



By BRIAN F. KING

The little town of Conway has been one of our favorite haunts ever since we visited it in 1951 to attend our first public auction of antiques.

We remember the event well for we were practically coerced into attending that auction. We had little or no interest in antiques at the time and we couldn't understand why anyone would want to waste a beautiful autumn day watching an auctioneer sell a lot of old junk in which we were certain we wouldn't be at all interested.

"Why can't we take a ride over the Mohawk Trail or make a foliage tour of the Great Barrington and Lenox areas instead of painfully inquiring of the people who had invited us to attend the Conway auction. But they vetoed the hopeful suggestion. "Nothing doing," they firmly informed us. Then they added: "It's about time you attended a country auction and we'll be just your luck."

"No we won't," we grumbled, but—not wanting to be a spoilsport—we went along for the ride.

Seven years have passed since we attended that Conway auction and, during that time, we've often thought of the whole new world of exciting interests it opened for us. We attended the event unwillingly, but we turned out to be the most enthusiastic auction fan of our entire group, once the sale of antiques got underway. Some of the things we bought are still in our possession. Others adorn the homes of friends to whom we presented them as birthday, anniversary and Christmas gifts.

We bought Bennington jugs, Carrier & Ives prints, hot jacks, odds and ends of china, sleigh bells, Rochester kerosene lamps, and a horrible oil painting which looked good to us at the time but which ended up in our trash receptacle a few days later. We even purchased three antique foot warmers—for which we had no conceivable use—but the auction bug had bitten us and we were in an extravagant buying mood.

"What in the world will you do with the foot warmers?" one of our companions asked in an attempt to help us salvage the few dollars that remained in our wallet.

"We don't know," we replied, "but where else can you buy genuine antique foot warmers for only fifty cents apiece?"

We eventually gave the foot warmers to friends, whom we suspect hastily tolsted them off on friends of theirs, but they seemed a wonderful bargain at the time and we simply couldn't resist them.

We've been more discriminating in our choice of the antiques we've purchased since but we'll never forget that Conway auction, for it opened the gates of the fascinating world of antiques for us and we've been a rabid frequenter of country auctions and antique shops ever since.

Today, our apartment sometimes seems to bulge with the antiques we've acquired during visits to the auctions and antique shops of Our Valley through the years. Old glass paper weights adorn the surfaces of Victorian, marble-top tables; pewter tankards and mugs clutter the top of a pine commode. Staffordshire dogs look haughtily down upon us from the top shelf of the china cupboard, and a miscellany of odds and ends of other things antique—all acquired as a result of our being smitten with auction fever at the Conway auction—clutter every nook and cranny of our living quarters.

Looking at some of the strange and ancient objects we've acquired over the years, we sometimes wonder what sort of a life we would have led if that Conway auction had been rained out, or if we had been able to convince our friends that there were better things to do on that particular day. The chances are that we would never have been bitten by the antique bug and would have wasted hundreds of week ends in dull and mundane pursuits. We're glad we were pressured into attending that Conway auction of the long ago, for the interest in antiques with which it endowed us has enriched our life no end.

We were reminded of our first trip to Conway, last Sunday, when we were invited to visit the pretty little town by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Vizard, of Dartmouth Street, Springfield. Mrs. Vizard, a granddaughter of Walter H. Klar, retired supervisor of fine and industrial arts for the Springfield School Department, who guided the destinies of the department for 27 years, thought we might be interested in seeing the Conway summer home of her grandfather, which has been put up for sale since Mr. Klar recently took up permanent residence in the town of Bolton, Connecticut.

Arriving in Conway in the early hours of afternoon, we were glad we had accepted the cordial invitation to inspect the Klar's former summer home, for it proved to be a charming retreat indeed.

It was, in fact, just the type of place you'd expect an artist to choose as a summer residence, for it stands on the banks of a tumbling mountain stream and a glass wall of its combined studio and living room overlooks a view of the scenic beauty of New England at its best.

"My grandfather loved this place," Mrs. Vizard informed us, and we could readily understand why he did, for it is a cozy summer sanctuary, remote from the teeming bustle and traffic of the city and surrounded by the natural beauty of one of the prettiest rural communities of the commonwealth.

Exploring the interior of the house, we discovered that its focal point of interest is its large studio living room, where a huge fireplace blazes with the warmth of crackling logs on chilly late summer nights.

"This is where my grandfather loved to paint," Mrs. Vizard told us. Then she explained that the cozy studio was once furnished with a variety of antiques, the majority of which have been transferred to the Klar's present home in Bolton, Connecticut.

Admiring the sunny atmosphere of the spacious studio, it was easy to visualize it as it was when completely furnished, for a single remaining antique—a large, age-worn ox yoke—hung upon the south wall, provided a sound clue to the Klar's love of the world of antiques.

Come to think of it, the studio also contained another antique which we almost forgot to mention. This was an old pump organ, manufactured in Brattleboro, Vermont, which dreamed away the hours in a sun-drenched corner of the room. We'll bet that organ knows all the old songs of the time when America was young and we latched to have

someone play it for us. But there wasn't a musician among us.

Conway must have been a thriving industrial community in its early days, as were many of the sleepy little towns that nestle in the hidden reaches of the Connecticut Valley. We know that its frolicking mountain stream supplied the water power for at least a half dozen mills, for the vestiges of several of them are to be found along its banks.

The fieldstone foundation of one of the town's vanished mills is incorporated into the Klar house, forming part of the wall of its ancient cellar. The crumbling remains of yet another mill stand adjacent to the Klar house, sharply resembling the moldering ruins of an English castle whose knights and ladies are no more.

Exploring the ruins of the long vanished old mill, we could not help but remember that the industrial might of our America of today was born of such tiny rural industries. There was a time when they flourished in nearly every Valley hamlet and town, their massive stone foundations laid by the willing hands of hard-working, God-fearing men; their products produced by workers who incorporated their love of craftsmanship into every article they made. From these tiny industries sprang the great industrial empires of the America of today. The ruins of the old Conway mill reminded us of those historic facts as we carefully wended our way along the base of its crumbling walls.

Daylight was waning fast when we left the Klar house and drove along a deserted country road where the diminishing foliage fires of autumn covered the loveliest of October landscapes with a blanket of ember-red leaves.

The occasional lonely whistle of a rail echoed across the swaying grasses of summer—deserted meadows and playful breezes caressed the mirror-calm waters of the Deerfield River, leaving hardly discernible ripples to mark the tiny wakes of their passage. The splendor of autumn blanketed vale and hill with its leafy glory, but an occasional leaf-stripped tree reminded us that the golden days of autumn were numbered and that only the skeleton ghosts of her former beauty would remain to remind us of her vanished loveliness during winter days to come. The thought cast a shadow of sadness across our heart and we mourned the passing of the most glorious of seasons as we traveled through her avenues of vanishing magnificence.

Purple shadows were stealing across Our Valley world when a sharp turning of the road led us into the main street of Old Deerfield, where the restored homes of colonial America cherished memories of an illustrious past as they

Later, chatting with Steve and Mrs. Maniatty in the artist's Old Deerfield studio, we got to talking about the waning glory of autumn and the twinge of sadness we felt at the prospect of the

Students at Controls



Shown at the controls of radio station WSCB at Springfield College is George Wheeler, left, sophomore from Philadelphia, while prepared to send a newscast out over the airways is Joseph Aceves, right, senior from Brooklyn, N. Y., station manager.

drowned beneath rows of stately elm trees.

Entering Old Deerfield was like visiting the world of our pilgrim forefathers and we wouldn't have been surprised if a delegation of pilgrims had turned out to greet us—a feeling we sometimes experience when we explore the premises of the restored New England village.

Not a single pilgrim have into view, however, but we were greeted by our friend, artist Stephen Maniatty, whom we found on the village green, painting an exquisite oil painting of the old Deerfield church.

"I'll have this painting completed in a couple of minutes," Steve informed us, "wait for me and we'll go over to my studio and chat for awhile."

We like nothing better than to watch a talented artist at work, so we accepted Steve's invitation and alighted from our car to watch him complete his canvas.

It was a pleasure to watch Steve work. He created little pools and patterns of sunlight with single strokes of his brush and with equal dexterity—captured the creeping shadows of twilight, making them permanent parts of his painting.

"I've painted this church many, many times, but each painting has an individuality of its own," Steve remarked as, with a single brush stroke, he deftly painted a pillar on the porch of the house adjacent to the church. "It's the lighting that makes the difference," he added, "it changes a thousand times in a single day."

bleak November days ahead.

"Each of the seasons has a distinctive type of loveliness of its own," Steve commented. "Right now we're enjoying the full glory of autumn and it has worlds of appeal. But don't forget that November can be beautiful too. It doesn't have the lush foliage colors of October, but it has shadings of color and touches of sheer magnificence that are even lovelier than the full-blown splendor of the foliage season."

Steve's comment provided food for thought and—visualizing November of the past—we had to admit that there is a singular type of loveliness about November that we had almost forgotten. It's a time when the silver candlesticks of birch trees gleam on the heights of haze-crowned mountains and carpets of fallen leaves glow with the dull metallic fires of bronze, copper and tarnished gold. Now that we think about it, November certainly possesses a radiant loveliness of her own.

We don't get to see a movie more than once in every six months these days, but we're glad we dropped in at Springfield's Jefferson Theater of a recent evening to see the famous French comedian, Fernandel, star in "The Little World of Don Camillo" and "The Return of Don Camillo." The program provided the most delightful type of entertainment we've enjoyed in a blue moon's time and we've been chuckling ever since. If we told you any more about the two pictures, we'd spoil the fun of your seeing them for yourself. They'll be at the Jefferson through this coming Thursday.

Feast Ran 180 Days
TERRAN—Persiap King Ahazueras once gave a feast for princes and nobles, that lasted 180 days. And the windup was another feast—given for the entire population—which lasted a full week.

CAMPUS RADIO STATION RETURNS AT CITY COLLEGE

WSCB Programs Aimed at Students On Evening Schedule

"If the wind is with us we might reach out to about a four mile radius," Joseph Aceves from Brooklyn, N. Y., a senior at Springfield College, notes in reference to the campus radio station WSCB which went on the air Sept. 29 for the first time since the spring of 1955.

Aceves is the only student on campus today who was in any way affiliated with the campus radio station when it was broadcast back in 1955, and today he is manager of the station set up for broadcasting in April, 1957.

While broadcasting today is on a limited scale from 6 p. m. to midnight, operating at 88.9 megacycles over FM, it is hoped that the station might go AM sometime after the first of the year. Being used is a 10 watt transmitter output power.

The Student Council at Springfield College made its initial appropriation of funds for this non-commercial, educational radio setup in April, 1957, after which approval had to be obtained from the Federal Communications Commission.

At the present time broadcasting is being carried on under a construction permit, a program test period during which it shall be determined if the student-operated radio station is to receive a full-fledged license.

Aceves first came to Springfield College in 1953, and worked with the college station first as a disc jockey, sportscaster, night manager and then program director. He returned to college last year after spending two years in the Army as an instructor at West Point. He was appointed station manager by the Student Council, and then organized and appointed his present staff.

FAMILY COUNCIL

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Family Council consists of a judge, a psychiatrist, three clergymen, a newspaper editor, a women's editor and two writers. Each article is a summary of an actual case history. The council reports on problems that have been dealt with by responsible agencies and counselors.)

LAURA M.—I don't want to share with my sister.
MRS. K. M.—She is selfish and domineering.

LAURA M.—I am a 14-year-old girl and I am having a lot of trouble at home because of my mother and my two younger sisters. My sisters are very nosy about my things and they keep going to my drawers to get my lipstick and nail polish. When I am not home they "borrow" my sweaters and blouses and other things. My mother backs them up in this and calls me selfish for wanting to keep my things to myself.

My mother says I am supposed to share with my sisters, but other girls of my age don't have to share their clothing with their sisters. It is bad enough that we all have to share one room.

MRS. K. M.—I come of a family of five girls, so I know what it is to have to share things. But my sisters and I were very jolly and good-natured and we never minded. We also had lots of fun together and were really good friends in spite of our occasional spats.

I wanted to see my girls have the same kind of relationship, but Laura makes it impossible. She has a terrible temper and beats the younger girls when they touch her things.

I am afraid that Laura will never be able to get along in life because she is so selfish and domineering. Our income is not enough to supply three girls with good wardrobes.

any or some cherished piece of jewelry. For others, it is larger extending beyond clothing to a large assortment of property.

At Laura's age, her personal property has a great deal of significance. It is bound up with her growing appreciation of her own unique personality and with her hopes and dreams about the woman she will become. It is natural for her to defend all of this violently from the curious eyes and prying hands of two younger sisters.

We don't think Mrs. K. M. ought to judge Laura's conduct in the light of her own girlhood experience. Probably there were many factors of which she is unaware, that made communal living satisfactory for her and her sisters.

The problem of financing "good wardrobes" for three girls is no small one we'll agree. It would be a good idea to start tackling this problem on a more realistic basis before the girls get much older. Laura may find that sewing her own clothing makes it even more personal than owning it all herself. Her sisters may find it more satisfactory to imitate her in this constructive way than to seize articles that don't belong to them. Or Laura and her sisters may be willing to accept small, inexpensive wardrobes that are uniquely their own.

ELECTRONICS COURSE ATTRACTS 50

The University Extension now is the time for all good men course in industrial electronics which opened last week is being attended by more than fifty men representing industries in western Massachusetts. Offered in Massachusetts Section of the Instrument Society of America, it co-operation with the Western is a 15 weeks devoted mainly to industrial instrumentation. Jesse O. Richardson is teaching the course.

Mr. Richardson is well known to men in the field of electronics. He was formerly a teacher at Trade High School and later at American International College. Most of the men attending his Friday night course have previously completed with him a course in basic electronics. Only those who have had this, or similar, training are eligible to enroll for the advanced course which meets on Friday nights at 7 p. m., at the F. M. Keefe Co., 39 Oak St., Indian Orchard.

Because of the demand for basic training in electronics, the Massachusetts Division of University Extension is planning to offer a 15-week course in basic electronics to begin on Saturday, Nov. 8, 2 to 3:30 p. m. This class will also meet at 39 Oak St., Indian Orchard. Those who wish to join this class should communicate with the University Extension Office, 145 State St.

Political Advertisement Political Advertisement Political Advertisement Political Advertisement Political Advertisement Political Advertisement

WILD SPENDING AND UNFAIR TAXES ARE CAUSING HEADLINES LIKE THESE

REPRINT SPRINGFIELD DAILY NEWS OCT. 17, 1958
Springfield Daily News
5 O'CLOCK LATE NEWS
78th Year, No. 199
ESTABLISHED IN 1840 BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17, 1958
FIVE CENTS THIRTY-EIGHT PAGES

LOCAL PLANT SAID DOOMED

Loud protest at Fairview
Map W... Funda...
Westinghouse Union Told Items Being Made in City Slated for Ohio Branches
Westfield...
IUE Sent Information on Plans to Centralize Production; Meeting Set for Sunday

SAVE YOUR JOB

KEEP INDUSTRY FROM MOVING

Elect **CHARLES GIBBONS** OUR NEXT GOVERNOR

• GIVE MASSACHUSETTS A FUTURE WITH GIBBONS FOR GOVERNOR •

BELTONE HEARING AID GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT

by JOHN DEE

Here at Beltone we are making preparations to attend a mammoth convention to be held next month at the newest and most modern hotel yet constructed at Miami Beach. The Beltone Company has taken over the Americana Hotel for duration of our convention. Distributors and Consultants are gathering from all over the world to learn all they can to continue to serve the hard of hearing folks.

In any field of endeavor there is not only the monetary side to consider, but a certain amount of romance goes into the building of a successful business. Here at the local level I take great pride with the progress we have made, starting with one consultant back in the early '60s, and now having a staff of five very successful men. In order to serve our people better it was necessary for us to recently enlarge our offices, so that now we have the finest and most completely equipped hearing aid establishment in this part of the country.

What has brought about this success? Naturally, it would have to stem from the home office, because Beltone has contributed so many "firsts" to the industry that to-day we are recognized as the leader in the field of hearing aids. The first "first" was when Beltone came out with the all-in-one hearing aid, back in the middle forties. This started a whole new trend

in the industry, but it projected Beltone to its present place as number one in the business. There have been many other firsts but I think the advent of two-ear, or bi-aural, hearing as introduced by Beltone has been the most wonderful contribution to the hard of hearing people since hearing aids were first made. Today, everybody that has a hearing aid to sell features hearing aid glasses, but it was Beltone that pioneered this new field and made it the success that it has become. Again, this new approach to hearing correction made hearing available to thousands of folks that would never accept the cord type of aid. The element of vanity that exists in us all has been the most difficult hurdle to surmount, but thanks to our Slimette model glasses, on the ladies they absolutely defy detection! Incidentally, if you look at this weeks LIFE you will see a full page advertisement of the Beltone glasses as worn by a lady. When you see this picture, you will understand why Beltone is the largest selling hearing aid on the market. This is the "romance" that goes into bringing a better life to people through better hearing.

John Dee, Beltone Hearing Service, 276 Worthington St., Springfield, Opp. Steamers Sq. RE 7-1997. See the Beltone Hearing Glasses on Channel 22—WWLP Sunday 8:55 P.M.

What is termed "incontrovertible evidence" that Westinghouse Electric Corp. has in the works definite plans to appropriate East Springfield products among several other plants will be presented at a membership meeting of Local 202, AFL-CIO, International Union of Electrical Workers, Sunday, according to a story appearing in United Front, the union's weekly newspaper, out today.

The story prints two letters from presidents of IUE locals at Westinghouse plants in Ohio, asserting they have learned that items now manufactured at East Springfield will be assigned to their plants and other Westinghouse facilities in the Middle West.

The two letters are to be displayed at the membership meeting Sunday at 2 p. m. at the High School of Commerce auditorium, Local 202 President William Greenman, according to the article.

Both letters were addressed to Edward J. Kimball
1421 Main St.
Springfield, Mass.