

DOVER TIDINGS

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Editor

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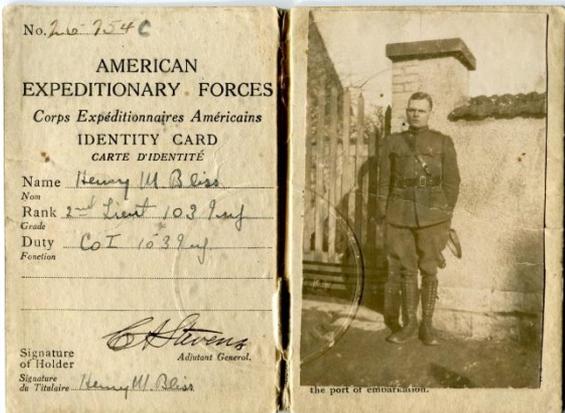
The President's Letter

With the 100th Anniversary of the Armistice on November 11th our World War I exhibit will come to a close. It has been a popular exhibit and we have enjoyed the opportunity to focus upon the roles played by local citizens in that conflict. In recognition of the occasion, I feel it is appropriate to share the following eyewitness description of November 11, 1918, as written by 23-year-old Lieutenant Henry M. Bliss of the 103rd Infantry, then at Bois de Ville, just north of Verdun.

During the night we received orders to attack again on the morning of the 11th. It was very lucky that it was very foggy for we were able to make a little headway. I went out with four men in the fog to find out where the battalion on the left really was and see if they were going to make any effort to help us out. I wandered about mostly by compass and having to flop every other minute on account of shells and machine guns. We ran into a boche machine gun, and why we were not all shot up before we dove down a bank I don't know. You see, I did not know that an armistice was going to be declared as the boche and some did, and in that last two hours every machine gun and battery used up all the ammunition they had. I finally found the battalion on the left and got some rumors from them and they told me that things were going to end at 11:00. You should have heard things just before 11:00 o'clock.

Everything going, and no-one could stick a neck out anywhere. When the war ended, I was on my way back after finding out about this other outfit. We were in a trench working along and the men about to attack were ducking the things in the air.

Everything suddenly stopped and everything was quiet, nobody exactly dared what to believe. The contrast was something like walking down Washington Street on a Sunday morning with not a sound or anything to worry you, where you had been generally accustomed to much noise and hubbub. I reached my battalion P. C. soon after 11:00. Everybody was standing around and nobody said a word. All we knew was that hostilities had ceased and that



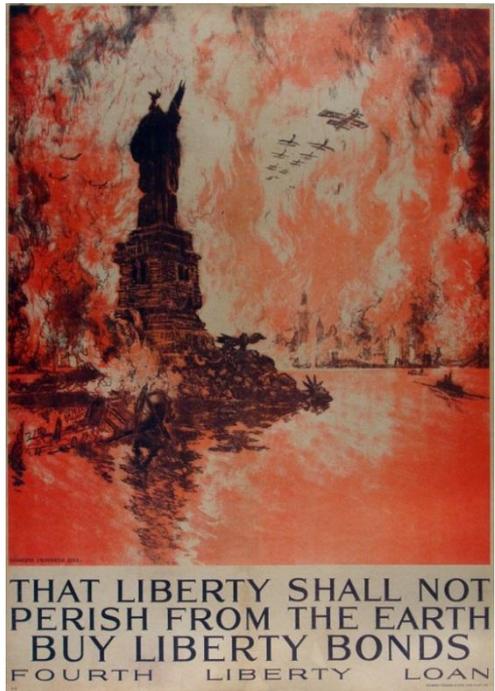
we were not to go forward any further. I went out along the front-line to help check it up on the map. The men who had previously been unable to expose themselves for any length of time were standing where they had finally reached.

Nobody said a word and it was so quiet you could hear a pin fall up on that bare hill in the fog. The boche were standing up in their trenches perhaps 400 meters away looking at us like stupid fools. The reaction was so great that I felt more like crying than laughing and yelling, and I know that many others felt the same way. By the time things were checked up, rations had come, and it was getting dark. It cleared up and during the evening the boche sent up all his flares and rockets of all colors. The whole line as far as we could see in either direction was alive with fireworks, but no more noise anywhere except an occasional song from the boche. After watching the fireworks a while, we had a real sleep.

Elisha Lee

The Powerful Propaganda and Chilling Foresight of a Poster in the Sawin Museum Collection

Remembering recent contributions of mine in *Dover Tidings* some readers may well say, “Enough WWI, let’s move on”. Indeed, I am moving on with one last article commenting on a remarkable piece of artwork. The Sawin Museum is fortunate to own a series of WWI posters exhorting Americans in the most graphic manner to hate the enemy and purchase war bonds. Some of these were the work of Joseph (signed “Ioseph”) Pennell (1857-1926), in his time one of the most talented and famous etchers who documented the conflict with a series of lithographs created in Britain, France and the USA. One poster of his that stands out, to me at least, is a remarkably accurate and terrifying premonition of what was to come. It shows swarms of bombers (mostly biplanes!) attacking a New York City in flames. The Statue of Liberty is front central with her crowned head stuck at her feet in the Hudson River mud and her torch, shorn from her shattered arm, lying on the ground. A submarine cruises up stream and a merchantman burns on the river bank. Amongst the flames consuming the city, church spires reach helplessly for the sky, making the point that places of worship know no respite.



An apocalyptic scene indeed and one that foreshadowed what warfare would look like a mere 19 years later at Guernica, Spain, the first city to be ravaged by aerial bombing which was depicted

so powerfully by Pablo Picasso. Had Liberty stood on the banks of the Thames, she could have been shown in the iconic 1940 photo-



graph by Herbert Mason of London during the “Blitz” with the dome of St. Paul’s Cathedral rising amongst the smoke of the burning city. Later, in retaliation, Dresden, Berlin and, more devastatingly still, Hiroshima and Nagasaki were to suffer the same fate.

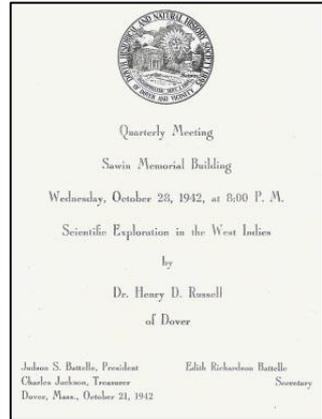
These events are but names to many, but to me their aftermath is real, because I remember vividly as a child in the late 1940s the huge mounds of building rubble rising above many a London street and being told that “the Germans did that”. I could not understand why anyone would want to destroy people’s homes, but realized that terrible things had happened and that now all was well and safe. That was a child’s simplistic and optimistic perception indeed, which tragically since then was to be shattered for many a child elsewhere in the world.

Stuart Swiny
Curator, Sawin Museum

Dover Stories

Part 2: Growing Up in Dover 1940 - 1980

Like many residents of Dover, Massachusetts, my parents (Dr. Henry and Elizabeth Russell) contributed in multiple ways to the vibrant, community-centered and people-friendly spirit of this small town in which the police chief was also the garbage man. My father gave talks at the Town Hall, participated in town meetings as a member of the Dover Conservation Committee, and was a volunteer fireman. My mother was a chairwoman for the Noanett Garden Club, a member of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, was a brownie scout leader, and researched acid rain content in the Charles River for the Charles River Watershed



Association. In the 1960s Mom met Rachel Carson who exposed the dangers of DDT; dangers that my father, a Professor of Biology at Boston University, had suspected. Thus my parents became anti-pesticide activists. On spring mornings when they heard the drone of the spray plane flying overhead, they would jump into the car, leave me and my sisters, Louise and Cynthia, behind, and race down our gravel driveway spewing pebbles in all directions in their haste to reach the plane, and stop it from spraying Dover properties. Alas, it was too late because we lost the local Eastern Bluebird population due to DDT.

My sisters and I joined the brownies and girl scouts. I loved wearing the little brown outfit, the small pin and beret-like brown hat. Our first-grade brownie troop met once a week after school at the meetinghouse near the railroad tracks close to Dover Center. The induction ceremony found us seated in a circle on the floor around a mirror with flowers surrounding the edges as we recited the Brownie Code. One day we made acorn people from the oak

trees around our meeting place. The acorns looked like us brownies because the “hat” on the nut resembled our brownie hats.



As scouts, we marched in the Memorial Day Parades that started at the Town Hall and ended at the cemetery.*

Autumn brought crisp colorful days and the start of the Norfolk Hunt Club hunts with horse and hounds dashing through the open spaces and woodlands of Dover, Medfield and Sherborn. Mrs. Badger was Master of the Hounds. We often followed the hunts by car. The sight of the red and the black coated riders atop their horses, the baying of the hounds and the sound of the hunting horn --- all very exciting! Sometimes the hunt gathered in the Hoyt’s field next door (46 Springdale Avenue) before racing off along the bridle paths through our woods. There were two parts to the hunt. Georgia Grant and I discovered this when we signed up one season to be the “Fox” to earn college money. We had to go to the Norfolk Hunt Club headquarters, dip a mop in a smelly bucket of fox scent, wrap the mop up to keep it wet, drive to the “start” location for each of us, then drag the mop over stone walls, along

bridle paths, and through fields as we each “dragged” our section of the Hunt Map. In order to retain a fresh scent, we could only “drag” our section thirty minutes before the hunt started. The



baying of the hounds, as they grew ever closer, sent shivers up my spine. I was the prey! This experience increased my empathy for the foxes.

One day my sister Cynthia, a friend, and I were walking along the railroad tracks located at the southern boundary of our property and the Hoyt’s next door. We often walked the tracks even though trains travelled there several times a day. On this particular day, we were talking about how one could put one’s ear to the tracks and hear a distant train. So I put my ear to the tracks, heard nothing but suddenly saw an iron monster with one bright eye bearing down upon us. I grabbed my sister’s arm and yelled, “get off the tracks!” Cynthia and I stumbled down the slope and through the brambles. We three lay in the grasses, terrified but safe, as the monster train went rumbling by. Lesson learned: be very careful when walking on the railroad tracks!



Winter was a special time with sledding at the Jackson's on Farm Street, and next door on Mr. Hanchett's hill. We went "ski-jouring" across his fields (then owned by the Hoyt's) when Penny Philbrick brought her donkey to our house. We hitched the donkey to the toboggan. But the donkey would not move. By accident, we discovered that it would move if Penny rode on its back and zipped the zipper on her jacket up and down. Then it would take off at a fast trot. We hung onto the toboggan as it flew across the snow: thrilling!

Skating was a favorite winter sport. In the 1950s, the Channing's pond was developed into a park on Springdale Avenue. This park is known today simply as Channing Pond. When the pond froze over, we all went there to skate. On moonlight nights, we walked down our long driveway, to the rink. The shadows of the tree branches fell across the glistening white snow. At the rink, people removed their shoes and left them on the benches while they skated. A fire, to warm skaters, often burned in the large oil drum. Sometimes when skaters returned to put on their shoes they would find that one boot or shoe was missing. This was thanks to our Labrador retriever, Breeze, who thought it was her job to retrieve an item, bring it home and bury it. Skaters often knocked on our door asking if we had seen their footwear. We had to ask Breeze.

We grew up with rabbits, chickens, dogs, cats and ponies/horses. My parents boarded other people's horses, bought a cowpony named Johnny, and were given a wonderful palomino pony named, Lady. Lady came to us with all her gear including the most wonderful pony cart. The cart looked like a woven basket on top.

The bottom was wood painted green with a step into the cart at the back and seats along each side. My Mother did the driving as we



trotted Lady along Springdale Avenue to Farm Street. We picked up children along the way: Penny Philbrick, Alison and Billy MacAllister, Timmy Pennypacker, David Lewis, and Coco Brewer, to name a few.

Dover was the most delightful place to grow up. I hope children of today enjoy the town and all it has to offer as much as we did.

Barbara Russell Williams
Former Dover Resident

Editor's Note

This is the second of three in the series by Barb Williams. The first appeared in the fall issue of *Dover Tidings*. If you missed it, you will find it on our website, www.doverhistoricalsociety.org.

All photographs in this article are from the Dover Historical Society archives courtesy of the Barbara Russell Williams.

* Several brownies in this photograph may be identified, L – R: front row: Barb Russell and Cynthia Lyman; central row Shirley Badger(?) wearing brownie hat next to Mary Jane Barthfield(?) and at end of the row Diana Walcott; back row Laina Wylde and Martha Woodworth behind Shirley and Mary Jane. Standing alone on right is Evi Stockton. Please let us know if you can identify others! sswiny@albany.edu, pskunks2@aol.com.

Local Antique Farm Equipment Acquired

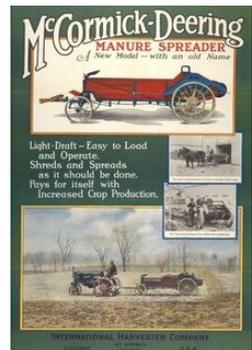
Last spring when the sale of 46 Springdale was complete, the Dover Historical Society got a call from the Town to see if we were interested in an old wagon left behind. Upon closer inspection, it appeared to be a horse drawn manure spreader. As the piece is from Dover and representative of our agrarian history, we accepted the spreader with the intention of restoring it to add to the Caryl Farm collection of farming equipment.



The spreader, which had been exposed to weather, was in poor shape; its wooden body indicated that it was old, but what was this contraption? After some research, we discovered that we owned a 1924 McCormick and Deering No.4 spreader. Manure spreaders were an important tool for the farmer of the early 20th century. The benefit of spreading manure on fields has been known for centuries, but it was difficult to handle and was dirty work. With the advent of mechanized farming, these spreaders greatly lightened one onerous task of the ordinary farmer.



McCormick and Deering was one of several popular brands at the turn of the century. Manufacturers began producing a glut of spreaders, so much so that the competition for sales descended into what was known at the time as “the spreader wars”. In 1902 J.P. Morgan combined the five popular spreaders under one umbrella company, the International Harvester Company. This resolved the competitive war for sales while allowing each of their brands to continue to be sold under their own name. In 1912 the US government filed an anti-trust suit, and the financial burden of maintaining the various brands convinced IH to combine several lines combining McCormick with Deering.



The No.4 was very popular and profitable but was manufactured for only a few years before they updated the spreader with a galvanized steel body as the No.4A, which was manufactured for many years, thereby making our spreader rare. It was also not complete as several important parts were missing and are very hard to find. Several weeks ago while driving along Dedham Street. I noticed a No. 4A spreader in the field at Lion Spring Farm at the base of Strawberry Hill Street. I pulled in and spoke with Bob Loebelenz who had just pulled it out of a field to have it hauled



away. Although not from Dover, the spreader is complete and in working order and has all the rare parts, except the seat, to fully restore ours. Bob Loebelenz graciously made a gift of it to the Historical Society to use as we saw fit.

With the assistance of Mark Oteri, the local traditional carpenter who built the Parson's Privy for the Fisher Barn, we will restore the wooden body. Other craftsmen and volunteers will swap out missing or damaged parts from the 4A to complete the project.

A capital campaign to restore the spreader is being organized. Anyone wishing to contribute or assist in the restoration will be most welcome. When complete, the spreader and other large farming equipment will be displayed in the lower level of the barn.



Please send your contribution to this effort to Dover Historical Society, P. O. Box 534, Dover, 02030 and designate its purpose: spreader restoration. We would be extremely grateful for your help to restore this valuable piece of Dover's agricultural history.

Kevin Shale
Curator, Caryl Farm

General Information

Please note that our museums are open to the public, free of charge, in the fall (September – November) and spring (April – June). All visitors are welcome. The lower level of the Sawin Museum is especially enjoyable for children as there are many artifacts which they are welcome to try out.

Both museums are also available by special appointment. Contact the curators directly or leave a voicemail message of your request on the phone: 508-785-1832.

The Historical Society also has an exhibit of Richard H. Vara's watercolors on display at the Caryl Community Center, just off the lobby at the Springdale Avenue entrance. It too can be viewed, free of charge, whenever the Community Center is open (times vary).

Copies of the final edition of ***Dover Days Gone By*** by Richard Hart Vara are available for \$20.00 at both museums or by phone at the main Society number, 508-785-1832. There are also a limited number of hardbound copies still available for \$50.00. Call 508-785-0567 for further information and to order this item.

In addition, two companion guide books are available as above for \$1.00 each. They are: ***Exploring the Center*** and ***Exploring: By Car, Boat, on Foot.***

Check out our website: www.doverhistoricalsociety.org and



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The Dover Historical Society is a 501(c) (3) non-profit organization supported by members, grants and donations.

Dover Tidings is published three times a year and is sent primarily to members. If you have not renewed your membership, please do so; it helps a lot! If you have already renewed, THANK YOU. If you would like to become a new member you can obtain a membership application at one of the museums, or by using PayPal on the website.

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