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# Skipmunk

*A Story of Chicopee*



*The Duryea Car*

*Debbi Moran*



*"Doll Day August 1916"  
An Event of the Spruce Street Playground*

With winter upon us, and sounds of bells in the air, the violets and crocuses seem far away. Our recollections of the past, however, are only a moment's reach. In the midst of our busy holiday season, it sometimes seems difficult to take time for those very important moments of solitude, and to reflect upon our childhood days or future dreams.

We, the staff of **SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE**, sincerely hope that we can lure you into the past, and maybe provide the incentive to let your imagination wander back to those fond memories. We have worked hard - but enjoyed every moment thoroughly - to bring you Volume I, #3 of **SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE**.

Since last we saw you, many more reflections of Chicopee's past have appeared on our mailbox mirror. We will again today share many pieces of the history, spirit, and hopes of Chicopee, and plan to visit you again next spring, when those violets come poking through. With each new issue, we will continue to share with you some of the correspondences we receive in our "Comments Please . . ." section. Keep in mind, however, that a large portion of the content of each issue has come as a result of letters and telephone calls from you, the people of Chicopee. We thank you, because with your help and information, we're making it - yes, even we are finally convinced of that!

We hope - with our fingers crossed! - that you enjoy what we have put together. We have the desire to continue, and an ever-growing belief in the preservation of the past. Our skill and confidence still leave something to be desired, but with your aid and constructive criticism, we know we can fulfill our goals of literary excellence. Keep those letters coming!

Once again, enjoy your journey through the past . . .

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Vol. I  
No. 3

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# INDIAN TRADITIONS AND PLACE NAMES

By Bessie Warner Kerr

The present City of Chicopee lies in Hampden County, about half way between Boston and Albany; a bit over three miles north of Springfield, and five miles south of Holyoke. Situated so closely between two so much larger cities, our metropolis has suffered as a trading or shopping center, but not politically or industrially.

The area of the whole city of Chicopee is about 25.7 square miles, or 15,800 acres. It is bounded on the north by Holyoke; the east by South Hadley and Granby; the south, by Springfield, and the west, by the Connecticut River. It is crossed by the Chicopee River.

Using the city hall as a central point, Chicopee lies in 42°8'54.94" north latitude, and 72°36'25.94" west longitude; the highest point being near the Jewish Cemetery on the Ludlow Road, and the lowest near the Springfield Rendering Company, near the Chicopee-Springfield city line: 245 and 63 feet above sea-level, respectively. The average height, 154 feet. The greatest width of the city area is, north to south, 5.33 miles. The greatest length, from east to west, is 6 miles. Our average climate in September is 64 degrees fahrenheit.

Within our city boundaries are five distinct villages: Aldenville, Fairview, Willimansett, Chicopee Falls and Chicopee Center, where the municipal center functions. Some writer has stated that "Chicopee Center and Chicopee Falls are singularly alike in general appearance: separated by a mile and a half of thickly populated area, each has the Chicopee River in the hollow at the north of its settlement, and each has a line of cotton mills along the river."

Some of the old maps seem strange to us, as the names of sections and streets have been changed. Chicopee originally was called Cabot-

ville, and Lower Chicopee; Chicopee Street was Upper Chicopee; Chicopee Falls was Skenunganuck and Factory Village, and the group of houses east of the Falls was called Skipmuck, a nickname later given to this whole district. When we were young, we often spoke of going up to "Skip."

Old geological maps show meadows and flats along the banks of the two rivers, which were used for grazing lands for the cattle and swine of the early settlers, and were called "commons." The "Uplands," from the abrupt hills near the Springfield line, including Atwater Park, and Blackberry Hill, extend to the South Hadley line, often pierced by swift brooks of much value to the town. These brooks still function as water-power, but are little known to the average citizen, either by name or place.

According to Mr. Cobb in his pamphlet: "The Topography of Chicopee," the city contains much sand and gravel, and only twenty percent is fit for cultivation. The few farms owned by the pioneers have nearly disappeared, changed to home sites, industrial plants, etc. Very few bits of woodland remain of the virgin forests, which in the early days, furnished our ancestors with fire wood, and lumber for building.

An old map of the 1870's shows an unusually large island in the mouth of the Chicopee River, called Walnut Island. There seems to be only one house upon it.

The present city of Chicopee contains nine wards, and eighteen precincts. There are 94.8 miles of public streets; and three miles of state highways within our limits.

(More about the history of our roads and streets in a later chapter.)

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### OUR FEATURE PATRON: MICKEY'S BIKE AND TOY SHOP

East Street  
 Chicopee

*Mickey's Bike Shop is well-known for its complete line of Bicycles for people of all ages; but more importantly, it is also renowned for its quick, efficient, and complete service.*

*The staff of Skipmunk would like to thank Mickey's for their most generous contribution.*

Historical Journal Western Mass.  
 Custom Woodworking Inc.  
 Robert Funeral Home  
 Charles A. Ludden Co.  
 Falls Prescription Center  
 Metras Electric Inc.  
 Lysek's  
 Falls Provision  
 Sroka's  
 Bo-Mar Paper and Novelty Co.  
 Durkee, White, Towne and Chapdelaine  
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Mickey's Bike and Toy Shop  
 Clapp's Upholstery  
 Ferris Young World  
 Chicopee Municipal Credit Union  
 Chicopee Highlights  
 Rich Lithograph Co.  
 Levines Market  
 Eastern Etching and Mfg.  
 Jasin Advertising  
 Bill Potvin Furniture  
 Chicopee Auto School

Class of 1976 CHS  
 Continental Beauty Salon  
 Class of 1977 CHS  
 Chicopee Education Association  
 Class of 1978 CHS  
 Hastings Stationers  
 Class of 1979 CHS  
 Shawmut First Bank and Trust  
 Sydlee Electronic  
 Knit and Purl Yarn  
 Chicopee Teachers' Credit Union  
 Fairfield Mall Merchants' Ass'n.

## TABLE of CONTENTS

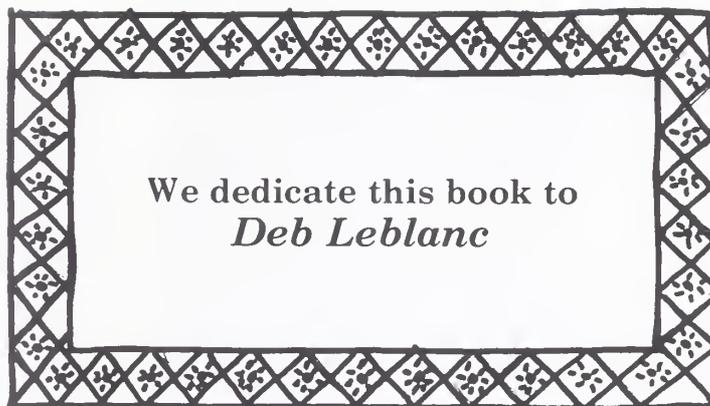
### FEATURE:

	<i>page</i>
The Duryea Car <i>by Prim J. Hertel</i> .....	4
Chicopee's Firsts .....	7
Gravestone Rubbings <i>by Ann Marie Starczyk</i> .....	8
Assumption Parish <i>by Karen Wegrzyn and Sarah Ogozalek</i> .....	11
Portrait of the Past <i>by Jan Balicki</i> .....	13
Recipes .....	14
Our Surrounding Influences <i>by Mark Rosendale</i> .....	16
The Simonich Family <i>by Ann Lak</i> .....	20
Shadows of Our Past <i>Anonymous</i> .....	23
For A Moment Everything Stopped <i>by Stephen R. Jendrysik</i> .....	24
Our World War Heroes <i>by William Kimberley Palmer</i> .....	27
1878 Advertisement .....	28
Snowfall <i>by Karen Wegrzyn</i> .....	29
William Kimberley Palmer <i>by Jackie Doherty and Theresa Kolish</i> ....	30
Selection of Poems <i>by William Kimberley Palmer</i> .....	31
Comments Please .....	32



**"CHICOPEE"**

*Birch Bark Place and Raging Waters*



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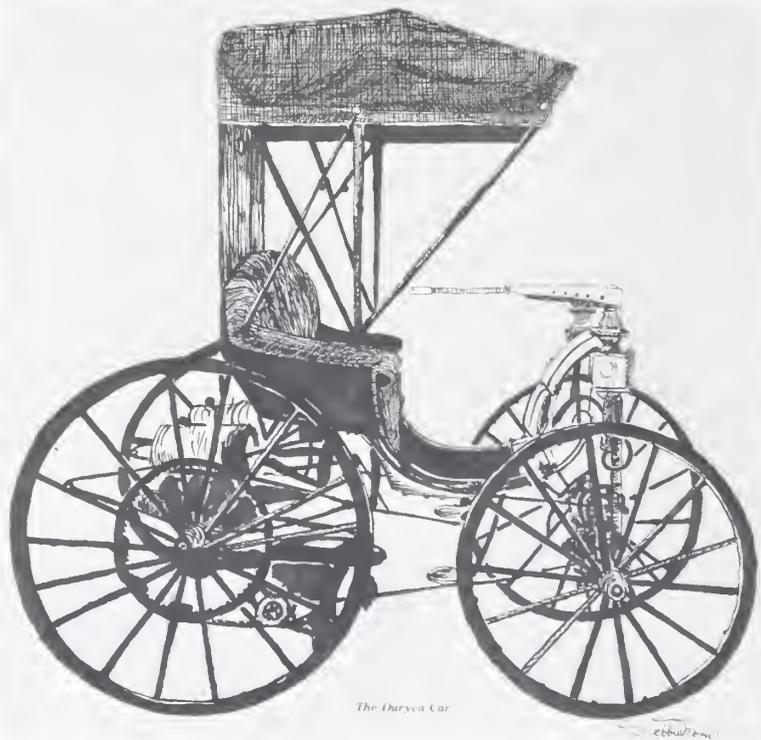
*Many of the articles appearing in this issue were accompanied by bibliographies and reference sources. Any questions on such matters should be sent to the editors, and they will be answered within ninety days of postmark. If sufficient requests occur, sources will be printed in subsequent issues. Send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

#### SKIPMUNK

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*Winter Issue, 1977*



The Duryea Car

## The Duryea Car

by Prim J. Hertel

Charles E. Duryea and his brother, J. Frank Duryea, were two of the earliest pioneers in the design and production of motor cars. They both had been in the bicycle business, as was true of many other of the early automobile manufacturers. Charles E. took the initiative in Automobile design and started his first gasoline car in August, 1891.

His brother J. Frank, joined him in the work in March, 1892, and this first car was completed in September 1892. This was undoubtedly the first practical automobile completed and these are the facts that seem to have been thoroughly brought out in the famous "Seldon suit."

This first car was so satisfactory that a second was started immediately and finished in August 1893. This particular car is now on exhibition in the National Museum in Washington. Their third car was started in October 1893, was finished in the winter of 1894-95, and was used during the year of 1895, and on Thanksgiving Day won the first American Automobile contest, the Times-Herald Race, from Evanston to

Chicago. There were six starters, three foreign cars and two electric cars. Only two finished, the Duryea and an American rebuilt Benz car.

Three cars were started in September, 1895; ten more started soon thereafter and finished in 1896. The enterprise then took on its commercial aspect and sales from this first lot were made in 1895 with deliveries in the summer of 1896.

During that year one of the Duryea cars traveled with the Barnum & Bailey Circus and was exhibited as one of its big curiosities and drawing cards.

In the Cosmopolitan Race at New York, May 30, 1896, four Duryea cars won all of the prizes. Duryea, in fact, was the only one out of twenty-four entries to complete the course.

At the first automobile racing event in England, November 14, 1896, a Duryea car won first place among nearly fifty entries. This was a fifty-two mile race from London to Brighton.

The Duryea was built and

given its first pulling test at 47 Taylor Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

### "Pull Test"

It was on April 19, 1892, that Charles Duryea made his first "pull test" on the "Duryea Buggy" he was developing in the machine shop of John W. Russell and Sons.



Charles E. Duryea

Accounts differ as to whether Charles or his brother, Frank was the principle inventor of the buggy. Regardless of which one is given credit, one or both of the Duryea brothers gave Springfield an early mention in the pages of automobile history.

The Duryea machine is considered the "ancestor" of all American gasoline engine vehicles.

#### "Dragged Me Along"

"To test the power, I under took to hold it back but it dragged me along without effort, and the only way for me to hold it was to lift a wheel off the floor."



*J. Frank Duryea*

Apparently, a few days afterward, while Charles was on a business trip, brother Frank and a William Russell took one of the first rides in the buggy and rammed into a wall.

Russell is quoted as saying: "Charles was away and when Frank got the car running satisfactorily he came down and asked me to come up for a ride."

#### "End Approaching"

"We got it started satisfactorily and then took notice of the fact that the end of the room was approaching rapidly.

The power was shut off but, no brakes having been fitted, there

was no way to stop the vehicle so it bumped into the wall at the end, doing no damage, however."

Charles' account is unclear, but it would appear that the first buggy never actually received a road test.

In the summer of 1892, the Duryeas apparently realized that the first engine was not powerful enough to convey a significant load.

The late M.J. Duryea, Charles' son, wrote in Yankee Magazine in 1940:

"The design of the first Duryea was right, but more power was needed, so a larger engine was built and the vehicle was run many miles around Springfield.

The Duryea that was begun in October, 1893, was destined to become the most famous early American automobile."

#### Controversy

Charles Duryea appears to have taken most of the credit for

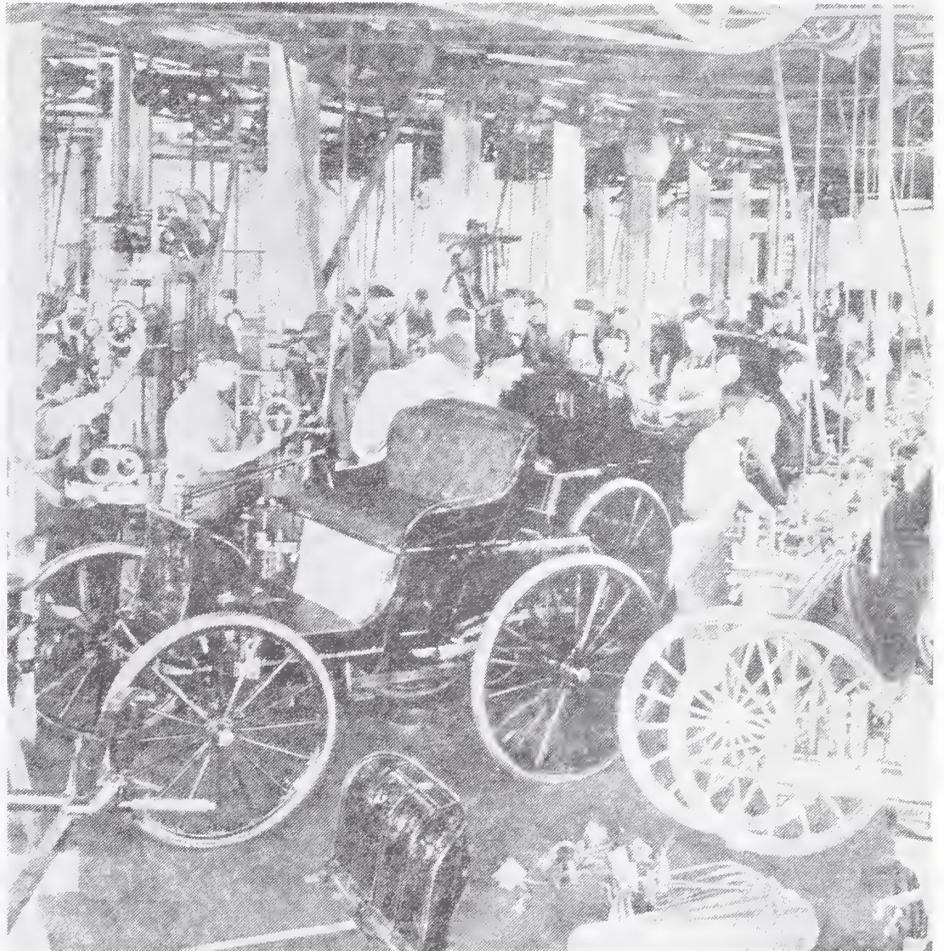
the vehicle in these early days. At some point, Frank protested, and set off a controversy that probably will never be completely settled.

It was noted in 1957 that "only the name of Charles E. Duryea is memorialized on a bronze plaque at the Hooker entrance to the State House in Boston."

"The plaque has been changed at least twice, the first time in 1950 when the name of Charles' brother, J. Frank Duryea, was added to give him equal honor for the invention, and again when Frank's name was removed.

J. Frank Duryea for many years claimed an equal share in the development of the automobile and repeatedly quarreled with his brother over honor he said was due him."

In 1925, Charles recorded from memory the events leading up to the development of the first workable vehicle. After the first



*Workmen in the Duryea Factory, Springfield, Ma.*



*The Shop of John Russell & Sons*

Frank finally accepted, "but because of the odium attached to anyone crazy enough to work on a horseless carriage, he insisted that it be distinctly understood that he was not an inventor but only a mechanic and that it was not his job.

"On this account, publicity was not given him when it could be avoided. I had to take the odium and am therefore entitled to the glory pretty largely."

In 1960, nearly 22 years after his brother's death, Frank wrote his version of those early days.

"Charles tried, but failed. I produced a running gasoline automobile.

Out of seven patents issued in the Duryea name between 1895 and 1900, five were to me and two were to Charles."

Frank, whose letter was mailed from Pasadena, Cal., at the time Chicopee was preparing to call itself the home of the first gasoline automobile, wrote:

"Again the statement 'built the world's first car in Chicopee,' is a double untruth. The Duryea, the first American gasoline car, was built in Springfield."

At the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, where the first Duryea model is enshrined, an original placard, which gave all credit to Charles, has been changed in recent years to give both brothers equal credit.



*Photographs reproduced with the permission of the Smithsonian Institute.*

proved impractical because of a weak engine, work on a second engine and heavier chassis began.

### "It Was My Job"

"In considering this matter, please note that it was my job. Frank did not enthuse to the subject at all other than as an abstract mechanical problem when I asked him to leave Ames (a former employer) where he was one of the best toolmakers.

He said he could not see any future with me. I said, I will pay you 10 percent more money and you need not care."

## NO USE FOR HORSES.

**Springfield Mechanics Devise a  
New Mode of Travel**

**Ingenious Wagon Now Being Made in  
This City for Which the Makers  
Claim Great Things.**

*Headline from the Springfield  
Evening Union, September 16, 1893.*



*Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duryea examining vehicle in the Smithsonian Institute before restoration.*

# CHICOPEE FIRSTS

## - 1848 -

Intention of Marriage -

Marcus Stearns - Catherine Negus  
May 19

Marriage -

Daniel Mooney - Ann Smith  
May 23

Births -

Boy - Melvin Corey, May 4

Girl - Ida Jane Day, May 6

Death -

James Connor, Age 6 mos.

May 9

# Gravestone Rubbing

by Ann Marie Starzyk

**Editor's Note:** As a result of "Address of the Ancients," which appeared in Vol. I, #1, we received several requests for instructions on techniques of gravestone rubbing. As a result, Ann Marie Starzyk has written the following sequel.

Gravestone rubbing has been thought of by many as a very recent hobby, but this is not true.

The technique of rubbing first originated in China where the earliest existing rubbing dates back to the seventh century A.D.

In this country, rubbing was never a popular art until the late 1960's.

Today, people enjoy the hobby of gravestone rubbing because it holds a special satisfaction of creating replicas of beautiful ancient tombstones.

There are three very basic methods of gravestone rubbing. They are the dry method, the carbon paper method and the foil and plaster cast method.

The dry method can be used on all slate stones. You will need a brush, lightweight paper, masking tape and either wax, crayon or charcoal. In most cases, wax is the best.

First, if there is anything on the surface of your stone, clean it *gently* with your brush. Then tape your paper securely to the stone so it will not move when you begin to rub.

Then start to block in the design of your rubbing in large sweeping strokes. Whenever the paper comes in contact with the surface of the stone beneath, your wax will stick. Cutaway areas will remain white. Be especially careful not to let your wax slip into these white areas, because slipping will leave unwanted marks across them, and will disfigure the rubbing.

After you have blocked in the design, start to fill it in, rubbing more firmly across the paper with your wax. This takes a little time and patience, although it is not extremely difficult.

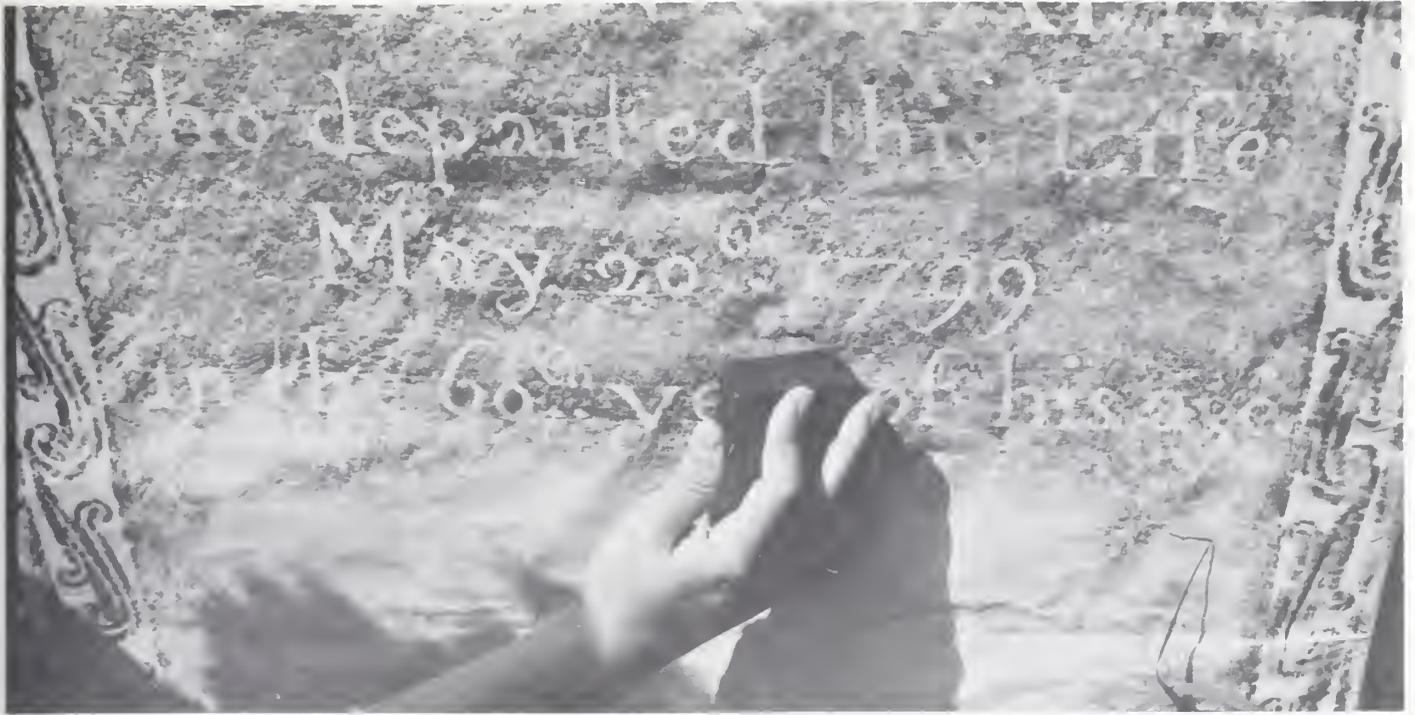
Your rubbing is finished as soon as the clarity and darkness suites you. It's a good idea to make your rubbing darker than you think you want it, because it will look much lighter in the artificial light of your home. It's also a good idea, if you have used a soft medium, such as charcoal, to spray it immediately with fixative, in order to prevent smearing.

The carbon paper method is as easy as the dry method, although it's messier.

Your materials should include rubbing paper, scissors, masking tape, carbon paper, newsprint, spray fixative and a spray bottle filled with water. Keep in mind that all of these materials can be found in art supply stores.



Photos by Jan Balicki



First clean your stone, and then tape your rubbing paper to the stone. When the paper is secured, spray it with water. Gently remove the tape from the stone and very gently pull the paper tighter, resticking the tape to the stone. Add more pieces of tape before the paper is dry, it will contract and pull tightly across the face of the stone.

When the rubbing paper is dry, take a large sheet of newsprint and tape securely to the top back edge of the stone, covering your rubbing paper. When you have the newsprint in place, take a sheet of carbon paper and place it, carbon side toward the stone, between the rubbing paper and the newsprint.

Now if all the layers are dry, and securely in place, you are ready to rub. Hold all three sheets in one hand, and with the other hand, rub all three layers of paper at once. A piece of old shoe leather is ideal for rubbing with.

When you have completed this carboning process on one section of the stone, you may lift the newsprint and relocate your carbon paper. The only paper which must not move is the rubbing paper itself. However, when you have completed one area, and are working on the next, be careful not to let the newspaper slip or slide against the finished area, as this will smear carbon on the rubbing. You may wish to do one area and then spray it with fixative before going on to the next.

Your carbon paper rubbing will not be as dark as a dry method rubbing, but it will give you fine clarity of detail.

When you are finished and before the rubbing is removed from the stone, spray it with fixative so it can be safely handled, rolled up, and stored.

The foil and plaster method produces an identical replica of the gravestone when done properly. The

basic technique is one of etching your foil so that it has the same contours as the stone you are working on, and then turning that foil into a mold, into which you will pour plaster, forming a plaster copy of the stone.

You will need: Heavy-duty aluminum foil to tool and make the mold from, assorted sizes of dowels with rounded ends, or small paintbrush handles, masking tape, a dry soft sponge, scissors, plaster of paris, a bowl and spatula, paint for plaster cast, epoxy glue, and a wooden plaque to mount casting on.

To begin, clean the stone as in previous methods, then cut off a piece of foil over the surface of the stone, taping it securely, but not too tightly, to the stone.





Once the foil is in place, begin to rub with the soft sponge to reveal the general outlines of the stone's motif, working from the center outwards.

Having defined the basic outlines of the motif with the sponge, repeat the procedure with the cushions of the tops of your fingers.

Once the design is established to your satisfaction, begin rubbing with the ends of the rounded dowels.

When rubbing with your dowels or brushes, be

gentle, or you will tear your foil. A hole in the foil can be repaired, but with some effort.

Work patiently and slowly until the foil has taken on the exact contours of the stone beneath it.

When you are finished with the etching process, but before you remove the foil, place small patches of tape over any holes you have made in the foil. Then carefully lift the foil from the stone, and as soon as possible, get your etched foil into a protected area, and out of the wind which might easily rip it.

Now, at home, carefully cut away any excess foil, leaving a two or three inch edge around all the sides of the etching. With the convex side of the mold lying on your work surface, fold all the edges up. Join the corners and tape them. Now place tape over any holes you have missed earlier, placing the tape on the bottom, *outside* of the mold.

Now place your mold on a completely flat board, or surface, so it can lie flatly for several hours, without being moved. Next, measure enough plaster to give yourself the consistency of mixed plaster that you want to work with. The best proportions for most plasters are with two parts water to three parts plaster.

Sift your plaster into the water, stirring constantly. When your mixture is smooth, pour it into the mold.

Hold your spatula close to the bottom of the mold and pour the plaster over it; this way the plaster will not hit the mold with much force and there will be fewer chances of its either denting the mold or splashing out.

The plaster should not be removed from the mold for at least eight hours.

When the plaster is sufficiently dry, it may be taken out of the mold.

Now you can finish your casting almost any way you like. You may give it an antique look, or paint it so it matches the original stone from which it was taken.

The casting can be hung by using epoxy glue to attach a simple picture hanger to the back of it; however, if it is too heavy for this, then mount it on a wooden plaque, either by using epoxy to glue it on, or by drilling holes through it and attaching it with decorative wood screws.

When the spring weather arrives, it's a great time to go walking through the old cemeteries around Chicopee.

Before you start to browse around, take some rubbing materials along, and do a few rubbings for yourself. Soon you will get the hang of it and you'll want to make more. The results will be beautiful replicas that you have made yourself, and they will last and look beautiful for many, many years.

The methods and techniques of gravestone rubbings were taken from **Stranger Stop: and Cast an Eye**, and **A Guide to Gravestones and Gravestones Rubbing**, by G. Walker Jacobs.

## Assumption Parish

by Karen Wegrzyn  
Sarah Ogozalek

Perhaps our Chicopee High School wouldn't be standing where it is today if fire hadn't destroyed the old, wooden Assumption Parish located on Front Street in 1912.

The "French Catholic" or Assumption Parish was established in Chicopee in 1871 with a large membership. The French parish under the pastorship of Father Frederick Bonneville grew in numbers and influence until it was one of the most important parishes of the community. A large, white wooden church was built at the corner of Academy and Front St. sometime before 1890.

In 1871, the French speaking people of Chicopee gathered sufficient funds to erect their own house of worship at the corner site. Father E. Peltier ministered to the needs of the early parishioners who numbered around 450 families. Father Bonneville was appointed first resident pastor in 1893.

The construction of a school building was one of the tasks undertaken by the young Father Bonneville. The school was built where the Chicopee Center Post Office was later constructed. At that time there were a total of 270 pupils.

One story tells of Father Bonneville hiring the first horsecar that came to Chicopee to take a carload of his school children to Mill River and back, just for a ride.

Most of the Parish members were Canadians who came from Malone, N.Y., and many sections of Canada. Early newspaper accounts of these people disclosed that they worked in the city's early cotton mills.

After the disastrous blaze that completely gutted the wooden church in 1912, Father Bonneville, a man of dogged determination, raised \$200,000.00 for the erection of the new edifice at the corner of Springfield and Chapman Streets. The cornerstone was laid in 1922, and the dedication ceremonies took place in 1925.

The French parish has grown from a 450 family membership to one of 750, and synchronized with its development, has been the desire of each member to some day see the erection of a completely new and modern school structure encompassing all grades up to those of high school.



*Assumption Church, Springfield Street, Chicopee.*

*Photo by Jan Baltcki*



*Photo by Jan Balicki*

# Portrait of the Past

*by Jan Balicki*

A prominent Judge, Herman E. Ritter, was a native of Chicopee. A son of the late William and Joanna (Ruhl) Ritter, the Judge graduated from Chicopee High School in 1904. After high school, he attended Boston University Law School, from which he was graduated Magna Cum Laude in 1910.

Soon after graduation, Ritter joined the firm of Chicopee District Court Judge Luther White and was associated with him until White's death.

During World War I, Judge Ritter served as an appeal agent for the U.S. Government in the Universal Service Act and in World War II, was an appeal agent for Draft Board 51.

In 1961 he was named interim presiding Justice of the Chicopee District Court, during the absence of Judge James Landers, who had been called to active duty with the U.S. Air Force. At that time, Ritter was 76 years old.

After serving for ten months in this capacity, Chicopee Mayor Edward Lysek commended him for "unstinting devotion to duty and unselfish thorough application to the cause of justice."

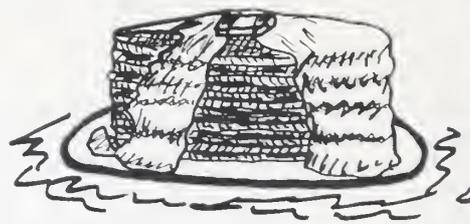
At the age of 86, Judge Ritter was still active in his profession. He substituted for Judge Michael J. Donahue on the bench at the Holyoke District Court on Nov. 17, 1972, when the Holyoke Judge failed to appear in court. That was his 62nd year as a practicing attorney.

This overwhelming man was very active in community activities and organizations, such as the Chicopee Chamber of Commerce, The Chicopee Lodge of Masons, the Skenongonunk Tribe of Red Men, and the Sigma Epsilon Fraternity.

As an attorney he belonged to the Chicopee, Hampden County, and Massachusetts Bar Associations, and was cited by the Chicopee Bar Association in 1968 for 58 years of practice. He was also named, "Dean of Chicopee Lawyers" by the association.

He and his wife, Mary, resided at 110 Stearns Terrace, in Chicopee.

# Recipes



## Sweet Potato Buns

Boil and mash a potato, rub into it as much flour as will make it like bread—add spice and sugar to your taste, with a spoonful of yeast; when it has risen well, work in a piece of butter, bake it in small rolls, to be eaten hot with butter, either for breakfast or tea.

## To Make Pancakes

Take a quart of milk, beat in six or eight eggs, leaving half the whites out; mix it well till your batter is of fine thickness. You must observe to mix your flour first with a little milk, then add the rest by degrees; put in two spoonfuls of beaten ginger, a glass of brandy, a little salt; stir all together, make your pan very clean, put in a piece of butter as big as a walnut, then pour in a ladleful of batter, which will make a pancake, moving the pan round that the batter be all over the pan, shake the pan, and when you think that side is enough, toss it; if you cannot, turn it cleverly; and when both sides are done, lay it in a dish before the fire and do so the rest. When you send them to the table, strew a little sugar over them.

recipes taken from The Compleat American Housewife by Julianne Belote

# Beer Bread



ingredients:

- 3 cups southrising flour
- 3 teaspoons sugar
- 1 cup beer

Mix flour, sugar and beer in a loaf pan. Bake at 450° for 45 to 50 minutes.

# Raisin Pie

Make pastry for two-crust pie of desired size.  
Line pie pan.

For 9" pie:

Cook covered until blended and tender (5min.)

- 2 cups seedless raisins
- 2 cups boiling water

Stir in mixture of...

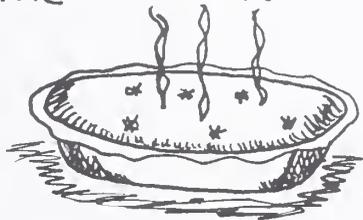
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- 2 tbsp. flour

Cook over med. heat, stirring constantly until boiling.  
Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat, stir in...

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup nuts
- 2 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 3 tbsp. lemon juice

Cover with top crust which has slits in it. Bake until nicely browned. Serve slightly warmed.

Temp. 425° Time: 30 to 40 minutes baking



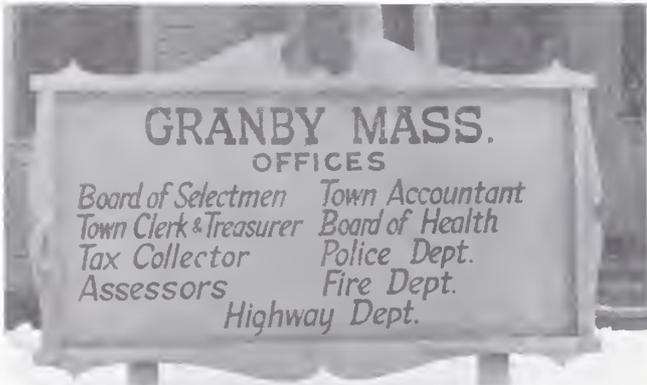
## Our Surrounding Influences

by Mark Rosendale



### GRANBY

Granby is Chicopee's neighbor to the northeast and once was part of Hadley. The first grant of land was made in 1675. Granby was slower in getting started than neighboring South Hadley, by 1731 there were thirty-seven residents in South Hadley and eight in Granby. The earliest known industry was John Preston's Mill in 1771 which was a saw and grist mill. Most of the early plots of land were centered around the only major water source, Bachelor Brook.



### SOUTH HADLEY

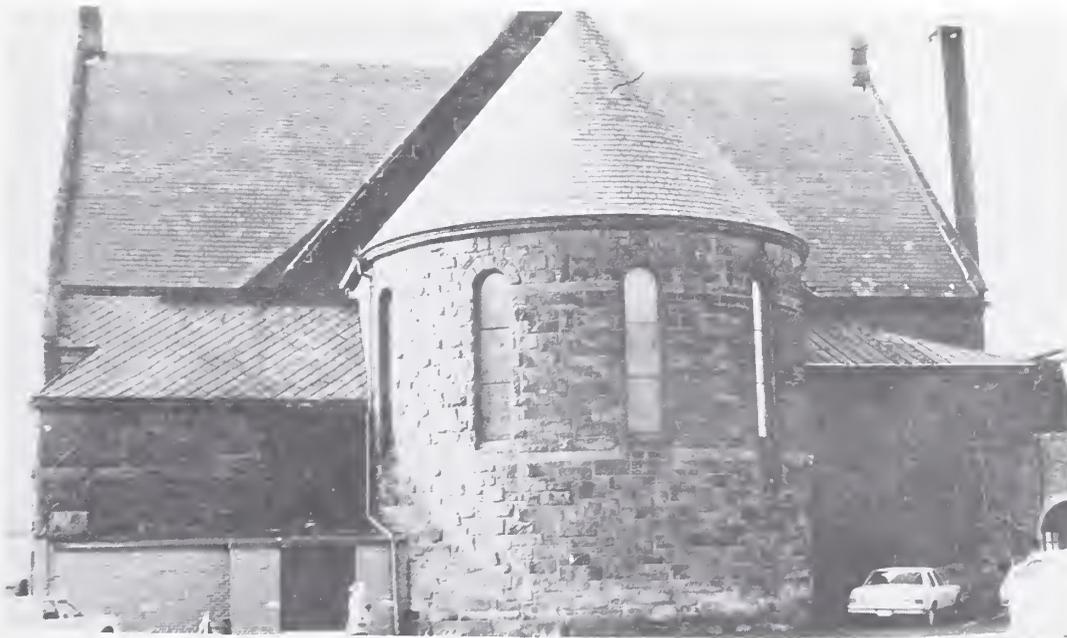
To the north is the town of South Hadley where the falls were one of the chief factors in the town's development. Saw mills were among the first manufacturer's in South Hadley and they began production around 1771. There are records that date back to 1684 which say that four people were given permission to build a saw mill on Stoney Brook. They are presumed to be the first people in South Hadley. The farm lands were chiefly used for dairy farming and production of milk, butter and hay. The population in 1875 was 3,370.





### SPRINGFIELD

To the south, the third largest city in MA is our neighbor. In 1634, settlers visited the site which is now Springfield to check out the region to see if it was good enough to settle. The next year the Roxbury planters requested permission to settle and it was granted then. 1636 showed most pioneers came into the region to settle. The founder pioneer was a man by the name of William Pynchon who was originally from England as were most of the pioneers. The price paid to the Indians for the large region was 18 knives, 18 hoes and some other minor items.



## HOLYOKE

To the northwest of Chicopee is the city of Holyoke. The two main factors that involved the incorporation of Old North Parish into Holyoke were: a manufacturer by the name of the Hadley Falls Company, and the second factor was the construction of the dam across the river. Also the great system of water power canals helped make Holyoke an industries new town.



## WEST SPRINGFIELD

Chicopee's neighbor to the west is the city of West Springfield. The town in 1810 was regarded by its population and other factors to be superior to its mother town of Springfield. The town was incorporated in 1774 with a population of 1,744 at that time. It had a superb combination of agriculture, industry, and its people were very optimistic and very willing to help each other in time of need.

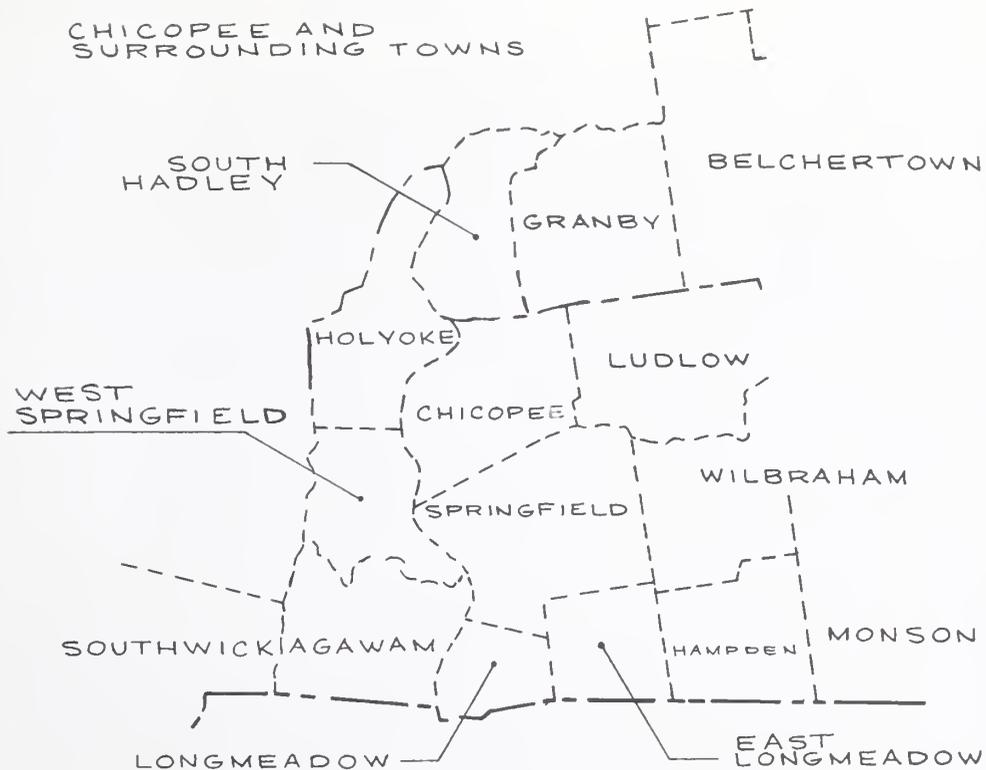




*Photos by Jan Balicki*

### LUDLOW

The town of Ludlow is to the east and was originally part of Springfield. The southern boundary is very irregular being formed by the Chicopee River. The town itself covers approximately 17,280 acres, 445 of those acres being a very important reservoir that supplies the city of Springfield. The reservoir was constructed in 1873-74. The first manufacturers were devoted to woodworking as were many in the surrounding towns.



DR. BY: D. BOUCHER

## The Simonich Family

by Ann Lak

In the rapidly paced society of today, many of our roots are scattered, and not as deeply entrenched as in the past. The word "home" has a different connotation; it can mean a variety of places not associated with familial bonds and relations. But to those in the Simonich family, now fifth generation Americans, home has always been 41 Grandview Street.

Mrs. Isabelle Simonich Borucinski, brought to Chicopee as a young child, has been a resident of the homestead for most of her seventy-seven years. In witnessing an era of unceasing change from the early days of horse-drawn buggy, to automation and the most advanced technology, she has accumulated a mental documentation of historical facts and events, and accepted their significance with an open-mindedness, genuinely pleased for those who encompass

it though steadfastly remaining a product of her age.

As the eldest of eleven children, and the daughter of an immigrant, she was named for her father's favorite grape, the Isabella. With a clear recollection of the past, Mrs. Borucinski recounts the events leading to the family's settlement in Chicopee.

In 1889, her father, George Simonich, like many others, arrived in America with fervent hopes and expectations, but his dreams were soon squelched by the reality of hard work and long hours for low wages, especially for certain ethnic groups. Employment ranged from mills, mines, steam plants, and brickyards to work on a farm.

In 1903, having the savings to purchase property, Mr. Simonich studied a map of New England. "I decided that Chicopee, Massachusetts would be the place answering what I wanted. I had

been there once and I had pleasant impressions of the Connecticut Valley. It was, I reasoned, a small city, located between two larger ones, Springfield on the South, and Holyoke to the North, and there was Westfield on the West side. It seemed to me that it would be possible always to obtain work among the numerous industries in these cities.

My wife was enthusiastic about the prospect of Chicopee when I told her that there was a large Polish settlement and a Polish Church which she could attend. At that time, she could not understand English entirely, but she did speak and understand the Polish language (she was Slovakian) and here she would be able to attend Mass and listen to a sermon—a pleasure she had long been denied." On March 27, 1904, he, his wife, and three small children arrived by train to their newly purchased home in



"The Old House"



*The Simonich Family*

Chicopee, Massachusetts. Unfortunately, their first taste of Chicopee was a bitter one—the land was infertile without exclusive water rights, and as a further offense, one which Mr. Simonich described as the “blackest day of my life,” he became the victim of a defrauding realtor, resulting in the loss of all property and money.

Their second residence was the old Chapin homestead, located on Grandview Street, and in Mr. Simonich’s opinion, it was “the most beautiful spot in Chicopee.” Free rental in exchange for care and protection of the home and land owned by Mrs. Ward, who resided in Connecticut, was offered by her nephew, Mr. Chapin. The “old relic” of a house contained many rooms, three of which were livable with a large, old-fashioned fireplace occupying one-half of the space in the house, and a fireplace in every room besides. The main fireplace was a source of history and intrigue; the hanging kettle found there was reputed to have come over on the Mayflower, and later it was dis-

covered that the fireplace furnished more than heat for cooking and warmth in the winter. Concealed behind it was a secret space which provided a defense in the event of an Indian attack, but to the family’s knowledge, it was never utilized. The frequent fires caused by cinders from fireplaces, and a woodburning stove necessitated the ladder perched on the roof, close to the chimney. In addition, there was a brick baking oven, a place to smoke meat, and a large barn, all situated on 36 acres of land—an ideal place for a growing family, in good proximity to the center of the city, to the church, and the parochial school, and a twelve minute walk to work for Mr. Simonich. A Jersey cow, named Lightening, and chickens were purchased, and Mr. Simonich admitted for the first time that they were “sitting pretty.”

**Note: These and subsequent passages are from the unpublished autobiography of George Simonich of Chicopee, Massachusetts.**

Four years passed and Mrs. Ward died; the executor of the will, Mr. Chapin’s son, contacted George Simonich presenting the opportunity to purchase the estate. Afraid to invest all his money in real estate, he persuaded his brothers to share in the endeavor; they bought and divided the acreage, this time retaining the services of an excellent lawyer, thus avoiding another tragic experience. The desire for a more functional home of their own, and the need for more living space prompted the building of the eight room colonial structure located on 41 Grandview Street, completed in Mr. Simonich’s spare time.

Recollections of those early days were made by Isabelle Borucinski, his daughter, typifying the life style of the time. Much of their foods were home grown or produced; bread and pastires were baked in large quantities to satisfy the appetites of an increasing family, milk and its byproducts from the cow, eggs and poultry from the chickens, pigs and turkeys raised for special

occasions, with roast pork frequently the Sunday dinner menu. Unable to read a cookbook or the labels on can goods and condiments, Mrs. Simonich's culinary expertise was remarkable, a sixth sense developed by numerous years of trial and error in the kitchen.

For preservation, meats were either smoked or salted though generally the latter, and when obtained from the butcher, always purchased in large quantities. Flour and sugar were ordered in bulk, arriving in sacks—these sacks in turn were utilized as materials for bed sheets. Little was wasted, even the plucked chicken feathers were purposeful, used as the filling for down pillows, warm featherbeds, and comforters so necessary in the unheated bedrooms of yesteryear, and as a further example, the hardened lard excess from cooking was used as the main ingredient for homemade soap. Fruits, vegetables, jellies and jams, relishes and preserves were canned and stored in an underground storage area called a dry cellar. The 350 apple trees, 150 peach trees, and 3,500 blueberry plants contributed not only to the family food supply, but were sold to area distributors such as the Farmer's Market. Many city residents can remember summer employment in these orchards picking, cleaning, and sorting the various fruits.

Electricity brought about great change such as lighting and refrigeration; with each new innovation, Mrs. Simonich would adamantly insist that the electrical appliance wasn't necessary but after Mr. Simonich purchased the item, in particular a washing machine, and Mrs. Simonich acquainted herself to the advantages of such a timesaving device, she would resist and reject any of her husband's teasing concerning its return. Adding to her convenience, the outdoor well pump was moved inside to the kitchen sink, a luxury which certainly eased the burden of this hard working woman.

As characteristic of many

Slovak immigrants, education was a priority for all the Simonich children, daughters and sons alike. Fifty years ago, the importance of a girl's education was frequently overlooked in favor of further domestic training, enhancing marriageable qualifications. Isabelle reflects with pride that she and her seven sisters are graduates of Holy Name School in Chicopee; three of the eight received further education, Frances (Benoit), and alumni of Elm's College, Eleanor (Panke), a graduate of Bay Path Institute, and Josephine (Scanlon), a registered nurse from Mercy Hospital School of Nursing.

Recreation for the children was bountiful, such as roaming through the spacious woods, playing in a sandy lot adjacent to the house; which was owned by the Fisk, and swimming in a much less polluted Chicopee River. Card playing and dancing were favorite social pastimes, and holidays were especially close family times. Most popular was the Fourth of July picnic, which reunited the whole clan with each family bringing its baking specialty, and Mr. Simonich contributing a roasted lamb. The merriment concluding with a sing-along accompanied by a guitar.

Isabelle Borucinski's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Krzeminski, purchased the house in 1963 with Mrs. Borucinski remaining as a resident of the first floor. Although major changes and renovations have been made, traces of the past are still evident—a large woodshed adjacent to the kitchen, now a tool storage area, the dry cellar, a 8 ½ foot long kitchen table and other pieces of antiquated furniture though most pieces were either destroyed or distributed to family members.

An elderly, towering maple tree on the front lawn, affectionately known as the Donald Duck tree because its silhouette form resembles Donald Duck has been greeting members of the Simonich family for over seventy years. Organic gardening is still

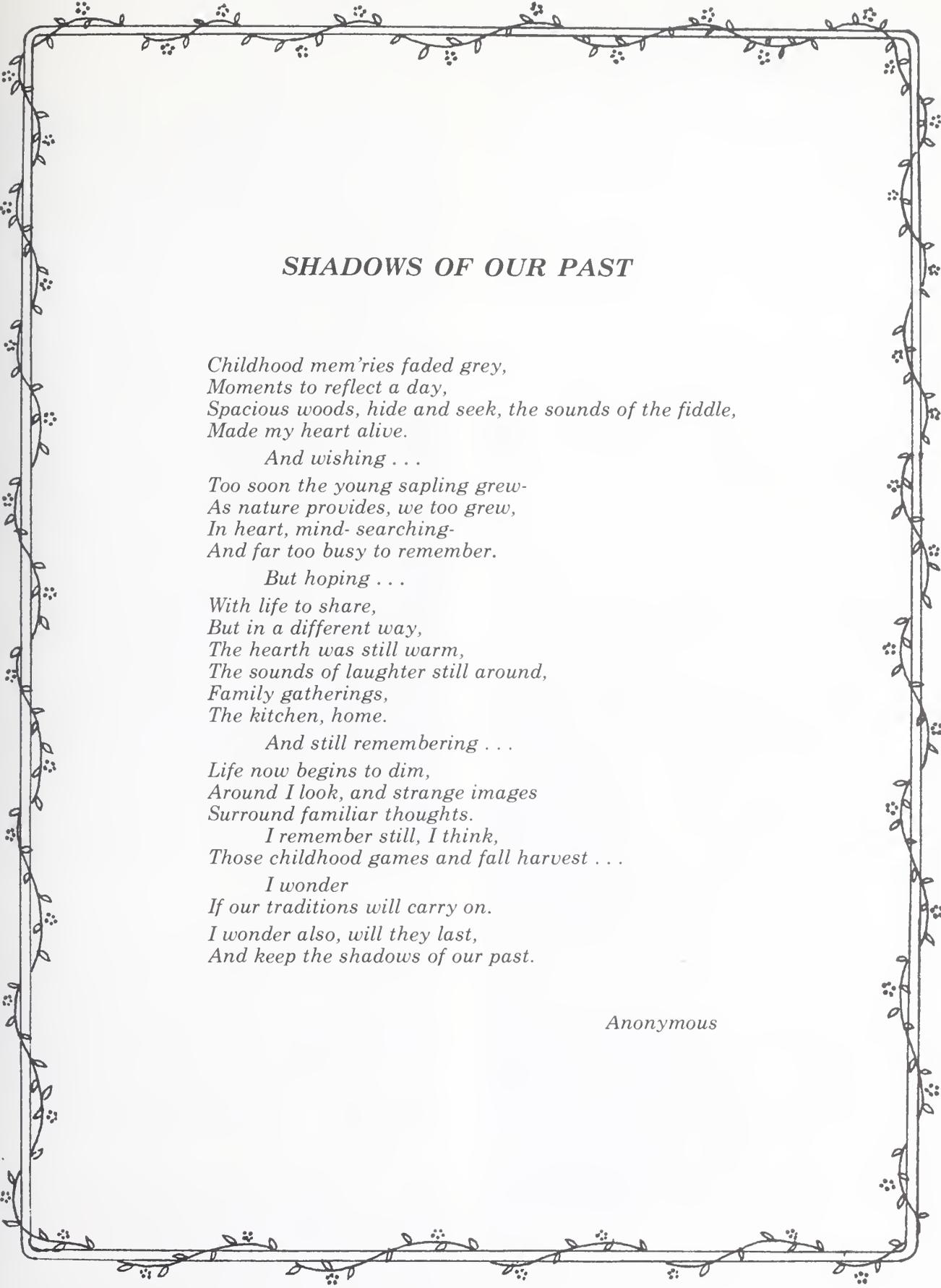
practiced but in bygone years, the plentiful harvest was stored in one of Chicopee's early landmarks, a two-story red barn. Unfortunately, this was claimed by fire in 1966, and later replaced by a cinder block garage. Most symbolically, a grape arbor, the implantation of the old country in the new, is perpetuated and maintained in the tradition of their ancestors, and, as if in tribute to George Simonich, reaps an abundance of delicious grapes annually.

Surrounded by a blend of the past and the present, Mrs. Borucinski acknowledges the advantages of life in today's society, and credits improved health care as the most significant and outstanding contribution. In her mother's childbearing years, nine out of her twenty pregnancies resulted in either miscarriage or infant death, heartbreaking tragedies which were difficult to overcome. But time has lessened the burden of human suffering; Mrs. Borucinski has seen the advent of antibiotics and vaccines so effective in preventing once dread diseases.

Mrs. Borucinski's personal philosophy on home involves all processes of the life cycle—it is a place to be born, live, love, work, and die.

Shortly after this interview was conducted, Mrs. Borucinski suffered a massive stroke and died at home, her life cycle completed, her philosophy intact.

Although many of the elder Simonichs are now gone, their heritage, the pride and dignity of the past, survives. Traditionally, it is considered good luck to place an infant on the 8 ½ foot kitchen table; this was last done almost five years ago to the only representative of the fifth generation, the great-great granddaughter of George Simonich, my daughter Kristyn. It is my fervent hope that we, in the shadow of such courageous and sturdy people, can fulfill the words which conclude my ancestor's autobiography, "I end my struggle with a prayer that stronger hands and hearts will carry on from here."



## SHADOWS OF OUR PAST

*Childhood mem'ries faded grey,  
Moments to reflect a day,  
Spacious woods, hide and seek, the sounds of the fiddle,  
Made my heart alive.*

*And wishing . . .*

*Too soon the young sapling grew-  
As nature provides, we too grew,  
In heart, mind- searching-  
And far too busy to remember.*

*But hoping . . .*

*With life to share,  
But in a different way,  
The hearth was still warm,  
The sounds of laughter still around,  
Family gatherings,  
The kitchen, home.*

*And still remembering . . .*

*Life now begins to dim,  
Around I look, and strange images  
Surround familiar thoughts.*

*I remember still, I think,  
Those childhood games and fall harvest . . .*

*I wonder  
If our traditions will carry on.  
I wonder also, will they last,  
And keep the shadows of our past.*

*Anonymous*

## FOR A MOMENT EVERYTHING STOPPED

by Stephen R. Jendrysik

**Editor's Note:** \*Olive Bishop Smart kept the memory of her brave young brother alive. She passed the pictures and story to her daughter Dorothy Smart Chapdelaine who still lives in Chicopee. Mrs. Chapdelaine graciously allowed us to reproduce these family memories.

A parade of over four hundred marchers had formed a solemn procession from Chicopee Center to the high school grounds on Front Street. Now the nearly twelve thousand spectators hushed as Chairman Arthur Granfield opened the Dedication Ceremonies. On Memorial Day 1921, the citizens of Chicopee had paused to pay a fitting tribute to the young men who had given the last full measure.

Old timers remember the streets deserted and no cars moving. This was an honest, unsophisticated generation which had sent its sons to Europe to fight a war to make the world safe for Democracy. The dream never materialized and now the sons,



*l to r: Miss Olive Bishop representing her brother, Wilfred D. Bishop killed in action a few days before the Armistice.*

*Miss Gertrude Kelliher who unreiled the monument. She represents her brother Frederick, who died in the Battle of Meuse-Argonne.*



*Miss Mary Anderson stands in memory of her brother, Alfred, who died in France, in 1918.*

*An Honor Guard from the William F. Davitt Post 625 stands by. In the background - Chicopee High School*

husbands and buddies would never come home again. The speaker of the day, Attorney Edward F. Stapleton, spoke of Flanders Fields "where the poppies grow amid the crosses row on row." He used the lines from John McCrae's immortal battlefield poem. The crowd that listened was distinguished by a profusion of poppies. Men, women and children wore the little blue flower. The poppy represented a contribution to a French youngster. On this Memorial Day, the children of France had placed wreaths of real flowers on American graves in Flanders.

The memorial represented the last work of Chicopee Sculptor, Melzar H. Mosman. While working at the Ames Company, Mosman and his father had created the magnificent bronze doors of the United States Capital Building. The monument consists of a heroic female figure in bronze, standing

upon a pedestal of granite that rests on a base of granite. The figure holds a wreath in its right hand, and in its left a shield bearing a tribute to the men who died. Mayor James E. Higgins paid tribute to the boys in whose honor it was erected; he said the monument would serve as a constant reminder of the enduring qualities of the institutions they fought to save, and impress upon the minds of the passerby, the beauties and resources of the country.



MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS INFORMATION BUREAU  
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

November 13th, 1918

Miss Olive Bishop,  
14 Grace Street,  
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Madam:-

I sincerely regret to inform you that I am in receipt of information reporting that Privates Wilfred D. Bishop has been killed in action with the American Expeditionary Forces.

As Director of this Bureau I am instructed by His Excellency, Governor Samuel W. McCall, to express to you on behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts her deepest sympathy in your bereavement. The Governor is keenly aware of the great sacrifice you have made for your Country and wishes you to accept his personal condolences.

This Bureau is at your command for such assistance and information concerning matters pertaining to the Service as you may require.

Respectfully yours,

Director

*The Letter*

attending church services at a rest camp. Before leaving for the army, Al had been a well-known local musician. On Miss Kelleher's right Olive Bishop stood quietly with her hands behind her back. She remembered the telegram and the letter from the state capital. Wilfred D. Bishop had been killed in action with the American Expeditionary Force in France a few days before the Armistice. She remembered her handsome, fun-loving brother's last days at home, the pictures taken for family and friends. The parties and the final goodbyes.

The little girl reached for the silver cord, tugged and the cover fluttered to the ground and for a moment everything stopped. The three American Flags which draped the beautiful statue were presented to the young ladies in memory of their gallant brothers, Mayor Higgins turned the monument over to Dr. P. M. Moriarty, the Commander of the William F. Davitt, Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 625. After the ceremonies, a delegation of war veterans marched to Fairview Cemetery where the graves were decorated.

As the marching column headed up Academy Street past the shining new high school, the bands played and the crowd began to hurry away. The moment was gone - the silence at an end. Yet each time we pass the memorial, we remember that for a moment, in 1921, everything stopped.



*A scroll from the President of the United States*

Upon the two sides of the pedestal are the names of those who were killed in battle, died of wounds, were lost at sea, or died of disease. Some of the names remain familiar today. Frank Szot was the first Chicopee soldier to die in France. Thomas Deady and William Davitt have local bridges named in their honor. But on that day, Memorial Day, back in 1921, the eyes of the assemblage turned to the three young women in white, standing at the foot of the monument.

Chief Marshall Francis Farrell ordered the honor guard to attention as Miss Gertrude Kelleher stepped forward to pull the cord that would reveal the artist's work. Miss Kelleher's big brother Fred had died in The Battle of The Argonne Forest. On her left Mary Anderson with hands folded must have remembered her talented brother Alfred who had died while



*Wilfred Bishop a few days before he left for camp*



*Wilfred and some unidentified friends*

*\*Pictures reproduced by Mr. Roger Fleury*



## OUR WORLD WAR HEROES

*Why did you go across the seas to face,  
The battle's fury, and the cannonade?  
Why did you give in youth's outstanding grace,  
The Nations of Proud Europe strength and aid?  
Well we remember, how for years we stayed,  
Aloof from War's great horrors that debase,  
The souls of men who venture undismayed,  
To curb the tyrant's power, and wrong erase.  
Then you went out at Duty's call it seemed,  
With courage, and with youth's exultant trust,  
To reach a Golden Age by Poets dreamed,  
And mingled with the shell-torn fields your dust.  
Those who came back, were welcomed with acclaim;  
And promises of help, and scope to be  
Worthy their feats, and high enduring fame—  
Alas! you Heroes— Those that you kept free—  
From foreign domination turn aside,  
Accusing you of greed, and love of gold—  
Who in grim Europe turned War's rushing tide,  
And saved the Homes, and Happiness we hold—*

*Dedicated to The Wives, Mothers and Children  
of Our World War Heroes*

— BY —

WILLIAM KIMBERLEY PALMER  
Chicopee, Massachusetts,  
U. S. A.

*January 1933  
A. D.*

# SPRING, 1878.

Having disposed of our old and undesirable goods, we commence the year with a stock of **NEW, FRESH GOODS**, suited to the times in quality and price. Our whole stock has been bought for prompt **CASH**, thereby giving us the best advantages of the markets, which we propose to give our customers the benefit of,—always giving as low or lower prices for the same quality of goods as any parties in Chicopee or Springfield (who pay 100 cents on the dollar).

Below will be found prices of a few goods which will be a fair sample of prices throughout our stock.

## BLACK CASHMERES

at **50, 65, 75, 85** cents; and **\$1.00** buys a 48-inch Cashmere, never before sold less than \$1.25. Those in need of these goods will find it for their interest to examine our stock before purchasing.

## BLACK SILKS

of **RECENT PURCHASE**.—We have two Special Bargains; one at **\$1.50** and one at **\$2.00**—Goods never sold in the city for less than \$1.75 and \$2.25. Please see them.

A good assortment of **PLAIN** and **FANCY DRESS GOODS** from **10** to **25** cents per yard.

A new stock of **White Muslins, Lawns, Cambrics, and Piques** at very low prices.

2000 yards **STANDARD PRINTS**, New Styles, at **4 1-2** cents per yard.

Best **THREADS** **5c.**

**SILKS** **6c.**

**TWIST** **3c.**

Good **DRESS BRAIDS**, **6c.**

A big drive in **TABLE LINENS** (auction goods). A splendid Blea. or Brown at **50c.**—never sold less than 75c. Also a Turkey Red Damask, oil colors, at **65c.**, former price 85c. The best German at **\$1.00**, reduced from \$1.25. **NAPKINS** to match in color and price.

A large stock of **TOWELS** at prices never before named in this vicinity.

Headquarters for **CORSETS**, at **25, 50, 75c.** and **\$1.00**, and those splendid-fitting, extra long waist **BON-TONS** at **\$1.25**—reduced from \$1.50.

**SKIRTS**, Stripe and White. Also, Ladies' **CHEMISES, DRAWERS, and NIGHT-ROBES.** **CHILDREN'S ROBES** at just about the worth of the material.

**SHAWLS.** PAISLEY, BLACK CASHMERE, WHITE SHETLAND, and some very handsome new **SPRING SHAWLS** at **\$1.25**—*Very Cheap.*

A full line of Ladies, Misses, and Gentlemen's **HOSIERY** and **GLOVES.** New goods bought cheap and selling cheap.

A good line **NEW PARASOLS** at popular prices. **UMBRELLAS** from 40c. to \$2.50. No excuse for getting wet.

## CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, and CURTAINS.

We have made many additions to this department this spring, at very low prices. So we can sell you a good Hemp at 20c; Cotton Chain, 37½ to 45c.; Wool, 65, 75, 85c.; Tapestry, 87½ and \$1. Good 4-4 **OIL CLOTH**, 37½c.; 8-4, 75c. **STRAW MATTING**, good, 25c. **MATS, CARPET LINING, CARPET SWEEPERS, CURTAINS, &c.**, equally low.

In our Hardware Department we have a full line of **GARDEN and GRASS SEEDS**, which we are selling at bottom prices, namely: good **TIMOTHY SEED** \$1.50, very best \$1.75; best **CLOVER** 10c. As we have taken extra pains in selecting our Grass Seeds, we can confidently recommend them as **BEST.** Our stock of

## GENERAL HARDWARE

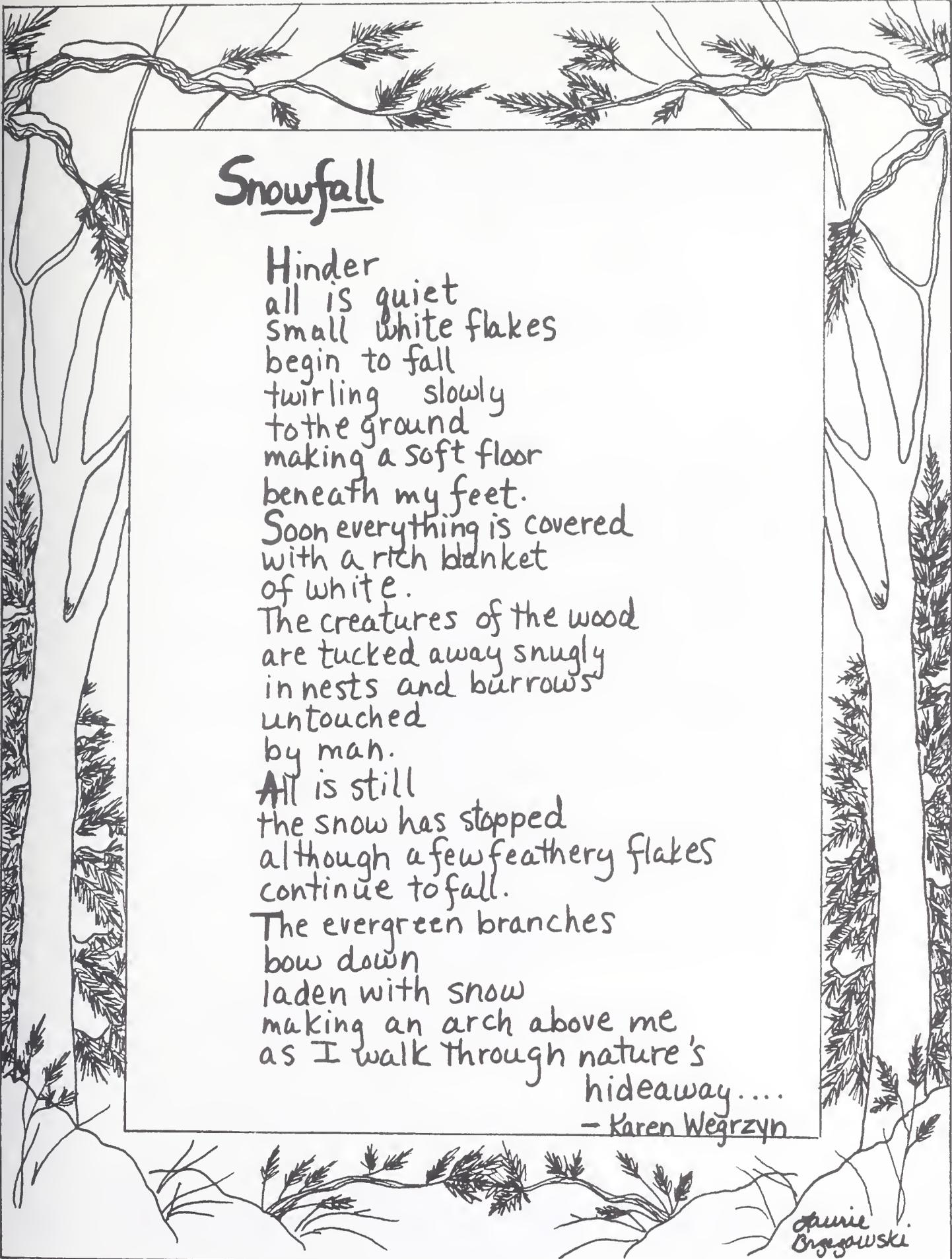
is full, and prices to suit the times. **NAILS** \$2.75 per hundred. Goods cheerfully shown and samples given if desired.

All kinds **Sewing Machine Needles** for sale.

### J. WELLS & CO.,

Market Square, Chicopee.

Geo. V. Wheelock, Printer, Chicopee.



## Snowfall

Hinder  
all is quiet  
small white flakes  
begin to fall  
twirling slowly  
to the ground  
making a soft floor  
beneath my feet.

Soon everything is covered  
with a rich blanket  
of white.

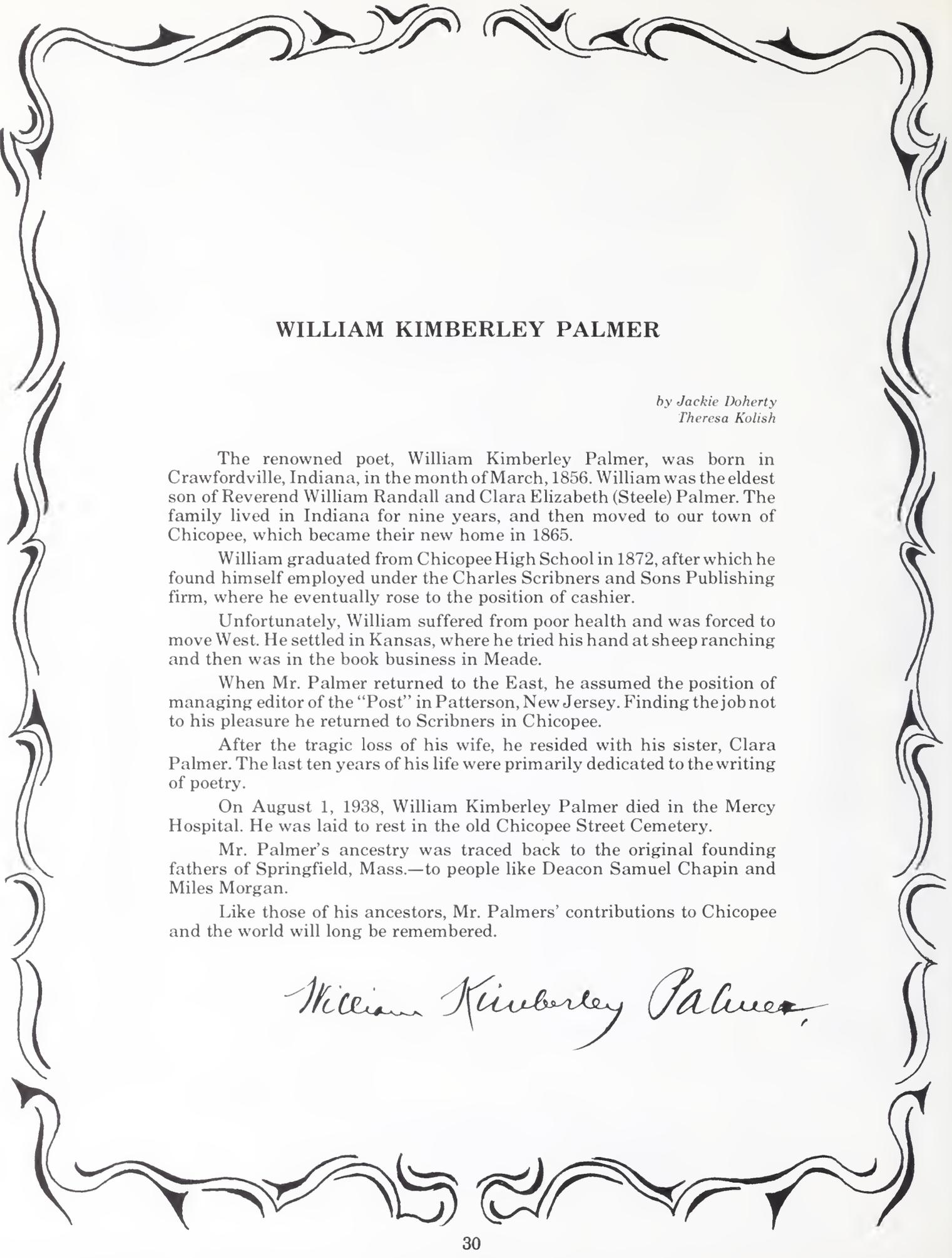
The creatures of the wood  
are tucked away snugly  
in nests and burrows  
untouched  
by man.

All is still  
the snow has stopped  
although a few feathery flakes  
continue to fall.

The evergreen branches  
bow down  
laden with snow  
making an arch above me  
as I walk through nature's  
hideaway....

- Karen Wegrzyn

Janie  
Brzozowski



## WILLIAM KIMBERLEY PALMER

*by Jackie Doherty  
Theresa Kolish*

The renowned poet, William Kimberley Palmer, was born in Crawfordville, Indiana, in the month of March, 1856. William was the eldest son of Reverend William Randall and Clara Elizabeth (Steele) Palmer. The family lived in Indiana for nine years, and then moved to our town of Chicopee, which became their new home in 1865.

William graduated from Chicopee High School in 1872, after which he found himself employed under the Charles Scribners and Sons Publishing firm, where he eventually rose to the position of cashier.

Unfortunately, William suffered from poor health and was forced to move West. He settled in Kansas, where he tried his hand at sheep ranching and then was in the book business in Meade.

When Mr. Palmer returned to the East, he assumed the position of managing editor of the "Post" in Patterson, New Jersey. Finding the job not to his pleasure he returned to Scribners in Chicopee.

After the tragic loss of his wife, he resided with his sister, Clara Palmer. The last ten years of his life were primarily dedicated to the writing of poetry.

On August 1, 1938, William Kimberley Palmer died in the Mercy Hospital. He was laid to rest in the old Chicopee Street Cemetery.

Mr. Palmer's ancestry was traced back to the original founding fathers of Springfield, Mass.—to people like Deacon Samuel Chapin and Miles Morgan.

Like those of his ancestors, Mr. Palmers' contributions to Chicopee and the world will long be remembered.

*William Kimberley Palmer*

## **LIFEWATER**

*Chicopee poet William Kimberley Palmer, an admirer of Harriet Beecher Stowe, was expressive in the mediocre of Life itself. He assembled a scrap book comprised of many of his writings and of his interests. He later donated this book to the firemen of the Cabot Street station. Listed below are two of his poems:*

### **TIME**

*Time your Voice  
Doth all rejoices  
In every cline  
In front and rear-  
Or Summer's Charm  
In town-on farm-  
On every note-  
We fairly doat-  
Kind Father Time*

*by William Kimberley Palmer*

### **INDIVIDUALITY**

*Workout your own plan-  
Strive not to be-  
A humdrum imitation-  
Of mediocrity-  
Stand on your own feet-  
Ignore envious jest-  
Dread not delay-defeat-  
Do ever your best-  
Though the ordeal-  
Be tedious and long-  
Have an Ideal-  
Yield not to Wrong-  
So at the close of day-  
Glad you shall be-  
That naught did betray-  
Kept by Deity*

*by William Kimberley Palmer*

*America is becoming a grazing ground for the bulls of Wall Street, and the bears take what the bulls leave. (William K. Palmer)*

## COMMENTS PLEASE . . .

358 Broadway Street  
Chicopee, Mass. 01020  
March 23, 1977

Dear Skipmunk Staff:

I heard that you were trying to find the old cracked fire station bell from Chicopee. About five years ago, I saw that bell at a gas station in Granby, Mass. I think it was a Gulf station. It was on Route 202, just before Szapowski's farm, and I saw several old cars sitting around. The bell caught my attention, as it was simply lying there on the garage floor. I remember that the inscription on the bell said Chicopee—and a date which I believe was 18-- (something).

Reading your magazine inspired me to write this letter, and I believe that in time, other people will send in information which will help you to recover some of Chicopee's lost artifacts.

Keep up the good work!

Yours truly,

KENNETH KOSIOREK

15818 Westbrook Ave.  
Detroit, Mich. 48223  
Feb. 24, 1977

Dear Sir:

After receiving a Winter copy of Skipmunk I would like to subscribe for future publications. May I be quoted the cost? I am also enclosing a donation.

I am delighted that such a historical magazine will be available. Since I was born and raised in Chicopee it has always been a special place for me even though I have been away many years.

I am sure your publication will bring to mind many memories that I will cherish.

Very truly yours,

ALICE G. LARKIN  
(Mrs. Lewis B. Larkin)



## ... Our Contributors:

**Debbie Morin** sketched our front cover, the Duryea car. She is presently an art major at Holyoke Community College.

**Jolanta Klepacz** is an honor roll student at CHS who enjoys writing for **SKIPMUNK**.

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

**Claus Kormannshaus** sketched our birch tree emblem which has appeared in each issue. He is presently an art major at the University of Massachusetts.

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

**Mark Rosendale** enjoys photography and making things difficult.

**Joan Mamicki** has helped us tremendously with typing, interviewing, and transcribing.

**John Krupczak**, a "76" graduate of CHS, is now a sophomore at Williams College. He is a photographer for the Bellamy Association.

**Bessie Warner Kerr** served as head librarian from 1939 to 1947; her articles on the "History of Chicopee" have appeared in the *Chicopee Herald* and **SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE**.

**Betty Gwiazda** designed many of our borders which we will be using for years to come.

**Jan Balicki** is the chief photographer for our magazine. He has taught photography at Storrown Village, and has developed most of the photos pictured in **SKIPMUNK**.

**Theresa Kolish** is once again a member of the editorial staff, after a six month absence. Her incessant talents are genuinely welcomed back.

**Sarah Ogozalek** is our oldest (though not in age) editor. Her leadership has been a tremendous factor in bringing you **SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE**.

**Karen Wegrzyn**, a CHS junior coed, is a talented English major, as well as one of the four editors of **SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE**.

**Donna Clugey** is a "77" graduate of CHS. Her talents and efforts in writing and filing are still very much with us.

**Suzette Estanislau** has aided our magazine with her varied talents and efforts. She, along with **Beverly Krol**, a "77" CHS graduate, were the interviewers in the article by **Ann Lak**. They were also essential, along with **Joan Mamicki** and **Donna Clugey** in bringing by-laws to **SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE**.



**Kathryn Plifka**, our fourth editor, has worked long and hard to make **SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE** a success.

To **Deb LeBlanc** we owe a "thank you" for the creativity and inspiration to go on.

**Prim J. Hertel**, author of our feature article, *The Duryea Car*, is presently a student at Springfield Technical Community College.

**David Boucher**, a CHS senior, is a talented draftsman in the engineering department.

**Mr. Fleury** is an outstanding photographer, and is a member of the Science Department at CCHS.

**Ann Marie Starczyk** is a sophomore at CHS and wrote the article on the techniques of gravestone rubbing, after **SKIPMUNK MAGAZINE** received many requests as a result of her first article (Vol. 1, #1), "Address of the Ancients."

**Jill Hastings**, a new member to our staff, is a junior at CHS and is talented in art. She has taken on the task of patrons and subscriptions, and we are grateful to her.

**Donna Stefanik**, another CHS junior has been instrumental in typing and proofreading.

**Jackie Doherty**, a new member to our staff, researched the William Kimberley Palmer article for this issue. She enjoys camping, sports, and has designs to be a travel agent.

The Chicopee Center Public Library, particularly **Dolores Allen**, **Rita Thormeyer** (recently retired), and **Doris Bresnahan**, get our final thanks for many hours of help, and an array of photographs to share with us and you.

# MACARTHUR MEMORIAL

*Reflecting the Past, Present, and Future*



DEDICATED TO  
**LT. GEN.  
ARTHUR MACARTHUR**

U.S. ARMY

BY THE PEOPLE OF CHICOPEE, MASS.

ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1942

BORN IN HOUSE AT THIS SQUARE JUNE 2, 1845

DIED SEPTEMBER 5, 1912



**CHICOPEE SAVINGS**

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