

FIRST PLACE

John Malesevic

Stories from Grove Hill Cemetery

Introduction

Grove Hill Cemetery, located along Main Street (the Great Road West) in Waltham has many old tombstones, dating back to 1703. As I have walked among them, I notice some are cracked and some of the words are faint. Still, some reveal pieces of interesting stories. One is marked “Beal.” Is this the same Beal that Beal Road in my neighborhood is named after? There’s also a crypt called “Leland.” I’ve seen The Leland Home from my school bus many times. Is the Leland Home connected to this crypt? I went looking for answers to these questions and other questions that the gravestones showed. Sometimes I found the answers and sometimes I didn’t, but I found other connections. The information I found helped me learn about Waltham’s and America’s history. (See Photographs A & B)

Cemetery Information

Grove Hill Cemetery is Waltham’s oldest cemetery. It was originally known as “The Old Burying Ground.”(2) The first grave was Susannah Hastings’ or Grace Harrington’s, both from 1703. (5) The most recent burial was July 10, 2008. The rule is you must be 75 years old to reserve a space for yourself now, but in the old days you could be any age. (13)

Grove Hill is small. It’s hilly, and trees cover the whole cemetery. On the ground are patches of thyme, a fragrant herb. The light in the afternoon and twilight shines on the gravestones and makes me feel good inside. (See photograph C.)

People who played important roles in Waltham’s history are buried there. Revolutionary War soldiers are buried there. Even Nathaniel Banks and his son are buried in Grove Hill.

Nathaniel Banks

Grove Hill Cemetery's most famous resident is also Waltham's most famous citizen. His name is Nathaniel Banks. He was born in 1816. His accomplishments included being a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a U.S. Representative from Massachusetts, Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, Governor of Massachusetts, and General in the Union Army during the Civil War. (8)

Nathaniel Banks' tombstone is in the far west side in a corner of Grove Hill. His grave looks much like a table. His son Harry's grave is right next to his grave, and Harry died at age five from Scarlet Fever. (4) His original name was Nathaniel P. Banks but on the stone is engraved "Harry Waltham Banks." It surprised me to see "Waltham" as a middle name. Harry's father's biographer wrote, "Perhaps there were too many males on their block named Nathaniel, or perhaps Nathaniel wanted to derive political benefits from giving a son the same name as the town." (4) (See Photograph D)

Boies & Sanderson

Sometimes I have made interesting discoveries by chance in the cemetery. I saw a gravestone with an inscription that began "Reader." Here's the rest:

With solemn thought

Reflect on the uncertainty

Of human life.

And while the bud

Is untimely cropt

Drop a tear

That it shall bloom

No more.

SACRED

To the memory of...

I couldn't see the name, but I brushed the grass away and saw "John Boies." My mom said, "Mr. Arena mentioned him to you." Immediately we looked up Boies in "Waltham Rediscovered" and learned that in 1788 John Boies built the first dam across the Charles River in Waltham east of Moody Street. (14, p.89) I noticed this information came from someone named Sanderson. I left Boies' stone and walked a few steps. There was a marker for Nathan Sanderson! He lived 1755-1834. I looked him up and found he had a blacksmith shop during the Revolutionary War. Both Boies and Sanderson were in early industries. (See Photographs E & F)

Minutemen

Many Minutemen are buried in the cemetery. They weren't necessarily killed in the war, but maybe died of old age. (2) There is a monument in the cemetery that lists 46 soldiers that were killed in the Revolutionary War. Five are Stearns. It was erected by The Dorothy Brewer Chapter in 1934. (See Photograph G)

Leland

Sometimes I go looking for one piece of information and find something totally different. As I was walking through the cemetery I noticed a crypt entitled Leland. Then I thought of the Leland Home! Do the crypt and home have a connection? I went to the Leland Home web site and found out in 1885 Hannah Leland died and left money for a home. (6) At the National Archives, the 1880 census (17) said that a Hannah Leland was born in 1831 and her occupation was "boarder." Is she the same person? I haven't found that out, even though I asked the Leland Home. (19) From their web site, I also discovered that on February 2, 1892, Matilda Colburn arrived at the Leland Home. (6) The 1880 census says that Matilda Colburn's occupation is "takes in sewing," and in the 1890 census it says that Matilda's occupation is "servant." (18) She was listed with other women in the same residence, like in a boarding house. Is she a resident, or a servant in a boarding house? I do not know. The people at the Leland Home say she was

the first resident. (19) Interestingly, on July 22, 2008 the Leland Home received their 500th resident. (19)

I didn't get the facts I wanted but I did find out about boarding houses. Boarding houses are where people stayed for a number of days, months or even years. Sometimes they were travelers. Other times they were people just looking for places to stay for a long time. They were very popular during the 19th and early 20th century. (12) Girls from the mills in Waltham in the 19th century stayed at boarding houses. (2)

The Beal Brothers

In the cemetery I saw the tombstone engraved "Beal." Then I thought of a long street called Beal Road in my neighborhood. I learned it was named after the Beal brothers, George R. and Henry Foster. Both of them were mayors of Waltham. George was elected in 1917, and Henry was elected in 1922. During Henry's time in office a "sparkling new" city hall was built. Then in 1929 he ran for another reelection and lost to Patsy Duane by 12 votes. (14, pp. 50-52)

The Hastings

Perhaps the most tragic story of deaths in Grove Hill is the Hastings family. Samuel and Abigail Hastings had five children. Three of those children died in 11 days' time in 1802. Lydia died at age two on October 3, Mary died at age three on October 5, and Marshall died at age five on October 14. The next year Josiah Marshall Hastings was born to Abigail and Samuel on September 9, and his father died on September 29. Three months later, the baby Josiah died. Ten years later, Abigail's oldest son, Samuel, died at age 18. This was her fifth and last child. Abigail later remarried to Dr. Thomas Bigelow and lived to age 94. (See Photographs H, I, J)

I was interested in how the three Hastings children died in such a short time. I did many things to try to find out. At the City Clerk's office the children's deaths were listed but not the cause. (15) (See Exhibit A) In the 1800 census there were many Hastings families but no family with this combination of people. (16) I called the Massachusetts Department of Public Health but there was no information about any epidemics in 1802. Then I wrote to the Boston University School of Public Health, but they didn't have any clue of what I wanted. A Victorian disease web site gave the most common diseases of that time. Two were diphtheria and smallpox. (10) They were both very contagious. On the internet I found out that there were two epidemics of smallpox in Nebraska and Louisiana in 1802, so maybe the children died of smallpox. (11, 9) About this same time, Dr. Jenner in England and Dr. Waterhouse in Massachusetts were working on vaccines for smallpox. (3, 7)

Conclusion

I agree with Joy Fagan, President of the Vermont Cemetery Association, who said recently, "...it is our responsibility to protect and preserve the sanctity, integrity, and history of our cemeteries." (1) She was writing about a landowner in Vermont that wants to move a cemetery! Not only is it a lot of work, it's disrespectful to the residents of the cemetery and their relatives. Cemeteries are very important. They help us learn about the history and culture of the land around us. I for one learned a variety of things, such as the history of the Revolutionary War, epidemics, and boarding houses. Also, people should try to fix broken tombstones caused by falling trees or decay. As I was looking at Nathaniel Banks' gravestone I noticed underneath it there was some erosion. I looked closer and noticed that the stone is chipping away. I think we should fix up Waltham's most famous citizen's grave. (See Photograph K) Cemeteries are beautiful and it's our job to keep them that way.

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SECOND PLACE

Zena Casteel

“Massachusetts, aside from Merrimac and the Connecticut, neither of which she can claim as w or even principally her own, must depend upon the beauties of the Charles.”

The Charles River has been utilized in many ways throughout history. This Essay will briefly cover some of its major uses in the Waltham area, beginning with food, water and transportation for Native Americans and early settlers, to the vital role the River played in the Industrial Revolution, and finally, to its importance as a recreational resource and habitat for animals and plants. River systems across the nation have been used in similar ways. For instance, John Smith explored the Charles River much as he explored the James River in Virginia. And the story of water power fueling the Industrial Revolution is mirrored in nearby Lowell and elsewhere nationwide. Finally, efforts to restore river systems as recreational resources and essential habitat for wildlife are occurring around the country.

THE CHARLES RIVER, NATIVE AMERICANS, AND JOHN SMITH

In the 1600s the Charles River provided Native Americans in the Waltham area with plentiful freshwater fish. A story from 1630 tells: “We went up Charles River, until the river grew narrow and shallow, and there we landed our goods with much labour and toil...the Indians came and stood at a distance off, looking at us, but came not near. But when they had been awhile in view, some of them came and held out a great bass towards us; so we sent a man with a biscuit, and changed the cake for the bass.”² This story is depicted in pictures on the official Watertown Seal and until 1738 Waltham was a precinct of Watertown.

During John Smith’s adventures in Jamestown, he was injured in an accidental explosion and spent years recuperating in England. He never returned to Jamestown or Virginia. He DID however return to the New World. He sailed up the New England coast and the Charles River, naming and mapping parts of Massachusetts as he went. Upon returning to England he showed the King of England his maps. He had given land and water bodies Native American names. On the maps, the Charles River was named “Massachusett”. He told the King to change any of the “barbarous names” to whatever

¹ Wallace Nutting, *Massachusetts Beautiful* (New York, Bonanza Books, 1923) p. 222.

pleased him.³ The King renamed the River after himself: The River Charles.⁴ Unfortunately, the name change was symbolic of losses for Native Americans as their population had been decimated by this time due to European diseases. But a very new use for the River was coming...

THE CHARLES RIVER AND THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

Waltham was to be the birthplace of the Industrial Revolution for our country, but it wasn't there yet in the beginning of the 19th century. Francis Cabot Lowell dreamed of a plan to combine the different steps of making cloth in one location. Lowell went to England on a mission: to memorize the design of looms there. He kept the plans in his head until he returned to Boston. Once in America, several major problems needed to be resolved for his dream to succeed. The first problem was assistance in carrying out his plans. The second was a good power source. The third was A LOT of money to invest in building these new machines and factories. He found answers to all these problems.

The answer to his first problem came in the person of Paul Moody who he met in Amesbury. Moody was a highly skilled mechanic. It was Paul Moody and Francis Cabot Lowell together who found the solution to designing and powering the new machines.

What was a good source of energy to power the new machines? Electricity? Not invented yet. Solar power? Not even close to being invented yet. "Enter Waltham. In 1813, Waltham, Massachusetts, was a long country carriage ride from Boston, a farming community nestled in the hills near the storied villages of Lexington and Concord. But Waltham had something its better-known neighbors lacked, something that caught the eyes of Paul Moody and Francis Cabot Lowell: a 12-foot waterfall over which rushed the liquid power of the Charles River."⁵ Paul Moody began working on a method to harness the power of the River. Paul Moody's plan was to use the Breast Water Wheel. Water hits the middle of the wheel rather than above or below as in other water wheels. This was a more

² *History Begins at Home: Stories of Watertown*, http://www.watertown.k12.ma.us/dept/fapa/whs_06_07/sow_1/one/one/index.html

³ *Charles River – Early History*, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_river

⁴ Max Hall, *The Charles The People's River* (Boston, David R. Godine, 1986), p. 26.

⁵ *Waltham and the Industrial Revolution*, <http://www.crimi.org/history.htm>.

efficient use of the water's power. In the meanwhile, Lowell worked on solving the third problem...money.

Lowell convinced rich citizens to give him money for his 'new, exciting project' and they did - four hundred thousand dollars! A lot of money even today. With this funding, he founded the Boston Manufacturing Company. Life changed drastically in America after that. Textiles could now be made locally. With mechanization, items were easier to make and without transportation costs, were cheaper also. Several years later Paul Moody and Francis Cabot Lowell opened another factory in Lowell, because the Merrimac River was faster moving and had a greater drop and was therefore more powerful than the Charles in running the textile machines. But where did it all begin? The Charles River in Waltham powered the first integrated factories in America.

A HABITAT FOR WILDLIFE

The Charles River has been used for many things but one use often overlooked is as a habitat for wildlife. Fish certainly have been an important part of the Charles. Native Americans in Waltham fished for bass and other large food fish.

Now, many people in Waltham enjoy fishing and sitting on the benches along the Charles River to feed the many Mallard ducks and Canada geese. But if you spend enough time at the River Street section of the Charles, you can see many different waterfowl, including Wood Duck and Mute Swan. I have also spotted gulls, Great Blue Herons, Night Herons, Cormorants, and many songbirds in the trees along the Bleachery district of the River.

In addition to plentiful fish and birds, the Charles also offers habitat for reptiles, mammal, amphibians, and insects. I have seen dozens of turtles sunning, and a muskrat bobbing around. Salamanders and frogs love the puddles along the banks. Countless insects also inhabit the River area. The health of the River for all its uses depends upon this thriving ecosystem.

RECREATION ON THE CHARLES

The Charles offers incredible recreational value. It has beautiful trails and once great beaches for swimming. Nuttings-on-the Charles in Waltham was a boat house used for concerts, dancing, boxing roller skating and more. Once, it even hosted a boat-in movie theater! On some days there would be so many people boating it looked like kayak rush hour! "The life history of humanity has proved nothing more clearly than that crowded populations, if they would live in health and happiness, must have space for air, for light, for exercise, for rest, and for the enjoyment of that peaceful beauty of nature." (Charles Eliot)⁶

SAVING THE CHARLES

The nation was prospering, but the Charles River was not. Tons of industrial waste from Waltham's companies and other factories that sprung up during the Industrial Revolution; and raw sewage from peoples houses was being dumped into the Charles. In 1995 Bernard DeVoto wrote that the river was: "foul and noisome, polluted by offal and industrious wastes, scummy with oil, unlikely to be mistaken for water."⁷ The River was at its worst in the latter half of the 20th century. The same thing was happening throughout the country. The Housatonic River in Massachusetts was deadly, contaminated with PCB pollution; the Hudson River in New York was even worse. Rivers in America were neglected and filthy, and the Charles was no exception. By the time Bernard De Voto wrote this, most people had stopped swimming in the Charles. It was hardly suitable for boating. People decided something needed to be done. The federal and state government undertook a long-range plan to eliminate sources of pollution and treat the Charles. Illegal dumping into the River was halted. The banks were cleaned and a beautiful River Bike Trail was built. People wanted to restore the River to its former beauty.

EPILOGUE:

⁶ *The Charles River Conservancy – Get Involved*, http://thecharles.org/get_involved/get_involved.html.

⁷ *Charles River – Pollution and remediation efforts*, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_river.

The first college, public school and public park in the English colonies were established on the banks of the Charles River⁸. In Waltham, the Charles River powered the Industrial Revolution. People have swum, fished and walked its banks in Waltham. Ice was cut and sold from the water near Prospect Street. The River has been part of so many peoples' lives and shaped not only Waltham's history but the nation's history. And the story of the Charles and rivers nationwide still has many chapters to go.

“There are currently no swimmable urban rivers in the United States though many European cities offer their citizens the benefit of a relaxing and exhilarating swim beneath city lights. In this initiative, Boston can thus see itself as following in a great tradition and offer an ‘American First’, providing a beacon to the rest of our country.”⁹

⁸ Peter K. Weiskel, Lora K. Barlow and Tomas W. Smieszek, *Water Resources and the Urban Environment, Lower Charles River Watershed, Massachusetts, 1630–2005- Introduction*, <http://pubs.usgs.gov/circ/2005/1280/>.

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OTHER

Waltham Museum visit

Charles River Museum of Industry visit and discussion with Dan Yeager

THIRD PLACE

Sarah Smith

Lyman Land, Paine Property, Soccer Suburb

Jenny calls my name and I run off the field. It is a hot, summer morning — not the best day for soccer camp. Anyway, here I am, at the soccer fields on Forest Street. I wipe the sweat from my brow and run to the bench for water. I trip and fall and cut the palm of my hand on the corner of the bench. I search the equipment bag for a first-aid kit and notice an interesting black leather box, with a ship on the front.

I open it up and suddenly a pale pink light emerges from the little box and forms an oval that is about my height. First I shut the box so no one sees, then reopen it to investigate.

I walk through the oval, and when I come out the other side, I'm not at the soccer fields. I'm on a farm.

Looking around I realize I must have been transported through a time portal. Then I remember my cut. I look at my hands and there's nothing there. This freaks me out because this could only mean one thing: I'm in the past.

Off in the distance, I see a man in a horse and wagon. He slows to a stop and calls out, "Hey! What are you doing on Lyman land?" He stares at me, waiting for a response.

I look down and notice that I'm no longer wearing cleats, shorts, and a t-shirt. I'm wearing black leather shoes, silk stockings, an off-white cotton dress, a petticoat, and a cap.

After a moment of silence, we get to talking about how I'm not really sure where I am, and he offers me a ride to the mansion, the main house on the Lyman Estate. The estate is 400 acres of land in north Waltham. It also has gardens, greenhouses, stables, barns,

farmhouses, a piggery, and a deer park. I ask him how old the house is and he says it was built in 1793, which makes it about 15 years old. I do some quick math in my head and realize that it is 1808. I have traveled 200 years into the past!

We ride on a path through the fields. As I begin to recognize the land, we come around a bend, and where DeVincent Circle should be, I see a church. I ask the man what the church is called and he says it's the First Parish Meetinghouse, as he turns down a road behind the church leading to the Lyman mansion.

It is a very stately mansion. The man tells me it is a summer home for Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lyman, who are in the shipping business. Mr. Lyman's ships travel throughout the world, trading with other countries. They also bring back exotic plants, which Mr. Lyman has in greenhouses behind the mansion.

We arrive at the back of the house, where he drops off some goods and introduces me to a servant in the kitchen. I help her prepare some food for the Lymans' guests. The Lymans often socialized with friends from Boston at their summer home in Waltham. The city was hot and crowded during the summer, so they built this home in Waltham, which was considered the country at that time. It was a way to get out of the city and relax, which most wealthy families did.

While the guests are eating, we prepare the party favors, which are little black leather boxes from Europe that came on one of Mr. Lyman's ships. Some of the boxes have flower designs, ships, and oriental pictures on them. We put the boxes on a table in the oval parlor, the most formal parlor in the house, and I notice that one box has a train engine on it.

I think back to history classes and remember that trains will not be invented for another 20 years or so. Out of curiosity I open this box and another pale pink light emerges. I take one last look around and step through the portal.

On the other side I find myself at a train station in a large group of young people. They are all walking in one direction, so I follow them across an open area of grass and trees that looks like Waltham Common. In fact, we walk right past City Hall and keep walking past some brick buildings along Main Street. We turn onto Lyman Street and walk over a stone bridge above a stream. Off in the distance I see the Lyman Estate. We walk past DeVincent Circle and I notice the First Parish Meetinghouse isn't there anymore. We head up a steep hill and another mansion comes into view. This doesn't look anything like the Lyman Estate. It is made of rock and brown shingles and seems to blend in with everything else around it.

We are greeted by Robert Treat Paine. "Welcome to our first annual summer picnic for the Boys Institute," he says. Everyone claps and starts to wander around. I follow a group of four girls outside.

"It's interesting that it's two houses put together," one says.

"Yes," says another. "To think that they pulled the first house up this whole hill with railroad ties and oxen. And then they turned the house so that the front door faces west, towards Prospect Hill."

"Then H.H. Richardson built the new house," says the third girl. "Just four years ago, in 1886."

The fourth girl says, "I think it's interesting that he made the house blend in with nature."

Two boys are standing by a large rock in the hill. "They call this 'Glacier Rock'," says one of the boys.

"It really looks like a glacier," says the other.

I wander over to two girls and a boy standing next to a large white pine.

"This tree was planted by Frederick Law Olmsted only 5 years ago," says the boy. "It's very big for only 5 years old."

"White pines grow very fast, you know," says one of the girls.

"Olmsted wanted it to take the focus off of the point where the two houses meet," says the other.

I head inside. On the walls of the Great Hall, I see designs scattered throughout. Mr. Paine walks over and says to me, "Do you like those? They are Japanese prints."

"Yes, one looks like a soccer ball."

He looks puzzled. "A soccer ball?"

"Oh, uh, never mind," I mutter.

I follow him across the room. He shows me some walking sticks that he and his family used to climb the Alps. Engraved on them are the towns that they visited on their trip. I nod, trying not to make any more confusing comments.

"Follow me," he says, walking up a beautiful staircase.

I nod and follow him to a landing, then up one more step into a rounded room with four large windows. What a view there is! Except for the white pine, there are very few trees, so you can see very far out.

"See that?" he says pointing. "That's the Charles River."

"I know," I reply, "I've been to the Charles River Museum of Industry." Oh darn. Now I've done it.

He gives me that puzzled look, and I decide it's best just to look away.

"Say," he says suddenly, "Ever heard of Oliver Wendell Holmes?"

"Why, sure," I say, happy to change the subject. "In fact, once in reading class . . ."

"Well, here's a quote of his," he says, pointing to the fireplace.

"'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul'," I read aloud. Then I realize that the "o" in mansions is not a tile but is another leather box, with that Japanese soccer ball design on it, I assume with a portal inside.

I reach for it, pull it out, and it is magically replaced by another tile, as if it has always been there.

Mr. Paine doesn't notice any of this. "Have you ever heard the whole poem, 'The Chambered Nautilus'?"

I nod yes.

"So you know that it is about a chambered nautilus's life? A chambered nautilus is a sea creature," Mr. Paine explains. "As it grows older, it grows a bigger shell. But also when it

grows older, it closes off the parts of the shell it no longer uses. When you think about it, it is the same way with humans. We can't travel back through time!"

I can't help myself from grinning.

"But what we *can* do is leave the past behind. Just think about *now*. Which means," he pauses for a moment, trying to grasp the right words.

"Which means," I finish for him, "I gotta get out of here!" With that, I open the box, and as I assumed, a portal comes out. I turn around to look at him one last time and then step through.

On the other side, my hand is bleeding and Jenny is handing me a Band-aid.

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HONORABLE MENTION

Haley Curtin

James J. Fahey: The Profile of a Patriot

Recently I participated in an essay contest sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of Waltham. The requirements were you had to write an original essay explaining "Why I am a Patriot." The more I thought about the topic, the less clear it became. A question formed in my mind. The question was, what does it really mean to be a patriot?

James J. Fahey was born in 1918, in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York. At a very young age, both of his parents died. James and his siblings left New York to live with their aunt and uncle. They were raised in the wonderful city of Waltham.

On October 3, 1942, during the heat of World War II, James enlisted in the Navy. A month and a half later, on November 23, he boarded the U.S.S. Montpelier. His rank was Seaman First Class. His duty was firing a 40 millimeter machine gun.

James was very busy aboard the Montpelier. The ship fought in nearly every Pacific battle. In fact, the Montpelier won thirteen battle stars, which was the most of any ship on the Pacific during World War II. At the end of the war, after America dropped the atomic bomb on Japan, the Montpelier was among the first ships to visit Hiroshima. James walked through Hiroshima, and the radiation poisoning led to health problems for James and then to his death.

While all of this took place, James kept a secret diary. He wrote down his schedules, his meals, his feelings, the ship's whereabouts, etc. He had to keep this secret because it was against the rules to keep a written record while aboard a naval vessel. He wrote his diary on anything he could get his hands on: loose paper, candy wrappers, he even used some of the admiral's stationery.

After returning home on December 24, 1945, James hid his diary in a tin box under his bed, in fear of it being discovered. He soon forgot about his diary and continued his life as it was before the war. James was forced to make a living by working outside, because of health problems caused by radiation exposure. So James decided to work in Waltham's sanitation department. He was a trash collector and later became a garbage truck driver.

In 1960, Admiral Samuel Elliot Morrison, an admiral on the Montpelier, was writing a memoir about his service during World War II, and he asked James for insight. James offered the Admiral his diary entries. The offer was accepted, and finally after fifteen years of being hid away, James's diary was acknowledged once again.

When Morrison saw James's diary he was astounded. He advised James to take his notes to Houghton Mifflin immediately. So James did. And not too long after that James Fahey was the proud author of the bestseller, *Pacific War Diary.*

James received many awards for his book. In November 1963, James received a resolution from the city of Waltham. In 1964, James was recognized as the national "Garbage Man of the Year". He was also given the opportunity to meet President John F. Kennedy and give him a copy of his book. You can view a picture of James with President Kennedy at The Waltham Museum. James also gave his book to Presidents Johnson, Nixon, and Ford, as well as Robert Kennedy.

Although he received many awards, what distinguishes James the most in my mind is what he did with his profits. He sent all his earnings to a priest, Fr. Michael, in India. Fr. Michael used the money to build a church. But, what was built in India was not a church. With all the money

James sent, Fr. Michael was able to build a cathedral. The people of India, Fr. Michael included, were extremely grateful. Fr. Michael referred to James as "the man with the golden heart."

James was invited to attend the dedication of the Cathedral, which was to take place on July 23, 1967. James would have like to accept, but he had a small problem. He did not have enough money for the trip to India. Nearly every cent James ever made went to the cathedral in India. James, reluctantly, had to decline the invitation.

The News Tribune, Waltham's daily newspaper, had been following the story of the cathedral in India. When a reporter at the Tribune heard about James's dilemma, he decided to take action. The Tribune started a fund to pay for James and his wife Adel to attend the dedication. Many generous Waltham citizens contributed whatever they could to James's fund.

The fund was so successful that, not only did James and Adel get to attend, but James also invited Admiral Morrison to attend. After all, if it wasn't for Morrison, James would never have had the diary published, therefore no cathedral would have been built.

James, Adel, and Admiral Morrison were not the only ones who attended the dedication. Fr. Michael was there, as well as over one hundred thousand people! They welcomed James with a standing ovation.

In 1991, James J. Fahey died of radiation poisoning. He left behind his book and his memory. The memory of a true patriot!