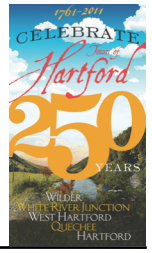




Hartford Historical Society

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

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



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SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

November-December 2024



White River Junction Flocks to Howard Johnson's

By Scott Fletcher

The *Barre Daily Times* reported that a new Howard Johnson's restaurant opened on Route 5 opposite the Veteran's Administration Center in White River Junction at 5 p.m. on July 21, 1949. The restaurant was developed by the Cashman-Cairnie Corporation of which Winsor Brown, owner of Ballardvale Farm in White River Junction, was company clerk.

The *Times* noted that, "the restaurant is a fine addition to this locality and in an excellent area." The restaurant seated sixty-six people in the dining room and twenty-two at the fountain bar. "The restaurant was gaily decorated with baskets of flowers for the opening, gifts of local establishments," said the *Daily Times*.

The restaurant was a franchise of the Howard Johnson's corporation based in Brockton, MA. Founder Howard Johnson was a World War I veteran whose mother operated a drug store with a soda fountain in Quincy, MA. She made several flavors of ice cream in her shop and Howard began to offer cones at a small string of concession stands along Wollaston Beach where they sold briskly.

In 1925, Howard Johnson purchased the family drug store where he introduced a new menu including hamburgers and frankfurters. Around that time, Johnson bought an ice cream recipe from a local vendor that featured natural flavorings and twice the usual amount of butter fat. He was soon cranking twenty-eight flavors by hand in his basement. "I thought I had every flavor in the world," he said. The soda fountain became the most lucrative part of the business and convinced a bank to loan him the capital to open a second location, with a larger menu, in 1929.

In 1935, Howard Johnson partnered with Reginald Sprague to open a restaurant in Orleans, MA that would purchase all ice cream and food products from Johnson who would also set the standards for the food and service. By the end of 1935, Johnson had sold franchises to twenty-five restaurants around Massachusetts that used his name, food, supplies, and logo in exchange for a licensing fee. Every location had an orange roof.

From his base in Brockton, Johnson pioneered in bulk purchasing of supplies and central preparation of

Continued on page 8.

From the Editor . . .

Sherrill Nott grew up on a farm in the Jericho District of Hartford but he wasn't destined to be a farmer. Sherry went off to college and became a professor of agricultural economics at Michigan State University where he is now retired. He has many fond memories of his mother Erminie who taught at the Jericho School for many years, and his father Merton, known by friends as Jim, who gave him a love and respect for shooting. This issue, we bring you a piece that Sherry wrote about those times.

David Briggs shared his plans for the Hotel Coolidge and the Gates-Briggs block at the society's September presentation. It is a 25 million dollar project that he hopes will revitalize White River Junction for the future. Learn more on page three.

I have been researching Jericho resident Luther Bartholomew for some time without finding much more than the intriguing fact that he crossed the Delaware with George Washington on December 25, 1776. But there are clues, such as a map from 1855

that identifies two homes on Sugartop Road in the Jericho District as belonging to Luther Bartholomew's sons Noah and Sheldon. John Wiggins now lives in the former home of Sheldon Bartholomew, and he believes it may have been built by Luther Bartholomew in 1793. John's great-great grandfather Philip Lyman bought the farm from the Bartholomew family in 1863 and is thought to have raised horses there for the Union Army. We have an appreciation of Philip Lyman from *The Vermonter* on page seven.

The Hartford Historical Society sends kind regards to the family of longtime member Alice Hazen who died on August 31. Alice taught in the Hartford School District for forty-five years without missing a day of work. When she retired, Alice had enough "sick pay" to buy a snowmobile and four-wheeler.

At 7 p.m. on Wednesday November 13, Steve Taylor will talk about, "How Electric Power Revolutionized Life in the Upper Valley," at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ. Please join us.

Scott Fletcher, Editor

Oath Born in Vermont

The Landmark, June 5, 1896

Rudyard Kipling in his *Jungle Book* puts into the mouth of Mowgli, the man-cub, a striking oath, "By the bull that redeemed me!" A contemporary thinks that Kipling must have picked this up in Vermont.

Matthew Lyon, the Irishman whom this state sent to congress and who had a fight in front of the speaker's desk with Mr. Griswold of Connecticut, came to this country as a "redemptioneer," his first master, a Connecticut farmer, traded him off to a Vermonter for a pair of horned critters, and Lyon's pet oath in later life was, "By the bulls that redeemed me!" The author's residence amid the hills of Brattleboro has given him at least one striking saying to use in one of his literary productions.

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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David Briggs Ponders the Future of the Hotel Coolidge

“I consider myself to be a preservationist,” David Briggs told his audience at a talk presented by the Hartford Historical Society on November 18. “I want to underscore that because I’m advocating for tearing down a historic building. So what’s up with that?”

David Briggs learned about historic preservation from his first-grade teacher at Hartford Elementary School, Mrs. Scully, back in 1952. “She imprinted the importance of historic preservation, lamenting the passing of notable structures in the village. One of the things that she told us about was the demolition of this building called the Lyman Homestead. Many of you are familiar with Elias Lyman who owned a toll bridge across the Connecticut River. His home on Maple Street was torn down in 1930 in favor of a gas station.”

“Another prominent building in downtown was the Smith Chocolate Factory that was on North Main Street. This was torn down in the 1930s and replaced by a building that is there today although it looks a little grim. It was the Fonda dress shop and in the basement was my father’s first clothing store, Briggs and Phillips, which opened in 1952 and later moved to the space that is now Revolution.”

Briggs told a full meeting room at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ that his dream while growing up was a career in the hospitality industry. He trained and worked as an engineer as a young man, but formed the Gates-Briggs Building Trust in 1984 and purchased the historic Hotel Coolidge, which adjoins the Gates-Briggs Block owned by his family.

After running the Hotel Coolidge for forty years, however, Briggs is in discussions with developers, the Town of Hartford, and the Preservation Trust of Vermont to revitalize the hotel and retail spaces along Main Street and Gates Street in White River Junction.

“Why would I come to this conclusion?” Briggs asked. “There are two main issues that discourage investment in the hotel. One is the structural condition of the building and the other is that the building doesn’t cover the entire site. The shape of the building makes it nearly impossible to develop. I would have to sell it in as-is condition to somebody that looks like me, and nobody’s going to do that.

“It just calls for a new building that preserves the prominence of the site only under modern conditions, not the least of which is energy efficiency. It represents infill development in the central business district at a scale that requires professional

management. So that’s the case that I took to the Preservation Trust of Vermont ten years ago. I told you that this isn’t an overnight idea.

“I wrote a twenty-page case study in the context of the two buildings. We would hope to use the Gates-Briggs Block as a retail and cultural center, and preserve the prominence of the hotel site with a new building that can go into the future.

“The Hotel Coolidge surrounds quite a bit of unused space and a new building would cover it. The architects who designed The Village did a *pro bono* pre-development study which has gone out to about fifty development companies around New England. The potential is for a five-story building covering the lot with one hundred underground parking spaces. The building would house mixed-use commercial, residential, and maybe hospitality. Hotel space is not a no-brainer because new construction could mean room rates of \$450 a night.

“Specific commercial uses on the first floor would include preservation of what I call the artisan tenants like the lamp shade shop, the flower shop, and Junction Framing. I’ve talked to Mount Sunapee about expanding their rehabilitation facility in White River Junction. The new first floor would be twice the size of the current one. The hospitality piece might be an expanded hotel event center with a dining room and meeting facilities that would rival Lake Morey.

“One scenario is for the town, through a municipal venture, to purchase the building, tear it down, and build underground parking as a platform for the development. This is a complicated idea, but the benefits to the town are tax contributions, housing stock, parking revenue, and modern infrastructure including geothermal energy. Today I pay about \$50,000 in taxes on the building while a project of this magnitude will bring several hundred thousand dollars a year. This impact on the downtown is what I call ‘business stabilization.’

Briggs has set an ambitious timeline that would see a new development open in 2027, but he has yet to select a developer. “Once we choose a developer, we can draft a policy document that allows the landowner, the developer, and the town to work together toward common goals.

“I want to revitalize this vital and historic part of White River Junction,” Briggs says. “The only thing that gives me any anxiety is that I want to live long enough to see it happen.”

When Bullets Flew in Jericho from the Guns of Merton Nott

By Sherrill Nott

Firearms were a major source of recreation for Merton Leslie Nott. He passed this hobby on to me. It was a focal point of enjoyment we shared for several decades.

I was surprised to find photos of Dad, who went by the name Jim, as a teenager with a single shot shotgun. I don't recall him ever mentioning it, or any guns he owned, while growing up. He did mention that the family was very busy running the farm. Most requests for doing fun things were denied, except for hunting. He'd say with a grin that it certainly encouraged him to become a hunter!

Jim and his brother Carl would occasionally tell stories about their father, Frank. One tale dealt with Frank's vengeful pursuit of a red squirrel that raided the corn in the main cow barn. Several attempts to trap and shoot it had failed. One day Frank saw it sitting on a window ledge high in the barn peak. He figured it was worth sacrificing one window pane to get the squirrel, so got out his single shot Winchester falling block 32-40, braced the rifle on a tree limb and drew down carefully on the target. He just missed the squirrel but hit the wooden divider and broke four panes of glass!

The home farm was named Clover Hill. In the depression, some men who were laid off from their town jobs would come to the farm and trade work for food. Although Dad always milked the cows himself, the other daily chores were passed around. Many times, I've heard that after breakfast there would be a short 22 caliber shooting contest, with the loser having to clean the barn. Marksmanship skills were closely followed by dreaming up outlandish targets.

Being a hunter and having regular practice, Dad seldom did the barn cleaning, and his brother-in-law, Ralph Seale, also gained a reputation as a marksman. In this type of competition, one learns that some guns shoot better than others. In the early thirties Dad traded maple sugar for a Colt Woodsman 22 semiautomatic pistol. Although short in barrel compared to rifles, it was a precision shooter. Dad



Merton (Jim) Nott on the farm in Hartford's Jericho district in 1920.

fashioned a shoulder stock for it. Dad would later brag his Woodsman saved him from doing a lot of chores.

When I was in high school, I once asked him why he didn't keep the Woodsman if it was such a good gun. He just hung his head and said that when you needed money to help your family, sometimes you let things go. In the late thirties when things were really tight, somebody came along and bought the Woodsman, stock and all, for seven dollars cash.

Those that didn't do the chores put their marksmanship skills to use finding table meat. Venison was harvested illegally to consume at home so legal beef could be sold or traded. There are tales of deer hidden in the furnace just before

the game warden arrived. The end result was that the family didn't much like deer meat by the time World War II was over!

Dad came out of the 1930's owning only two guns. One was a flintlock rifle converted to a percussion cap. It had a triangular bayonet. This old timer hung high on the wall, almost never touched. Muzzle loaders didn't interest him. The other was an internal hammer Stevens double barreled side by side 12-gauge shotgun. It was choked full and modified full. The stock had been broken at an early time, and Dad made a new one specially designed for his long arms and arched neck. It threw a high pattern out at 40 yards, making it easy to break clay targets at longer ranges.

Dad's brother, Carl, owned a Marlin 30-30 which was around Clover Hill most of the time. Apparently, this was the only high-powered rifle available during the early 1940's. I think this is the rifle Dad used to get the big buck in 1944. It was the first rifle I carried to hunt deer; traded eggs (at Dad's suggestion) to Uncle Carl for its loan.

Dad's first gun purchase at the end of the war was a Winchester Model 70, 30-06 made before 1939. It had peep sights, and he even left out the insert on the rear. It had a silky-smooth action and was one of the few superbly accurate guns I've ever touched. Dad used it



*Left, Sherrill Nott with his father Jim in 1952.
Above, Jim Nott with buck in 1944. Sherrill
carried the tail end on the way home.*

to make one of the two best (luckiest?) shots I ever saw him make. It was winter, snow on the ground, and a fox was coming down the side hill from the three birches. At the 300-yard range he sat down, leaned against the barn, and killed the fox.

My first memories of shooting are intertwined with my cousin, Roger Beal, who visited Clover Hill to help out at harvest times. He showed up once with a brand-new Marlin .22 rifle. It was a full-size rifle, with a box magazine and peep sights. I was allowed to shoot it so I could feel like the big guys!

Sitting alone at the end of the road, Clover Hill served as a multiple target range! It was 50 feet from the front porch to the other side of the road where targets were taped to a cardboard box. Something on the fence post across the road was 50 feet from the edge of the porch. The base of the hill was 50 yards out. From the porch to the apple tree at the far end of the pasture was 100 yards. From the edge of the horse barn northwest to the white granite stone at the dead furrow was 200 yards. From the same edge northwest to the corner of the stone wall was 300 yards.

We always said these distances with great belief in their accuracy though they were never measured. But a hunter knew what a deer or a woodchuck looked like at those distances, and knew where the rifle hit in relation to the sights at those distances, and hence they were effective practice ranges.

The other best shot I saw Dad make was with the Marlin. He was bringing the cows down the lane and

there was a woodchuck by the white granite stone at 125 yards. Someone took the Marlin out to him and he just sort of shook his head "no." But there was an audience, so he pulled up offhand, braced his left elbow on his left hip, and shot the 'chuck through the eye. He often referred to that shot as an "accident!"

In 1999, my cousin Roger wrote to me about this incident, "I was the one who ran back for the Marlin. While he was aiming, Jim was concerned that the sight would not adjust for that distance. After he lined up, he raised the rifle somewhat to accommodate the difference. Sort of 'vertical Kentucky windage,' and he probably could not see the chuck at the time he shot. When the chuck dropped, one or both of us said, 'You got him!' but Jim again said, 'no, that woodchuck probably went into his hole.'

"You and I walked over to the chuck hole and there was the carcass on the far side. I picked it up by a hind leg so Jim could see it back at the road, and his smile shone the whole distance! He came over, pacing off the distance and viewed his trophy. Many years later, I remember him calling it an 'accident.' I suggested that, probably, once the chuck realized who was behind the trigger, he just gave up the ghost!

The other range at Clover Hill was by the edge of the horse barn down to the dump. Trash that wasn't garbage to be fed to the pigs, or paper that burned, went on the dump. This meant lots of cans and bottles. There was a plank set up on which the jars and cans were set to serve as targets. This was downhill, and

Continued on page 6.

maybe a 40-foot shot. I recall my first experience of hitting a big plate on the dump range with the Marlin. Dad knelt down, the forend of the stock on his shoulder, while I stood behind trying to line up the sights while being coached by Roger.

I gradually grew to handle the Marlin on my own. Although Dad was quick to say, when Roger was not around, that the Marlin was not up to his Woodsman, I was thrilled as a kid to see what tricks could be done with it. Pictures exist showing Roger holding the Marlin backwards over his shoulder with a hand mirror at the butt to align the sights. He and Dad could both hit a bottle at the dump that way. Shooting at the dump was not plain and simple. If there was a quart jar, were you going to break it down with shots to the right or the left? The last shooter in line had to hit the lid and move it off the plank.

Tin cans were not just shot through, they were jumped. A can sitting on a hard surface, hit with a .22 bullet at the bottom rim, will be jumped off the surface. As you got better, you had to call a left jump or a right jump. The Marlin was up to all this.

With the constant possibility that Roger might take his Marlin home, it was time for my own .22, a Winchester Model 69. Dad bought this gladly, for reasons I better understood when I became a father. And he later bought himself a Marlin, a .22 with the weight and feel of a heavy hunting rifle. But it never shot groups as tight as Roger's nor as the Model 69! When the competition got a little tougher, I had to smile that the Marlin got left on the table and we both used the Model 69. Nancy, my sister, also learned the basics of safe gun handling, and was good shot in a disinterested sort of way.

In later years I wondered what the neighbors thought about all this gun fire. Gordon Parker, a friend some years older than I, soon learned there were interesting things afoot, and would join us when the guns started to rumble. He was welcomed and got to shoot everything, too. Sometimes, things got competitive. Then the better rifles would come out of the cars. Gordon told me once he could judge how serious things were by whether or not Dad's Model 70 was out! It had a distinctive red rubber "boot" on the butt that added length and made it a bit more comfortable to shoot. Dad spent a lot of time experimenting with hand loads that brought out the best in that rifle.

A tradition we stuck carefully to was that any gun that was brought home had to be fired that day. Sometimes it was pretty dark, and somebody had to walk across the road and make sure the pasture was clear, but at least one round got fired!

As the finances of the family apparently improved, Dad bought more guns. Mother kept a cartoon posted in the kitchen of a woman standing alongside a wall of guns telling her friend that a lot of their income went for national defense!

By 1970, there were enough houses built around the farm that none of the ranges could be safely used. Shooting became something you did after driving down the road a long way. Dad and I turned to trap and skeet shooting. This was fun, and could be safely done on a shorter range. He stored the big target throwing trap the Hartford Rod and Gun Club owned, bolted it onto a rugged plank and rigged it up so two people could put it in a pickup for use wherever. Dad purchased two Winchester Model 101 over and unders, both a skeet model and a trap model.

With a bit more time and money in his later years, Dad bought more guns. He liked Winchester lever actions. He also had a lot of military rifles. As an NRA member, he was able to buy guns from the government including two 45 semiautomatic pistols, a Springfield, a .30 carbine and others. Dad owned a few handguns but it took too much practice to be proficient with them. It was always easy to buy birthday and Christmas presents for him.

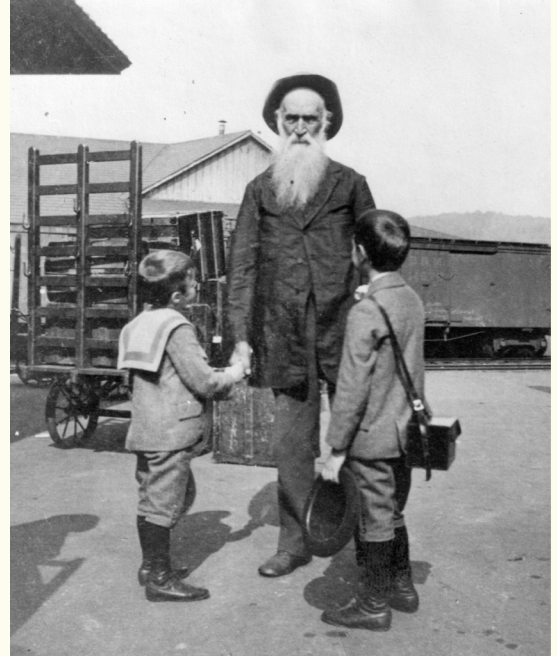
On two of my summer trips home from Michigan, Dad wanted me to look at the guns with him. He extended the dining room table, Mother would get it suitably padded, and he'd lay all the long guns out. A few might have to be stood up around the room as there were well over one hundred. We'd look at each, examine how the action worked and look through the sights. Dad had great pride in those guns.

Dad and I had our final shooting session the day after we buried my mother Erminie. It was a bitter, moist, windy October day. We went out to the north pasture and shot frozen apples off the old tree until our fingers were so numb we couldn't load the shells. For apples hit, it was a draw.

One of the early signs of Dad's dementia was after he and Rosemary were married and had gone to Florida. He awoke one day very disturbed that many of his guns were in the trunk of the car and that the police would not let them cross the state line to go home. Rosemary had to take him out to the car and make him examine every inch of the car to see there were no guns in it. When they got home to Burlington, she wisely encouraged him to sell them, so a gun dealer from Norwich came to pick them up. Rosemary eventually received well over \$10,000 for the guns and my hope is that someone is having as much fun with them as Dad did.

Pleasing Pictures from Our Hill-Top Life

The Vermonter, June, 1910



Above, Aurilla Lyman, seated, and two daughters dispatch a chicken. At right, Philip Farnham Lyman bids farewell to two grandsons at the White River Junction Depot. The Lymans bought a home on what is now Sugartop Road in the Jericho District in 1863.

Philip F. Lyman was a Vermonter of the type that is fast disappearing, erect, six feet and two inches in height, whose ancestry can be traced back 25 generations, or to the twelfth century. His great grand-father, Ezekiel Lyman, was a soldier in the revolution.

He was a man of pleasing personality with a keen sense of humor, a good singer, and he sang a song over the telephone to a neighbor three days before his death, which occurred March 28, 1910, at the age of 88 years and 11 months.

It was a delight to the younger generation to listen to his tales of olden times, stories about the captivity of his great uncle, Abijah Hutchinson, who when young was captured by the Indians, and to hear him tell how the farmers of the hillsides and valleys made annual trips to Boston to sell the surplus products of the farms and that he often saw many four-horse as well as two-horse teams pass by his house on their way down the White River Valley en route to Boston.

He evinced almost a boyish delight in describing the trips his own father made to Boston, and of the preparations made for the journey, and indeed they must have had "years of plenty" for his two-horse team was always heavily laden with pork, poultry, and dairy products.

In those days his mind did not leap forward to perceive the marvelous changes that were coming for facilities in transportation and communication with the outside world; but late in life when friends climbed the hill in their autos to see him, and from more than a hundred miles away would talk with him by means of the telephone, and when the phonograph sang to him "with the spirit and the understanding also" the hymns composed by friends in whose acquaintanceship he took delight in years gone by, he would remark: "I am filled with wonder and amazement. I expect next to see my friends drop down at my very door from the skies in airships. Aurilla what would your father and mine say if they could see this day?"

Mr. Lyman was a man of deeply religious temperament and those who knew him testify that more than most men he lived a life above reproach.

food, which was shipped to franchisees. His goal was to provide quality food at reasonable prices. The business thrived with the growing popularity of automobiles and the demand for dependable roadside dining.

"If you were driving and saw the orange roof, you knew the food and the quality and value," says David Brown who was twelve years old when his father and partners opened the Howard Johnson's in White River Junction. HoJo's founder Howard Johnson made unannounced visits to the franchise each year to ensure quality service.

"He would make surprise visits and typically dress down so he didn't look like a businessman," says David. "He'd wander through and order something and, if you met his criteria, he'd leave a silver dollar on the table and the waitress would say, 'He's been here!' If a restaurant did not meet Johnson's standard, they were given a month to correct problems. "He was hard-nosed about that," says David.

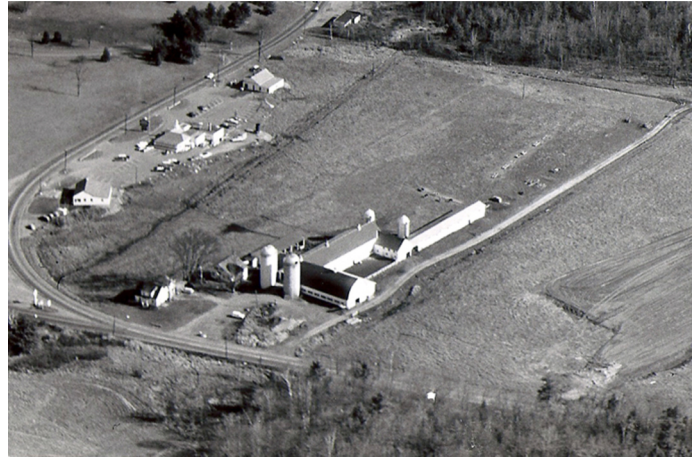
"Howard Johnson was a real business man," says David. "He managed to get the exclusive right to operate restaurants along the Massachusetts Turnpike. Basically, he had a store at every interchange, and they were all company-owned restaurants."

All Howard Johnson's franchises were required to sell the company's signature ice cream, fried clam strips, and "frankforters and beans." Pies and baked goods were also prepared at the Howard Johnson's commissary in Brockton.

In White River Junction, Winsor Brown was constantly looking to optimize his menu for local customers. "We were one of the first ones in the area to do a salad bar," recalls David. "It was located by the entrance so people would walk by it when they came in.

"My father sought ways to attract people looking for a nice dinner. They added things like top sirloins and rib roasts," says David. "We had a prime rib meal on Fridays that people loved," he continues. When Howard Johnson's refused to supply some of the items he needed, Winsor Brown found a company in New York that became a longtime secondary supplier.

Still, Winsor Brown retained a strong tie with the Brockton headquarters and often took his manager, head waitress, and other employees there for training. One of those who went to Brockton was longtime restaurant manager Dolly Rector who had previously been a grocery manager. "He was very successful," recalls David.



Winsor Brown owned the Ballardvale Farm, center, and provided land to build a Howard Johnson's restaurant on Route 5 in White River Junction in 1948. The restaurant was located between two gas stations. In 1968, Winsor Brown and partners built a larger Howard Johnson's restaurant behind the one in this picture and the original restaurant became the home of Frederick H. Johnson Pianos. The larger restaurant was accompanied by a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, which was demolished in 2015.

David remembers another longtime employee named Millie. "She was a good old-fashioned waitress who could carry eight plates on her arm," he says. "We had some large tables and she could take all the orders by memory. She would come back to the table and put everything down where it belonged--boom, boom, boom. And she could keep track of who wanted extra coffee or whatever. We trained other waitresses to do that so people knew they could come there and the waitress would take care of them. A little extra attention makes a real difference."

In 1958, Winsor Brown and his partner Stanley Currier of Lebanon, opened a second Howard Johnson's restaurant in Brunswick, ME. In 1964, they opened a third location in Rutland, VT. "I remember driving them to Rutland once while they were planning that restaurant," says David. "Mr. Currier had a clothing store in Lebanon and he was a business analyst who figured things out on a slide rule. I could hear him doing percentages and things while my father provided his judgement. They just worked well together."

Taking advantage of the growing ski industry in Killington, Winsor Brown created a Fireside Room in the Rutland restaurant with a large raised hearth where skiers could warm their feet. The restaurant was adjoined by a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge owned by a different corporation.

Hamburgers

QUARTER POUND HAMBURG	
On Toasted Roll.....	.60
With Smothered Onions.....	.65
GRILLED HAMBURG STEAK	
On Toasted Roll.....	.40
With Smothered Onions.....	.45
CHEESEBURGER on Toasted Roll.....	.50
GRILLED HAMBURG on Toasted Roll	
French Fried Potatoes, Cole Slaw.....	.75
CHEESEBURGER on Toasted Roll	
French Fried Potatoes, Cole Slaw.....	.85

Ho-Jo's 3-D

3 GIANT DECKS OF THE MOST
DELICIOUS EATIN' EVER WITH 3-D SAUCE
"King of All the Cheeseburgers".....

.75

Tempting Side Orders

FRIED Tendersweet CLAMS	
Tartare Sauce.....	.75
GOLDEN FRIED ONION RINGS.....	.35
FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.....	.25
CREAMY COLE SLAW.....	.25
DINNER SALAD with Dressing.....	.40
BOSTON BAKED BEANS.....	.25

Sandwiches

Howard Johnson's Famous	
GRILLED FRANKFURT, Toasted Roll ..	.30
Crisp Potato Chips and Pickle	
Served with the Following	
SLICED COLD ROAST BEEF.....	.85
CHEDDAR CHEESE.....	.35
BACON, LETTUCE AND TOMATO.....	.55
SLICED CORNED BEEF on Rye Bread.....	.80
BAKED HAM.....	.60
With Cheese.....	.70
TUNA FISH ROLL OR SANDWICH.....	.50
SLICED TURKEY.....	.85
TRIPLE DECKER CLUB	
SLICED TURKEY, CRISP BACON	
TOMATO, Lettuce and Mayonnaise ..	1.25

Appetizers

Fresh Fruit Cup with Sherbet .40	Chilled Shrimp Cocktail .85	Orange Juice .25
Hot Soup Cup .20 Bowl .35	Fresh Fruit Sherbet Float .25	Tomato Juice .20
New England Clam Chowder Cup .25 Bowl .45		
Hearts of Lettuce with French Dressing .25	With Blue Cheese .40	

Howard Johnson's Specialties

BROILED HALF POUND CHOPPED BEEFSTEAK	
French Fried Potatoes and Crisp Onion Rings, Sliced Tomato.....	1.60
FRIED BUTTERFLY SHRIMPS, Tartare Sauce, French Fried Potatoes, Cole Slaw.....	1.75
BREADED CUTLETS OF YEAL, Barbecue Sauce, Potatoes, Fresh Garden Vegetable.....	1.65
MARYLAND CRAB CAKES, Tartare Sauce, French Fried Potatoes, Cole Slaw.....	1.40
BROILED HAM STEAK, Broiled Pineapple Slice, French Fried Potatoes	
Fresh Garden Vegetable.....	1.70
DEEP SEA SCALLOPS, Tartare Sauce, French Fried Potatoes, Creamy Cole Slaw.....	1.45
GOLDEN BROWN FRIED CHICKEN (Half), Cranberry Sauce	
French Fried Potatoes, Fresh Garden Vegetable.....	1.85
Assorted Breads with the Above	

POT OF HOWARD JOHNSON'S OVEN BAKED BEANS	
Hot Brown Bread, Relish.....	.45
With Grilled Frankforts.....	.95
WELSH RAREBIT En Casserole, Toast Points.....	.95
With Crisp Bacon Strips and Ripe Tomato Slice.....	1.15

Hot Sandwiches

OPEN TURKEY SANDWICH, Dressing, Giblet Gravy, Potatoes, Cranberry Sauce.....	1.20
FRIED Tendersweet CLAMS IN TOASTED ROLL with Tartare Sauce.....	.75
With French Fried Potatoes, Cole Slaw.....	1.10
HOT ROAST BEEF SANDWICH, Brown Gravy, French Fried Potatoes.....	1.15
BARBECUE SLICED BEEF on Toasted Roll.....	.60
With French Fried Potatoes, Cole Slaw.....	.95

Salad Favorites

"SUMMER DELIGHT" (YEAR 'ROUND FAVORITE) Mound of Cottage Cheese	
On Crisp Lettuce surrounded by Orange, Raspberry and Lime Sherbets	
Half of Peach and Pear with Garnish of Prunes and Maraschino Cherry.....	1.25
CHEF'S SALAD BOWL, Our Own French Dressing.....	.85
With Julienne Ham and Cheddar Cheese.....	1.30
HOWARD JOHNSON'S GRILLED FRANKFORTS, Potato Salad, Barbecue Relish.....	.95
Assorted Breads and Butter Served With the Above	

Desserts

Danish Pastry.....	.25
Apple Pie.....	.25
A la mode .40	
Special Pie.....	.30
A la mode .45	
Coconut Layer Cake.....	.25
A la mode .40	
Fudge Layer Cake.....	.25
A la mode .40	
Frosted Angel Food Cake .25	A la mode .40
Gelatin with Whipped Cream.....	.25
Steamed Fruit Pudding with Hard Sauce .25	
Hot Fudge or Butterscotch Shortcake.....	.30
Baked Indian Pudding with Ice Cream.....	.25
Ice Cream Cake Roll, Chocolate Sauce.....	.40
Ice Cream Puff, Hot Fudge or Butterscotch Sauce.....	.50
Chocolate Brownie.....	.20
A la mode .35	
Toasted Golden Pound Cake.....	.20
A la mode.....	.35

Specials

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM SHORTCAKE .75	
Strawberry Ice Cream on Golden Sponge	
Cake with Luscious Red Strawberries and	
Whipped Cream	

BANANA ROYAL.....	.75
On a Banana, Vanilla Ice Cream Covered with	
Crushed Pineapple, Strawberry Ice Cream	
Covered with Strawberry Fruit, Topped with	
Whipped Cream, Nuts and Cherry	

BLUEBERRY ICE CREAM SHORTCAKE .75	
Vanilla Ice Cream on Sponge Cake with	
Whole Berries, Natural Juices and	
Whipped Cream	

Beverages

Hot Coffee.....	.10
Pot of Tea.....	.10
Milk.....	.15
Orange Freeze .35	
Howard Johnson's Orange Drink.....	.15
Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream.....	.20
Ice Coffee or Tea.....	.15
Decaffeinated Coffee .15	

Sodas & Milk Drinks

Ice Cream Sodas (All Flavors).....	.40
Ho-Jo's Double-Thick Milk Shake.....	.35
(Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry) "The DEUCE You Eat With a Spoon"	
Double Thick Malted Milk Shake.....	.45
Double Thick Egg Shake.....	.45
Double Thick Egg Malted Milk Shake.....	.55
Floats (Ice Cream) All Flavors.....	.40
Ho-Jo's Orange Float.....	.30
Root Beer.....	.15
Float.....	.30
Coca-Cola.....	.15
Float.....	.30

Howard Johnson's

Ice Creams

Mint Chocolate Chip	Pistachio	Burgundy Cherry
Black Raspberry	Chocolate	Peppermint Stick
Caramel Fudge	Coconut	Chocolate Chip
Coffee Brandy	Vanilla	Bisque Tortoni
Maple Walnut	Coffee	Cherry Vanilla
Fudge Ripple	Pineapple	Swiss Almond
Butterscotch	Macaroon	Butter Pecan
Butter Crunch	Banana	Mocha Chip
Frozen Pudding	Lemon	Peach
Strawberry		

SHERBETS

Orange	Raspberry	Lemon	Lime	Pineapple
Individual Serving.....	.25			

Sundaes

AMERICA'S CHOICE Ice Cream, 26 Flavors		
Individual Serving.....	.25	
With your Choice of Favorite Sauce.....	.40	
Chocolate	Sliced Strawberries	Blueberry
Hot Fudge	Hot Butterscotch	Maple
Crushed Pineapple	Coffee	
Chopped Maraschino Cherries		
Including Whipped Cream or Marshmallow.....	.50	
Chopped Walnuts or Pecans.....	(10 cents extra)	
TASTY-TESTER.....	.60	
Four Scoops of our Delicious Ice Cream		
Your Choice of Flavors		

FRIED Tendersweet CLAMS 1.45

LARGE CHARCOAL BROILED STEAK 2.70

CHICKEN POT PIE 1.45

FISHERMAN'S PLATE 1.95

APPLE PIE A LA MODE .40

64-DC-4

We regret we cannot be responsible for Personal Property.

400-K

The landscape in White River Junction changed forever when interstates 89 and 91 began diverting traffic from Route 5. Seeking to preserve visibility for passing motorists, Winsor Brown arranged for an imposing rock ledge next to the restaurant to be blasted away. Then he had the restaurant hoisted on jacks, loaded onto wheels, and rolled east along the road to where the orange roof was once again in view of motorists.

In 1968, the Cashman-Cairnie Corporation that built the original Howard Johnson's restaurant in White River Junction built a larger Howard Johnson's restaurant back from the road. Next to the restaurant was a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge built by a new corporation, Vermont Motor Inn Inc., of which Winsor Brown was on the board and his wife Bertha was secretary. The motel featured modern furnishings and an indoor swimming pool.

The new Howard Johnson's restaurant had meeting rooms with movable walls and a lounge offering live music. "The Dartmouth crowd came and we sold a lot

of drinks," says David. The original Howard Johnson's building by Route 5 became the home of Frederick H. Johnson Pianos.

In addition to operating a Howard Johnson's restaurant, Winsor Brown also milked a hundred Holsteins at Ballardvale Farm in White River Junction. After he sold the herd in 1964, he was able to spend more time at the restaurant. "He sat at the counter every day, drinking coffee and observing customers and staff," says David. Winsor also visited Howard Johnson franchises in upstate New York and other areas looking for ideas and inspiration. Sometimes David accompanied him.

David remembers that his father would regularly inspect the ice cream freezer and, if any of the tubs seemed stale, he would have a new tub opened and bring the old one home. "Often it was black raspberry. I love black raspberry," says David. "That's one the public didn't consume enough."

David Brown was rarely spoiled by having a restaurant in the family. The Browns mostly visited on

Continued on page 10.

Howard Johnson's continued from page 9.

special occasions like Mother's Day, although he had his wedding reception there in 1992.

Hartford resident Donna Wright started tending the counter at Howard Johnson's in high school and stayed for eighteen years. "I enjoyed all of the regular customers," she says. "Some came in daily, some weekly, and some just passed through but most people were very nice."

The restaurant became a popular stop for truck drivers and tour buses. One regular tour group came from Brazil. The restaurant hosted the cast of the movie Beetlejuice when filming was wrapped and George H.W. Bush stopped with his staff during the 1988 presidential campaign.

Howard Johnson retired from daily operations in 1959 and his twenty-six year old son "Bud" became president. Howard Johnson continued to serve as chief executive until 1964 and chairman until 1968. The Howard Johnson's company went public in 1961.

When founder Howard Johnson died in 1972, revenue was at a historic high and the company had nearly a thousand owned or licensed restaurants, and over five hundred motor lodges. The company,

however, was increasingly challenged by fast-food outlets like McDonald's. Bud tried to maintain quality but profits declined and he decided to sell the company to the Imperial Group of the United Kingdom in 1979. In 1985, Imperial sold Howard Johnson's to Marriott for half of what they paid for it.

Winsor Brown died in 1979 but his family continued to run the restaurant in White River Junction. Toward the end of 1995, the Cashman-Cairnie Corporation sold the White River Junction restaurant to the owner of the Howard Johnson's restaurant in Burlington, VT. The new owner also purchased the adjacent Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge and opened a Holiday Inn Express nearby. The motel was later rebranded as a Best Western and subsequently became an EconoLodge. After fifty years of ice cream and clam strips, the White River Junction Howard Johnson's restaurant closed on November 1, 1998. By 2015, the original motel was demolished and replaced with the White River Inn and Suites.

The Howard Johnson's restaurant from 1968 is now vacant and awaiting its next chapter. A bit of the old orange roof can still be glimpsed from the interstate.

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THANK YOU!

Yesterday's News

So It Seems, *The Landmark*, July 21, 1883

We have been at the Junction seventeen months and in all that time there has not been a death in the protestant ranks. Is not this an extraordinary thing?

Check It Out, *The Landmark*, February 16, 1884

Do you know that we have a nice little public library here, in a room above Bagley's store. It contains choice works by the writers of History, Travels, Fiction, Biography, and Poetry. It is open every Saturday afternoon. Patronize it.

Enough is Enough, *The Vermont Journal*, June 27th, 1793

WHEREAS Mary, the wife of the subscriber, has for several months past behaved in a scandalous manner, by keeping company with men of bad character and lascivious carriage, and has been very frequently found in bed with such, and has now eloped from my bed and board, in company with a number of villains, has stripped my house of money, notes, cloaths, and other valuable property, to a large amount: These are therefore to warn all persons not to trust, harbour, or trade with her on my account, as I will not pay any debt of her contracting, nor be bound by any bargains of her making after this date. ALEXANDER THOMSON.

Play it Again, *The Landmark*, July 1, 1882

The band played a few pieces from the bandstand Wednesday evening and then went over to West Lebanon and serenaded Lyman Gibbs a young man who has lately committed matrimony. The boys said, on seeing his wife, that they didn't blame him a bit.

Waxing Poetic, *The Landmark*, October 16, 1886

The harvest supper at the Congregational Church was a complete success. The real attraction was Mrs. Jarley's wax-works paraphrased from Dickens by Miss Nellie Tinkham who personated Mrs. Jarley and won plaudits for her poetical description of each grouping of wax figures. The personations were: Mrs. Winslow, the inventor of soothing syrup, Mrs. C.W. Pease; "Cometh up as a flower," Mabel French; Queen Isabella, Kate Cone; The old lady who died of sneezing at age 105, Bethania Armstrong; Raphael's Cherubs, Orra Pease and Louis Newton; The maiden who saved her life by a smile, Carrie Newton, and her enemy the Indian, Robert Hazen; Alexander the Great, Alfred E. French; the Giggler, Annie Morris; Maid of Athens, Mrs. Horace Pease; Christopher Columbus, George Hazen; The girl who said no when she meant yes, Dessie Simonds; George Washington, Fred C. Moulton; Mademoiselle Squakerina, Sue French; Irrepressible Yankee, A.L. Pease.

Heads Up, *The Landmark*, February 10, 1883

There is nothing this week that we can make fun of unless we caution a certain young man not to go calling with his hair plastered down with West Indian molasses.

Steer Clear, *The Landmark*, June 18, 1897

Two men were observed prowling around Frank Saxies premises, between 10 and 11 o'clock last Sunday evening, trying the barn and house doors with the evident intention of breaking into the former, if the feat could be accomplished without creating too much disturbance to be consistent with safety. It will be a good plan for intending marauders to steer clear of this particular locality, for Mr. Saxie is the possessor of a first-class gun, keeps it loaded and is a dead shot every time.

Do-Si-Do, *The Landmark*, June 18, 1897

Report says we are to have a dancing school here this year, with a competent instructor.

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, 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/>

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