



THE

# CHRONICLE

QUARTERLY

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THE  
EDITOR'S  
EDGE

## FOR THOSE WHO FOLLOW

Weston is a community of homes and open land. It has always been so, even though the early residents had more land with their homes, because they were farmers. The limited industry that was in Weston could not have classified Weston as an industrial town. As the farmland is sold off to provide acreage for the homes that most of us live in, we lose much of the open space we enjoyed. This will continue until all the available land has houses on it. Unless — we act to preserve some of the land for all the residents of Weston. Let's not be too quick to say no to the opportunity to acquire available land for Weston to be used for all of us. As told elsewhere in this issue "Think not forever of yourselves, nor of your own generation. Think of continuing generations of our families, think of our grandchildren and of those yet unborn —."

Herb Day - Editor

## WESTON'S HISTORICAL NOTEBOOK WESTON'S BEGINNINGS 1865 - 1970

In the late 1800s as the industrial revolution geared up and farming of the fertile soil of the midwest became a reality, Weston struggled to keep some semblance of its own industrial revolution. The business of the Civil War era found them struggling to compete with the lower prices in the market from southern and western manufacturers. After the turn of the century, most residents turned back to farming or moved out of town. The population fell below 600 and even the post office department decided to close the last post office in Weston (in 1901).

The first quarter of this century was fairly quiet in Weston. With poor roads to the coast (actually, to anywhere), Weston's residents were pretty much out of the main stream of America. Things that were commonplace in Fairfield and Norwalk eventually reached the people of Weston. With no post office, almost no industry, and very small stores (if any) providing only bare essentials, Westonites had to make the long (12 hours if the weather was good) trip to Fairfield to sell any goods or to buy supplies. Eventually, in 1937, Weston Road was paved, and the Merritt Parkway completed the next year. A few New York artists, writers, critics and radio personalities had moved up here to escape to the quiet of the woods. When the roads became a reality, more and more of the 'art' world came as friends told friends about the great rural life in Weston (for those with money). Soon business people moved here as the rail service and roads improved.

More people meant more growth problems — crowded schools, increased fire protection was needed, general town administration and road improvement — always the roads. The Norfield Grange, usually the spark behind town improvements, proved the main impetus to getting the roads improved. The selectmen issued bonds to pay for the improvements. There was some friction between the newcomers and the decedents of the original settlers. This probably became most visual during the fight to prevent Bridgeport Hydraulic Company from building the Saugatuck Reservoir and Dam. When the dam had been built, the town turned to other things. World War II was upon us and all hands turned to helping the war effort. When the boys and girls came home in the mid-forties, they found a town crying for services. Weston needed a post office and the things that a few stores could provide. These came in the early 50s when the present center was built. Almost as if a flare had been set off, new families began to head to Weston to make their new homes.

The population grew from 1000 plus in 1940, to about 2000 in 1950, and by 1970 it was close to 7500.

The old families who had managed to hang on and stay in town through the slow times saw improvements in their status, especially as they were able to sell off some of the family farm for housing. Weston reached the 1980s equal to the rest of the world, and maybe ahead of it. Will it stay equal? What will the next 100 years bring to Weston? We will try to explore this in the next issue. We encourage you to write us with your ideas on what Weston will be like 50 and 100 years from now.



# 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 Quarterly  
P.O. Box 1092  
Weston, CT 06883

The picture in the last Chronicle is an old gas pump. This Texaco pump is located on the Coley Homestead next to the Carriage House and garage. We do not know how long it has been here, but it certainly does not date much before the 1930s. We had no replies but I guess we did not expect any since everybody knew what it was. This pump is not in service.

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## STONYBROOK AT 60

Stonybrook celebrates its 60th Anniversary this year. It began as a special place. It was a fraternity of families — many were New York professionals — who spent their summers living in snug little cottages along the Aspetuck River in Weston. Stonybrook Colony was an escape from the city's fast pace and, equally important, secluded from Fairfield County's snobbishness.

In 1927, Pauline Royce Rosen, a New York City dweller, was looking for a country retreat to spend the summer. She bought an old house and some land, known as the Kabaji Farm. She had a colonial builder restore the 1700s house by uncovering hand-hewn beams and a lovely stone fireplace. Because she had summer visitors from New York City, word spread about the woodsy retreat in Connecticut. She decided to build seven wooden bungalows and rent them furnished. When money became tight in the 1930s, they decided to sell them to the renters.

Today, it is still a summer and weekend haven, but some of the 43 families who own homes here now live in Stonybrook year round. The original settlers were middle-class people whose dream was a summer house in the country. These people were in their 20s and 30s and had young children. They were intellectual, liberals. They had a school committee which headed play groups, which became summer day camps using the Best Bank Street School progressive techniques. Teachers were hired as counselors.

The colony's concerns were seasonal, and many of the association's meetings in winter were held in New York City, discussing the needs for the next summer. Because Stonybrook is now almost a year round living for most of the members, the concerns are more costly, as they are for the Town of Weston. Stonybrook went from tight-knit, communal comfort of the 1940s to today's more eclectic private group of home owners.

We are happy to add this little bit of history of Weston to The Chronicle's historical stories.

## ERRATA

We have made a few errors in previous issues, but the last issue contained two serious mistakes that we wish to correct now. The first was the volume number. This is **Volume 6**, not **5**, as printed in the last issue. If you are keeping The Chronicles, please make this change on your copy.

The other mistake is the list of trustees of the Society. The list is a year old and should be as given in this issue. These mistakes were made by the printer, but we will accept the blame since our copy approval procedures could have been better, and will be with this and future issues.

## NEXT ISSUE

PICTURES AND MORE PICTURES  
WESTON'S BEGINNINGS — ACTUALLY  
WESTON — 100 YEARS FROM NOW  
PICTURE QUIZ  
CURRENT EVENTS  
ANNUAL MEETING HELD



# CURRENT EVENTS

## THE POST OFFICE UPDATE

The Post Office and barn will be worked on this fall. The barn needs a new roof and siding, and the Post Office new window frames, sills, glass, and the siding on two sides will be replaced. We also have to have an electric line run into the Post Office. Shelves will be rebuilt to hold items that would have been found in the Old Store. The Post Office has been open two Sundays a month during the summer and will be open in September and maybe in October, depending on the weather. We still have some of the rear Post Office boxes available for sale (you can't take it with you). If interested, contact Mrs. Linda Martin (226-2656).

## THE COLEY HOMESTEAD

Work is progressing on the redecorating of the downstairs rooms by the Young Women's Club of Weston. There will be a gala opening and reception to show everybody the results. This will be held in December, so please put a reminder on your calendar. The date will be announced in the local papers.

We just completed putting a new oil burner and boiler in the Coley house. This will greatly increase the efficiency of our heating system, which was poor with the old burner we had before.

We have also had the barn repainted and some of the rotten boards replaced. The out buildings were also repainted.

The Barn Museum was open on Sunday afternoons in July, August, and September. Attendance was good and we expect that as we stay open more next year, we will see more people coming to see our exhibits. We plan to rearrange some exhibits for better understanding and viewing. Come see the Museum next year.

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## SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CONSTITUTION

This year, so much is being written about The U.S. Constitution and it's beginnings, that it is difficult to present any new thoughts on the subject, although many people will try. And yet, many Americans, when asked their thoughts about this great document, say "Hey, man, it's great, we need it", and then they change the subject.

All Americans feel the effect of The Constitution on their lives mostly thru the first 10 Amendments: The Bill of Rights. The original body of The Constitution, The 7 Articles, regulate their lives thru the government and its laws. Probably the most important Article was (is) the last one. The fact that The Constitution had to be ratified **by the people** of nine states. Of course this was not done by individual ballot sent to all the people, but by representatives of the people, meeting in convention in each state.

But what about the beginnings. Where did the ideas come from and who presented them at the convention in Philadelphia? Many of these young delegates (Franklin and Washington excepted) had studied not only law, but the governments of European countries spanning hundreds of years. Many of these governments had 'constitutions' which professed to acknowledge the rights of its citizens and achieved the basic concepts of a democracy.

The best ideas of history were brought to Philadelphia. They were combined with the solid thinking of these 50 plus men. Even though only a handful of the delegates had anything to say, they all listened and made decisions as evidenced by the voting on each singular item. Some did not agree with the majority and left for home, only to return and participate again. As one delegate wrote to another who had temporarily left 'Since you left us, we have progressed obliquely and retrograded directly, so that we stand on the same spot you left us!' Ben Franklin, in his closing plea to all the delegates to sign (and fully aware that no one would be wholly satisfied with all the provisions of the document) stated that each man should be prepared to 'doubt a little of his own infallibility' and make manifest our unanimity by putting his name to this instrument.

The fact that most did sign and the states did ratify, is proof that the seeds of liberty and justice, begun centuries ago and nurtured by a revolution and a few dozen intelligent men could blossom forth in a document that has withstood the test of time and is the envy of the world.

Our little state had three delegates to the Federal Constitutional Convention: Roger Sherman, Oliver Ellsworth, and William Samuel Johnson. Ellsworth did not sign The Constitution (he was not present), but Johnson and Sherman did sign. In fact, Sherman was the only colonial statesman to sign all three documents: The Declaration of Independence, The Articles of Confederation, and The Constitution.

It behooves all of us (as it did the framers of The Constitution) to remember the words of the founder of the Six Nation Iroquois Confederacy: the **peacemaker**, when he said 'Think not forever of yourselves, O Chiefs, nor of your own generation. Think of continuing generations of our families, think of our grandchildren and of those yet unborn — when you make laws that affect our lives and can affect the lives of those who come after us.'

Weston's Constitutional Celebration Committee and the Weston Historical Society sponsored a meeting on September 22, to hear Dr. Tom Farnham and Alden Sherman talk about Roger Sherman and Connecticut's role in the writing of The Constitution. Dr. Farnham is an old friend of the people of Weston, having been the author of the history of Weston: **Weston, The Forging of a Connecticut Town**. Alden Sherman, who is a resident of Weston, is a decendent of Roger Sherman. We hope you attended this interesting meeting.



Of all the oral tapes and transcriptions we have in our files, this one of Mrs. Lillian Squires Morton talking to Hamilton Basso on March 24, 1956 is the most informative regarding life in Weston at the turn of the century and the first quarter of the 1900 s. Mrs. Morton was 72 years old when this tape was made. She had lived in Weston all her life.

I was born on East Godfrey Road in the house where my brother, Levi Squires, now lives. I have a captain's chest that my Merwin ancestors brought over from Wales 20 years after the Mayflower came over.

I went to the Upper Parish School on Godfrey Road. Wood Cowan bought it for a house (47 Godfrey Road West). It's just down the hill from his house at No. 18. It was a wooden one room school house. We had to walk about three miles. We had both men and lady teachers. We had a man, Ruf Fitch, for a good many years. His sister, Annie Fitch, was my first school teacher. There were 25 or 30 children of all sizes and ages. Some were bigger than the teacher! The teacher had a good big desk in front with a big blackboard behind it. They had a huge wood stove — a box stove. There was a long bench on that side, one on this side, and one in the back for the little ones. They had to sit on those benches all day long. Once in awhile one would tip over asleep and they'd put a coat under its head until it woke up and sat up blinking. They started when they were five and a half or six years old. Their parents had taught them how to count up to 10 or 15 and their alphabets before they went to school. Some of them went through the spelling book into the dictionary and they'd spell from the dictionary. They'd go through the history until they couldn't go any further. There were some that were pretty good in arithmetic and some that weren't so good. They used to have a spelling, those in the same age group. One girl could always outspell everybody else. The bigger children sat at desks. We didn't have graduation — just got through school. The older children helped their parents on the farm in the fall. When there was no work on the farm, then they'd go to school for the winter.

I liked to go to school but we couldn't go very much because there were such terrible snows in the winter and if they didn't break the roads out, we couldn't get through. When the roads did get broken out so we could go, then another snow would come along. Winters in those days were much longer and more severe.

The biggest snow I remember was the blizzard of 1888. That was a terrible snow. It blew and snowed for three days I think. It crusted over and snowed more on top of that. At home we had a little porch that had a window opening on it. It blew that full of snow so we couldn't see out the window. It was just packed full. Levi was a baby and, of course, Mother had to wash so she shoveled up the window and filled a washboiler with snow and put it on the stove. We kids used to sit there and watch

the snow go down in the boiler as it melted. Then she'd put more in and that's the way she got her water to wash. Nobody could go out and nobody could go in. To get to the well, we would have had to go out the back door and dig all around. Over there, up the hill from Mrs. Shethar's (190 Godfrey Road East), the snow was right up in the maple trees. It must have drifted 20 feet deep there. When they started shoveling the road, I can remember seeing the men up on those maple limbs shoveling the snow. It wasn't so bad by the back door. My father was able to shovel out to the barn in a couple of days. The cattle were all right, only thirsty.

I guess they were a week getting down to the main road. Nobody could get to the store or post office. Somebody finally got through with a sled and oxen and brought up the mail. Then I remember Father having the paper. He read and read about the snow. He'd read out loud to Mother. He always did that. She'd be sewing or something, and he'd be reading the paper to her. And that's the way it went on.

Sam Smith died during the snow and they had to keep him three weeks. Bennett Johnson, he was another neighbor over there, said he would make a casket for him because they couldn't get the undertaker up from Westport. His daughter said, no, she wasn't going to have her father buried like a pauper. They kept him a little while longer then he made the casket and took him on the ox sled to the cemetery and buried him.

Mother used to vaccinate us from the cow for smallpox. When a cow had what they called cowpox, she'd wait until the scab was just right and saved it. She'd take a needle and scratched it in our arms. Sometimes it worked, but sometimes it didn't. They used to do it that way in England in the old days and lots of English came over here and probably brought it with them. One time the cow had a good scab. She took it off, laid it on the stonework in the barn, and kept on milking. The cow switched it with her tail and she could never find it. She had planned to use it to vaccinate me so I never got vaccinated, never at all.

We did most of our shopping at John Gregory's, the rest in Norwalk. Gregory's was just above Cobb's Mill, the one that is still standing there that used to be the post office and grocery store. His son ran one up on Godfrey Street. It was small and I guess it closed.

In those days most people grew their food except for a few things like coffee and sugar. People did all their own baking. They grew rye, so they'd have rye bread. They had milk for butter and cheese.

You couldn't buy any clothes then, not at those stores. You had to go to Norwalk. At that time there weren't any clothing stores in Westport. When we wanted a fur coat, we'd speak to the butcher, Fred Bennett in Wilton, and ask him to save eight calves' skins that had about the same length of hair on them. He peddled meat and bought calves and butchered them. When he had enough, he would send the skins to Freebe and Crosby



in New Jersey somewhere along with the measurements and when they got to it, they sent the coat back all ready to put on. It cost \$25 and was a nice calfskin coat when it was done. It would last 10 or 12 years. But the hair used to wear off on the back where you sit and rubbed off on the back of the seat, that was the worst of it. On the sleeves, the lower inside of the arms wore off. Men wore these too. And they'd make a pair of gloves for two dollars out of calf skins.

There was a lot of farms around in the old days. And they did a lot of plowing. They used to plow with oxen. Stony! They'd plow around the stones and plant. The rows weren't always straight, they got the seed in where they could. For market they primarily raised potatoes. They raised corn and rye. Rye was the big crop. And oats. Where they had horses, they raised oats. They used to cut them and feed them green. Most of the stuff they used to feed their stock and their families. They used lots of the small turnips for feeding their sheep. They loved them. All the tops they kept in a big pile on the barn floors so as to feed them out to the sheep in the winter too.

The potatoes had potato bugs and the apple trees had apple tree worms, they called them caterpillars. They didn't have corn borers or bean beetles. Wild animals didn't hinder much because everything was fenced with stone walls and wire and wooden fences to keep the livestock in. The countryside is more wooded and wilder now. They'd have a big piece of woods. They'd be very careful of that because the rest of the land was either in cultivation or in pasture. They used to keep a lot of pasture for the young stock. When we came here, in back of my lot was all clear. Hawleys kept their cow and horse in there. There wasn't a weed. They kept it eaten right down. My husband owned those flat fields at one time. He used to mow those upper lots. There were no bushes or anything on them. I went up to what they called the East Meadow a couple of years ago and it was all grown up. You wouldn't believe it would go that fast. They used to keep lots of sheep. They ate all that brush and stuff and that kept it down, but they're gone now and the brush is growing. They cut all the hay for the stock in the winter. They saved all the cornstalks and made great big stacks. When they turned the cattle out on winter days, they'd strew the stalks around for them to nibble on, to keep them busy through the day.

There was a good deal of game in those days. They used to go fox hunting in the winter a lot, raccooning in the fall and way into spring until the hair began to shed. They'd catch skunks, sometimes mink and muskrats. The muskrats built mud houses in the swamps. They sold the skins.

They used to trap with a figure 4. They whittled sticks and notched them so they set together like a figure 4. They'd place a big flat stone so when something jiggled the bait, it would come crashing down on them. They didn't use steel traps so much as these figure 4's (dead-

falls). For rabbits, they baited them with sweet apples. There were few deer. I think it was 30 years ago that I saw the first one. It was a rare thing to see a deer. Up in the lots there where he had potatoes and sweet corn, once in awhile you'd see one. Oh, mercy, you'd seen something. They've gotten more plentiful all the time, though I haven't seen any this winter.

The reservoir made the biggest change in Weston. Where the dam and reservoir are now, that was the village of Valley Forge. There was this Cogswell who had a sawmill, an upright sawmill that went up and down. He used to saw logs for local people. If you had some logs you wanted sawed into boards, you drew them there with horses or oxen and he sawed them into lumber. It was on the river and ran by waterpower, there was a big dam there on the Saugatuck River. On the other side of the river, on the left side, Franklin Buckley had a foundry where they made slugs for hats. They were delivered with a pair of horses to Danbury. Slugs were pieces of iron used in manufacturing hats. He used to farm some. Henry Wheeler, he was across the river, used to make some, not many and he made plows and plowshares and welded. If you wanted a piece of iron welded, you took it there and he welded it. They had molders to weld this iron. They'd do that with sand and scrap iron. They used to buy the scrap iron then they melted it and poured it into whatever molds they wanted. Across the road was a blacksmith shop. Henry Wheeler hired a blacksmith. You went there and got your horses shod or wagon work done, or whatever else you wanted done.

They'd run according to the water they had. They'd have a full dam of water in the morning and they'd start up their machinery. When the water ran out, they'd have to stop. This was around noon or a little after according to how fast they ran the machines, I suppose. Because of the spring thaws, business was usually good in the spring but in the summer when the water got real low, they'd have to shut down. Then they farmed.

A lot of folks lived in there. There was old Dr. Gorham, he was the first one then there was Martin Rowland and William Osborn and Bradley Hull and Franklin Buckley and Ed Gould and William Sanford and Henry Wheeler and Tom Bennett and Gene Beers and Austin Wheeler and no more until you got down to our house.

The school was across the bridge over the other side of the foundry. I never went there but they said that at one time there was 60 children through Egypt. They came from the Easton Road over. And only one teacher, remember! Egypt ran from where Godfrey Road is now over to the Blackrock Turnpike. After you went beyond the Forge, then you got to Egypt. Some of the houses in there fell down, some they tore down.

Going on down the river from the Forge, Platt Keeler used to run a turning mill and a cider mill. He turned wagon hubs, hammer handles, axe handles and spokes and all that right where our place is. Down where the stonework is was a grist mill formerly run by Peter

*(continued on page 6)*



(continued from page 5)

Gould. Stephen Godfrey bought him out and he ran it for awhile, but it needed a lot of repairing so he just let it go. Then there was the hoe shop down in front of Ettingers' where they made hoes for the south. They said they were bigger than what we had. They made the hoe heads. Down where Miss Breitweiser lives (1 Kellogg Hill) was a blacksmith shop that was run by Tom Merwin and Aaron Banks where that big pine tree used to set in there, across from the Mansbridges'. Then you went down to the button shop run by Morris Salmons. James Smith had the first and only steam sawmill right below it beside the road, just a little above where Clarence Smith lives (227 Lyons Plains). He ran it for years. That was a great thing when that got set up. Before they'd had the up and down saws that ran by water power. There wasn't any more until you got to Bradley's Axe Factory, then David Coley's where they made flatirons. That was all the manufacturing on this street. It was a pretty busy place.

My husband used to make charcoal. He took a horse and a scrape and dug out the bottom, piling the dirt all around the sides. It was a place bigger than this room. Then he drove in four sticks or stakes and a big long one in the center. Something like an Indian teepee, with one in the middle and four going off at angles on four different sides. Then he'd start setting the wood up around these four so it'd all come even all around. Then he'd start the next tier right on top until they had four tiers, four layers of wood around this central structure. Then it hooked over and they fired it from the top. They had to have a ladder to take up paper and kindlings to light it. Then they covered it with hay, old bedding hay they used to get out of the swamps and save in haystacks to cover the coalpit. Then they shoveled dirt all over it tight. At the bottom, every eight feet they had a vent. They'd put down a big stone and put a stick of wood from one stone to another all the way around and left them open as they wanted. If the wind was on one side, they closed that up and opened on the other side. Once it got to burning, you couldn't put it out. In a day or so, they went around it to see if there were any soft places. If they found one, they had to open that up and put more fine wood in there so it wouldn't settle. It might be there'd be some wood that would burn faster than the other, then they'd feed it from there, to keep it burning evenly all around. Sometimes it took ten days, sometimes two weeks, according to the weather. If it was heavy, stormy weather, it wouldn't burn so fast and if the wind blew, it fanned it and it burned more. Where the stones were, they put hoops around the bottom — eight foot split sticks that held the dirt up and gave a vent in another way. As it burned, the whole thing would gradually settle. When it was all down, they had to shovel off the dirt with rakes that had six or seven long teeth in the head, then they'd have to stop and put out the fire. You'd have to watch it for 12 or 14 hours after you got it drawn out because if you didn't, it would sometimes

catch fire again and burn up all the charcoal. Sometimes they'd blow up and blow the wood out. If you didn't work fast and shovel the dirt on it, it'd burn right up just like a bonfire. You had to get it shut in quick. A lot of gas forms and whish —

There was a watchmaker, Mr. Cortly, down in Westport right in the corner where the bank is, who wanted him to burn just willow. He said he wanted it to melt gold with and that was the only kind of charcoal that would take it, it took it better than any other kind. He could melt the gold and put it on the charcoal and use it as he wanted as it wouldn't run down through the willow like it would on other charcoal.

Mr. Morton sold most of his charcoal in Bridgeport to the Bronze Medical and Oxidize Company. It was way down on Farnestin Avenue. He used to haul it over there with horses and a wagon. He made a good deal. Sometimes they'd use 50 bushels a day and he'd be worked almost to death for awhile, then they'd ease up. It went according to the castings they had. They used to cast bronze and metal for ship building during the First World War. He thought he couldn't do it because they used so much. If they got a casting that wasn't right, it didn't come out right, they'd take it out in the yard. Sometimes they used 50 bushels to melt it. That used up the charcoal fast.

Mark Twain used to drive by lots of times. He had long white hair that came down to his shoulders and rolled up in back to the great big hat he wore. Frequently he came down driving a horse and sleigh. Once he turned over somewhere down the road. His intended son-in-law to be with a long foreign name was with him in the sleigh. I didn't see that.

The first automobile went through 56 years ago. My aunt and I were driving down to Lyons Plains with a horse and wagon. We met this car right in front of the house. I was scared for I thought the horse would raise Cain but he didn't seem to notice it after it got across there.

In the old days people spoke of "young winter, old winter, a hard winter, an old fashioned winter" and the like of that. They didn't have radios and televisions then but they'd have parties and go to dances and have a grand time. Or they'd play checkers and dominoes and they'd pop corn and have sweet cider and apples. Father raised a lot of popcorn. We'd pop some at night, and how'd we eat!

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### ANNUAL MEETING

Your Society's Annual Meeting will be held during the first part of November. There will be election of trustees and a review of the years activities. A speaker is planned for the evening.



## 50 YEARS (OR SO) AGO DECEMBER 25, 1916

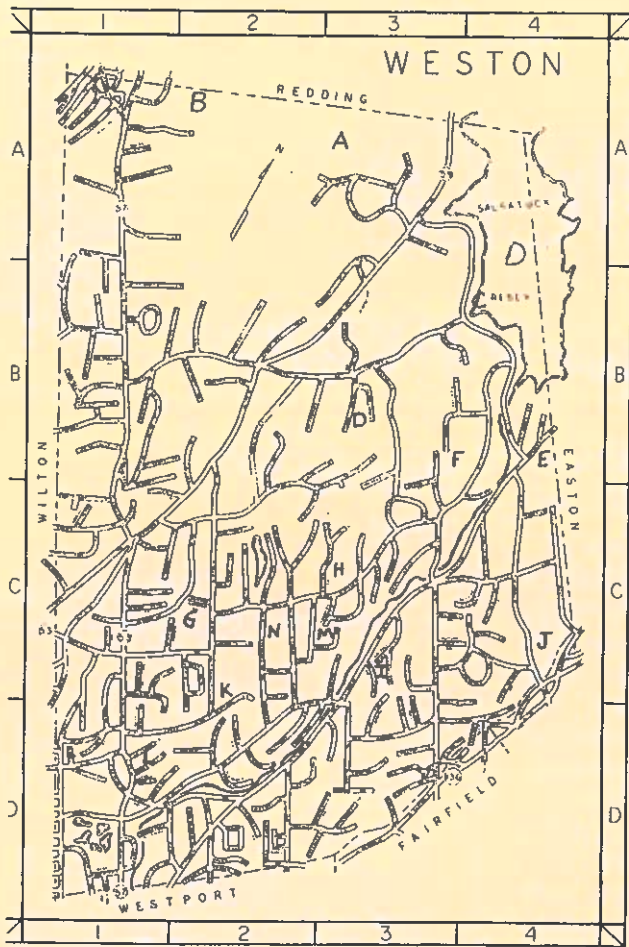
### Friends Congratulate Weston Couple Who Observe 60th Wedding Anniversary

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Fanton of Weston are still congratulating the couple on the celebration of their 60th Wedding Anniversary which was held Christmas at their home. Golden weddings are unusual events, but it is rarely that a couple lives to celebrate 60 years of happy wedded life. Mr. Fanton has reached the ripe old age of 82 years and Mrs. Fanton is 76 years of age. Both are hale and hearty and bid fair to live to celebrate their Diamond Wedding Anniversary 15 years hence.

Four children blessed their union and there are four grand-children, and no deaths occurred to mar the happiness of the couple. During the celebration, none appeared to enjoy the many features more than the celebrants themselves who joined in the fun with a vim that would have done credit to many much younger than the old folk.

Only a few of the persons who attended the wedding ceremony are now living. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Treadwell of Tashua who were married about one year after Mr. and Mrs. Fanton. Mrs. Minot Tuttle, Mrs. Mary E. Foster, a cousin of Mr. Fanton, and Horace S. Fanton, aged 84, a brother to Mr. Fanton, who is still living and visited the happy couple on Christmas Day and joined in the festivities.

I wish we could have reproduced the picture that went with this article. It showed Mr. and Mrs. Fanton with two of their children. It was too faded. This article was sent to us, via Ruth Lockwood, from Shirley Bulkley Meeker, who's grandmother Bulkley's sister married a Fanton. It was found in the attic of Clara Bradley Bulkley.



### HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW WESTON?

We had one response to our question in the last Chronicle. Mrs. Isabel Steidinger named some of the locations correctly. The rest of our readers were busy pursuing their summer activities. No matter, we herewith present the locations of these secret places in our town. You should realize that what was called a meadow or an orchard is now probably someone's front yard, back yard, or whatever. Refer to the letter on the map.

- A. Great Ledge — Devils Den
- B. Barnams Hog Ridge — East of Old Farm Road
- C. Cranberry Meadow — Godfrey Road and Reservoir
- D. Ledge Rocks — South of East Godfrey and East of Tubbs Springs
- E. Pops Mountain — Vally Forge, East of Devils Glen
- F. Mountain Orchard — Along Davis Hill Road on the North side
- G. Panther Swamp — South of the high school
- H. Spectacle Swamp — Along Steephill on North-side, East of Goodhill
- I. Lyons Woods — South of Lyons Plains Road, East of Emanuel Church
- J. Pfeiffer Pond — End of Old Redding Road (in Weston) behind toy factory
- K. Brushy Ridge — East side of road where Old Hyde meets Kettle Creek
- L. Stuard's Ridge — South of Kettle Creek, East of Weston Road.

### Trustees of The Weston Historical Society

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## **HAPPY BIRTHDAY WESTON**

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