

IDA BRIGGS BUDD: MILFORD, 60's & 70's

Milford Times, June 5, 1936

Writing to a Milford friend of her girlhood, Mrs. Ida Briggs Budd, of Milford, contributes the following from her generous store of reminiscences of the sixties and early seventies in Milford. She writes:

“One thing I have meant to tell you ever since I read in the centennial number of the Times that no one ever knew the name of “the Deacon” who drove the stage between Pontiac and Milford in the sixties. Didn't I perk up to find myself the possessor of a bit of knowledge that all the older and wiser residents of Milford had never acquired! I do not know that my father ever told anyone except his own family on his return from the war, he asked that man of mystery if his real name was Deacon and he replied, “No, my name is Lafayette Carver.”

“But the ‘Deacon’ was such a picturesque figure of those early days of the town's history that I am sure that those who learn his real name now will think of him only by the old familiar nickname. I remember it was he who brought the first letter I ever received from father and postmarked Nashville, Tenn. And when we had been looking and hoping for days since the cruel war was over and the troops were being mustered out, that Eva said to mother that she must change her dress and look nice for ‘papa's coming tonight.’ Of course mother was hoping it might be so but she knew it would take weeks to effect the discharge of so many.

But Eva was so insistent that at last she yielded and ‘dolloed us up’ in the new calico dresses (they cost 55 cents per yard in war days) which were visions of beauty to our childhood eyes (I fancy they would look very grotesque now.) and put on her own new delaine. We were all sitting at the supper table casting frequent hopeful glances out to the gate, when, wonder of wonders, the stage which did not ordinarily come in on Union street, drove right up to our gate and there was joy in one Milford home that night, and ‘the Deacon’ always after seemed to us children to have been in some way connected with it. In telling my little grand-niece of the old days in Milford I recalled the Decoration Day when exercises were held on the Public Square. Henderson Crawford's cow had been feeding there (no prohibitive ordinance then) and had in some way got shut in amid the crowd. When the band began to play bossy showed her appreciation or lack of it by a series of fantastic capers which to Anna Jackson and me, standing near, seemed to betoken danger and when she turned her head directly toward us, and a charge seemed imminent, we ‘lit out’ with more speed than gracefulness and did not slacken until we were in front of Dr. Foote's residence.”