

"Ira Leland was a farmer on the east side of the village. Many a time I have seen him drive by in his "square" wagon, the box of which was well toward square, the sides three narrow panels high. Just under the horse's nose as he trotted along was a shaggy haired small black dog, Peter, whose steady Yap, Yap heralded his master. With every yap Peter jumped toward the horse's nose turning around in the air with each jump....

I might note a locality name which does not appear in Hodgeman's History of W. Upper and Lower Zachary were fields east of Prospect Hill, one each side of the road. They

Hildreth, whence the name.

Many Indian relics are in the farmhouses of the town. In my boyhood there were three rough likenesses of the human form on the then bare ledge at the brow of the hill on the Depot road, then reputed to be of Indian origin (glacial scratches?)

Preceptor Frost's older son Francis was a lively small boy. One day in Wright & Fletcher's store his mother missed him. He had got into the back store and roved around over the barrels there. He stepped on the cover of one and when his mother called "Francis, where are you?" he had to reply, "Mother, I'm in the lard." Being warm weather he was in it and considerable lard went home with him. The nickname "Mother, I'm in the lard" clung

Another... fire was the Wright house where the Library now stands. "Ed" Wright lived alone therein and was in the house during the fire. He probably, as he was apt to do, started for a shed with a lighted lamp and (fell in a fit such as he had been known to have) thus setting the house afire.

Frances Procter? who lived where Dr. Forsley (Everett Miller - 1952) had been a State Prison Warden or maybe only a guard. Madam was a careful housekeeper. He was heard one evening to ask, "Have you wiped up the sink?" Yes, was the reply. "Then I can't have a drink of water."

Gilman and Andrew Wright were brothers who came in my youth with their father, mother and uncle from the farm in the

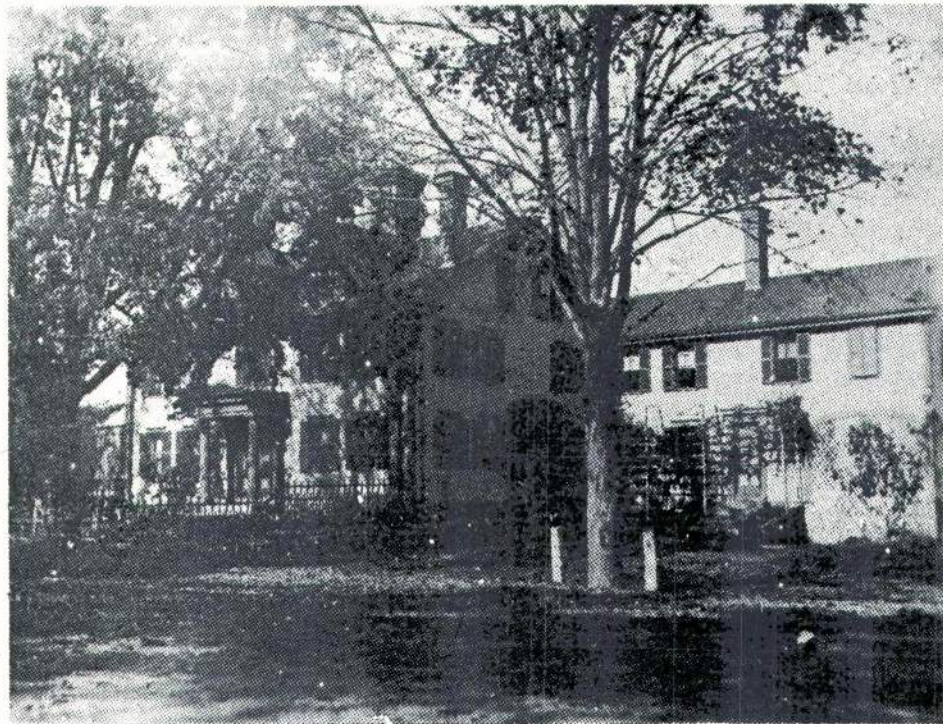
cottage house now of Mrs. Rice, hardly recognizable as the one they occupied. Gilman was a bachelor save for a brief year. Rather tall with a stubby beard, he was for years a painstaking town clerk and when one day he failed to rise from an after dinner nap the Town sincerely mourned him. His handwriting was double the average size...

Andrew was a smaller man very near sighted and almost hunch backed and the same beard as Gilman. While Gilman's piety stopped with doing the church janitor work free, Andrew, being musical, led the choir, was Deacon and active in the prayer meetings. His pulse was unusually slow, as low as 48. Yet he was active enough to be nicknamed "Skippee". Raising strawberries he exhorted his pickers to get right down amongst 'em. Prayer meetings were often held in homes without any musical instrument. Andrew would set the tune by putting his hand behind his ear and humming through his nose, not nasal, three or four notes and then setting the tune.

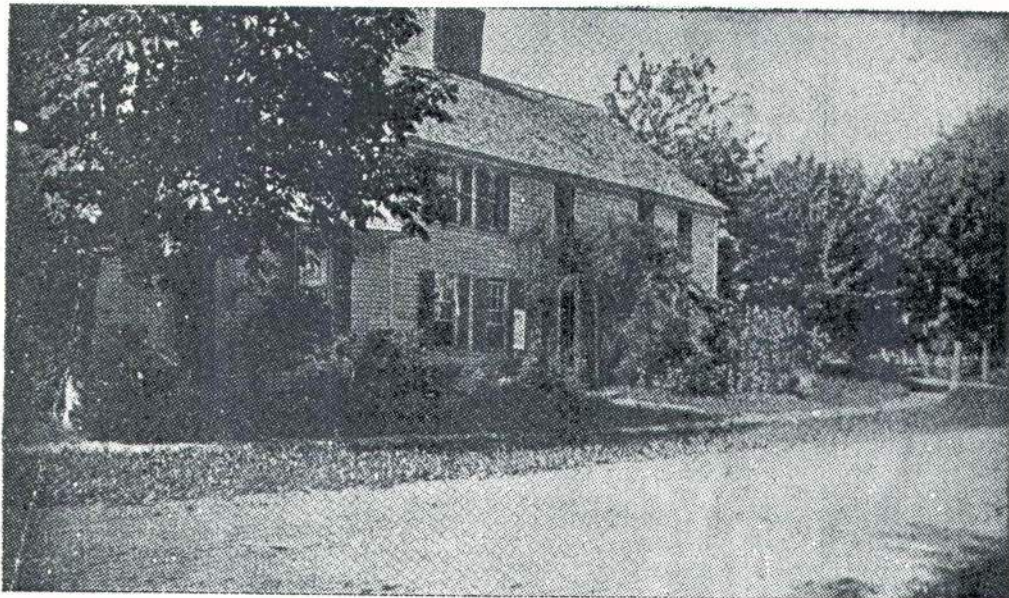
After the Abbot house fire which occurred the coldest night I ever saw, 22 below zero and the wind blowing so the firemen were instantly covered with an armor of ice, the ell which we saved was sold (but later taken down because of the refusal of selectmen to grant a permit to move it because of light and power wires)."

The End

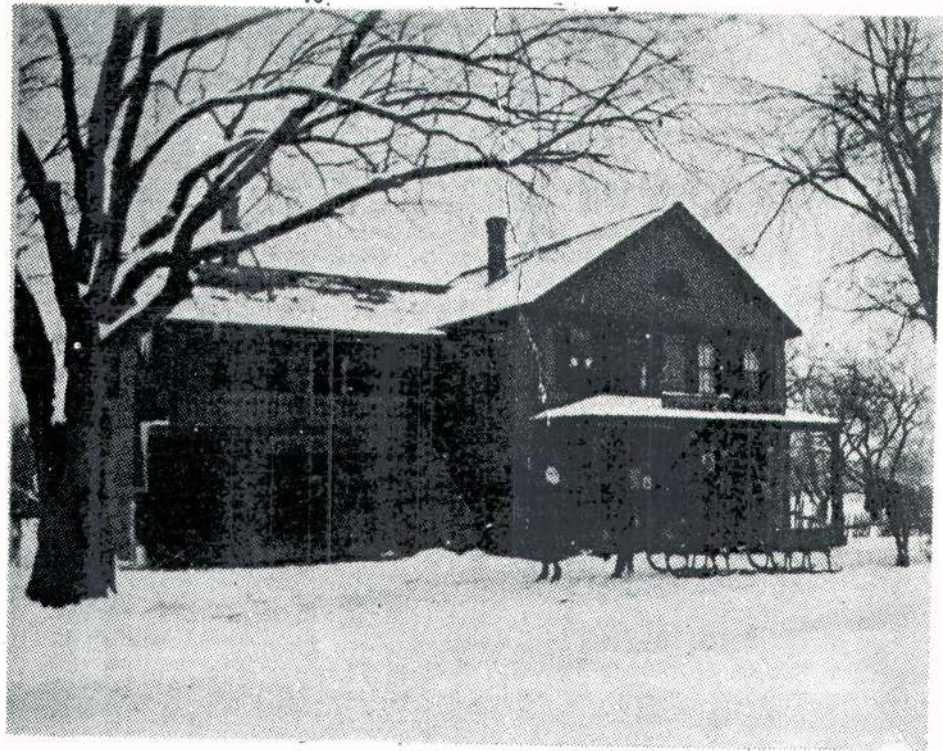
This paper was written by Leonard Wheeler and found upon his desk after the automobile accident which proved fatal. He died in the hospital on July 5, 1937. Alice M. Howard edited the paper.



The Butterfield Tavern, later belonging to the Abbot Family, was located between the store and the Meetinghouse on the site of Connell Drive. The house burned one bitter winter night when the Ed Fisher family lived there. They lost everything except the night clothing they had on. (Photo courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Austin D. Fletcher)



The Bancroft and Wright house formerly stood on the site of the J. V. Fletcher Library Building. It was burned Dec. 5, 1891.



The Wright & Fletcher Store (now Stony Brook Realty in Westford Center) housed the Post Office during the Republican Administration. Like all country stores, it was a gathering place for social and political exchange. (Photo courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Austin D. Fletcher)



Many a year has passed since an ox-drawn wagon passed through the village. It was here at the Wright & Fletcher Store that Preceptor Frost's son, Francis, earned his nickname, "Mother, I'm in the lard." (Photo Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Austin D. Fletcher)

Westford Recollections
by
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