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THE
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Highlands
MASSACHUSETTS

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THE GORGE—WEST CHESTERFIELD

Foreword



TO give in the scope of this booklet a thorough description of the territory concerned would be impossible. It is not the intention of the editors to reproduce a work like the publication called "Picturesque Hampshire," nor can they try to touch every place which one passes in a trip over these hills; but the purpose is to give in a few pages such a description of the towns of Chesterfield, Cummington, Plainfield and Worthington as may be of service to any who are interested in this beautiful section of New England; singling out only those places that offer something unique in the way of industrial experiment or opportunity, or artistic distinction. Our gratitude is due to the above mentioned publication for two poems in part which seemed especially appropriate to the sections in connection with which they appear. The assistance of all who have aided with views and information is acknowledged. It is a fact of no small significance to the development of these hill towns that not only geographically but historically and economically they are linked together by bands which always keep them united as a section. Not only is it true that they lie adjoining each other, but it is also of interest that in the very year in which Chesterfield was being organized into a township the others were being sold under the titles of Plantations Numbers 3 and 5. In natural features, and business and educational interests they are closely allied, so that our journey has to do with a section that is one in proximity, sentiment and business interests.



CHESTERFIELD STREET

Chesterfield

WITH so much by way of a start we are prepared to accompany the tourist, the sojourner or the business investigator into the heart of that country which we may call the "Highlands of Massachusetts." With Mr. Brewster's car, then, from Williamsburg we will make a circle of these towns, following, for part of the way at least, the old military road from Northampton to Bennington, Vermont. This road seems to have almost bisected Chesterfield and Worthington, north and south, and skirting along the upper western section of the latter town touched Cummington for a space on the southwest corner. From this ancient highway we can from time to time digress to explore the various places of interest that are not near its beaten path.

The Township of Chesterfield is situated about midway between the Connecticut River and the Berkshire County line—about eleven and a half miles from Northampton by air-line. The principal natural features consist of the three ridges or chains of hills, differing in elevation and extending in a northerly and southerly direction, through the town. The principal water ways are the Westfield River which divides the western range from the central and the Dead Branch which lies between the central and eastern hills. Over these hills from the

valleys below came the first hardy settlers sometime between the years 1736 and 1756. Their title to the land was a grant from the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, and was probably given to the soldiers or their heirs for services in the French and Indian Wars. The town was incorporated in 1762.



THE TOWN HALL—CHESTERFIELD
From the Church Steeple

Chesterfield, situated on its three hills, everywhere interesting, has many scenes of beauty, some of them grand and picturesque. From the central hill, one looking west sees stretching before him a grand panorama of hills and valleys dotted here and there with the farms and homes of the inhabitants or more darkly clothed by stretches of woodland. This outlook extends from the hills in Hamp-

den County in the South in a grand semi-circle to the hills on the North, while way over to the northwest stands Old Greylock in the Berkshires towering alone and keeping watch over all. On this central hill nearly fifteen hundred feet above the sea level stands the only church in the town, old fashioned but neat and in good repair;



THE VILLAGE CHURCH—CHESTERFIELD

beside it is the school house, while directly across the street is the

town hall, containing the public library,—these three forming that trinity which has made the Bay State what it is.

Nearly facing the sun-rising stands the Chesterfield Hotel, an up-to-date hostelry, where mine host, C. M. Drake, stands ready to greet the weary traveler or to speed the parting guest. Here we will



THE CHESTERFIELD HOTEL

stop for a famous Chesterfield Chicken Dinner (with capitals) before taking the run through the town. Here also is the well conducted store of William Baker & Son, carrying a fine line of general merchandise.

In or near the village stand the beautiful summer homes of Colonel H. M. Williams of Northampton, William A. Whiting of the Whiting Paper Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Clark, libra-



DISTANT VIEW OF DAMON'S POND



TOWARD KIDD'S LOOKOUT

rian of Smith College. The house of Miss Clark was for many years the summer residence of the late Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, N. Y. To the west on a commanding site overlooking the village stands the summer cottage of Edmund P. Bagg of the Parsons Paper Company of Holyoke. About a mile and a half to the north lies a lovely sheet of water known as Damon's Pond where, shut in by the surrounding hills wooded from base to summit, the tired city dweller may find that repose for mind and body which will fit him for the real work-a-day world which lies beyond the pines and the hills. Away over to the southeast one may climb "Kidd's Lookout" where an extensive view may be had eastward and southward embracing mountains, forests, villages and cultivated valleys. Here Nature offers one of her best sites for a summer hotel with ample grounds for outdoor recreations of all kinds; or a place where some country club might find a home "where every prospect pleases."

Journeying westward, we come to the valley of the Westfield River, which contains many places of beauty and historic interest. A little below the village of West Chesterfield is a spot well worth a visit from the sight-seer. This is known as the Gorge and is a rare specimen of the grand and the sublime in nature. Here the river foaming over the rocks cuts its way for thirty or forty rods through the granite cliffs which tower aloft on either side. Near this Gorge the old stage road crossed the river by the so-called High Bridge, and the Boston and Albany stagecoaches thundered down the steep hills and up the mountain sides on their long and tedious journeys. If the traveler wishes to see Nature where man's skill in making or marring beauty is but little in evidence, he has but to continue down the river



UP THE VALLEY, FROM THE GORGE

where following its winding course for five miles by the "river road" he will find Nature in her primeval estate. This river road has been called one of the most beautiful in this entire region. And in this connection we might add that along this highway to the south is the second important entrance to the section with which we are concerned. It is along this road that the proposed trolley would make its entrée from Huntington and the towns to the south. It would follow in its progress northward toward Cummington the Westfield River nearly the whole way, finding in its path water power of no mean order. For almost the entire distance its course would intersect a region of unusual natural resources. Farmland suitable for the production of corn, potatoes, vegetables, rye and various kinds of grain as well as orchards producing the finest qualities of New England apples vie with the many small industries along the route in recommending the industrial possibilities of the region. The story of the abandoned farm in Chesterfield which is sung by the late Rev. John W. Chadwick, mentioned above, with its pathetic note of bygone days, can hardly be prophetic of the future. But into its sacred



ON SUGAR HILL

memories we may enter for a brief moment, showing some of the effects of isolation and contrasting the future's more hopeful possibilities.

A heap of mortar, brick and stone,
O'ergrown with shrubs, o'errun with vines,
That here was once a house and home,
How ill the careless sense divines,
Rowena Darling.

* * * * *

Here where the birches' silver gleam
Shines where the hearth fire used to blaze,
The hearth-stone still you can descry,
As smooth as in your loveliest days,
Rowena Darling.

* * * * *

Alas! how many years have fled
Since hearth and heart were warm and bright
And all the room and all the world
Glowed with your love's supreme delight,
Rowena Darling.

This rose-bush growing by the door,
Perhaps you planted long ago:
I pluck and kiss for your dear sake,
Its fairest, be it so or no,—
Rowena Darling.

However marked may be the tendency backward suggested by this view of country life as applied to some picturesque ruin of the past, it is not indicative of the coming days in the hill country. A brief survey of the business side of Chesterfield will convince us of this fact. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is that of farming. The steep and sometimes rocky hillsides, while not favorable for extensive tillage operation, afford excellent grazing, and dairying is profitable. This is also a natural apple soil where as good Baldwin apples as grow may be produced; and thousands of barrels are annually shipped, while only the fringes of the possibilities along this line have been touched. While agriculture occupies the leading place as a revenue producer, there are still other pursuits of no little importance. At West Chesterfield we find S. A. Healy's Sons manufactur-



A SUGAR CAMP



WEST CHESTERFIELD: HEALY BROTHERS' FACTORY IN THE FOREGROUND

ing saw and plane handles. This is said to be the only firm doing an exclusive business of this kind in the country. When in full force they employ about twenty-five hands and the output has reached as high as sixty thousand dozen annually with a valuation of over eighteen thousand dollars. They use about two hundred thousand feet of hardwood lumber and about forty thousand feet of soft wood lumber.

On a branch of the river is the basket shop of Charles Higgins, whose baskets, hand made and of a superior quality, find a ready market where strength and durability are required.



STANTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WEST CHESTERFIELD

A little further down the river we come to the mill of the Stanton Manufacturing Company, makers of hoops for musical instruments. The wood of these wind swept hills is well suited for such use, being tough and pliable.

At the Gorge stands the "Nutshell," the Yankee notion shop whose genial proprietor, Mr. C. C. Bicknell, is prepared to supply the tourist with souvenirs of his own invention and manufacture.

In this west village are two mercantile establishments. At the side of the road from the hill is the general store of Mr. Henry L. Eddy. Stoves, harnesses, groceries, carriages, sleighs and the like may be gotten from Mr. Eddy, while his wagon loaded with stoves or furnace pipes may be encountered on any of the roads through the villages about. The other store is that of Mr. D. I. Stanton, whose line is groceries, meats and dry goods. This store occupies an important position at the junction of the main stage route to Worthington and the river road from Huntington to Cummington.



BISBEE'S

On the Dead Branch in the village of Bisbee's may be seen the mill of Mr. Horatio Bisbee. Three hundred thousand feet of lumber are yearly cut, while eighty thousand dozen whip butts are manufactured. In addition to this specific output, the mill runs a planer and shingle mill. Fifteen hundred tons of grain are also handled yearly with other feed. Even Damon's Pond, important as it is for summer parties and picnics, is not without a commercial value; for here Mr. S. C. Damon runs a shingle and sawmill and makes whip butts.



DAMON'S POND

But the possibilities of our streams as power producers have scarcely been hinted at, for as yet thousands of horsepower are running to waste, waiting to be harnessed to drive machinery or to furnish



A SNOW SCENE

light for town and city. "White coal" which diminishes not with the using, is here for the taking, and the future is for those lands on which nature has lavished this bounty. Already plans are being made for storing the waters of the Dead Branch. Here great natural storage basins are found where the water in time of abundance can be held for times of need.

Great possibilities of future development are here. Such is the inviting assurance for the coming days of Chesterfield. In this picture is included, instead of a funeral dirge of decaying agriculture, the happiest prospect for prosperity and new life.

But the day is wearing away and as we cannot well retrace our steps to Chesterfield Hill, we must proceed to Worthington where we will spend the night before continuing our explorations.



IN THE VILLAGE OF WEST CHESTERFIELD



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—WORTHINGTON

Worthington

LOOKING across the valley westward from Chesterfield Hill we saw the buildings of another town on the broad plateau of the opposite range. This is Worthington. Most prominent among the buildings before us were the brown church and the white town hall, the golf clubhouse and the buildings of the Brewer estate, including the old Buffington tavern. In our journey from Chesterfield to West Chesterfield we followed for a mile the old military road which crosses Chesterfield and Worthington almost in a straight line. From the decaying old tavern at the bend in the road it is possible to see traces of this highway as it falls directly down the steep hill to the old



THE TOWN HALL

bridge at West Chesterfield Gorge, and even up the opposite slope, by the "Gateway." Beyond the first hill it rises and falls, ever in the same direction, past the Drury House, past the Centre, past West Street, and down the hill to the middle branch of the Westfield River. In our explorations of the town of Worthington we will cross this highway several times.



*NEAR THE CURTIS FARM

Middle branches of the Westfield River were the eastern and western limits respectively. Today these boundaries have so changed that a tract has been set off on the east to Chesterfield, and on the west a portion has been added from Peru. Our first glance revealed the fact that Worthington is "a city that is set on a hill" and the second glance revealed the further fact that it is an unusual hill. Its top is comparatively level and free from boulders. The Master-craftsman utilized the slow-moving glaciers of other days in planing off the rugged hills in the western part of the town; and by depositing the debris in the "lee" of the hills He formed this unusual upland.

Having done justice to Chesterfield and all its suburbs let us journey on from West Chesterfield up the present stage road, which follows the Stevens Brook, to the broad-lying town on the hill. Just at Stevensville we cross the boundary, and as a prophecy of what is to be expected beyond we can but note the character of this little hamlet. The mill-pond is clear as crystal; the falls are well worth



*NOTE—The small illustrations used in this article without explanatory title lines are all from photographs taken on the Curtis Farm in Worthington. A dozen or more different sources of revenue are indicated by them.



A GLIMPSE OF WORTHINGTON CORNERS

ON THE CURTIS FARM



THE WORTHINGTON INN

a visit. The mill itself is well kept and the houses are neat. It is typical of the better class of New England hamlets in which a single family has been the predominant influence for several generations. Here in the upper mill the Stevens Brothers manufacture hardwood banjo and drum hoops. The lower building is a grist mill and machine shop. But the human product of the hamlet has been the most important, for in this place have lived, and from it have gone, some of the sturdiest of New England's citizens.

From Stevensville we follow the brook for another mile and then climb sharply to the top of the plateau. During this climb the view is ever widening: first, the nearer farms of the valley; then the Sampsonville vicinity; and finally Cummington Hill on the north and Clark Hill in Worthington to the northeast. We may also look back to Chesterfield Mount, and Chesterfield Centre whence we have come.

Having attained the table land after one last and violent struggle with the pitch of Randall Hill we see on the right the farm and famous round barn owned by Dr. J. Ross Stevenson of Baltimore. On this farm was raised in 1911 an oat-crop that threshed seventy bushels to the acre. The house is one of the oldest in town, and has been thoroughly remodeled with all modern conveniences, yet much of the old interior



FIREPLACE IN WORTHINGTON INN

remains. Just as we enter the village of Worthington Corners

we pass a most comfortable dwelling house owned by Mr. H. F. Bartlett, interesting because it is a combination of what were formerly a tobacco barn and a basket shop. On our left is the ubiquitous country store, and directly before us the Worthington Inn. Here we will rest ourselves and our horses or motors as the case may be. As we alight from our vehicles we are conscious that we have already made quite a journey and that our appetites are by no means dormant. Perhaps we have not kept to our



STAIRWAY IN WORTHINGTON INN

schedule and may be a little late for supper; but that will make no difference as Landlord Trow is willing to feed the hungry at any and all times. While waiting, those of us who are not too fatigued may take a stroll about the little village, noting first the green, and then the Rice homestead on the left "down-street." A little to one side is the unusual cottage of Dr. Harlan P. Creelman of Auburn, N. Y., a part of which incorporates the very floors,

doors and windows of the old Lafayette Tavern. This old hostelry, now gone, once housed the great French general. It stood on the corner beneath the great elm, and opposite the Dwight Stone mansion. As we go further down the street, the Casino, built for the town by Professor William Kirkham of Yale, is on the left. Near it is a remodeled farmhouse, now owned by Mrs. Tufts of Springfield, and this is indeed an interesting illustration of the taste and comfort that may be secured by the reconstruction of a very plain building. Still other buildings to arrest our attention



are the school house and the large pillared home of Miss N. S. Heacock, the tasteful bungalow owned by Mrs. Heger of Washington, D. C., and

the old Buffington Tavern at the top of the hill. On our return to the Inn the most striking building is a large yellow house with ample verandas, which upon inquiry we learn is the boarding-house of E. W. Jones.

After sufficient refreshment at the Inn (the ardent variety is not to be had) and a good night's rest we will again start out to explore the town. A short run easterly to the Drury Corners brings us to the first mentioned Colonial Road. The Drury House itself is probably the best preserved of the old houses in the town, and its quaint kitchen and paneled parlor are a delight to the lover of "Ye Olde New England." From the front of the house we look down on the broad acreage of the Eager farm, now owned by Captain Phillips of Sag Harbor.



Marvelous tales are told of the cattle and sheep formerly raised here, and the white barn now houses upwards of seventy head of horned stock. Returning to the Corners, we had best follow another stage route—that to Huntington. A little out from the village and on the right of the road are the golf links, which furnish opportunity for combining enjoyment of the game with one of the finest panoramas in the town. Above the links, on the very gable of the vicinity, is the club house, and near it are the tennis courts. Climbing again we enter the common from the northern end and pass between the white town hall of plain Grecian design and the tasteful village church. The common itself, with its rows of maples, is a memorial to the activity of a former pastor of the church, Rev. Frederick Sargent Huntington. Indelible traces of his work are to be found in every department of the town life, and it might be added that to the present pastor* of this same church is due the excellent water system later described.



*In justice to Mr. Willard it should be appended that his modesty would not allow speaking of this in giving the facts of his town. What he would not do the committee feel quite justified in doing, for to him belongs great credit for the instigation of the forward movement in all the section.



THE COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE



A WORTHINGTON HOME



BARRS' STORE



LOOKING NORTH ALONG THE MAIN STREET AT THE CENTRE

At the lower end of the common we come again to our old acquaintance, the cross-road, but here it is in actual use. On this road and just back of the store of Mr. Franklin H. Burr stood at one time



HILLTOP FARM

the second church edifice, or rather, the first building transplanted from its original site on West Street. Here, too, in Revolutionary days was the training-ground. Still further east on the cross-road is Hilltop Farm, the pleasant boarding-house conducted by Miss Ames.

Continuing south we pass through excellent

farmland and by pleasant homes. Some of these are summer houses only, while others are occupied as permanent residences. All are in good repair and bespeak comfort and prosperity. Not only is the land in Worthington unusually level, but experts have pronounced the soil all through Western Hampshire to be unsurpassed for apple culture. And just over the wall we will "swipe" some of those luscious apples, of which Edwin R. Brown spoke at the Farmers' Picnic at Worthington in 1890:

I sing not the fruitage of old Yucatan,
The citrus of Spain, or the plums of Japan;
The Florida orange may grow in the south;
The peach of New Jersey may melt in your mouth;
The broad-breasted quince has a heavenly smell,
And I love California apricots well;
Bananas of Nassau and Malaga grapes,
In clustering richness and ravishing shapes—
They're beautiful all, but bepraise them who will,
A ruddy old monarch out-ranks them all still;
A fruit universal, coeval with man;
'Tis the blessed old apple; gainsay it who can.

And here it may be well to note that an evil of former days is being corrected in Worthington. The buying of farms for summer use only, with the attendant neglect of the land, was becoming decidedly detrimental to the town, but at present more of the land is being brought into use. On several large farms where the owners are in



SOUTH WORTHINGTON FALLS

Worthington only for the summer, a resident farmer is left in charge the year round.

At the southern end of the plateau the road drops into the valley and we find ourselves in the village of Ringville, with its quaint post office, its wood-working mill, pale pink schoolhouse and dismantled creamery. Following brook and meadow for two miles more we reach the village of South Worthington with its noisy falls and quiet church, its busy mill and sleepy cottages. On the left overlooking "Little Galilee" is the birthplace and summer home of Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia, Pa. Beyond are the heights of Ireland Street in

Chesterfield. On the other range to the west are the summer home and farm of Nathan D. Bill of Springfield. In addition to the penholder shop of the C. E. Bradley Company there are two basket shops and a sawmill. Returning to Ringville, we cross the ridge whereon are the Prentice and Fairman farms and turn south on the Kinne



METHODIST CHURCH—SOUTH WORTHINGTON

Brook Road, another beautiful highway to Huntington. This part of the town is known today as the Pease district but judging from the frequency of the one name in the little cemetery, it must at one time have been veritably the land of the Brewsters. Our path will take us by various turns and twists among these excellent farms and home-like houses. Across the valley we see still more good agricultural land; and the sheep, cattle, trees, rocks and walls are the component parts of an uncopyrighted pastoral symphony. With still more turning and twisting we finally climb to the four corners at the lower end of West Street. This was once a populous district, but as houses have

burned it has become more and more abandoned. A cemetery off the main road and on a prominent height is a silent witness of former days. Our goal is Parnassus, a little way to the west, and once there



EAGLE'S NEST

The Summer Home of Dr. Russell H. Conwell, South Worthington

we are well rewarded, for the Kingdoms of the earth are to be seen: French Hill in Peru guarding the church; the Agricultural Hall in Middlefield; the few remaining buildings of Chester Hill; the mountains of Blandford and Montgomery; Norwich Hill in the nearer background; the ranges of Westhampton, Chesterfield, Williamsburg, Goshen and even Shutesbury on the east; and Cummington and Ashfield on the north. On a clear day hills in many other towns are visible. Across the road stands the stone chimney of an old house, planted by good or ill fortune in the windiest place in the town. Some one certainly had fortitude to occupy this spot; for we are rather driven to the conclusion that if any one god, ancient or modern, is supreme on this Parnassus, it is the Mudjekeewis of Hiawatha. But it is long past noon and we will tarry but a few moments longer while we try the neatly boxed lunches that have been stored away for us under the seats of our vehicles. After a hasty repast on Parnassus, we return once more to our steeds, one, two or sixty horse power, and traverse West Street northerly to its



intersection with our old friend, the military cross-road. On the way we pass the Curtis and Johnson farms, both of which show every sign of prosperity and happiness. The old fashioned house



THE OLD CHIMNEY AT
MT. PARNASSUS

two minutes more to West Worthington village, with its curious but homelike church. We can now climb the Dingle to Cold Street, another military road, in fact one of the first two roads in town.

Over this highway came the earlier stages on their way from Boston to Albany. We will follow this old road back to the Inn. At the Grover corners we stop a moment for another beautiful vista, differing from all the others. Following the street to our right we catch a glimpse of the white churches in Pelham and Shutesbury on the ranges east of the Connecticut. Just below us is the reservoir of the Worthington water system. The construction is so arranged as to feed direct to the mains an ample supply of pure spring water, while there

on the corner overlooking the Centre is the former parsonage, and just beyond were the first church and cemetery, both of which were soon removed. We will not attempt to follow the old road to Smith Hollow for it is like a step-ladder from which several steps are missing. Locally it is known as "Sam Hill's Hill," named for the family who live on the next to the top step. Let us avoid this auto trap and pass on to Starkweather Hill, which is several per cent. better. Down to the west we go—ever so carefully—and after grandly rugged scenery find ourselves in the bottom of the Middle Branch Valley. A gradual climb of a mile brings us to West Worthington Gorge, a beautiful fall, and



CURTIS FARM
Handling a swarm of bees



POTATO FIELD—CURTIS FARM



SHEEP ON THE CURTIS FARM



is in addition to this a reservoir for fire protection. The new buildings of the Brewer farm, and the old Buffington Tavern are on our right as we descend the hill to the Inn where our evening repast will soon be



CURTIS FARM
Brush for the Distillery

ready. While we wait there will be ample time to sit on the veranda or before the office fire, and to ask a few very pertinent questions. Why is the Worthington farmer at such a disadvantage? His cattle and his crops are as good as any, and his land is better than much in western Massachusetts. The fact is that he is prosperous, but not so much so as he deserves to be, considering the quality and quantity of his production. Of

course, the answer is in the distance from the railroads. An addition of four dollars per ton to the cost of all purchases, and a deduction of the same amount from the profit on all his crops is no mean obstacle. This is in truth the bugbear of the entire section. And why is there such a wholesome atmosphere in the villages at the Corners and Centre? Partly because of the quality of the soil, reacting on the character of the people; partly because of the invigorating air and magnificent scenery; partly because of the pleasant hotel accommodations; and partly because of the convenience of golf links, tennis courts, casino, library and church. But our gastronomic apparatus will brook no further delay for the sake of mere mental ruminations.



IN THE SUGAR ORCHARD



VIEW OF CUMMINGTON FROM THE PINNACLE

Cummington

A moonlight ride among the hills is not to be despised and, although we have had a long day of sight-seeing, after such a good supper as we have had we will sleep the better for an hour's run to Cummington. This will give us a chance to see Cummington valley by moonlight, and to test the accommodations afforded at the Elm Tree Inn under its new management. Having refreshed ourselves, then, let us fare forth to try the mettle (or metal) of our steeds and the veracity of the reports of this wonderful country to the northward. From our resting place we pass along a beautiful shaded drive, by Elmstead and the round barn of which we have heard; through the estate of Colonel William G. Rice of Albany, N. Y., and down the hills to Sampsonville. For some time we have been able to discern from a distance long rows of trees on the crest of Cummington Hill. Crossing the line into Cummington in the Sampsonville valley we begin to climb toward these shaded crests. The first house of interest to us is on our left as we are about to round the turn. A fine type of New England homestead is this former home of Mr. S. S. Knapp, now owned by the Ferguson family of Hartford, Conn. Should we turn to our left here the road would take us past Mr. Emery Reed's, locally known as the lighthouse, and on to the old military road which leads northwestward to Windsor. This is the continuance of



"WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

Cold Street from Worthington and near this road is the house of Arunah Bartlett. It would appear that we are somewhere near the original settlement of the town, and the road to our right into which we are about to turn must be near the trail over which the first white settler, Samuel Brewer, is said to have carried grain on his back from Northampton. Cummington, like Worthington, was bought at auction in 1762 and among the purchasers was one John Cumming of Concord in the County of Middlesex. While he never settled here himself the town bears his name and there is on record his deed of four sixty-third parts of the whole town to Samuel Brewer. In this original township was included Cummington, Plainfield and part of Gageboro, or what is now Windsor. As we follow the road to our right and ascend the hill we come upon the homestead of Andrew Brewster, now owned by Mr. Frank Steele. On we go until at last we reach the top of the hill. At this point in our journey we are met by two roads to the village. While we are deciding which of these ways to follow we can take in the silvery treat before and below us. From the far distant past there comes to us the strain of a sacred hymn, and with the evening star still above us we are tempted in reverence to voice our appreciation with new words.



"AMID THY QUIET HILLS SECURE"

O little town of Cummington
How still we see thee lie!
Amid thy quiet hills secure,
No busy throng goes by.
Yet in thy meadows groweth
An everlasting store;
While health of brain may still remain
To thee just as of yore.

How silently, how silently
Thy gifts of life are given!
No herald goes before thy face
To laud thee unto heaven.
No noisy blast proclaims thee,
But in thy quiet street
The tired heart, from any part
New joy is sure to greet.

And children pure and noble,
Shall in the days to come
At many posts of honor
Add to thy glory's sum.
While mem'ry watch is keeping
O'er faithful ones of old,
In whom thy claim is still the same:
How can our hearts grow cold?



NEAR THE BRYANT PLACE .

We may likewise inwardly adjust ourselves to a little different attitude as we prepare to descend into the valley. Our journey has for the most part, thus far, been upon the highlands affording those magnificent sweeps with which come grand and expansive thoughts. But now we are about to turn to scenes in which the intenser side of life will be manifest.

Aside from the many features of importance to the industrial expansion of the section which is now seeking railroad facilities, there are other factors to be reckoned with of historic and artistic value. Many, for example, are those who from year to year view the bold sweep and wonderful features of the White Mountains, with their rolling succession of mountain tops. But comparatively few, as yet, are those who are able to know the fineness of detail and color that this "Garden of Eden" in and about Cummington affords, with its restful sense of security from the cares of the outside world. Each returning summer brings artists who carry away pictures of great value. What could be grander than the accompanying view which was taken along one of the favorite drives among these hills? "The United States," as has been said, "has no medieval castles, no monuments of classic age, and few picturesque ruins invested with historical or legendary interest," unless, we might add, ancestral ruins that mark some ancient fireside; and many of these are to be seen in these Highlands of Massachusetts. But the natural attractions which mark



THE NATURAL ATTRACTIONS ARE OF NO MEAN ORDER

every section of our land are of no mean order. And these natural scenes are not confined to a few short months of summer, but even in the dead of winter are to be witnessed such scenes as this, in which the purity of the snow upon the dark green of spruce and pine offers many pleasing effects in light and shade. Who knows how soon may be the time when even from the Old World may come those who would see these relics of our Massachusetts Highlands? And we want the world to share our possessions. We want to make it easier for them to share them, and at the same time we would protect these hills from all that degrades or tends to vulgarize and cheapen them. With ever-improving schools, electric lights, the purest of running water and a trolley connection to some outside point, what could be more ideal than a home with such environs?



A WINTER SCENE

And now we will turn to the right at the sign post and glide carefully along beneath the great maples that overhang the road past

the pretty little brick cottage which is the summer home of the Misses Ferguson. Three farms, including upwards of four hundred acres, comprise this estate. One hundred acres of this are in state of cultivation.



THE FERGUSON PLACE

Mr. Morey, who is in charge of the farms, lives in the white house at the turn in the roads at the top of the hill. He says that farming is not a matter of long hours so much as careful planning of the work. From the land Mr. Morey has raised seven hundred and fifty bushels of oats. Four acres of this had a yield of sixty-five bushels to the acre. Five acres produced one hundred and twenty-five bushels of rye. In addition one hundred tons of ensilage were cut from the land. During the last year twenty thousand white pine trees have been set out upon the place. The stock barns, while not large, are average. Six horses and forty-five head of cattle are in the barn. Just below the artistic colonial place, which was formerly the Packard homestead, there is a turn through the woods, which joins with the road upon which stood the first meeting house and which leads to the old common on the hill. We will follow along this way through the woods and pass the spot where some say William Cullen Bryant attended school. We will also come out at the junction with another road in front of an old abandoned schoolhouse. If we should here make the turn to our right we would be at once in the historic region near where Samuel Brewer lived, for we would pass the home of Mrs. Philander Lyman, just south of whose house, we are told, was the first fireside of a white man in Cummington. Our road then would lead us to the left to the junction with another road coming in from Worthington and on past the Cobb place, noted for its strawberries, and down what is called the Peter Lauridsen Hill to the village. But, because of the grade, we had better keep straight ahead from the schoolhouse and we will pass the sugar camp of Edward Porter. This industry is most interesting to those who have never seen the making of sugar. From this camp the average amount of syrup is from seventy-five to one hundred gallons annually.

Mr. Morey, who is in charge of the farms, lives in the white house at the turn in the roads at the top of the hill. He says that farming is not a matter of long hours so much as careful planning of the work. From the land Mr. Morey has raised seven hundred and fifty bushels of oats. Four acres of this had



THE WARNER HOMESTEAD

Mr. Porter, who hires very little assistance on his farm, also cuts about twenty-two tons of hay, while fifty barrels of apples he considers an average yield from his orchard. Of course there are many other places which have as large if not larger yields, which do not fall in our way, and all unite to bring up the aggregate of Cummington products which may be said to represent farming on the most part. As we make the final drop to the level of the highway we meet the road coming down from Lauridsen's. In addition to the regular products of a small farm, Mr. Lauridsen has attempted a little in the way of raising sheep. His yield of peaches also, while not large, offers encouraging returns, and together with fifty or sixty barrels of apples taken from his place helps to make up the several thousand barrels of fruit shipped annually. Just before us, as we turn toward the village, is the Warner homestead. This house is a typical rambling New England farmhouse, roomy and sociable, surrounded by meadow and woodland. This estate marked the beginning of the east line of the original town. It was bought of Stephen Warner by Capt. Joseph Warner, who held a commission in the Colonial War, and has been in the possession of the family since 1771. Upon this lot there was originally a log cabin near the sugar house. In 1779 the present house was built, and is today a well preserved specimen of Colonial architecture. Many noted guests have enjoyed the bountiful hospitality of this old home. The farm, while not yielding today its fullest production, may still be said to be among the best in Cummington. Something over one million feet of lumber stand



THE HILLSIDE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY GROUNDS

uncut upon it. Considerable pine, spruce and hemlock as well as some white pine and birch make up this growth. The fine rows of sugar maples which mark the drives about the place yield upwards of one hundred and fifty gallons of syrup yearly. This product has been known to exceed two hundred gallons. Large tracts of grazing land and mowings, intersected by many trout streams, add to the productiveness as well as the beauty of the place and stretch off toward the village. Through this property runs the main highway from West Chesterfield, intersecting the road that we are on in front of the Hillside Agricultural Society grounds. Upon these grounds gather every fall people numbering into the thousands, who come to test their stock



THE TOWN HALL



MAIN STREET, CUMMINGTON

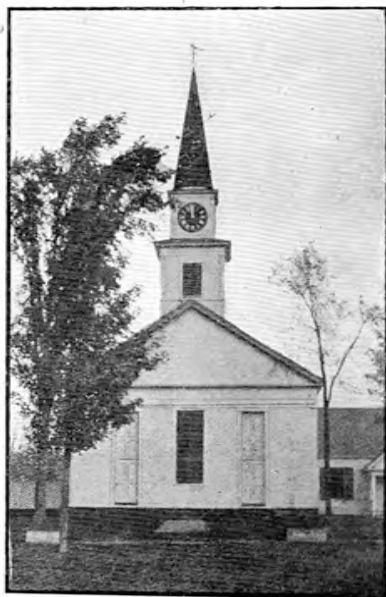
and meet their friends. From the fair-grounds the approach to the village is down an easy grade for about a mile and a half. As we turn into the village, almost the first building to be seen is the Town Hall, lighted up, no doubt, for the meeting of the Grange. Almost directly opposite is the old Cummington Academy, now used as a dwelling house. Here it was that Senator Dawes and many others of Cummington's choice sons and daughters received their early training. Students from Amherst College are known to have come out to instruct during the latter days of the Academy. Almost adjoining this building is the Baptist Church, a very neat little modern structure which offers a contrast to the straight lines of the white, plain fronted edifice which houses the Congregational brotherhood, just up the street. Almost opposite the Congregational Manse is the general store of Mr. H. E. Drake. Mr. Drake is a busy man, for he is not only postmaster but also town clerk and justice of the peace. And now our journey for the



CUMMINGTON ACADEMY

day is about over, for riding along beneath beautiful elms and maples set out by the citizens of the town under the leadership of a former pastor, Mr. Dana, we come at last to the Elm Tree Inn. There Mr. Gabb, or "Tom Gabb," as he is called when in town, is waiting to give us the glad hand.

After a quiet night in which our sleep is strangely mixed with the sounds from the swift flowing river below our window, we awake at the whistle from the near-by mill to the fact that the town is astir again. Our first task after breakfast is to go over the plant of the Stevens Manufacturing Company. Mr. A. V. Stevens and his son, C. Ashley Stevens, operate this mill employing from twenty to twenty-five hands, all of whom are native to this section. The principal output of this mill is paint brush handles, chiefly for varnish and artists' brushes. In addition to the lumber necessary for the use of the mill, considerable sawing is done, so that in all something over two hundred thousand feet are turned out annually. Aside from this regular line, by means of a small dynamo electric lights are furnished in the street, the stores and several of the houses. The power used is water and steam, and for the latter sawdust and wood can be utilized



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



THE ELM TREE INN AND VILLAGE LOOKING SOUTH



THE WESTFIELD RIVER IS NOT ALWAYS TRANQUIL



CUMMINGTON CREAMERY

In spite of the isolation of the Hill Towns great quantities of fine dairy products are annually sent out

for fuel. That the new dam, recently given by Mr. Worcester Warner of Tarrytown, N. Y., has greatly increased the supply of water may be seen by the accompanying view. With a larger dynamo it would easily be possible to light the whole village at a not very great expense. While the hands are kept continually employed, the plant could be made to put out a still larger percentage of work through the saving that would come with a railroad, by doing away with long hauls of raw material and finished product, which latter amounts yearly to one hundred tons. On our journey westward the village blacksmith deserves a stop, for Mr. Liebenow is a man of enterprise and will not only shoe your horses and build your wagons, but he will also grind your corn and if you let him he will sell you an automobile. He will at any rate furnish you with gasoline which is a very necessary article.

Up a little rise from the blacksmith shop, aided by a fresh supply of power, we draw up at the Cummington Creamery. This is a grand institution for the hill towns. Notwithstanding the isolation, something over two hundred patrons support this coöperative enterprise. Eight gatherers and two butter makers assisted in turning the 986,254 pounds of cream into 226,758 pounds of butter last year; and Mr. D. C. Morey, the manager, states that conservatively speaking he believes this present year will show an increase of over twenty per cent. The Victor combined churn and worker is used in the creamery. The product of the creamery is famous all about this region, ninety per cent. of the butter made being shipped out of town.

An odd building is the Bryant Library, but it contains many valuable books and pamphlets and town records. It also has on its north wall an excellent picture of the poet.

And what is this little hamlet just over this strange wooden bridge? Why, Lightningbug is quite an appropriate name. In the summer time the fireflies are as numerous as the stars overhead. The most striking feature of the landscape before us is Deer Hill. This is a state reservation and contains some very fine young timber. Bryant Mountain, the highest point in the region, is also to be seen just ahead of us as we leave Lightningbug.



THE BRYANT LIBRARY



AN OLD WOOLEN MILL



SHEEP ON THE HILLS OF CUMMINGTON

But before we leave this hamlet we must notice the site of an old woolen mill, which has long since been vacated. Not far above this is what is left of another mill which produced the same product. And here to our right we see grazing peacefully on Mr. Edward Streeter's hillside a fine flock of sheep, oblivious to all the changes that have been wrought in their habitat. Just across the way, and back a little, is the abandoned saw mill of this same Mr. Streeter. Mr. Streeter claims that it is impossible to make skewers any longer in competition with mills in other places when prices are so low and running expenses so high. Just before we round the turn into West Cummington we come upon another mill with a very good dam over which an excellent flow of water is pouring. Mr. Jordan for some time has been trying to hold up his end in the making of skewers, but he too has found it rather hard to compete in the market as it is today, and has at last taken up the making of whetstones, using the same power to operate a cutting machine in the basement of his shop. This machinery was set up by a company which long since gave up because of the impossibility of meeting the requirements necessary to market their goods. Thus we ride into the "deserted village" of which Mr. Willard has so feelingly written in the "Western New England." The little church on the hill is still open because of the tenacity of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society and the faithfulness of the few church-going people that remain. The Deer Hill House also keeps open for tourists and hunters that come occa-



WINTER VIEW OF AN UNUSED WEST CUMMINGTON WATER POWER



"THE DESERTED VILLAGE"

sionally. Notwithstanding prevalent high prices, an excellent dinner can be gotten here at reasonable cost and on short notice. We will not stop here now as we still have considerable ground to cover before dark.



THE CHURCH, WEST CUMMINGTON

A short way further on and we are at the upper village or what is called the "Paper Mill Village." Here is the mill which was formerly run by the L. L. Brown Company. It is said that the quality of the water has made possible the manufacture here of some special brands of paper, which cannot be made elsewhere. Ledger, blank book and special linen papers were among the products of the mill. Attached to the mill were incomes and payroll amounting to from ten to twenty thousand dollars. But the haul of fifteen miles over the hills of Savoy and Cheshire for raw material, and the return with the finished output were too great a handicap, so that now the mill is idle and the town is without a supporting industry.

We must now retrace our way for a little until we come to the bridge opposite the cemetery at the entrance to West Cummington. Our road over this bridge will take us through the woods and up the



THE DEER HILL HOUSE



ABANDONED PAPER MILL IN WEST CUMMINGTON



THE VILLAGE, LOOKING EAST



THE MELLOR RESIDENCE

hill to the Bryant homestead. Just a little over half way up we can see to our left on an opposite slope the Mellor place. Twenty years ago Mr. Alfred Mellor of Philadelphia, Pa., bought one of the rocky pastures three-quarters of a mile north of the village of Cummington, and built his summer home, surrounding it with stables, formal gardens, etc. The house is built of native field stone along unpretentious but substantial lines, and commands together with the gardens a magnificent view of our hills. Its strategic position as regards outlook is exceptional, and such as to afford the opportunity to develop many original effects in the way of landscape architecture. From many points in the various drives on the hills the house may be seen. Words are inadequate to picture the wonderful beauty of earth and sky as seen through the changing seasons from this most attractive summer home on one of Cummington's breezy hilltops. The combination of natural features with skilled construction in masonry



GARDEN ON THE MELLOR ESTATE

has marked it as one of the places of note among the hills. A farm has since been added and the acreage increased to about two hundred and fifty acres.

As we reach Cummington Hill a turn to our right for a few rods brings us to the Bryant homestead, the home of the poet. This is a spot of no small interest to tourists. Notwithstanding the inconvenience of travel, there are often thirty or more visitors a day to the room where *Thanatopsis* is said to have been written. The Bryant farm is also worthy of note, and in connection with it there is a fine orchard, famous both for the quality and quantity of apples. It is a known fact that during the life of the poet there was a constant market in England for these apples. Near by this place is the Bryant schoolhouse, an odd little building of wood with a porch in front. Not far from this is another excellent orchard owned by the Misses Ferguson,

from which an average crop of four hundred barrels is picked. The Upper Bryant Place is interesting as it affords the best view in the town, being the highest point of Cummington Hill. Four states can be seen from the barn. Our way back to the village will lead us past the old common on the hill, where the meeting house stood, down the hill by the cemetery. Just opposite is the granite shaft which marks the birthplace of the poet. The well sweep that adorns the yard of Mr. Charles Dawes, which we have just passed, is also a fine relic of days gone by. One of the parsonages occupied by Parson Briggs, the first minister, and the Bryant Library are the only remaining points of note on our way back to the hotel, at which we will soon arrive hungry and tired. Another restful night, and we are ready to take the last lap of our journey to Plainfield.



BIRTHPLACE OF BRYANT



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT HOMESTEAD, CUMMINGTON



ORCHARD ON THE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT PLACE



NORTH POND, PLAINFIELD

Plainfield

HAVING said goodbye to Cummington and the Elm Tree Inn we will take a spin over the new road to our next town. This road brings Plainfield within four miles of Cummington. The former was once part of Cummington, but the impassable Westfield River made it difficult to get to church easily in those early days, and a separate town was organized. We will, however, first stop at the store of Mr. H. S. Packard and enquire of that gentleman what he thinks of the chances of the local merchants in competition with the city in case a railroad extension is completed. Mr. Packard carries as good a line of general merchandise as can be found anywhere, and he emphatically states that he is willing to take his chances. At the top of the hill the farm through which we go on our way is that of Dr. Arthur Streeter. It is especially interesting because of the great variety of live stock which may be found there. Fancy poultry, horses and goats are especially noticeable. We are now on the down grade for a little space, and headed straight for Plainfield; and no bad hills present themselves for the rest of the way; in fact, nature has done her part for Plainfield in this respect, which fact makes it one of the most attractive spots in Western Massachusetts. In the view of the Plainfield people the absence of railroad facilities alone has kept this fact from becoming



LOOKING SOUTH FROM PACKARD'S STORE, CUMMINGTON

more widely known. Good roads, pleasant drives, church, schools and stores, together with the beautiful North Pond nearly a mile in width at its widest point combine to offer the cottager or summer boarder an excellent summer home. The facilities for boating and fishing which the pond offers; the trout streams; the magnificent views in all directions, not abrupt or startling but made up of hills and ravines, with mountain rising above mountain as far as the eye can see; together with the view from some of the highest points, 1900 feet many of them, so grandly beautiful; offer ample pastime for the visitor. All these with a good public library make Plainfield a place that the tourist should not pass by.



A GLIMPSE OF THE RIVER

Historically, also, Plainfield is not behind its neighbors in interest. Many eminent men were born here. Perhaps first in the memory of his townspeople is Charles Dudley Warner,



BOATING AND FISHING ON THE POND

the well known author and editor. His old home is but a little way out from the centre on the road to East Hawley, and a few minutes will bring us to his door. As it would take too long to visit all the homes of the men of prominence of this town, we will simply mention them as we speed along the level stretches before us. Dr. Marcus Whitman, who saved the states of Oregon and Washington from being ceded to Great Britain for the privilege of catching codfish off the coast of Newfoundland, will always be remembered with honor by Americans. In the days before our high schools had

reached their present efficiency, Plainfield was blessed with a preacher-teacher, the Rev. Moses Hallock, who preached in the town for many years and conducted a school in which over three hundred young men prepared for college. William Cullen Bryant was one of these students. And it was in those formative days when he was selecting a professional residence,



THE HALLOCK SCHOOL

while returning from Plainfield that Bryant wrote the sublime words in "To a Water Fowl:"



PACKARD'S CORNER

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Charles Hallock, editor of *Forest and Stream* for many years, and the author of many valuable books, was also from Plainfield.

As we have noticed, the soil of Plainfield is much less stony than the country to the west, and the roads are particularly good for country roads. Nearly two miles of road were built under the "Small Towns Act" by the State. The roads north and south and east and west from the village are especially good. Upon our entrance into Plainfield we are impressed by the dimensions of a large watering trough nearly in front of Mr. H. S. Packard's store. This is the main store of which the one in Cummington is a branch. Furniture, hardware, dry goods and in fact all the supplies that are to be purchased in a country store can here be found. There is also the assurance of courteous treatment and value for your money. All material for setting up a camp or bungalow can be gotten without going out of town. Aside from this store there are three others in Plainfield, all centrally located. Our ride through the main street also shows that Plainfield is up-to-date in having a barber shop, a thing which all country towns do not have. Two blacksmith shops make it impossible to complain of the inability to get slight repairing done, whether to horse or machine.



THE CHURCH, TOWN HALL AND POST OFFICE—PLAINFIELD

Two buildings which must claim our attention before leaving the main street are the church and the town hall. The church especially presents an exterior pleasing to the eye, from the gilded dome on the spire to the simple lines of the body with its severe New England facade, and high doors and dark blinds. The Mountain Miller Post No. 198 G. A. R., has its headquarters in Plainfield. The members that are still alive and those that come from the neighboring towns are greatly respected.

From the hill can be seen Deer Hill in West Cummington, the Bryant Mountain, Greylock in the Berkshires to the west; and off to the north is a view of the mountains of Vermont; while to the east we see Monadnock, and to the south the churches in Chester, Blandford, Worthington and Peru. The best part of the hill from which to see these views is near the Warner homestead.

Among the drives which may be taken from the centre are those to Windsor Pond and Windsor Jams; and the drive to Little Switzerland, just over the line, in Ashfield. From a spot two miles south of the centre can be seen fine views of Cummington Hill and



THE MOUNTAIN MILLER'S MILL

the Village in the valley. Along all these drives we pass many excellent spots for summer cottages and bungalows. Already there are eight of these bungalows or camps in town; four are for private use, the rest are for rent by the week or season. We are told that two more are to be built in the spring of 1912. Fine air and water and beautiful scenery combine to make many more very inviting spots for other camps.



PLAINFIELD POND

The trout streams that we pass along the town drives are among the finest in the state. The Mill Brook in the westerly part of the town has been declared by experts to be the most natural trout stream in the state. Partridges, rabbits and squirrels are also numerous in the surrounding woods. Deer also are plentiful during the open seasons.

West Mountain, which we climb either in team or on foot, is 2160 feet high and is the highest point in Western Hampshire. From it can be seen Mt. Haystack in Vermont, Monadnock in New Hampshire, and Mt. Lincoln in Pelham, Massachusetts. The Beals and Bond Hills have an elevation of 2,000 feet, and offer a very sightly outlook.

Among the summer homes that we pass along the way are: Miss Sarah Shaw's fine old fashioned house in the upper village, which is always in good repair; the home of Mr. E. F. Hamlin, who has been the executive clerk to the governor for twenty-five years or more,



THE WINDSOR JAMS

the fine country-place of Mr. John Thornton, mill superintendent in Rockville, Connecticut and the home of Mr. N. R. Gardner of Brooklyn, N. Y., employed in the government navy yard.

As a centre Plainfield also is important. Stages leave daily for Charlemont *via* Hawley connecting with the Fitchburg Railroad for points east and west, making very good connections; for Williams-



LOOKING TOWARD WEST MOUNTAIN

burg *via* Cummington and Swift River, Lithia and Goshen, connecting with trolley at Williamsburg for Northampton, Springfield and points south; for Adams *via* Savoy, connecting with trolley and steam roads for North Adams and Pittsfield and points west. Return in every case is made the same day. Owing to these facilities, the town is becoming identified among the surrounding towns as a very desirable summer place. The accommodations for summer boarders are chiefly those of well located farmhouses, with pleasant grounds, expansive views and the finest of running water. There is one hotel in town and here we will stop for dinner. While here let us gather up some of the most important industrial facts of the town. The value of the furs sent from Plainfield in the fall and winter of 1911 and 1912 will run well into hundreds, if not into thousands of dollars. Plainfield has led the other towns in the section in the production of potatoes, which excel both in quality and quantity; in fact it had more potatoes than any town of its size in the state. The quality, too, was A-1. They have been largely in demand as seed potatoes. Farmers who have used them consider them as good if not better than those from the most celebrated places in Maine.



THE WEST MOUNTAIN

Poultry is also distinctly an item to be reckoned with among the products of this town. Thoroughbred stock is kept on several farms. Eggs for hatching, stock for breeding, broilers and eggs for table use are exported in large numbers. Leghorns, both white and brown, single and rose combs, Wyandottes, Buff Leghorns, and Plymouth Rocks are some of the varieties.

Cattle raising and sheep grazing are also among the foremost means of livelihood in Plainfield. There are several very profitable flocks of sheep in town and the raising of pigs is also very profitable here. Plainfield vies with Cummington in the quantity and quality of maple sugar exported. Only the very finest quality of soft sugar is shipped from the town. In 1912 there will be about a dozen of the

latest style designs in maple sugar evaporators in use, which will greatly increase the quality and quantity of the crop.



THE WHITE HOME



SOME PLAINFIELD CATTLE

Small fruits are not produced in large enough quantities, as a rule, to be exported; with the exception, perhaps, of blueberries, a great many bushels of which are sold in Adams, Pittsfield and Northampton. Strawberries can be raised here perhaps as well if not better than anywhere in the state, and are always of superior flavor and color. The apples from this town are also of a fine flavor and finely colored. The crop, too, is steadily increasing in quantity. The spraying of trees, pruning and fertilizing is having a marked effect throughout the region. In 1912 nearly one thousand dollars worth of young trees

will be planted. Also many of the farmers are grafting their native stock, which in a few years will add to the producing trees.

Plainfield has also several very prosperous industries; Willcut's Mill situated on Mill Brook, run by water and gasoline engines, employs several men, does custom sawing and planing. It also manufactures whip butts, skewers and brush handles. There is also for sale here lumber of various kinds.

The Billings Mill, situated



MAPLEWOOD INN

in the northeast corner of the town, is run by water and steam. Several men are employed and the principal products are whip



AN OUTING AMONG THE HILLS

butts, boards and shingles and the like. Custom sawing and planing are also done here; and lumber is kept on hand for sale. Aside from these industries, there are several very fine water privileges on Mill River which await development.

Among these undeveloped possibilities not the least important is the opportunity for developing the summer camp. The bungalow on Breezy Knoll which was built last year, and which will be for rent during the season of 1912, has a most commanding view of the surrounding country for miles in every direction of any similar establishment in the Hampshire hills. This bungalow is suitable for parties wishing to keep house; or for those who prefer, table board may be had at "Maple Height" near by. Most of these houses are open the entire year. The demand for summer board has always exceeded the ability to accommodate; but efforts will be made the coming season to take care of all who wish to come.

On our way back to Williamsburg we will have to follow another road back toward Cummington, although we will not go into the centre again but keep north by east of the town for much of the way. We will pass on this route a very fine timber lot owned by J. W. Loud. This is in Plainfield but very near the Cummington line. There are over half

a million feet of hard and about a million feet of soft wood in the lot. We next swing round into Cummington and down into



"PIGS IS PIGS"



SWIFT RIVER, CUMMINGTON

the hollow past the old Shaw place over a little bridge near a pretty little pond, and continue on toward Lithia. As we come to the state road, we will take a look back toward Swift River to the place where "the water seems to run up hill," and where there are so many fine water privileges. This was once a very busy little village with several mills but they are no longer in evidence.



DISTILLING SPRUCE OIL

the hills when the trolley has found its way up the river.

The old meeting house on the hill which was moved to Swift River and changed into a mill still stands to bear witness to former industry, but there is no sign of life within its walls. Our journey will soon be over. Just a short hour over Goshen hill where the breezes blow summer and winter, and we are at Williamsburg once more, where we must say farewell and separate to go our various ways. We trust that we will all meet again among

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To build up the Berkshires is the primary purpose of the Berkshire Street Railway.

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New Life, New Blood, New Industries

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The Berkshire Street Railway

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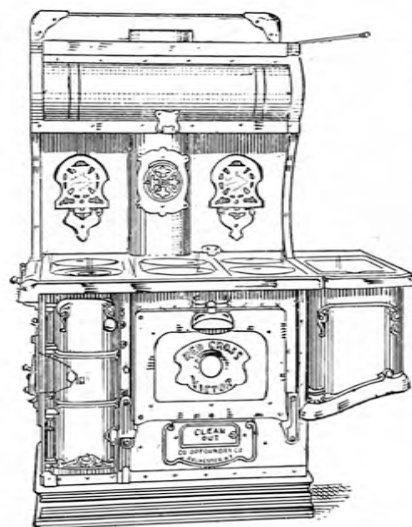
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