



Edgar I. Williams (William Carlos Williams)

The Elephant Hotel: Its Architecture and History

Somers, New York: Somers Historical Society 1962

\$100

THE ELEPHANT HOTEL
ITS ARCHITECTURE AND HISTORY



SOMERS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Somers, New York

1962

First edition. Tall octavo. Stapled printed blue wrappers. Slight age-toning on wrappers and some spotting in the bottom margins of a few pages, else near fine. Largely consists of the text of a speech at Somers given by William Carlos Williams' architect brother Edgar. From the library of Edgar I. Williams. Uncommon. [\[BTC#428771\]](#)

ARCHITECTURE OF THE ELEPHANT HOTEL

A TALK AT SOMERS

EDGAR I. WILLIAMS, F.A.I.A.

I have been asked to talk about this fine old building and I am glad to do so. My interest comes about naturally not only because I am an architect, but also because of my avocation—the preservation of our cultural landmarks.

How reckless we in America have been in the destruction of the magnificent relics of our past. How fortunate a town or locality that can boast of so fine an architectural treasure as The Elephant Hotel and of a group such as yours which appreciates it and is doing something about it.

But let me begin at the beginning!

This occasion—this afternoon's talk—is something of an accident, unpremeditated as all accidents are. Mrs. Williams and I were stopping at the James Koegels on a Sunday several months ago. Judge Koegel, our son-in-law, said he was going to officiate at a wedding ceremony in the Somers Town House.

He asked if we would like to go along. I thought it would be a nice occasion to have a look at the building. We had gone by the Town House many times before but had never been in it. Besides, I wanted to see if Jim would do a good job—a bit of shameful slyness on my part. He said he might even need some witnesses, so my wife and I went along.

We witnessed the marriage and, by the way, right here I might put in a little plug. Judge Koegel did a very fine and serious job. We were impressed.

During the course of our visit my eye landed on an architectural detail. The mouldings of the door trim of the room in which we were standing were like those of a trim I had noticed in a house in New Milford. I had not seen such trim before—very unusual. I started looking around and found other mouldings of most unusual character. I am