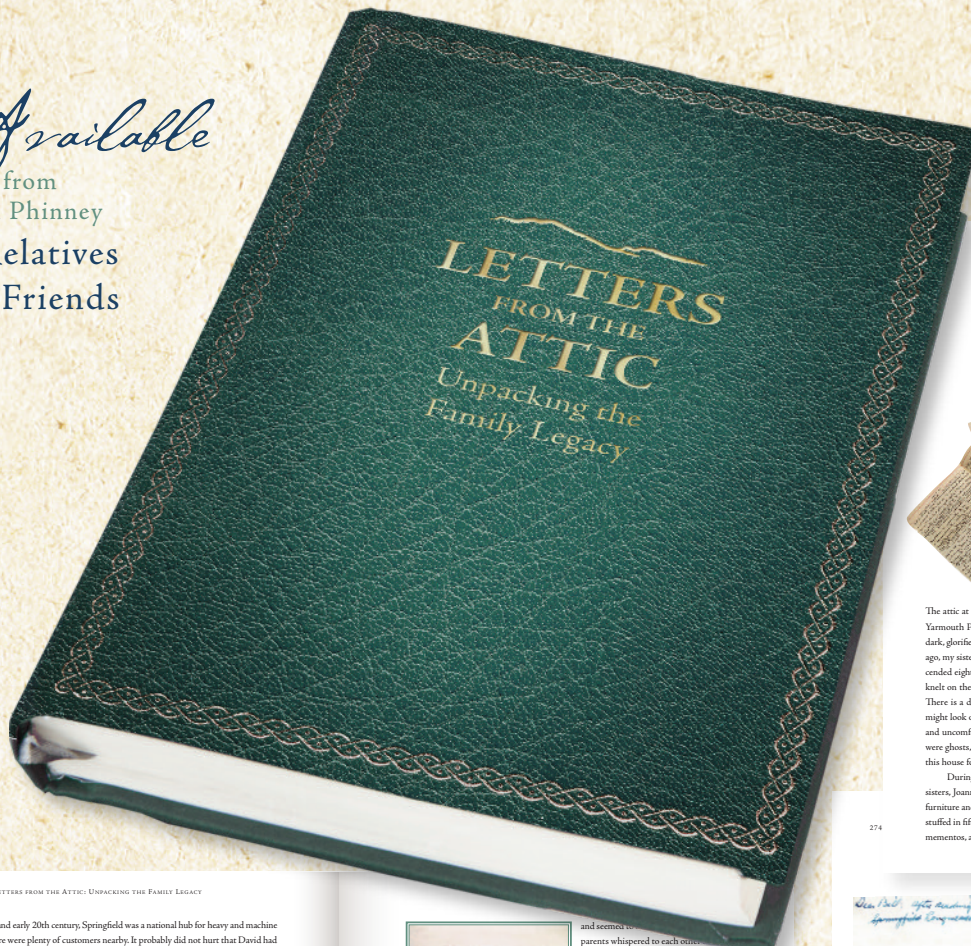


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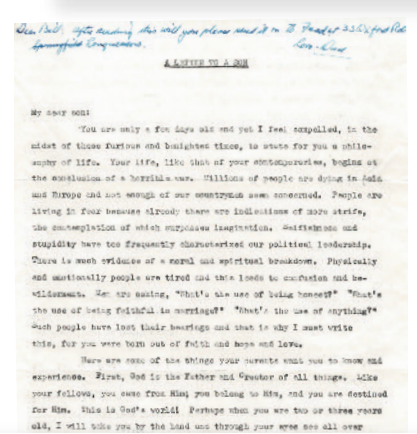
from
Ben Phinney
to Relatives
and Friends



The attic at 3 Church Street in Yarmouth Port, Massachusetts, is a long, dark, glorified crawl space that stretches the length of the house just under the roof peak. Decades ago, my sister, Joanna, and I used to climb up to the attic during games of hide and seek. We ascended eight steep narrow stairs to reach the attic, and they either tumbled over at the waist or hault on the rough planks that form the floor. It was so dusty that you didn't want to lie down. There is a dirty window at the far end of the attic from which, if you strained your eyes, you might look over the forest to the salt marshes to see a portion of Massachusetts Bay. It was dark and uncomfortable and eerily quiet up there; almost like another world. We wondered if there were ghosts, since the house was at least a century old. My grandparents and parents had lived in this house for over 60 years but it had been built long before they came.

During the week leading up to the memorial service in June 2014 for my father, my three sisters, Joanna, Harriet and Martha, did an excellent job organizing and distributing the family furniture and collectibles that filled the house. It was in the attic that they found treasures. There, stuffed in fifty or more cardboard boxes and wooden chests were old photos, scrapbooks, diaries, mementos, and other items that our forebears had saved. Realizing that they held potentially sig-

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tools. In the late 19th and early 20th century, Springfield was a national hub for heavy and machine manufacturing, so there were plenty of customers nearby. It probably did not hurt that David had married into one of the leading families in town, but his reputation as a shrewd businessman must have been evident to everybody. His sons, Clarence and Jim, joined him in running the business when they became of age. However, it was his daughter, Marion, who seemed to inherit the business talent and she served as treasurer for many years.

The Hales lived in a large Victorian house at 36 Magnolia Terrace in Longmeadow where they raised their three children. They insisted on having the children and, later their grandchildren,



Hale Family at High Pines, Woronooc, 1920s

for dinner every Saturday night, which my mother and her older brother, Uncle Will Sanburn, found somewhat burdensome in their teenage years. David was a raconteur and after dinner he loved to tell stories of Ireland and his relatives there. I expect that he would think nothing of reciting several canons from *Lady of the Lake* after dinner. Uncle Will remembered that his grandfather used to reward both of them with a dime for an "A" in schoolwork and a nickel for a "B." Uncle Will was forever thankful that his grandfather encouraged him to go out for debating at Deerfield Academy, which helped him significantly in his career. Of his Grandma Hale, Uncle Will wrote that "she was a very sweet lady who always seemed to be knitting or crocheting something" and enjoying iced tea on the front porch. In addition to their house in Longmeadow, the Hales had a vacation house, called High Pines, in Woronooc, a rural village in the Berkshire hills, about twenty miles west of Springfield.

David Hale died in 1947, a year before I was born, being the first child in my generation. My father greatly enjoyed his brief friendship with Great-grampa Hale, whom he described as "the salt of the earth." Dad remembered the old man telling him his secrets to a healthy marriage as follows, "I never step a foot over the pantry threshold." A poem that was composed, probably by someone in the foundry business, for his burial service ended thus:

So, we think of him
A man whose life was poured
And moulded and cast in the
Form of good dimensions.

From early childhood, I remember Great-granda Hale, then in her eighties, as a frail older woman in black dresses that signaled she was from an earlier era. She walked slowly with a cane



Hales and friends at Mt. Washington Hotel, Bretton Woods, New Hampshire

and seemed to be a bit of a hypochondriac. After her husband's death she had an elderly companion, Miss Van Ripper, come to live with her. "Miss Van," as she was called, must have been fairly spry for her age. Uncle Will told a story of Miss Van during a holiday dinner party crawling under the dining room table searching for the foot-operated buzzer to ring in the maid. Myrtle lived to eighty-seven and died in 1955 reportedly of breast cancer when I was seven years old. She had been a teacher for five or six years before her marriage to David. She was "prominent" in church and women's club activities for many years. She was a member of Faith Congregational Church for nearly sixty years, an active member of the board of the WYCA, a member of the Hampden County Children's Aid Society, the Springfield Women's Club and the History and Colony Clubs.



Cousin Dick Hale at Family House, Banbridge, Vermont, 1920s

Dick Hale - Master of the Hunt, County Down
David Hale's younger cousin Dick Hale lived in Banbridge, County Down, where David had lived before emigrating. In 1966, my parents took several of us children to the British Isles for the summer. An important part of the journey was visiting in Banbridge with Cousin Dick, who was at the time in his nineties and hard of hearing. He was a wiry man with a shock of white hair, reddish cheeks with large green eyes and little tufts of hair growing out of his ears and nose. He was delighted to see us and insisted on proving more than once that he could run up-



Fred Jr. at the helm, Manchester, Massachusetts



Fred and Aimee



Lonnie, Izanna, Frank and Quinn



Stanley, Fred and Eleanor with Rachel



Fred and Aimee



Lonnie, Izanna, Frank and Quinn



Lonnie, Izanna, Frank and Quinn



Peter and Warren

For your family's own copy of *Treasurers from the Attic: Unpacking the Family Legacy*, email phinneyben@me.com. Your contribution of \$30 to defray costs may be sent either by check (Ben Phinney, 2018 Knaab Drive, Bozeman, MT 59715) or through Venmo (Ben-Phinney-1). Enjoy your history!



David, Preston and Aimee



Jamie and Ale



Robbie, Sam, Ben, Barbara, Henry, Lisa



Ben, Art, Fred Jr., Barton, Artie and Terry