



Hartford Historical Society

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

Volume 15, No. 4

SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

April 2003

The Creation of Basketball

Robert Cheney to perform a “living history” of Dr James Naismith’s life.

At the April 9th meeting of the Hartford Historical Society, to be held at the Greater Hartford Church of Christ at 7:00 p.m., Robert Cheney will present "AHA! James Naismith, Creator of Basketball."

Mr. Cheney, who will take on the persona of Dr. Naismith, explains, "My goal is to present an entertaining theatrical performance, bringing history alive. I want to 'publicize' Dr. Naismith, to bring him due credit for his contributions to the world, but even more, to establish him as an inspirational role model for his work ethic and Christian values, his ingenuity and magnanimity."



Robert Cheney

Through this historical perspective, people will see how this one man fit—and changed—the world.

But the primary aim is to stimulate the creative talent in each of us, that it might be nurtured, celebrated, and practiced—daily—to the betterment of our individuality and the world. We may lack “genius” but we can all be ingenious.

Dr. Naismith, given little, gave much. He did indeed leave the world a little better. May his spirit live on."

Although Dr. Naismith has influenced millions worldwide, few recognize his name. Despite humble and tragic beginnings, this uncommon common man gave the world valuable research and inventions, including the game of basketball (a homework assignment at Springfield College in Massachusetts in 1891). The audience will have the opportunity to hear his life story and to discover how he invented the game which people all

over the globe enjoy during their leisure time.

“Dinna think you canna’ master it! Do it! And make a man o’yoursel!”

“I want to leave the world a little better than I found it. That is the motto I had then and it is the motto I have today.”

“Dr. Gulick said ‘There is nothing new under the sun, only recombinations of things that already exist.’ So I replied, ‘Then all we have to do is find a new combination to have the game we are looking for!’”

“Aha! I have it’ Duck on the rock!”

“It is your inner life, the things you do and say that will influence fellows and make men. I wish everyone of you the pleasure of having a bunch of fellows come up to you and san, ‘I am glad I knew you. You have been a help in my life.’”

“The most important thing in athletic competition is to lose gracefully, win courteously, accept criticism as well as praise, and appreciate the attitude of the other fellow at all times.”



Dr James Naismith

Next Meeting:

Wednesday, April 9, 2003
Greater Hartford Church of Christ
7:00 pm

Robert Cheney *presents*
AHA! James Naismith
Creator of Basketball

HARTFORDS LINKED BY CIVIL WAR FLAG

From the Vermont Standard,
January 12, 1928, 5:3

A Hartford, Conn., newspaper of a recent date tells an interesting story of the linking of that city with Hartford, Vt., at the beginning of the Civil war by a banner that was given Vermont troops and is one that is still cherished in the Green Mountain state community.

This story is of especial interest to Vermonters at this time of flood rehabilitation for the Connecticut city has again interested itself in the welfare of the Vermont town by the same name. History is being repeated after 66 years.

It was 66 years ago at the beginning of the Civil War, that the spirit of good will between Hartford, Conn., and Hartford, Vt., which has recently found expression in the \$13,000 fund raised here for flood relief in the Vermont community, first became manifest--and the chamber of commerce is now proceeding with plans to preserve this original token as a sort of memorial. It is a flag, inscribed: "From Hartford, Conn., to Hartford, Vt.," which was presented to Captain Samuel E. Pingree, later governor of Vermont, when he and his company of Hartford, Vt., volunteers marched through this city on their way south in 1861.

The incident comes to light in a letter from Roland E. Stevens, chairman of the Hartford-to-Hartford committee, received Wednesday by the chamber. He says the banner is tattered and damaged by time and use. The chamber proposes to appropriate money sufficient to have it preserved,

and if possible place it in some public building in the Vermont town.

Mr. Stevens' letter sets forth the circumstances which revealed the story:

"Sunday I called on the widow of ex-Governor Samuel E. Pingree. Mrs. Pingree is nearly 90 years old and lives not far from my house. We were talking about the Hartford, Conn. people and Mrs. Pingree told me that she still has a flag which the people of Hartford, Conn., presented to a Hartford company of volunteers raised here in this town by ex-Governor Pingree who was at that time captain of the company. This was in the early days of the Civil war after Lincoln had asked for volunteers.

"Cap[tain] Pingree (afterwards governor of Vermont state) marched with his company from here through Hartford, Conn., on his way south, and when the company reached Hartford, Conn., a flag was presented to Captain Pingree either by the mayor or by some committee. On the flag was inscribed: 'From Hartford, Conn., to Hartford, Vt.' This flag went with the Hartford company and was brought back by Capt. Pingree. Mrs. Pingree says the flag is about ready to fall to pieces. I thought you people in Hartford would be interested to hear about this."

Ed Note: Sent to us by Don from the Woodstock Historical Society, with a note saying, "Here it is. Hope you may be able to solve the mystery."

More on Snow Roller

Letter from Harris Lyman about his recollections:

Hi - I am one of the last students to attend the Jericho 1-room school house. They closed the school in June of 1947 and I was in the 6th grade, off to the big school in the fall of that year.

What I am writing you about is the recent newsletter regarding the old snow rollers.

I do not believe the roller pictured is the one left to rot next to the stone wall behind the old school. All of the 6 to 8 kids that were in school for my 6 years there (this includes all grades) played "hide & seek", "king of the hill" and other games inside, on top and all around the roller that was left there. I remember it was around 3 to 4 feet in diameter and easy to climb on. The one pictured in the article is as tall as the horses pulling it.

I believe my Father plus other Lymans and the Nott (Merton) families of the neighborhood with their horse teams rolled the Jericho District with this roller.

My brother Norman may be able to give more insight as to the people that used it. Too bad when you're in the 6th grade you do not know how nice and important it would have been to have saved it.

Keep up your good work,
Harris Lyman

From Tom Houghton

Another article called "Snow Rollers" can be found in the January, 1966 issue of Rural Vermonter. Leroy C. Flint recalls and describes the snow roller operated by his father around 1895 in Middlesex, Vt.

My Heart on My Sleeve

By Alice Adams McGinnis Mireault

4th Installment

Chapter 3 - 1920—Summertime

IN LATE JUNE, Aunt Emma will come to call and review the past few months. She is the widow of Uncle Elmer. We must briefly, go back to tell you that story.

Dad's Uncle Elmer Adams was Judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, eighth district in St. Louis, Mo. from 1905 until his death on October 24, 1916. He and Aunt Emma spent summers at their elegant brick home in aristocratic Woodstock.

Uncle Elmer, having grown up in the area, was interested and took an active part in local affairs. He and Aunt Emma were very fond of my father and his family, who were farming on good fertile land in neighboring Pomfret.

I presume Dad filled the void of a son they never had. Uncle Elmer was never a farmer as was his brother, Mark, my grandfather. Instead he attended and "graduated with high honors in 1865 from Yale University."

Foreseeing the rapid advance of the automobile age, Uncle Elmer urged Dad to buy a farm in a more progressive area. The old stage stop with its adequate barns and big house seemed the prime location and included plenty of acreage. The house was in very poor condition but Uncle Elmer said he would replace it with a new one. The deal was finally made. Dad, Mother and Dorothy moved into the small house nearby. I believe this was 1914.

Uncle Elmer was elated and, before his return to St. Louis in the fall of 1915, he had arranged for the old house to be torn down and had made plans for all new buildings. The summer of 1916 was a joy to him as he walked the grounds and plans were in his mind constantly. He and Aunt Emma treated Dorothy and me in their own genteel manner like grandchildren. (I had arrived on the scene March 2, 1915.) Our own paternal grandparents, Mark and Alice Udall Adams had died in 1911 and 1912.

The house was being demolished and all was progressing according to plans. The poorest of the barns was already down. In late summer of 1916 Uncle Elmer left for his winter in the midwest.

He was never to return.

On October 24, 1916, Judge Elmer Bragg Adams suddenly died at age 74. The next day, October 25, Dad's brother Will died at age 39.

The loss of these two men who were close to him left Dad emotionally shocked and the financial uncertainty was a factor to be reckoned with.

Aunt Emma hastily assured Dad that money was set

aside for the house. She saw to it that a fine eight room house was built.

Now, back to the summer of 1920....

Aunt Emma arrives, sitting primly on the back seat of a chauffeur-driven black touring car. She is formally assisted from the car to our door by the unsmiling, stiff-necked driver. Still fully clad in black mourning attire, including a short veil, Aunt Emma is a frail little lady, delicate and sweet.

A subtle exotic fragrance wafts about her. Her touch is as gentle as her voice, and her skin is soft and warm. I am thoroughly entranced by her presence. I feel this lady's kiss on my cheek for days. Soon, I become restless and Mother is trying to send me to play. Aunt Emma calls her chauffeur and he is dispatched to the village store, with me sitting wide-eyed in the back seat.

He buys me a huge ice cream cone, chocolate, my favorite, and smiles. "Aren't you going to have one, too?" I ask, "It's good." After a slight pause he nods, "I believe I will." We visit as we lick our ice cream and I tell him, "Grandma lives just down the road." "Why do I have to sit in the back seat alone?" I ask. He answers, "You may sit in the front seat with me to go home." Much better.

Dorothy passes inspection with flying colors. She has recently returned from Northfield Seminary with good grades. She plays the piano real well for Aunt Emma which adds to her good standing. She is assured of her return to Northfield in September. (This means her tuition is taken care of.) Dorothy has mixed feelings about it. She likes a lot of things at school and has nice friends there, but she never stops being homesick. Aunt Emma is not aware of this.

Then more attention is paid to "Dear Charlie" and "Winifred." She commends Mother on being a good wife and mother and is glad she enjoys the house and mentions that Mother takes excellent care of it. She weeps daintily as she tells Dad how proud and happy he made Uncle Elmer. Dad is touched by her kind remarks. I am afraid he will cry, too.

We all have lemonade, tea and cookies (homemade ones). I can't believe I remain quiet, or reasonably so, I am so impressed because I really don't remember Aunt Emma much from last year, and she is so special. Also, she says I'm a sweet child! Imagine that! I'm sent out with a plate of cookies and lemonade for the chauffeur, so we talk a little. He has a little girl, older than I.

Then Aunt Emma is ready to leave, so Dad helps her to the car. The chauffeur is holding the door open and has the black robe on his arm to put over her lap. She thanks her chauffeur for being my friend, so I guess I've been

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

chattering about him to her. They take their leave with Aunt Emma assuming the look of a queen as they drive away.

Mother and Dorothy carefully clear away the inherited Haviland china and best silver spoons, wash out the linen tea cloth and napkins and the party is over.

1921

DAD RECEIVES AN ANSWER to an application he made last year. He gets the job of taking care of the road for some specific miles. Early (at 2 a.m.) he is up, and after a hasty breakfast for his team and himself, sets out with the road grader. There are no hard surfaces, just all dirt roads. The grading and scraping has to be done before sunup because calcium chloride has been used to keep the dust down and harden the road surface. At sunrise they return. Dad then does the milking and goes on with whatever seasonal project is in the works.

Mother's summer boarders arrive. These city people come yearly to enjoy the country, our large airy rooms and Mother's good meals. They stay two or three weeks, then different ones come. The Macks are from Switzerland and have come often over the years, finally buying a summer home (on the Podunk road) I think. They give Mother a rubber plant which Dad calls a tree. It blows clear into the river from the porch the day we have a terribly hard thunderstorm and wind. "That's the day Uncle Will Savage's barn blows away. It is found across the river, in a heap. A little of the lumber can be salvaged. Also Dad finds the rubber plant down at the bend of the river and retrieves it, a little bit bent and bruised, but it stood the excursion surprisingly well. It is 4 feet tall.

Dad has a siege with poison ivy. It spreads and bothers him badly. Dorothy tells me "Dad and Mother are working so hard. They both nod off if they sit down a few

minutes and Dad sometimes goes to sleep leaning on the cow while milking." Electricity is not available this far north, yet. Uncle Gage has a gasoline engine to power milking machines. Electricity has just come to the village so perhaps we can have it before too long. Mother does all that washing with a wash boiler and scrub board and imagine Dad milking all those cows twice each day by hand.

Dorothy helps real well and I am learning to do errands and help some. I feel important and tease to do things I'm not able to do. Mother says, "I hope you still feel anxious to help when you are capable of it."

Raspberry Shrub

Any desired amount of raspberries may be used. Four to six quarts is a convenient amount. Place them in a large agateware kettle, and just cover with vinegar. They do not want to have too much vinegar on them, so be careful not to float any of the berries. Allow to stand overnight or 16 to 24 hours. Squeeze the mixture through a cheesecloth. For each cup of liquid add one cup of sugar and boil for 20 minutes. Cool and bottle. Keep in a cool place. To serve, put approximately the same amount of raspberry shrub, as you would of concentrated grape juice, and fill the glass with water or cracked ice.

This is one of the best soft drinks or fruit drinks known to man, and is really simple to prepare.

E. M. Esterbrook

Note: This Raspberry Shrub recipe, and the earlier publication of the Strawberry Shortcake, are two of three recipes in Alice's book. The next will appear when appropriate.

From American Guide Series **VERMONT**—A Guide to the Green Mountain State, written by workers of the Federal Writer's Project of the Works Progress Administration for the State of Vermont. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1937.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, 0m.

Just north of White River Junction across the White River, the residential section lies along the north bank, in agreeable contrast to the unrelieved industrial and commercial aspect of the village center.

The rapids at the confluence of the White and Connecticut Rivers nearly took the lives of Rogers and his three scouts. Battling the tug of swift water, they barely made shore above the falls. There they had to abandon the raft, walk to the foot of the falls, and build another. Rogers accomplished this by burning down trees, and burning the trunks off at the proper length. Meanwhile, Captain Ogden had the good fortune to shoot a partridge, which provided sustenance for the last lap of their terrible Journey.

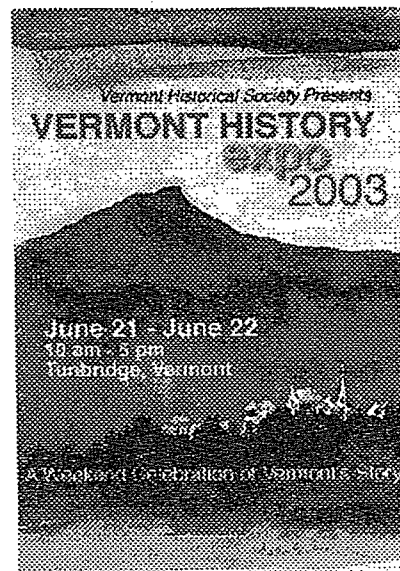
WILDER (alt 430) 1.9m., was originally known as Olcott Falls, from the falls in the Connecticut here, by which large paper mills were established. Since the mills closed, the water-power is utilized by the New England Power Association, and Wilder is little more than a residential suburb of White River Junction. Its modernity is indicated in the regular pattern of planned streets and close-set houses.

Vermont History Expo Set for June 21 & 22

Local historical societies across the state, speakers, performers, re-enactors, and musicians are preparing for this year's Vermont History Expo at the Tunbridge World's Fair Ground. This event has proved to be an enjoyment for all participants, volunteers as well as attendees. You will be hearing more in the future about how The Hartford Historical Society will be involved. Mark this event on your calendar now.

Daily admission costs are Adults \$7.00 and Children & Students (6-18 yrs.) \$4.00. Children 5 yrs. and under are admitted free. There is a 20% discount for groups of 20 or more.

NOTE: Half-price admission on Saturday, June 21, for visitors in period dress.



Partial List of Donations— Thank You

Item	Given by
WATSON, EDWIN CHENEY 1977-1878 [Diary transcribed] - BOOK 1877-8	Judy Barwood
STONECREST FARM BARN - PHOTOGRAPHS 2003	Jeffrey Arnold
WHITE RIVER PAPER CO, WRJCT - Products/R. Steward - POST CARD 1960	Tom Houghton
BOOK TITLED: SKETCH OF ELIAS LYMAN 3RD by Louis H. Lyman 1925	Willard P. Ogburn
OLD POST CARDS OF WRJCT, WILDER & HARTFORD C 1910	W. Bruce Dudley
PHOTOGRAPHS OF HARTFORD VILLAGE, ETC. 2000	Evelyn Stevens
"DOGGERELS ON A DOG BOSO" - Poem by Kate Morris Cone	Nathaniel &
MORRIS CONE—letters folded in leather wallet dated 1815-66	Charles Perry
DOCUMENTS, RECORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS from EARL DROWN Estate	Wendell & Judeen Barwood
HARTFORD HIGH SCHOOL—DORRIS MARGUERITE HOWARD diploma	Dot Jones
HARTFORD HIGH SCHOOL—WILLIS WESLEY HOWARD diploma	Dot Jones
DR. ROLLIN J. GOSS—Letter from John Goss about R.G.'s life in Hartford	John P Goss
PHOTOS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS from HELEN PACKARD HOUSE	Nelson (Helen Packard) Fogg

If you have donations you wish to make to the Hartford Historical Society, please contact Pat Stark at 296-2192.

Hartford Historical Society

POST OFFICE BOX 547
HARTFORD, VERMONT 05047



NON-PROFIT
ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit 15
Hartford, VT
05047

Membership Renewal

Have you renewed your Membership in The Hartford Historical Society for 2003? Your continuing membership is important in many ways, as it helps support the ongoing efforts to preserve our past. Additionally, it will cost our Society more money to mail out the Newsletter if we don't continue to the minimum count required for Bulk Mailing.

Betty Mills, our Membership Chairman, has been sending reminders. Please check your records to see if you have renewed. **We need your help.**

Officers

Chairman	Mary Nadeau	295-2123
Vice President	Norman Lyman	295-2061
Treasurer	Peggy McDerment	295-2357

President	Dot Jones	295-2701
Secretary	David Ford	295-7105

Your Board of Directors

John J. Clerkin	295-1365
Richard Simonds	295-3131
Fred Bradley	295-3819
Betty Mills	436-1379
Alice Hazen	295-2481

Tom Houghton	295-2470
Roberta Simond	295-3131
Bob Follensbee	295-3649
Everett Smith	295-3277
Sue Ellen Shambo	296-2230

Newsletter:

Editor: Muriel Farrington

Printing: John Lutz
