



THE

# CHRONICLE

## QUARTERLY

Volume 1 No. 4

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Published By The  
Weston Historical Society

It's been fun -

But...

### THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

We had some apprehensions when we started this newsletter. We knew it was needed to help Weston's residents become more aware of the history of this town and to make the Weston Historical Society more visible. Despite the delays in getting the Chronicle written, printed and out to the membership, we are pleased with the results and especially with your responses. We have enjoyed putting this quarterly newsletter together, BUT

We wish more of our town residents were receiving the Chronicle, which means that we need to expand our membership. This issue is being sent to each household in Weston in the hope that those who are not members of the Weston Historical Society will join. The dues are being raised (see article on page 2) but they are still a bargain. They are tax deductible, they help the Society in its activities and a membership will bring you four issues of the chronicle each year.

We would like every household to be members. If you are not a member of the Weston Historical Society, we invite you to join. Send your name and address and a check to Weston Historical Society, P.O. Box 1092, Weston CT 06883.

### ORAL HISTORIES

In the last issue, we mentioned the oral histories we have of longtime residents of Weston. We present the first one with this issue. This is the result of an interview with Mrs. Ann Corsa in 1973 when she was 85 year old.

**Have A Happy  
Holiday Season**

## CHRISTMAS IN WESTON

### Early 1900's

Remembering Christmases in Weston nearly sixty years ago brings back all the lovely aromas of Mother's molasses cakes filled with plump raisins baking for gifts, of her peanut butter fudge and our scramble to scrape out the pot and through it all the fragrance of cedars cut for out holidays.

A few days before Christmas, we and the hired man with his axe would go to the pasture on the hill. After examining every tree, we would finally agree on the cedar that was, to our eyes, bushier and more symmetrical than the others. The axe made the chips fall first on one side, then the other. There was a sharp snap as the tree toppled. We jumped aside, crying "timber".

On the afternoon of the last school day before Christmas, we would have a party at our one room school to which the parents and the small children still at home were invited. A tall cedar reached to the ceiling of the schoolroom. It was trimmed with the strings of popcorn and paper chains and colored ornaments that we had made. At the end of each branch was a small white candle in a holder. When the candles were lit, it was like something out of fairyland and the fragrance filled the room. We each laid our gift for the teacher under the tree. Any woman who taught a few years had enough boxes of handkerchiefs, writing paper and bottles of cologne to last the rest of her life!

Teacher would read something like "Twas the Night Before Christmas". Then there would be a jingling of bells out in the yard, a stamping of heavy boots and a deepened voice calling "Ho, ho, ho." A short, round Santa Claus in a red suit and white whiskers would burst in the door.

"Have you been good little boys and girls this year?"

"Yes," we all chorused, of course.

He reached in his sack and pulled out a gift for each of us. There were coloring books and crayons for the littl-

est ones, tops and marbles and balls for the boys; paper dolls to dress, doll dishes and sewing kits for the girls. The party ended with hot cocoa and Christmas cookies.

The Christmas party at the church was held late in the afternoon of the Sunday before Christmas. Here was the tallest cedar of all standing at one side of the pulpit glistening with ropes of tinsel and shiny ornaments. There were recitations, songs and little plays. Then Santa appeared again with a pack on his back. He called the name of each child and handed out small gifts. Then he reached under the tree and gave each of us a big peppermint candy cane and a box of hard candy.

Christmas Eve we all went to bed early with no urging. We tried to stay awake to hear the reindeer on the roof but before we knew it, we would open our eyes to see the faint light of dawn. We would tiptoe through the cold house after waking the others. We lit the kerosene lamp on the living room table. Sure enough, in the corner stood the tree we had carried home dazzling now with ropes of tinsel, colorful ornaments, and a star on the very top. Heaped underneath were white and red tissue covered packages in tantalizing shapes. We looked through the tags for those with our name on the tags. We tore off the red and gold cords and ripped open the paper in our haste. Our brother got jackknives, ice skates that screwed on his shoes, cast iron toys, popguns, wagons, and windup cars. We girls usually received dolls, doll dishes and clothes, doll carriages and jewelry.

*(continued on last page)*

## PICTURE QUIZ

Can you name this?



If you can name the item in the picture, send your answer and your name to the editor:

The Chronicle  
P.O. Box 1092  
Weston, CT 06883

The answer will appear in the next issue.

### LAST ISSUE QUIZ

The item in the last issue was a *Steelyard*, a form of scale in which the object to be weighed is suspended from the shorter arm of a lever and its weight found by moving a counterpoise (wgt) along the longer arm to produce equilibrium.

The following people knew that it was a scale:

Michael Thornburg  
Henry Barrelle  
Mrs. C. D. Smith

But the following two people also knew what it was called—a *steelyard*:

Ruth Lockwood  
Fred Hanford

Thanks to all those sending answers.

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## ANNUAL MEETING HELD

The annual meeting of the Weston Historical Society was held on October 27. In addition to electing five new trustees, a motion was made and passed to increase the dues. The trustees had reviewed the dues structure, which had not been revised for several years. They recommended an increase to help offset the increased expenses being incurred. The new dues structure as approved is presented below.

Class	Old Dues	New Dues
Student	\$1	\$1
Member	\$5	\$10
Sustaining	\$10	\$25
Contributing	\$25	\$100
Life	\$100	\$250
Senior Citizen	—	\$5

The new dues structure will become effective on January 1, 1983.

An interesting slide presentation on the Trolley car era in Connecticut was given by Jack Beers and George Baehn, both active with the Branford Trolley Museum. The Trolley car was invented and first used in Connecticut. The Branford Trolley Museum has many old trolleys which have been restored and are available for viewing and riding.

### NEW TRUSTEES

At the annual meeting held in October, the following people were elected to serve as trustees for a three year period ending in 1985; Doris Rickerich, Sally Lee, Lou Bregy, Barbara Van Suetendael and Marion Stoff.

### BUS TOUR OF WESTON

On November 20, your Society conducted a tour of Weston to view many old houses, mill sites and two churches. This tour is usually held in the spring, however, with the leaves on the trees, many interesting things are missed that can be seen when the leaves are down. We hope to have a slide presentation by next year showing the old houses, mills, etc. usually seen on the tour.

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS

We offer two Christmas gift ideas for you. The first is the book "Weston, the Forging of a Connecticut Town", available by mail for \$14.50 postpaid or at the Weston Library for \$13.50.

The second Christmas gift is a membership in the Weston Historical Society. With the membership comes a year with (4 issues) of the Chronicle, your quarterly newsletter. Please send any memberships to WHS, P.O. Box 1092, Weston CT 06883.

### PROGRAMS FOR 1983

We thought we would have a schedule of events to present to you covering activities planned for 1983. The delay in getting our barn renovation started will change some of our program plans for next year. However, we do plan to have the barn open more often and to have more programs during the year. We expect to have the renovation completed in the barn by Spring.

### NEXT ISSUE

- Barn Update
- Winter in Weston
- Picture Quiz
- Weston's Historical Notebook

# GENEALOGY: A HOBBY FOR EVERYONE

By Donald C. Bergquist

Nearly a century ago, a Victorian-era genealogist wrote, "It is natural for any person of common intelligence to desire to know something of his origin." The author enumerates three essential requisites one must possess when embarking on a search for his ancestral origins "a large stock of patience, a reasonable amount of leisure, and a cash capital sufficient to defray the expense of postage, stationery, express charges and various little et ceteras."

Except for significant increases in postage, the requisites for a genealogist remain essentially the same a century later.

Our nation's Bicentennial Era, combined with Alex Haley's best-seller, "Roots", gave a great impetus to the hobby of genealogy. And Haley's book made a further point, specifically that one's ancestors need not have come from England prior to 1630 to enable an American to participate in ancestor-collecting. Putting it another way, *everyone* has ancestors. If you're fortunate enough to trace all of them back ten generations, you'll find a grand total of 1024; that a *very* formidable task that will likely take more years than even the most avid genealogist has to spare. Let's look at a more realistic task: five generations. This will include your parents, your grandparents, great grandparents, great-great grandparents and great-great-great grandparents, a total of 32 persons. But where do you start?

We almost certainly know our parents, probably know our grandparents but our knowledge often gets a little fuzzier after that. Pause for a moment to realize that your great grandparents were only the grandparents of your parents; and they were the parents of *your* grandparent. Are there old family photograph albums, family letters, land records, newspaper clippings, etc. once belonging to your parents or grandparents which picture or name your great grandparents? FAMILY RECORDS are often our most valuable source of information about our forebears.

Even though the people who are our ancestors are no longer here, they possibly left a record of birth, marriage, death, etc. Starting in the latter half of the 1800's in the United States (exact date will vary) most states required communities to maintain records of these data. Thus, VITAL STATISTICS are another important source. They may even yield some surprises as was the case several years ago when I inspected the death certificate of my father's father (my grandfather) who was born in Sweden and died in Connecticut in 1947. I knew his surname had been changed from Gustavson to Bergquist but had no knowledge why he chose a name that most Americans perpetually misspell. Learning from his death certificate (with information provided by my uncle who died in 1970) that my

grandfather was born in the Swedish town of Bergstena, it was instantly clear to me that he was a branch (quist) of Bergstena, thus assumed the surname of Bergquist.

In addition to basic statistics found in our vital records, PROBATE RECORDS, LAND RECORDS, MILITARY RECORDS and other government documents are often invaluable sources of information about our ancestors.

Since ours isn't the first generation of "ancestor-collectors", don't overlook the wealth of information in PUBLISHED GENEALOGIES. If you're able to identify your grandfather, your great grandmother or whoever, and find, for example that the surname was Wolcott, you may find your entire lineage already traced for you in a Wolcott genealogy—or any one of thousands of other family genealogies that have been published over the past 150 years.

As you probe and explore various sources you'll gain more confidence in using them and begin to see how the various sources mesh together as I did one day at the Connecticut State Library in Hartford. Through a family Bible containing the names, birth and marriage dates of my great grandmother, her sisters, brothers, parents, etc. I realized her mother's maiden name (my great-great grandmother) was Adah Maria Stetson. Months later, with about 15 minutes to spare in the State Library I was browsing to see if there was possibly a Stetson genealogy. Finding such a book, I opened it almost immediately to the Stetson/Adams line, replete with an excellent photograph of my great-great grandmother (born 1807) and linking me instantly to our immigrant ancestor, Cornet Robert Stetson, first settler of the town of Norwell, Massachusetts. If I hadn't looked for a possible Stetson genealogy, I'd probably never have traced the line.

CHURCH RECORDS represent another excellent source of ancestor information. Churches were the focal point of community life prior to the record-keeping days of most American communities (and in most European communities, as well). Their records of baptisms, marriages and deaths, plus

the records that cemeteries represent are all of great value to the genealogist. Of course, one of the greatest sources for any genealogist are the records of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormons), encompassing data on 60 million people, Americans and 125 other nationalities.

There are many "How To" books on genealogy—most libraries have them. Use them as guides but use your intuition, too. I've found that many communities have someone who is that town's unofficial historian who may possibly be your best information source if you know where your ancestor once lived. TALK TO PEOPLE in that community—churches, historical societies, etc. There's a good chance that you'll find someone who "knows" your ancestors. These people may put you in touch with a family society bearing your ancestor's name—there are hundreds, probably thousands, of family societies but you won't find them listed in telephone books or their names on building directories—talk with people! Spread the word of your interest.

And last but not least, JOIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETIES. In Connecticut, we have the largest state genealogical organization in the country (Connecticut Society of Genealogists, P.O. Box 435, Glastonbury, Conn. 06033; write for information on membership). By membership queries, by talking to other members at meetings, you'll likely find someone who can help you. Genealogists are the most unselfish people I've ever met. Further, CSG will co-sponsor the largest conference on genealogy ever held in the northeast next July in Hartford (for information, write: Hartford '83, P.O. Box 758, Glastonbury, Conn. 06033), a 3-day conference with many of the nation's leading genealogists as speakers, tours, workshops. Come, learn, enjoy.

My good friend, Eben Keyes, writing in the November '78 issue of "Yankee" under the title of "Remaking The Family Tree" said, "genealogy is like spinach or sauna bathing—people are either fascinated or can't stand it." Try it, you'll like it!



# Weston's Historical Notebook

Last month we promised our readers that we would be bringing you some of the recorded oral histories in our files. Here is the first.

MRS. ANNA BANKS CORSA talking to Scott Hill on October 5, 1973. She was 85 years old and living at 240 Georgetown Road in Weston. She was probably the only person in this whole area who has a personal recollection of the Jarvis School, or Academy, as it was sometimes called.

The old house where I was born was built in 1830, the same year as the Norfield Church on the hill. Burr Coley was my grandfather and Elphalet Coley, my great grandfather, built the house, on the corner of Norfield and Weston Roads.

I'm about the only one living that remembers the Jarvis School. Of course I don't remember it, but I heard my mother tell about it because she lived there all her life. The school was across the road on the other corner. I still have one of their catalogues and my sister has more papers about the school. It was a boys' military academy, a private school, and one of the best, next to West Point in quality. Imagine! Mr. Jarvis had the best of teachers, some of them foreign. They taught music and ever so many different subjects. At one time he had 100 boys there. I think Mother said. They used to drill down the road. At one time they had Governor's Day. I think he was Governor Lounsbury. It was a very good school but there were some bad boys, like there are now. My grandmother and mother lived alone because my mother's father died when she was very young. They rented rooms upstairs to the students. The doors all had numbers on them. They also rented rooms to the boys in the house where my brother lives now. They didn't have enough room at the school to take care of them all. General Andrew Jarvis, the owner, lived in the big house on the corner where Peter Vetromile lives. The buildings were all connected to that except the Academy, the original school. That was separate. They didn't have much property, maybe three or four acres. It extended to the fence next to where John Lupton built his house. They had an immense barn and beautiful horses. They had a track down on the hill where that other house is now and that is where their bowling alley was. It was in a nice big building. They had a colored driver, Tom, who met the boys at the Norwalk railroad station. The cadets on Sunday all sat up in the balcony of the Norfield Church and sang in the choir.

I remember the buildings, they were two story and all except the Academy connected to the big house. I don't think they've built onto that but they tore the buildings down up to it. Some burned down. My brother and I used to go over there and play for years. We'd run up and down the long halls. On each side of the halls were rooms that were either dormitories or classrooms. Of course they had outside toilets.

Mr. Jarvis was very up-to-date considering the time he lived. He was a very smart man but he had an alcohol problem. They only had five or six boys left so they closed up for good in 1888. He'd lost everything. The bank foreclosed and took everything he had. I guess he walked out of Weston without a cent in his pocket. He married a Weston girl who lived where Charlie Brock does now. Her name was Buckley. Her father was a very distinguished old man. His name was Mathew Buckley. Maybe General Jarvis did some teaching over at that house. I think maybe that's the way he got started. They had four children, three girls and a boy. I was born on December 25, 1887 and was named Anna Louise after their daughter Louise.

The house across from the Norfield Church is an old house. Mother said the Waltons lived up there. I think it's older than our old house. As I remember it, the church didn't look any different then than it does now. The steeple fell down in 1905 or 6. I remember getting up in the morning and seeing it lying flat up there. I guess it was a windstorm but it was bad before. They just couldn't seem to get money to repair it—they were so poor. Hardly anybody went to church. It had a weathervane on the steeple. Oh, it was beautiful. They hired Irving Patchen's father, who was a carpenter, to fix it but he said he couldn't put the weathervane back. They should have saved it, though. And they took the numbers off the pews, which I feel badly about. Everybody sat in the same place all the time. They had what they called the Parish meeting. Only about seven came, just enough to have a meeting, because they held it in the daytime. They auctioned off the seats and my mother paid five dollars for the pew where Florence and I sit now. They raised money for the church that way. They only paid the minister \$800. a year. I don't know how he ever lived on it. They used to have what they called "helping the minister". They took farm produce like

potatoes and turnips and onions to help him eat during the winter. There's an old book that Willis had published about the church. The church owned a woodlot and they used to have bees to cut wood for the church. They had two wood stoves, one on each side. Near them it was so hot, you couldn't stand it but up near the pulpit you would shiver. Our feet would be so cold and wouldn't get warm until it was over. Like the schoolhouse out in the back. Naturally, we didn't get warm because the wood was all covered with ice and didn't thaw out until noontime. We used to suffer so much with chilblains.

My early schooling was in the little schoolhouse that is now the Banks Room in the Parish hall behind the church. I did substitute teaching but I didn't take a school. Willis taught there and my sister, Florence Banks, also. And Willis taught up here in the Upper Parish School that is still-standing on Godfrey Road. My three daughters went to school there. Natalie had graduated before the Hurlbutt School was built but Rita and Anne went to the new school. Seven or eight graduated. They had all the grades in one room. I don't know how they ever managed. You could go as long as you wanted to. If you wanted to go until you were 16, you could. Some of the boys used to help their fathers in the spring and fall. In the winter they would go to school when there wasn't any farm work to do. Nobody made them go to school if they didn't want to. They didn't expect to go on to high school. We went to take the examinations but as there was no transportation, we had no way to get there. A few did get to go to Westport.

I lived in the big old house with the small windows at the end of Cannondale Road for fifty years before building this smaller house down the road. It was a tavern before the Corsas bought it. People used to stop off there to water their horses on their way from Norwalk to Danbury. Everybody up here went to Norwalk by the Newtown Turnpike. Of course when I came up here there was no state road. I used to go to Georgetown shopping at the old Connelly's store. A man asked me how long it had been there, and I guessed ever since Georgetown started. He said to me, "You know, you live in the showplace of Weston." "I said, I do?". The new owners haven't change the lines. It had sixteen rooms. It is a beautiful Georgian with little eye-brow windows along the front. Years ago we didn't come up this way much, we went to Westport. To go away was a hard thing to do: we had to catch the horse, roll out the wagon and harness up. We just had workhorses in those days but my husband had a very fast horse when he first came here, Belle, and he used to drive her. She was a trotter but he never put her on the track, just used her on the wagon. People used to come up the Turnpike then on this road and used it as the main road to Danbury. When I came up here, my husband had a car but there weren't many cars owned. He also had horses and oxen. People were always coming and asking him to pull them out, they were stuck. The Grange got good roads. The Grange is one of the best organizations that ever was. They got us out of the mud and they got the rural free delivery, too. That was the only place we had to go, the Grange. My folks were very strict and wouldn't let us sew or play games on Sunday. We had what we called the Christian Endeavor in the Congregational Church. We met every Sunday evening and different ones would take part. At one time there was an improvement society, also. When the Norfield Grange was first organized, we met in the Jarvis School. After that burned down, we went up to the Town Hall and met there, and that burned down around 1951. We went over to Lyons Plains and met in Faile Hall until some of the men built our own hall out of an old barn they moved onto the present site.

George Adams owned the Scribner property that the town bought. It was left to them for taking care of his sister, Lizzie Adams, for 17 years. She was confined to a wheelchair and they really earned all they got. They were no relation—just friends. Mrs. Scribner once lived in Helen Boylston's place, adjoining the Scribner property. My father built that place. He did carpentry as well as farming. My brother was a building contractor after he got married. At one time he was on the Board of Education. He was tax collector and assessor for years and years. He would go around and put notices on the sign posts about registering voters and the taxes. I don't know what our taxes were years ago. My mother-in-law and father-in-law, the Charles Corsas, bought that beautiful house up there and one hundred acres of land for four thousand five hundred dollars. The lady who owned

it just wanted to sell it and move out. The Corsas came from New York City originally. They lived in Pound Ridge where they had a farm but they wanted more room and more land as they were in the milk business. They had been in the dairy business in Mt. Vernon before that. Imagine, farming in Mt. Vernon, New York! My husband Lin (Linsley) came over here to visit a friend and saw the "For Sale" sign. He went back and told his father and mother and they bought it in the fall of 1905. My husband was in the milk business. At one time we had 35 cows up here. We sold milk to a man in Norwalk for seventeen years. I think it was used locally. Lin had a milking machine and a cooler. He had to have them. His dairy was inspected every so often. He took the milk cans on a Dodge truck every morning to Cannondale where a big truck from the dairy picked it up. We were only two miles from Cannondale and two miles from Georgetown. Of course he sold out when he went in the school bus business, which was the best thing he ever did because he made more money on the buses. He had only one bus at first, then after a while he got another. He had the money to buy his buses. One or two other in the beginning had to borrow the money for their buses and went into bankruptcy, I guess. He was to drive the bus the morning he died. He never was too well but he never had an attack until the one when he died. He had what they call undulant fever and it leaves the heart weak. He never was too strong. He always had a hired man to help with the cattle. He was 74 when he died in 1954. He planned to go out of the business and retire the following year in June, when the term ended.

The Snaith property across the road was owned by Orlando Andrews. They were related to the Lockwoods. Everybody in Weston was related to the Lockwoods. Ruth Lockwood is a descendant and lives on Georgetown Road. Ethel Perry was a Lockwood. The Waterburys and Bennetts are related to the Lockwoods also. The Lockwoods were here among the early settlers. Harry Lockwood owned Lawrence Langner's house on Langner Lane. The Lockwoods all settled in different places. There was a big family of them. There was one in Easton and even one who lived over in Pound Ridge. They didn't have a deed from a king or anything like that I know of.

Everybody farmed, that's all we did. My father raised more onions than anybody else in town. He came from Fairfield where that was the chief occupation. He raised onion seed that was known for miles around—Southport Globe Onion Seed. If you get any of that, you get good onion seed. My father raised a lot of it. It was quite a process to go through to get it ready to sell. They cut the tops off and put them in a big washtub full of water and the blossom-like tops would rise to the top and the seed would fall on the bottom. Then they drained that water off and dried the seed. He sold it to a seedman in Milford. He used to take the onions to Saugatuck in barrels. He'd take five big barrels in his wagon that was pulled by one horse and ship them to New York on the boat. My brother worked with his father.

Lawrence Langner was famous in the theater world. He opened the Country Playhouse. It was quite a few years ago that they came here, the 1920's or thereabouts. There are several summer theaters around here now, but that was the first one. They entertained actresses and actors all the time. Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner organized the Theater Guild in New York so they were very important in the history of the theater.

It was a hard life in the old days. When people say the good old days, I say they were the hard days because there were no conveniences, at least I didn't have any for quite a while. They had telephones but that is all they had. Electricity came to this area in the 30's sometime, I guess. They had it down at Norfield sooner. The state road went through here in '31, at the time they were bulding the consolidated school on Weston Road.

The Carey house on Godfrey Road is very old. Randolph Weed ived there. He was one of the first ones to come up from New York. His daughter married Robert Fuller. That was the old Turney place. An old lady lived there alone. It's up a long lane, you can't see it too well from the road. Another house that's very old is where the Leon Lachats live. That was the old Fitch place, relatives of Ray Fitch. Jim Daniels lives in the house where Ray Fitch was born. That's a terribly old house where Grace Robinson lives. She was a very smart woman, she was editor of the New York Times, I think. The church was talking about buying her land one time but she wanted too much money, I guess. There's a toll gate still standing there. I think she uses it for a garage. I don't know how they handled the toll gate. I guess you had to pay so much to get through. I never heard how much they paid.

About Edith Fanton's mother and father, I heard about the Bradley Axe Factory. That was about the last place of business in Weston. I remember hearing about how it burned down. My mother used to get up in the morning and say "I can hear the trip hammers over at the Bradley Axe Factory." That was a sign it was going to storm as the sound carried before a storm. It's at least three miles away.

At my old home, we raised our own cattle for milk and had to drive them almost a mile to pasture, night and morning. Before we had water out in the barn, we had to drive them to a brook. We finally dug a cistern out back of the old onion barn. The original barn my father built in 1889. The Gjureskos bought it and moved it over to the other side of town. It's back of Steve Gjuresko's now. I remember when he built an addition on the barn for the wagons and horses and things. They had what they called a bee—the neighbors came in and helped put up the frame—like a house raising. The onion barn was built soon after the main barn.

I'm the oldest of the Banks family, my brother is in the middle, then Florence. My father (Fred Banks) came from Fairfield on Cross Highway, near Greenfield Hill, not far from the dogwoods. There were several Coley families. We're related to James Coley, but not David Coley who works on the road.

Gilbert and Bennett started making wire sieves for women to use in their homes up there near where Nat Greenberg lives now. They moved over into Georgetown on the Norwalk River. You can't imagine how that's grown there, they've added so many buildings. It's still called the Gilbert and Bennett Wire Mill. They make wire netting and wire for fencing and screens. Quite a lot of people from Weston used to work up there, not so many now, they go to New York, but a lot come down from Danbury. Anson Keene still works up there. His father, Charles Keene, peddled the mail, as we called it. Harry Keene, Charlie Keene's brother, was very good at laying up stone walls. He lived in Westport. He died of a heart attack in the early 1960's in Dr. Bush's house, my old home.

## CHRISTMAS IN WESTON

*(continued from page one)*

We all got clothes, games and books. Hanging along the mantel behind the parlor stove were our stockings lumpy with popcorn balls, bags of fudge, playing cards and small toys. A peppermint candy cane hung over the top and in the toe of each one was a shiny coin. We were too excited to eat much breakfast but by the time the midday dinner was on the table, we were ravenous. We left everything under the tree until our

grandmother could get down to see what Santa had brought us. After New Years we helped take down the pretty ornaments and packed them away for another year and the poor tree was taken out to the brush pile to be burned. I don't think it ever occurred to us to wonder why Santa trimmed the tree but we had to take it down.



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QUARTERLY

A PUBLICATION OF THE WESTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
FOUNDED IN 1961

OCTOBER 1982

**THE CHRONICLE  
QUARTERLY  
P.O. BOX 1092  
WESTON, CT. 06883**

## HIGHLIGHTS

- Genealogy
- Weston Historical Notebook
- Christmas in Weston
- Annual Meeting
- Presidents Corner
- Picture Quiz