

Snap-Shots from the Album of My Lifeⁱ

by

John George Dutton

Transcribed by Geoffrey Hugh Dutton



It is well said:

“To begin at the right time to train a child, you should begin with his grandfather.”

My father was David Dutton, born in Cheshire England, January 30, 1841. My mother was Catherina Tilbury, born March the seventh 1835.

They were married July 3rd 1859 at Ashton Undeline England.

My father was 17 years and 6 months old when he was married. He said that “both of their mothers were dead and the homes were broken up. So they decided to make a home for themselves,” hence their early marriage.

The advantages of this youthful marriage were seen in the fact that they had about them before they became old people, children’s children, even into great-grandchildren. It was the only the year before my mother died that I first thought of her as being old.

My grandfather was David Dutton, born 1807 and died 1878. He was the eighth of 11 children.

My great grandfather was John Dutton, baptized in Hasburg Church, Cheshire, October 9th 1771. My great-grandmother’s name was Mary. They were married May 1st 1792.

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iiThe “Duttons” date back to the time of William the Conqueror. According to the “Doomsday Survey” Dutton of Dutton – or Dunton – Dune Town (Hill Town) was the title given with an estate or town, by William to a Saxon warrior as a reward for his valor.

This man’s name was Odard (Godward). As was customary, he changed his name to that of the estate – “Dunton of Dunton,” which has been modernized to Dutton. Dutton is a town in Cheshire. “Dutton Hall,” a fine type of country house built by Sir Piers Dutton in 1513 A.D. still stands upon the hillside (that is, a remnant of it).

It is now in the possession of the Warburtons. Adam de Dutton took that name in the reign of Richard of England.

In June 1910 I had the pleasure of visiting Dutton Hall with a cousin of my father’s, John Joseph Dutton, head schoolmaster of Helens (?) England, with two of his sons, Horace and William. The present “hall” is only a portion of the original, but there is sufficient of the old mansion to show that it was of Great Magnificence and noble beauty. The carved oak timbers and massive door-way approach, the arched timbers of the ceiling, and the ancient Dutton motto over the lintel of the outer door, carved in oak timber 400 years ago, brought emotions to my mind and heart that I can never forget:

*Who thanketh God of All*

The Dutton crest is five ostrich feathers. The coat of arms are feathers, two rampant colts with flowing tails and manes.

The Duttons were active leaders in the building up of the old town of Chester, which is only a short journey from Dutton. One was a crusader, another according to Toussiant, bore himself gallantly at Poitiers.

The family increased, and some took up business and others manufacturing. Of these, my father's ancestor was Charles Dutton (father of John Dutton, born October 7, 1771). John and his father were silk manufacturers of some wealth in Stockport.

John Dutton had a lovely daughter who was won by a son of the so called "higher class." The young man's father objected to the match. The son said, "Father, she is worth her weight in gold." The father answered, "When you can bring her weight in gold she is yours."

John Dutton heard of this and with a certain amount of just pride almost ruined himself to meet this thoughtless remark. A few months after, he invited the young man and his father to the Dutton's home, and putting his daughter into one of the balances, he piled up bags of gold into the other until they were evenly balanced.

This settled the matter and the young man took her for his wife. It is said he "found her true value not in the gold but in herself."

For some unknown reasons, my grandfather came into reduced circumstances, and my father had very limited opportunities for an education. He was an omnivorous reader of remarkable intelligence and unusual conversational ability. He was a machinist, working at the time I was born in the government works as a gun- and locksmith in the city of London (tower). He was honest and upright in his dealings and took delight in saying "I owe no man anything." He was of quick temper and easily aroused at injustice and snobbery.

I was unable to learn much about my mother's family. Her mother was Scotch; Mother was an industrious woman, quiet and home loving, working and denying herself for her children. She was an ideal mother. If ever it could be said of a woman "she hath done what she could" it could truly be said of my mother, who delighted in the name of Cath-er-i-na.

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My parents had six children, two of whom died in infancy: they were born in the U.S. The remaining four – Annie, John, James, and Sarah Jane – were born in England.

I came into this world October the fourth 1862. Mother always took delight in saying I was born with a veil over my face and that I was a child of unusual beauty, but sad to relate, the nurse in "showing me off" took me to a home where they had small-pox and "I caught it." Mother said I was anything but a good-looking child after that visit.

I was born in London England neat Wattham Cross. My parents removed to Bradford and lived there until my father decided to try his "fortune" in the United States. Here he found

employment and seeing a better opportunity for his family a year after he arrived in Boston, my mother sold her household goods and, taking her four children (the youngest was only two), she took passage on one of the old time slow passenger boats for America.

I was seven years old when we “landed” and that event is a time from which I look back, with more or less clearness upon the years which follow them.

I have faint memories of green fields, hedges, pretty flowers and singing birds, of learning to read, going to “Old Brooks School”, of my first letter to my father soon after he came to America, of the Church of England, its music and its services.

Of my school days, one thing stands out with vividness. At play-time we always visited the brook, and borrowed from an old lady who lived on the hill (sids?) a cup – cups were precious in those days. I had the misfortune to break one, and such was my fear and mysery (sic) that I never dared to pass the old lady’s house afterward, but took a long detour to get to and from “Old Brook School.”

When I made my first visit to England I purposely visited Millbrook and tried to find “Aunt Nancy” with the intention of giving her a half dozen cups and saucers, but she had gone to her eternal reward.

The trip to Liverpool on the “Puffing Billy,” or train, was a marvelous thing to me. I remember saying good-bye to my aunts, and then there were days and days of horrible sea-sickness. My mother said she feared I would be buried at sea but remembering “the veil” on my face at birth, she picked up courage to believe that I would land in America. My constant wish was that “the old ship would go to the bottom” for which expression I was tabooed as another Jonah.

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Well, all things have an End, so did that sea voyage and we “landed in Boston.” Father met us and it was a joyful meeting for us all.

My arrival in the United States was rather suggestive. We came from the pier to the city in a “moving wagon.” I had never seen anything like it before and expressed my unwillingness to ride in such “a cart.” Father at last told the driver to start up without me, and down the streets he drove. I was running after them “hollering” at the top of my voice. It was suggestive of my coming calling in the new land: “A voice in a strange land.”

I gave up the race after a time and rode the rest of the journey in Peace. When we took the train to Fall River, my brother James and I were in the same seat. We noticed everything as we journeyed on. We saw at a station for the first time a yoke of oxen in a cart. My brother cried out in a loud voice, which was heard throughout the car: “Prithee thee Dad, two bulls in a donkey cart.” There was a general laugh at our expense.

The next day I was sent to the public school, and for five years I drilled in the rudiments of learning. I had no difficulty getting my lessons and at that age I began to read about everything I could find. Fortunately it was good things that came to my hand.

Church life was so different from English church life that I only occasionally went to church. I attended regularly a Sunday school. I never thought it anything unusual for a boy to sing. My mother was always singing English songs and the good old hymns, and I with my oldest sister were used to join with her. One Sunday at the Sunday school we were rehearsing for some special occasion. I was singing with joy the songs, when the leader suddenly stopped and, pointing at me, said "I wish to see you after school." Then he told me what a wonderful alto voice I had. From that day to this I have enjoyed singing and it has been a great blessing to me in many ways.

I sang alto until I was 16 – since then soprano and tenor. I never took a lesson in vocal music. I have taken lessons on the organ and piano. Music has been a part of my life, and I have many times thanked God for the Gift of Song. I was repeatedly told that if I would cultivate the gift I would have won my way by singing. I have used it for the glory of God and to help others, and it has been a blessing to many weary hearts and sorrowing souls.

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At twelve years of age, I was in the cotton mill helping in the support of the home. At first it seemed like play to me, and all too soon it was boring, arduous work, six days in the week.

It was dangerous work from the machinery of the looms, and I saw many persons who were injured by it. Another danger to a growing person was the bad air and the lint-filled atmosphere. Yet day after day with very little let-up until I was 18 (?) years old I continued at this work. I look back upon it now and wonder how I ever stood it all.

I was always interested in music, and studied organ music in my spare time. In addition to this, I read a great deal, everything I could borrow, and attended a night school and studied until late in the night. I studied throughout the day, with my book in box between the looms.

It was hard work, but I would not be without the knowledge gained in those years. While I have never wanted my sons to go through the experiences, I am glad to have had them myself. I enjoyed them; they were full of hard work, full of friendships, and full of real pure pleasure.

When I was 14 years old, people used to call me "The Young Minister." Why, I do not know, for it was a secret all my own that I was hoping, praying, and planning that I might have a chance to go into the ministry. Through the advice of others and the reading of certain books I was saved from many stings (?) of intemperance and vice, which were common around me.

When I was 13 years old, my father built a cottage house in the suburban part of Fall River. This was known as "The Narrows." I attended a Sunday school in a tenement house which branched out into the Bogle St. Christian Church. I collected money for the building of the church. I was drafted into the service of teacher when some of my scholars were as old as myself.

I cannot remember a time when I was not interested in religious things. I took to it as a duck takes to water. From the very first, I cherished a desire to become a minister. I never had any marvelous awakening or unusual experience. I always wanted a Christian. Conversion to me was gradual. I think I can truly say "I grew in Grace and in the knowledge of the Truth." There was no sense of the wrath of God, no terrible condemnation. I thought the only way to live was to be a Christian. So, one night in company with others I made my intention known. I went forward for prayers in a Methodist church, and since then, as far as I could see it, I have tried to live a Christian life.

I attended the Sunday school of the Bank St. Congregational church. The minister, Rev. Calvin Teyser (?), was interested in me and my boy friends and gave us many a pleasant evening in his study, where he read and advised us about our own reading.

Another person who helped me in my efforts for an education was Mr. William Dugdale, who while working in the mill, was preparing himself for the ministry. He became a Baptist minister. He died a few years after taking up the work of his first pastorate.

At 17 I was doing a man's work and getting wages. I had to pay my board, buy my clothes, and save what I could, but this was only allowed by my father after I was 18. In September of my 19<sup>th</sup> year, I entered the Williston Seminary, Easthampton Mass. With one of my narrows boy friends, Jesse W. Hirst, who is now (1916) a medical missionary in the Versonne (?) Hospital, Seoul Korea. I secured free tuition and washed dishes for my board at the seminary boarding house.

Going to school was a new experience for me. It was freedom from the life of constant toil which I had lived from my earliest remembrance. What a pleasure, what a privilege it was to me. I was the oldest boy in the class of 1886, but then I was there for the business of learning and I applied myself to the work.

My period of study only extended throughout one year, for I found to my surprise that Hirst, by false representations, had taken a certain position (possession?) away from me and had even made plans to take another. Rather than go in debt I returned home and attended the Fall River High School, supporting myself by teaching music and also by becoming the organist of the Bogle St. church.

This was a trying period of my life. It seemed that everything was against me, and after a year or so, I took up work in the mill and gave up the idea of an education. It seemed that God had blocked up the way. Many times I sat down and wept among the looms. To have had glimpses of freedom, to have enjoyed two years of freedom, then to go back again to

the toil of the mill was doubly hard. It seemed like slavery to me, but “God moves in a mysterious way.”

I never gave up study and grazed far and wide in literature, for there was in my subconscious mind a feeling that I would yet come “into green pastures.”

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The girl problem touched me when I was 14 years old. My ability to sing brought me into the company of many young ladies. I was a bit sweet on the chorus master’s daughter Mary and she returned the compliment. It was just youthful fantasy on my part. When I found she did the same with other boys I withdrew and learned afterwards of her regret.

But there is another story. When I was 18 I began to notice a young lady; a new comer in the church where we were both teachers, of quiet pleasant manner, a brunette with dark brown hair and lustrous brown eyes, of medium height, light and quick of foot, and found she was even as good as she looked.

The more I saw her, the more it caused me to say “she is the young lady I want.” We met occasionally in the school but no opportunity seemed to present itself for better acquaintance until the annual picnic arrived.

My chum and I confidently talked over the coming event and he informed me by saying that he intended to pay his attention to Esther Kippax, the young lady I had already thought of. He suggested that I seek the company of Agnes Barlow. How it all came about, I do not know, but I found myself with Miss Esther all day, and my chum had for his companion Miss Agnes. To make the story brief, she became Mrs. Agnes Hirst some three years after.

I found Esther to be rather hard to win, of independent will, devoid of foolish romance, and of straightforward character. I remember asking to see her home one evening from the church. She replied “You can if you want to, but I don’t care.” Needless to say, I cared and went repeatedly until I knew she cared, which she admitted to me before I went to Williston, with the promise that she would wait for me until I had finished my studies.

After seven years we were married, on the 22nd day of June 1886, by Rev. Elihu Grant and Rev. A.J. Waite, D.D. at 250 Harrison St. Waite was the pastor of the Bogle Street Church. He knew my efforts for an education and my desire for the ministry, and for two years I took a course of study with him. He was formerly the president of Antioch Christian College, Ohio. My wife encouraged me in every way.

As I look back upon this period, I wonder I could do it. I taught music, was organist and chorister, besides working 60 hours a week as a loom-fixer. Somehow I got through it. It was hard work for Esther and I but we worked together and God blessed our efforts. Esther has always aided me in every effort for good.

Our son Charles Judson was born August 22 1887 (died August 1963, just shy of his birthday). We had prayed he would be a minister if the child was a boy. For the above reason, we gave him the name of Judson. Two weeks after his birth, I was asked to go and preach at the Hixville Mass. Christian Church. My wife's father, Herman Kippax, went with me. It was a good six mile walk to the church. I preached my first sermon, from the text "Be not deceived; God is not mocked for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." There was no organist, so I played the organ. My knowledge of music has been of invaluable assistance to me in the ministry.

They took up a collection and passed it into my hands. When father and I were returning home we rested by the road-side and I counted my first fee. There was enough to buy me a new pair of shoes. Thus I have always said "my feet were shod with the persecutions of the Gospel." What an interesting evening Esther and I had that night. It was all so strange and wonderful. I had preached my first sermon and I felt that God had blessed me in the effort. Dr. Waite saw to it that I improved my gift.

In November I was asked to go and spend a Sunday with the Christian churches of South Westport and Central Village, Mass. To my surprise, I was introduced as a possible candidate for the pulpit. I must have given satisfaction, for I was asked to preach the next Sunday. I worked through the week. Saturday I rode out to Westport with one of the farmers.

After that Sunday I was given a call by both of the churches at a salary of \$500.00 a year. I came home and talked it over with Esther, and after conferring with Dr. Waite who advised me to go, I told him of my desire to go to college. He said, "You do not need to. Keep up your reading and study. Go, John, go – it is God's open door."

December 1st I moved to Westport and became the pastor of two churches. It was altogether strange and interesting for me to become a pastor of a church. I was busy, with studies and sermon making and no end of parish work. My parish extended over a territory nine miles long by six miles wide, and I walked over it a number of times every year.

It was a typical country parish, scattered and isolated, made up of all sorts of people and every kind of belief. They treated me kindly, but did not respond as readily to calls to Christian duty and the appeal to become Christians as I had expected. I put every ounce of strength I had into the work and found many things to encourage me. For three years and six months I labored with them to the best of my ability.

I spent much time in study, passed the necessary examinations, and was ordained June 15, 1888 in the Central village church. Rev. O.J. Waite D.D. preached the ordination sermon. This fine old man had always been kind to me. Before he died he gave me all the books I wanted from his library.

Taken altogether, I had a delightful pastorate and found some fine people and left many friends there.


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In March 1891 I supplied the pulpit of the Christian Church of Kittery, Maine. I left Kittery Tuesday with a call signed and accepted in my pocket, and I began my second pastorate there April 1<sup>st</sup> 1891. Kittery Navy Yard was a part of my parish, in fact it was the bread and butter provider of the people of Kittery.

The pastorate was a decided change from Westport, but such was my training and study while there that I was by the help of God able to give them seven years and eight months of such service that they declared in a set of resolutions when I came away from Kittery "I had been the best pastor the church had had in all its history."

I have always felt that my knowledge of men and my experiences of working men have been of the greatest value to me in my work. I found some fine people there, as I did everywhere, but never any better than the people of the Pine Tree State.

On the second day of January 1892 our youngest son, Frank Kingsley, was born. His middle name was from the name of the minister, author and reformer, Rev. Charles Kingsley of Everly, England. Esther was a little disappointed because he was a boy, but she has many times rejoiced since that he was.

In my fifth year as a pastor, I resigned to accept a call to a city church. I had just one more Sunday to preach when that Sunday morning the (Kittery) church was burned to the ground. I gave up my city call and remained with them. We built a new church edifice and added some three years to my labors as pastor.

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The blowing up of the U.S. Ship Maine brought on the Spanish American War. We were in the midst of the war's excitement at Kittery Navy Yard. For after Cervera's fleet was destroyed, we had 1800 of the sailors and officers in a stockade on the Navy Yard. I acted as chaplain for the soldiers of the U.S. Army and also for the prisoners. I was present when they landed and knew that they expected to be put to death. I met Admiral Cervera, who looked more like a blonde Scotch-man than a Spaniard.

Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, a missionary of Spain, who had to leave that country when the war broke out, came to the parsonage and made several visits to the stockade with me. She talked Spanish like a native. She was a woman of culture, and full of the culture of God. The prisoners, really they had a picnic, for it was summer time and they were in the region of the finest summer resorts in the country. They landed in rags, were well dressed when they returned to their own country. I remember how many of them begged to be allowed to remain in the United States.

My pastorate was happy and prosperous, and I had the love and respect of the entire community, but I felt the call of God to go elsewhere. In 1898 I accepted a call to the pastorate of the Broad St. Christian Church of Westerly R.I. and thereon hangs an

interesting story. Three years before I visited this church as a possible candidate and was told I would be given a call, which I promised to consider if it was favorable.

I left Westerly Monday with a promise that I would hear from them the next day. It was two months before I heard from them. Then the clerk wrote that there were 12 votes for me and 11 did not vote. It was at last voted to make it unanimous. I refused the vote and call and wished them God's blessings.

My good friend Dr. O.J. Waite preached for them after I had been there. He found that the pastor who had resigned, Rev. G.A. Corribear (?), had told a number of members of the church on Monday before the church meeting, that it would be a mistake to have me for pastor of the church as I was not a highly educated man, that I had worked in the mill, and many other things.

They called a man who had the reputation of learning and business. He proved to be a misfit of the worst kind. The attendance dwindle[d] down until the church was forced to ask him to resign.

The church sent a messenger to me, asking if I would consider another call. I thought it all over and prayed about it. My wife had said for three years "You will go to Westerly yet." I told them that if the call was satisfactory, I would go. They gave me a unanimous call. I accepted it and came to Westerly December the first 1898.

I had the coldest reception imaginable although I had a unanimous call. I found a split church and a wall of opposition. The things said against me by G.A. Corribear had been revived and my predecessor added to them.

I finally got the gentleman alone and told him just what would be done if he did not stop his lying ways. At first it seemed that I had made a mistake in taking the church, but by much prayer and patient labor I found I had the better part of the church with me and by the grace of God won the entire church to my support.

And now, in the 19th year of my pastorate, I can say it has been a delightful labor of love together. It has continued in harmony and prosperity from a condition of assumed (?) indebtedness. We have for a number of years come into a condition of plenty, having now and income from \$25,000 of invested funds and a parsonage and lot valued at \$6,000.00. During these years I have buried many of the strong men and women of this church, and have had the pleasure of receiving the major part of the present membership into the church. It is a common thing to be called upon now to marry those who were children when I came here.

A long pastorate calls for certain things in study and labor, which have their own reward. It requires careful study and constant preparation for fresh thought on the sermon line and constant activity in keeping the church at work. I believe more than ever in long pastorates; that is when the minister and the church work together for Christ and the Church.

The conditions of uncertainty caused by short pastorates gives no church a chance to do its best, and I am positive that the pastor cannot and does not develop who has three or five years of pastoral life with 10 or 12 churches. He will be a “repeater” in his preaching and will get into such ruts that will bring him to a standstill before he is 50. For his own sake; for the church’s sake; yes and for God’s sake let him take a pastorate and work for it, live for it, and if necessary die for it.

During the 19 years, four young men have entered the ministry. I believe that one of the curses of American churches has been and is today “false pastorates.”

But this is no place to preach about pastorates, so back we go to *The Snap Shots*.

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In 1902, in company with Ralph Derbyshire, George W. Kalb (?) and William Grunhalgh (?), I had a two-month vacation in the British Isles. We toured the country on bicycles. The following letters tell the story of this trip, which was one of the most delightful experiences of my life.

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My mother died in 1905. She was always a healthy woman, lived an active life, and did all her own work and sometimes the work of others. She was much pleased at my becoming a minister.

For about a year previous to her death she began to suffer from a cancer on her breast. It supported her strength until the end came. I had the pleasure of seeing her a few days before she died. After a farewell prayer she gave me her blessing and I said good-bye to her. She did no wonderful things. She was a plain woman, a most excellent mother and my desire has always been to do those things that would please her. She is buried with her two children in Oak Grove Cemetery, Fall River Mass.

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Our eldest son, Charles Judson, very early in life he said he was going to be a lawyer, and Esther and I decided to let things take their course without any interference from us. He entered Albany Law School (Union University) when he was 18 and received the degree of L.L.B. when he was 20 years old (in June; he was born in August). He studied with Judge J.W. Sweeny until he was 21; he passed his bar examination, and opened an office in Westerly. But being dissatisfied, he closed his office, sold his law books, and took a course of study in Defiance College, Ohio.ⁱⁱⁱ

He was married in April 1910 in Albany N.Y. to Miss Laura E. Meigs. It was the result of a love affair of his law school days and his choice proved to be a wise one, for Laura has become a daughter to us in every sense of the word.

Their son bears the name Charles Odard Dutton, after the first of the Duttons.

At this writing (1916), Charles [Judson] is the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Rensselaer N.Y.

In 1902 I had a serious illness cause by Ptomaine poisoning. I have never perfectly recovered from its effects. In 1909 and 1910 I had a severe attack of Sciatica Rheumatism. I resigned from the pastorate to take a smaller parish. The church refused to accept it and gave me six months leave of absence on $\frac{3}{4}$ salary. I took three months, two of which I spent in England. The most of the time I lived with Mr. John Joseph Dutton, St. Helens. The sea voyage and change gave me physical renewal.

While at St. Helens, I preached a number of times at the Congregational Church. One Sunday evening I had an audience of 1200. The notes on pages [] will tell the story in brief of this visit.

The sickness of 1910 warned me that I needed a place of refuge if I had to leave the ministry. So in 1911 I built a cottage at Pleasant View, Westerly R.I., a summer resort on the Atlantic sea coast. I had the pleasure of planning and superintending it. I called it White Birch Lodge. The mantle and posts of the fireplace and the stair rail are of white birch. There is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an acre of land and with the garden and flowers, it makes a beautiful spot to rest in. We have spent five pleasant summers there and find the change to be very helpful and enjoyable.

~~~~ 1917 ~~~~

I have entered the second month of my 19th year as Pastor of the Westerly Christian Church. It has been an enjoyable work with all the ups and downs incident to human life. I have tried to do God's will, and I have the pleasure of knowing that I have helped many people into a better life. I have always cut the loaf of society, so to speak, from top to bottom. I never sought the favor of the so-called upper class. I have tried to help both high and low, rich and poor. I have tried to be about my master's business. God has blessed these years and I am expecting still great things to come from him ...

I have tried during all these years, by continuous study and reading to keep up with the Spirit of the age. I have taken several courses of study, several courses by correspondence, with Chicago University and with our own denomination, and a course at Bates College, Lewiston Maine. I have tried to give my congregations something instructive and something helpful. I have never had a single word of complaint at my preaching. I have had many excellent words said concerning it.

My general reading, which has been extensive, has given me a natural full flow of language. After mastering my subject as best I can, I write out the introduction to keep me [from] break[ing] away from there; then the language comes as I need it, sometimes in a perfect flood.

My manner of preaching is my own. Sometimes I write in full and read; again, I use notes to keep me in line and in time. Then I often preach without notes. I find advantages in all these ways.

The majority of people like a sermon without notes. Reading makes a man full and speaking empties him. "Pour in and you will have something to pour out" is the only safe way to be ready with something to say worth listening to.

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I have a few intimate friends; those of my youth, many of them have passed away. The ministry does not give personal friends. We have to make no favorites, use everybody well. Among ministers, it seems to be a difficult thing to have personal friends. There is a relationship in the nature of the work that keeps men at arms length. Especially this is true of ministers in the same town. A minister has two confidants: God, with whom he talks in prayer, and his wife.

I have a number of friends whom I respect and love. I enjoy the work of the ministry. It has its own rewards as well as its trials. I have never regretted entering the ministry and I tried to be in every sense of the word "A good minister of Jesus Christ."

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Esther and I have not been able to lay up much money. We have lived comfortably and kept out of debt. By the grace of God we have seen our two sons through their education. Frank is an M.D. graduated from Tufts Medical College, Boston Mass. with *Cum Laude* in June 1915. [He] took a years practice in Springfield Hospital, Mass., and is now practicing medicine in Springfield. We have tried to do the best we could for our sons and we pray they may be good men and "go about doing good."

Frank was married to Miss Huldah Carlson of Springfield, Mass., December 1st 1917. I was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. John Nelson, pastor of St. Johns Swedish Congregational Church.

~~~~~ December 1917 ~~~~~

I have lived for 2/3 of my allotted time. I am well, have not been in better health than during the past five years. I know that I have done the greater part of my life's work. It has not been all that I desired, but I thank God that it has not been wasted, that I have done some good in the world. Esther has been with me heart and hand. I pray that God will give us yet years of service and enjoyment together, the boys are all settled in their homes at this writing. Charles is in Troy, N.Y., pastor of All Souls Unitarian Church. Frank is in Springfield, meeting with a fair degree of success in the practice of medicine.^{iv}

~~~~ July 1918 ~~~~

For a number of years I have been unsettled in my church relationship. The Christian Church has not made the progress with the rest of the world. I have found my work handicapped. I did not have the chance to do work with such assistance that other clergymen had.

I was thrown by circumstances in my youth into relations with the Christian Church. My previous religious training was in the Church of England and with the Congregational Church. I have often said had I known what I have since learned during these past years, I would not have entered the Christian Church. I have labored conscientiously and fruitfully for it, serving it to the best of my ability. Thus far, I have served three Christian churches; South Westport, Mass., Kittery Maine, and Westerly R.I. I have helped each of these to a larger place and I have many friends in all of them. I have not had any trouble or quarreled with any of them.

My twenty years work with the Broad St. Christian Church in Westerly has not had the appreciation and assistance it should [have had]. They were willing to let me do everything while they looked on. There have been many times that I felt the call to go elsewhere and labor – the call to do so came suddenly, and it seems to me in a providential manner.

In visiting my son Frank in June I was asked to meet with the Church Committee of the Agawam Congregational Church. As a result of this meeting, I preached in the church the first day of July. I was favorably impressed with the church and the field, and when they gave me a unanimous call to become their pastor on July 1<sup>st</sup>, I resigned my pastorate at Westerly July 8<sup>th</sup>.

The Westerly people did not want me to leave them and made various suggestions to keep me. I feel that God has opened the door for me. And I said good-bye to them with tears and sorrowful farewells, September 29<sup>th</sup> 1918.

It has been a good pastorate. I gave the church 20 years of the best strength of my heart and mind, and I have no regrets to make. Had they been more willing to lift and not so ready to lean; if they had made me a partner in their prosperity; I might have finished my ministerial life with them. They presented me with \$100 in gold as an expression of their respect. But as usual, they took the money out of the funds of the Church and not out of their purses. During my pastorate, over \$30,000 were left to the church.<sup>v</sup>

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On the 30th of September we left the pastorate of 20 years and came to Agawam in my Hupp runabout. It was a beautiful autumn day and we will long remember the delightful trip from Westerly to Norwich – Willimantic – South Manchester – Windsor and Agawam. We found a well-filled parsonage all ready for us. Our household goods came by auto truck (\$105.00), which the church generously paid. We soon had things settled and were ready for work, but this was interrupted on account of the influenza. For three weeks we had no services, and we met very few of the people.

I feel perfectly at home and find a good, kind people. The church has been without a pastor for a year. The work is in bad shape and it is going to take some time to get things in order. God helping me I am going to do my best for this church and parish.

~~~~ **November 1919** ~~~~

My first year in Agawam has been completed and in many ways has been successful. We have had good health, formed many good friends, and have enjoyed the work very much. I am more convinced as the days go that I did a wise thing in leaving Westerly. Congregations have increased. Old bills and notes have been paid, and the church building painted inside and out at a cost of \$1,200. The 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the church was observed with appropriate services October 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup>.

My birthday was on the 4<sup>th</sup> and the people remembered it, despite all the expense they had, by presenting me with a purse of \$36. Twenty-six persons have joined the church and a new spirit of confidence is seen in the church life. I have tried to help in the life of the community, and while the year has been a busy one, it has in many respects been the happiest year of my ministry. We see more of the children and it makes us more interested in one another than when we were so far away. My purpose is to do the best I can for the master in the year 19-20.

~~~ **January 1920, January 1921** ~~~

The church increased my salary \$100 this year. This has been a good year in many respects. The months of Jan., Feb. and March were the severest I have known, and there was a great amount of sickness. The summer was a delightful one. I had my father with us for five weeks and for a man in his eightieth year he was a marvel.

Charles, Laura and Odard were with us during August. Charles did considerable work on his second book while he was here. His first book, *The Underwood Mystery*, he sold to Dodd, Mead and Co.

I rented the lodge to Mr. Harry Morgan, who insisted on buying it, so I sold it to him at the end of August for \$3,500, besides having received \$225 for rental. I was sorry to let the place go, but there are many reasons why we should sell. I had a good garden, which we all enjoyed and resulted in many vegetables for winter use.

We motored to Albany and spent a week in Troy and its environs. We had a most wonderful fall. Beautiful weather. Our health has been good. Charles has had a number of invitations to larger churches this year. He accepted a call to the First Unitarian Church of Erie, Pennsylvania and plans to take charge the 1st of March 1921. The work in the church here has been very satisfactory; there has been a good attendance and much interest. It has been a successful year financially. The ladies gave us \$25 in Gold at Christmas.

~~~~ **November 1921** ~~~~

Another year has gone bye. They go very rapidly now. We have had good health and have been able to do much work. We are enjoying Agawam and its people, finding some good folks. Father was with us during September and October. He is in the best of health. It is marvelous when I try to consider the life of hard work he has lived and the work he is now able to do.

June 22 was the 35<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our marriage. The church celebrated it with a reception by the parish in the church house. It was a fine observance and proved to be a happy occasion. They presented us with a wedding cake and \$65 in gold. Better than this was their kindness and good wishes. Ellen and her husband Ralph Derbyshire and her sister Alice spent the week with us. Ellen and Ralph were bridesmaid and groomsman 35 years ago.

We spent the month of August with Charles in Erie Pa. He has made an advance in many ways and has before him a promising pastorate. God bless him and his Erie work. His book *The Underwood Mystery* has been a great success and has been highly spoken of. His second book, *Out of the Darkness*, will be published by Dodd, Mead Co. in January 1922.

The attendance and interest in the church has been much increased this fall, and I am praying that God may use me for much good in this place. Personally, it has been a good year. I am just delighted in the work. I ask for patience, insight and foresight that this year may be the best we have had.

~~~~ **October 1922** ~~~~

Sixty years of my life has gone into the past. This year has been one of activity and work. In many respects I feel as competent and able to do my work as ever. The church work has gone on pleasantly and some good work has been accomplished. We suffer for workers – especially teachers. We have both been well, had little sicknesses – one severe time with my neck (neurotic infection).

Charles has another book in the press, *The Shadow on the Glass*. He spent two months in England, France, and Switzerland. Laura and Odard were here with us. Esther and I had a delightful week in Westerly R.I. I preached in my old pulpit to a large audience.

Father has spent the past five weeks with us. He still keeps well. There are some signs of age. He was with me today – I have asked God to help me in the future days he may give me, that I may prove to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. “All’s well” and God being my helper I will give him good service this year.

---- October 1923 ~~~~

Again the year has rolled around. And it has been a good year in many ways: health; friends; conditions and the family have been delightful. I can truly say “the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage.”

The year’s work in the church has been good; in every way it has been successful. There is room for improvement and I am hoping and praying that it will come. The Ladies Aid society gave Esther and I \$50 each on Washington’s Birthday.

We spent the month of July with Charles in Erie Pa. Had a very pleasant visit. He has a fourth book to his credit, to be published soon.

Since August I have been enjoying preaching as never before. Spent a few days with Rev. Avery K. Gleason, Ashfield Mass. We were co-pastors in Westport Mass. 35 years ago. I was called to bury his wife a year ago.

Father spent September with us, was here today. He is well – good memory and active.

Things look promising in the church work. I am asking God to lead and help me into that which is to his glory. May this next year have more of his spirit in my life. The year’s motto is “for my church and the kingdom of God.”

~~~~ October 1924 ~~~~

The 62nd year of my life is here. The year has been a good year; good health, prosperity, work with some perplexity and some rewards has made it a good year. The boys are doing well in their work. Frank has just begun the building of a house in Springfield. Charles has here this summer for four weeks. He had a severe illness in September in Erie. He has written another book.

I desire to make this the best year. May God give me grace, wisdom and patience. I want to give up the active pastorate in a year or so. I have a tract of land and plan to build a house on it here in Agawam.

I have been actively engaged in the ministry for 37 years in September. I do not intend to give up the work altogether, but to become a minister at large, supplying J.J. (?) I am in God’s hands and leave it all to him.

Church work has changed since I began pastoral work. There is more and more detail and extra work, and less real true religious work. The young people especially are harder to hold. They are taking up with things outside of the church. Sunday evening services are being given up, and only a few attend the midweek services. Fads and cults, strange beliefs are prevalent. The future is a question one cannot settle without faith in God. I thank God for his goodness and I consecrate myself again to the work of His Kingdom.

The past is with God and the future I leave to his care.

Salary increased to \$1,500 January 1924.

~~~~ October 1924 ~~~~

Agawam.

~~~~ December 1925 ~~~~

More than a year has slipped by since I wrote in this book. It has been a very busy and happy year. We planned and re-planned “the house” and enjoyed making changes. In April we began to build. The sills were laid April 6th, and we moved in July the 8th. The house is [of] our own planning. Supervised the building, bought all material, hired the men and paid them. I worked some of the time myself. I continued my church work also. The entire cost, with the land, has been about \$7,000; its value is \$10,000. We are both pleased with it and thank God for his blessings.

My plans are to keep the pastorate another year or more and then retire.

Frank has a fine home and is prospering in his profession. Charles and family were with us for four weeks. He is busy writing. We spent a week in Kittery Me., [for] the 302nd anniversary of the founding of the town. I preached the sermon on Sunday in my old church. Very few of the old friends are left. Things are the same; there is a lack of interest, a disobedience of children, and a general recklessness among the people.

~~~~ January 1926 ~~~~

This is the first day of another year. I had my 64th birthday yesterday. It passed away quietly. I have had a good year in every way – the best in a pastorate of eight years. We do enjoy “The Manse”. For the first year, the flowers and shrubs have done wondrously well. Esther and I had a delightful week at the sea shore, Clinton Conn., and also part of a week on Cape Cod with Charles and his family.

I can say that I never preached as well. It seems that one just begins to know how, when he draws to the end of his ministry. I begin to find myself much alone; old friends are passing on, new ones are temporary.

Charles, Laura and Odard spent three weeks with us. He is busy writing, meeting with much success, and really it seems as if he must soon go altogether into writing.

My father has been with us for the past month. He shows signs of weakening; reads a lot, does not walk about as much; sleeps, eats well.

The church has had a good year and I gave them for their motto this year *Press On*. I too will press on – to know more about God and Jesus Christ. [I have] a tentative plan to continue in the pastorate for another year, until January 1928. Then, after a rest period

away for a few months, to be sort of a minister at large, a preacher without the responsibilities of a settled parish. We may remain in Agawam or sell out, and go elsewhere for our home. We are in God's hands and trusting in Him. We will "press on."

~~~~ October 1827 ~~~~

Over the threshold of another year. The year past has been a busy one. I find that I get tired sooner. I have gained a little in weight, feel well. The church has had its best year since I came. This is the tenth year and (G.W.) will be my closing year as an active minister and pastor. We spent three weeks with Charles in Erie Penna. They did everything they could for us and we enjoyed the visit.

Father has been with Sarah since the new year; growing older of course, and finds himself alone. For the coming year I desire to know more of the reality of "Jesus the friend." The motto for 1927 is *For Jesus Sake!* All the family is well and prospering.

~~~~ April 1928 ~~~~

I closed my pastorate/ministry Easter, the eighth of April.^{vi} After nine years, seven months as minister of the Agawam Congregational Church and 41 years of preaching. I had planned to retire in October, but found a lack of cooperation on the part of a few "hard shells" and a lack of support by the Deacons brought me into the decision that it was best to do it now.

There was an unwillingness of at least 95% of the church to accept the resignation. The young people declared they did not want any other minister. But I had decided after much prayer and insisted that it be accepted. Things have developed since that show it was the best thing to do.

I have the respect of the 95% and of the town, and the minority has had some real lessons of the indignation or righteousness. I feel satisfied, I am happy, and have been busy, supplied pulpits, funerals, and I have been free of the petty detail of the active ministry.

I have given this church of my best. [I] never had a criticism of a sermon, [but] many expressions of appreciation. The entire period of 41 years has been one of hard work and study. [I] had more of the bright than the grey, far more pleasure than pain in them. God has graciously blessed me with my limited opportunities. The experience has been wonderful – miraculous.

I have never been put to confusion, and had no shame or fear. I have been humble and have stood with those who have had all sorts of taming (?). I give prayer to God – the service and success have proved that God did call me into "the ministry". They have been happy years. Yes, I have my regrets in retiring, but I know that it is the best thing to do.

Esther has been a real comrade and helper in it all. She has the credit of being an ideal minister's wife. We are both in good health and for the present we will live in "The

Manse.” The children wanted us to go to England, but we felt that it was not best to do so at the present. We have invested much in the lives of others, some of it bringing forth dividends now and there is more to follow. Thank God for these years, and may He use and bless me for the years to come.

~~~~ **October 4<sup>th</sup>, 1928** ~~~~

Yes, I am 66 today and have much to be thankful for. Six months of retirement have passed away. I have been bust preaching [at] churches big and small of various creeds. I have enjoyed them all and met with appreciation, and trust that it has not been a performance. I rather pity many of the ministers with the great tasks of keeping up the pace – certainly things have changed since I began to preach.

September 30<sup>th</sup>, Sunday, I gave the address to the 90<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the South Westport, Mass. Christian Church, and it was 41 years since I had preached my first sermon to them. There was a large audience, many coming from distant places to see Esther and I.

We are enjoying the change and find we have more time to “enjoy our own souls.” We are in good health, busy with many things. We spent two weeks in Westerly R.I., where I preached for two Sundays. Many of the folks of 30 years ago have passed on. The church here is slipping back. They have no minister, and the future seems to be a question of what is going to become of it.

Father bought a little house in North Westport and is living alone; wants his own way and says he is enjoying it. But he certainly has made a big mistake, and I see a great change in him. Nothing can be done ...

Charles had an extensive trip in England and France this summer. He is writing extensively. Frank is developing his surgeon’s practice. I want to do something for the master and will try to the best of my ability to bring in “the kingdom.” We are both well and looking forward for better things. We enjoy The Manse more every year. A few of the fruit trees have borne this year. The garden has been a success and the outdoor work has been very healthful and interesting.

~~~~ **October 2<sup>nd</sup> 1929** ~~~~

Again I have the privilege of looking over a year in my life. It has been an enjoyable year. Esther and I have been in good health. We do not feel as able to “hustle about” as we did. We are both busy. I have preached regularly for almost a year; 8 months for the Brimfield Congregational Church as minister in charge; a church split up into cliques, divided for years; a mere handful at first, but attendance tripled before I left in June. I have also preached in other churches. Had an enjoyable two weeks in Westerly R.I. where I preached for them for two Sundays. The Agawam church settled a pastor named Rev. Edgar M. Ross in March. Thus far nothing of importance has been done.

We spent the month of January with Charles in Erie. The weather was bad; I told him he ought to find another church soon. He closed his work there in September and is now settled in Des Moines Iowa as pastor of the First Unitarian Church. He likes the church and the city.

Odard is in the freshman year at Drake University there. Frank is pushing along in his surgical work and the children are very nice to us. Father is in good health. He still lives alone in the bungalow in Westport.

There is a great difference in the church and its work – “old things have really passed away” in many respects: no mid-week or Sunday night services; men’s clubs, women’s clubs, young people’s club etc. Attendance is less and less. What will be the end of these things?

I have been busy with the Manse and many things. I am trying to do all the good I can and find so much to be thankful for and so much to enjoy. I was called to Kittery ME to conduct funeral services of Mrs. Martha J. Philbrick, 82, who left a written request that I attend the services. There are very few of the old friends there. They suggested I come and take the church. I am content and happy as things are. May this be a good year for us.

~~~~ October 4th 1930 ~~~~

Another year opens its doors as the old one has closed, with all that has made up its 365 days. It has been a good year in many ways and a gracious providence has been over us. We have been in good health and have not been in want of the necessities of life. The blessings of careful living and saving of other years have made it possible.. This has been almost miraculous, for the highest salary I received was \$1,500, and that only during the last five years. The average for the 42 years has not been more than \$900, yet we have been comfortable, seen the boys into professional life, and taken two trips abroad. Economy and thrift by both Esther and I have made this possible. At present date, from invested funds we receive \$1,550 a year. It removes us from anxiety and gives us a degree of independence.

I have preached many times during the year. Once in the Bogle Street Christisn church after more than 40 years. I supplied the Ludlow Congregational church, Mass. for more than three months, also the Gilbertsville Mass. Congregational Church for two months, in both places preparing them for a pastor, besides many other churches.

Charles and family spent two weeks with us, and we motored to Des Moines, Iowa with them in August, 1,670 miles. It was a trip through Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to Iowa over the Mississippi River long to be remembered. Found some very fine people in Des Moines. Charles has his best church and is well situated there. He is busy writing the life of Brother Joseph Dutton of the leper colony of Molokai. Odard is a sophomore in Drake University there.

Frank and Huldah are well. He is busy with his work. Father David Dutton is still living alone and keeps well, but shows the effects of age – 90 years in January 1931.

Thank God for his goodness and mercy, and I pledge my best effort to be helpful, kind and gracious to all and depending on “His Grace” I step out into the new year with courage and hope.

~~~~ **October 4<sup>th</sup> 1932** ~~~~

Three score years and ten. It does not seem possible that Esther and I have come to this old age milestone. But 1862 – 1932 cannot be disputed. So here we are in the evening of life. We are well, in good health, busy; not so much with exacting things to do: we read, we work, we get outdoors all we can. We have enough to eat, and sometimes an extra dollar to spend and to spare, even if the hard times have stuck us.

We are hopeful: looking for better, brighter and finer things in the days to come. We thank God for the past, and trust Him for the future. It has been a good year for us, but it has been the hardest year for so many people we know. 1932 will be remembered as the year of “Depression.”

Charles and family came from Des Moines and spent five weeks with us. His book *The Samaritans of Molokai* is very good, well written and is by far one of the best biographies I have read. It is highly spoken of all over the world. It is a great pleasure to us to have him write so excellent a book.

Odard is a senior at Drake University. He plans to study medicine, taking up psychiatry. Frank was appointed one of the head surgeons of the Springfield Hospital last spring. We are pleased that the boys have done well. They are good to us.

My father was severely burned in March. He recovered from the burns, but has to urinate through a tube. He is with my sister Sarah in Fall River, Mass. On September 30<sup>th</sup> he had a fall and a broken rib, is laid up in bed. As he is almost 92 years old, it will hasten the end.

In the death of Rev. Avery K. Gleason, who died in March, I lost a friend of 45 years acquaintance. We met at Westport, my first pastorate. I conducted the funeral in his former church in Ashfield, Mass. He was laid beside his wife, whom I buried seven years ago. He was a real friend, unassuming, honest and dependable. I began to feel more and more alone.

I have not preached as much during the past year. There are few vacant pulpits, and ministers are sticking close to their pulpits. I have given a number of addresses on “The Dutton Book.” I have just taken the work of supporting the First Congregational Church of Chicopee on a trial for the month of October. I am trusting in God for 1932-33.

~~~~ **October 4<sup>th</sup> 1933** ~~~~~

The clock of years strikes 71, so I have finished my 70th year. I have been well – preaching here and there. I find a welcome and appreciation that makes it worthwhile. I had a church wedding and a number of funerals, so taken altogether it has been a busy year. Esther has been well. We do our own work without help. The garden has not done well this year – very dry in the summer. The fall has been very wet, too late for good crops. The apple trees bore for the first time; at least a barrel of early apples. I have picked about six bushels of Macintosh Reds, about ½ bushel of Parr apples, something like the Delicious, very fine, and loads of blackberries and grapes.

Father was brought here June 21st in a terrible condition, and for one week we had a hard time with him. He was taken to the Springfield Hospital and had an operation. After five weeks he came here. We fixed up the dining room for him. He was weak at first, has improved, but is a constant care and has to be waited on. We are doing the best we can for him ...

Charles spent four weeks with us, coming and going by airplane. He is still at work writing. He plans to bring out another biography, about Admiral Perry. Odard has his masters degree from Drake University and is now studying at the Ohio State University, Columbus. Laura and Charles are in Des Moines. Frank and Huldah are well. Conditions have improved. More people are at work. Investments are paying less, many people are losing their homes. Things are more hopeful, but one wonders what is coming.

Churches are crippled financially. Salaries have been reduced, missions curtailed. Churches have only one service a week – Sunday AM and very few mid-week services. No more people go to church and the church seems to be losing its grip on people. Requirements for church membership are nil. Sign on the dotted line, that's all.

Well, I start out this year with faith in God, and the determination to do my best, with God's blessing I hope to make it a good year, yes, a better year than the last.

~~~~ **July 30 1934** ~~~~~

Father died July 25<sup>th</sup> at Springfield Hospital at the age of 93 years and six months. He had been with us 13 months. He suffered a great deal with urinal troubles and had to discharge through a tube. Esther showed him great kindness and he appreciated it. He was buried in Oak Grove Cemetery on July 27<sup>th</sup>. We did what we could for him.

He was born in Cheshire England, January 30, 1841. He left 4 children, 12 grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

~~~~ **October 1 1934** ~~~~~

I begin another year on the 4th of this month. The year has been a busy one, with the daily care of father, whose condition demanded a nurse's service, which Esther and I gave to the best of our ability. He was fairly patient, but was much troubled by some of his

children's actions to get his property. In the final settlement of his estate, of which I was executor, the four children got a bank book with \$1,000 in it, and after all bills were paid, a check for \$175.34.

The financial depression has improved a little. Welfare work provides for many. Real estate has depreciated and mortgages are almost worthless. Thus far we have been able to get along, but some of our investments are not paying. Bank interest is down to 2 ½.

I have preached occasionally, and had a number of weddings and funerals. I preached the anniversary sermon at Bogle St. Christian Church, Fall River, September 30th, the 60th. I preached my first sermon there 47 years ago; very few there I knew.

The children are well. Frank is at Springfield Hospital.. Charles left his Des Moines Iowa church this summer to take up writing altogether. Has been living in Erie, Pennsylvania, where he is writing. Odard graduated from Ohio State University and has a position as an interne in the research work. He is much interested in psychiatry. He got a permanent position in Columbus, Ohio.

Friends of early years are passing on, one by one. I find less and less letters coming; new acquaintances do not write. I am going on, with trust and faith in God to make this a good year.

~~~~ October 4 1935 ~~~~

The 72nd year has been good. We have both been well. Of course, age tells on us if we get to be active. We have been busy: I have preached a number of times, had a number of funerals and one wedding.

Odard got married on the quiet more than one year ago. Charles has been in Erie for more than a year. He has a position in the Department of Justice Parole Board with an office in Erie, likes his work very much. Odard and his wife are with them. None of them visited us this year.

We spent a week in August at the Stillman House, Wekapaugh RI. I preached at Broad St. to a goodly company. My brother James wife died in September after a long illness.

I have enjoyed the automobile this year. The Agawam airport has been changed into a race track. The country is crazy about gambling. Things are coming back very slowly. Many are still on the welfare.

War began by Italy on Ethiopia October 3rd. What it means for the rest of the world is a question.

I had a fine garden this year: no peaches; bushels of pears, grapes and apples; sweet potatoes poor; a fine crop of onions; lots of flowers.

Charles' book *Oliver Hazard Perry* came out September 10th. I consider it the best thing he has written. Frank and Huldah had a narrow escape in an auto accident in Springfield.

I am trusting God for the future. I am trying to do what good I can.\

~~~~ October 1936 ~~~~

Passed another milestone October 1st. The year has gone quietly and quickly. We have been well and have kept busy with daily things. We get tired easier. We spent a week at Wekepaugh RI; I preached in the Christian Church. June 9th was the 50th anniversary of the class of '86 Williston. Esther and I were at the dinner, gave a talk. Jesse W. Hirst M.D. and 2nd wife were there. They called here. On June 22nd we observed our 50th wedding anniversary. It was a lovely day, and very successful in every way. It was enjoyed by all and showed that we had many friends.^{vii}

We spent 16 days with Charles and family in Erie PA the last of September. We met Odard's wife Lizbeth – seems to be a sensible quiet young woman, and promises to be of help in Odard's making more of himself. Charles has an interesting and exacting position as agent of the parole system in Erie. They are pleasantly situated; he is in demand as a speaker, especially on the radio.

We had a good garden but the fruits have been spoiled by bugs on them. The flower garden was excellent. The folks are well. Things begin to improve in business, but – do not preach as much. May the coming year be a good one. I will trust in God and do the best I can.

~~~~ October 1937 ~~~~

This is my 75th birthday. I cannot really realize that I have already lived $\frac{3}{4}$ of a century. I am enjoying life better than ever. We have enough and to spare, and good health and a sound mind, able to do the necessary everyday work about the house and in the garden. Of course, I cannot work as hard or hurry about without being tired.

Mentally I am alert, write for papers and make a sermon now and then. I preach for different churches with good acceptance. I preached my first sermon on September 26th (Hixville, MA; see page 7), 50 years ago. The event was observed with a special service in the Agawam Congregational Church. My subject was *the changing world, the changing church, and the unchanging Christ*.^{viii}

Esther and I are well; minor ailments and colds affect us. This has been the hottest summer ever known; 96-98, day after day. Married Esther's sister Alice to Jacob Knowles and took part in Ralph and Ellen's Golden Wedding.

Charles was 50 August 22nd. He resigned his position as Pennsylvania State Historian – too much politics. He is writing more, lives in Erie PA. Frank is doing excellent surgical work in the Springfield Hospital. Odard does not get the work for which he has studied.

Had a good garden. Early flowers fine, fall flowers poor. Apples spoiled. Well, the new year is in the hands of God. I will trust Him and strive to do his will.

~~~~ **October 1938** ~~~~

It hardly seems possible that I have had 75 years of life. Today I begin my 76<sup>th</sup> in health. This has been a good year and I have been busy with funerals, marriages, and supplying pulpits. Thus far 11 weeks at Poquonock Ct. church. "No" I said, 51 years is enough. I am enjoying the work, and it is a pleasure to know that so many speak well of my preaching.

Two weeks ago we had a terrible hurricane with torrential rain – 105 miles an hour – thousands of trees down – no lights, phone or radio for 11 days – Poquonock church steeple blown over on to the church. Westerly suffered greatly. Pleasant View was destroyed, some 450 houses gone – many lives lost. In fact, Connecticut and Rhode Island shores met with loss. The top of one of my birches was torn out; other trees bent over. A tidal wave 60 feet high erased the destruction on the seashore.

The children are well. Odard in Columbus Ohio, Charles in Erie has no special position and is writing. Frank busy. Esther keeps well. We are trying to get the most out of life. A wet, rainy season this summer. The tomatoes a failure, peas good, beans very poor except for the Kentucky Wonders. Apples are no good, grapes the same and also blackberries and pears fine, as are potatoes and onions. Had three days at Stillmans, Wekepaugh and three days with Ralph. Have no special plans for the year. Will do the best I can to make the world better. I want to do the will of God and I pledge myself anew to this end.

*Set aside from old age fears  
Life is not measured by its years  
Whatever they are you will find this true  
Life is how you think of what you do*

[End of Journal]

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<sup>i</sup> My paternal great-grandfather, John George Dutton, penned this biographical memoir in longhand in a cloth-bound notebook, starting in 1916 when he was 54 and working as a clergyman in Westerly R.I. It ends in 1938, 20 years later, when he was 75. He would have continued writing in it, but was struck by a car and killed while crossing the street near his home. I retrieved the well-preserved notebook from a trunk of family memorabilia at the home of my mother in Cheshire Conn. in 2003 and transcribed it into Microsoft Word in September 2009. [GHD]

<sup>ii</sup> The first 10 pages or so of 71 were all apparently written in 1916. After that, entries slowly became shorter and less frequent, eventually coming annually. The latter ones are mostly dated in early October, when John celebrated his birthday (on the fourth of the

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month). Wavy lines delineate natural breakpoints in the manuscript; the editor, who also divided entries into paragraphs, as many apparent paragraphs in the journal are only sentence breaks, inserted most. Punctuation was also modified, but few words, except to add articles and conjunctions and to correct very occasional spelling errors. [GHD]

<sup>iii</sup> According to my late father, Charles Odard Dutton, the circumstances that so abruptly ended his father's law career were intense and unusual. In one of his first cases, Charles J. represented a woman who had been arrested on charges of prostitution. A complainant in the case, and possibly the person who reported the woman to the police, was the Rev. John Dutton himself. The case went to trial, and Rev. John was called to testify. The prosecutor asked him to identify the alleged prostitute, which he did. He was then cross-examined by his own son, who asked John *how* he knew the woman was a prostitute. The tawdry implication of this question unloosed a commotion within the family that apparently caused Charles J. to quit lawyering and become a clergyman. [GHD]

<sup>iv</sup> Frank K. Dutton was a thoracic surgeon. He and Huldah had no children. He died unexpectedly of a heart attack in 1949 or 1950. [GHD]

<sup>v</sup> In resigning from the Broad St. Christian Church, Rev. Dutton issued this statement (from a newspaper clipping found inside the notebook):

“It is with not a little satisfaction that I look back upon my almost 20 years of service as the minister of this church. They have been years of harmony and prosperity, of labor and accomplishment, and they have been pleasant years. While this relationship might continue for some time to come I realize that it is limited in time and accomplishment. I feel that the time has now come for me to close my ministry with this church. I herewith present my resignation as the minister of the church, the same to take effect not later than the 30<sup>th</sup> day of September 1918. Yours truly, JOHN GEORGE DUTTON”

<sup>vi</sup> Newspaper clipping (possibly from Springfield *Republican*) in the journal with Rev. Dutton's photograph: “**Has Served Congregational Church Here Nine Years and Has Been in Ministry 40 Years.**

Agawam, Dec. 18 1927. Rev. John G. Dutton, minister of the Congregational church, read his resignation as pastor of the church at the morning service today. His letter follows: ‘For more than 40 years I have been the minister and pastor of a church without interruption. I was ordained to the Christian ministry 40 years it will be in June 1928, in the town of Westport, the village of Central Village. I had planned to retire from the pastorate ministry at that time. I have placed with the clerk of this church, the following letter: ‘On the first of October 1918, I began my relationship as the minister of the Agawam Congregational church. Since that day I have given you and the town of Agawam, to the best of my knowledge and ability the services of a minister of Jesus. | During these years we have paid off your indebtedness, renovated and redecored the church, 134 persons have been received into the church, our Bible-school has doubled its attendance, and all the organizations of the church are in a flourishing condition. The financial condition is the best we have had. More than all these things, there is a spirit of harmony in our midst. | I rejoice that these things are so, for I see in them much promise

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for your future. I have enjoyed these 40 years and more in the ministry, and the nine and more I have been your minister, through it all I have been ably assisted by my wife, Esther Dutton. It has been a labor of love for both of us. I feel that the time has come when this relationship as minister and pastor of the Agawam Congregational church should cease. I do herewith present my resignation as minister of the Agawam Congregational church, the same to take effect the 31<sup>st</sup> day of March 1928.”

vii [From a newspaper clipping, possibly the Springfield *Republican*, no date, with photo] Left to right: Rev. and Mrs. Dutton, Mrs. Alice K. Tetlow of Fall River; Mrs. Dutton’s sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Derbyshire of Fall River; best man and bridesmaid at the Dutton Wedding 50 years ago.

### **Agawam Couple Married 50 Years**

Age sits lightly on Rev. and Mrs. John G. Dutton of 45 Monroe St., Agawam, [who] celebrated their golden wedding anniversary yesterday with an “open house” to scores of their friends and former parishioners. Mr. Dutton was pastor of Agawam Congregational Church for 10 years, retiring in 1928.

One of the unusual features of the anniversary was the presence of the best man and bridesmaid of that event in Fall River half a century ago, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Derbyshire of Fall River. Mrs. Derbyshire is sister to Mrs. Dutton and she and her husband will celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary next year.

For fully a week a veritable flood of letters and cards of felicitations have been received by Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, not only from their many friends in the immediate vicinity but from former parishioners in Westport, Kittery Me., Westerly RI, where Mr. Dutton served as pastor. Many gifts were also received of gold, silverware, and a bountiful supply of floral tributes.

Assisting Mrs. Dutton as hostesses and the serving of refreshments were Mrs. George W. Toussaint, Mrs. Charles Brouse and Mrs. Frank K. Dutton.

The Duttons were married at the home of Mrs. Dutton’s father, Thomas Kippax of Fall River in 1886 by Rev. Orin J. Wait, former president of Antioch College, and Rev. Elihu Grant. They came to Agawam in 1918 when Mr. Dutton accepted the call to the Congregational Church from Westerly RI, where he had been pastor of the Christian Church for 20 years.

They have two sons, Rev. Charles J. Dutton, head of the department of justice, Board of Pardons, Erie PA, and Frank K. Dutton of Springfield, and one grandson, Odard Dutton.

viii [Newspaper clipping, pasted into this page, with photo of J.G.D., no date]

### **Rev. J.G. Dutton Marks 50 Years as Minister**

*Retired Agawam Pastor Gives Sermon at His Former Church*

Rev. John G. Dutton, retired pastor of the Agawam Congregational Church, observed the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his ordination as a minister and the 19<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his first service as pastor of that church yesterday. As the guest speaker at the morning service, he took “the Changing Order and the Unchanging Christ” as the subject of his sermon and used the 8<sup>th</sup> verse of the 13<sup>th</sup> chapter of Hebrews as his text: “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and for ever.”

In his sermon he briefly compared the living and church condition of his youth and young manhood with those of today, and while in no way deprecating the advantages of modern

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inventions, he expressed a firm conviction that if the world would abide by the precepts of the Bible and the teachings of Christ, there would be less cause for wars, strife and unhappiness than is apparent today.

Coming from London, Eng., where he was born, at the age of seven years, Mr. Dutton spent most of his younger life in Fall River. At the age of 11, he was obliged to go to work and when only 13 he joined the church and immediately took an active part in its religious life, teaching, preaching and conducting church activities. In June of 1886, he and Mrs. Dutton were married in Fall River, and in 1887 he was ordained and became a pastor of a church at Central Village in Westport. In 1889 he became pastor of a church at Kittery Me., and while there served as chaplain of the prison in which, during the Spanish-American War, there were a large number of Spanish prisoners.

Late in 1898, after that war, he was called to the pastorate of the First Christian Church at Westerly R.I., which he served until October 1918, when he came to the Agawam parish. Mr. Dutton was the pastor of the Agawam church until 1928, when he resigned and retired from active participation in the ministry, although since then he has supplied pulpits of many churches in this vicinity.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, who now live at 45 Monroe St., have been actively interested in the town's religious, educational, and social affairs during the 19 years they have lived here. They have two sons, Rev. Charles Dutton of Easton Pa., who is an author of note, and Dr. Frank K. Dutton of Springfield. There was an exceptionally large attendance at yesterday's service in honor of both Mr. and Mrs. Dutton.