sale of 1 Volume "Old Houses of Brookline" .....	3.20	
Sale of "Proceedings" .....	.50	
Gifts .....	8.50	
Interest on Series G 2½% Bond .....	25.00	
Interest on Savings Bank Deposit .....	51.81	
		571.01
		\$5,099.15
Payments for 1954		
Secretary (Cards and Postage) .....	37.08	
Rental of Chairs .....	7.00	
Collations .....	27.67	
Reporters' Guild (Stenotype) .....	27.60	
Printing "Proceedings" .....	198.46	
Printing — Miscellaneous .....	33.00	
Bank Charges .....	1.15	
Dues, Bay State Historical League .....	4.00	
Insurance Premium, Devotion House 1953-4 .....	15.60	
		351.56
Cash and Securities on hand December 31, 1954		
U. S. Series G 2½% Bond .....	1,000.00	
Brookline Trust Company .....	1,805.19	
Brookline Savings Bank .....	1,942.40	
		4,747.59
		\$5,099.15

Respectfully submitted,

ALBERT P. BRIGGS,

*Treasurer*

January 1, 1955

## BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

### REPORT COMMITTEE ON ROOMS, JANUARY 17, 1954

Our visitors during 1953 were mostly from New England. During the holidays Dr. Andree, Principal of Brookline High School brought his son and a friend to see the house, also a Wellesley College student came who is writing a paper on the Devotion House. In April, 1953 the Human Relations classes of the Brookline High School, headed by Mr. Charles Latimer, visited us, as did also the New York School Exchange Group with Mr. Bernard Ziemski of Greene, New York. This group came in two large busses accompanied by many private cars, and with parents and teachers numbered about 200 persons.

During 1953 the Historical Society has had one meeting in the house. On April 19th the usual patriotic celebration, including William Dawes and representatives of patriotic organizations, was held here, and on November 13th the Johanna Aspinwall Chapter D. A. R. met as usual in the house.

Repairs and improvements during 1953 included whitening of the kitchen, dining room, and bathroom ceilings, painting of the dining room floor, and minor repairs to closet doors and windows.

Respectfully submitted,

NINA F. LITTLE,

*(Chairman, Committee on Rooms)*

## BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

### REPORT OF THE HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE

JANUARY 17, 1954

The newly appointed Hospitality Committee functioned for the first time on Sunday, November 22nd, at the Brookline Public Library. The Hostesses for the occasion were Mrs. Lea S. Luquer and Mrs. Oliver Rodman.

The table decoration, appropriate for a meeting close to the date for Thanksgiving, was an antique raffia basket in the form of a turkey filled with yellow and bronze chrysanthemums.

Cider and doughnuts were served and greatly enjoyed.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY R. HOUSER,

*Chairman*

## BROOKLINE TAVERNS

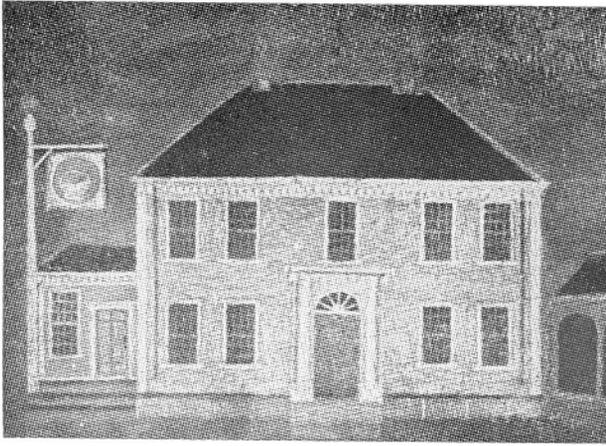
Presented by GORHAM DANA

It is a far cry from the old Brookline taverns of colonial days to the many attractive hotels of today—more especially the two larger ones: The Beaconsfield on Beacon Street, built in 1895, and Longwood Towers on Chapel Street, built in 1926 and originally called Alden Park Manor. But the old taverns were perhaps as notable in their day as the modern hotels are today.

Brookline in colonial days was the principal entrance to Boston from the west and north. The old Sherburne Road, (now Walnut Street) and Heath Street brought the bulk of the travel from New York and the west to Punch Bowl Village, (now called Brookline Village) while Washington Street and College Road (now called Harvard Street) brought the traffic from Brighton, Cambridge and beyond to the same centre. From here it crossed Muddy River on a small bridge on the site of the present inconspicuous bridge close to the overpass, to the old road on the Roxbury side, now called Huntington Avenue, and continuing by way of Parker Hill and Roxbury Crossing to the centre of Boston. In the early days the three principal Brookline taverns were all located on well-traveled through roads: the Punch Bowl, in what is now Brookline Village, the Dana Tavern, in Harvard Square at the junction of Washington and Harvard Streets, and the Richards Tavern, in the Chestnut Hill section on Sherburne Road (now Heath Street) where Hammond Street now crosses it.

This famous tavern on the east side of Washington Street in Brookline Village was built in 1717 as a dwelling house by James Goddard. Being in a strategic location for catering to the travelers going to Boston, it was enlarged by John Ellis and converted into a tavern which for nearly one hundred years was a famous stopping place for travelers. After John Ellis, the proprietors were William Whitney, Eleazer Baker, Eliphalet Spurr, and William Laughton. Then followed in 1820 Franklin Gerry, in 1826 Louis Boutell, and in 1827 William Jenerson. As new facilities for travel came into use and the old stage coaches became obsolete, the need for a tavern in Brookline Village gradually diminished and the old tavern was torn down in 1833.

The original building was a modest two-story hipped roof house in which Mr. Goddard lived several years. In 1740 John Ellis, the second owner, realized the need of a tavern in the neighborhood and started enlarging the house and using it as a



**PUNCH BOWL TAVERN**

public tavern. A number of old houses were moved to adjoin the original building and, according to Miss Harriet Wood, "making a curious medley of old rooms of all sorts and sizes connected together in a nondescript manner and presenting an architectural style which we might call a conglomerate." This structure and the necessary out-buildings finally occupied a street front of several hundred feet extending from the present theatre to beyond Pearl Street nearly to Brookline Avenue. A bench extending along the street front under the eaves offered a convenient resting place for the neighbors to congregate, swap yarns, and watch the great events of the day: the arrival of the New York and Uxbridge stages. There were large trees at each end of the main building and an old pump in front. The famous Punch Bowl sign hung from a high red post at the left of the building, and on this was pictured an overflowing punch bowl with ladle, under a lemon tree with lemons lying on the ground below. A lemon tree in cold New England seems a bit incongruous, but it made rather a pretty picture. Inside the tavern was a ball room, a large dining-room and, as in all taverns, a popular tap room.

There was heavy traffic through Punch Bowl Village at that time as there was no railway or street cars, and all the traffic to Boston from the north and west was by wagon or stage coach passing along this route in front of the tavern. It was not uncommon to find a line of waiting vehicles extending from what is now Kent Street (then Harrison Place) to Brookline Avenue. A brook at the present railroad crossing supplied water for the horses, and the tavern tap room supplied stronger liquid

refreshment for the travelers. The slogan of the old tavern, "We offer refreshment for man and beast" was well chosen. It was many years before the Mill Dam (Brookline Avenue) and Huntington Avenue were built.

Besides the traveling public, the tavern was popular for dances and balls. The belles of Boston, accompanied by the beau brummels or British officers (before the Revolution), would drive out from Boston to enjoy the hospitality of the famous tavern. It was also a favorite meeting-place for Brookline citizens, for here the old volunteer fire companies would meet and argue about their by-laws which were frequently being changed. Here also the town officials held dinners and receptions. Many of the selectmen's meetings were held in the tavern, preceded by a sumptuous dinner. At least one of the proprietors was on the Board of Selectmen. After one of the meetings the tavern caught fire, probably from a soiled table cloth having been stuffed into a closet rather too hastily. It was a bitterly cold night, but the alert proprietor was awakened and rushed downstairs in his night clothes. He extinguished the fire by throwing on a pail of garbage, — the only fire extinguisher that was handy.

It is interesting to note in the Curtis history of Brookline, published by the Historical Society that on April 19, 1776, the British troops that had gone by boat across the Charles River to East Cambridge and thence to Lexington had met with resistance and called for reinforcements. Lord Percy was sent to their aid and marched his detachment over Boston neck up the hill by the Roxbury meeting-house, over Parker Hill, into and through Punch Bowl Village on the way to Lexington. The habitués of Punch Bowl Tavern must have found this an exciting event, long to be remembered.

In due course the British troops were withdrawn, the War of the Revolution was won, and the old tavern returned to its peaceful life. But conditions gradually changed and the stage coach gave way to new methods of transportation. The need for a tavern in Brookline Village gradually disappeared, and the old Punch Bowl was torn down in 1833. On the site was soon built a large frame building with stores on the first floor and called Lyceum Hall. This hall was famous for Lyceum lectures so popular at that time and for various other meetings. It was torn down in 1937 to make room for the present block of modern stores and the Brookline Theatre.

In 1949 the Historical Society appointed a committee of three, consisting of Daniel G. Lacy, James M. Driscoll, and Miss Elizabeth Burrage to arrange for a bronze tablet to be placed

on the site of Punch Bowl Tavern. They decided that the proper location was on the Brookline Theatre just south of the main entrance. Mr. Lacy soon gained the enthusiastic consent of the owner, Mr. Morris Sharaff, and the tablet was cast following the design made by Mr. Arthur Spooner of the Brookline Engineering Department.

On November 19, 1949 the tablet was unveiled by President Bertram K. Little of the Historical Society before a group of about 25 members. An address was made by Mrs. Sharaff, who spoke inspiringly of the importance of such reminders of the past, and stating, "Let us try to outmatch the strength of former links in the long chain of American destiny and avoid their weaknesses". Gorham Dana, Clerk, added a brief historical sketch.

The wording of the tablet is as follows:

On this site stood the Punch Bowl Tavern.  
Built as a dwelling by James Goddard in 1717.  
It was enlarged by John Ellis in 1740 and was for  
nearly a century a famous tavern frequented by  
travellers between Boston and the West.

Erected by the Brookline Historical Society in 1949.  
Thus ends the history of Brookline's most famous tavern.

#### DANA TAVERN

This old tavern was located at the junction of Harvard and Washington Streets at Harvard Square. The building, of which no picture now remains, was a large gambrel-roofed structure with out-buildings, and covered a large area, taking much of the land between those streets for a considerable distance back from Harvard Square. It was not as famous as the Punch Bowl Tavern, as it had no ball room, and catered mostly to out of town produce dealers. The only hay scales in town at that time were in front of the building.

Jonathan Dana, the proprietor, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1736 and died in Brookline in 1812. He was a great grandson of Richard Dana who came to Cambridge about 1640 and was progenitor of the Dana family in America. Jonathan descended through Benjamin and his father, William. Jonathan married three times: the first in 1762 to Hannah White of Brookline who was the daughter of Moses and Rachel Davis White. She died in 1794, and in 1797 he married Elizabeth Shedd of Roxbury. She died two years later, and in 1806 he married Fanny Parmenter of Sudbury who died in 1809. He had twelve children in all, three of whom died in infancy. Only

two sons grew to maturity and neither apparently married. Some of the family later moved to West Lubeck, Maine.

An amusing story is told of one Thomas Cook, a notorious thief well-known in town and noted for several eccentricities, among which was that of stealing from the rich and giving to the poor. For this he was imprisoned frequently in Fort Independence in Boston Harbor. He once stole a goose from a countryman's wagon stored under a shed at the Dana Tavern. This he took to the old schoolhouse on School Street and started to cook it. Squire Sharp, a justice of the peace and a school committee member, lived nearby and saw the smoke coming from the schoolhouse. He rushed over and caught the thief red-handed. Cook confessed that he had stolen the goose from the owner's cart at the Dana Tavern. The squire marched him back to the tap-room of the Tavern where he discussed the case with those present and gave the culprit the choice of a public whipping or a trial with almost certain imprisonment in the Fort. Cook, who had a keen memory of the Fort, chose the whipping which was administered then and there. After that he had little appetite for the goose.

Jonathan was a rather prominent citizen in town and held several public offices, including collector of taxes (1778-9), constable, and clerk of market. He apparently stood well with the selectmen as some of their meetings were held at his tavern. He operated the tavern till his death in 1812, and it was continued by his family till 1816 when it was destroyed by fire. At that fire it is reported that Ben Bradley, a notable Brookline character described in an article by the writer in the Proceedings of this Society for 1950, saw the fire and rushed down from his home on Bradley Hill. He placed a ladder against the burning building and rescued a woman and a child.

The tavern was never rebuilt after the fire, and the land remained idle till 1825 when it was bought by the Baptists. They erected a chapel which was later replaced by the large church with the tall spire containing the town clock. When the Baptists moved to their fine new stone church at Coolidge Corner they sold the old church to the Presbyterians who still occupy it.



**RICHARDS TAVERN**

This tavern stood on the northeast corner of what is now Heath Street and Hammond Street at Chestnut Hill. It was built about 1770 by Elhanan Winchester with the aid of the "New Lights", as the followers of the 17th century revivalist, George Whitfield, were called. It was a large house with a good-sized room on the first floor where their New Light meetings were held. Unlike most houses of that time, there were four chimneys — one at each corner instead of the usual single chimney in the center. The main door opened on Sherburne Road (now Heath Street), the "Great Road" so-called, along which the post riders and coaches from Boston passed on their six days' journey to New York.

In this house was born the Rev. Elhanan Winchester, Jr., a leader in the Baptist denomination. He became famous as a Baptist preacher throughout New England and in the South. He converted his father of the same name who was then a member of the First Parish in Brookline.

In 1786 the great house was sold to Ebenezer White and then went to his son, John White. From him it was bought by Ebenezer Richards who turned it into a tavern. In 1783 a stage coach line of "unparalleled speed" had been inaugurated by which, according to its advertisement, a "merchant could leave Boston Monday morning and arrive in New York on Thursday evening." These coaches turned in at the Richards Tavern to change horses in the yard while the passengers refreshed themselves in the tap room.

Until 1810 the traffic continued to pass the front steps, following the ancient trail of the Indians. Then a great innovation came about when the Worcester Turnpike was opened. The new turnpike, which here came close to Sherburne Road, passed to the rear of the tavern. A gate was thrown across the turnpike at this point and a toll of 25 cents was collected from each carriage. This brought plenty of patronage to the old tavern, not only from the travellers but also from parties driving out from Boston bent on a good time. Here they dined, danced, and tried their luck at the game of nine pins on the well-kept lawn. The tavern became quite noted for these parties.

In the 1830's, when it became apparent that the railroad, then being built between Boston and Worcester, would take much of the traffic from the turnpike, the building was discontinued as a hotel. The turnpike became little used and in poor repair until 1903 when the Boston and Worcester street railroad began operating the Worcester car line.

The Richards Tavern was afterwards owned by Henry Pettee and later by Mark W. Sheafe from whom it was bought in 1853 by William Fegan who occupied it till 1880. Mr. Fegan took great pride in his lawn which took on the smooth greenness of the old nine pin days. It became surrounded by three-decker wooden apartments, but still preserved something of the dignity of colonial days. Mr. Fegan's son helped to remove the old toll gate, and when the old tavern was pulled down in 1928 an ancient pulpit was found stored away in the cellar — a relic of the days before the Revolution when Deacon Elhanan Winchester held meetings for the New Lights.

There were two other taverns of somewhat less importance in Brookline:



**RESERVOIR HOTEL**

The Reservoir Hotel located on the south side of Beacon Street opposite Englewood Avenue near the present site of the Leyden Church. This was built some time before 1873 when it first appeared on the assessors' list. It was called the Simonds (or Symonds) in 1879. Purchased by the West End Land Company in 1887, it was probably torn down soon after that.



**HAWTHORN TAVERN**

The Hawthorn Inn was located on Harvard Street near what is now Lawton Street. It was originally located on Parker Hill in Boston, and later moved on to the small hill, which was later levelled off, on Harvard Street near the Allston line in Brookline. There are photographs but no further data on both these Inns in the Brookline Public Library.

## MEN'S PANEL — JANUARY 17, 1954

DR. BOWDITCH: We're going to have three talks on the deeds and misdeeds of Brookline boys, by Mr. James P. Mackey, Mr. William D. Paine, and Mr. James M. Driscoll. Each is allowed ten minutes to talk. If he exceeds that, he's going to be "conked" over the head with this old school bell, which our President has kindly lent for this occasion. That will be followed by five minutes for questions and discussion. Then the next speaker will be asked to speak.

MR. MACKEY: When Dr. Bowditch and Mr. Luquer asked us young chaps to come up to the house one evening to see what we could tell them about old Brookline, I didn't know of anything to talk about except that I was born and brought up in Brookline, and lived in the Village Section for practically all my life, outside of nine years on Aspinwall Hill. That was in the early nineteen hundreds.

But, in 1878, when I was a young chap going to school, I started working for Brown Bros. after school, evenings, or afternoons, and I used to get the magnificent compensation of five cents an errand, no matter if it was up to Fabian's house or Corey Hill or Pete Olsen's or Judge Mason's. Also, I used to go up to Ignatius Sergeant's, Colonel Dodger's, up to Heath Hill, and get a nickel for that.

And the bookkeeper, who was Mr. Bridgen, who lived up on Harvard Street, took all the tasty morsels around the village and delivered them himself.

But I enjoyed it very much.

Then, after that I sold the evening papers in front of Jake Moroch's. Jake Moroch's was right where the drug store is now, and that liquor store in the old brick building in the village square.

And, of course, that was our haunt, because I lived in the old Monrodin House after we left Brookline after I was born up on Chestnut Street at the foot of Dupey's Hill in 1870. If I keep on, I'll be telling you my age.

But, as a young kid, we sold the papers there, and the result was that later on, in '82, or '83 — I have to talk on sports — John L. Sullivan won the championship of the world by beating Pat Ryan. So, one day, there were three of us over in front of Charley Nichol's cigar store in old White's Block, and somebody remarked that John L. was over there. Three or four of us fellows went down there, and those were the days when we had taverns, and we had some pretty nice ones, too, because those

taverns were conducted very nicely. Nobody under 18 could go in, and no girls or ladies could go into those taverns. They were closed every night at 11 o'clock, and never opened Sundays.

Consequently, we went over there to Charley's at the corner of Pearl Street, where the White Store is, and then we waited outside, and John L. came out and gave us a big handshake as if he was so tickled to death to see the boys. And that was one of the great thrills as a kid 13 years of age.

From there we went up to Tom Macauley's, and from Tom Macauley's, we went up to Moroch's, the old brick building, which is still standing there. And then from there we went up to Jerry Gilfore's, Jerry, who was up in the old Harvenstein Brick where Kennedy's is, then to a cousin of mine in the old Brookline House, in Tom Cusik's across the road.

But now I want to get down to Bill Reid, because I used to watch Bill play in the early nineteen hundreds. Bill was the old halfback of the Harvard football team, one of the greatest football players Harvard ever had, and the champion of the football team.

Bill says, "What about those game cock fights?" Well, they were over at the Reservoir House. We called it the Reservoir House, and it was up on Beacon Street, which was a cowpath at that time, and there were no houses but one or two on the right hand side, and on this side there was a long meadow all along the place. After church Sunday morning, we'd walk up the track, and then we'd go across through the bulrushes over to the Reservoir House. So the sports from Cambridge, Watertown, and Brighton used to have the game cocks, and the result is we had a free show of the cock fights. The betting was profuse. But not by us kids. But it was very, very interesting.

Now we'll get back to other sports, and this is baseball. I was very fond of baseball, and we had two teams. We had the Marions of Brookline, and we had the Unions which was my team, which was founded mostly of the Village boys; and the Marions, well, a lot of them were the Village boys, because Erny Lyon was on it; he was their crack pitcher.

But the Marions were named after Marion Hill, and Miss Marion is living up there now on Dean Road. We played them for two years, with the result that the Unions of the Village crowd beat them two out of three games both years. I forget whether your father played on it or not, Dan Tyler.

FROM THE FLOOR: He did.

MR. MACKEY: I thought he did. There was Bart the pitcher. There was Warren, shortstop, and Spencer as second base. Warren belonged to the BAA with me away back for years. He was a great bowler in there, and there was Tom Kelly at third base, and Walter Page was first base, and Pete Marvin and Dan Tyler, and then they had three or four more substitutes.

Aaron Pratt played on the old Brooklines.

And then the Unions consisted of the Village boys. We had Joe Conners who lived on the farm. Joe was the pitcher. They used to break their backs trying to hit slow curves.

And Tom Fenniman was catcher until he was stolen from us by the Marions by a free trip to Maine, which Mr. Mill gave him every year. I played first base, and left field, and Jack Roache played second base, and Bucky Sullivan of the Fire Department was one of our fielders. Jim Mason was a shortstop, and Billy Foley, the grocer — Bill is dead — he was one of our fielders.

Of all those ball players, every one of them is dead on both the Marions and the Unions.

Now, I've used up ten minutes. No, I've got two more minutes to go.

I'd like to hear the bell ring first.

(Bell rung.)

MR. MACKEY: Thank you, Doctor, you're a man after my own heart.

DR. BOWDITCH: We have five minutes now for questions.

FROM THE FLOOR: What other forms of recreation were there around?

MR. MACKEY: We had tennis and we never had to buy a tennis ball, because some of them used to come over the fence. Every single one of us had a dozen balls.

Then we had the swimming holes. Those are all gone. But we used to swim up in the old Hancock's Pond and to get there we had to walk up the track. The whole back of Fisher Hill was one vast meadow and trees, and not a house on the whole rear section of it. The old Russell Sturgis House is up there. Mr. George Lee lived there, and Schlesinger lived in the old brick house where Henry M. Whitney lived in afterwards. That's on the right hand side. We called it Russell Sturgis'. George Lee lived there afterwards.

There were big hills and woods where the two little girls, Mrs. Wm. Gardner (Edith Payson) and Mrs. Jeffery Richardson (Henrietta Wing) were, and there was absolutely nothing on that hill at all but an old cave. We thought it was a powder cave. I don't know what else it was, and there was a great recess there, and we used to play ball in that recess. Now, that was, you understand, in the early 80's.

Any more questions?

FROM THE FLOOR: Where did you go to school?

MR. MACKEY: Well, I want to tell you, Dan, I went to school in the dirtiest, filthiest school house in the whole United States, the Ward School on Pond Avenue. It backed up to a swamp, and Daddy Farmin was the principal.

Of course, I lived in the old Monrodin House down on Washington Street opposite Pearl Street. There were three sections of houses there, all single houses. When father was killed — in 1880 — he left mother when I was ten years of age with four of us, and that's why I sold newspapers and ran errands and have been working ever since and enjoyed it and have had a great life.

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DR. BOWDITCH: Now I'll ask Mr. Paine to tell us how he kept out of the hands of the police if he did.

MR. PAINE: I can tell you how to get into them.

This taking the place of the Historian of Brookline Village to give a little talk is quite a serious thing for me. I do a lot of thinking, but mighty little talking. But Jim has got a wonderful memory. We, all the business men, recognize the fact that nobody has any better memory for old Brookline than he has.

I had the pleasure of living a little bit in the country, in an old farm house up on Washington Street just beyond what was the Gasometer, which is now a garage, and across the street was the cow pastures way up to the top of the hill. That means that it took in University Road, Winthrop Road, Abington Road, and all those streets way up there, and there was a beautiful lookout for Boston that our Brookline people used to go to.

Then, going down Washington Street, where we lived we had quite a lot of land, and a big farm house, and a big barn.

Next to our house was a beautiful orchard of pears, and they belonged to Farmer Grace, and Farmer Grace always picked

the pears before they got ripe, so we didn't have any pleasure of borrowing them.

And then beyond the Gasometer was Mr. Stearns, and then Mr. Robinson who had a tannery there before that, and next came Farmer Grace, and beyond that the house of Deacon Griggs. We children, coming and going from school, used to see him sitting out there all wrapped up, and we walked very slowly indeed. It was quite a sight to see in those days, a man 95. Sometimes we'd stop and get another view of him.

Just beyond that was where the back road went up to Corey Hill. Now, the back road was built of great big rocks way up in the air, because of the depression there. Mr. West's is where we used to get our flowers, the violets, and all the early spring flowers, and the brook ran down through there.

On the other side of the road that went up to the back side of Corey Hill, that road was used by the farmer. The back side of Corey Hill was all apple trees. The Joy farm — I can remember as a kid. It was dammed up on that side, and in the wintertime we had skating; in the summertime, it was a duck farm.

On the other side of Washington Street, going up, was William B. Sears' estate up on the hill. Mr. Sears was the fire insurance man way back.

Beyond that was the Lovell farm. Mrs. Lovell lost her husband, but she had three wonderful boys, and two wonderful girls, and what a farm they had there. And next beyond that was the Corey Farm. There were a lot of Corey boys in those days, and Kurt Corey was one of our crowd. Every night the farm wagon was loaded up with everything from the farm to go into the Faneuil Hall for sale.

Now, going up Beacon Street from Washington were the Pettingills, and then two other houses; one was Mr. White's. You remember, I'm very sure, the White sisters that had the Sunshine Laundry? Well, Mr. White's grapes were well known to the boys. Nobody liked to take any because we liked Mr. White, but occasionally I think he used to give us some. That helped out.

On the other side of Beacon was the Knapp house and Mrs. Chamberlain, and then that famous hotel — The Reservoir House — that's been spoken of so many times here today. Every two to three weeks, I think, it was raided by the Police Department. You ask Jim; he says he went to cock fights there. I'm glad I never did — and the prize fights and everything. It was one of the famous hotels for sports.

Charlie Dunkley and George Dunkley lived opposite Mr. Stearns' estate right on Beacon Street there.

Then in the early days, the farmers from outside used to go to Roxbury Crossing where the brewery was.

Do you remember that, Jim?

MR. MACKEY: Yes.

MR. PAINE: And in coming home, the fumes affected them so that they fell asleep. Well, it was all right. The horse knew his way home. Once in a while a new police officer would bring them in, and many a time in front of the police station I've seen two of the carts loaded with brewery grains.

Do you remember, Jim, whether the odor was very offensive?

MR. MACKEY: It was a glorious odor. Instead of having the straight goods, you had the smell of the suds.

MR. PAINE: So that was an interesting fact.

Well, then Kurt Corey invited the crowd in. There were about eight or ten of us boys up there. Every once in a while we were invited in the Corey Farm, and Kurt took us up to the melon patch, and each one had a melon and opened it at his father's expense.

In the wintertime we all had good times, on the ice there. That was fine for us children. We were all young. There was quite a bunch of us who used to go down to school together. That's about all that I can tell about that district. I haven't the vocabulary that Jim has. But mine was a quiet, peaceful country life, while he lived in "the city" with John Sullivan.

MR. MACKEY: I want to say, Bill, those cock fights were never raided because we had few policemen in those days. We had Chief Bowman, and six others. We had no night police. We had George Dennen and Charlie McAusland. Charlie used to ride up Causeway Street to Mrs. Mittel's, way up on a bicycle. Then we had Pat Delley, famous Pat, you know, who went up that night to get the ghost in the Bethoney Sunday School.

MR. PAINE: Some of the things you better keep quiet about.

MR. MACKEY: But I'll tell it. It won't take a minute.

I was coming down from Theopolus' and Chandler's, they lived side by side just above the Bethoney Sunday School on Washington Street. I happened to be going by at that time, and there was a hurried call Thursday night. It was the maid's night out. All of a sudden this apparition appeared up on the

Bethoney Sunday School behind those big towers. That was about in '78, '79. Pat Delley was sent up there to get the ghost but he couldn't run; he weighed 280 pounds. The ghost had vanished by the time he got there, so they investigated, and the ghost was Billy Aspinwall's son, young Billy, who lived up on Aspinwall Hill. The Aspinwalls had moved from the old Mongmoor House over on Aspinwall Avenue. He dressed himself up in a great sheet with a long rope probably about 20 or 30 feet long. He was on roller skates, and those roller skates had rubber bands on them. He rolled up and down, and the maids would faint and then run down to Chief Bowman, and Bowman sent up Pat. And Pat came back as white as a sheet; he had seen him.

Whether from the Village or the Aspinwall Hill Section, or the Kid Gloves Section, they were just the same plain everyday boys.

FROM THE FLOOR: Was the toboggan slide off Corey Hill?

MR. MACKEY: The toboggan slide was 400 yards up Chestnut Street; we had two of them. We had one at Wright's Hill. That was the one that was up where the Lapham Brown Station is on Boylston Street. It went through Coolidge's estate. And we had the one which the majority of the fellows built themselves on on Clavic Road.

FROM THE FLOOR: Mr. Paine, when was your store started?

MR. PAINE: 1895.

FROM THE FLOOR: And yours, Mr. Mackey?

MR. MACKEY: Well, I went in there in 1887.

DR. BOWDITCH: I want to call on Mr. Driscoll, the baby of this team.

MR. DRISCOLL: Well, I haven't had many adventures with the police in Brookline. I don't think mine is going to be very interesting.

I was born in the old Davis House in Harrison Place. I went to school in the Pierce Primary School. At that time, the primary school had six grades. You did two a year. Then from the primary school, we went over to the grammar school, which had three grades, and each of them took a year. The grammar school is now incorporated and part of the primary school.

At that time it was a rather old building. There was no plumbing in it.

I remember one day being punished by being sent into the dressing room, and I think the teacher forgot about me. I climbed up into some big high cupboards and looked up some old records, and I found my father's record there, and his marks were better than mine. I never mentioned it to anyone.

The principal of the high school when I was there was Mr. Sherborn. When I was in the grammar school, Miss Paul was the principal. One day I was at a hearing in Brookline, and a well-known lawyer was sitting next to me. "Did you know Miss Paul," he said. "I knew of her by sight," I avowed. "I never had her for a teacher. She had red hair and curls." "Yes," he said, "She was my father's mother."

Then we went down to the high school, which was a wooden building where the present Pierce Grammar School is now, and just the year before I went there, Mr. Hall, who had been principal for years, retired, but he gave us a course in Latin in the last grade in grammar school.

When I was in high school, we used to have military drill for the boys. At first we drilled in the lower town hall, and the muskets were kept way upstairs back of the stage, and we used to have to march up there and drill in the hall. And Willard Widgroos, who was janitor of the town hall, always had some trouble with us boys.

Of course, even in those days, the women had to have their say and do what they wanted, so they organized a girls' drill corps. They had two corps. I think Miss Emmy Cummings was one of the captains and Alice Young was a captain, and they had wooden muskets. At that time they had to build a drill shed back of the old police station, and they used to use that for a gymnasium.

The Boston schools had a parade, of course, but we never had had one. Now it was to be Brookline's turn and we had to raise \$500 the town couldn't appropriate. I was one of seven officers, and I thought about \$75 was my share, so I borrowed my father's horse and buggy and drove uptown.

I remember at one prominent family's home I could hear the conversation in what I imagine was the dining room. "I don't know about giving this thing anything," the Mister said, "I don't know about this." And I could hear his wife say, "What? But you've got to, George. Walter Channing is giving \$10."

As boys, we used to go swimming, first in the cave up here, the Hancock Pond Jim speaks about. Well, I had an encounter with the police. We weren't supposed to swim unless we had a bathing suit, and I had no bathing suit. A policeman chased me up over Fisher Hill, and I came down the other side. All I lost was one garter. I carried the rest of my clothes.

When we got bigger, we used to go over to Sugar Loaf down the Charles River, and one day it started to rain. All of us put our clothes in an open car, a box car there; suddenly the train started up, and I was the first one to climb into the train, so I distributed clothes almost up to Beacon Park.

Dr. Channing was the principal factor in starting the bath house, which was a wonderful thing for Brookline. And we used to carry off all the honors in swimming until everybody had a bath house.

In the wintertime we used to do a little coasting. There was a hill down at Mitchell's Pasture, and beyond that, we used to go up to Wilson's Hill, we called it, on High Street, which was very good coasting, the farther side of the high school. A good double runner would go all the way around the corner almost to Pond Avenue.

Then there was skating. The first place I ever skated was Ward's Pond, and then we used to skate on a little place we called the Round Pond, which was on Kent Street, between Aspinwall Avenue and Beacon Street. I used to go over to Sergeant's and Jamaica Pond, and hockey at that time was played by all the boys. We chose up two sides, and everybody who had nerve enough took a stick and went in and played.

We used a round ball and the hockey stick was six feet long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, of hickory, and bent like a shepherd's crook.

Jones Pond was between Brighton Road and Boylston Street and Cypress. That was another place we used to skate a good deal.

Somebody was talking about having a municipal skating park at that time. Mr. Sergeant said, "There's no need of that. Let them come up to my pond."

Hammond Pond was a place we used to go on Sunday morning to play hockey. But you couldn't play in Jamaica Pond or Ward's because that was in Boston.

MR. PAINE: Don't forget Babcock's Pond. They used to have a lot of fun up there.

FROM THE FLOOR: How about Harrison's place?

MR. DRISCOLL: Harrison's is where Kent Street is now.

FROM THE FLOOR: That was pulled down in 1879.

DR. BOWDITCH: Do you want to go on to questions?

FROM THE FLOOR: I'd like to know what these old timers did with these ponds. Did they wear them out or what?

FROM THE FLOOR: No, they filled them in, even Sergeant's Pond.

FROM THE FLOOR: I also used to skate on the Reservoir.

FROM THE FLOOR: Wasn't there a pond in back of Pelham Manor somewheres along on Beacon Street, by St. Paul's?

MR. DRISCOLL: We used to call it Hall's Pond. I never went skating down there.

DR. BOWDITCH: Mr. Paine has just had an afterthought.

MR. PAINE: I just wanted to say that as a boy we used to go up to Brighton, and do you remember when they used to drive the cattle? We used to drive the cattle from Brighton and down Washington Street to Roxbury Crossing, and we got 25 cents. I felt so proud when I thought of that 25 cents after poor Jim was working for five cents a day.

MR. MACKEY: I earned five cents an errand. Never hurt me in the least.

MR. DRISCOLL: Those were the small herds they purchased down there and brought back, but the great big herds that a man started from Rhode Island were the big herds.

FROM THE FLOOR: I remember as a child, of about 16 or 17 years, we came up Beacon Street, and there was a policeman standing at the corner, in the middle of Coolidge Corner and Harvard Street. There was a herd of cattle coming down by S. S. Pierce's. When the policeman saw this model Ford coming and he held up his hand to the cattle.

DR. BOWDITCH: We are all very grateful to our panel of "small boys."

## BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING 1955

The 54th Annual Meeting of the Brookline Historical Society was held on Sunday afternoon of January 16, 1955, at the Edward Devotion House, 347 Harvard Street, Brookline.

The meeting was called to order by President Bridge who read her Report for the year 1954 which was approved. In the absence of the Treasurer, the Clerk read his Report which was accepted. It is interesting again to note the steady increase in funds in hand over the preceding year. In the absence of its Chairman, Mrs. Nina F. Little, the Clerk read the Report of the Committee-on-Rooms which was approved.

President Bridge then announced with regret the resignation of Mr. Albert Payson Briggs who for the past twenty-one years has served as Treasurer for the Society. Dr. Bowditch read the following resolution to Mr. Briggs which those present voted to have entered upon the Minutes of this Meeting and a copy sent to him. This read as follows:

WHEREAS Mr. Albert Payson Briggs has served for the past twenty-one years most faithfully and conscientiously as Treasurer of this Society in addition to his manifold duties as Treasurer for the Town of Brookline, and has during such time repeatedly and loyally given the Society the benefit of his expert opinion and sage counsel, and;

WHEREAS Mr. Briggs at his own request has asked at this time to be relieved from his obligations as Treasurer of the Society;

BE IT RESOLVED that out of deep appreciation of the value of his exemplary services, this resignation be accepted with the greatest reluctance, and that the Clerk be instructed to enter these sentiments upon the Minutes, and that he send a copy of the above Resolution to the retiring Treasurer.

The following were voted into Membership at this time: Mrs. Ira Rich Kent, Mrs. Edward Brooks, Mrs. Eliot Remick and Dr. and Mrs. Chilton Crane.

The President commented briefly on the old desk that had been moved downstairs to the back room. This is supposed to have been one of the original desks. Members who might be in a position to know were asked to have a look at it. She then introduced Mrs. Lea S. Luquer of Brookline who made a few

remarks relating to her experience in having christened, during 1918, the "S. S. Brookline." All present were interested in this account. Mrs. Luquer passed around a number of photographs of the occasion which she wanted presented to the Society by way of recording this event. It was voted to accept these with thanks.

In the absence of Delegates to the past few meetings of the Bay State Historical League, the Clerk mentioned the coming meeting of the League at the Old South Meeting House on Saturday, January 22nd, and urged that a few members plan to attend.

The Chair introduced Mrs. C. Phillips Purdy of 115 Buckminster Road, who acted as Chairman to a group of six or seven of the lady members present and who, through a careful series of questions, kept eliciting an interesting set of replies that carried with them memories covering different portions of the Town and which went back by actual date to about 1895. Most of what was discussed dated to between 1900 and 1910. In view of the fact that the entire proceedings were taken down by a stenotypist, nothing further will be added save that they ran along for the next forty-five minutes before President Bridge thanked those who had taken part and declared the meeting adjourned.

Refreshments, including plenty of hot cocoa and the most delicious sandwiches, were served by Mrs. Nelson, and were greatly enjoyed by all who stopped to chat and to discuss the meeting. About fifty-two members attended.

New members elected during the year include: Mrs. Arthur W. Blackman, Mr. Kingsbury Browne, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. W. Hardy Hendren, Dr. and Mrs. Otto J. Herman, Miss Marjorie C. Loring, Mrs. William T. Reid, Jr., Mrs. George Torney, Miss Emily Tucker, and Dr. Lawrence W. Bowers.

At a meeting of the Trustees held during the fall, it was voted to help pay for one half the cost of indexing Mrs. Ira Rich Kent's book entitled "*The Brookline Trunk*" so as to make this book more readily available for research, the Library to pay the other half.

On display at the Library at the time of the fall meeting was a most interesting collection of Communion Silver owned by the First Parish Church and ably commented upon by Miss Emily Furness. These pieces included a tankard by John Coney (1656-1722), one by Jacob Hurd (1703-1758) and an ancestor of Miss

Furness, and a pair of beakers by Benjamin Burt. These, together with other pieces of interest and value are on loan at the Boston Fine Arts Museum.

Respectfully submitted,

LEA S. LUQUER,

*Clerk.*

## REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING, JANUARY 16, 1955

Our last Annual Meeting, at which there was a record-breaking attendance, is one I am sure all those who were present will remember with pleasure for a long time. Mr. William D. Paine, Mr. James P. Mackey and Mr. James M. Driscoll talked of their memories of old Brookline. This was recorded, and in the next Proceedings of the Society some of the "highlights" will be published, while the complete transcription will be filed with our other papers at the Public Library.

Since a year ago, we have had the inevitable changes in membership. We are extremely sorry to report a rather large loss by the deaths of the following: Mr. Walter D. Allen, Miss Mary B. Eustis (a former Life Member), Miss Eva May Hadley, Mrs. Guy Lowell, Mr. Gay E. Morgan, Miss Lucy Morse, Dr. David F. Spinney and Miss Mary Elizabeth Ward. Also for various reasons of health or leaving Brookline, we have had the resignation of nine other members. However we have added eleven names to our list during the year and these new members are most welcome.

Our Spring Meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Lewis I. Prouty, on Walnut Street, with an even larger attendance. (Two records broken in 1 year!) Mrs. Prouty showed some old snapshots while she spoke about the changes from the original dwelling made in the house and on the grounds. Mr. Bertram Little read a diverting paper, prepared by Mrs. Little, giving some of the history of the land and buildings of the surrounding neighborhood.

Mr. Gorham Dana gave us the history of the old Town Pound, and displayed an excellent map of that location, which had been prepared by the Town's Engineering Department.

The rain stopped in time for the members to view the barn and the lovely gardens, and all appreciated the delightful tea Mrs. Prouty provided.

Our Fall Meeting in the Library was a musical one. Our own member, Mrs. Terese Putnam, traced the history of song and music, and with recordings and playing herself on her fascinating old family melodeon, gave us a very clear and entertaining picture. We are fortunate in having a Hostess Committee that supplies food for the eye, as well as to taste, and this time a flowered duck was the refreshment table's centerpiece, along with fresh country cider and sugared doughnuts.

We are most grateful to Miss Frances Wentworth for a gift of her great-aunt's feather bed, which is now in the room upstairs at this house. It is in excellent condition, and a very welcome addition.

The Trustees' meetings held at the Library are always well attended, and I, for one, greatly appreciate the interest shown in, and the work done towards, locating engaging material and people to present at our meetings.

RUTH POND BRIDGE, *President*

**BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
**TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT**

Cash and Securities on hand January 1, 1955		
U. S. Series G 2½% Bond .....	\$1,000.00	
Brookline Trust Company .....	1,805.19	
Brookline Savings Bank .....	1,942.40	
		\$4,747.59
Receipts for 1955		
Membership Dues .....	530.00	
Gifts .....	3.25	
Sale of "Old Brookline Houses" .....	19.00	
Sale of "History of Brookline" .....	2.00	
Sale of "History of First Parish Church" .....	1.00	
Sale of "Proceedings" .....	6.50	
Interest on Series G 2½% Bond .....	25.00	
Interest on Savings Bank Deposit .....	56.24	
		642.99
		<u>\$5,390.58</u>
Payments for 1955		
Secretary's Expense, Postage and Printing ....	37.05	
Treasurer's Expense, Postage and Printing ..	30.37	
Chairs Rental .....	22.92	
Collations and Equipment .....	18.25	
Policeman .....	8.00	
Insurance Premium .....	8.10	
Bank Charges .....	.87	
Dues Bay State Historical League .....	4.00	
Listing in New England Council Booklet .....	2.00	
Index—"The Brookline Trunk" .....	150.00	
Recording and furnishing transcript of 1954-5		
Annual Meetings .....	51.37	
		332.93
Cash and Securities on hand December 31, 1955		
U. S. Series G 2½% Bond .....	1,000.00	
U. S. Series K Bond .....	1,000.00	
Brookline Trust Company .....	1,034.01	
Brookline Savings Bank .....	2,023.64	
		5,057.65
		<u>\$5,390.58</u>

Respectfully submitted,

January 1, 1956

J. FREDERICK NELSON, *Treasurer*

**BROOKLINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY****REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON ROOMS FOR THE YEAR 1955**

During the past year twelve classes from the Edward Devotion School have visited the house with their teachers. While individual visitors have come mainly from Brookline and vicinity, we have also had the privilege of showing the house to teachers from Winsted, Connecticut and Englewood, New Jersey, and to an undergraduate of Wellesley College in connection with her paper on the Edward Devotion House.

Our Society held its Annual Meeting in the house in January; the Hannah Goddard Chapter, D. A. R. enjoyed a meeting here in February and the Joanna Aspinwall Chapter, D. A. R. in November. The Town of Brookline again staged its official Patriot's Day Ceremonies in and around the house on April 19th, which included an interview by Station WBZ radio representatives Arthur Amidon and Carl de Suze.

Good maintenance work and repairs have been performed inside the house, some of which members will notice in the painting of front and back stairs and several floors and the whitening of the ceilings in several rooms. Outside — the north wall has been properly scraped and prepared for painting and a priming coat applied. No doubt it is planned to complete this side and accomplish the preparing and painting of the other three sides this coming spring when weather conditions are suitable.

The Society has been given a genuine old feather bed by Miss Frances Wentworth which President Bridge delivered and placed in the trundle-bed in the front chamber. In December we loaned some pieces of furniture and candlesticks to the Devotion School for use in the Dickens' Christmas Carol play.

Respectfully submitted,

NINA F. LITTLE,  
*(Chairman, Committee on Rooms)*

## WOMEN'S PANEL — JANUARY 16, 1955

Mrs. Lea Luquer gave a brief history of the ship "S. S. Brookline". 'In 1920, the time of the Liberty Loan drives, the Government gave to each city and town that made its quota and went over the top, the privilege of having a merchant marine vessel named for that particular city or town. Brookline went over the top.

'Mr. Ernest Dane was chairman of that drive. He was also the chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and the tradition was that the daughter of the mayor of the town, or whatever form of Government it was, would be the one asked to christen the boat. Mr. Dane had no daughters, and as my father, Judge Parker, and Mr. Dane were brought up together in Brookline, he asked me if I would christen the S. S. Brookline, a steel cargo carrier.

'I came down from college and Mr. Dane had a private car on the railroad which went up to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the christening was to take place. It was a very exciting event, but one thing, unfortunately, happened. I smashed the boat with the bottle and the boat went out into Portsmouth Harbor, but it kept on going and got stuck in the mud on the other side. They always suspected it was sabotage!

'It was a terribly upsetting moment because there was to be a reception on the ship and nobody could get to it. So a very informal reception was held in the office of the building, and I presented to the officials a silver bowl with the date and name "S. S. Brookline" on it. In turn I was presented with what I have always called my "coffin", a perfectly beautiful hand-made, inlaid box with a plaque with the name of the boat and date, and inside a picture of the ship in color, with the flags flying. That box was supposed to hold the red, white and blue rope with the rest of the glass from the broken bottle, which had to be sent to me later.

'I have some pictures here which I would like to present to the Historical Society to keep, because it seems to me that this is a little part of Brookline history. The "S. S. Brookline" went out to the West Coast and what her final resting place is or was, I do not know'.

MRS. BRIDGE: Thank you very much Mrs. Luquer. I think we all agree how grateful we are to have these events recorded and in our own files while people can still tell us about them personally. It is discouraging to hear about something after the real, on-the-spot, history of it has been forgotten or lost.

As those of you who were here know, at our last annual meeting when the men of our Society talked over "old times", we all had a very pleasant afternoon. This year we thought it should be the ladies' turn. We haven't any prepared speeches, or special people "alerted" as we did last time, but are going to ask everyone to say something about things she remembers. I will now turn the meeting over to Mrs. C. Phillips Purdy.

MRS. PURDY: This time we are going to see what we can do! Forty-nine years ago in Brookline, we more or less lived in small communities. We went to school where we lived and played with the children we knew around us. My section was Fisher Hill on Buckminster Road and my mother's and father's house was the old Goddard Farm. Mr. Joseph Whity, I believe, bought most of the Goddard Farm, and the very nice old yellow house there was moved down to the corner of Sumner Road and Buckminster, and we lived in what was the orchard.

I used to start up on the hill there and coast down. There was no Clinton Road and Clark Road was just put through a little bit, so we used to coast all the way down to the railroad track which, of course, now would be impossible to do. Near the railroad track was a very fascinating brook where we all played, and there was a little pond down there where father taught me to skate.

One thing I was never allowed to do, but which I would have liked to have done, was bob-sledding down the hill, starting up on Seaver Street or Holland Road. It was particularly exciting at night when it was icy and I could watch them tearing down towards Clark Road. Another thing I find my children know nothing about is punging. We used to start up on the hill and go right down Boylston Street and Hammond Street; you could usually get somebody to go with you. Mrs. Jeffrey Richardson, will you tell us something you remember about your part of Brookline?

MRS. RICHARDSON: I lived on Monmouth Street, and for a few years I went to the Lawrence School. I don't know how many of you remember the old Lawrence School. It had two entrances; one entrance was for the 4th, 5th, and 9th grades; the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades went in the other entrance. In those days the Principal was a woman by the name of Miss Bean.

FROM THE FLOOR: I remember her.

MRS. RICHARDSON: Miss Bean used to have a bell which she would ring and the children would line up to go in. She had a hard time managing some of the 9th grade boys. I remember that one day she leaned way out of a window, blowing

her whistle violently, and her false hair fell off. John Branard picked it up with the tip of his fingers and you can imagine the snickers that went around. She was most embarrassed.

We all used to skate at Hall's Pond.

MRS. LUQUER: I was brought up in the Longwood section with Mrs. Richardson. The story goes that, in my childhood, one dark night, a man with his horse and buggy went down what he thought was Essex Street straight down to Beacon Street and right down into Hall's Pond where there was quicksand and he was never seen again. I remember I often skated on the Pond and I always wondered whether I was over the horse and buggy.

We always used to pung in Longwood, and I don't know whether you'd be shocked, but I had a cousin, a granddaughter of the Rector of the Church of the Savior, and she and I used to pung untiredly. One day we came tearing from the Rectory down Carlton Street and hopped down behind a "pung". When we got to Beacon Street we discovered we were on the back of a hearse. I never told mother!

My mother told me another interesting thing about Hall's Pond. In the old days, on the corner of Essex Street and Commonwealth Avenue where the Cadillac place now is, there was a marsh and a brook off the Charles River. That brook went through to Hall's Pond. As you know the Charles River was a tidal river, so the water in Hall's Pond was brackish salt.

The first fire-house on Monmouth Street used to have horse-drawn engines and the horses used to be exercised down this street. The men were very nice and gave the children rides and we used to have a grand time riding on the horses.

*From the Floor* { I remember when we used to walk down to Coolidge Corner where my uncle had a place on Webster and Harvard Streets. During the war they planted big potato fields there and we children had to get up every Sunday and walk—children won't walk today but we had to walk every Sunday — to hoe the potatoes up there.

MRS. PURDY: Is there someone here who could tell us about the Shakespeare Club?

FROM THE FLOOR: Yes, I remember about the Shakespeare Club. There were only about two women in certain Shakespeare plays and you got a very, very small part. I remember this one girl who had a very short part in between two long speeches and she was supposed to say, "Who comes here?" She waited tensely for her moment but the other person read

right over it and she never had the chance to say it at all! She later resigned on the ground that Shakespeare made her legs ache.

MRS. PURDY: Is Miss Emily Furness here?

MISS FURNESS: I didn't know I had to say anything, but I can remember Miss Mary Foster's School in the Crocker House on the corner of Cypress and Boylston Streets. We used to go there and sit around the dining-room table. I was about 9 years old and I always wondered how Miss Foster ever taught us anything. School started at 9 and went to 12, with a half-hour recess and also a mid-morning break when we always went into the Music Room and were allowed to sing for half an hour around the piano. We also stretched out in the sun on the floor and did exercises. All I remember learning is just poetry and seeing how many birds we made acquaintances with. Marion and Ruth Pond went there too.

FROM THE FLOOR: The next school was Miss Pierce's School.

MRS. PURDY: I went there. It was on Walnut Street and has now become the Park School. I wonder how many of you later went in town on the school car down Boylston Street, when the cars ran to Chestnut Hill? It was just an extra car put on, I suppose, because there were so many of us going back and forth. Father and Mr. Galen Stone and some other men got the officials to put on the school car. I think it went a few minutes ahead of the regular car. It simply had a large sign "School". Anybody could ride on that car, but I don't think anyone did more than once! It was just put on to accommodate us.

MRS. LUQUER: I used to walk in town every morning with my father and Mr. Henry Ware, both of whom were 6 feet 3 to 4; we used to walk to the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Marlboro Street, where they would take the subway and I'd walk the remaining two blocks to school. I walked with them for 9 years, two miles each morning.

MISS JOSEPHINE WILDER: When I started school I went to the little school on the corner right across from where S. S. Pierce's is now, the Harvard School.

FROM THE FLOOR: Right in the middle of Beacon Street, that's where we started our education! I always remember mother's telling me the first day she took me out, she let go of my hand for a minute while she said to the teacher, "I have a new pupil for you". Then she looked around and there wasn't

any pupil there. I ran as fast as I could. Of course, lots of you remember Mr. Cole, the music teacher?

FROM THE FLOOR: Oh, yes. I wouldn't sit down with the other children at school, I remember, and I don't know why because I have always liked people, but I wouldn't, and the teacher made me sit on the platform with her. One day she said, "You cannot sit here any longer because Mr. Cole's coming and that's his seat." So I had to go down amongst the other children and there I stayed.

FROM THE FLOOR: I used to go to dancing school at the corner of Davis Avenue and Cypress Street.

MRS. PURDY: I learned to dance at Miss Hills'. My husband and I both went, in the old Beaconsfield Casino. I don't know what happened to the Beaconsfield Casino class, it was given up, but then we went to the Talbot's house on Buckminster Road and Miss Hill taught us in the ball-room at the top of the house.

MRS. KENNETH BOND: Mrs. Bridge and I went to Miss Hill's dancing class there, with Robert Talbot and Robert Stone and Bartlett Bacon. On stormy days we used to drive in a closed carriage from Mr. Hill's (no relation) Livery Stables, with Mr. Hill driving in person. May I add that Miss Hill was very pretty, and she always wore high-button bronze slippers.

MRS. PURDY: All Saints Church also started at the Beaconsfield Casino. I think Miss Julia Addison should tell us about that because her father was the first minister there.

MISS ADDISON: All Saints has just had its 60th anniversary and Beaconsfield Casino was the original place of worship. Then a wooden church was built which began the Sunday School. It became the large, beautiful church which is there now. The small wooden one was carted away and became a theatre I think. Later a Parish House and Rectory were built.

In my mother's memoirs you will find mention of the little grey house on Walnut Street, (across from where Bishop Stokes and his family now live), where she and my Grandmother Gibbs lived after they had boarded with Miss Rosa Young. The little house was where she and my father went by carriage to have their wedding reception, following the ceremony at St. Paul's Church. (The house has since become a peroxide blonde!)

In earlier telephonic days, our Rectory was often taken for Thomas' Fish Market or the Animal Hospital. One day a man phoned and asked for the doctor. My father answered. The

voice said, 'Dorothy is not well'. 'Shall I come over?' said my father. 'She hasn't been well for a long time', replied the voice. Papa said, 'I'd better come over'. Then the voice said, 'I think she's going to have kittens.' 'Oh', laughed Papa, 'You've got the wrong number'. Another man phoned and said in blatant accents, 'Something's the matter with my bull dog. Will you call for him or shall I bring him over?' 'I don't think either will happen', replied my father, 'for this is not the Animal Hospital.'

FROM THE FLOOR: Dr. Silas Houghton was our family doctor when I was a small child, and his telephone number was very similar to Young & Brown's, the druggist. I always remember the story he told me. He wanted to make me laugh and cheer me up. He said that one night at two o'clock in the morning the telephone rang and the voice said, 'Are you Young and Brown?' And he said, 'No, I'm old and grey', and he hung up the telephone.

FROM THE FLOOR: I remember before anybody had telephones, and the first time I ever spoke on one was when we all went down to the corner of Cypress Street to Butler's Drug Store. My brother was working in the telephone company in Burlington, and that was the nearest way he could reach us. He would telephone to Butler's and they sent up one of the boys to tell us.

FROM THE FLOOR: Where was Butler's?

FROM THE FLOOR: Just at the foot of Davis Avenue. I think a haberdashery store is there now. About ten of us used to go down to the store when there was a telephone call.

FROM THE FLOOR: And then there was that wonderful old blacksmith's shop on Cypress Street with that wonderful horse-shoeing smell! We used to love to hang around that door. There used to be a grocery store, Bentley's, on the corner of Cypress and Boylston Streets, where you went up two or three steps to go in.

FROM THE FLOOR: I used to buy things there because they surely would not cheat me.

MRS. KENNETH BOND: My family lived in Boston at 92 Marlboro Street, corner of Clarendon, and when it was getting citified they decided to look around in the suburbs. They had a horse and buggy and they would go in that, hunting a spot, or they would take the streetcar which went as far as Cypress Street and then they would walk up the hill. They found a place which they thought would be ideal, away from the street cars and yet near enough to transportation. My sister and I

were born in the house they built there, and it *was* ideal in those days. We walked to the Runkle School, before we went to Miss Haskell's and Miss Dean's in town, and to Sunday School at the First Parish. *Now* the house is on the Worcester Turnpike!

FROM THE FLOOR: Is there anyone who remembers the horse cars on Longwood Avenue? I was born on Longwood Avenue, at the corner of St. Paul Street about 100 years ago or so! The horse cars started at the head of Longwood Avenue and went down to Huntington Avenue. When we children went to school the conductors and drivers were very nice. One was Ralph and one was Charlie and as they came along they'd stop the car and pull us on and not charge us any fare. Then we'd ride down as far as — well, the Lawrence School is on Francis Street, and we'd have to cross the dump to go over to the school.

My father built his house when there were only three other houses on the street, and we used to coast down what we called Dane's Hill, which is now Kent Street, onto Beacon Street before Beacon Street was wide. And speaking of a blacksmith's shop, we used to go over to the blacksmith's shop to get warm. It seems impossible; I can remember these things so clearly.

FROM THE FLOOR: Wasn't there a toboggan slide on Corey Hill?

FROM THE FLOOR: One on Wright's too.

FROM THE FLOOR: I coasted down Corey Hill lots of times, right down Beacon. Someone would stand at the bottom of the hill and watch out for us.

MRS. PURDY: Mrs. Luquer has just handed me a picture which I will show you which makes me think of the sleighing on Beacon Street. One of the great delights of my childhood was to be allowed to go sleighing with my grandfather. He would start at Kenmore Square and go up to Coolidge Corner, and if he'd meet a friend who was also driving, they'd say 'Let's have a little race', and away we'd go.

MISS JOSEPHINE WILDER: I remember — I shouldn't remember, I don't remember any of the refined things — but right across from the church was where Mrs. Conant lived. The barn is still there, a brick barn, and if I remember correctly, during the week, Tuesday or Friday, her man always went down to Brighton to bring the cows back. When he was in Brighton he always celebrated, and as children we adored hanging on the fence and seeing Pat coming down the street, driving the cows, and weaving from side to side.

In the top of that barn they had a ring where they used to have cockfights. Of course that was against the law, but they would have them. Very stylish men would come out from Boston, — they were always goodlooking, with dog carts, — and they'd have bundles under their arms. We'd know when they'd go into the barn and upstairs, there was always going to be a cockfight.

I never saw the cockfight, but I have seen the ring hundreds of times. It may be there now; there may still be the cockfights for all I know, but I can only tell about the cockfights years ago.

FROM THE FLOOR: I think I must be older than anyone else here. Nobody has spoken of the man with the dancing bears. We lived on Cottage Street and I can remember perfectly his coming periodically and making the bears dance and climb up our pine tree.

FROM THE FLOOR: Oh, I remember that. Does anyone remember the torchlight parades? That was when our citizens were running for congress or selectman. My father was a selectman in 1895. They had wonderful torchlight parades. You don't need them today, there are so many lights on the streets.

MRS. LUQUER: Mrs. Bridge asked me if I would speak of the circus trains. Early on a Sunday in June the circus would come to town and there were usually five circus trains. My brother and I were up at six o'clock in the morning, the first ones on top of the fence, to see them pull in. If the fifth one hadn't come before we went to church, we were disappointed. Sunday afternoon father used to take us to Huntington Avenue to see them put up the tents — on the vacant lot next to the New England Conservatory.

Then Monday morning we'd get "dispensation" and were taken out of school and into the Conservatory. My grandfather was on the teaching staff there and his office was in the front of the building. There we were set up in chairs in front of the window and we watched the circus parade start its tour down into Boston.

I have a picture here taken in 1892 on the corner of Hawes and Beacon Streets. On Sunday afternoon one of the sports was to go bicycle riding. The size of the bicycles and the costumes are rather attractive. At the time of this picture, Carlton Street only came up to Ivy Street and then was known as the Lawrence Grove. Here's a picture of the house which later became the Cunningham House, and the picture looking down from that house on Ivy Street shows there were then no other houses between that house and St. Mary's Street, all the way

down Ivy Street. It was all open groves; a rather lovely winter picture.

MRS. PURDY: Is there anything else anyone would like to tell us?

FROM THE FLOOR: I'd like to ask a question. Did the letter boxes ever used to be painted red? I sort of have that in mind.

FROM THE FLOOR: They were always too high, that's all I can remember.

MRS. PURDY: The fire boxes were always red. I don't remember about the letter boxes, but they may have been.

FROM THE FLOOR: Did they have two horses or one on the water carts? That's another thing that bothers me.

MRS. PURDY: Two, I think.

FROM THE FLOOR: Does anyone remember anything about the horse parades?

FROM THE FLOOR: Oh, yes. They came around the 19th of April.

FROM THE FLOOR: How about entertainment? Was there anything?

FROM THE FLOOR: They used to have coffee parties in the Brookline Assembly in the Town Hall. The men would hire a horsecar, but the women had to have chaperones. Mother told me about that.

FROM THE FLOOR: May I say a word about the old Fourth of July's? It seems to me they have changed more than anything else. We had parades and of course the fireworks on the playground.

FROM THE FLOOR: One more thing that was wonderful was the day of the Country Club races. You could sit on your piazza and see all these wonderful races as they rounded up Walnut Street. Eastern Horse was the name. They had them in 1928 and 1929, but after the depression came they stopped. Horse Race Association and Eastern Horse joined for two or three years.

FROM THE FLOOR: Speaking of seeing things, from my room at home I used to be able to look out from my bed and see the lighthouse. Of course you can't now because of all the tall buildings.

FROM THE FLOOR: My Sunday school teacher, a Mrs. Wentworth of the Church of Our Savior, said when she was on Carlton Street, right opposite the Church, she used to look out of her window, and she could look right in town and see her husband when he left the office.

FROM THE FLOOR: Mrs. Bridge, as an outsider, I'd like to know whether anyone went to the theatres a long time ago.

FROM THE FLOOR: Oh, yes. We went to Boston to the Castle Square Theatre and saw Mary Young and John Craig and Donald Meek, and then E. E. Clive at the Copley Theatre. And B. F. Keith's had wonderful vaudeville. But there was no theatre in Brookline. I think the first moving picture theatre they had here was on the corner of High Street and Walnut. They had pictures once a week, but it didn't last very long.

MRS. BRIDGE: Much as I regret stopping these reminiscences, I think we must adjourn now and go have some refreshments. If you do remember anything else just jot it down and send it in so we can add it as a postscript to this, and thank you all very much.

(Applause; meeting adjourned 4:30 o'clock)

N. B. Miss Julia Addison sent us the following remarks for our records.)

## EARLY BROOKLINE RECOLLECTIONS

Presented by MISS JULIA ADDISON

The Brookline Woman's Exchange is one of my earliest recollections and for many years the Maypole Dance in Union Hall was for its benefit. The year I took part in it, 1905, the little girls entered in pairs, wearing flower wreaths on their heads, a piano accompanying their minuet steps. A small child took the part of a buzzing Bee, as we started twining the Maypole. One recollection of this dance was that I caught whooping-cough from my partner Peggy Estes, now Mrs. Fred Lee. She may be said to have given me temporary double vision, as I saw two of everything for a while! Despite all, we had jolly whooping-cough parties throughout the siege, especially on the Englewood Avenue estate where the Estes family lived. After they moved, the large stone house belonging to Peggy's grandfather was used as a Convalescent Home. Then the whole estate was replaced by apartments. The Maypole was abandoned and Union Hall turned into Miss Pierce's School, which was mentioned before.

I remember walking with my father, when I was five, on a very snowy day, up Dean Road to the large red brick house of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wilcox Clarke, on the corner of Dean Road and Druce Street. There Miss Dawson taught Elizabeth Clarke and me. Later on the schoolroom was used for early evening dances which I would call "very late at night!" Robert Stone and I were the youngest couple. What lovely days of delightful chivalry those were, when Elizabeth's brother Stanley and other "big boys" were kind enough to dance with a little girl! Only one trying incident do I recall, when one of them turned to a girl next him on the other side and asked her if she had the next dance taken. "This little thing is all right but she's not our age," he said.

"I beg your pardon?" I said, sitting forward with great dignity.

"I was talking to the girl next me," he replied.

"I know you were!" I retorted, "and I heard what you said!" Whereupon, in my vexation, I rolled a chocolate candy into my white party dress, while angry tears came to my eyes. Happier times were when I recited "The Three Bears" to Stanley, as we danced. I had recently played Goldilocks, with a blonde wig! Mrs. Charles Norris and Wentworth Shepard, each of Brookline, had been Bruin and Mammy Muff, with Buckingham Butterfield of nearby parts as Tiny Cub. When we swung past

Stanley's contemporaries, he informed them, "We're playing 'Three Bears!'"

The year following Miss Dawson's little class for two at the Clarke residence, I attended school at Mrs. Merriam's house, near what is now "Brown Gables", on Winthrop Road. Her son William, Marie Emmons and I were Miss Hudson's pupils. I recall tearing my teacher's black silk dress in a tantrum and being put in a high chair, when too old for such an insult! As I was too ashamed to tell the family of this episode, nothing was done about the dress but I can hear it tear now!

The following year, I began my days at Miss Jessie A. Rutherford's School in Regent Circle. It was held in two pleasant, sunny rooms, with an upstairs room for early morning singing and Christmas entertainments. Those were the days when children recited classical poems in unison, seated at their desks. Among the pupils were Edward Richardson Mitton, now the head of Jordan Marsh Company, William Fitzgerald who wrote "Gentlemen All", Dr. George Harding's daughter Dorothy who lived a door or so from the school and a very brilliant little Bradford Sprout. Henrietta Wing, now Mrs. Richardson of the Brookline Historical Society, would attend school there when she visited Brookline. She had a governess and was quite mischievous! We would have recess in the little green park across from the Beaconsfield where the new Star Market is now.

When I was nine, I took music lessons of Miss Eleanor Hooper, sister of the ex-librarian Miss Louisa Hooper. The Hooper sisters lived in a grey house with a driveway on Tappan Street. The rapturous compliment I paid her one day, when she played to me was, "Oh, Miss Hooper, you're wonderful! I wouldn't know you from a pianola!" Another time, when I had played something poorly, Miss Hooper said, "Julia, if you play like that at the recital, do you know what is going to happen?" "What?" I asked, in some trepidation. Her reply was, "I shall be very much ashamed of you!" My relieved answer was, "Oh, is that all?" I had concocted some unknown torture!

Those of you who knew Stuart Lee may be amused to read these few reminiscences. One day he rescued Marian Wallace and me from fighting for an offered place under Billy De Ford's umbrella! Billy had announced he could take one of us home from school. Whereupon we made a dash for it. While we were engaged in pushing each other aside in no gentle fashion, (including kicks!) the "young man", tired of our struggles, ran home with his umbrella, leaving us to fight it out in the rain. Then Stuart Lee intervened. "Hoity toity!" he exclaimed. "That's not the way for ladies to act!" Separated and chagrined,

we made our way home umbrellaless, in the pouring rain. I used to call Stuart's father Alexander "Huldiganda Lee." Shortly after seeing Stuart at a farewell party for Miss Morse at the Brookline Public Library on Pleasant Street, I attended his funeral in St. Paul's Church.

In 1911, I went to the Brookline Gymnasium, which classes Ellen Perkins and Peggy Estes also attended. Our instructors were Miss Magrath and Mr. Cameron. For many years I am in the pool next door on warm days. Helen Newton, a fine school and Sunday School teacher whose sister Rosamond (now Mrs. Edward Fenno) wrote "Londonderry Heir" and Emily Tucker, a recent member of the Brookline Historical Society, have also swum there on many occasions, as well as Peggy Estes and others, among them being the daughters of Arthur Hunt, now a widower at Longwood Towers.

Around 1912, I attended Miss Pierce's School, now the Park School on Boylston Street. Miss Carrie Pierce was principal; other teachers were Miss Julia Park, Miss Ware (later Mrs. Chamberlain) and Miss Lee, who ran the Outing Class. This class met for luncheon once a week and spent the afternoon athletically employed in the grounds. These athletics were represented by Larks and Swallows; children, not birds! The Captain of the Larks was Anna Ward Perkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bruen Perkins, then of "Oak Wood", Jamaica Plain.

When we were discussing our futures one day, Anna spoke of wanting to become a doctor. "That is my desire at present," she said. She has been a most useful country doctor for many years. It was characteristic of Nancy, as we later called her, that she rated herself modestly. I wrote some lines to her but she said, with childish frankness, "I don't like that!" "Why?" I asked. "Isn't it complimentary enough?" "Too much so," she replied. "I'm not worth all that!" The same spirit prompted her to leave the Bellevue Hospital in New York City for a small, out-of-the-way town of Westerlo, New York.

Busses sometimes took children to the Country Club for skating, where Miss Alice Park would help the beginners. Among pupils at Miss Pierce's School were Barbara Harris, now the wife of Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, Preston James, now a Professor, who was full of "the old Nick", Judge Ware's daughter Lena, Dorothy Parker, now Mrs. Stephen Wheatland of 46 Dudley Street, Brookline, granddaughter of Rev. Reginald Howe, then rector of the Church of Our Saviour in Longwood, whom I used to call "a very human man!" He liked to speak of himself to me as my "human friend". Emily Furness, now a

member of the Brookline Historical Society, was a pupil at Miss Pierce's. "Still sits the schoolhouse by the road", if Boylston Street, with its modern changes, can be termed a "road"!

Other children at Miss Pierce's School were the little Ogdens who lived in a large yellow house on Kennard Road. They were Joan, Nancy, Elsa and Bob. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ogden were their parents. I believe their father was a Colonel in the First World War. The Ogden children, as well as Rosamond Hunt, used to raise chickens in their barns. One day there was a party for the little Ogdens at Pierce Hall. Nina Fletcher and Ruth Pond were among those present. They are now well-known in the Brookline Historical Society! All the Ogden children are married now. Joan lives in another state, but Nancy and Elsa live in Brookline. Nancy is Mrs. Richard Floyd, a widow and a grandmother. Elsa is Dr. F. William Marlow's wife. Bob, I think, lives in New York City. In 1913 we came home from Europe with Joan, Nancy and their parents, landing in Quebec. That was when we were boarding at Mrs. Murray's, 1661 Beacon Street, on the corner of Winthrop Road, while our rectory was being built. A few doors from us the Wickfield, where a Mrs. Vila lived, was then standing. Earlier than that, an elderly Mrs. Able also lived there. Now these houses have long been torn down and stores erected in their place.

Vogel's ice cream and cake were famous, in the village, as was also Partridge's photographic Studio. Like most children, I was photographed there with my mother. Years later, my parents and I had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Partridge in their suburban home, where they lived next door to some people named Pigeon!

I was christened in All Saints early wooden church. I'm told I beamed at everyone as though at a social function and never cried! Mr. Frederick Perkins was the Sunday School superintendent. His daughter Ellen and I were what children call "best friends". We lived very near each other and played together about every day. My one and only theft occurred after a walk with Ellen. My nurse Betty was always with us. We would pick flowers by the wayside. If one of us got something the other didn't have, instead of sharing it, the finder would say, "I've got something you haven't got! This, this, this!" One day Ellen uprooted a little pine tree and was much excited over her find. "I'll plant it in the ground," she said, "and it will come up a big tree!" I grunted a bit and watched her plant it in front of their house on Tappan Street. When she had gone in, I uprooted the tree and took it home! No sooner had I reached the living-room than it came over me what a crime I

had committed! My mother said she would never forget the vision of her small child standing in the doorway yelling and holding the little tree! "Oh," I wailed, "I've done such a dreadful thing!" Nothing would suffice but that my father don his raincoat (for the rain had caught my mood) and put the tree back again. I watched him replant it from the nursery window, sobbing until he finished his kindly task. Ellen knew nothing about this episode, until, years later, I told her of it. We were then both much amused! I decided stealing was too uncomfortable a process. Although we considered ourselves the happiest children in the world, we would fight over which one should push the now Rev. Louis Leprelite Perkins in his baby carriage! He was her little brother, who is now a very handsome, dignified clergyman! Ellen took up nursing after school days. Then she married John P. Rieg of Orange, Massachusetts, where they now live. They have two charming young daughters, Eleanor and Alice.

I attended Miss Hill's dancing school at the Hotel Beaconsfield. Later I went to Miss Bouve's dancing class at Gardner Hall, now the Torf Memorial Chapel, on Washington Street.

A private drawing class at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Saxe on Walnut Street consisted of Ellen, Catherine Richardson (the architect Hayde Richardson's niece), the artist Walter Kilham's daughters Jeanette and Teresa (who lived on Edgehill Road, Eleanor Saxe and I. We painted pretty little curly-haired Peter Kilham with clear consciences but when it came to the head of Christ, I quit. I considered it irreverent on my part to try such a sacred work of art. Catherine and the Kilham girls were the only members of that class to progress in the field of art.

Someone said to Mrs. Kilham, "I wish you'd stop having so many children and do some creative work!" "Well," replied that lady, "if you don't consider having children creative work —"! She was quite a wit. Of a child in the neighborhood, she said, "He may be his mother's little darling but he's broken almost every window in our house!" Eliza Orne White lived in that neighborhood, as did Mr. and Mrs. Storrow, Dr. and Mrs. Carlton Francis, whom we would visit in their summer home in West Harwich.

I often go to the Moses Williams house at 30 Warren Street, where my old friend Rosamond Hunt lives. Dr. Sabine was our family doctor and he had a cute, jerky little way of talking. When a nurse was dusting my grandmother Gibbs's room at our home on 47 Garrison Road, he said, "Stop stirring up that stuff! Dust in a room never hurt anybody! Dust stirred up is

what makes trouble!" Of Rosamond Hunt's mother, he once remarked, "Mrs. Hunt, — only sensible woman in Brookline! Has her child play out in the morning and go to school in the afternoon. Only sensible woman in Brookline!"

JULIA DULANY ADDISON

## A FEW REMARKS ABOUT HIGH STREET HILL

PRESENTED BY MR. HENRY WARE, MAY 18, 1955

If this meeting<sup>1</sup> were being held a little over 100 years ago, say 1844 instead of 1955, it wouldn't be held here. This would have been no suitable place for a meeting of the Brookline Historical Society, for it wouldn't have been in Brookline. In 1844 this place was in the town of Roxbury. All this side of the Hill from substantially the entire length of High Street down to the Park was a part of the town of Roxbury. How much more of the hilltop beyond High Street was in Roxbury rather than in Brookline, I leave to those of you who know more about that doubtful question as to just where the Roxbury line ran, but there is no doubt that up to 1844 Roxbury extended up the Hill at least as far as High Street. But after that date the Brookline Historical Society was entitled to take a legitimate and a genuine interest in this locality.

If one had the time and ability, it would be rather good fun to take a locality like High Street Hill, and beginning back in the 1600's when this entire region seems to have been included in an allotment made by the Town of Boston to Thomas Oliver, to trace the various ownerships, and later the various buildings, down to the time when we can begin to remember how things looked. But such a search would be far beyond the limits of my leisure or my powers, and I shall have to confine these few remarks to matters that I can remember, adding a little information which I have been able to gather from a slight study of some of the town records, indicating when and where some of the earlier houses were built.

The first of the tax lists of Brookline which gives any information whether a landowner was being assessed for a house as well as for a tract of land was the tax list for 1867. According to that list there seem at that time to have been only seven houses on High Street Hill. I have not included the big Wright place, which fronted on Walnut Street and occupied the greater part of the triangle bounded by Walnut Street, High Street and Irving Street. Nor have I included the three houses at the foot of High Street toward Chestnut Street, owned by Mr. Edward C. Cabot and Mr. William S. Wilson (now covered by the Housing Project) and by Mr. James O'Connell. Let us take a deep breath and climb the Hill from the Village end, looking for those seven houses.

As we near the top of the Hill (with our breath almost gone) we should see on the left hand side the house long known

<sup>1</sup> The meeting was held at 33 Edgehill Road.

as the home of Mr. Michael W. Quinlan, (now No. 52). At that time it still belonged to the former owner, Mr. Sumner Flagg of Boston and was occupied by Mr. George H. Lane; but the very next year (1868) Mr. Quinlan appears as the owner, and his home address is changed from Washington St. to High St. Mr. Quinlan was a fine type of citizen, and the carriages which he built in his carriage factory in the Village at the foot of High St. were known far and wide for their excellence. They had carriages in Mr. Quinlan's day.

Having recovered our breath, we keep on to the top of the Hill where Allerton St. now crosses High St. There on our right, facing what is now Allerton St. was a house which was built (or at least owned) by Dr. Shurtleff and then occupied by Mr. Charles Storrow. (Mr. Storrow's daughter, Mrs. Dr. Denny, was born in that house, and although moving from time to time into three other houses, she has always lived on the Hill, easily deserving the title of *The Oldest Inhabitant in Continual Residence*. This house of Dr. Shurtleff's (which was later numbered 1 Allerton St.) was occupied during most of its existence by the Briggs family. It was taken down only recently, when Dr. Keefer moved into the later Shurtleff house on the very corner of High and Allerton Streets.

Diagonally across on the opposite corner of High and Allerton Streets is the little stone house (No. 68) now occupied by M. Mayer. We boys who later played around on the Hill always thought of it as one of the older houses, but it does not appear in the tax lists until 1871 (when it was assessed to Mr. Henry Sayles of Boston). We should not have seen it on our trip in 1867, and it is not counted as one of the seven houses for which we are searching.

But there is a building which we should have seen, but which also is not counted as one of the seven houses. That is the little stone church, still standing on the triangle formed by High Street, Allerton Street and Irving Street. This building was begun back in the autumn of 1860, but there were delays in construction so that it was not dedicated until February 22, 1862. In the rooms of the Massachusetts New-Church Union on Bowdoin St. in Boston is a letter dated March 10, 1862 giving an account of the dedication and some account of the erection of the building.

Relieved that our climb is over, we proceed along the flat top of the Hill and find on our right, beyond the corner of Irving St. the imposing stone house of Mr. John W. Candler, set on a spacious lot of land. That house, though altered, is still there, numbered 99 and belonging to Dr. Astwood. I shall have some-

thing to say later about Mr. Candler, so we can now proceed, and as we are on the right hand side of the street, let us keep on that side until we reach the brow of the Hill where it drops down toward Chestnut St. There we shall find the house then belonging to Mr. Samuel Hall, Jr., described as of "Boston". The house was known later to us boys as the place where Prescott Hall lived. It is now numbered 135.

That leaves only three of our seven houses. Those were all on the opposite side of High St. near the same brow of the Hill.

Crossing over and starting back toward Edge Hill Road, the first house would be that afterwards occupied by Mr. Henry W. Lamb (No. 138). Back in the time of our tour of inspection in 1867 it belonged to Miss Sarah Searle. This seems to have been one of the oldest houses in the neighborhood. Mrs. Dr. Denny tells me that she understands that, in slavery times, the house was one of the stations of the so-called Underground Railway, which sheltered fugitive slaves on their flight to the Canadian border.

Next door to the Searle house was a house then belonging to Mr. Edwin H. Abbot (now No. 132). This was later bought in 1870 or 1871, by Mr. Thacher Loring. As to this place, I cannot do better than to quote Mr. Loring's son, Mr. Lindsley Loring, who grew up on the Hill (though in different houses) and is now living in Westwood. He writes:

"You say the lot of land next to Harry Lamb's was shown in 1872 as belonging to Loring. This was my father's land and I was born on June 23, 1871 in the house situated on this lot. The house was torn down or moved away many years ago.

"My great grandfather Dr. Walter Channing, Harvard 1808, lived in the so-called 'Lamb house' when I was born. As Dr. Channing was devoted to my mother [who was his granddaughter] I can easily understand why she wanted to be near him in his old age. He was the first Dean of the Harvard Medical School and founded the Boston Lying In Hospital. I remember very distinctly being taken to see him when I was a very small boy — he was well over 90 when he died. I do not know whether Dr. Channing ever owned this house or not, but I think he probably did as on retiring from active practice in Boston he sold his house and moved to Brookline.

"In my opinion the 'Lamb House' is probably one of the oldest on the Hill."

An examination of the subsequent tax lists shows that Dr. Channing first appears as a resident of High St. in 1871. Apparently he did not buy the house.

The last of the seven houses is the house on the corner of Edge Hill Road, now occupied by Mr. Thomas Groom (No. 126). This belonged in 1867 to Mr. William L. Candler (not John W. already mentioned) and was then occupied by Mr. Henry D. Todd. By 1869 Mr. Candler seems to have moved to Boston, and the house had been acquired by Mr. Waldo Higginson. We boys remembered it being occupied by ladies of the Higginson family.

And there is the picture of the Hill in 1867 — three houses clumped beyond Edge Hill Road on one side of the street, with the Hall place across the street; then the big John W. Candler place down to Irving St.; then the little church, and beyond that Dr. Shurtleff's house then occupied by Mr. Storrow, while just beyond as the Hill began to pitch down into the Village was the house which was to be bought the next year by Mr. Quinlan.

There are three other houses built about this time, which should be mentioned.

In 1869 Mr. Samuel Hall, Jr., appears as the owner of another High St. house, which he sold the next year to Mr. Joshua Crane. This is the house opposite the end of Edge Hill Road now occupied by Dr. Gundersen (No. 123). Mr. Crane lived there for many years.

The two other houses are the two Cabot houses at the inner end of Edge Hill Road, which was then called Summit St. Mr. Follen Cabot does not appear in the tax list of 1869 at all, but in the next year (1870) he is listed as of High St. (in later lists as of Summit St.), and as the owner of a \$5000 house and 20442 feet of land. Would it surprise you to learn that you were sitting at this very minute on some of those 20,442 feet? This is where the Follen Cabot house used to be. The other Cabot house next door (where Mr. Hinckle now lives) was built very soon afterwards. In 1870 it is described as an "unfinished house Summit St." and assessed the next year as a full fledged house. So there can't be much doubt as to when that house was built. It was owned by Mrs. Marianne Cabot. We boys knew it later as the house where Mr. John and Miss Mary Cabot lived. They would hardly recognize it if they could see it today; but it has retained one distinguishing stamp of the period, — the Mansard roof. When you go home from this meeting, notice the Mansard roof also on Dr. Gundersen's huse opposte the end of Edge Hill Road, and on the little stone house at the corner of Allerton St., and on the old Quinlan house, the second on the right beyond Allerton St. as you go down the Hill toward the Village. That is an additional indication that those houses were built in the period we have been talking about, — the late 1860's or the early 1870's.

Now let us skip some years and come down to times that I can remember.

When I was asked to jot down some memories about High Street Hill, I got out the old Brookline atlas of 1884 (which was about the time when I was playing around here as a boy) to see if I was right in thinking that the only doctor in this neighborhood, which is now so besprinkled with medicine, was good old Dr. Sabine. And I found that that was so. To be sure, Dr. Shurtleff lived at the corner of High Street and Allerton Street, but whether he was then a practising physician I do not know. Somehow I never thought of him as a doctor, but only as an old gentleman. But there was no question about Dr. Sabine's being a doctor, and, for this part of the town, *the* doctor. I suppose he held sway all by his royal self until such time as Dr. Denny completed his medical studies in Vienna and moved into this neighborhood. That broke the ice, and since then there has been such an influx of doctors that it is easy to look around and to count at least a score of them or their families, — not to mention two hospitals and their nurses' homes.

And there is a reason for such a congregation of doctors, apart from the natural tendency of birds of a feather to flock together. (Not that I would place the medical fraternity in this respect in the same category with the leather trade or the wool trade, which have their respective business localities). One can easily see why a doctor, looking for a place to live, should be drawn to a neighborhood of attractive single houses, some of them already occupied by some of his fellow doctors, and all within easy reach of the hospitals and laboratories clustered about the Harvard Medical School. Although within a stone's throw of the Village and of bus and railroad transportation, the Hill gives one the impression of retirement and of quiet country. The sun has a chance to get in at all four sides of your house (if it could) and "the green grass is growing all around". And the march of progress and street widening have not yet cut down our trees<sup>1</sup>. To anyone who likes to look at a good sight, I recommend that he walk up High Street on a bright autumn day and feast his eyes on the profuse show of yellow maple leaves bathed in sunshine. I wonder that someone has not already christened the place "Golden Top".

It has taken some effort to keep the open tracts in the neighborhood from being developed in a way that would spoil the general charm. There was a threat at one time that the land below Hawthorn Road down to Pond Avenue (practically all vacant) might be badly developed. Thereupon the community

<sup>1</sup> Due to widening the Worcester Turnpike, Boylston Street has recently been stripped of many of its trees.

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contributed funds and bought the land, forming the so-called Glen Trust, which saw to it that the attractive character of the Hill was preserved. The same thing happened when the Hawthorn Associates acquired the tennis court and adjoining stable, at the corner of Hawthorn Road and Cumberland Avenue.

In looking at the atlas I was surprised to find that the house where the Reidy family now lives (No. 92) was built as early as 1884. As it was a vacant lot when we used to play baseball there, we must have been fairly little tads at the time, — so little, in fact, that as I remember it, we seldom knocked the ball across the street into the yard on the opposite side.

The rear of the Reidy lot, where the stable now stands, was a region of delight. The Hill, I suppose, is just a great hunk of pudding stone, with only a skim coat of soil on top; and where the land dropped off at the rear, the rock was exposed and made an entrancing place to build fires. Our youthful attempts to roast potatoes in the ashes were valiant, but I cannot remember one potato that did not come out burnt black and thoroughly inedible.

In the house where Dr. Graham now lives at the corner of High Street and Cumberland Avenue, there was a family of five boys, some older, some younger than I, named Curry. They were strong, well made boys, and kept themselves in hard shape by maintaining in their back yard an outdoor gymnasium. They kept a pair of jumping standards, and a part of the yard was used for the broad jumps. Many is the time that the word would go around, "Let's jump", and away we would go to the Currys' back yard. One of the Curry boys made quite a name for himself afterwards as a pole vaulter.

We couldn't jump when the snow was on the ground, but we could coast. Coasting down High Street into the Village was too risky; still there was the other side of the Hill where High Street fell off toward Chestnut Street. There the traffic wasn't enough to interfere and there was a good deal of coasting in the street. But the coast that I remember with more excitement was the pitch from Edge Hill Road down to Cumberland Avenue, behind Miss Thacher's house (which wasn't there then). There were too many apple trees scattered over that hillside to start very far up from the bottom. However, you got all the excitement you wanted without going up very far. At the foot of the pitch, about where the hospital buildings on the upper side of Glen Road now are, there was a large, fairly deep circular gravel pit. (At least, it looked large then to my young eyes.) In winter the snows would melt — we had

snows then — and fill that pit partly full of water, which would freeze, leaving the surface of the ice well below the rim of the pit. The stunt was to coast down the pitch, shoot off the edge of the pit and land on the ice below. I don't remember what happened after that, why we didn't bang into the other side of the pit; perhaps we did.

I have one recollection connected with the Hill, which few other people probably now have, and which may have a bit of historical interest. You will remember that one of the seven houses which we found in our 1867 tour of inspection was the large stone house near Irving St. which belonged to Mr. John W. Candler. Mr. Candler was the Member of Congress from this safely Republican district. Along in the early 80's there was a Congressional election and Mr. Candler stood for re-election. The district, as I indicated, was a Republican one, and Mr. Candler felt so little doubt of being re-elected that he had a band stand built at the Irving Street end of his lot. I remember it perfectly. There was no Homer Albers house there then, leaving plenty of room for the admiring populace to collect on election night to listen to the music and watch the fireworks.

You may remember that the early 80's was a time of mugwump activity. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction over the doings of the then Republican party. Many people in Brookline (and I could name some then living up on the Hill) considered Mr. Candler to be a stalwart Republican and open to the same objections which they applied to the rest of the party in Washington. They got Col. Theodore Lyman to run as an Independent candidate<sup>1</sup>. That was in the days before the Australian ballot, when anybody could print ballots with any combination of candidates. Among my father's papers I came across some of the ballots prepared by the Brookline mugwumps for this election. It was labelled the regular Republican ticket, except for President and for Member of Congress, and it carried Col. Lyman's name for the latter office in place of Mr. Candler's.

<sup>1</sup> They sent out this notice:

INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE,

Nov. 1, 1884.

On Election Day, this committee will occupy, as headquarters, the Engineer's room at the Town Hall. All Republicans opposed to the election of Blaine and Logan are invited to use this room.

The official ballot of this organization will be the Republican ticket, but with Cleveland electors, and with Theodore Lyman for Congress. Stickers, with other names, will be found at the headquarters.

Citizens are reminded of the advantage of preparing on Monday for the duties of Tuesday.

The polls open at 7.30; close at 4.30.

*Executive Committee,*

CHARLES C. SOULE, *Chairman.*  
 CHARLES P. WARE, *Secretary.*  
 J. J. E. ROTHERY, *Treasurer.*  
 SUMNER C. CHANDLER.  
 WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY  
 SAMUEL Y. NASH.  
 WINTHROP S. SCUDDER.

I don't know at what time on election day Mr. Candler cancelled his order for the band and the fireworks. There was no show on High Street Hill that evening. Our representative in the next Congress was Col. Lyman.

When people in a locality own their houses and change as little as the residents on the Hill have changed, there is apt to be created a neighborly feeling that leads them to get together in groups for pleasure or improvement. There were two such groups on the Hill that lasted (with changes, of course) for 40 or 50 years. In their most active days they would meet about once a fortnight, taking care not to interfere with each other's dates. One group indulged in playing the very jolly and not too profound card game of six-handed euchre — three tables of six each. The other group read at each meeting a Shakespeare play, judiciously cut to reduce the reading time to about two hours. The parts were given out in advance. There was no attempt at acting; the readers remained seated. One of the readers also read the stage directions. I should not have said that there was never any attempt at acting. When Mr. Storrow built his own house on High Street, he built a smaller room connecting with his large room by means of wide folding (or sliding) doors, with footlights (or rather side lights) set into the thickness of the wall, making a stage, used through the years for many a private theatrical show. Taking advantage of this little theatre, the Shakespeare Club, meeting one evening at Mr. Storrow's house, interrupted a reading of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* long enough to allow the artisans to slip into their costumes and wigs, catch up their properties, and put on a memorable performance of *Pyramus and Thisby*.

The card games and the readings would end at 10 o'clock, and after a little ice cream and coffee, the company would be home early enough to get a good night's sleep. Simple pleasures, but very enjoyable.

If anybody can do whatever he is doing better than almost anybody else in the whole world, he deserves the title of a distinguished person. In addition to its population of doctors the Hill at one time had among its inhabitants a decidedly distinguished group of musicians. Living side by side on High Street

were the First Trumpeter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (M. Mager) and the First Oboist of the Orchestra (M. Gillet), probably just about tops in their respective fields. Next to M. Gillet lives M. Mayer and adjoining him was Mr. Erkelens, both members of the violin section of the Orchestra. One of those houses had formerly been occupied by the well-known pianist, Madame Hopekirk, and on the other side of Allerton Street were Mrs. Latham and Miss Mary Russell, who, though not playing professionally, were extremely proficient at the piano. Still on the hillside is another eminent musician, the sweet singer, Mr. Roland Hayes. It should also be noted that the Hill has harbored conductors of the Boston Symphony. I clearly recall the erect, military-looking figure of Gericke as he was walking to his home on Upland Road. Mrs. Denny tells me that Nikisch lived in the Curry house at the corner of Cumberland Avenue, as did Fiedler.

The list of notables should not stop here. Of Professor John D. Runkle, the second president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, you have already heard in detail from Mr. Dana. Next door to him lived Mr. Edward Stanwood, the editor of Youth's Companion and a well-known writer on matters economic and historical. Two doors away was the principal of our Brookline High School, Mr. J. Emery Hoar. At the end of Edge Hill Road, lived Mr. Robert S. Peabody, the architect (Peabody & Stearns), whose graceful Custom House Tower overlooks Boston and the surrounding country, and that keen lawyer, Mr. Moorfield Storey, at one time president of the American Bar Association and always a courageous reformer. Edge Hill Road also produced a famous biologist in the shape of Professor William T. Sedgwick. Another well-known architect on Edge Hill Road was Mr. Walter H. Kilham. Turning from the professions we find the general manager of the Boston Elevated Railway, Mr. Charles S. Sergeant. Mention has already been made of Mr. John W. Candler, Member of Congress from this district, to which name should be added that of Mr. Joseph Walker, who was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. There was another man, who, though not perhaps so widely known was nevertheless so thoroughly fine, upright and public spirited that I must include him among those on the Hill to be held in highest remembrance, Mr. Henry W. Lamb.

I have been tempted to name some of our doctors, but any attempt to discriminate and to mention some and not all would doubtless get me into such very hot water that the scaldings would call for the combined healing arts of all the practitioners collected on this little hilltop.

There is one thing about the medical profession, however, that I can say safely. Many of them showed the extreme good sense of coming to the Hill for their brides. At one time it seemed as if all of the girls around here that I grew up with were going off and marrying doctors. Miss Elizabeth Storey became Mrs. Dr. Robert W. Lovett; Miss Martha Storrow became Mrs. Dr. Francis P. Denny; Miss Mary Denny became Mrs. Dr. Edwin E. Jack; Miss Elizabeth Denny became Mrs. Dr. Elliott P. Joslin; Miss Alice Loring became Mrs. Dr. William L. Edwards; Miss Margaret Chapin became Mrs. Dr. Robert B. Osgood; Miss Sally Swan became Mrs. Dr. Walter L. Burrage; Miss Elizabeth Cabot became Mrs. Dr. Henry Lyman; Miss Elizabeth Townsend became Mrs. Dr. James R. Torbert; and later, Miss Katharine Townsend became Mrs. Dr. Warren R. Sisson; Miss Alice Sherburne became Mrs. Dr. John Reidy; and Miss Elizabeth Sherburne became Mrs. Dr. John D. Houghton.

No wonder the Hill attracts doctors.

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