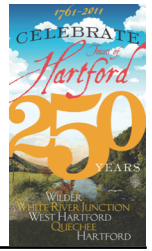




Hartford Historical Society

The Garipay House • 1461 Maple Street
Hartford Village, Vermont 05047

HARTFORD • QUECHEE • WEST HARTFORD • WHITE RIVER JUNCTION • WILDER



Volume 37, No. 4

SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

September-October 2024

Lowell M. Weeks Cast a Long Shadow in Hartford

Hartford residents were shaken by the sudden death of twenty-eight-year-old Lowell M. Weeks in February, 1885. His body was returned from Missouri to White River Junction where friends and relatives filled the home of George Gates for his funeral, which was led by two ministers and Worshipful Brother L.C. Parkhurst of Vermont Masonic Lodge No. 18.

Weeks had launched a career as a telegraph operator at age thirteen and brought his telegraphic skills to Hartford in 1873 when he was just seventeen. He joined United Brethren Lodge, No. 21 in Hartford and regularly gathered with friends at the Masonic Hall next to the Pease Hotel in Hartford Village. He became a loved and respected member of the community.

In 1877, Weeks gave up telegraphy to become the express agent from Bellows Falls to Newport, VT. Despite his travels, he became Master of the Hartford Masonic Lodge in 1882 when he was just twenty-six. That same year, he sought treatment for kidney disease in Boston where he settled and was employed by the U.S.&C. Express Company.



While living in Boston, Weeks continued to serve as Master of the Hartford Lodge, and remained close to the community. In the spring of 1884, he was employed by a real estate firm as a private secretary and sent to their office in Missouri.

Lowell Weeks might have disappeared from history except that he was clearly a pillar of the Hartford community at a very tender age. He was a friend and colleague of the most prominent citizens of both White River Junction and Hartford

Village. He also joined fraternal organizations in neighboring towns.

At his passing, Hartford residents were joined by former colleagues of Lowell Weeks from Boston, as well as by people he had met as an express agent up and down the Connecticut River. After the funeral, his remains were returned to his mother and buried in Whitefield, NH.

Memories of Lowell Weeks are preserved in obituaries printed by newspapers in Windsor and Montpelier, as well as by the portrait, above, painted by Mrs. E.J. Wallace of Hartford that was displayed in a local drug store in 1887. The painting was purchased by members of the Hartford Masonic Lodge that summer and displayed in their meeting hall.

Lowell Weeks' obituary is on page three.

Continued on page 3.

From the Editor . . .

Lowell Mason Weeks left his home in Bath, NH at age thirteen and moved to Wells River, VT where he learned to be a telegraph operator. In 1873, at age seventeen, he moved to White River Junction and spent four years in the Western Union office. He had a promising career, joined Hartford's Masonic Lodge, and made many friends in town.

In 1877, Weeks became an express messenger for the U.S.&C. Express Company and traveled regularly between Bellows Falls, Newport, and White River Junction, VT. He resigned due to illness in 1882, the same year he was chosen as Master of the Hartford Masons. His company transferred him to Boston where he received medical care. In 1884, Lowell Weeks moved to Carthage, MO where he died a year later of Bright's Disease, which is a kidney ailment now known as acute glomerular nephritis.

In December 1883, Mrs. E.J. Wallace, known as Lottie, painted a portrait of Lowell Weeks from a postcard. In 1887, the portrait was displayed for a

time in a drug store where it was thought to be a good likeness. In June 1887, members of the Hartford Masons bought the painting and hung it in their lodge.

Judy Barwood, president of the Hartford Historical Society, is a granddaughter of Lottie Wallace and has several of her paintings. After I told Judy about this portrait by her grandmother, she contacted family members to see if anyone had an old painting of a young man. It turned out that her daughter Sarah had such a painting in storage with a label on the back that says, "Painting by Lottie L. Safford," which is Lottie's maiden name. So this issue, we have the story of Hartford resident Lowell Weeks, his moving obituary, and the portrait by Mrs. Wallace on our front cover.

At 7 p.m. on Wednesday September 18, David Briggs will talk about the past, present and future of the Hotel Coolidge at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ. Please join us for a look at history in the making.

Scott Fletcher, Editor

Col. Nutt Shipwrecked

The Valley Sun, August 7, 1885

The first large freight boat built to freight goods to Hartford, Conn., and back to this place, was built by Col. Samuel Nutt at this place. After the boat was completed he went up to White River Village to get a cargo of lumber for Elias Lyman of this place. On his way back he ran his boat upon a sunken rock and split it into two pieces. We can imagine how the Colonel felt at that time, for about all he was worth was invested in that boat, but a friend now appeared upon the scene.

Mr. Elias Lyman, a noble and generous hearted gentleman of the old school, stepped to the front and furnished the funds, and the Colonel soon had another boat ready for business. This was the first and last boat run upon a sunken rock by the Colonel while engaged in the freighting business quite a number of years.

The Mission Statement of the Hartford Historical Society

To acquire, identify and preserve
information and artifacts related to
Hartford's past and communicate knowledge
of local history through programs,
publications, and other interaction with the
community.



Hartford Historical Society

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In Memorium

Vermont Journal, February 21, 1885

Lowell M. Weeks, for many years a resident of White River Junction, died suddenly of Bright's disease at Eldorado Springs, Mo., Thursday evening, 12th inst.

Mr. Weeks was born at Bath, N.H., August, 1856, where he lived with his parents until he was thirteen years of age. He then entered the employ of A.S. Farwell, Wells River, Vt., to learn the express business and telegraphy. He was subsequently employed as telegraph operator at Plymouth, N.H., Concord, N.H., and at the White Mountains.

He went to White River Junction in October, 1873, where he remained four years in the employ of W.E. Huntoon, agent of the U.S.&C. Express Company, and manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He resigned this position in 1877 to accept an appointment as express messenger between White River Junction and Bellows Falls and Newport. Vt. under superintendent M.J. Pratt.

In 1882 ill health compelled him to resign this position, and he was soon afterwards appointed to a clerkship in the auditor's office of the U.S.&C. Express Company in Boston. He remained in Boston until March, 1884, when he went to Carthage, Mo., to accept an engagement as private secretary to the senior member of the firm of Brinkerhoff & Faris, real estate brokers, which position he held at the time of his death.

He was a zealous mason, being a member of United Brethren Lodge, No. 21 of Hartford, Vt., of which he was master during the year 1882-83. He was also a member of Ottaquechee Chapter, Woodstock, of Windsor Council, and of Vermont Commandery, Knights Templar of Windsor.

The remains of the deceased were brought to White River Junction Wednesday and funeral services were held at the residence of G.W. Gates, Esq., Rev. A.J. Hough officiating, assisted by Rev. A.B. Flanders. The beautiful burial rite of the masonic service was rendered by W. Bro. L.C. Parkhurst, past master of Vt. Lodge, No. 18, in a most impressive manner. The house was filled with the intimate friends and relatives of the deceased, including representatives from the different offices in which he had worked and delegations from the masonic bodies in Hartford, Windsor, and Bellows Falls, Vt. and Lebanon, N.H.

The floral offerings, tokens of sorrow and respect, were numerous and included several elegantly designed pieces contributions from his former companions on the road and in the offices at White River Junction, Bellows Falls, and Boston, and other friends. The remains were taken to Whitefield, N.H., the home of his mother, Thursday morning, being accompanied by Messrs. G.W. Gates, J.N. Landon, W.P. Davis, Sumner Nims, D. D. Davis, Chas. S. Wilson, and C.F. Grover.

His untimely death is a great shock to a widely extended circle of friends, and removes in early manhood a most promising young man. The summons was swift and sudden, as he was at his desk until the Sunday preceding, and left Carthage in cheerful spirits for a brief vacation at Eldorado Springs. With an ardent disposition, generous heart, and quick sympathies, it is not strange that he had endeared himself to so many. He was a devoted son, an affectionate brother, and a true, manly friend. Quick of perception, Mr. Weeks was characterized by intense vigor, energy, and persistency. He believed that "what was worth doing was worth doing well," and was therefore conscientiously faithful in the performance of every duty.

For a young man, he was clear and pronounced in his views, firm in maintaining them, and indefatigable in his efforts to accomplish what he undertook. His influence was always for the right, and had he lived much might have been expected from him with added years of ripe experience, and a fully developed manhood. But his column is now broken, and many a sorrowing heart mourns his loss. We join with others in extending our sympathy to his widowed mother, and to those others near and dear to him, knowing full well that words cannot heal the sorrow death has caused, but hoping they may assist in bringing cheer to sorrow-stricken hearts.

**"Bury him tenderly; sweet is the sleep
of him whom God and the angels keep."**

Where Did That Song Yankee Doodle Come From? And What Does It Mean?

By Scott Fletcher

**Yankee Doodle went to town riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap and called it Macaroni.
Yankee Doodle keep it up. Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy.**

This sturdy song is stirring, patriotic, and puzzling. It is decades older than our nation, and is still the state song of Connecticut. Where did it come from and what does it mean?

The most familiar verses are thought to have been written in 1755 by Dr. Richard Shuckburgh who was a physician in the British Army stationed near Albany, NY during the French and Indian War. Surrounded by British soldiers as well as colonial militiamen, Shuckburgh penned a few sarcastic lines to describe colonial fighters as rustic, ill mannered, socially inept, and perhaps gay.

Schuckburgh's words were fitted to an existing English tune and sung derisively by British soldiers. Dr. Schuckburgh died before the American Revolution, but his song survived. The *Pennsylvania Ledger* reported that as British troops marched to the historic battles of Lexington and Concord in April 1775, "nothing was played by the fifes and drums but Yankee Doodle." It was both a warning and an insult.

During the day, however, colonial militias proved their mettle and sent British soldiers into a ragged retreat to Boston. At the end of the day, one British soldier asked another, "How do you like the song now?" and the reply was, "Damn them, they made us dance it till we were tired."

Yankee Doodle was then sung throughout the colonial militias as a point of pride and resilience. But what does it really mean?

Yankee

The origin of the term "Yankee," and its shortened form "Yank," is unknown even though it is used by people around the world to refer to people or things from the United States.

There is no known Native American word from which it was derived. Neither is there a known British origin. There are some associations of the term Yankee with Dutch language and culture, and it could have been a name originally given by English settlers to Dutch inhabitants of New York. Or it may have

been a term used in the British government and military for all European settlers in the colonies.

During the French & Indian War in 1758, British General James Wolfe responded to a request for reinforcements by writing, "I can afford you two companies of Yankees, and the more, because they are better for ranging and scouting than either work or vigilance."

Originally a term for all Americans, it was gradually associated with people of the north east.

**To foreigners, a Yankee is an American.
To Americans, a Yankee is a Northerner.
To Northerners, a Yankee is an Easterner.
To Easterners, a Yankee is a New Englander.
To New Englanders, a Yankee is a Vermonter.
And in Vermont, a Yankee is somebody who eats
pie for breakfast. — E.B. White**

Doodle

Equally uncertain is the origin of the term "doodle." In the fifteenth century, there was a harvest song in Holland with a similar feel to the song Yankee Doodle as we know it, and it may have been sung to a similar tune.

**"Yanker, didel, doodle down,
Diddle, dudel, lanther;
Yanke viver, voover vown,
Botermilk und tanther."**

So, the term "doodle" may have originated in the fanciful folksong tradition of Dutch settlers in New York. "Doodle" was also part of the refrain of a French song recorded in the *Gloucester Journal* in 1740.

Or the term may have come from the German word "dudel," used to describe someone who played a musical instrument badly. By the Seventeenth Century, this term had spread from Germany to England and may have then crossed the Atlantic.

Alternatively, “doodle” may have come from the German term, *dödel*, meaning simpleton. Or it may just have been a bit of hybrid and ambiguous slang.

Macaroni

Why did Dr. Shuckburgh conjure the image of a colonial soldier on horseback putting a feather in his cap? It was likely his droll reaction to the ragged appearance and behavior of the colonial ranks around



In England, the term macaroni was applied to British men who adopted the food, art, and fashion of Italy and France. It implied homosexuality and became a broad slur against foreigners in the 1700s. Dr. Richard Shuckburgh, a British army surgeon stationed in the colony of New York in 1775, may have used the term to label colonial soldiers as rustic, gay, or both.

him. Even their finest examples appeared ludicrous compared with the martial splendor of the uniforms, equipment, and regimentation of the British army.

Perhaps his poem was inspired by a particular soldier or incident. More likely, it expressed the general sense of martial superiority among British soldiers.

“Macaroni” was a term that spread in England during the 1700s referring to men of conspicuously dandified fashion or style. The term came into use when young men returned from a grand tour of Europe with a taste for the food, art,

and culture of Italy and France. Some became partial to huge wigs, tight jackets, and sharply pointed shoes with big buckles. Macaroni was the term used to describe this style, including wigs so tall that one needed a sword to remove his hat. A Macaroni often wore two watches and chains.

In England during the late 1700s, the term macaroni implied homosexuality and was used by some as a

general slur against foreigners. In Italy, a *maccherone* was a “clownish man.”

Prior to the American Revolution, British troops used the term derisively toward colonial soldiers. Dr. Shuckburgh seems to declare that a colonial rustic cannot just put a feather in his hat to emulate trend setters in England.

Mind the music and the step And with the girls be handy

The song Yankee Doodle pokes fun at colonial militiamen as rough mannered in the salon and with women. Perhaps Dr. Shuckburgh was missing the orchestrated music and stylized dance steps of his homeland, which may have been England, Germany, or elsewhere.

Given that the colonies were already an ethnic and cultural melting pot, Dr. Shuckburgh’s sensibilities may have been offended by other aspects of the diverse culture around him. Many verses have survived from before the revolution including this one.

**Yankee doodle came to town
For to buy a firelock.
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock.**

But during the American Revolution, the Yankees adopted the song and added many new verses cheering the courage of General George Washington and the tenacity of colonial troops. The following is one recorded verse.

**There was Gen’rl Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
Giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.**

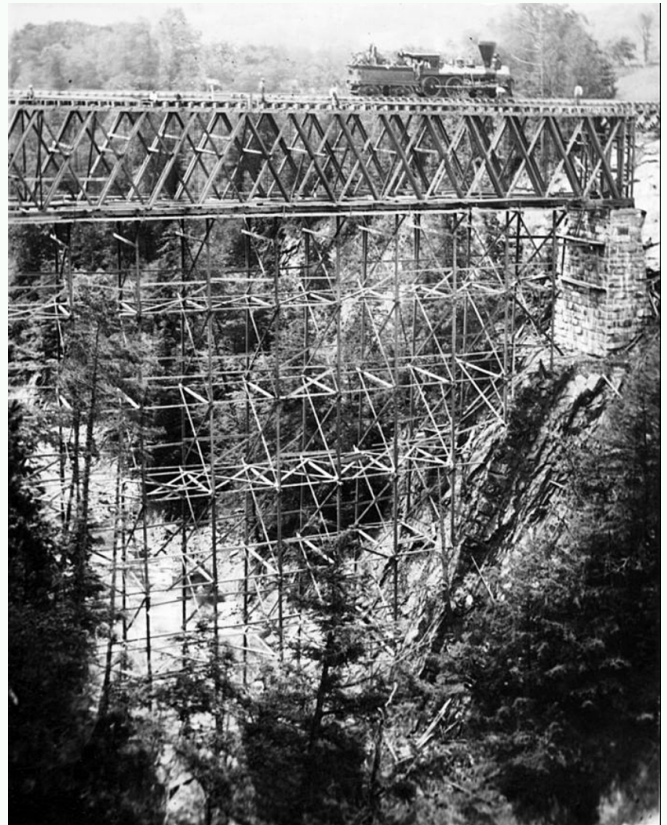
The Continental Army finally defeated the British at the Battle of Yorktown in 1781, but British General Cornwallis refused to participate in the surrender, claiming illness. Instead, he sent General Charles O’Hara who tried to surrender his sword to French General Rochambeau rather than acknowledge the Americans as victors. In response, the Marquis de Lafayette ordered his band to play Yankee Doodle after which General O’Hara presented his sword to American General Benjamin Lincoln, General Washington’s second in command. Yankee doodle had prevailed.

The First and Last Days of the Woodstock Railroad

By Scott Fletcher



The wood-fired locomotive Winooski took some five hundred passengers on two round trips from White River Junction to Woodstock on September 29, 1875. The Woodstock Railroad was first chartered by the State of Vermont in 1848 and overcame many obstacles before starting fifty-eight years of service. The Winooski tests the trestle across the former Ezra Champion farm, above, and Quechee Gorge, right.



The First Day

Wednesday, September 29, 1875 was the second day of the Windsor County Fair in Woodstock. The wood-fired locomotive Winooski and four passenger cars would make two round trips from White River Junction to Woodstock that day.

The engine and cars were on loan from the Central Vermont Railroad. The Winooski had been the first locomotive to carry passengers from White River Junction to Bethel on the Vermont Central Railroad on June 26, 1848.

On August 12, 1875, the Winooski had been the first locomotive to roll across the Quechee Gorge bridge. When the engine and its fully-loaded tender stopped atop the Howe truss bridge with its wooden bridge and iron vertical supports, the structure deflected not more than a quarter of an inch. The locomotive also tested the new trestle across Ezra Champion's farm, and scaled the grade over Shallies Hill.

When it first opened, the Woodstock Railroad did not have the resources to purchase its own locomotive. To solve this problem, Albert G. Dewey, owner of

A.G. Dewey & Co. and president of the Woodstock Railroad, bought one that arrived in November 1875. The railroad promptly leased the locomotive from A.G. Dewey and named it after him.

In September 1875, the Woodstock Railroad named James G. Porter to serve as general manager. Newspapers reported that the engineer of the Winooski on opening day was George Randall of the Central Vermont Railroad. Conductor David McKenzie was general baggage agent of the C.V.R.R.

Some three hundred passengers paid one dollar for round trip tickets between White River Junction and Woodstock. The first ticket for the inaugural trip was purchased by Nathan Woodbury of Woodstock who had helped build the railroad. The *Vermont Journal* reported that Woodbury, "drove the first stake" in the ground when the railway route was first surveyed.

The train was scheduled to stop in Hartford Village, Dewey's Mill, Quechee, Taftsville before arriving in Woodstock at 8:10 a.m. The train would also make a brief stop atop Quechee Gorge so passengers could



The H.H. Paine, with engineer Harry Paine in the cabin, prepares to leave Woodstock at 11 a.m. on April 15, 1933. Paine joined the Woodstock Railroad in 1892 as a fireman.

look down at the Ottaquechee River one hundred and sixty-two feet below. When the train stopped over the gorge on its first day, a French railroad worker climbed a nearby tree that had been topped, and stood on his head to the amazement of passengers.

When the train arrived in Woodstock, a young lady presented conductor McKenzie with a bouquet of flowers. The town was gaily decorated and percolating with activity. Streets were filled with visitors to the fair and shops were filled with goods.

White River Junction was also in a holiday mood. George Farnham, proprietor of the dining room at the White River Junction depot, offered a lunch special to excursionists for fifty cents. The *Vermont Standard* promised that Mr. Farnham will, “give as good a dinner as can be obtained at any first-class city hotel.” The final train of the day returned to White River Junction at 6:40 p.m.

The Last Day

On Saturday, April 15, 1933, the coal-fired locomotive H.H. Paine readied for a 9 a.m. trip from White River Junction to Woodstock. In the cab sat engineer Harry H. Paine for whom the engine was named. Paine had worked for the Woodstock Railway since starting as a fireman in 1892. The fireman on the last day was George Piper while Charles Preston served as conductor and the brakeman was William Graham.

The locomotive pulled four passenger cars borrowed from the Boston & Maine Railroad. Three of the Woodstock Railway’s own passenger cars had burned in a brush fire in 1930.

In Woodstock, passengers held numbered “Final Excursion Trip” souvenir tickets commemorating fifty-eight years of service by the railroad. Tickets were fifty cents. The *Vermont Standard* reported that ticket no. 1 was issued to Miss Lou E. Porter, daughter of former general manager James G. Porter after whom one of the railway’s locomotives was named.

Ticket no. 2 was held by Mrs. Charles H. Leonard whose husband had been superintendent of the railroad from 1908 until 1922. Ticket no. 3 was held by the wife of the railroad’s general manager Charles H. Furber, and no. 4 was held by Mrs. Harry H. Paine. Fourteen passengers on the final day had also ridden the train on the railroad’s first day.

In Woodstock, the railway’s last remaining passenger car was added to the rear. At 11 a.m.,





When the 11 a.m. train from Woodstock to White River Junction on April 15, 1933 was stymied by axle grease on Shallies Hill, fourteen passengers who had ridden the train on its first day in 1875 assembled outside their car at Dewey's Mill for a photo. Engineer Harry Paine made repeated trips up the hill without the passenger cars to spread sand and disperse the grease. He eventually cleared the hill with three of his four passenger cars.

Charlie Furber closed the ticket office, called out, "All aboard," and the train slowly rolled toward Taftsville.

After leaving the Dewey's Mill station, engineer Harry Paine opened the throttle as the train entered the long curve leading up Shallies Hill. Engineer Paine expected a slow pull with the heavy steel B&M coaches. As fireman George Piper stoked the firebox with coal, he commented, "She's doing a good job of it Harry." Soon, however, the driving wheels on the H.H. Paine began to slip on the rails. As Harry Paine opened the throttle, the wheels began to spin helplessly and the train came to a stop a few yards below the crest of the hill.

Engineer Paine tried to restart the train three times but then realized he needed to go back down to the gorge and try again. This time, Engineer Paine approached Shallies Hill as fast as he could, with the engine's sanders spewing grit on the tracks. Confidently, Paine told George Piper, "She's walking home this time." But, again, the train's drive wheels lost traction and, once more, they came to a halt shy of the crest. With the train stopped, Harry Paine jumped down to the ground and discovered that someone had applied axle grease to the tracks. John French, president of the Woodstock Railway, learned what had happened and uttered uncharacteristic expletives.

Across Dewey's Pond, nineteen year-old Dean George watched the train through binoculars from his

home near Marshland Farm. George and his friends Stanley Spencer and Primo Capron had greased the tracks after reading a magazine account of how locusts had once stopped a train by swarming on the tracks.

George saw Harry Paine back his train down the hill again, uncouple the passenger cars, and make two passes to the top of the hill rubbing away the grease and spreading sand on the rails. Then, Paine coupled three of the four passenger cars, crested Shallies Hill, and arrived in White River Junction an hour late. The incident remained a mystery until Dean George confessed to the prank in a 1993 newspaper interview. His accomplices were not identified during their lifetimes.

The H.H. Paine returned to Woodstock at 2:45 p.m. that afternoon, stopping on the Gulf Bridge for one last look at Quechee Gorge.

As the H.H. Paine left Woodstock with the last of over one thousand passengers at 4:00 p.m. on the railway's last day, a silver-haired man on the platform remarked, "The echo of that whistle we just heard will always remain in my memory as a sacred benediction."

When the H.H. Paine arrived in White River Junction, A.C. Jackson, manager of the Hotel Coolidge, invited the community to attend, "The Final Excursion Banquet of the Woodstock Railway Co." Tickets were just fifty cents per person.

Hartford Cane Presented to 99 Year-Old Peter Behr

By Mary Nadeau

Peter “Pete” Behr, a resident of The Village at White River Junction and a veteran of World War II, was determined to be Hartford’s eldest resident. He was born in Fresno, California on March 9, 1925.

When Pete’s father lost his job during the Great Depression, the family relocated to various towns in the Pacific Northwest, settling in Marshfield OR (now Coos Bay), until another transfer took them to Meridian, Mississippi, where Pete earned his high school diploma.

Upon reaching the age of 18 in 1943, he was drafted into the U.S. Army and served in combat in the Pacific Theater from 1944 to 1945. Following the bloody Okinawa battle, Pete, like all the other soldiers, waited and anticipated yet more ferocious fighting during the seemingly inevitable invasion of mainland Japan, until the dropping of the atomic bomb changed the course of the war.

After his discharge, Pete returned to Meridian in his uniform where he quickly realized the gulf between his brutal war experience and civilian life, and put away his uniform for good. Although marked by the random, devastating violence of the Pacific war - in the days after the Okinawa battle, Pete was sent away on an errand by his commanding officer who, along with those near him, died a few minutes later as they entered a booby trapped cave - Pete also witnessed the vast scope and precision of the military organization, the commanders, the soldiers, the support teams bringing supplies, ammunition, and food, building airstrips, and the value of every person involved.

After a brief stay in Meridian, he enrolled at Stanford University in 1945, where he earned a degree in mechanical engineering. After college, he married his wife, Marjorie, and the couple moved to Portland because Pete had enjoyed living there during his youth. He secured employment with Portland Gas and Coke and may have made his career there if not for an encounter with a team from Bechtel, a large engineering and construction company headquartered in California, who were impressed enough to offer Pete a job.

Like most construction engineers, Pete started with small tasks and worked his way up, first on the Trans-Canada pipeline, and then on the Trans-Arabian pipeline, a project which resulted in his family’s first move to Paris, where Pete made the effort to learn French, a skill that proved very valuable. As he gained



On August 23, Mary Nadeau of the Hartford Historical Society presented the Hartford Cane to Pete Behr as the eldest resident of Hartford. Pete was born on March 9, 1925 in Fresno, CA and worked around the world as a project manager for the Bechtel Corporation.

more responsibilities, first with projects, then managing increasingly larger areas in the Middle East, Northern Africa, and Europe, his family moved briefly to California, back to Paris, and then to Holland.

During a short return to California, where Pete was assistant to the Bechtel president, a delegation of French executives made a surprise visit to the Bechtel headquarters, and Pete hosted a dinner where his knowledge of French language and culture was put to use. Shortly after, the French delegation asked Bechtel to manage the construction of a steel mill complex, harbor, and train facility along the Mediterranean coast, but only if Pete Behr ran the project. The resulting years in Aix-en-Provence were a delight to the Behr family and a highlight of Pete’s career - an idyllic setting, a project planned and executed to perfection, beloved by both the client and the contractors. The family moved from Aix to Montreal (a bit of a shock) for Pete’s next project: the large James Bay hydroelectric complex, where once again, Pete’s Francophone abilities were an asset. While in Montreal, the Behr family visited the Northeast, fell in love with Vermont, and built a house in Pomfret. Pete’s career continued with a move to Houston (Bechtel’s pipeline division) and London (the channel tunnel). Pete retired to Vermont (Pomfret and then to South Woodstock) and eventually to Florida.

Continued on page 10.

"Hartford Cane" continued from page 9.

French culture played a prominent role in the Behr family. With the help of the alliance Francaise, Pete and Marjorie learned French, while the four children went to French school, and the family was easily assimilated in the small town of Ablon-sur-Seine, a quick train ride from Paris. Pete has fond memories of the open air markets, individual shops (boulangerie, patisserie, boucherie, etc) with local merchants who became fiercely loyal to "la famille americaine" who shopped and behaved like the French, and whose children spoke French with a parisian accent.

The moves to different countries and cultures bonded the entire family - Pete describes them as a close-knit - with the children (and some of the grandchildren) more comfortable speaking French to each other, making family reunions a fluid mix of cultures and languages.

When a son moved to Strafford, Pete wanted to live nearby, and he now resides at The Village at White River Junction. The other three children live in Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Quebec, with eight grandchildren and two great grandchildren completing his family.

Travel is still high on Pete's agenda, and he enjoys periodic visits to France, along with the opportunity it provides to visit a grandson living in Paris. A more immediate excursion is being planned to visit a son in Quebec later this summer. He makes it a point to keep up with world events and reads the *New York Times* daily. The remainder of his reading taste could be best described as "eclectic." Another favorite pastime is corresponding with friends.

He attributes his longevity and excellent health to his wife, who promoted a varied diet with local produce for her family. His advice is to keep moving, don't overeat and manage your weight. Exercise continues to play a significant role in his daily activities. He has enjoyed playing tennis and can still play golf (which he laughingly dubs "old men sports.") Exercising is part of his daily routine, and he takes frequent walks around White River village. However, he is hesitant about riding his bike around town due to the heavy vehicular traffic.

Pete is definitely not a typical 99-year old! He describes his health as being "perfectly fine" and is looking forward to celebrating his one hundredth birthday in 2025.

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Memberships run for a calendar year (Jan-Dec).

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="radio"/> Regular - \$25 [individual & family] | <input type="radio"/> Non-Profit - \$30 |
| <input type="radio"/> Senior - \$20 [individual & family all over age 55] | <input type="radio"/> Business - \$50 |
| <input type="radio"/> Life - \$250 [any individual over age 60] | <input type="radio"/> Patron - \$100 |

Name: _____ Additional Names: _____

Address: _____ City: _____

State: _____ ZIP Code: _____ Phone: _____

e-mail: _____

Comments: _____

The Hartford Historical Society is a non-profit, tax-exempt 501(c)(3) organization. Mail this completed form, along with a check payable to Hartford Historical Society, to: Hartford Historical Society, Attn: Treasurer, P.O. Box 547, Hartford, VT 05047-0547

THANK YOU!

Hartford Historical Society

BUSINESS MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Memberships run for a calendar year (Jan-Dec).

Contact Name: _____

Business Name: _____

Address: _____ City: _____

State: _____ ZIP Code: _____ Phone: _____

e-mail: _____

Corporate/Business: \$50 _____ Patron: \$100 _____ Benefactor: \$250 _____ Other: _____

Special Opportunities for Higher Levels of Support

Silver Sponsor: \$500 _____ Gold Sponsor: \$1000 _____ Platinum Sponsor: \$2500 _____

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THANK YOU!

Yesterday's News

Rebranding, *The Landmark*, February 16, 1884

The Sabbath school class heretofore under charge of Miss Kate E. Morris, have discharged Morris, and hereafter the class will be conducted by Mrs. C.M. Cone. The class are confident that Mrs. Cone will give as good satisfaction as Miss Morris has done.

Step Back Please, *Vermont Standard*, January 8, 1864

Our friend Hosea Doton of Pomfret, the surveyor, says that one day while he was out surveying, having just set his instrument for a bearing, he observed to one of the men accompanying him who had an axe in his hand, that it would be necessary to convey it a little distance from the compass, as it might otherwise affect the needle. The man replied in all honesty that, "If the needle was as easily affected as that, he did not think it was worth much!"

Tough Hen, *Vermont Journal*, December 25, 1858

The *Woodstock Standard* is responsible for the statement that a hen, killed in Hartland last week after a knife was put through her throat and her feathers picked off, effected her escape and ran to her nest and laid an egg.

Gotcha, *The Valley Sun*, August 28, 1885

Henry T. Gifford of Royalton is a hero. He has immortalized his name by his courage in capturing the burglar who entered his house the other night. Few men would have chased an armed burglar in the night without stopping to dress, and not knowing but he might find a gang of them outside. He can go to the head.

Back on His Feet, *Vermont Journal*, February 21, 1885

George W. Thurston fell on a slippery walk one day last week, and has since had a disabled arm on account of a bruised shoulder. As an offset to his ill luck, he drew the capital prize of \$500 at the Odd Fellows Fair in Claremont last Saturday evening. A soothing balm for injured feelings.

Open Wide, *The Landmark*, April 1, 1882

Dr. Hoffman has moved his office into rooms in Hanchett's block, over Colburn's store. Without stretching the truth in the least, he has as fine a suite of dental rooms as there is in New England. His dental instruments are superb, costing some \$2,000. His rooms are furnished in rare splendor. Drop in and get some teeth pulled. The feeling is peculiarly fine!

Tukered Out, *The Landmark*, March 12, 1887

W. Howard Tucker is no longer agent for the Associated Press, he having been discharged March 1st. A.E. Watson is taking his place and will hereafter rattle around in his shoes. Watson has just enough ability to fill the position in good shape. Tucker had too much.

A Man of Push, *The Landmark*, December 4, 1886

It was our great pleasure Monday to take a ride to Quechee and visit the store of Channlng Williams, or the "Emporium" as it is called. It is one of the best filled stores in the county and we cannot wonder at its large and increasing trade when we look at its various departments filled to their utmost capacity. In the basement are paints, oils, varnishes and a multitude of et ceteras. On the main floor are dry goods, toilet articles, choice handkerchiefs, extracts, jewelry, watches, cloaks, hats, caps, boots, shoes, medicines, groceries, hardware, tinware and the like. In the room adjoining are nine different brands of flour, hogsheads of molasses, salt, nails, dry and pickled fish. On second floor are chamber suits, spring beds, mattresses, lounges, center tables, paper hangings, crockery, glassware, and stone ware. There are two rooms occupied by the millinery department. On the third floor is the furniture. Mr. Williams is a live man, a man of push who drives his business and doesn't let his business drive him. Such a man you can trust and will trust. He only lacks one thing to make a man full and complete: he has no wife and in this his condition is truly deplorable, but it will be noted that in the past year he has added a millinery department to his store and from this we infer that, "things is workin' in the right direction."

Hartford Historical Society

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HHS Calendar

THE GARIPAY HOUSE MUSEUM will be open Friday mornings, 9:30-11:30 a.m. in June, July, August, and September, or by appointment. Please call 802/296-3132 or email us at info@hartfordhistoricalsociety.org. Phones/email are checked twice a week.

MONTHLY BOARD MEETINGS are open to the public on the second Monday of the month at the Garipay House at 6 p.m. (Please check for exact date.)

Wednesday, September 18, 2024 - “Hotel Coolidge’s History, Present Status, and a Vision for the Future,” Presented by David Briggs. 7:00 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ; 1721 Maple St., Hartford Village. Free and accessible.

Wednesday, November 13, 2024 - “How Electric Power Revolutionized Life in the Upper Valley,” Presented by Steve Taylor. 7:00 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ; 1721 Maple St., Hartford Village. Free and accessible.

The **Genealogy Center** on the second floor of the Hartford Library is open Fridays from 2-6 p.m. and by appointment. Please call Carole Haehnel at 802/295-3974 or email her at: chaehnel151@comcast.net. Interested in helping residents explore their family histories? Please contact us at info@hartfordhistoricalsociety.com.

Websites

Hartford Historical Society: <http://www.hartfordvthistory.com/>

HHS Membership Form: <https://hartfordvthistory.com/contact/membership/>

Hartford VT Historical Society Facebook Group: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/hartfordvthistory>