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ASA BULLARD

Excerpts from his Autobiography

My Parentage

The following account of my parents is gathered mostly from a genealogical sketch of the Bullard family written some years ago for the "History of the Town of Sutton," by my nephew, William Sumner Barton, Esq. of Worcester.

My father, Dr. Artemas Bullard, Was born in Holliston, Mass., December 8, 1768. He was the only one of his father's children who received a professional education. In August, 1794, with a small stock of medicines costing twelve pounds, and under a debt of like amount, he commenced the practice of his profession in Northbridge, Worcester County, Mass.

While he was Studying his profession at Oxford he became acquainted with his first wife, Maria Waters, daughter of Ebenezer Waters Esq. of Sutton. They were married in Sutton, February 17, 1796. His wife died without issue about two years after their marriage.

December 6, 1798, he married for his second wife Lucy White, daughter of Deacon Jesse White, of Northbridge, by whom he had ten children, three daughters and seven sons.

Although during his residence of several years in Northbridge he had established an extensive practice, he was induced by the father of his first wife, Ebenezer Waters, Esq. to purchase his large and beautiful farm in West Sutton. In 1805, accordingly, he removed to Sutton, and thereafter his attention was divided between his profession and his farm. He was about this time appointed, by Governor Strong, surgeon of the then local infantry regiment; and 1814 he was elected a

follow of council of the Mass. Medical Society. He might have gained an eminent position in his profession had he given exclusive attention to it.

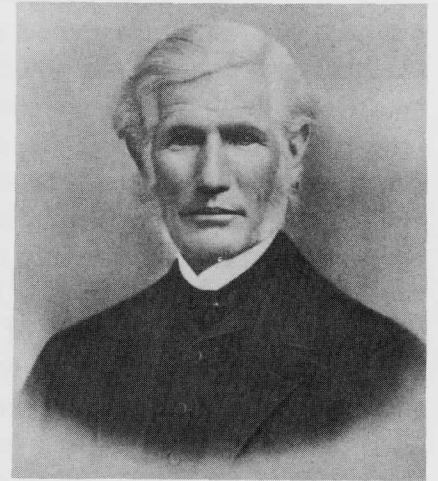
As to person, my father has been described as "somewhat above the ordinary stature; of light, florid complexion, light

blue eyes, nose strictly aquiline, and in short, as his contemporaries have said, a fine looking man. He possessed ardent feelings and great energy of character united with a sound judgment. His integrity was proverbial, always doing exact justice to others, and expecting the same from them."

My fathers death was occasioned by an accidental fall in his barn, and was probably instantaneous. It occurred May 6, 1842, at the age of 73.

My mother was born in Northbridge, May 5, 1778. She was a direct descendant, on her mother's side, of the sixth generation from her noted ancestor, "Sampson Mason, the Baptist and dragoon of Oliver Cromwell's army." Her great-grandfather, Hezekiah Mason, died in Thompson, Conn., at the advanced age of 103 years.

My mother died at the house of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Judge Barton, in Worcester, December 15, 1869,



Asa Bullard

aged 91 yrs, 7 mos., 10 days. Her son-in-law, the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at her funeral thus spoke of her:

To this joyful coronation our beloved mother has come. All the days of her appointed years - years full of labor and duty - are accomplished; all her doubts are dispelled, all her anticipations realized; all she hoped for in her long and noble life, and far more than human hope can ever aspire to, is now her portion. We come to shed no bitter tears; we celebrate a triumph, not a defeat; a life perfected.

Her children are gathered here with her more immediate friends and neighbors, to pay the last honors to her lifeless form. How sturdily, how nobly she lived! Feeble, tender, but how enduring! Never strong, no one would have marked her for a long life. Well do I remember her as first I saw her. I was then a lad in college. Even then I was struck by the energy of her character. I remember my impression then that she was weak in body, and liable to meet an early death. Who would have thought that she would survive that stalwart man, Dr. Bullard, of Sutton, so full of the capital for a long and sturdy life? In body, as in mind, she was evenly organized. Hers was the strength of tenderness and gentleness, but underlaid by a quiet persistence of wonderful force. She was firm and steadfast for the right, wherever principle was involved; mild and loving, but with fixed habits of belief and thought, which kept her firm and true, even to sternness when occasion required God taught her! With her vigor of character it would have been easy for her to make shipwreck of happiness, linked as she was with that strong nature, her husband. It would have been easy for her to purchase peace by self-abnegation, by sinking herself, but she did neither. She made herself a power in her home, but she ruled by submission and love. She made her home a happy one' and a greater compliment can be paid to no woman. She elevated the name of wife and mother, by showing in herself what it was possible for woman to be.

Early was I struck with her devoutness, by the depth, the richness, and the reality of her religious emotions. The church was always her care. She remembered the pastor and his household, the school and Sabbath-school. To the latter who was deeply attached, and often in the still hours of the night, when all the household were asleep, upon her knees frequently, and always reverently, did she study the portion of God's Word which was to be the lesson on the morrow.

Well do I remember, in a great revival in Sutton,

when the last of her class of thirteen rose to ask for prayers. All had been prayed into the kingdom, and by her. We had a gospel in our home. Her presence was a long benediction. If each one of her children, those gone before and those now living, could gather with us to-day and speak of her life, each would bear me witness that however much we may owe to the school, to the church, to the seminary, to ordaining elders, to the counselors of our riper years, yet the secret, the root, the fullness of each life was in the teaching, the counsel, the example of this mother.

As age withdrew her from active duties of life, her piety became brighter and her conversation more heavenly. God calls some away in the midst of their usefulness; some he calls in what men say is "just the right time;" and sometimes he keeps people here just as we keep pictures in our dwellings, to look at and admire, for whole neighborhoods to look at and see what it is possible for life to become. That is the best man who carries his boyhood farthest into life with him. And that is the best woman who can take her girlhood farthest into middle and old age. This our mother did. Herself a venerable matron, she stood as a child among her grandchildren; she stood as a loving child in her Father's home; all whom she saw, or felt, or received, were God's gifts. She lived in the liberty of love - a child in the great house of her Father.

My Early Years

I was born in Northbridge, Worcester County, Mass., March 26, 1804. I was the third of my parents' ten children. When I was one year old, the family - my parents with their three children - moved to Sutton, the town adjoining Northbridge on the west. This was afterwards our home till, one after another, we left the paternal roof.



Residence of Dr. Artemas Bullard

My parents, when they first established the family, erected the family altar, which was faithfully sustained to the end. The influence of that daily reading of the Scripture and prayer, generally both morning and evening, and the asking of a blessing and the returning of thanks at every meal, was most indelible. All these services of prayer and grace at the table were performed with all the family standing. To be sure, when we were very young they were sometimes, especially in the evening, rather wearisome to us little ones, and I well remember how I used to wonder to whom my father was talking, as he stood up there before the tall clock in the corner, with his hands on the back of the chair and his face turned away from all of us.

Then in the morning, my father would read, sometimes, a whole chapter in Scott's Family Bible, with the Notes and Practical Observations. This, while we were quite young, was not a little tiresome. Scott's Commentary was then issued in large folio numbers. I can well remember how each of those large magazines looked, as one number after another, once a month or once a quarter, came to our home, and with what eagerness we all used to look over each new number. I now have them all bound in six large volumes of from six hundred and fifty to nine hundred pages. And I reverence them highly as associated with my early home, my now sainted parents, and the sacred family altar.

We were all trained, from very early life, to attend church. As we resided over three miles from the center of the town where was our place of public worship, father obtained a famous two-horse coach or carriage "for going to Meeting." It had two wide seats and was open in front. And every Sabbath, rain or shine, summer and winter, this carriage, with father and two children on the front seat and mother and two on the back seat, and one or two packed away somewhere inside, would be seen on the way "to meeting."

And how well I can recall many of the scenes in the church, which would be very strange to young and old of the present day. The square pews with the plain board seats on hinges, which were raised when we "stood up" in time of prayer, and at the close were let down with such a startling crash and rattle all over the house. Then the ice-cold house in the winter, with no fire except the foot-stoves of the women. There were always two services, with an intermission of about an hour.

One of the older children, by turns, boys and girls, remained at home to take care of the little ones and

have dinner ready when the rest returned. And we all learned to get a repast that the hungry ones were sure to relish.

Among the things connected with "going to meeting" in those early days that made a great impression on my young mind were those of the old stone horse-block, standing near the meeting-house. There was such an appendage to most of the country meeting-houses at that time. Many of the people came to meeting on horse-back, the husband and his wife, or a brother and sister mounted on the same horse. And the horse-block was for the special convenience of the women in mounting and dismounting.

The old stone horse-block to which I am now referring consisted of a flat stone, six or eight feet long and perhaps three wide, elevated several feet by smaller stones, and ascended by three or four stone steps.

On and around this horse-block most of the men and boys, professors and non-professors, and even the deacons, in the warm season and on pleasant Sabbaths, passed their morning between the services. The time was spent in free and lively conversation. All the men took part in the talk without distinction of rank or learning, and none seemed to feel the slightest embarrassment. Men who never could speak in the prayer-meeting round no difficulty here. Till I was twelve or thirteen years old, as there was no Sabbath-school, I attended, what I have since called the "horse-block class for conversation," and the scenes there witnessed are more vivid in my memory than are any or those I have since witnessed in the Sabbath-school. I do not remember that the sermon or the subject or religion in any manner was ever made the topic or conversation. The news of the day, the cattle and farms, the state and prospects or the crops, the weather, the prices of various articles of produce, the character or neighbors, politics, the approaching election. etc., these were the themes upon which the older members of the class, church members and the unconverted, usually conversed. Never can I forget the surprise prize and wonder those scenes produced on my youthful mind. Such conversation on the Sabbath day! How could any good impressions follow the services of the house of God.

Towards night, or in the early evening or the Sabbath, we children all recited the catechism and passages of Scripture or hymns.

Now, wearisome as sometimes these Sabbath services were, I would not for the life of me lose the associations of "going to meeting" on that holy day.

The Catcher Caught

The warm sun of early spring had begun to disrobe the earth of her winter mantle. Here and there around our home, in the yard and the fields, the snow had disappeared, and the fresh grass was just starting to view. The time of the singing of birds, too, had come, and many a redbreast, on every sunny spot, was seeking his food and filling the air with his merry chirpings and sweet spring carolings.

These welcome harbingers of coming verdure and flowers attracted my attention. I watched them; but instead of making myself happy with their lovely exhibition of happiness, I began to devise plans for catching them. With my little bow and arrow, and my sling and stones, I pursued them from spot to spot, and from field to field; and many a poor, timid red-breast did I terrible frighten. By-and-by my roguish ingenuity hit upon a plan by which I was sure I could catch them. My plan was, to set a small fish-hook, expecting that the unwary bird would pick up the bait, and in a moment be safe in my hands.

This cruel device no sooner entered by mind, than I hastened to try it. I obtained a small fish-hook and began to fasten it to a little string. In order to secure it tightly I used my teeth. In this dangerous operation the string slipped, and in an instant the sharp, barbed hook, which I was preparing for the mouth of poor robin, was fast caught in my own. It entered into the soft and tender flesh inside of my under lip. The catcher was now caught, sur enough-caught, too, in his own snare, which he was setting for another! What was I to do? I could not remove the cruel hook. The barb, intended on purpose to fasten it tightly in the mouth of the innocent fish or bird that should swallow it, was firmly fastened in my lip.

With great pain and fear, both increased by the consciousness that I was receiving only a just desert for my intended cruelty, I hastened to my mother. She tried to remove it, but in vain. I then went to my father, with whose sharp surgical instruments I was painfully familiar. Those frightful instruments, the very sight of which made me turn pale and tremble anew with fear. Father now took out and laid upon the table. After much suffering, the hook was at length removed, leaving in my lip a deep wound; but a deeper impression was left upon my mind.

Years have passed away since that wound was healed; but the impression on my mind remains like the deep lines of the sculptor's chisel upon the marble. I then regard this occurrence, and I still regard it as a

deserved punishment for my intended cruelty. I learned, by my own sad experience, that what was to be a spot to some would have been, had I succeeded in my cruel purpose, pain and suffering to those innocent and beautiful songsters of spring.

I trust this story of my early days may be a warning to all my young friends against indulgence in cruelty towards any of God's creatures.

My Spreading-Stick

About the time of the above event, when four or five years old, in hay-time, I begged my father to make me a spreading-stick. After frequent importunities my request was granted. The spreading-stick was made of a small sapling, three or four feet long, which had two branches at the top. These were cut off five or six inches from the stick, making two tines, like those of a fork.

With my coveted spreading-stick I went proudly into the fields, and followed the men who were cutting down the tall grass into swathes, and spread the new-mown hay in every direction, as I had seen others do. And didn't I feel smart as I made the hay fly! I was doing a man's work.

Well, many a boy knows that what is at first a play may become work. It was not long before I began to find it so with my spreading-stick. When it was found that I could spread hay, and be made useful, and save some of the time the men had to give in doing this work, I had to spread the hay. It was no longer play; it was work. And many a time, when my little arms and legs became tired in this labor, I wished I had never asked for the spreading-stick. And yet, this early learning to work and be useful has been a great benefit to me in my after life.

There was one very curious event in connection with my spreading-stick. My Grandfather Waters, of Boston, used occasionally to visit his old home in Sutton. In hay-time, almost every year, he would come; and he seemed to find pleasure in assisting in the hay-field.

One day when father was absent, grandfather went into the field with the men to rake up the hay. This was soon after I had my spreading-stick, and I was on hand spreading the swathes. By-and-by I went to the windrow grandpa was raking up, and began to spread the hay out again. Grandpa saw me and said I must not do it. But my memory was very short, and soon I was spreading out the hay after grandpa. He then told me if I did it again he should have to shake me. It was not long before boy-fashion I was repeating the mischief.

Grandpa saw me and started towards me, when the wicked little rogue threw his spreading-stick at him and then ran. But grandpa soon overtook me and gave me a shaking - not a hard one, but enough to cause me to go crying to the house.

The good old man was troubled lest I should go with a complaint to my mother, and she might think he had assumed improper authority over her child. But that child, young as he was, knew better than to go to his mother with any such complaint. He kept his grief to himself.

At dinner grandfather told mother about the affair, which I had not ventured to mention. Then to show her that he was not severe, he arose from the table and took me from my chair and shook me again! That second shaking I did not soon forget. It hurt my feelings more than it did my body.

Some months after this, grandfather died in Boston, and his body was brought to Sutton and laid in his family tomb, about a mile from our home. One Sabbath, after the family returned from meeting, and had dined, father and mother and one or two of us children went to the tomb. They opened the lid of the coffin to see the face of the departed. Father lifted me up and said that was my "Grandpa Waters." I asked if it was the grandpa that shook me. And when told that it was, I said "Well, I guess he won't shake me again." That shows how badly I felt, though I so richly deserved the shaking.

Sad Influence of a Profane Man

In my early boyhood I was a bundle of nerves, - all life and spirits, - scarcely still an infant, except when asleep. I was always doing something; and of course frequently things I ought not to do; so from my earliest days my life has been a very busy one. My grandfather would lose his patience when he found everything he wanted out of place, or rather when it was not to be found at all. He used to say: "Asa will make something or nothing;" meaning that I would not be one of your halfway characters. Should I live long enough, that saying may prove true.

Although I was always so full of mischief, yet somehow I always had friends. My little pranks and constant glee seemed to attract the notice and win the affection of most of those in my father's employ from time to time.

About the time of which I am speaking my father erected a new building, and among the men engaged in

the work, was a man from a neighboring town whom I will call Mr. Pierson. Very soon I attracted his attention and gained his love; and, in return, I thought there was nobody like my new friend. Every moment of rest and leisure Mr. Pierson was frolicking with me. Such was the mutual attachment between us, that his influence over me almost abounded. And it was a dreadful influence. Mr. Pierson was a man of no religious principles. Without exception he was the most profane man I ever knew. He would hardly utter a word without an oath. His habit of profanity had become so inveterate that it seemed almost as involuntary as his breathing. The wife of a clergyman, for whom he was working at one time, reproved him, when pleasantly replied: "Why madam, I don't mean anything when I swear, any more that you do when you pray."

My attachment to Mr. Pierson and my confidence in him were so great that the influence of all the instructions of my pious parents was neutralized, so that I felt that whatever my friend did or said must be right and proper. It was Mr. Pierson's greatest pleasure to witness my cunning tricks, and he was constantly encouraging me on to deeds of mischief; and this was not the worst of his influence. He would prompt me to some wrong act, and then teach me to deny it, always presenting himself as a witness - a false witness - in my favor, so as to shield me from correction. Many a time did I, through this wicked influence, and supported by the false testimony of the wicked man, cast my faults upon my elder brother, who had to suffer the reproof which I alone deserved. This cruel, wicked conduct I should never have been guilty of, had I not been led on by one in whom I had reposed entire confidence - centered my warmest affection. Through the influence of that false friend I "was made to sin," as "Jerboam made Israel to sin."

There was only one occasion in which I ever used profane language. The time and the spot are indelibly engraven on my mind. I was returning from school with my elder brother and sister, and was near home. All at once I began to utter a string of the most dreadful, wicked words, such as I had heard Mr. Pierson use. They were put together in all sorts of ways. My brother and sister were filled with astonishment and terror, and cried out: "Why Asa! you will certainly go to the place of the wicked if you use such awful words." But I only replied: I don't care Mr. Pierson will go there too; and I want to go where he does."

On reaching home mother was told what I had been

doing. And never shall I forget the sad and painful expression of that dear mother's face. She did not scold me - she never did that - but oh how tenderly and solemnly she spoke of the sinfulness of what I had done. And she warned me and entreated me never again to use such wicked words.

How fearful the effect upon me of that profane and wicked man! The mischief of his influence for those few weeks it took months and months of instruction and reproof and prayer to counteract. Oh, the guilt of making others to sin!

The habit of falsehood, formed under the influence of Mr. Pierson continued till I was about seven years of age. I also grew fretful and would cry at every trifle. I thus became a trial and grief to my father and mother. When about seven years old, I came into the house one day and said to my mother: "There I am going to stop crying and lying." And my mother, years after, told me that she never detected me in a falsehood afterwards. That shows that even children know when they do wrong; and that they can, if they will, "cease to do evil and learn to do well."

Fifteen or twenty years passed away, and Mr. Pierson became a reformed man - a vessel of the grace of God. Yes, this blasphemer was brought in penitence to the foot of the cross. His breath, so long spent in oaths, was now spent in prayer and praise. The remembrance of his influence over me - that he had made me to sin - was to him a source of the most bitter sorrow and remorse. He often expressed a desire, as I was told, once more to see me; but we have never met, nor shall we meet again, till we meet at the judgment bar. Many years ago he finished his earthly course.

The Famous Windmill

My father had a large head of cattle, oxen, cows, horses, sheep, etc. It was no small affair to pump all the water these thirsty creatures needed. One of us boys always had to go home from school at noon in the winter three quarters of a mile to pump that huge trough full of water. It used to take about half an hour of the most laborious pumping to fill it. And this had to be done a least three times every day.

The subject of some easier way of doing this was often discussed. The plan finally adopted was to place on the barn, directly over the pump, a wind-mill. It was a most thoroughly made piece of machinery, with six large arms. Most of the time, when set to work, it performed its task admirable, just like a thing of life. With an ordinary wind it would fill the, trough in a few minutes. Then the handle of the pump to which the

distaff was attached, was chained down, and the mill was quietly at rest.

But when there was a brisk wind, it would often throw the water from the top of the pump to the top of the barn, and pump the well dry in a few moments. And sometimes it was not an easy thing to chain the giant. Father would have to go up a ladder on the barn, get upon the trundle-head, and by means of the weather-board turn the mill round against the wind and chain one of the arms. This was a somewhat daring and dangerous business. We were often not a little frightened at the furious antics of this monster; but no measures were taken to abate the cause of our alarm till after the great gale on the seventeenth of September 1815.

In that gale the mill broke loose, broke off the distaff connected with the pump handle, and then, for hours, whirled with the most frightful velocity, throwing off one board after another from the arms. The people in the village half a mile distant, could see the barn swaying back and forth, and expected every moment that mill and barn and all would go to ruin. Father went into the stable right under the wind-mill, to get out a horse, when a board from one of the arms of the mill dashed through the barn directly over his head. The next summer, in mowing one of the fields an eighth of a mile distant, boards were found driven into the ground, thrown off from the windmill. Had it not been for the heavy rain that accompanied the gale, the velocity of the mill, it was thought would have set the barn on fire.

This was the death struggle of the famous windmill. It was taken down; and we boys were quite willing to go back to the old hand pumping, rather than risk any more such occasions of terror.

A Present to Our Minister

A generation or two ago it was common in most parishes for the people from time to time to make little presents to their minister. Not only on thanksgiving occasions, but almost every week some one would carry something that would be useful in housekeeping to the parsonage. It was not because the salary was small, - though it was in most cases small compared with salaries generally at the present day, - but it was an expression of interest in the minister and his work.

This practice, which was most happy in its influence alike upon the giver and the receiver, and which often times greatly cheered the heart of the pastor as a token of confidence and affection, is not so common at the present day. The railroads bring every one so near the

market that every thing he can raise is just as good to him as so much money; and it is a different thing to give the minister a present now and then in money from what it used to be to give a bushel of apples or potatoes, a loin of veal, a few dozen of eggs, or a few pounds of butter or cheese. And so these love-tokens to the pastor are comparatively few in our times.

Once a year, at least, a special present went from our farm to the parsonage. My father was famous for getting up a splendid load of wood whether intended for a present or for market. Instead of arranging the crooked sticks so as to make the largest bulk possible out of the smallest quantity of wood, he either rejected the crooked sticks or made "the crooked straight" by cutting, and then packing so closely that a squirrel could scarcely make its way through it.

At the proper season he put long stakes into the sled and made up a load of a cord and a half or two cords of well-seasoned hard wood that was fit to be photographed. On top of this load was placed a bag of apples from our fine large orchard, a cheese, and a few pounds of butter from mother's well filled dairy-room, and perhaps a loin of veal or a sparerib of pork. Then two of us boys, when not more that twelve or fifteen years of age, with a team of two or three yoke of oxen and a horse, would take this present, upon which our whole family had bestowed our blessings to the minister. And did ever two boys feel quite so smart as did these young teamsters on such an errand?

As that splendid load of wood went on its way through the town every body knew where it was going, and we too knew they did.

On arriving at the parsonage the venerable and venerated minister, the late Rev. Edmund Mills, uncle of Samuel J. Mills, the early missionary (and ah, how plainly I can now see his tall, majestic, and gentlemanly form!) and his family came out, with their hearty thanks and "God bless you." The minister helped unload the wood, and we shrewdly managed to give him, when we could, the big ends of the sticks, that we might see the minister lift.

Wasn't it a scene never to be forgotten by us? And didn't we and all the family who were at church hear our minister preach the next Sabbath? Did he ever preach half so well, and did we ever listen with half so much interest before? That load of wood as a present did the givers ever so much more good than it did the recipients. We all found that it was, indeed, "more blessed to give than to receive."

Every one is always interested where he invests property. This is a well-known principle in life. Hence the little boy ran with so much eagerness to the missionary meeting because, as he said: "I have an interest in that concern, for have given a shilling to it."

Why do not parents more generally think of the interest these little attentions to the minister will awaken in their children and in themselves toward him and his instructions? Let the children have a part in these little offerings. Such presents from the people - though together they are important helps to the minister in his family - are chiefly valuable as tokens of confidence and interest in him and his work among them. And it would be well could this old custom be revived.

MONTHLY MEETINGS

January 6, 1998 - The Society met at the General Rufus Putnam Hall at 8 PM. Roy Stone spoke about his book **The Sutton Freelands, Legends and Letters.**

February 3 - The Society met at the General Rufus Putnam Hall at 8 PM. Michael Whittier, a Social Studies teacher at the Junior/Senior High School, talked about putting some of the Sutton history on the internet.

March 2 - The Society met at the General Rufus Putnam Hall at 8 PM. Frederic Sherman Cauldwell, Jr., great, great grandson of General William Tecumseh Sherman, chronicled his ancestors life.

April 7 - The Society met at the General Rufus Putnam Hall at 8 PM. Donna Rossio of the Sutton Historical Commission, presented a survey done by Susan McDaniel Ceccacci, of the Massachusetts Historical Commission.

May 5 - The Society met at the Blacksmith shop at 8 PM. The 25th Massachusetts String Band Voluntary Infantry presented a program of 1860's music.

Dec. 1998 ⑦

June 2 - The Society met at the Hancock-Hall House on 320 Boston Road. Dennis Coll, owner, outlined the restoration and the history of his house.

July 7 - The Society met at the Eight Lots School for a Pot Luck supper and then adjourned to the General Rufus Putnam Hall for a presentation by The New England Aside Association on the history of side saddle riding.

August 1&2 - The Sutton Historical Society participated in a weekend of a Civil War "Living History Encampment" hosted by the 12th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

September 1 - The Society met at the General Rufus Putnam Hall at 8 PM. Kathleen Gagne, publicist, spoke about the history of Mechanics Hall in Worcester and its present operation.

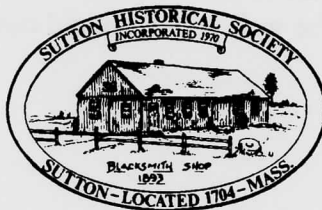
October 6 - The Society met in the General Rufus Putnam Hall to conduct the Annual Business Meeting. The following officers were elected; Carl Hutchinson, president, Janice Swindell, vice president, Rebecca Augustus, recording secretary, Paul Holzwarth, corresponding secretary, Elinor Hutchinson, treasurer, Carl Hutchinson, assistant treasurer, Mary King, historian. Jim Moran, Outreach Director, presented a program on the American Antiquarian Society located in Worcester, Massachusetts. Mr. Moran explained the resources of the library and left a book of Sutton related items that they had researched for us to use.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Dennis Coll Paul Holzwarth Margaret Matthews Silvia Westerlind Janet Wheeler

IN MEMORIAM

Mary Arakelian Herman Vanderwort Richard Stewart Emily Swindell Clarence Swart William Welsh



General Rufus Putnam Hall
4 Uxbridge Road, Sutton, MA 01590