

# The Potpourri

1971 BOYLSTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM 2023

"Preserving the Past for the Future"

## SEPTEMBER 2023

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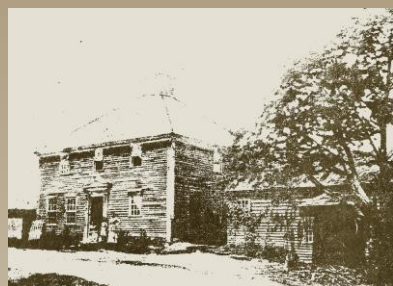
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**Can You Identify  
this Current Location  
today?**



Answer on page 15

## Curator's Corner

As we enter our 2023-2024 fiscal year, we are excited to announce our 19<sup>th</sup> Century Boylston Exhibit featuring artifacts from the 1800's including: a *framed photograph of John W. Partridge* (1834-1864), a Boylston teacher who lost his life during the Civil War and a *wooden Windsor-backed chair that belonged to Boylstonian Patty Sawyer Kendall* (1786-1859)! Patty's grandfather was one of the earliest settlers of the Boylston area and the founder of Sawyers Mills in the early 1700's.

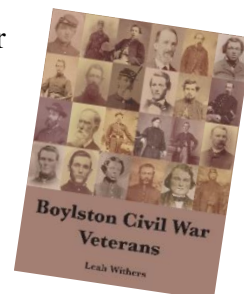
Please join us at the Fall Festival September 30<sup>th</sup> from 2-5pm where "19<sup>th</sup> Century Museum Tours" will be provided by our directors and student interns, Patrick Flanagan and Julia Viaud in 19<sup>th</sup> Century attire. Stop by for a photo opportunity!

There indeed is an abundance of new energy brewing in 2023 at the Historical Society. Student internships have been granted to scan the collections and computerize our information to bring us forward into a new virtual era. Our interns, Patrick Flanagan and Julia Viaud under the guidance of the curator, have added an influx of new photographs to the computer database in an effort to share our collections with researchers, historians, genealogists and townspeople of Boylston, Massachusetts. This endeavor is financially co-sponsored by the Boylston Historical Commission. A thank you to all for implementing this strategic vision!

~ Nancy Filgate

## NEW! "Civil War Veterans of Boylston"

Creativity has certainly been at the forefront of our volunteer's efforts over this past year with the publication of a new book on the lives of our Civil War Veterans. Stellar research resulted in an amazing discovery! Pick up your copy to discover the secret unveiled.



# Teen Corner

Julia Viaud and Manielle Phillips have taken a creative approach to learning history by the creation of a fun historical word search using words featured in this month's newsletter.

ANSWER ON PAGE 10

W	L	N	I	A	K	H	S	M	E	S	L	I	L	J
V	I	R	R	H	V	T	N	N	K	T	L	N	R	O
L	V	N	Z	E	R	T	A	N	U	J	A	T	V	H
D	A	M	D	E	V	L	R	O	V	O	B	E	T	N
F	J	V	B	S	P	A	W	R	Q	S	H	R	H	P
X	E	L	I	O	O	C	T	T	O	E	A	N	E	A
P	O	S	L	N	O	R	W	H	R	P	J	S	R	R
C	I	L	T	J	R	S	Q	P	K	H	I	H	P	T
D	O	G	M	I	B	A	U	R	Q	S	L	I	D	R
R	G	S	M	G	V	O	C	E	H	A	E	P	O	I
O	C	H	J	Y	A	A	C	C	B	W	P	S	S	D
R	E	N	E	W	A	L	L	I	P	Y	M	A	Z	G
V	E	T	E	R	A	N	S	N	U	E	C	E	A	E
R	O	U	L	O	E	N	A	C	I	R	R	U	H	L
P	H	H	D	F	Q	V	A	T	A	S	Z	Q	T	M

CARNIVAL  
FESTIVAL  
JOHNPARTRIDGE  
PIGMY  
TAVERN

COLBERTS  
HURRICANE  
JOSEPHSAWYER  
RENEWAL  
VETERANS

ELIJAHBALL  
INTERNSHIPS  
NORTHPRECINCT  
ROLLOPLANE  
WINDSOR

## Congratulations to Our Scholarship Winners!

*The Greater Worcester Community Foundation who manages our scholarship funds have announced the 2023 recipients*

**Mary Falby Scholarship awarded to:**  
*Cecelia Knowles – attending UMASS*

**Robert P. Goulet Scholarship awarded to:**  
*Melanie Tolles- attending UMASS*



## Upcoming Events

**September 30, 2023** - **FALL FESTIVAL - Free Museum Tours**

2-5 p.m.

**"19<sup>th</sup> Century Boylston Exhibit"**

*Refreshments: apple cider & cider donuts*

**October 22, 2023**

2-4 p.m.

- **"Women of the Valley"** Presentation by Prof. Paul Marrone

*Light Refreshments*

**October 24, 2023**

11 a.m. - 12 p.m.

- **TRICK OR TREAT EVENT** at Hillside, ages 6 and under



### Dave Rafuse's VINTAGE RECIPE CORNER



#### Coffee Cake

1 ½ cup flour	
3 tsp baking powder	¼ cup shortening
½ tsp salt	1 egg
1 tsp vanilla	½ cup milk

#### Filling

½ cup brown sugar	2 T flour
2 tsp cinnamon	2 T melted butter
½ cup chopped nuts	

1. Sift dry ingredients.
2. Cut into flour mixture shortening until like fine corn meal.
3. Blend in well beaten egg mixed with milk.
4. Add vanilla and stir.
5. Pour half batter into a greased 8" square pan.
6. Sprinkle with half the filling.
7. Add remaining batter and sprinkle with the rest of the filling on top.
8. Bake at 375° for 25-30 minutes

**ENJOY!**



## BOYLSTON Fall Fest

**SATURDAY SEPT 30, 2-5PM**

**BOYLSTON TOWN COMMON**  
BOYLSTON, MA 01505

FREE EVENT

Live Music - Food Trucks  
Redemption Rock Brewing  
Local Farms & Artisans  
Book Sale - Kids Activities  
Historical Society Museum Tours

RAIN LOCATION:  
BOYLSTON TOWN HOUSE, 599 MAIN STREET

Sponsored by the Boylston Public Library Foundation, Inc.

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## *New Acquisition on Display!*

# **Patty Sawyer Kendall's Chair**

*by Patricia Kelleher Bartram*

*Special and grateful thanks to John and Mary Pierce of McLean, VA for their generosity in donating to the Boylston Historical Society Museum, their Patty Sawyer Kendall chair, which ties to the earliest days of Boylston.*

One of the most recent acquisitions of the Boylston Historical Society and Museum (BHSM) is a wooden Windsor-backed chair that belonged to Boylstonian Patty Sawyer Kendall (1786-1859). It was very generously donated this spring to the BHSM by Mary and John Pierce of McLean, Virginia. John Pierce is a 5<sup>th</sup> generation descendent through one of Patty's children. While neither the chair's exact age or maker is known, the Pierces protected and preserved the chair over the last half century. Afraid to put weight on it, the chair was the home of a teddy bear collection for many years. Yet John Pierce remembered his mother always sitting in that chair "while sewing at the old Singer," so it was well used over time.



### **Windsor-backed Chairs**

Patty's chair is a typical Windsor-backed chair. These wooden chairs are characterized by turned spindle backs that are attached to solid, sculpted seats. The chair legs typically splay outwards, but are usually reinforced by h-stretchers and have backs that recline at a slight angle. This chair style originated in England, dating back it is said to 1710 and was named after the English town



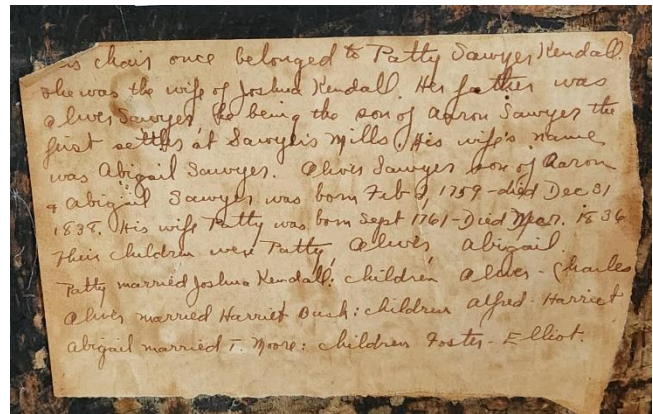
**Round-tenoned Spindles  
pushed into steam bent arched back**

of Windsor. According to legend, King George II was offered a multi-spindled chair to sit on while seeking shelter from a storm at a peasant's cottage. He found it so comfortable, yet impressed by its simplicity, that he had his furniture maker copy it. The style of chair gained favor (as styles do when "endorsed" by royalty) and ultimately crossed the ocean to the American colonies around the 1730s.



### **Patty Sawyer Kendall; Family Ties to Earliest Boylston**

Patty Sawyer was born in Boylston on 18 April 1786, the daughter of Oliver Sawyer Sr. (1759-1838) and his wife, Martha "Patty" Hinds (1760-1836). She was the oldest of their three children, with her younger siblings being Oliver Sawyer Jr. (1788-1824) and Abigail Sawyer (1791-1822). Her paternal grandparents were Aaron Sawyer and Abigail Moore.



**Faded handwritten note on bottom of the  
Patty Sawyer Kendall chair  
Highlighting family lineage of Patty Sawyer**



**Chair bottom  
Depicting placement of note**

Patty was the great granddaughter of Joseph Sawyer, one of the three English settlers who in the early 1700s resettled the area of what we know today as Boylston. He was also responsible for the development of the Sawyers Mills area of Boylston, which was a vibrant community of mills and small manufacturing during its heyday. That area now resides under the Wachusett Reservoir.

It was Patty's father, Oliver Sawyer Sr., then residing in Lancaster, Massachusetts, who was among those who petitioned the town of Lancaster to be set off from that town and be annexed to Shrewsbury, Massachusetts. The request was granted on 23 June 1780 and confirmed by the General Court of Massachusetts - and thus was born the Shrewsbury North Precinct. Six years later, on 1 March 1786, the Shrewsbury North Precinct was incorporated as the Town of Boylston.

With clear family ties dating back before the founding of this community, Patty grew up and at the age of 21 years married fellow Boylstonian Joshua Kendall on 25 May 1807. They went on to have three sons: Oliver Sawyer Kendall Sr. (1808-1881), Charles Sheldon Kendall (1809-1864) and Horace Hastings Kendall (1811-1812). It was their son, Oliver, who in 1905 donated a family photograph album that was the genesis of the 2022 book, *Early Families of Boylston, Massachusetts* (available for purchase at BHSM [https://www.boylstonhistory.org/category/Books For Sale/c222](https://www.boylstonhistory.org/category/Books%20For%20Sale/c222) ).

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It is through their son, Charles, that John Pierce is descended; Patty Sawyer and Joshua Kendall were his 3<sup>rd</sup> Great Grandparents as outlined below:

Joshua Kendall    Patty Sawyer  
1781-1813        1756-1859  
Great-Great-Great Grandparents

Charles Sheldon Kendall  
Great-Great Grandfather (1809-1864)

Robert Newell Kendall  
Veteran, American Civil War  
Great Grandfather (1836-1892)

Althea Fletcher Kendall  
Grandmother (1870-1932)

Roberta Andrews Wright  
Mother (1898-1977)

John Pierce  
Living Descendent



**John Pierce**

*Saying Goodbye-Sending the Chair Back Home*

Patty Sawyer Kendall, who lived her whole life in Boylston, died at the age of 73 years on 15 October 1859. She succumbed to congestion of the lungs from which she had suffered for two weeks. She outlived her husband by 46 years. He had died from a fever at the age of 32 years in 1813. Both were interred in Boylston's Pine Grove Cemetery.

In donating this chair to BHSM, Mary Pierce said she is glad that the chair that belonged to her husband's 3<sup>rd</sup> great grandmother "finally has a place of honor..." as it is "not just a chair."

Patty Sawyer Kendall's chair is currently on view as part of the "19<sup>th</sup> Century Boylston" exhibition at the BHSM. We hope that its story, which is tied so closely to the earliest families of Boylston, will help others to consider donating Boylston-related items that may be among their family's histories. For information, please call (508) 869-2720 or email BHSM at [info@boylstonhistory.org](mailto:info@boylstonhistory.org)

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#### **Acknowledgements**

Ancestry.com

Artifact Collection, Boylston Historical Society & Museum, Inc. Boylston, Massachusetts

*Early Families of Boylston, Massachusetts*, Boylston Historical Collaborative, 2022

Editor, Nancy O'Loughlin Filgate, Curator, Boylston Historical Society and Museum, Inc.  
livingspaces.com

Photography by Patricia Kelleher Bartram

Pierce, John and Mary, of McLean VA

Vital Records of Boylston, Worcester County, Massachusetts



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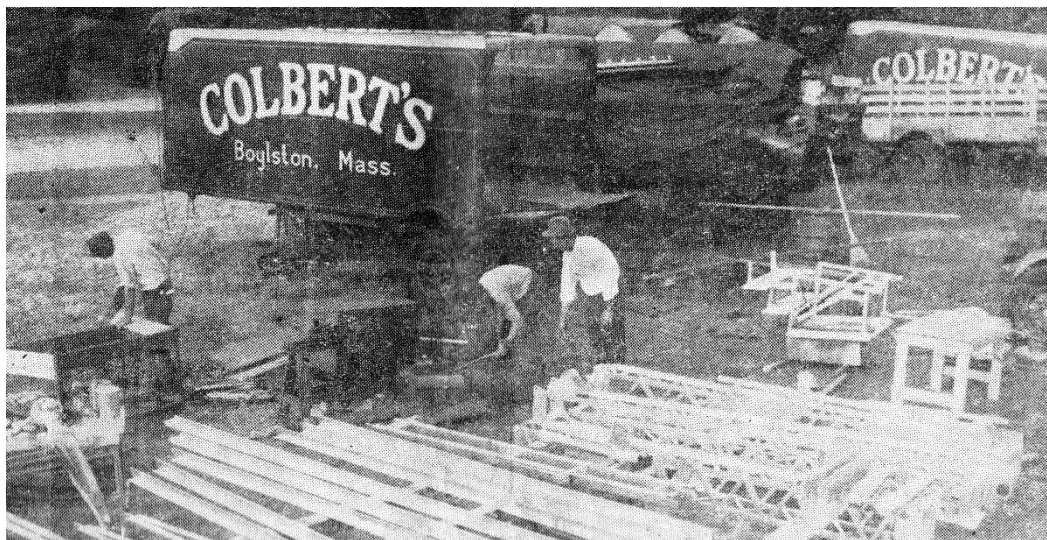
The “Fridays Fascinating Finds team” researches facts about the artifacts in our museum collections. Judy Haynes exquisitely depicts the fun and joviality of this event found in our extensive newspaper collection.

## **Did you Know Boylston had a Carnival?**

September calls an end to summer. The pupils return to school and summer fun is over. It’s time for the traveling carnival to pack up the big tent and put away the rides for the winter. In the 1940s and 50s if one traveled along Route 70, Main Street headed for Morningdale, you might have noticed in a big field several large green trailers and trucks with big letters announcing “COLBERT’S Boylston, Mass.” As newspaper reporter Ivan Sandrof reported, “It looks like a carnival holed up for the winter. It is.”<sup>1</sup> And it was! Sandrof



interviewed Robert Colbert [ca. 1950] and learned he was 45 years old and had been in the fair and carnival business for 37 years. He and his younger brother, Denis “Bill” Colbert, joined him and they worked and learned all about traveling fairs and carnivals. Robert had been at it from



**Carnival Setting Up in Field on Main Street, Boylston, Massachusetts**

*BHSM Newspaper Archives Collection*

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<sup>1</sup> Sandrof, Ivan “Traveling Carnival Winters in Boylston,” Telegram, n.d., ca.1950, BHSM news clipping collection.



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the time he was eight years old, and Bill started at age ten.<sup>2</sup>

It began when a friend of the family, who ran a refreshment stand at a fair at White City, Worcester, needed help and young Robert started by slicing hot dog rolls at the fair. He enjoyed having a summer job and was caught up by the color and rides that a carnival offered. When more help was needed, his younger brother Bill joined him and the traveling carnival life became the profession of the Colberts. In the early years they worked for others, learning the business inside and out, but by 1940 the brothers teamed up to go out “on their own.”

Colberts Amusements had five rides in the early days, which consisted of the Merry-go-Round, a Ferris Wheel, a Kiddy Whip, a Roll-a-Plane, and sometimes a vaudeville

act. There were no wild animals or girly shows, or shady ‘con’ men hawking wares. Those found to be dishonest were fired and word spread to others in the same business not to hire them. Colbert’s ran a ‘clean show’ as their families lived and traveled the summers with them. They set an example for the children. It apparently worked since the children grew up and all had jobs with the show. In 1952 Bill separated from Bob and started Colbert’s Fiesta with nine rides. Occasionally if Bill found he was on a particularly large site and needed more rides, his brother would join him.

Colberts did shows almost exclusively in Massachusetts so the various sponsors and towns got to know them and could plan for the next season. Over winter Bob and Bill would spruce up their equipment, paint where needed, and check the rides for



**Merry -Go-Round Family of Traveling Carnival Folks**

*BHSM Newspaper Archives Collection*

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<sup>2</sup> Sheikh, Betty Ann, “Believe Me, It Isn’t Like You See on TV!” Telegram, July 23, 1967, BHSM news clip collection.



safety. Meanwhile their children attended school. It worked like this, a group such as an American Legion or church group would ‘sponsor’ the show, set up ticket booths, refreshment stands and share some of the proceeds with the Colberts. It was a good fundraiser for the patron, and what child doesn’t want to go to a carnival and the parents go with them to spend money on them. It was a win-win for the business and the fundraising group.

“The best season for carnivals, says Colbert, is warm evenings when people are walking and children are out of school.”<sup>3</sup> May to Labor Day and occasionally into October; the worst time for a carnival is weather so hot no one wants to be out or weather with high winds that could knock down the big tent or knock over the booths. The worst was during the hurricane in 1938. But Robert Colbert knew what to lash down and when to strike down the big center poles so the loss was lessened.

In the United States it is said that the traveling carnival had its roots in the 1893 Chicago World’s Fair when technology and electrification were being showcased and advanced; thus cars, railway, and trolleys could bring the folks into the fairs where one might ride a Ferris wheel or a merry-go-round for the first time.<sup>4</sup> And rather than stationary, like an amusement park, the transportation over rails and trucks allowed for a carnival to move from town to town. Massachusetts also had its permanent



**Pigmy Horse Event  
At Bill’s Show in later years**  
*BHSM Archives Collection*

amusement parks, for example Norumbega Park in Newton or Revere Beach near Boston. These kinds of permanent theme parks as well as the carnival had their roots in medieval festivals. The carnival, however, had the advantage of moving on wheels; thereby coming to your town to be part of a summer fair.

Robert’s brother Denis “Bill” Colbert’s Fiesta was still going strong on July 23, 1967 when the Sunday Telegram ran a

<sup>3</sup> Sandrof, ‘Traveling Carnival Winters in Boylston’

<sup>4</sup> [www.carnival-legacies-the-birth-of-the-amusement-park](http://www.carnival-legacies-the-birth-of-the-amusement-park).



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“He may, the church has asked him to bring the carnival to town later this summer to help raise money for the new parsonage”

“When, where?”

“Now, don’t get too excited, it hasn’t happened yet,” Dad said.

Libbey skidded into my driveway on his bicycle on an afternoon in August. I could tell he was excited about something.

“The carnival trucks are all lined up in the center. Colbert is setting up the carnival on the common right now let’s go.”

No further urging was needed. Libbey and I traveled the mile and a half to town in record time, him on his new sleek Schwinn with a Sturmey-Archer three speed shift and me on my fat tire, hand-me-down Columbia that Dad had got for Johnnie Cotter. We came over the crest of the hill past Lillian Vickery’s house and witnessed a sight neither of us ever thought we would see in our town. The pastoral town green where cows and sheep had grazed a hundred years earlier was being transformed into a midway! First to be set up were two long rows of red and blue tents. In front of the parsonage where Reverend Cook lived, was a long white house trailer on wheels with a red and white awning. In front stood a tall man wearing a large white hat, dress slacks and an open collar red shirt.



**Sturmey Archer 3-Speed Shift**

“A little more to the left, away from the tree,” the man in the large white hat said. Robert Colbert himself was calling out commands to dozens of men in blue coveralls and matching shirts with the word “COLBERTS SHOWS” emblazoned over each pocket and across the back.

More trucks rolled on to the site and piece-by-piece the magical rides emerged. The Merry-Go Round, Kiddie Cars, The Whip, Ferris wheel and the most amazing of all the ROLL-O- PLANE! Libbey and I sat in the hot sun and watched as the carnival men with great precision assembled what in my mind was the greatest excitement ever to come to town.

All day Friday the motionless rides sat silent creating anticipation for the grand opening that night. The Sealtest Ice Cream truck parked in front of Harry Souci’s store was bringing in additional supplies for the big weekend. The Ladies Benevolent Society had set up tables in front of the town hall from which to sell homemade baked goods.

“Looks like it’s all set,” Libbey said, as we rode our bikes round and round the common hoping to catch a glimpse of some early excitement.

“I’ll see you tonight at six, got to go,” Libbey said.



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“Me too, see ya later.” I turned my bicycle toward home.

I waited impatiently after rushing through an early supper until Dad and Mom were ready to leave. The center of town was overflowing with people.

“There’s more folks here than on Memorial Day,” Dad said as we pulled into one of the few remaining parking spots in the field.

The sun was setting behind the Sawyer Memorial Library as cars continued to squeeze into the few spaces left in the adjoining field. Dad handed Sis, Sonny and me a five-dollar bill each, which, in my eyes, was an enormous sum.

“That’s for the rides and games. Don’t spend it all on one thing now. You come find Mom and me when you get hungry,” Dad said.

The smell of popcorn permeated the air. People stood in front of the game booths waiting to hit balloons with darts and knock over milk bottles with baseballs. Prizes were hung against the booth walls including huge stuffed animals, flags, toy airplanes and green glass ashtrays and vases. Several young girls who worked for the carnival walked around the midway carrying huge teddy bears. Libbey and I were only interested in one thing, The Roll-O-Plane.

“Light em-up!” Mr. Colbert commanded through a bullhorn from the step of the gleaming white house trailer.

One by one the carnival rides became animated. The tall Ferris wheel began to slowly turn in a circle of brightly colored lights. Music from the calliope on the Merry-Go-Round filled the air as its horses moved up and down in perfect rhythm. There was a line of small children at the Kiddie Cars.

“There goes the Roll-O-Plane,” Libbey shouted!

The feared Roll-O-Plane, the most thrilling of all the rides began zipping round and round, spinning on its axis with the twin cabs on each end rotating in opposite directions. Libbey and I made our way through the crowd to the ticket booth.

Roger Young was shy and afraid of big crowds. I was surprised to see him there. He was standing back from the Roll-O-Plane partially hidden by a blue tent flap at one of the game booths. He looked unsure.

“Come on Roger, come with us,” I said.

Slowly Roger walked toward me in the Roll-O-Plane line. His face was filled with both hope and fear. The ticket man hesitated as he looked at Roger. I thought for a moment that he might not let him pass.

“He’s with us,” I yelled, holding up an extra ticket in my hand.

“Get up there with them two,” the ticket man shouted.

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“Three in the cab,” the loading man said.

In an instant I was slammed against the inside of the Roll-O-Plane cab with a smiling Roger Young wedged in the middle. Libbey was next to the door. The Colbert man pulled the safety strap tight, slammed the door and the Roll-O-Plane jerked forward and rotated to the top of the axis. Roger, Libbey and I hung upside down high in the air while they loaded the opposite cab. The three of us groaned, blood rushing to our heads, only the belt holding us in place. I could hear Roger breathing hard. Libbey only laughed.

The Roll-O-Plane jerked briefly then dove forward toward the ground, spinning left, then right, first in one direction then another. Shrieks, screams and laughter penetrated the air as the brilliant lights flashed with the Roll-O-Plane spinning. Glimpses of the Midway below flashed before our wide eyes.

An unearthly howl erupted from Roger Young on the first full-speed downward pass. Libby and I held our breath in hopes of survival, as the ride made loop after loop in both directions. Suddenly the Roll-O-Plane jerked to a stop. The Colbert man opened the door and Roger Young nearly trampled Libbey as he ran down the ramp and disappeared into the crowd.

“Let’s go again,” I said.

“Where’s Roger?” Libbey asked.

Roger was standing back by the ticket booth, nervously rocking back and forth from left to right, bobbing his head.

“Want to go again?” I said.

Roger Young, his face bearing a huge grin walked confidently right by the ticket man and up the Roll-O-Plane ramp and climbed in next to Libbey and me. He tried to speak but no words came from his mouth. The Roll-O-Plane jerked upward toward the sky, looping, diving, and reversing directions then ever so slowly with a final jerk edged back to earth.

“Friend, my Friends,” came muffled words from Roger. He grinned. Libbey and I knew this was Roger’s way of saying thanks.

Roger stuck with us as Libbey and I plied the Midway and tried our skill at knocking down the fake milk bottles. After two failed throws I handed Roger my one remaining baseball.

“You try Roger.”



**Roll-O-Plane in Action**

*Photograph courtesy of Lynn Hastings*

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Roger turned the ball in his hand while making his familiar muffled sounds. He smiled and then he extended his straight muscled arm all the way in back of his right shoulder. His arm came rapidly forward and six milk bottles exploded, flying right and left, one almost hitting the carnival man. Roger took a few minutes to choose his prize. We walked away from the booth with Roger affectionately clutching a three-foot black and white Teddy Bear.

"He did it. The only one that could knock them all down," Libbey said

We met my Mom and Dad at the food stand as planned.

"Looks like you got lucky Roger," Dad said.

Roger broke into a broad grin as Dad reached and shook his hand.

"Time to head home. Come on Roger, we'll give you a ride." Dad said.

The next day the carnival was gone. All that was left was trampled grass.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **The Man Who Lived in 3 towns, But Never Moved**

*By Nancy Filgate*

*On Friday, May 5, 1916, Carrie L. Williams who had been a teacher in Boylston's South School, and later the Northeast School as well as the Center School, stated that her great-grandfather Lieutenant Elijah Ball, had lived in three towns, but never moved from his farm. Is this a factual story or a fable? The facts herein unfold the true history of the Ball Farm. Elijah Ball, the son of Phineas Ball and Martha Bixby, was born 2 March 1748 in Holden, Massachusetts. He acquired property in Lancaster, Massachusetts where he built a house. He married Rebecca Moore on 18 October 1770 and they settled on the Ball Farm of Lancaster. In 1780, Elijah Ball was one of the petitioners who requested to set off this section of Lancaster to become part of Shrewsbury (North Precinct). This was accepted, granted, and confirmed by Massachusetts General Court on 23 June 1780. This boundary for the dividing line between Lancaster and Shrewsbury was now marked by a heap of stones just south of the Ball Place. On 1 March 1786, Shrewsbury's North Precinct was incorporated as the Town of Boylston, Massachusetts. The Ball Farm was run for 150 years by the Ball family and was located on what we now know as Mile Hill Road, Boylston, Massachusetts! So, yes indeed, Elijah Ball who died in 1834 had lived in the towns of Lancaster, Shrewsbury and Boylston and had never left home!*



Answer  
from page 1

### 651 & 661 Main Street



**Taylor Tavern & Store**



←-First Store in North Precinct  
(Boylston, Massachusetts)

The Taylor Tavern was built in 1743 by David Taylor, one of the founders of the North Precinct of Shrewsbury (later known as Boylston). The building which opened its doors in 1760 contained a tavern, inn, and later the first retail store in the North Precinct of Shrewsbury. Taylor constructed and ran the inn where travelers could stop for a meal or overnight lodgings. The store was a retail operation located in the ell of the Taylor tavern. The tavern was a popular and lucrative operation which served as a favorite meeting place for the men of the Precinct who came to the store to purchase grain, fencing, and food to discuss politics and crops over a tankard. In 1897 the building came into the possession of Aaron White who operated it until 1821. The Tavern and inn closed its doors in 1810 while the store continued in operation until 1821. This ell structure was separated from the main building in the 1820's and moved to what is now 661 Main Street; while the tavern remained at the 651 Main Street location. Today both structures have been converted to residential homes in Boylston's Historic District.

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