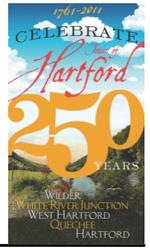




Hartford Historical Society

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

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



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SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

March-April 2026



Quechee Loses Old but not “Historic” Building

By Scott Fletcher

The entrance to Quechee Village looks slightly different now that an old building owned by Simon Pearce has been demolished. The wood framed building stood east of the former Tinkham Store and post office. In recent years, it housed an antique store on the ground floor and the second-floor apartment featured a Palladian window looking out at the former Quechee Woolen Mill. There are no plans to replace the building according to Simon Pearce CEO Jay Benson, although the foundation of the structure was left below ground in the event the company wants to re-build on the same footprint.

Benson said that the decision to demolish the building was made while the company renovated the former home of J.C. Parker across Quechee Main Street. “When we got the opportunity to buy the Parker house in 2020,” he said, “we decided to clean it up and our intention was to open a second restaurant downstairs. We took a lot of time to do it right including replacing the vertical rails beneath the

porches and installing new, architecturally correct, windows.”

“When we finally got to painting everything,” he continued, “we thought, ‘let’s put some paint on some of those buildings across the way.’ So we painted the art gallery, and the two apartments above the gallery. When we went to paint the next building, the back of the wall and the foundation on the back was completely collapsed.” Benson said the company was forced to remove the tenants.

“The building just wasn’t safe,” he said, “and the cost of restoration was a lot more than the value of the

This former tenement and tavern in Quechee Village has been dated to 1830 but was significantly renovated over the years and was not considered a historic structure in Quechee’s application for the US. National Register of Historic Places. Simon Pearce demolished the building in January 2026 and has no plans to build on the site. The former tenement beyond was removed earlier.

Continued on page 6.

From the Editor . . .

We are now celebrating the 250th anniversary of America's founding. In March 1776, one year had passed since the Battles of Lexington and Concord and the British Army was sealed in Boston, surrounded by Continental troops and within range of American artillery on the Dorchester Heights. On March 17, 1776, British forces fled by sea to Nova Scotia and Boston returned to colonial control.

By this time in what is now Quechee, Vermont, John Marsh had built a saw mill and grist mill on land allocated by Hartford's proprietors. Our town's earliest settlers were clearing land, building homes, planting crops, and forming a militia under Captain Joshua Hazen.

This issue, we hear from Simon Pearce CEO Jay Benson on the company's use and preservation of the Quechee Woolen Mill and other historic properties. And we look back to a time when most towns in the Upper Valley had a baseball team and farmers laced up their spikes.

Join us on April 8 to hear Steve Taylor reminisce about earlier times in Hartford and Lebanon, and on Sunday, April 12, Cameron Clifford will speak on the history of West Hartford. Please see back cover.

Here's an update from HHS Chair Judy Barwood. Garipay House. Expected improvements include removing old wallpaper in the three exhibit rooms, and painting walls and ceilings to brighten up our space. The kitchen floor will be sanded and the parking area will be reconfigured to park up to eight cars. Volunteers are needed to paint and move furniture and exhibits. We invite donations for specific projects!

Volunteers Welcome! A part-time volunteer coordinator would be most welcome, and volunteers are also needed for monthly cleaning, outdoor maintenance, special projects, exhibits, secretarial, programs, and reception desk during open hours. Please contact any of the board members.

Scott Fletcher, Editor

Is That Ewe?

A sheep can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among a thousand others, and a lamb is able to recognize its mother's voice in the midst of a large flock. During shearing season, lambs are put in a fold by themselves, and sheep are sent to join their little ones when the shearing is over. The moment a lamb heard its mother's voice it would hasten from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding a well-clad, comfortable mother, it would meet a strange looking creature, wheel about uttering a piteous cry of despair, and run away. Soon, however, the sheep's voice was heard again; the lamb would thereupon return, then once more bound away, and sometimes repeat this conduct for ten or dozen times before it fully understood that the shorn ewe was in reality its mother.

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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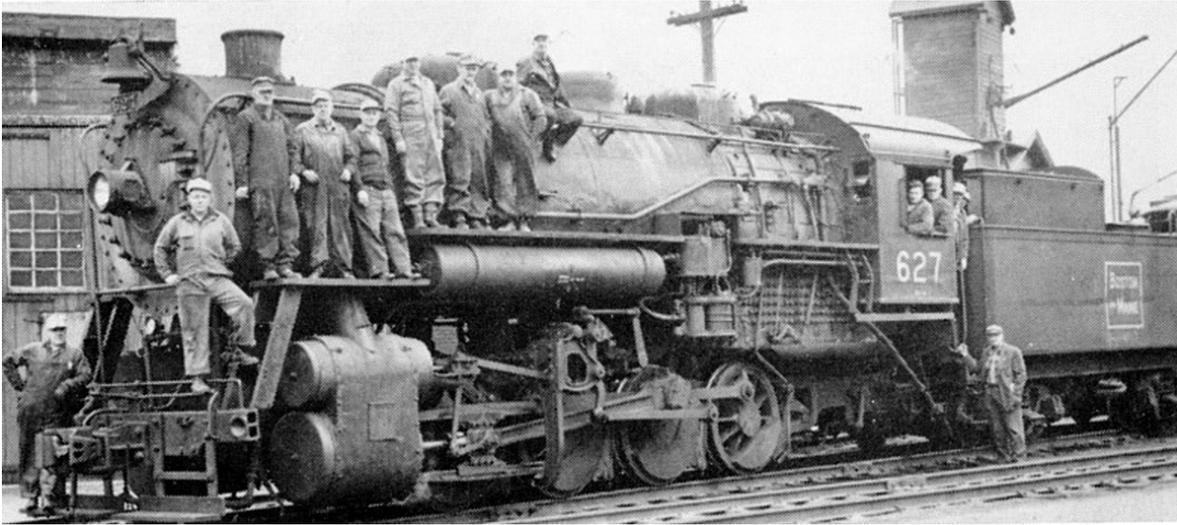
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So Long Steam Locomotives

By Steve Taylor



The 627, as it was about to leave the Westboro Engine House in 1954, was the last steam engine that was part of the terminal. Men who worked on the engine during its 32 years of service pose with it. Photograph courtesy of Boston and Maine Railroad Magazine.

The last regularly scheduled train to be pulled by a steam locomotive rolled out of White River Junction the morning of March 29, 1957. It was the northbound Montrealer, and at the front was Central Vermont engine number 6208, last of a class of 399,600-pound behemoths that had powered the crack passenger run between Washington and Montreal since before World War II.

Three years earlier, the Boston & Maine had discontinued its steam locomotives on the route between White River Junction and Manchester and Boston. The B&M's mighty number 627 posed for a farewell picture with hands from West Lebanon's Westboro Yards on April 14, 1954.

The passing of Central Vermont's 6208 marked the end of steam locomotives in New England. The CV had just taken a delivery of 16 diesel locomotives, finally catching up with the region's other lines in transitioning from the "iron horse" that had powered the industry since its beginnings more than a century earlier.

Disappearance of steam locomotives would change White River Junction and West Lebanon like nothing until the arrival of the interstate highways in the 1960s. Gone were the facilities that supported steam

technology, like coaling stations, water towers, roundtables, ash pits and specialized repair buildings. Also gone were the constant bad air conditions caused by the engines' billowing emissions of smoke and cinders.

Buildings in both villages had a ghostly gray look from generations of exposure to coal smoke from the locomotives that continuously came and went through the sprawling yards, plus the switchers that moved cars back and forth 24/7 assembling freight trains. There was a steady level of noise from wheels rolling over steel rails, steam releases, clanging bells and the frequent whump of cars being coupled together.

Patty Rondeau, a Plainfield octogenarian, grew up on South Main Street adjacent to the Junction yards and has vivid recollections of what life was like there in the 1940s and early 1950s.

"I went over to Franklin for a couple of weeks one summer and it was so quiet, I couldn't sleep. If you lived on South Main you were used to noise all the time," she says. "I'll never forget the day World War II ended — The engineers kept tooting the whistles and flashing the Vee sign at us kids as the engines moved back and forth."

Rondeau speaks of the neighborhood culture in those

Continued on page 4.



A youngster takes a look at the Freedom Train after it pulled into the White River Junction station on Sunday, April 13, 1975, for a refueling stop.

times. “We watched trains a lot. We knew where they were coming from and going to,” she said. “There were a lot of hobos coming through. Pieces of coal were always falling off the trains and we kids would scavenge it and bring it home to help heat our houses. Up around the station it was always busy, passengers waiting and carts loaded with stuff at the Railway Express platform.”

The railroads employed a lot of people in the glory days of steam in the 1940s—engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, yardmasters, section hands—and were the primary employers in White River Junction and West Lebanon. The railroad men were easy to spot in their blue striped bib overalls, frocks and hats; conductors wore distinctive three-piece suits and caps that evoked the 19th century. On their way to or from work they would carry “dinner pails” often fashioned out of 5-pound lard containers, or maybe a “dinner box” with a thermos tucked inside. Rarely would it be a “lunch box” as the Upper Valley vocabulary for eons called a meal at the middle of the day a dinner, and in the evening it was supper.

Most positions were unionized, and over time there were frequent tensions with management, but a railroad job was considered by many a much more favorable situation than working in a mill, logging or toiling on a farm.

The last steam locomotive built in the United States was placed in service in 1953. A year earlier there were 21,200 steam engines operating in the country; a decade later, fewer than 80 were running on major railroads. Diesel locomotives had appeared in the 1930s and their lower costs of operation would hasten the demise of steam power. A study in 1959 put the cost differential at better than three to one diesel over steam on a freight-mile basis.

The Boston & Maine in the 1950s shifted some of its passenger routes to what were called at the time “Budd cars” which had a shiny aluminum skin and resembled a standard passenger coach. Each had its own diesel power plant on board and could run individually or be hooked up in multiples. On a snowy Sunday evening in March 1965 the last passenger run out of White River Junction for Boston was a Budd car packed with women who had been up for a party weekend at Dartmouth.

Later that year, an old steam locomotive friend would make an appearance in White River Junction. Canadian National, nominal owner of Central Vermont, had hauled the venerable number 6218 out of retirement, given it a rehab and sent it out on occasional excursion runs around northern New England and Quebec. At the time, 6218 was one of the last and largest operable steam locomotives in North America.

On August 20, 1965, it rolled into White River Junction; the next morning it pulled out hauling a string of cars with open windows for the enjoyment of a horde of photographers and rail buffs. A car was fitted with electricity for those wishing to make recordings of the engine’s distinctive sounds as it rolled northward through Vermont toward St. Albans. There it was turned around and made a return journey back to White River Junction. The round trip took about 10 hours. That summer, 6218 pulled an excursion train from Portland to Montreal via Island Pond, where a large crowd turned out to see what many had never witnessed before, a real live, huffing and puffing, steam-and-smoke-belching locomotive.

Another very memorable steam locomotive visit to White River Junction would come a decade later when the American Freedom Train stopped by on its tour of all the contiguous 48 states to commemorate the United States Bicentennial. The train was pulled by a former Reading Railway locomotive that had been headed for scrap when it was rescued and restored.

Rounding the Bases with Leonard Clay

By Scott Fletcher



After milking cows in the morning, Leonard Clay, right, and his brothers Dennis and Gary, played baseball for Hartford High School. Leonard went on to play and manage baseball until hanging up his spikes in 1985.

Leonard Clay grew up on Sunnybrook Farm in Hartford where he helped run the family dairy, went to Hartford High School, and played a little baseball. “My dad was a good ball player and all three of us boys were good ball players too,” he said.

“One day in 1956 after I graduated from high school, my dad said, ‘Leonard, what are you gonna do about baseball?’ I said, ‘I’d like to play somewhere but I don’t know where.’ I had done well in my sophomore and junior years at Hartford High, but I didn’t have a very good senior year, and wasn’t sure I wanted to play on Hartford’s town baseball team because they didn’t seem very good.”

“Dad said, ‘The South Royalton baseball team is processing tomorrow night and, when you get your milking done, I’ll introduce you to the coach. I know him.’ So, we did and, when we got there, I opened the trunk and got my spikes, glove and a bat and Mr. Jocelyn came up and hugged dad and said, ‘Jim, I’m sure glad to see you. You’re gonna help straighten this team out.’

“Dad said, ‘No, I’m done playing. My leg ain’t in the best shape and I’ve got to farm, but I’ve got a boy that can help you.’ So, Mr. Jocelyn said, ‘Okay Lenny, get your spikes on and go field a few.’ So, I did. Then

he said, ‘Grab your bat and take a few swings,’ and I did.”

“Then the coach said, ‘All right, this Sunday we’re playing a doubleheader in Randolph at 12:30. Be there at noon.’ So, I got there and sat on the bench for nine innings. Then the next game started and I sat on the bench for nine more innings. There was two of us on the bench. The other guy had been there all season and they had played nine games. At that time, you played a single game on a Sunday and the next week you played a doubleheader. They played twenty-seven games.

“The next week we were at home and I sat there for nine more innings. Every time a guy would throw his bat. I’d pick it up and put it in the bat rack. Every time the catcher would bat and have to put his shin guards and chest protector on, I’d grab his mitt and have the pitcher throw me four or five, something to do.

“The third week we had two games in Sharon. I sat on the bench again and we got pounded. Sharon had a good team and we didn’t have any hitting. The fourth week we played one game in Hartland and I warmed up the pitcher for nine innings. We had three of us on the bench and Mr. Jocelyn used two of them but I didn’t get to play.

Continued on page 8.

Quechee Village continued from page 1.

building. The building was not considered historically significant because it had been heavily modified.”

The 1997 application to place Quechee Village in the U.S. National Register of Historic Places has this description of the building that was demolished.

“This 19th century tenement house achieved its present appearance after extensive alterations in the 1980s which largely obscure its true age although the 2½ story clapboarded structure blends in well with its Quechee Main Street neighbors. The structure is oriented with its broad, three bay facade fronting Quechee Main Street. The center entrance contains a modern six panel door flanked by partial sidelights and capped by a peaked lintel. To each side of the entrance is a large multipaned, bay window capped by a shake roof.

“On the upper level a fixed Palladian window is flanked by two three-part windows with removable mullions. The asphalt-shingled gable roof is punctuated by a brick corbel cap chimney and displays close eaves on the side elevations with a circular attic window. On the east side a door leads to a terrace and patio. A house has been removed from the vacant lot to the east exposing a mortared fieldstone and concrete foundation.”

The application further states, “A 1875 deed reference for an adjacent property refers to this as Cushing and Abbott’s tenement, formerly known as Dimick’s store (as it is depicted on the 1869 Beers Map). In 1873, William S. Carter, executor of the Jacob Dimick estate sold the store and land, occupied by Dimick at the time of his death, to Daniel Cushing and Eldridge Abbott.”

The application estimates that the building was built around 1850 but it is no longer considered historic due to later alterations. It is possible, however, that the tenement building was present as early as 1830, or that it replaced an earlier structure on the site. A guide to the Quechee Mill Historic District prepared by the Town of Hartford estimates that the tenement was built around 1830.



The former Scott Tinkham store, top and above right, stood next to the tenement and tavern that was recently removed. Built about 1875, it is considered one of Quechee’s historic buildings and originally served as a store, post office and express office. Beyond the store is the former home of Scott Tinkham, which is now an apartment building. Simon Pearce considers the Tinkham house “irreparable,” and has filed state and local applications to remove it. Between the store and house is an 1880 barn that will be preserved.

A map of Quechee Village from 1856 shows two buildings across the street from the mill that were owned by the Mallory Woolen Company, which operated the mill until about 1840. That year, the Mallory Company offered two buildings across from the mill for rent in the *Spirit of the Age*. The property was described as a store with an adjoining tavern.



The brick building next to the Tinkham house was built in 1909 to serve as the Quechee Library. Simon Pearce plans to preserve this historic structure and is currently restoring the home built by J.C. Parker, above, when he acquired the Quechee Woolen Mill in 1875. It will be used as a restaurant or for special events.

The first mention of Scott Tinkham’s store, which shared a wall with the demolished tenement, was a news item in the January 1876 issue of the *Spirit of the Age*. It says, “Scott Tinkham & Co. are having a constantly increasing trade at their new store. ‘Quick sales and small margins is the word with them.’”

The application for the U.S. National Register of Historic Places says the Tinkham Block, which included a general store and post office, was built about 1875 and is among Quechee’s historic features. The Tinkham Block also housed an express office and was the home of the Quechee Library from 1888 to 1891. The Tinkham Block now houses the

gallery of artist Glenn Suokko on the first floor and apartments on the second floor.

Adjoining the Tinkham Block on the west is a late nineteenth century barn, which is also among Quechee’s historic buildings. Jay Benson said that Simon Pearce has no current plans to make significant changes to either of these structures.

The next building to the west along Quechee Main Street is also historic, being the former home of Scott Tinkham that was built in about 1880. Benson explains that this building is “irreparable,” and an application for its demolition is in process with Vermont’s Act 250 Program. “We don’t have a plan for that space,” said Benson, “We just don’t want it to be an eyesore and a safety hazard.” Prior to demolition of the Tinkham house, the Simon Pearce Company must file a report on the structure by an architectural historian as part of Vermont’s Act 250 Program.

One additional historic building to the west on Quechee Main Street is the small brick building that was built in 1909 to house the Quechee Library. It is also owned by Simon Pearce. Benson said, “We think the best thing short term would be to just have the gallery, the barn, and the library on that side of the street.”

Jay Benson notes that, in addition to being the CEO of the Simon Pearce Company that manufactures glassware and operates the restaurant, he is also the manager of a separate business entity that owns and manages the real estate for Simon Pearce. These properties include the Quechee Mill, the Quechee dam, the Parker House, and the house and barn west of it. This last property, Benson said, was the original farm house on what is now the Quechee Green. In Quechee’s application for the U.S. National Register of Historic places, the property is listed as the Wolcott-Lindsey House and is dated to about 1845. The house is being refurbished as a rental property.

“I still envision a restaurant at the Parker House,” Benson said. “In the middle of December, we went back to seven-day

Continued on page 10.

"I said to myself, 'Well, I've been here all this time and I ain't done nothin', I guess I'll quit.' Well, the next Sunday our game was in Woodstock which wasn't far away, but I was just laying on a hammock in front of the house reading a book. My dad came on the porch and said, 'Leonard, when are you heading for your ball game?'"

"I said, 'I aint goin'. I've been there for six games now and all I've got to do is pick up bats.' He said, 'Young fella, I got you a position up there and I don't care what you do when the season's over, but you're gonna show up for every damned game. Get up there and put your uniform on.' So I did."

"When I pulled in to Woodstock, they were just finishing up batting practice and Mr. Jocelyn told me to take some swings. Turned out, Paul Whitney hadn't showed up and we only had nine players. Paul was always a little tardy. So, I grabbed my bat, didn't even put my spikes on, and I took some swings."

"So, Mr. Jocelyn put me in the ninth slot, at shortstop, but suddenly we heard that Indian motorcycle coming by the Woodstock Inn and there came Paul Whitney. So, Mr. Jocelyn jumped up as the umpires were getting in place, and said, 'Just got my ninth man. Give him a minute to get his spikes on.' So, Clay went out and Whitney went in."

"And then Callie Richardson walked over. I'll never forget him. He worked at the post office on the hill in White River and was one of the nicest guys I ever dealt with. He was gonna pitch for us and he was one of the top pitchers in the league. He was fantastic, but he was losing 2-1, 3-1, 2-0, 1-0. I think his record was something like 1-8."

"Callie said, 'Coach Jocelyn, who's playing shortstop?' 'Well, Baldero will play short. I brought him in from right field.' Then Callie said, 'If you do that, I'm not going to pitch. Lennie deserves a chance to play. You had him in there and he plays shortstop behind me or I'm not playin.'"

"Well, Coach Jocelyn was an elderly man and sweat just broke out all over him. He said, 'You're serious? He's not a very good fielder and that's why I ain't played him. He's a good hitter but not a good fielder.' Callie said, 'I'll take my chances. Either play him or bench me too.' So, the coach called the umpires and said, 'Wait a minute, I gotta make a change. Clay's goin back in at shortstop.'"

"I had to face the best pitcher in that whole league, Tom Flowers. He threw 95 miles an hour and he had a hell of a breaking pitch. I singled off him first time up over the shortstop's head. Second time up I singled to

center. Third time he walked me. Not intentionally, he just missed on a couple. The fourth time I flied to center. I went two for three against him. Ozzie Barker from South Royalton was our catcher and he came over and hugged me. We only got four hits and I got two of them."

"Our next game was against a pitcher named Armin Nino who had just come home from a tryout with the Yankees who offered him a contract to play in Denver. Now Armin wasn't married yet but his future father-in-law owned an insurance and investment business in New York City and when Armin came home from his tryout, the father-in-law asked him, 'What are you going to do after you marry Coleen?' Well, Armin said, 'I'll probably play ball. I've been offered \$7,500.' Then the father-in-law said, 'Armin, I'll give you one million dollars but you ain't goin' to play ball. I want you home with my daughter.' Armin and Coleen talked about it and he asked me what I thought. I said, 'Armin, you may never make a million dollars in baseball.' So, he finished the year up with Woodstock and then he gave up baseball."

"Anyway, I came up against Armin and doubled off the wall in right field. God did I feel good. And I popped up, and I struck out and I singled. So, for the day I went four for seven. And I never sat on the bench an inning after that."

Lennie Clay was nearly the hero when South Royalton played one Sunday in Montpelier. 'Carlie pitched a great game,' he said. 'In the ninth we were behind two to one with one on and one out, when I hit my first homer. It went 340 feet. That put us up three to two. They tied it up in the bottom of the ninth with a double and a single."

"In the thirteenth, Carlie hadn't put a man on base since the eighth inning but, with one out, he walked a guy. The next guy bunted him to second. The next guy hit a ground ball headed toward center. I'm at short and I ran over, dove, got it in my glove, and threw the ball eight feet over the first baseman's head. They went on to beat us four to three."

"Right there on the field I broke down and cried. Carlie had been so good to me and had pitched his butt off. He walked over and put his arm around my shoulder. I said, 'Carlie to work as hard as you did and pitch as well as you did, and then I had to make a damned error. You know what Coach Jocelyn said, 'I ain't a good fielder.' He said, 'Don't worry about it. I'll take you any time.'"

Leonard Clay finished the 1956 season with a .313 batting average and continued to play baseball, and manage teams, in the Upper Valley until 1985.

Goodbye “Yardmaster” Chris McKinley



Chris McKinley collapsed and died while walking from his home to the White River Junction train station on Thursday morning, February 19, 2026. He was sixty-eight years old. Chris was an active member of the Hartford VT Historical Society where he often contributed to the newsletter and spoke to members about railroad history as recently as 2022. He was widely known as, “the Yardmaster,” and will be missed by his many friends.

“I moved to White River to be able to research and write about trains,” Chris told the *Valley News* in 2021. Chris came to White River Junction in 1990, found a job at Dartmouth Printing in Hanover, and settled into an apartment on South Main Street where he became a familiar face to many Hartford residents. In recent years, Chris spent late mornings and early evenings at the White River Junction train station as part of Amtrak’s Vermonter Caretaker Program, opening the station to passengers and providing historic and travel information to visitors. When not at his desk in the station, Chris enjoyed watching train activity at the station, and visiting New England’s historic railroad sites. He once told the *Valley News* the feeling he got while watching trains. “When they take off, I like to be outside, because you feel the push from when it gathers force.” *Photos by Eric Francis.*



Mary Nadeau - Chris was a fountain of knowledge about anything even remotely connected to the train system in the Upper Valley and beyond. He was patient, kind and happily shared his knowledge with anyone who asked a question. He will be missed at the train station and in the community as well.

Carole Haehnel - He was just a fixture. He was everywhere and involved in everything. He was reliable and friendly and he loved to talk to the passengers and let them know what was going on.

Scott Hausler - This is a sad day. He was the record keeper for the station and, in a way, he *was* the station.

Glenn McKinley (brother) - He was born interested in trains. As a youngster in Connecticut he was into them.

Peggy McDerment - A really friendly man with a phenomenal knowledge of the trains of White River. He knew the engines like family members including their genealogy. He came to our programs, “after the evening Amtrak train left the station.” He will be missed.

Pat Stark - Chris shared hundreds of his photos with us and he was my “go to” person for questions on anything railroad. He has donated several artifacts to us over the years. I will miss him and his expertise!

operations at the Simon Pearce Restaurant in the Mill for the first time since the pandemic. That’s why we didn’t open another restaurant at the Parker House. But whether we open a restaurant or lease the space to someone, it’s a great venue for a restaurant or private events.”

After severe flooding in July, 2023, the company has made significant repairs to the company’s signature store, glass factory, and restaurant. “We are finally completing the turbine rebuild that has taken two years and a million dollars,” he said. “We added some structural supports to the building, put flood doors in certain places, and sealed a few windows. We know it’s going to get wet again but we want to reduce the flow of water through the building.”

The company also plans to replace the mill windows facing Quechee Main Street with architecturally correct windows like they did at the Parker House.

Finally, significant repairs are needed on the dam. “I don’t know if you’re aware of it,” said Benson, “but if you look at the dam from the bridge, it broke during the flooding two and a half years ago and one side of

the dam lost about four feet. It’s 100 percent stable but, by losing those four feet, you lose the energy flow of water falling. The water historically drops thirty-four feet to go through the sluice and drive the turbine. Now it only drops thirty feet so you lose a percentage of the power production.”

Dam repair depends on two things according to Benson. One is having approved plans and the other is having the water level low enough to perform the work. “If it’s a light spring and we get our permitting done, it could be this year,” he said, “but we’ll see.” He estimates the total cost to the company for flood repairs at two to three million dollars.

Benson said that company founder Simon Pearce is still active in day-to-day affairs, including the management of historic properties. “I talk with Simon every day,” he said. “Just this morning, we were talking about paint colors for the interior of the farm house we just acquired. He is definitely concerned about preserving these historic buildings and has a great appreciation for them.”

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THANK YOU!

Yesterday's News

Good Golly, *The Landmark*, January 24, 1885

Polly is the name of Perrin's baby. Polly Perrin—Golly!

Woof! *Spirit of the Age*, February 16, 1876

Mr. Tinkham recently received of Chauncey Dimick of West Hartford a malformed chicken's gizzard. The gizzard is of ordinary size with an appendage at one end bearing a very striking resemblance to the head and neck of a bull dog.

Pass the Plate, *The Landmark*, March 5, 1887

Well, but that sermon last Sunday given by Brother Bruce was a rouser. We don't believe we could have done better ourself.

Job Done, *The Landmark*, October 8, 1887

G.H. Peck has his barn completed and it is an ornament to his premises.

Snow Kidding, *The Landmark*, April 9, 1887

*The snow that's now begun to melt
Just fills a want that's long been felt,
For winter's nearly took our pelt.*

Who? *The Landmark*, October 22, 1887

Charles Tewksbury was home over Sunday to visit his parents—and her!

Rogue's Gallery, *The Landmark*, November 26, 1887

Old lady Huntoon is home from her summer residence at West Charleston. In fact she has been home for a full month and never let us know it for fear that we would put her name in *The Landmark*. We'll bet she wants us to put it there. That is the way the young girls act and the old girls many of them are more roguish than the younger ones.

Boom! *The Landmark*, April 8, 1882

Everything is booming in Lebanon.

Gone to Market? *The Landmark*, June 3, 1882

Somebody in West Hartford has lost a pig. One was seen Tuesday on Beaver Meadow Road in full speed for somewhere.

Jumbo's Coming! *The Landmark*, July 22, 1882

Barnum believes in advertising. He has 700 feet of bill boards in our village—280 feet in one stretch; he pays Morse \$150 to put them up and take them down when he is done with them, the lumber belonging to Morse all the time. He also pays Nutt \$150 for the use of his grounds upon which to show the immense Jumbo. One of his tents is to be 480 feet long.

Jumbo's Gone! *The Landmark*, August 5, 1882

Miss "Jumbo," the great sensation of the day; Where is she? Like the comet she came among us, gave out a few scintillations of light, and disappeared as sudden as she came.

Expeditious, *The Landmark*, August 5, 1882

A.W.C. Latham has gone on a fishing expedition.

P.S. — He is home again.

Hartford Historical Society

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HHS Calendar

THE GARIPAY HOUSE MUSEUM is open by appointment and/or when the “Welcome” flag is hanging on the front porch. 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 Tuesday of the month at the Garipay House at 10:00 a.m. (Please check for exact date.)

Wednesday, April 8, 2026 - “**Reminiscing about the Past in White River Junction and West Lebanon,**” presented by Steve Taylor. 7:00 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ; 1721 Maple St., Hartford Village. Free and accessible.

Sunday, April 12, 2026 - “**A SMALL PLACE THROUGH TIME: West Hartford, Vermont, 1781-2017,**” presentation and book signing with Cameron Clifford. 2-4 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ; 1721 Maple St., Hartford Village. Free and accessible.

Wednesday, June 10, 2026 - “**Jericho Schoolhouse,**” with George Miller and Judy Barwood. On site. Free and accessible.

Wednesday, September 9, 2026 - “**The Native Americans’ American Revolution,**” presented by Dr. Colin Galloway. 7:00 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ; 1721 Maple St., Hartford Village. Free and accessible.

Wednesday, November 11, 2026 - “**War in the Connecticut River Valley, 1777-1782,**” presented by Izzy Provoncha. 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 3-6 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.