

# Early local mover and shaker: 'Mogey' Tuttle

By Gordon B. Seavey

It perhaps can be said that Alfred Tuttle travelled more miles on more roads in Westford than most for he spent most of his life in town on moving vehicles.

First he became a conductor then motorman on the town's fledgling street car line inaugurated in 1907. Later he turned to delivering the mail and riding the fire wagons and trucks.

For seven days a week he guided the trolley from Westford Common to Brookside a distance of three miles. The first run of the day was at 6:15 a.m. the final 10:35 p.m.

At Brookside more commonly known now as Nabasset his passengers would either take the Stony Brook Railroad to Lowell Depot (change there for Boston) or get a Lowell & Fitchburg trolley to North Chelmsford, then to Merrimack Square in the heart of Lowell.

Cost of the full ride was 7¢. However, if one chose to get aboard at Banister's Corner (Lowell and Providence Roads) the tariff dropped by 2¢.

If one from the Center wished to drop off to visit with Sam Taylor, jovial occupant of the Old Oaken Bucket Farm at the corner of Stony Brook Road, or

friends nearby, the fare was a nickel.

During the winter of 1909-1910 the line was shut down. Blizzards and great snow drifts were too much for the four wheel trolley car.

Tuttle, known to all as Mogey, was a quiet bachelor who lived with his sister, Ruth, on the family homestead on Boston Road. She taught in the First School. His uniform was not always impeccable, although to add color he usually had a flower in his buttonhole.

With the event of the Rural Free Delivery (RFD) in town, the opportunity came for Mogey to switch jobs, although the new position might still mean continuous travel.

For this job it was required that he furnish his own transportation. His was a Model T Roadster with a tray beside the driver's seat for some of the mail and a box in the rear for the balance.

## Talk of the town

His car was the talk of the town, especially when the snow came. He rigged his Ford with caterpillar wheels on the rear and ski-like runners on the front. True to the postal service code, this carried him and the mail

over the snow drifts along the back roads as well as the well-trodden main streets. In spite of snow and sleet, the mail went through.

During much of his lifetime in Westford, the Center Fire Station was a small white building adjacent to his barn. This housed the horse-drawn wagon which carried a couple of ladders, some shovels and brooms for forest fires and a dozen or so hand fire extinguishers—the soda and acid type.

Tuttle was a volunteer fireman all his life and unless a substitute took over, he hitched the family horse to the plect of equipment and raced to the scene, especially if it wasn't too far distant.

Too often, but true, was the remark that "The firemen did their best but only saved the cellar hole."

Like the slow-moving tortoise-old timers, remember Mogey, was slow in speech and in action. Nevertheless, the electric trolley always reached Brookside on time and folks along the RFD routes never failed to get the Lowell Courier Citizen, forerunner of the Lowell Sun or the Boston Post, on the same day they were printed.



Mogey' Tuttle as seen in his traveling days  
(Seavey photo)