



Hartford Historical Society

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

HARTFORD • QUEECHEE • WEST HARTFORD • WHITE RIVER JUNCTION • WILDER

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SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

November 2002

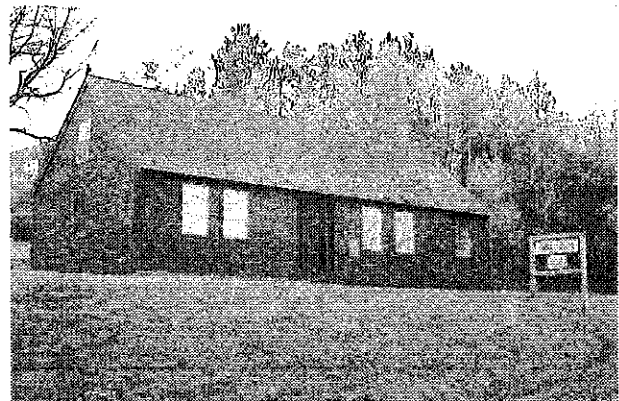
The History of the Dana House

Larry Howard to Speak

November Hartford Historical Society Meeting
November 13, 2002
7:00 pm
United Church of Christ
Hartford Village, VT

Our speaker for the November 13th meeting will be Larry Howard, a resident of Lebanon and a member of the Lebanon Historical Society. His topic will be a history of the Dana House in West Lebanon, which is very likely the oldest house in the area. Mr. Howard attributes it's state of preservation to the fact that it has been continuously inhabited for most of its existence. He will talk about the house's restoration, currently underway, and relate little side stories which he promises will be of great interest. For instance, how many of us are aware of the role that the Dana House played in the Royaltown Raid?

One of Mr. Howard's hobbies is participating in French and Indian War re-enactments, and he will appear in a uniform of the period.



Dana House, corner of Rt 12A and Rt 4 in West Lebanon. This house was moved a few years ago from its original location further down Rt 12A on the right.

You are cordially invited to attend

The Hartford Historical Society's

Holiday Open House and Sample Bake Sale

Sunday, December 1, 1:30 - 4
at the Garipay House

Caroling at 3 pm

*All items for sale will have samples for you to try -
come try them all!*

September Meeting

Ron Teriault, who grew up locally, spoke about some of his family history, including the history of their businesses which were located in downtown White River Junction. He spoke of his mother and father, Teddy, Jr, Larry, Norman and Ron, the youngest. He spoke of Teddy's Fruit Stand, Teddy's Bar and Grill, Teddy's Hotel, the gas station, Teddy's Sport Center. He spoke of entertainment, including acts such as Lou Walters and his Review (Lou was Barbara Walter's father), and Teddy and Son.

Ron described what life was like, the jobs kids held, what they did for fun, and what downtown looked like. He described the time Teddy's Hotel burned early Sunday morning on March 6, 1949. It was the worst fire in town since the Coolidge burned in 1925. Although 32 people were in the hotel at the time, everyone got out safely.

—Happy Thoughts—

The longer I live the more I am convinced that after all the one thing worth living for and dying for is the privilege of making some being more happy and more useful. No man who does anything to lift his fellows ever makes a sacrifice."

—Booker T Washington

—My Symphony—

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars, and birds, to babes and sages with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common; this is to be my symphony.

—William Henry Channing

Thanks Jeanette

Jeanette Gould will soon be leaving the area. She is one of our Charter Members and served on the Board of Directors for several years.

Among her many accomplishments was the Millenium Project which she created. She helped with the Genealogy Workshop, was our unofficial photographer of events, and has been our Publicity Committee for the last few years.

Jeanette's enthusiasm for the Society, along with the energy she puts into whatever she undertakes, has always been an great asset for us. Needless to say, Jeanette will be missed. We all wish her well in her new location! Thank you, Jeanette, for all you have done.

Wanted

Since Jeanette Gould, one of our Charter Members and former member of the Board of Directors, will be leaving the area shortly, we will be needing someone who will be willing to continue to keep our activities before the public.

Jeanette has, among many other things, made sure the Publicity of our Open Houses and Public Meetings gets out to the various media. If this is something you are interested in looking into, please contact our President, Mary Nadeau or Pat Stark. Thank you.

Pat Stark 296-2192

Mary Nadeau 295-2123

My Heart on My Sleeve

By Alice Adams McGinnis Mireault
2nd installment
Continuing Chapter 1 from last issue

CHRISTMAS, 1919

By Christmas Eve there is over a foot of sparkling white snow covering the frozen ground. So Dick takes the whole family to the carol sing at Church in the old black pung. We are bundled up and scrunched in, but that makes us less chilly. Dad drives Old Dick who will almost trot from time to time. It seems to a less-than-five-year-old, very magical. We glide along so low in the pung with only the swishy sound of the runners cutting through the snow following the muffled clop, clop of Dick's hooves. It is dark and we are all together under the beautiful stars. We don't talk a lot now. It is quiet and we are thinking our own private thoughts.

What child who has been read to about the Star in the East and the Christ Child doesn't search the sky and select that probable star? It is awesome and my world is very secure. As we come into the village I'm thrilled to see the street lights, and conversation resumes.

Christmas morning comes early after my night out. I wake up feeling warm and happy. It's so nice to have my big sister to snuggle up to. The "freestone" that had warmed the foot of our bed when we got in is now cold. We jump out and run down stairs to dress by the stove.

Mother has breakfast ready. Soon Dad comes in from feeding and milking and we rush our parents through the meal. For months all Mother's spare time has been used for knitting and sewing. Now under the Christmas tree there is a plaid wool skirt and pullover sweater to match for Dorothy, a red sweater, scarf and mittens for me and a heavy gray cardigan for Dad.

She has also sent to Sears and Roebuck (official name at this time) or to Charles Williams for a heavy work jacket for Dad. I find Ethel, a recycled doll with new clothes and always an orange in my stocking. Dorothy has some little surprise beads and pretty things for school. Dad gets a special cigar. Mother has material for a new dress, warm driving gloves and some new household item. This is a day to remember forever.

THE SNOW ROLLER, 1920

January morning, I open my eyes to a dark room. The wind is howling and the windows are covered with snow. Our warm kitchen beckons me.

We can barely see from the window as Dad struggles against the swirling snow to bring the milk from the cow barn to the milk room to be separated. Drifts are piling up and the path is just a memory.

At our late breakfast Mother guesses... "The roller will probably come tomorrow," so she'd better be ready. Dad agrees.

They are right. Just before noon of the following day the big blue snow roller--like a giant hollow rolling pin--pulled by four rugged brown horses comes into sight.

We live on the Sharon side of the Hartford/ Sharon line so they turn onto our oval drive. Well, actually, they make a very good guess at its location.

The breath of the laboring horses makes puffs of white vapor. The snow is well over their knees, and their bellies are white with snow that is kicked up on them.

The teamster and his helper sit high-up on the seat at the front of the roller. Their ear flaps are down, and their collars are turned up. White frost decorates the mustaches and brows of their red faces. They wear heavy, double, one-finger mittens. These men look huge in that heavy clothing. They climb down, pull blankets and bags from under their lofty perch and cover the horses. They check their legs and harnesses, adjust the bibs and give them encouraging pats as they talk to them.

Each horse is given a drink of tepid water that Dad brings from the house. Feed bags containing their oat dinners are hung on their heads. The lead horse with the white star on his face whinnies gently in anticipation when he sees the bags. They are ravenous and plunge into their meal greedily.

The men come onto the piazza to brush snow from their feet, then step into the warm kitchen. Frigid air clinging to them can be felt in the room for a few minutes. They remove a layer or two of outer coats, drop them on the floor by the stove and sit down to eat. They

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quickly put away a hearty meal while a spirited exchange of news is enjoyed. The teamster is a jolly, affable fellow with an observing eye and a knack for relating the past experiences to the present. They express their gratitude and soon take their leave. It is a pleasurable thing for us.

Their trip back, facing the cold north is a 7 mile modest up-grade. It will be a repacking of snow so has to be easier for the horses, I believe. The roller leaves an interesting design and makes for good sleighing.

This is the last year for rolling/packing the snow. Automobiles are taking over transportation. Many towns have already gone to plowing. Sharon will plow next winter.

GRAIN and COOKIES, 1920

One late afternoon the telephone rings that one long, long urgent ring. Mother, grabbing her jacket, rushes into the cold room and anxiously presses the receiver to her ear.

"Central" reads a telegram to all saying an accident at the ledges--in essence--two or three box cars filled with loose grain left the tracks, rolled down an embankment and burst open. The contents are up for grabs. All are welcome to garner whatever they can. "Central" adds, on her own, she has heard that one car contains foods, among other things, tins of cookies. These are also free for the taking.

It is nearing chore time and it's spitting snow but this is gold to the hard-working farmers.

Mother runs to the barn where Dad is feeding hay. At this piece of news he springs into immediate top speed. Mother prepares two lanterns with kerosene, tosses old clean sheets into a wash tub and fills both stoves and sets them on slow burn. Then she dresses herself and me warmly and we're ready. Meantime, Dad harnesses Jim and Ned, his team of white draft horses. I notice he has a snow shovel, his scoop shovel, a large canvas, an axe and a saw in the big box sled with side boards.

When we arrive, a few men are already breaking a road to the scene of the wreckage. More teams arrive shortly and a few single driving horses with tubs in their

sleighs. Very soon we all proceed over the rough terrain. The sleds fill up quickly with many shovelers. Spirits are high with this unexpected stroke of good luck. Everyone helps one another.

The women hold lanterns, for it is dark now and steps are uncertain. They find some salvageable foods and oodles of cookies, mostly fig bars and kettle cookies. Some are mashed but most are quite good and certainly the price is right. Mother lines her tub with a sheet and fills the tub, passing the extra sheets to those who can use them. Everyone in town has cookies for quite awhile. We kids, from the beginning, are told to stay to the side out of the way, so we won't get hurt. We do that, no questions.

There is a frenzy of activity and good humor is everywhere. Central Vermont's loss is their gain.

As sleds are filled, that driver goes home and empties it, in our case onto the grain room floor, then returns.

I pronounce the cookies delicious. I may never have had a "store cookie" before. Dad particularly likes the fig bars. Mother favors the unusual flavor of the kettle cookies. They last for weeks in our "walk-in-refrigerator" (summer dining room). Mother shares them with all who come, and takes them to people in the village who didn't get any. It is quite an experience!

Strawberry Shortcake

If ever you are in Vermont in early June, and are near a field of Wild Strawberries, take a half a day and pick enough for a Strawberry Shortcake. Until you have eaten shortcake made with the wild strawberries you have missed the treat of your life.

Gather and hull,--don't attempt to wash,--cover with sugar and let stand about an hour before putting on the shortcake which has been generously spread with butter. Now most folks would say "Don't spoil the flavor by putting cream on it," however, I'll leave that to you but at least try it with just the wild strawberries.

Many of the old cooks did not mash their berries, they cut them in halves about an hour before using them on the shortcake and covered them with sugar. Some cooks use whipped cream between layers and on top, others use plain cream poured over the serving to suit the

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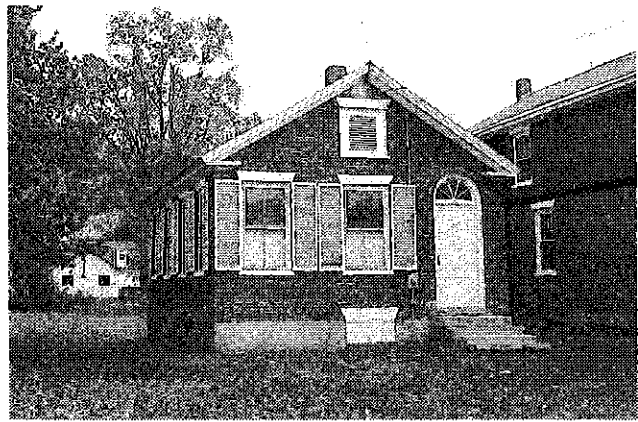
About Dr Goss

697 Weston Ave
Brattleboro VT 05001
May 3, 2002

Hartford Historical Society
To Whom it May Concern:

Your recent newsletter triggered a memory of my father who was the doctor for the company which constructed the present bridge over the White River from Route 14 to the south river bank. I don't remember the year of the construction, but I do remember going with him occasionally to the site.

My father, Dr Rollin J Goss, came to Hartford Village in the early 1890's to serve as principal teacher at the grammar school. His real career desire, however, was to become a doctor. With such monies as he could save and with the financial support of Horace Pease, he entered Baltimore Medical College (now part of the University of Maryland) from which he received his MD degree in 1896. He returned to Hartford and set up his practice. His office was the small brick house set back from the Hartford Main Street. Subsequently, he married Olive Watson and their daughter, Barbara Watson



Goss, was born in Hartford. Olive died of a heart condition in the early 1900's following which my father moved his practice to Norwich, VT where he lived until about 1915.

He had known my mother, Lulu Patterson, for a number of years. They were married October 16, 1916 and built their home and office on Hartford Avenue in Wilder. My father entered the US Medical Corps and served at Camp Meade, Maryland, during World War I and was honorably discharged in 1919.

I was born in 1920 and my brother, Robert, in 1921 in Wilder, where my father carried on an active practice until his death in 1936.

John P Goss

(Continued from page 4)

individual taste, still others never use any cream at all.

Many good old Vermont cooks consider it nothing less than heresy to use anything for the shortcake except baking powder biscuits, it might be all right to add an egg, but, in their estimation it's better plain and sponge or plain cake should never be used. Wild red or black raspberries and blackberries also make delicious shortcake. The rules for preparation are the same as for strawberry shortcake.

In Chapter 1, in telling about our telephone I promised to tell you more about "Central," Florence Pitkin.

Hear this: At the terrible flood of 1927 Flossie stayed at her switchboard to pass urgent information until men came to demand that she leave immediately. I've been told that they barely escaped before the house was swept away. She later received an award for meritorious bravery for her efforts.

Now I will tell you about our real-life little lamplighter, I've seen him on the job just before dusk when we were late at Grandma's.

Orris Bushway is a slight 30ish fellow. He and his sister Eva are quiet gentle people who can be called to help in the store or post office or in homes in time of need. But ALWAYS, Orris tends the lights the year around.*

The poles are, probably ten feet high. At top is a sturdy lantern with a wide brimmed "hat" for protection against the weather. There must be about 35 poles in the village. Orris has a short ladder, a can of kerosene, some clean rags, scissors and matches. In winter a large sled is used to carry his supplies, plus a shovel. The rest of the year he uses a wheel barrow. He trims the wick, cleans the globe, fills the reservoir with the night's supply and lights it up.

(*) Correction: Lamplighter

From "Some Afterthoughts" on Page 87 of Alice's book:

Frank Morse was the regular, later Robert Newton. I guess Orris was pinch hitting when Grandma took me, by the hand, out to watch.

(To be continued in the next HHS Newsletter.)

Hartford Historical Society

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Upcoming Events:

- **November 13, Wednesday at 7:00 pm.**
Larry Howard speaks on Dana House;
United Church of Christ, Hartford Village
- **December 1, Sunday from 1:30 - 4 pm,**
Holiday Open House & Sample Bake Sale;
at the Garipay House, Hartford Village

Partial List of Gifts

- Tip-Top Renovation project by Matt Bucy—Article from Vital Communities Newsletter
 - Quechee Gorge Village brochure with photos of Businesses
 - Quechee Gorge Business brochure with photo of gorge
 - Hartford Policy Bicycle Registration form 5/1/1897
 - Briggs, Ltd—various forms and artifacts
 - Briggs LTD Poster w/art and BSA Certificate of appreciation
 - Hartford—mail messenger pouch delivery schedule 1947-48
 - Crossroads Stamp Show at Mid Vermont Christian School
 - Frederick Billings by J Curtis, etc. Book with photographs
 - Archaeological Survey of Taft Flat—by VTrans
 - Photos and documents from Stonecrest Farm
- Margaret Briggs
David Ford
John Lutz
John Lutz
Anonymous
VT Agency/Transportation
Gail Sanderson

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