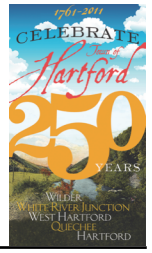




Hartford Historical Society

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

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



Volume 33, No. 2

SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

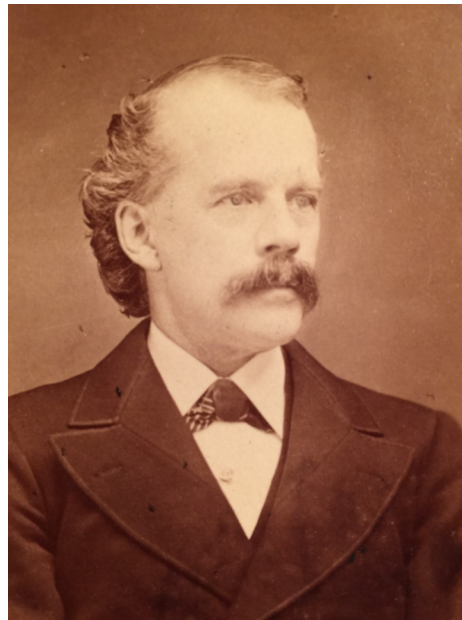
May-June 2020

Who was William Howard Tucker?

From History of Hartford, Vermont by William Howard Tucker

William Howard Tucker was born in Sharon, Vermont on June 19, 1826. He went to Danville, VT with his father in 1827 and thence to Haverhill, NH in 1828 and West Hartford, VT in the spring of 1832.

At the age of ten, he commenced to work with his father at house painting in which trade he continued until he was nineteen in the meantime attending winter terms of district schools and at the age of fourteen one term at Norwich Academy. In the fall of 1845, he entered Kimball Union academy Meriden, NH to prepare for college but after three terms was compelled by poor health to relinquish his studies at that institution. In 1846 he entered the service of Col. James Moore then chief engineer of the surveys made for the Vermont Central railroad as rodman and chainman in which work he continued two years then returned home and went to work on his father's farm.



William Howard Tucker documented Hartford's history from 1761 to 1889. Previously, he pursued careers as a surveyor, farmer, engineer, soldier, journalist, and salesman.

In the spring of 1851, he went to Plattsburgh, NY where he resumed railroad life as assistant to his brother Samuel B. Tucker who had charge of the construction of a division of the Plattsburgh and Montreal Railroad and there remained for nearly two years. In the autumn of 1853 he was appointed assistant engineer on the surveys for the extension of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad from Saint Johnsbury, VT to the Canada line after which he was assistant engineer on the survey of the line between Plattsburgh, NY and Whitehall, NY which ended his career as a civil engineer.

In 1856, Mr. Tucker canvassed Vermont and Canada east for the Tucker Mfg. Co. of Boston and in 1857 canvassed New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, Indiana, the New England states, and a portion of Canada for the same firm. In 1857 he

Continued on page 3.



Hartford Historical Society Annual Meeting, Sunday, May 31

2 p.m. at the Garipay House. Everyone welcome.

Please watch our website and the *Valley News* for confirmation.

From the Editor . . .

William Howard Tucker left an autobiographical sketch in his book *History of Hartford, Vermont; 1761-1889* and we present an edited version here since many people know the book but not the author.

It's hard to imagine the scale of Hartford's 150th anniversary pageant or the sense of community it created among residents in 1911. *The Landmark* reported that, "All who attended the exercises greatly appreciated every detail of the proceedings."

The pageant committee of Robert E. Smith, Dr. George Stephens, and Kate Morris Cone mobilized prominent residents from across New England who arrived by train and were driven by car and carriage to Pine Point on the bluff above the present-day Co-op. Some 400 residents took part as cast and crew. The pageant introduction and list of scenes written by Mrs. Cone appear in this issue.

We also welcome an article by Art Peale on the need to better preserve Hartford's cemetery records. As

well as memories from Ken Parker of a visitor named Harrison who sometimes appeared at the back door of his parents' restaurant when he was growing up. As a train hub, Hartford has a rich history of visitors who rode the rails.

Please plan to attend our annual meeting on May 31 at the Garipay House. We will confirm plans as the date approaches. Your participation is greatly appreciated as are suggestions for the newsletter!

I'll quickly note we are in need of shoe boxes/lids for storage as well as milk jugs or other larger bottles that will hold water. Please call or email to make arrangements.

And, once again, please check your mailing label to see if it's time to renew your membership. **Overdue memberships will be highlighted in yellow.** Please use the PayPal form on our website to renew. Thanks!

Scott Fletcher, Editor

Hartford Notes

- Harold Bell Sr., interviewed in 2005 by Ronald Theriault, recalled the many trains that passed through Hartford as he grew up. "... the trains were all coal burning steam engines, and there were a lot of them in and out in a day. I've heard say that while mail routes and the passenger trains and the freights were running, there was one hundred and fifty trains a day in and out of White River Junction. There were mail cars on each train going in four different directions, and there was a crew for each of them, and they used to hold over in White River. It was a transfer point. But the one thing I remember about those coal burning engines is that any building in town you didn't want to lean against it or touch it because they were so covered with the soot from those steamers that it wasn't feasible to sit on a ledge on a building or anything like that unless you had your railroad clothes on."



Hartford Historical Society

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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.

William Howard Tucker continued from page 1.

entered into partnership with his brother Samuel B. Tucker and purchased of the heirs of the late David Hazen the home farm in West Hartford.

August 28, 1858 he was solicited by Messrs Mitchell & Rammelsburg of Cincinnati manufacturers of furniture to become their traveling salesman and collector in the southern and southwestern states which position he accepted at a handsome salary. Owing to an almost entire suspension of trade between the slave and free states in 1860, Mr. Tucker suffered the loss of this position but soon after became chief clerk in the freight office of the Pan Handle Railroad in Cincinnati which position he held until April 2, 1862 when he was appointed chief clerk and cashier of the Commissary Dept. of the Army of the Cumberland. He continued to hold the same office in various departments of the military service until August 1, 1866.

After leaving the army, Mr. Tucker was for a short time employed by certain steamboat owners as their attorney to settle their claims against the government for the transportation of troops and supplies. Returning to Vermont in September 1866 he was soon after tendered by the New York Life Insurance Co. the position of general agent for the State of Ohio with headquarters in Cincinnati but after consulting with the general manager on the subject Mr. Tucker then doubting his ability to successfully conduct a business of such magnitude without the least experience in the business declined to accept the agency--a decision which he has had abundant reasons to regret.

In 1869 at the request of Hon. John Porter and other citizens of Hartford he engaged in the work of preparing a history of Hartford for publication in Miss Hemmenway's *Vermont Gazetteer*. While engaged in this work he found considerable time to devote to attendance upon musical conventions held in various portions of New England including the great Peace Jubilee held in Boston in 1869 and reporting the proceedings of these to various newspapers and musical journals. In the spring of 1871 after placing his manuscript history of Hartford in the hands of Miss Hemmenway, Mr. Tucker went to New York City to become the editor of the *Musical Review* then published by Charles W. Harris but failing to make satisfactory business arrangements with Mr. Harris he obtained a place on the staff of the *New York Daily Globe* as financial reporter which position he resigned a few months later and returned to West Hartford.



William Howard Tucker and his brother bought the childhood home of Howard's wife Susan J. Hazen in West Hartford, in 1857. Howard and Susan had four children but separated in 1873. Tucker died in 1895 and is buried in the West Hartford Cemetery.

During the years 1872-1874 he devoted the greater portion of his time to attendance upon musical and political conventions conferences of the churches, agricultural fairs, etc., and reporting the proceedings of the same.

During the winter and spring of 1874, Mr. Tucker was the guest of Professor W. O. Perkins of Boston the eminent composer of music who was at that time vice president of the Handel and Haydn Society and president of the Theodore Parker Memorial Association of Boston. During his stay with Prof. Perkins he had the rare privilege of attending the regular weekly rehearsals of the Handel and Haydn Society conducted by Carl Zerrahn also those of the Harvard and the Apollo Clubs. By invitation of Prof. Lowell Mason superintendent of music in the public schools of Boston he visited in company with that gentleman nearly every public school in that city and in addition to this rare treat found time to visit the studios of the eminent sculptor Hiram Powers and other artists, public libraries, galleries of famous paintings, and many public institutions.

In 1875, Mr. Tucker entered into the wholesale lumber business at White River Junction in which he continued until 1880. In 1876, he was appointed Vermont manager of the New York Associated Press which office he held until April 1887. From January 1, 1880 to August 1, 1885 he was the general agent of the Morris & Ireland Safe Co. of Boston and the Mosler Bahmann Safe Co. of Cincinnati, OH for Vermont, Western New Hampshire, and Canada. In September 1885 he entered upon the work of preparing and publishing a history of Hartford, Vermont which he completed in May 1889.



Remembering a Sampler Time

Susan J. Hazen of Hartford, Vermont stitched a simple sampler in 1837 with the usual letters, numbers, and virtuous verse while alternating the colors from word to word, a technique found in the Connecticut River Valley. Important buildings were often featured on samplers. This example depicts Dartmouth Hall in nearby Hanover, New Hampshire, the largest building in the area; it appears with its distinctive cupola in the lower left corner. The building is accompanied by a stylized “Lone Pine,” a symbol of Dartmouth College since the late eighteenth century. The actual “Lone Pine,” a colonial era white pine atop Observatory Hill above the Dartmouth green, was still standing when Susan worked her sampler in 1837. Several members of the Hazen family attended Dartmouth.

Susan Jane Hazen was one of eight children born to David Hazen (1791-1853), a tanner and farmer, and Nancy Savage (1797-1879). In 1849 she married William Howard Tucker (1826-1895), a civil engineer, historian, and author of *History of Hartford, Vermont* (Burlington, 1889). They had four children. Her husband wrote about Susan’s mother in his noted volume, “Mrs. Hazen was a prudent, industrious wife, reared her daughters in an exemplary manner. They were deft at the great and little spinning wheel and at the loom.” Reprinted from, *With Needle and Brush (Schoolgirl Embroidery from the Connecticut Valley, 1740-1840)*

Knowledge and virtue both combined
 Like flower and fruit in youthful mind
 Yield charms of brighter luster far
 Than wealth can boast or beauty wear
 Virtue and wit with science joind
 Reform the manner please the mind
 And when industry they meet
 The whole character is complete

Susan J. Hazen
 Hartford VT AE 11 years 1837

This sampler by Susan J. Hazen depicts Dartmouth Hall and the iconic “Lone Pine” on the Dartmouth campus. Susan learned textile arts from her mother Nancy Savage Hazen. She married noted author William Howard Tucker in 1849.

Answering a Knock at the Back Door

Ken Parker recalls that people regularly knocked on the back door of his parent's restaurant in White River Junction and asked for something to eat. The restaurant was on South Main Street near the train station. Some visitors hopped off a train for a quick meal while others stayed awhile and perhaps found temporary employment.

"We had people coming to the back door of the restaurant on a daily basis looking for a handout," Parker said in 2007 during an interview for the Hartford Oral History Project. "People who were traveling folk, people who were hobos, and itinerants who rode the rails."

"I don't ever remember a single soul coming to the restaurant and asking for food and not being given a meal by my folks," he continues. "That was just something they did. Sometimes they would ask someone to do something in return--a minor task or something. It was kind of my dad's way of saying, 'You know, we'll help you but you've got to pay a little bit for it.' I met a lot of interesting characters at the back door."

One visitor named Harrison stands out. "This guy's image and the conversations I had with him over the years have stuck with me," says Parker. "He was a college educated man and he had a couple of books with him. He asked if there was anything he could do for a meal, so my dad said, 'Sure.'"

Parker recalls that there was usually leftover food in the kitchen after his parents had prepared food for the day, as there was on the day Harrison arrived. "So my dad filled a plate with enough food for three men and Harrison wolfed it down."

Then, Harrison mentioned that he had some skills and would be glad to help do a few things. "At that time, my parents had purchased some buildings downtown and were converting them into apartments so there was always something to be torn out or rehabbed. So Harrison worked for a couple of weeks and it went pretty well." The Parkers provided Harrison with meals and a place to stay.

But one day Harrison disappeared. "Without warning, he was nowhere to be found," says Ken Parker. "It was like a wisp in the wind. We figured,



Ken Parker's parents ran the Junction Restaurant in the third building from right. The two buildings on the right are no longer standing. Ken says there was a knock on the back door almost every day and his parents never turned away a hungry visitor.

well, he got the itch and it was time to move on."

During the summer Harrison surfaced periodically, worked for awhile, and then he'd be gone again. "Over a number of years, we got to know Harrison pretty well," says Parker. "It was like the swallows that return to Capistrano. Harrison would return to White River Junction about the same time each spring."

"You could almost sense when he would appear. In fact, we'd say, 'You know, it's about time for Harrison to show up.' Then, there would be a knock on the door and it would be Harrison--having spent the winter someplace. You knew that sometime in early October, his migratory instincts were going to lead him off someplace."

"One year when he came back, my dad said, 'Harrison where'd you spend the winter?' He said, 'Well, I found this little town in Pennsylvania where the jailer will give you three hot meals a day, and not make you work very hard.' So that's where Harrison spent the winter year after year."

"Harrison was a well-read man, he had an interesting perspective on things, and told fascinating stories about his travels," says Parker. "He just obviously was somebody who could not be held accountable or stay in one place. He had a wanderlust that just grabbed him more than anything else."

1911 Pageant Created by Kate Morris Cone Taught Hartford's History in Thirteen Scenes



The pageant finale, above, featured many youth of the town who were recognized as, "Future citizens of Hartford." At left, scenes recognized the formation and drilling of troops at the Center of Town in 1775 for the Revolution and 1777 for the Battle of Bennington. Opposite are a list of pageant scenes and the introduction for the pageant written by Kate Morris Cone who was a student of local history and guiding force in the community.

Hartford's charter is dated July 4, 1761. As the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that date approached in 1911, Kate Morris Cone wrote brief descriptions of memorable events in the area and imagined a community celebration of the resolute people who built the town, the state, and the nation.

Soon, Mrs. Charles M. Cone, as she was known, had formed a committee to plan the event including Dr. George Stephens, a widely known veterinarian and former Vermont Cattle Commissioner, and Robert E. Smith, president of the prominent business Smith and Sons. With local management in place, Mrs. Cone secured artistic direction from veteran pageant master Margaret McLaren Eager. The Hartford select board approved a contribution of \$500 for the event and hundreds of local residents were soon preparing to take part.

The pageant was performed in a natural amphitheater at the end of what is now Worcester Avenue. Seating was erected and spaces were marked for patrons to view the pageant from their cars. The pageant was performed on Saturday July 1, Monday July 3, and twice on Tuesday July 4. Guests arriving by train were driven up the hill in cars and carriages.

The Landmark newspaper of July 6, 1911 notes that, "'Grand' is the word used by everybody in describing the pageant." Further, it says that, "To Mrs. Charles M. Cone, the idea and suggestion of the pageant and her disinterested work to the end of its success, do the town's people accord every praise and appreciation."

Hartford Pageant Scenes

In these scenes, Mrs. Cone shared her appreciation of Hartford's history and her vision for the future.

- I. The Wilderness Indian camp at White Junction. Indian Hunt dance.
- II. French soldiers and Indian braves on their way to Deerfield. They camp on their return at White River, laden with booty and bringing with them captives from Deerfield. Little Stephen Williams is parted from his father.
- III. Scouts and Rangers at White River. Robert Rogers passes White River on his way to Fort No 4--Canoe returns with supplies for his starving men.
- IV. British Regulars and Colonials camp at river after the Fall of Quebec and celebrate the victory with songs and good cheer.
- V. The wedding of Gov Benning Wentworth at Portsmouth. Arrival of men from Connecticut to ask for the charter of Hartford and its sister towns.
- VI. The coming of the First Settlers.
- VII. A Sunday service in the open. Aaron Hutchinson preaches his first sermon and collects his salary, which is paid in grain.
- VIII. Eleazar Wheelock and the Dartmouth College students reach Hartford on their way to Hanover. They are welcomed by their friends in Hartford.
- IX. The guns of Bunker Hill. Town meeting of June 19, 1775. Organization of the town for defense drilling at the Center.
- X. The Republic of the Green Mountains. Muster of Hartford company for Bennington on August 14, 1777.
- XI. The Burning of Royalton. Phineas Parkhurst gives the alarm down White River. Refugees from Royalton. March of Minute Men.
- XII. Social life in early 19th Century. A husking bee. Dr. Parkhurst comes in his sulky.
- XIII. Finale Ensemble of the Pageant Grand Army of the Republic. Citizens of the Future.

In Honor of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary Of the Chartering of the Town of Hartford

By Kate Morris Cone

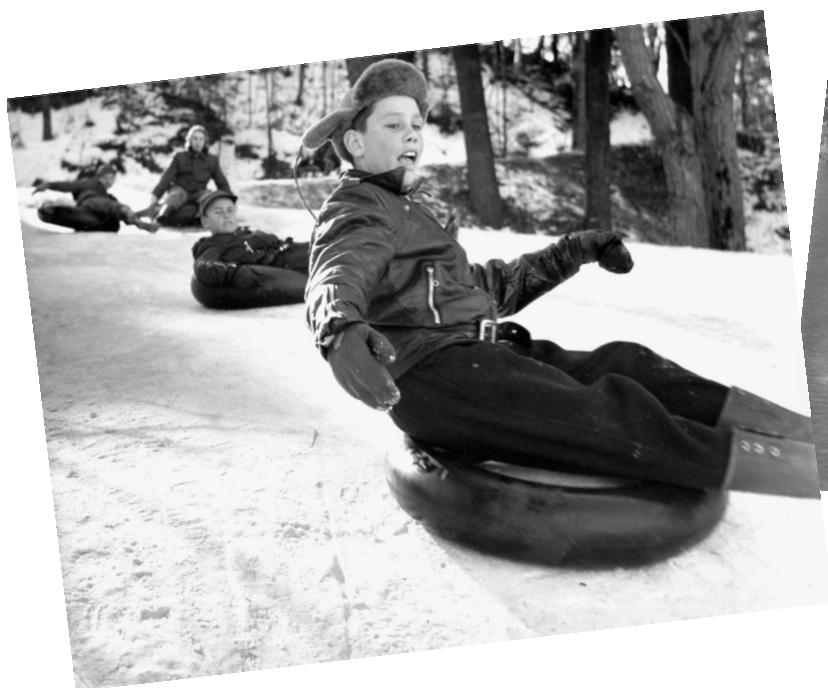
Its fair meadows and valuable water privileges were doubtless the attractions which led the original grantees of Hartford to choose the territory through which the White River flows near the end of its course. To them it counted little that the stream had always been and would continue to be a part of a main road of travel. They knew the point where the White River empties into the Connecticut as a camping ground for Indians and captives and as a starting point for scouting parties in the French and Indian wars; but long before white men came over sea, it had been a station in an ancient river highway from the Atlantic ocean to the Great Lakes; and in the undreamed of changes in methods of travel which a century would bring forth, it was destined to become a hustling, bustling railroad center, halfway between Boston and Montreal, and New York and Quebec.

Such a spot invites history. Here halted men of different races and civilizations bound northward and southward on errands of continental import. Here rested for a night captive women and children wearily tramping three hundred miles to Canada. Hither came, as to the gateway of the promised land, the pioneers, hardy and hopeful, "the sifted wheat" of Connecticut. Here, just one hundred years later, in the great days of '61, gathered and passed many a Vermont regiment bound for Washington.

The first settlers made their homes high on the hilltops. For seventy-five years Hartford's civil and military center was at its geographical center, an elevated and sightly spot where the first crossroads met near a "convenient green and parade." There the town meetings of the Revolution were held, and Hartford's Revolutionary soldiers were drilled. There the Town Church was built, there the early dead were buried, and there stood a tavern and the town clerk's office. The Pageant takes its scenes from both localities, the one which connects the town with world movements and national interests, and the one which is associated with its internal history and growth.

Wilder Remembered

By Collamer Abbott



Among Hartford's villages Wilder is unique. It has no "Main Street," only avenues. It is also unique, I believe, in being a planned community, laid out in a rectangle we called "the square," with bee-line sidewalks, grass borders and rows of trees, with sidestreets that made more rectangles and more streets that wound away to the river or the hills.

The long sides of the rectangle are Hartford and Norwich avenues. East of the tracks is Passumpsic Avenue, taking its name from the days when the steam cars ran through on the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad.

Look at an early map and there is empty space; farms perhaps (recalled by the present Chandler Road and Terrace and Gillette Street,) a sawmill on Dothan Brook, "French & Chandler" paper mill on the Connecticut River. The broad terrace filled after the Wilder brothers dammed Olcott Falls in 1883 and built a paper mill. Before that John G. Henry, a medical student at Dartmouth, wrote his fiancée that on clear, calm nights he could hear the roar of the falls in Hanover three miles away.

The paper mill developed into a full-fledged industry and the village into a community with skilled and unskilled workers of several nationalities—English, German, Cornish, Scotch (enough to celebrate Bobby Burns birthday), Polish, Irish, and Italian, and Little

Above, photos by Collamer Abbott reflect his childhood in Wilder. Before the paper mill was built in 1883, the roar of Olcott Falls could be heard by students at Dartmouth three miles away.

Canada, a settlement south of the village. But all nationalities mingled in the village proper and although each may have had something to say about the others, I don't remember any race riots.

We played, studied, and suffered together in the depression Thirties.

The 1880s and 90s were hectic days of home building as the mill grew and businesses multiplied. All still existed in my boyhood of the 1920s and 1930s when Wilder had matured and then entered the first stage of its career as a bedroom town. The mill closed in 1927 after labor troubles and strikes that affected a number of mills along the river. There was hopeful talk of the mill being reopened, but gradually the workers migrated or found jobs in Hanover, White River, and other places.

There we were with an eight-room brick grammar school built in 1912 to replace an earlier wooden structure. My mother from Eastport, Maine came to teach in that first year, convinced that Wilder was,

Continued next page.

“the end of the world.” There were two churches, Methodist and Congregationalist, organized in the late 1880s. There was a freight station and spur track to the mill, and a passenger station where, as late as 1943, the train from Montreal could stop at 3 a.m. on a cold January night to pick up a lone passenger headed for the parts of the world he had only dreamed about.

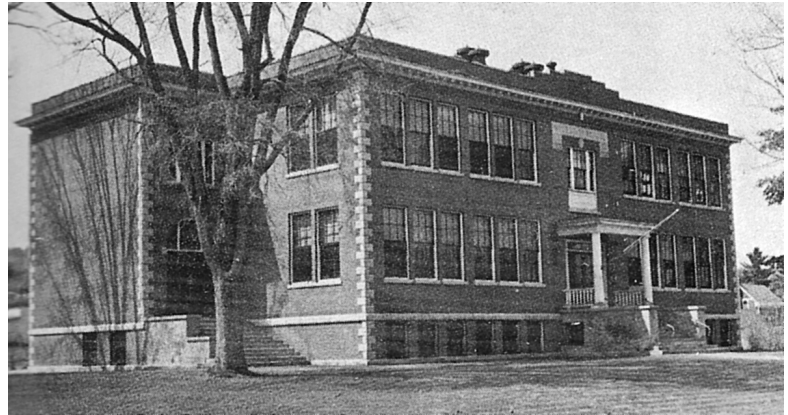
Unusual (at least in spelling) was the Wilder Clvb (sic) and Library, the gift of Charles T. Wilder just before the turn of the century, a true community center with bowling alleys, card, pool, and billiard tables, exercise gear, theater, library, and reading room.

The business district “downstreet,” at the Norwich Avenue-Depot Street angle of the rectangle was still alive in the 1930s. There was Cannell’s general store, Danforth’s with its Tootsie Rolls and penny trinkets, Johnny Banana’s fruit store (he walked around the village taking orders in the morning and delivered on foot in the afternoon), A.J. Trotter’s

drugstore and barber shop with its community shaving mug, Mr. McKnight’s shoe repair, Carbonneau’s garage, the post office, even a shoe store at one time and more businesses I have forgotten.

Neighboring our house on Hartford Avenue at the northwest angle of the rectangle was F. I. Palmer’s general store with everything from buggy whips to dollar Ingersoll pocket watches, brown sugar and salt pork in barrels, men’s dress shirts with detachable celluloid collars, four-buckle overshoes, grain, hardware, and yard goods—Tootsie Rolls and licorice sticks. At one time, a domestic ferret dwelling in the cellar caught mice and rats. And in the barn “Tige” who delivered orders to the village, Christian Street and East Wilder. When they had to shoot “Old Tige” in the backyard, even I felt the end of an era. The new age arrived with a Chevrolet pickup for deliveries.

Where Wilder Automotive and Tip Top Tire were on



Collamer Abbott’s family moved from Eastport, Maine to Wilder in 1912 so his mother could teach in the new brick grammar school. Collamer found the town full of adventure but his mother called it, “the end of the world.”

Hartford Avenue, was once a livery stable, then Beattie’s trucking business, and then a filling station and convenience store. It seems to me there were a beauty parlor and other establishments I have forgotten. Maybe that was later.

The corner now occupied by the post office and Ken’s Country Store was Mr. Ricker’s Garage.

How to describe that youthful wonderland? We could play baseball or football or hockey on numerous empty lots. We could swim in Dothan Brook or the sawmill pond and in the Connecticut with a private bathhouse and diving raft at the present picnic ground. We could boat and skate and fish up and down the river, on the pond in East Wilder, or “the culvert” and below the dam. We could hunt and trap and camp in primeval forests where we explored and dug for nonexistent Indian relics.

If I inadvertently whined to my mother, “I haven’t anything to do,” she would say, “Mow the lawn,” and immediately, I was “too busy.”

Wilder was a combination of all the above and more, including the intangibles—the insistent bell sounding the hours from the steeple clock Mrs. Palmer gave to the Congregational Church; the time bootleggers stole Uncle Carrol’s new Model T from the church shed; Christmas caroling around the village that inevitably ended in a snowball fight and the mournful, reassuring whistle of the locomotives.

One night when we camped out in Ralph Robert’s garage beside the railroad tracks, I swore a train came right through that garage, obliterating me and all those blissful days of yore.

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THANK YOU!

Death is Not the End

By Arthur S. Peale

When someone passes, there is a living space that needs to be dealt with, which could be as small as a room or as large as a house and property. It is unbelievable how little thought some survivors put into dealing with this.

When I was ten, my grandfather died and my father took me to clean out the house. Some of the things my father removed were a Civil War folding chair, a war chest that my great-grandfather made, and a sword that helped him rise from Captain to Lt. Colonel. When I was older, my dad gave these to me and I finally decided to donate them to the Norwich, Connecticut Historical Society.

Paperwork, books, mail, desk drawers, bureau drawers—all can have something of importance. There could be bank accounts or investment documents. I've found several hundred dollars in an envelope in a desk drawer. I've found death certificates and deeds to cemetery plots. These things are important.

Why? A deed to the family plot of my grandfather was found and I have it. During my research, I discovered two empty spaces in the plot beside the ones occupied by my grandfather, his two wives, and my father. I plan on using one.

A young man I met several years ago wanted to put a gravestone on his grandfather's plot. One couldn't be afforded back in 1953 when the grandfather died. The cemetery association couldn't locate the gravesite and stated there was no vault for the grave. Yet the young man not only had all the receipts for the funeral and the burial plot, but also for a vault. He was told the records had been thrown away. So, since the location of the vault could not be confirmed, the grave is still unmarked. Thirty feet down the hill there was another gravesite, also unmarked. I wonder who was buried there?

Vermont law states that all burial records shall be made available to the public. There are many people who want to locate a loved one, do family ancestry research, maintain family plots, or do research for a family or historical society. They need access to these records.

Vermont law also states that cemetery commissions are supposed to maintain "plat maps" that locate burials. Yet some cemetery commissions do not. There is also a conflict of interest law, which states that businesses that deal in burials should not be on

cemetery commissions. Sometimes there is more interest in money than in the needs of families past and present and the sacred responsibility toward the deceased. Here also is an intent to refuse the public from seeing these records because it supposedly costs them money.

Cemetery commissions over the years have been made up of people who were members of local churches, business persons, townspeople who felt a responsibility toward how the cemeteries were kept and probably because they had relatives buried there. However, as many of these people aged and passed on, no one stood up to take their places.

Records of cemeteries were often kept in homes in the form of loose cards, binded books, files. When the individual who had the records passed away, the persons who cleaned out the estates threw these records away, not wanting to bother with them. Not knowing their importance.

Another thing is money paid by people when they buy a plot and get "Perpetual Care." Some people have given, and still do give, endowments to a cemetery for maintenance of their family plots as well as maintenance of the cemetery. These funds are supposed to be, by law, invested and not spent. Only the interest is supposed to be used. Yet this is not necessarily done. Granted, interest paid over the years has not kept up with the rising cost of everything. But that is the responsibility of the individual commissions to figure something out, and act accordingly.

One other very important thing to do, as I was taught by a favorite aunt, is to always write on the back of photos who the people are and what the picture is. I have had to throw away some very important daguerreotypes because of not knowing who they were. There is a need to go through all belongings of anyone who passes away.



When Arthur Peale was ten years old, his father discovered this Civil War era camp chair built by his great-grandfather.

Hartford Historical Society

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HHS Calendar

THE GARIPAY HOUSE MUSEUM is open by appointment only. Please call 802/296-3132 or email us at info@hartfordhistoricalsociety.org.

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

Sunday, May 31, 2020 - "Hartford Historical Society Annual Meeting." Garipay House. Everyone welcome. Please watch our website and the *Valley News* for confirmation.

Saturday, July 18, 2020 - "Yard Sale at the Garipay House."

The **Genealogy Center** on the second floor of the Hartford Library is open Fridays from 2-6 p.m. or by appointment. Please call Carole Haehnel at 802/295-3974.