

The Edge of Hawley

*The Journal of
The Sons and Daughters of Hawley*



Volume XLIII, Number 1

Winter 2023

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Each board member's term ends in the year shown.

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The Edge of Hawley is the quarterly journal of The Sons and Daughters of Hawley, the historical society of Hawley, Massachusetts. It is edited by Suzy Q Groden. Contact her at info@sonsanddaughtersofhawley.org or *The Edge of Hawley*, P.O. Box 206, Hawley, MA 01339.

Editorial Advisory Board: Elizabeth Sears, John Sears, Pamela Shrimpton.

On the cover: "Winter Spirit," by Trina Sears Sternstein, from the collection of Raymond and Melanie Poudrier, reprinted here with the gracious permission of the artist and the painting's owners.

2023 Calendar of Events

Event	Date	Location	Time
Board Meeting	3/16/23	The Thwings' on Pond Road	5:00pm
March Mud Party	TBD	TBD	4:00-7:00pm
Beautify Hawley's Roads	April	Collect trash from Hawley's roads	
Board Meeting	4/20/23	Grove	5:00pm
Board Meeting	5/18/23	Grove	5:00pm
Board Meeting	6/15/23	Grove	5:00pm
Board Meeting	7/20/23	Grove	5:00pm
Hawley Day	8/13/23	Grove & Meetinghouse	10:00am-3:00pm
No-Bake Bake Sale	September	Members donate online and by mail	
Harvest Supper	9/10/23	Stump Sprouts West Hill Road	4:00pm-7:00pm
Board Meeting	9/21/23	Grove	5:00 pm
Board Meeting	10/19/23	Grove	5:00 pm
Apple Fest	11/5/23	The Poudriers' on Pond Road	4:00pm-7:00pm
Illumination Party	12/10/23	Meetinghouse	4:00pm-5:00pm

The Board of the Sons and Daughter of Hawley does not meet between November and February.

EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS SEASON

No-Bake Bake Sale. As we do every autumn, members of the Sons and Daughters of Hawley took advantage of this month-long fund drive to make donations in support of our continued work on the restoration and upkeep of the Meetinghouse and Grove, and the publication of *The Edge of Hawley*. This year, we received \$445 in No-Bake Bake Sale contributions. Thank you so very much, generous Sons and Daughters of Hawley!

Apple Fest. After a 2-year COVID-related hiatus, S&DH members gathered on November 6th at the home of Ray and Melanie Poudrier to celebrate the apple harvest. With this event, we were renewing the long-standing tradition of holding an apple-themed pot-luck meal to mark the end of Cider Days (the festival observed by apple growers and cider makers, throughout Franklin County).



As in previous years, the meal was sumptuous, featuring home-made goat cheese and shrimp cocktails for appetizers, entrées that included a ham roast, savory apple cheddar bread pudding, honey

mustard and apple chicken, and potato salad, with pumpkin pie and apple tart for dessert, as well as a plentiful supply of wines and soft drinks.

The mood was cheerful and relaxed, reflective of how good it felt to once again be together with friends and neighbors, especially at an event focused on the richness and beauty of autumn in Hawley.

Illumination Party. This year, we had a snowstorm on the 2nd Sunday of December. Many Illumination Party regulars, who usually come to sing, sip hot cider and cocoa, nibble on cookies, and watch, as the chandelier globes and battery-charged window candles are lit, decided -- quite wisely -- not to brave the harsh cold and slippery roads. But a dozen hardy souls did gather in the Meetinghouse at 4:00 pm that afternoon. John Sears, Serra Root, Lark Thwing, and Ray Poudrier shared the task of taking down the globes, pouring oil into their bases, lighting the wicks, and replacing the globes. Our reward was to see their warm, golden light spread slowly through the Meetinghouse.





Photo by Constance Emmett

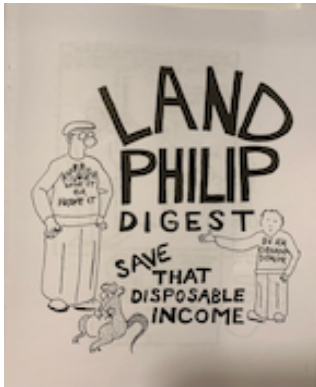
EVENTS OF THE COMING SEASON

Mud Party. Planning is afoot at this time for the late-March Mud Party where we traditionally gather to celebrate the thaw that marks approaching spring. This event, like the Apple Fest, is a pot-luck meal. The hosts provide the main entrée and attenders bring appetizers, side dishes, desserts, and drinks. As soon as final decisions have been made about location and date, all members will be notified by e-mail. Be on the lookout for the notice.

April “Beautify Hawley’s Roads” Effort. As the snow and ice recede in early spring, the cans, plastic bags, Styrofoam cups and boxes that have collected along the roadsides over the winter emerge. The Sons and Daughters of Hawley dedicate the month of April to the project of picking up this trash. If you are going out for a walk, why not take a tote bag with you and gather up some of that detritus as you go along? It’s a simple way to make an important contribution to the life of the town.



COMMUNITY AND TOWN



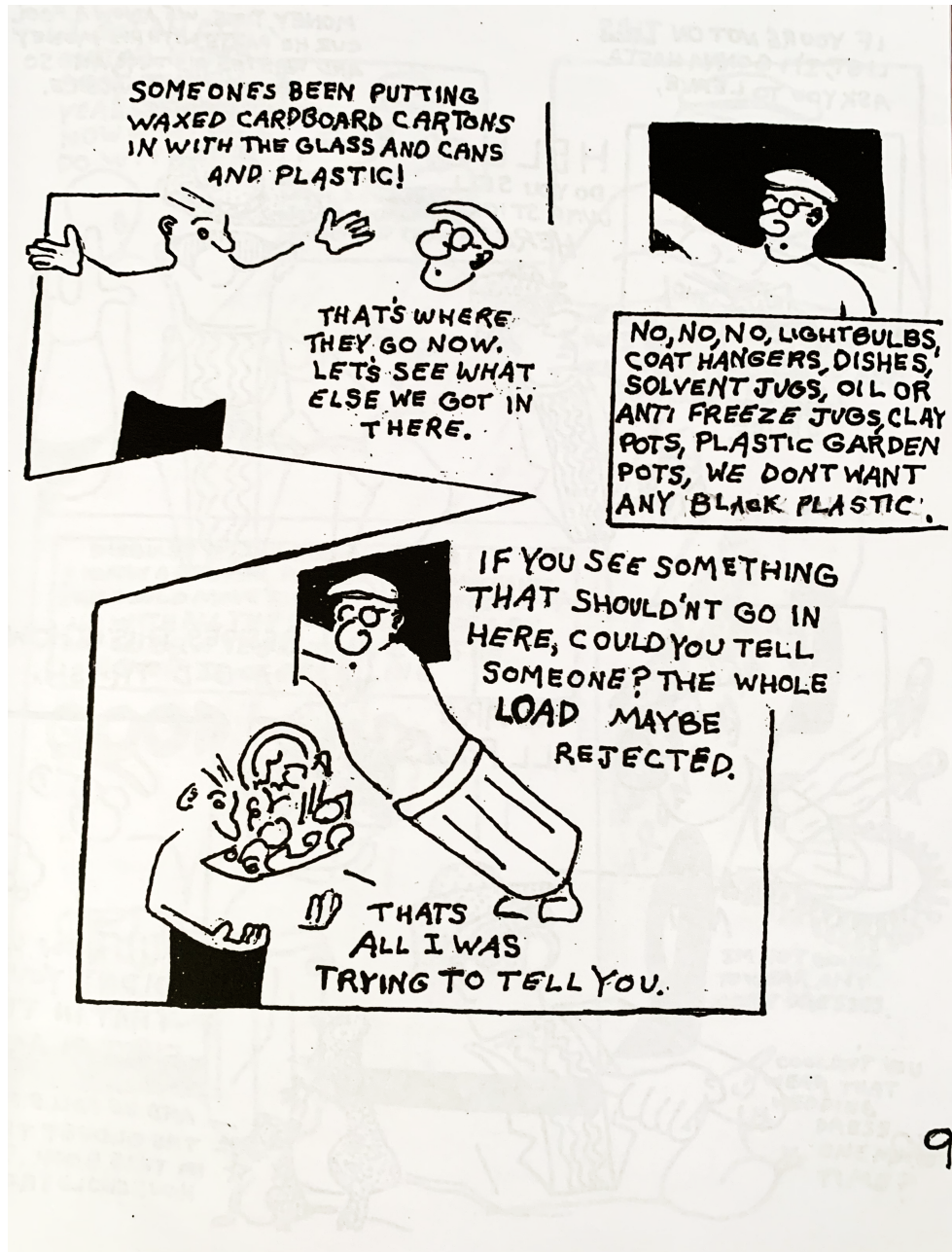
BOTH ENDS OF THE FOOD CHAIN.

The Autumn, 2022 issue of *The Edge of Hawley* featured a story about the pamphlet that “Landfill Phil” has designed for the instruction (and amusement) of users of the Ashfield Transfer Station. It provides good-humored reminders of how we should be sorting and handling our recyclables and household trash.

Unfortunately, in the reproduction process, Phil’s drawings were reduced to a size that made it difficult to see them or read their accompanying dialogue. So, in this issue, we are including 2 pages from the pamphlet, each containing valuable information about what items can be recycled and what must go in the orange trash



bags (for example, note what he tells us about black plastic and waxed cardboard cartons).



State grant for work on roads and bridges. Hawley is 1 of 12 Franklin County towns that have received state grants this year, amounting to \$7.5 million for 20 projects, most of which involve infrastructure improvements and workforce training.

Hawley's grant is \$800,000 to fund the culvert improvement project that has been proposed for the dugway section of Route 8A.

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF HAWLEY

The Sons and Daughters of Hawley has received a \$500 grant from the Charlemont-Hawley Cultural Council to help pay for the construction of built-in shelving on the north wall of the main archives room at the Grove. We are now looking for an attractive wooden table to serve as a workspace and, on those occasions when we open the room as a museum, for the display of artifacts. The table should be about 30 inches wide (a maximum of 36 inches) and 5 feet long (a maximum of 6 feet). If you come across any opportunities to purchase such a table at a reasonable price (or to acquire one through a donation!), please let us know at info@sonsanddaughtersofhawley.org.

BYGONE DAYS OF HAWLEY

Remembering Elvira Scott. Last August, Hawley lost



one of its most beloved daughters, Elvira “Vi” (Bellows) Scott. Her passing has occasioned the retelling of countless favorite “Vi” stories, all tinged with a mixture of sadness at her loss and delight at the examples of her drive, wit, and presence.

It is our great fortune to have the transcript of a conversation Melanie Poudrier held with Elvira in May, 2018, which was recorded for the S&DH Oral History Project. In it, Elvira recalls growing up in 1930s and ‘40s Hawley, and talks about the families who lived in Hawley at that time, and their ways of life. Here are some excerpts from that conversation ...

Childhood and School

ES: I was born May 12, 1930 in Hawley. My parents were Del and Rollon, and that Rollon is spelled R-o-l-l-o-n. A lot of people make that mistake. I don't know where my grandmother got that -- someplace in Vermont, evidently.

MP: Happy birthday belated.

ES: Yes. I have just turned 88. I went to school at the East Hawley School, for elementary school. It is -- it *was* --where the fire house is. I went through all eight grades there. The teachers always seemed to have boarded at our house. And they were men. I did not have a woman teacher until I was in the eighth grade. The classes were very small. In fact, I was in a class by myself when I started. I didn't like being in a class by myself, so I would do my work as fast as possible, and then I would join in with the second graders so that I could have companions. In February of that year, the teacher put me into second grade, so that I skipped a grade, really. I don't know if that was good or not. It made me young the rest of the way through school.

MP: Boys or girls in the school mostly?

ES: Mostly boys because most of the families up here had state -- well, I hate to call them "wards," but that's what they called them, "state wards." And they were always boys. The Dosteys, the Houles, the Provosts, all of them had boys in their families, so they took boys. The only family that had girls was the Gendreau family. In fact, they had seven children. I think, out of the seven, there were only two boys in that family. The rest were girls. But other than that, it was all boys. But that was all right, they were fine. It was not a big school, but

probably maybe there were 25 in the school: I don't know -- it varied.

MP: And you said the male teachers normally boarded with you?

EP: The teachers boarded with us. I don't know how that got started. The first one that I had, as a first-grade teacher, he boarded at our house and later he became my uncle because he married my father's sister. The others: one got married, and while he was here, he lived in the house where Mike and Tammy [Schofield] live. They lived there after he got married. And then one, he was done in -- I think -- like, April, because of the war: he had been, uh, what do they call it?

MP: He enlisted?

ES: No, he didn't enlist, he was drafted. Then I did have a woman for a short time -- from April 'til June: Thelma Purington from Charlemont. She did substituting at that time. In fact, Raymond was just a little boy and she used to bring him. She brought him, so he had to put up with school. He really wasn't old enough to be in school, but he was a good little boy, as I remember.

Then I went to high school in Charlemont. I went four years to high school in Charlemont. Every day I rode with the mailman in the morning to school, and then my mother

picked me up in the afternoon. I always kind of laugh because she would get busy doing things and forget that I was down there in Charlemont. My instructions were to walk, you know, "Walk along, and I'll pick you up." Well, I can remember at least one time walking all the way up to the elbow. I remember that distinctly, because, after she got me into the car, she said she had to go to Avery's Store. So, I rode all the way back to Charlemont, where I could have been sitting on Avery's front steps doing homework instead of walking. But, no, I walked, and that was not a good day. But those were my instructions.

And my other instructions were, "Don't ever get into a car if a man stops. Don't get in a car." So, one day, Bob White -- I was walking -- he stopped and offered me a ride, and I said "No." He said, "You can ride along with me." "No," I said, "No, no. I'm fine." So, when I got home, I didn't tell my dad about it, but Bob did. He told my dad. He said, "She wouldn't get in with me." And so my dad said to me, "How come you wouldn't ride with Bob?" And I said, "Well, you told me not to get into a car with a man!" "But," he said, "you know him. We go to their house!" Didn't matter, it was a man. I wasn't gettin' in.

So, I was down at Charlemont for four years. I graduated in 1947. Then, I started going

to college in North Adams. I used to go down to Charlemont and Harold Hawn, who lived in Hawley, he had a plumbing shop in North Adams. I rode with him every morning. And then every afternoon, I rode back on the train. I did that for four years. Well, the last year that I went to college, Frank Smith, who I had known as a child, his parents lived over here where Jay Kapsinow lives. They had lived in many places because his father worked in the sawmills, and they traveled. But that last year, he and his father were over here, his mother had passed away, and he had an old Ford car, and we drove to North Adams every day. We graduated -- both of us -- in '51. He went to Connecticut to work. No, not that time. He went to Florida Mountain first and taught there, and I went to Athol. Stayed in Athol for 35 years -- well, over -- a few years over 35. I taught for 35. It was a good time down there. I enjoyed it, and, you know, I miss some of the people.

Some Hawley Families

ES: Mr. and Mrs. Holden, Herb and Florence, lived where the Roots live. They had a store in the front that sold penny candy. They sold some groceries, too, sugar, coffee, you know, essentials that people might need. Before, I remember, it was the Post Office, and the boxes were in the store. But, by the

time I knew anything, we had a mailman that went through. They lived there, had no children, and I would go there a lot. She taught me how to sew and she did things with me. And he was a nice gentleman, he was kind of stern with little girls, but that was all right.

Then, in the house where Drew [Harrison] lives, that's where the Gendreau family lived. Mr. and Mrs. Gendreau had seven kids. They came from Holyoke, you know. That's where a lot of the people came from. I think the French-Canadians had come down to Holyoke and, then a lot of them, I think didn't, really like the city part of it, they wanted to be out in the country. And Hawley seems to have drawn quite a few. East Hawley, not West Hawley.

Where Jane and Steve [Grant] are, Mr. Hitchcock lived. That was "the Hitchcock place," he and his sister lived there. He was kind of a grouchy old man. He was another little old man that didn't like kids, I guess. But I went there a lot with my mother and father. As I recall, he sold grain and my dad would go and get grain there. And that's when I stole the apples and had to run.

MP: Tell about that.

ES: Well, the apple tree is there. If you look now, it's still that awful looking one, looks just dead, but it

still has apples. Well, they would fall on the ground and we kids would be walking home from school and, of course, I was always with all boys, and they'd want an apple, but none of them dared to go in the driveway, 'cause he would be out there and he would shout at them and yell at them and chase them away. So, every day, that was my job: to go in and grab two or three apples and run. Sometimes he would see me and yell, and sometimes he would see me and he wouldn't. 'Cause he knew who I was, so he wouldn't say anything. So those were my stealing days, stealing apples.

Where Frank Ullian lives, Mr. and Mrs. Dostey lived there. Neither of them spoke English. And they had girls, but their girls were older and stayed in Holyoke. The boys were the ones that came up to live here. I think maybe there were three boys at that time. There was one boy that stayed in Canada, he never did come down. But that was like a second home to me, even though they couldn't speak English. Somehow or other, I got along fine with Mrs. Dostey and we understood one another and she was "Gramma Dostey." I used to run down across the field any time I wanted, run in, and she'd have a cookie or something for me. I spent a lot of time down there.

Where Jay Kapsinow lives now, when I was a child, I think Mr. Furbush lived there. Mr.

Furbish and his wife had two boys, Ferdinand and Roland. Ferdinand was killed in the war. He was buried over in Europe, I'm not sure where. At that time, I think, if you were killed over there, it was the family's responsibility to get the body back into the United States. I doubt if they had the money to do it, so, he's buried over there. I always wished I could have gone over.

Then there is the Doane house: Margo Fitzpatrick and Tanya Bryant live there now, and where the equipment shed is -- Ivey's [Donovan] potato warehouse -- there used to be a huge brick house that just sort of all fell apart.

Where the apple orchard is was the Fournier house: Forget ... Forgeau ... "Forgey." We knew it was "Forgeau," but, as old New England Yankees, we started calling them Mr. and Mrs. Forget. And that's how it got to be Forget [Road]. But I think we all knew better. We knew how to spell it, the way they did. And it certainly was not F-o-r-g-e-t.

MP: On Pond Road, was there anything?

ES: Yes, there was a big house where Cox lives. It was the farm, the Cox 's farm, but I can't remember whose it was before. In the winter of 1934-5, my parents and I lived there. My dad took care of the cattle and there were two elderly gentlemen that my mother took care of. And Dr. Cox raised

chickens. There were lots and lots of chickens to look after and every week, so many had to be killed, dressed, and prepared for market. And my dad would take them to Holyoke. That was a weekly thing.

MP: And now, going around and heading up Buckland Road, that used to be Joe Ward?

ES: Well, that was the Asa Holden house. That was Herb's parents.

MP: Florence Holden?

ES: Yes, well it would be her in-laws. Herb always took care of that house. He never drove, but he would walk down to take care of the grounds. There were big barns there. They were burned. I mean lightning struck them.

MP: So, they were up hill.

ES: Yes, uphill. Mr. Holden always had my dad go down and do all the haying. In fact, I used to go, too. I think I probably went because my mother was working for Dr. Cox at the Tavern in the summer. So, if one of my aunts didn't come, my dad was looking after me and I would go down there while he was haying. But, at about that time, my mother's cousin, Carl Putnam, rented it. They rented it until Joe [Ward] bought it. They were there every summer. They had one daughter. Her

mother didn't really like it up here. They were from Northampton. He was a professor of architecture at Smith College; this country life didn't go with her too well, but it did with him. I spent a lot of time in that house, too.

The Tavern

ES: The Tavern was a stop on the stage coach route. In Ashfield, there was another tavern -- on Ashfield Road, over the Ashfield line. They would stop there, as I understand -- this was before my day -- and then they would make the turn and come to the Tavern here at the center, and from here they would go over to Savoy Road, before South Road. And there was another tavern over there -- where the Clarks live. That was the stage coach route. In my day, Dr. and Mrs. Cox owned it. It was closed in the winter. But in the summer, they had guests. Their guests were older people that I think Dr. Cox thought needed to have some time in the country, or time away. My mother did the cooking. I think Mrs. Cox spent the summer here so that there was somebody there at night, because the girls weren't that old: Charlotte and Almira.



MP: What about Phoebe?

ES: Phoebe was a little older. I don't think she ever got up here that much. She was studying to be a doctor. My mother used to get a little annoyed with the girls sometimes, like sending them out to pull rhubarb and they came in with that other stalk that you can pull, I don't know, a weed. Things like that didn't always go over too big with my mother. My mother was in a hurry and was probably making a rhubarb pie for lunch and she didn't get rhubarb: she got ... burdock.

MP: Burdock! Oh, that's a terrible weed.

ES: Yes, burdock. She worked down there every day. She would go in the morning and bring the laundry home, because we had a washing machine, believe it or not, with a gas motor. Then the ironing. The tablecloths had to be ironed, and the napkins. That was my job: the napkins, with my little sleeve board and my little iron, that you heated on the stove. Had to make sure not to get it too hot, 'cause you could make a hole in the napkin. That would have been bad.

MP: Did she have a mangle?

ES: No, but the washing machine had a wringer. You pulled them out and put them through the wringer. The one that she had before had two rolls that were hard rubber, and you could get

your hand in there and get really hurt. But this one had one roll that was softer than the other. You could still get hurt, but not ...

MP: Not crush your fingers.

ES: And I was allowed to put them through. That was part of my job too.

The Meetinghouse

MP: Now, across from the Tavern is the Meetinghouse. What happened at the Meetinghouse when you were growing up?

ES: Meaning the church. Well, we had church in the summer. When we were growing up, we always had church in the summer -- during July and August and into September. And the Catholics always had church there. They had earlier church than we did. And, then, during the winter, it was more of a place for social life. There was a P.T.A. - - Parent Teachers Association -- and they had functions, and they did things, socials, and every Friday night there was a group of men that liked to play cards. They'd play pitch, and while the men were playing pitch, the women were talking, yakking. And they always had refreshments. Sometimes they made them there and sometimes they made them at home and took them. But there was always food after conversation.

The Dance Hall

MP: The big building next to the Grants' house. It's like a barn thing?

ES: Oh, that was the dance hall that was built by the Parker Hill Club. That was a group of young people here in town who called themselves the Parker Hill Club. They must've built it around 1932 or '33. I do know that my dad was one of the ones that helped build it. And, I do remember, as a little girl, that my parents would go to the dances on Saturday night. I went, too, because there was nobody to sit with me at home. So, I went and I sat on the steps and listened to the music, but I couldn't go in the dance hall. I could never figure that out. I always wanted to go inside and really see what was going on. At the time they said that that was a marvelous dance floor, that it really was one of the best ones around. They did square dancing and, I think there were waltzes. I don't know, I didn't go in, so I didn't know! I know there was square dancing 'cause I could hear 'em. But I'm sure there was waltzes, too. And there I was, sitting on the steps. I can remember they would bring me something to drink once in a while -- soda, or whatever they had. And there I was, sittin' on the step.

Town Meeting

ES: Town Meeting was always in February. As I recall, the first Monday in February. Why, I don't know. Because, they closed the school. And I used to go to Town Meeting from the time I was quite little.

MP: And what was the Town Hall? Where was it? Where it is now?

ES: It was where Alice Parker lives now. She moved it. It was near the road. It's the main part of her house now, but she moved it back. I haven't been in it for years, but she did leave it pretty much like it was. We would go in the morning, it was an all-day thing, and we had a wonderful lunch, as I remember, because everybody brought food. I can remember a long box against the wall, and I think it must have been a place to keep wood for the fire. But it had a top on it, and it was up high, quite high, and I could sit on that, and I could sit and color and draw and do things all day long. That was my day of going to Town Meeting. And as I recall, well, being so young, I don't really remember what they did, but I think they did it all during the day. I mean, they did their voting and their discussing and it was all done. We came home around three or four o'clock.

MP: Do you remember how many people would be there?

ES: Well, to me at the time, it seemed like a lot. I presume there'd be 25 or 30, you know. People from West Hawley definitely were all there, they didn't have very far to go. And uh, people like my parents and the Holdens, and I guess Mr. Hitchcock used to go. By the time the Dosteys got here they used to go.

The Scott Farm

ES: Nobody lived in the Scott Farm. I mean, it was kept beautifully, it wasn't the mess that it is now. See, Jack's father, my father-in-law, was the one that took care of it. But when his oldest son got old enough to go to high school, it was not a good enough school, Charlemont High School wasn't. He had to go to Arms Academy because he, Mr. Scott, had gone to Arms Academy. How, I don't know, because they were up here, so they must have boarded him down there. But that's when they bought the farm in Buckland, and they moved. He moved his family to Buckland, but they kept everything up here. And in the summer, two of the girls would come up and stay here and the boys would come up and do the haying and all that.

MP: Now, what did they do with the cows? Like in the wintertime.

ES: They had their cattle down there because they had the dairy. In the summer, they used to bring them to Hawley from Buckland. They drove them, I mean, they herded them up. The kids used to do that: they came up 112, and then they came up over Orcutt Hill which would bring them to Clesson's Brook Road to the farm.

MP: Would it take them a day?

ES: The good part of a day.

MP: How many head?

ES: Oh, I don't know, maybe 25, 30.

MP: Amazing.



The Scott farm in the early 1920s. *Founding Farms*. UMassPress, 1993.

BIRTHS

Shay Elizabeth Heroux. Born on June 30, 2022 to Kiley Elizabeth Turner and James Francis Heroux, 62 Labelle Road, Hawley, MA.

Avalyna Lemieux Holder. Born on October 7, 2022 to Julia Helen Lemieux and Akara Allen Holder, 42 East Hawley Road, Hawley, MA.

MARRIAGES

Edward Travis Anderson Lairë and Sienna Lise Roxanne Valente-Blough Lairë, 49 Forget Road, Hawley, MA, October 1, 2022.

OBITUARIES



Eleanor Ruth (Sanderson) Warriner passed away at the age of 102 on October 13, 2021. She was born in Springfield, Massachusetts on April 10, 1919 to Herbert and Jessie Sanderson. In 1924, the family traveled across the country to California. After several years, they moved to Michigan, where Ellie graduated from Pontiac High School in 1937.

She worked for General Motors as a telephone operator and, during WWII, worked assembling the motors for the "Ducks" that transported troops from ships to shore. When GM employees were given the

chance to suggest ways to improve production, she received an award for her idea. Her name is included on the WWII National Memorial Registry as an Honoree Civilian on the Home Front.

On December 23, 1946, Ellie married Richard Lewis Warriner, Sr. and they began to raise a family in Orion, Michigan. In 1958, they returned to Massachusetts and lived in Huntington for the rest of their married lives. Ellie's life touched the community in many ways, including her membership in the American Legion Auxiliary and her service as a Cub Scout den mother. She and Richard were both employed at Gateway Regional High School, where she retired in 1984 from her work in food service.

Most of all, Ellie loved to spend time with family, helping out in the kitchen, playing games, and taking pictures. Even in her nineties, she made visits to New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Florida, will be remembered for her lasting faith and love of family.

She was predeceased by her husband in 2004, and by her brother, Dean Herbert Sanderson, in 2002. She is survived by 4 children: Richard and Candace (Newell) Warriner, Jr., of Pike, NY, Robert Dean Warriner of Winchester, NH, Lorraine (Gregory) Morin of Honey Brook, PA, and Daniel and Andrea (Netzer) Warriner of Ossipee, NH. She is also survived by 7 grandchildren, 5 great-grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews.



Harold C. Fait, (born on December 22, 1935, passed away on October 20, 2022 at the Charlene Manor in Greenfield, Massachusetts, with his beloved daughter, Katherine Bakey, at his side.

Born in Floral Park, NY, to Harold and Leonora (Remick) Fait, Harold earned a bachelor's degree from Colgate University and later earned a master's from the University of Maryland. He served in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War, earning the rank of Lieutenant and attending Cryptology School.

Harold's civilian career was with the U.S. Dept. of Justice in positions of law enforcement, corrections, and research. He worked at the Federal Correctional Institute at Sandstone, Minnesota for most of that career.

After retirement, Harold was a chemical dependency counselor at the Mash-Ka-Wisen Treatment Center in Sawyer, Minnesota for a number of years, then moved to Cambridge, N.Y., where he was involved with the New Skete Monastery, known for its training of dogs. From Cambridge, Harold relocated to Hawley, Massachusetts, to be closer to his family.

At the time of his passing, Harold was an Anglican priest. His hobbies included walking his dog and taking care of his cat in the woods of Hawley, reading, and listening to music, especially Bach.

Harold was preceded in death by his adopted sons, Marc and Kevin and survived by his sister, June

Fait (Herbert Coles), daughters Nancy Parisi (Raymond), Elizabeth Fait (Eirik Rennan), and Katherine Bakey (Thomas), as well as many grandchildren, 1 great grandchild, 1 nephew, and 3 nieces.

Marian E. Norcross, (1923 – 2022) of 380 West Hawley Road, Hawley, MA, passed away on October 20, 2022 at the North Adams Commons Nursing and Rehabilitation Center, North Adams, MA. She was born in New York City, worked as a secretary, and was predeceased by her husband, Edmund R. Norcross.

LAND TRANSFERS

Angela M. Clark to James McNaughton. 17 Bozrah Rd. \$341,500.

James R. Schaefer and Jonathan C. Schaefer to William Brewer and Timothea A. Brewer. East Road Lot 3. \$95,000.

Singing Brook Farm Trust and Williams C. Cosby to Duncan W. Gillan. Middle Rd. \$10,000.

SUPPORT HAWLEY BUSINESSES



SideHill Farm

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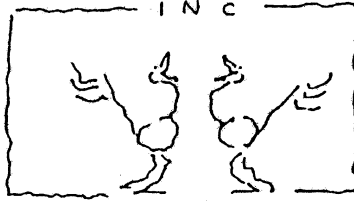
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Hawley's own LaTinke is a food writer, historian,
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The Hawley Grove

The Hawley Grove is a low building with a new kitchen, handicapped accessible bathrooms and ramp, and a large 1,000 square foot hall adjacent to the kitchen. Doors lead out the back to a large field. The kitchen is predominantly for refrigerating, warming, and serving pre-prepared foods.

It is available to members of the Sons and Daughters of Hawley for social gatherings. To rent this facility, contact Serra Root, Treasurer, at 330 East Hawley Rd, Hawley, MA 01339, call 413-339-5592, or e-mail robertroot@hughes.net. Rates are extremely reasonable.

You too can be listed here! *The Edge of Hawley* reaches more than 200 readers four times a year with information designed to keep our community informed and close knit. If you would like to help sponsor *The Edge of Hawley* and promote the vitality of private enterprise in our community, contact Pamela Shrimpton at 508-735-5548 or pam@forgehollow.com for details.

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Links to Related Websites

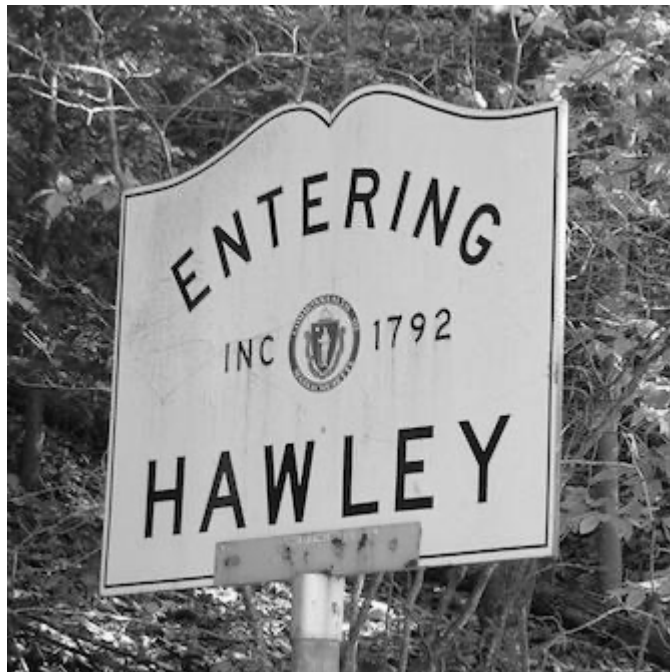
SONS AND DAUGHTERS' WEBSITE
<https://sonsanddaughtersofhawley.org>

SONS AND DAUGHTERS' E-MAIL
info@sonsanddaughtersofhawley.org

SONS & DAUGHTERS OF HAWLEY-HOME/ FACEBOOK

TOWN OF HAWLEY WEBSITE
www.townofhawley.com

MOHAWK & HAWLEMONT SCHOOLS WEBSITE
www.mohawkschools.org



Membership Form 2023

Sons & Daughters of Hawley, PO Box 206, Hawley, MA 01339

Annual membership dues:

Individual	\$10	_____
Family	\$12	_____
Contributing	\$15	_____
Sustaining	\$25	_____
Life Member	\$200	_____

Honorary free membership is provided for all persons over the age of 70 years who are related to Hawley by ancestry, birth, marriage, or residence.

I am in this category: _____

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We would appreciate your additional contributions: _____

The Edge of Hawley would appreciate your direct support. _____

Gifts of Membership

Consider a gift membership for a family member. _____

Name _____

Address _____

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Memorial or Contributor's Plaque

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On pew ____ In vestibule ____

Inscription: 29 characters/line, 2 lines only

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I wish to support the restoration of the Meetinghouse. _____

I wish to support the renovation of the Hawley Grove. _____

I wish to support the building fund in general. _____

Enclosed is a check for Sons & Daughters in the amount of: _____

The Sons and Daughters of Hawley

Shippable Sale Items

BOOKS

<i>Hawley Massachusetts; The First Fifty Years, 1770-1820</i> by Harrison Parker	\$35.00
<i>Hawley Bicentennial Cookbook, 1792-1992</i> by The Sons and Daughters of Hawley	\$5.00
<i>Cottage Piety Exemplified</i> , a biography of Martha S. Taylor of Hawley published by Rev. Rufus Taylor (3 rd son)	\$11.00
Home to Hawley Scrapbook; a collection of works from various sources	\$7.50
<i>Tales of Hawley</i> , by Maida Riggs	\$5.00
<i>The 1989 Guide to Historical Sites in the Hawley State Forest</i> Prepared by the Town of Hawley Historical Commission	\$7.50
<i>Pudding Hollow Cookbook</i> by Tinky "Dakota" Weisblat	\$30.00
<i>History of the Town of Hawley</i> by Williams Giles Atkins	\$9.00
<i>Town of Hawley Bicentennial Program Book 1792-1992</i> A summary of 200 years in Hawley	\$7.00
<i>Rediscovering Hawley's Old Town Common</i> by John Sears	\$5.00
<i>Hawley Story or My Memory Garden</i> , by Minnie Harris Billings	\$5.00

HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS by Harrison Parker

Hawley's Loss of Land to Plainfield in 1803	\$4.00
Fullerville	\$4.00
East Hawley and Its Center	\$4.00
The Old Hawley Town Common and Poverty Square	\$3.00

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