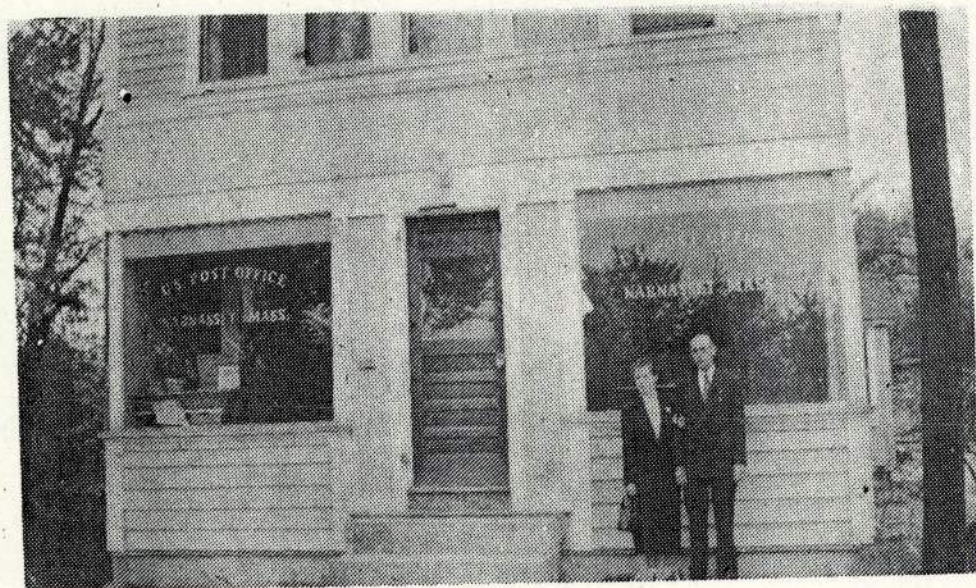


# Westford Recollections

by June W. Kennedy



Edna G. MacLeod, "Postmaster," and her husband, John, pose in front of their post office-general store in Nabnasset back in the early 1940's. (A MacLeod photo from the WESTFORD RECOLLECTIONS SERIES)

## Mail route

By JUNE W. KENNEDY  
NORMAN NESMITH:

"Going back prior to the time of Rural Free Delivery, mail for the Parkerville residents came from the Post Office of Nashoba which was located at the Carlisle Station or Depot (intersection of Routes 225 and 27) on the Framingham and Lowell Railroad. "Mrs. Jones, Nashoba, Massachusetts" was the proper address for the area. When just a boy, my father, Harry Nesmith of Parkerville, daily hitched his team of horses to a wagon or sled, picked up the milk from the immediate neighborhood and took it to the Depot for delivery into Boston. Not only did he collect the milk, but also the empty cans from the preceding day, and the mail, which he delivered himself. With news from the outside, his arrival must have been the highlight of many a villager's day - an era gone by."

AUSTIN FLETCHER:

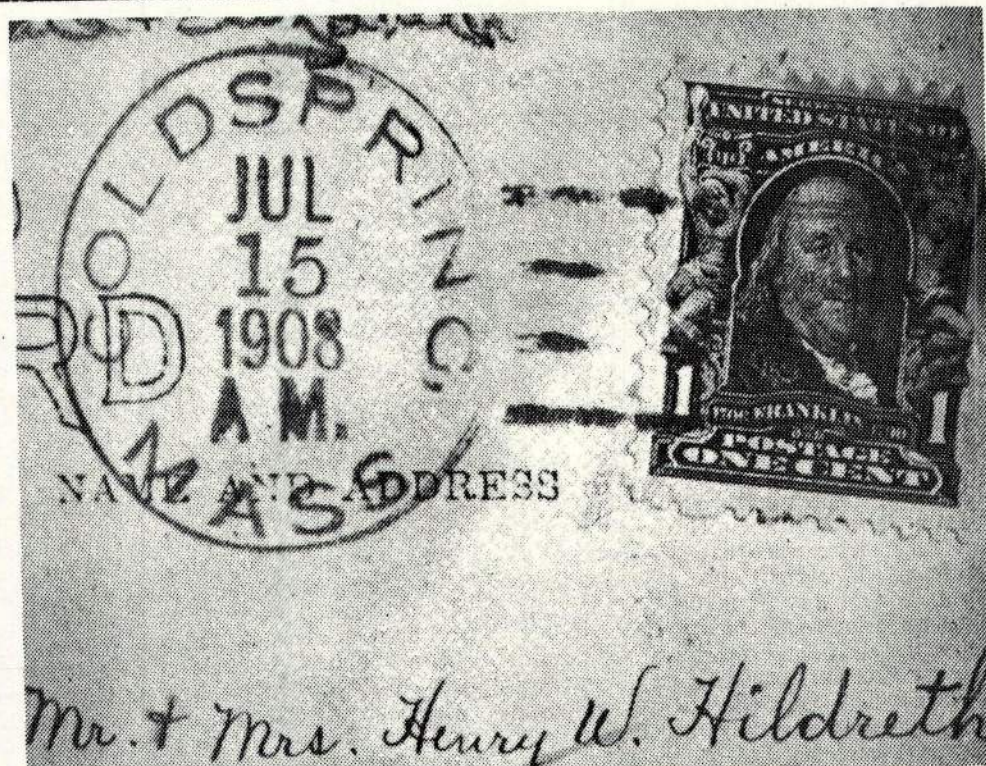
"My grandfather, Charles Whidden, was the station agent at the Westford Depot back around 1910 or 11. The Post Office there was called Cold Spring. I remember he'd carry the incoming mail up the hill to Westford Center and then

carry the outgoing mail back down to the train. He drove a three-seated wagon that could hold as many as five or six passengers coming to or from the station. One day as Grandfather pulled into the Depot, a man who had just missed the train asked where the next stop was. Grandfather kindly told him, but upon coming out of the station a few moments later, discovered the man had taken off with the horse and wagon. But the old mail-horse was smart. When his abductor abandoned him at the next stop, he simply headed for home and barn. That's where Grandfather found him!

"I remember when Mr. Frank Bannister down on the Lowell Road would go for the mail. He'd ride horseback uptown and bring the mail down to the train. That was back in the teens."

GEORGE GOUCHER:

"Back in the 20's and 30's when the town was small, there was allowance for some personal touches along the mail route. Oftentimes when I had elderly people on my run, I would carry the paper and mail right to the door. One time, I remember, a man was sick in bed so I went out in



Coldspring was the name of the post office located at Westford Depot (bottom of Depot Street by Stony Brook), and yes, once upon a time there really was a penny postcard! (From the WESTFORD RECOLLECTIONS SERIES)

his barn to fetch some wood for his stove. I noticed the cellar door was open when I returned so I inquired if the Mrs. was all right. "Yep," he replied, 'Just downstairs gettin' some preserves.' She could have had an accident, you know.

"Another time, just up the hill from Whitney's Garage on Main Street, an old lady handed me a bouquet tied in string (wildflowers from her garden). She asked, 'Would you take this up to so and so?' I said sure, but really I wasn't supposed to take anything that didn't have postage on it.

"I recall one day over at the Post Office . . . J.M. Fletcher handed me the 'awfulest' smelling pouch to which I responded, do I have to take this with me all day on the route? 'Yep,' he retorted, 'up to Long-sought-for Pond.' Turned out it was a hornpout from Maine, sent to a brother or cousin, in order to prove its length. Phew!"

This is article No. 45 in the continuing WESTFORD RECOLLECTIONS - 250th Anniversary Series by June W. Kennedy.



"Don't say bread, say BETSY ROSS," shouts the panel on the delivery truck as it pulls into MacLeod's back in the 1930's. This post office-general store served the residents of Nabnasset. (A MacLeod photo from the WESTFORD RECOLLECTIONS SERIES)