

DIED FEB. 19, 1923

Death, February 19, J. Warren Fletcher, aged ninety-one years. The passing on of a man who has seen ninety-one years of the town's history deserves more than a brief notice, and we pause in our busy lives to review the life of one who was so long identified with the growth of his birthplace. Mr. Fletcher was born in the house now occupied by the E. N. Robinson family, and with the exception of a few years passed his life in houses near the common. In his youth he learned the carpenter trade of his father, and in the year 1851, he followed the large numbers who went to California in search of golden treasure. After a two-years' stay he returned to his home and resumed his trade. Later on he was associated with Boynton Needham, and they became the builders and contractors of the town. Most of the buildings of that period were erected by them, including the Union and Nashobah schoolhouses. This partnership continued for about thirty years, when both men retired from business.

Fifty years ago Mr. Fletcher bought the Nye farm, now owned by Barker Bros., and lived there about thirty years, then moving to the George Wood house, which he last occupied before breaking up the home. Early in life he married Miss Louisa Daland, of this town, and of this union two children were born, Elmer and Clara Louisa, the latter dying in infancy. His wife died in 1869 and after some years he was married to Miss Esther Nye. One child, Edith, was born to them, who died at the age of twenty-one years. Mrs. Fletcher passed away in 1919.

Being a son of one of the oldest Massachusetts families, Mr. Fletcher inherited the sterling qualities, characteristic of the sons of New England of the passing generation. Unassuming in his manner, but straight-forward in speech, upright and honest in his relations with his fellowmen, a man who held the respect of the townspeople, he has left to his posterity a good clean record, worthy of emulation, and one not to be forgotten. Many interesting facts concerning his knowledge of town history might be written, did time and space permit.

For the past five years his home had been with his only child, Elmer W. Fletcher, who, with his family, have tenderly ministered to him and his wife in their declining years.

The funeral, which was private, on account of sickness in the family, was held Wednesday afternoon, and burial was in the family lot in West-lawn cemetery.