

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, Woronoco, 1920's

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 cantos 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 Woronoco, 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 secret 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:

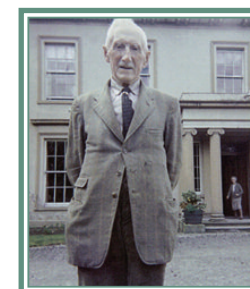
So, we think of him
A man whose life was poured
And moulded and cast in the
Form of good dimensions.

From early childhood, I remember Great-grandma 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 always in poor health. In fact, my parents whispered to each other that she was a bit of a hypochondriac. After her husband's death she had an elderly companion, Miss Van Riper, 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. Myrta 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 Huntly House, Banbridge County Down, Northern Ireland, 1966

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 upstairs and then stoop to touch his toes, feats that elude most people his age. The Hales lived on a country estate, known as Huntly House, which you approached along a circular tree-lined drive. To the best of my memory, this was a large light brown stucco house nestled in a wooded glade with extensive stables for about twenty or more horses. Cousin Dick had raised horses which he sold at the annual Dublin horse market. When we drove to the County Down Hunt Club, Dick lived up to his reputation as a wild man behind the wheel, taking curves at high speeds. I distinctly remember the hounds at the club howling in joy as they immediately picked up Cousin Dick's scent when he got out of the car. He had for years served as Master of the Hunt for County Down and was well known in the horse world.

During the visit we also had tea with his wife Mary Hale who, at age ninety-two, was confined to her bed. She seemed to me to be one of the loveliest women I had ever met. Whereas Cousin Dick was hard of hearing, she could hear a pin drop and she greeted her American relatives