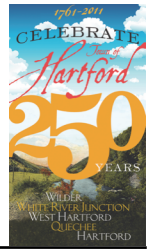




# Hartford Historical Society

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

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



Volume 32, No. 5

SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

November-December 2019

## Memory of a Train Passing in the Night

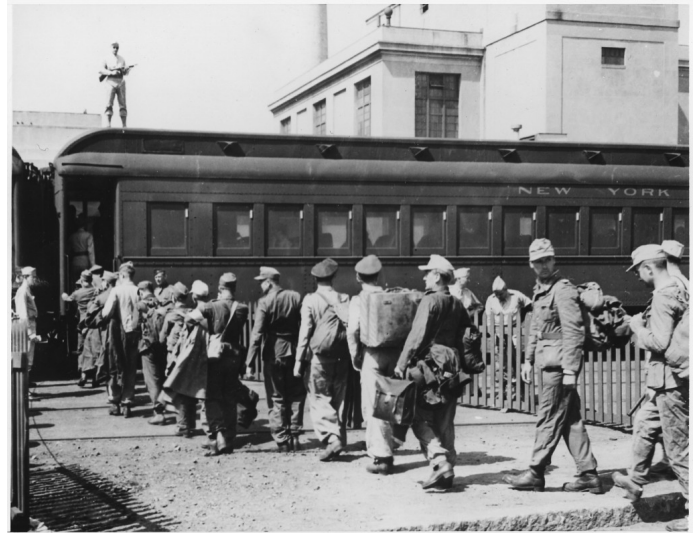
In the Spring of 1943, Allied troops defeated German General Erwin Rommel in North Africa. Rommel escaped to Italy and many of his soldiers were captured.

In an interview with Kaitlin O’Shea in 2012, Hartford native David Brown remembers going to Union Station in White River Junction one evening in 1943 to help his father load hatching eggs onto a train. They were standing on the platform as a passenger train approached.

“All of a sudden everything went quiet,” he recalled, “and I thought ‘what the heck,’ because usually there was a major sleeper train going through to Washington D.C. at this time so there was a big crowd of people. But everyone was quiet.

“And I look up to the north and this steam locomotive is coming toward us with white flags flying from the cow catcher. Then I realized there were soldiers with Tommy guns, standing alongside the tracks on both sides. As a little kid, I was like, ‘Dad, Dad, what’s going on?’ And this thing is coming slow. It comes through like it’s going to West Lebanon, and pulls by so the engine was just beyond the station and all these passenger cars are there.

“And these young soldiers are hanging out the windows and they’re speaking a strange language. These are Rommel’s soldiers that we captured in North Africa.” Brown recalls that the Allied victory over Rommel had been reported earlier in newspapers and on the radio.



*German prisoners of war captured in North Africa boarding a train in Boston in 1943 on their way to a detention facility. As a first grader, David Brown watched a similar train pass through White River Junction on its way from Nova Scotia to Texas.*

“This was a prisoner of war train,” he continues. “Some of this I found out later, but some I figured out at the time. They had that light desert tan uniform on. The Germans wore a different cap than our soldiers did. All of this to a kid is strange.

“They were whistling *Lili Marleen*, you know, the famous German soldier song. You’re probably too

*Continued on page 8.*



## A Bit of Quechee History Including Dewey’s Mills and the Woodstock Railway

**Presented by Jay Barrett**

Wednesday November 13, 7 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ, 1721 Maple Street, Hartford Village. Refreshments.  
*At left, Dewey’s Mills, 1958.*

## From the Editor . . .

The collection of historic items and documents in the Garipay House started as a display of a dozen or so items in the Hartford Library in the late 1800s. For a century, residents contributed artifacts and documents to the town libraries where they were displayed and stored until 1998 when the collection was turned over to the Hartford Historical Society. On pages six and seven of this issue, we show a number of items from the original display that are now on view at the Garipay House.

Over the years, dozens of Hartford residents have been interviewed as part of oral history projects that provide a rich view of local business, farming, and family life for the past several generations. Our cover article this issue is from one of these interviews, and we have begun to make transcripts available on our website at hartfordhistory.org.

With great sadness, the Hartford Historical Society notes the passing of Norma Parrott Hamel and Phyllis Macy Shambo.

Norma Hamel was the holder of the Hartford Cane, which was presented to her on July 15, 2018, in recognition of being Hartford's eldest resident. She died on October 16 at age 97. Norma was raised in Wilder and educated in Hartford Schools. While attending Hartford High, she helped her team win the state basketball championship, won first place in the Alfred Watson Speaking Contest, and was voted the wittiest girl in her class. She later worked as a correspondent for *The Landmark*, operated a hair salon out of her home for a few years and then worked at Shopping International in Norwich. Norma and her husband, Roland, raised two daughters, Doreen and Dee, who describe her as an awesome mom and a great cook. Fun-loving and with an engaging sense of humor, Norma will be greatly missed.

Phyllis Macy Shambo passed away on September 30, 2019. Hartford lost a kind and gentle soul who perhaps was best known as co-owner with her husband, Bill Shambo, of Kibby Equipment in White

River Junction. Soft spoken, but with a steely work ethic, Phyllis was in charge of the bookkeeping, maintaining complete and accurate records without the aid of a computer. In all the years they were in business, Phyllis and Bill never took a vacation of more than three days at a time. The business closed in December of 2017. A faithful member of the Hartford Historical Society, Phyllis not only attended the society's quarterly programs, but for many years she and her daughter, Sue Ellen, both excellent bakers, provided a variety of dessert items for the post-program refreshments. We extend our deepest sympathy to her family.

HHS Vice President Roy Black writes, "The Hartford Historical Society would like to express our appreciation to Mary Nadeau for her many years of service as Board Chairman, Newsletter Editor, Program Director, and many other roles. Mary's keen intellect and ability have benefited us for many years. For this we are most grateful." I agree.

*Scott Fletcher, Editor*



## 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.

## September Program Looked Back at One-Room Schools

*By Mary Nadeau*

Local historian and Plainfield, New Hampshire resident Steve Taylor returned to deliver his third talk at the Hartford Historical Society program held on September 11. This time his topic was the history of New England's one-room schoolhouses.

In the "New World," the concept of educating all children first arose in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. By 1670, the "Cherishing of Children" law required universal education for all children in Massachusetts, and in time the idea migrated to the other colonies. Europeans, by contrast, still educated only royalty and members of the nobility.

The Town of Harford, chartered in 1761, had at one time 17 rural one-room school districts. This was to ensure that no child had to walk more than one and a half to two miles to get to school. Ungraded and progressive by today's standards and with very limited resources, the schools did the best they could to provide a basic education for their students. Older children, under the guidance of the teacher, helped the younger ones with their studies. The oldest boys were assigned the task of keeping the fire in the woodstove going, while younger ones "fetched" the drinking water, which was dumped into a storage crock. Steve recalled that each child at his school was given a piece of waxed paper on Monday mornings. The teacher had demonstrated how to fold it into a cone for use as a drinking vessel. That was before the advent of paper cups, and woe to the student whose cone became damaged and didn't last the week!

Teachers often began teaching while in their teens, some as young as fifteen. In 1890, the average teacher's age was nineteen. Local districts often employed Dartmouth students, who needed to earn money in order to continue their own educations. Women were paid two-thirds of what the men earned. Turnover was high, and some school districts didn't pay their teachers until the end of the term to ensure that they would stay on. Sometimes the district required their teacher to "board around," meaning that the district would provide her with a place to stay and meals, based on which family would "put her up" for the least amount of money.

The performance of some schools was evaluated by the town school boards. Members would sit and observe the school in action and then file a report. In other school districts, evaluations were done through a



*Steve Taylor, center, recalled that the teacher at his school gave each student a piece of waxed paper every Monday morning to be folded into a drinking cup that had to last through the week.*

public examination. The parents and other community members would be invited in, and the children would demonstrate what they had learned. The adults would then decide who would pass, who would stay back and who would skip a grade.

Since there was a great disparity in the tax bases among school districts, the poorer ones had to employ creative measures to keep things going. In some cases, the determining factor as to whether or not a school would continue to operate was how much wood they could afford to obtain to heat the building. Bids were taken, but sometimes the wood was green and didn't readily burn!

The curriculum was about the same everywhere, with students studying subjects such as reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history and penmanship. During the early years, text books were not provided, and families passed down whatever books they owned from generation to generation. Eventually the states required that schools provide uniform textbooks. In 1883, a law was passed by the New Hampshire legislature that stated every school must teach a course in hygiene with an emphasis on the negative influence of alcohol. Steve related that one in seven adults during that era was considered to be an alcoholic. Whether or not the course served as a deterrent is not known. Discipline, by the way, was often meted out with the aid of an 18-inch hardwood ruler.

*Continued on page 4.*



*The Jericho Schoolhouse served Hartford from 1848 to 1948 and was the town's last one-room school.*

These school buildings were generally built to last, and many are still standing today. The Jericho Schoolhouse in Hartford is easily recognized, and Steve estimates that perhaps a dozen other former schoolhouses within the Town of Hartford are still standing. Unfortunately, they may be difficult to identify because they have been repurposed and considerably altered in appearance.

Schoolhouses rarely had cellars, and this facilitated moving them to other locations when the need arose. Sometimes if there were too few children within a school district to justify building a schoolhouse, rooms in private homes were rented.

In addition to being centers of learning, schoolhouses doubled as community centers, and neighborhood events such as Christmas parties, plays, pot luck suppers, weddings and other local events were held in them. In many communities, the local school and possibly a church were the only places available where neighbors could gather.

School attendance was always an issue. Because it was an agrarian culture, boys were often kept home to help with planting and harvesting. Girls stayed home when their mothers had a new baby in order to help out with the cooking, cleaning and laundry. Attitudes toward education didn't help. Many farmers felt that after learning the basics of reading, writing and arithmetic, everything else of importance could be taught by example through working on the family farm with their elders. Girls, as well, were thought to need only the basics, and the practical skills could be learned in the home from adult women. Still another cause of irregular attendance was illness. Before the era of vaccinations, diseases such as measles, mumps,

scarlet fever, whooping cough and diphtheria would sweep through the schools, often sickening the teachers as well.

Initially schools were overseen by the selectmen, but eventually school boards were elected. In 1885 a law was passed in New Hampshire, giving women the right to run for the school board and to vote in the board's election. This was before Women's Suffrage (1920), and the decision was highly influenced by the Grange, which not only had an interest in education, but allowed women hold any office in their organization (a progressive idea for that era).

After the Civil War, there was an exodus from the land. People traveled west seeking more productive farmland or relocated to cities where they could obtain employment in mills. Local towns saw populations decline. Many suffered significant losses to their tax base, and residents watched as abandoned farmland reverted to forest. As local populations plummeted, it became increasingly challenging to support the local schools, but somehow they managed.

After 1900, normal schools began to appear. In Vermont, Lyndon, Castleton, and Johnson all had normal schools offering two-year programs. The name originated in France in 1870 as the "ecole normale." They were established to give teachers the necessary knowledge and skills to teach effectively. Decades later, Vermont normal schools became state teachers' colleges offering four-year degrees in education.

By World War I, some of the "rough edges" had begun to smooth out. The position of school superintendent was created. His primary function was to visit the schools and give advice and assistance to the teachers. School nurses began to appear on the scene to teach good health practices and hygiene and to check periodically for head lice. Communities during this period began to close some of the smaller schools, and rural students were often transported to larger facilities via horse and buggy.

During the 1920s, one-room schoolhouses began a rapid decline. About this time, there arose a deep seated disagreement over the value of the small school vs. the consolidated school. Consolidation eventually won out, and children began to be bussed to larger, centrally located elementary schools. The last one-room schoolhouse in the Town of Hartford in operation was located in the Jericho District. It opened its doors in 1848 and closed them one hundred years later in 1948. Today the structure is utilized as a vibrant community center.

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## In Memoriam: Leo H. Zacharski

*By Mary Nadeau*

The Hartford Historical Society extends its deepest sympathy to the family of Leo Zacharski, who passed away on August 23, 2019. A friend to all, he was one of the kindest, humblest and most unpretentious people I have ever known, and the love he felt for his fellow man was evident in everything that he said and did.

Leo and his wife Pat moved to Vermont from their home state of Michigan in 1970 when Leo was appointed Assistant Professor of Medicine at the Dartmouth Medical School and Staff Physician at the VA Hospital in White River Junction. His specialty was in diagnosing and treating patients with bleeding, clotting and iron overload diseases. The heart of his career, though, was devoted to biomedical research, and Leo believed that he could best serve

humanity through discovery and innovation. He was awarded Research Career Development positions at the VA and became the Associate Chief of Staff for Research in 1985. Leo achieved the rank of Professor of Medicine and later of Professor of Medicine Active Emeritus in 2013. Despite the accolades he received during his distinguished career, he was as down to earth as any man could be. To everyone he met, he was simply “Leo.” He spoke softly, had a ready smile and always bore a gentle countenance.

In 1971, the couple purchased a home that was built by Philemon Hazen in the Jericho District of Hartford around 1789 (that date was found written on a wall inside the house). Philemon was the local cider monger, and he established an extensive apple orchard in the area, a few remnants of which still remain. The house also served as a poor farm at a time when the town accepted bids from homeowners for providing food and shelter to indigents and the elderly.

Leo enjoyed researching the history of the Jericho settlement and of the people who have lived in that isolated area over many generations. He was happy to share that knowledge by presenting two wonderfully educational and entertaining programs for the Hartford Historical Society.

The Zacharski home is located just across the road from the former one-room Jericho District Schoolhouse. It had been in use for 100 years before closing in 1948. The Jericho Community Club was formed in 1950, and the group has used the building for its activities ever since. Upon their arrival in the neighborhood, Pat and Leo became active members, participating in all the gatherings, such as pot luck meals, Halloween parties, Christmas parties, caroling parties, hayrides and other events. Leo was known for his knack of successfully starting a fire in the school’s ancient woodstove, and he enjoyed passing that knowledge on to others. The couple has also maintained the “treasure box” associated with a Valley Quest in the neighborhood.

Around 2013, the Jericho Community Association discovered to their dismay that the building’s ancient foundation was in danger of collapsing, and the entire structure was threatened. Undaunted, Leo organized a fundraising campaign, and with the help of Art Peale, Peter Teachout and others, sufficient funds were raised through donations and grants to carry out the necessary repairs. The residents now attend gatherings in the old schoolhouse building without fear that it will come crashing down on their heads!

Leo has left an indelible mark on the Upper Valley, and his memory will live on in the hearts of all who had the privilege of knowing him and counting him as a friend. His life was dedicated to making the world a better place, and he did, indeed, succeed.



*Leo Zacharski gave two engaging presentations on the Jericho District to the Hartford Historical Society.*

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***In 1971, the couple purchased a home that was built by Philemon Hazen in the Jericho District of Hartford around 1789 (that date was found written on a wall inside the house). Philemon was the local cider monger, and he established an extensive apple orchard in the area, a few remnants of which still remain.***



## Library Held Hartford's First Historical Collection

The 1901 edition of *The Old and the New* published by the Hartford Congregational Church notes that, "In consequence of the interest awakened in old times in Hartford, there has been begun at the Library a collection of antiquities belonging to the early history of the town."

The items listed include guns, china, books, and historical documents, which were likely gathered by Kate Morris Cone who was the driving force behind the library that her father Ephraim Morris built for the town in 1893. The library entrusted these items to the Hartford Historical Society for preservation in 1998 and many of these treasures are now on display at the Garipay House.





Opposite page from top left. This flintlock musket was made about 1763 and is engraved, "David Newton 1777." The musket has a 16-inch bayonet and the ramrod is missing. David Newton was born in Milford, CT in 1753 and moved to Hartford in 1777. He married Mary Hazen with whom he had 16 children. Newton served in the Vermont Militia during the American Revolution and was a member of Captain Joshua Hazen's company when it responded to the Royalton raid in October, 1780. Pewter communion plate used in the Dothan Church. This church was formed in about 1798 and met until 1847. China plate with Swiss scene, small pitcher with pebble design, and shaker donated by the Charles Cone family. Bronze lusterware pitcher and china pieces contributed by Adeline F. Newton who was raised in Hartford but moved to Massachusetts. Miss Newton continued to visit family and friends in Hartford on holidays. This page from top left. Three plates with bronze luster contributed by Adeline F. Newton. Pieces of transferware donated by Adeline F. Newton. Rifle owned by Major David Wright and used in the American Revolution. Major Wright told family members he seized it from an Indian squaw. It is a smoothbore, percussion cap rifle with a ramrod. Holes drilled in the metal side plate suggest it was converted from a flintlock musket to a percussion cap rifle sometime after Wright died in 1822. Major David Wright was born in Connecticut in 1749 and moved to Hartford with his wife Hannah in 1771. Sugar bowl and creamer contributed by Adeline F. Newton. Shears belonging to Mark Cone who was a tailor in Hartford. They are engraved, Simpson London.

young to remember. It was very sentimental – the soldier remembering his sweetheart at home. He’s missing her. And it was a very haunting kind of song and I can remember someone playing the melody on a harmonica.

**He said, ‘I was on that train. I remember that stop. You brought water and food and everybody was nice and quiet at the station.’ He’d been on a long, arduous trip and our memories matched on every detail.**

those things wouldn’t last. They were bringing them from Halifax, Nova Scotia to Texas. They were going to a prisoner of war camp in Texas. So there were stops to change engines, supply food and all the rest of it.

“In the 1980s, I was sent to Cologne, Germany to assess the damage sustained by one of my company’s products that fell off a truck on the Autobahn. And I

“They were feeding them. They were bringing things of food and passing them on to the train and putting water on. They had to change engines. Steam engines in those days – the bearings in

was dealing with a German insurance agent who was speaking really good English with a strong Texas drawl.

“After we finished our business and were having a meal at a hotel I said, ‘I’m going to ask you a question. You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to.’ I said, ‘How come you speak with a Texas drawl?’ He said, ‘You saved my life.’ I said, ‘What?’ He said, ‘I was a 17 year old soldier that got captured in North Africa. You grabbed me and brought me to this country.

‘I was sent to Texas and assigned to work on a cattle ranch. I was basically a cowboy and learned to speak English real well. I’m a wealthy insurance man today. All of Rommel’s men that didn’t get captured got sent to the Russian front and nobody came back. I came here, you guys treated me well. When the war was over I went back and because I could speak English fluently, I was involved in insurance for airfreight. Thank you very much.’

“So then we started talking. I said, ‘You know, I’ve got a story. When I was a little kid ...’ and I told him the story I just told you. He said, ‘I was on that train. I remember that stop. You brought water and food and everybody was nice and quiet at the station.’ He’d been on a long, arduous trip and our memories matched on every detail. It was something I’ll never forget.”

## Society Dedicates Garipay House Ramp

**By Judeen Barwood**

The newly installed ADA accessible ramp at the Historical Society was dedicated on October 15. It was a thrill to have ten-year-old Aaron Berry, from Quechee, with a big smile on his face, cut the ribbon and be the first to use the ramp. His dad Clayton, mom Mari, two younger brothers, and family friends joined him.

When Aaron’s fourth grade class from the Quechee School visited the Historical Society in 2018, Aaron wasn’t able to enter the building in his wheelchair. He was extremely disappointed so his father contacted us and the Town of Hartford making us aware of this situation. This was the spark that ignited our decision to make our building ADA accessible. Aaron was given the same tour of the museum by Martha Knapp that he was unable to have earlier.

Cover and Home Partners partnered on this project. Cover designed and built the beautiful new ramp, installed a new door into the building and replaced

hinges on the interior doors to widen them. Home Partners renovated the ground floor bathroom, enlarging it and installing ADA approved appliances.

Cover worked with local volunteers from King Arthur Flour, the Town of Hartford, White River Rotary Club, and many other individuals. Both Cover and Home Partners did extraordinary work and we are grateful to all those involved in this project.

We give heartfelt thanks to the Jack and Dorothy Byrne Foundation, Mascoma Bank, and the White River Rotary Club for their generous support.



*Aaron Berry cut the ribbon to celebrate that the Garipay House is ADA accessible.*



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## Donald Wright's Remarkable Feel for Dairying

Donald Wright was born in 1930 at Mary Hitchcock Hospital in Hanover. His mother Helen had the German measles during pregnancy so Donald was born with poor eyesight, which was completely gone around the time he graduated from Hartford High School in 1948 as the valedictorian of his class. Still, he became indispensable on the dairy farm on Route 5 south of White River Junction where he worked most of his life with brothers Edward and Harold.

Edward and Donald always lived in the house they grew up in while Harold moved into their grandparents' house across the street when he got married in 1950. Harold's grandfather Seth Wright created the house by joining two existing buildings in 1883. The cows have been gone since 2004 but the big white barn still stands next to Harold's house.

"When you're blind at birth, you don't have any idea about color or what things look like," says Harold who just turned 93. "He could see a little bit until he was seventeen or eighteen. He could tell what a human being looked like. Or what a cow looked like. If somebody said they had a black cow, he'd know."

"He was amazing," says Harold's daughter Donna Wright. "Even though he was blind, he used to do all the chores. He did the milking. He helped with the hay. He did everything. The elevator to the top of the hay barn goes up about thirty feet," she says, "and when the hay would get stuck up there, he would climb the ladder and go out on the elevator and, just by feel, clear the hay away."

"Out in the barn we had about sixty cows," recalls Harold, "and he'd turn 'em all out and get them all in by himself. For years, he could recognize them by the shape of their horns to get them back in the right stall. After we dehorned them, he could identify them by the number on their neck strap."

"Donald basically lived in that barn," recalls neighbor David Brown. "He knew the ancestry of each cow going back a couple generations." Brown recalls riding home with Donald from meetings of the Dairy Herd Improvement Association. "He heard everything people were saying at those meetings," Brown remembers. "On the way home he would repeat it all and we learned what was going on all over town."



From left, Harold, Donald, and Edward Wright in the barn in 1994.

Donald went to school to learn the technique of artificial breeding. "You put the semen in a delivery tube," explains Harold, "Then you have to work your arm inside the cow and get hold of the cervix. Then, with the other hand, you put the semen right at the head of the cervix. You can push it all the way through if you're good." Donald was good, and

he kept records of these procedures in Braille.

When Helen Wright was alive, she used to read to her son Donald every day. "We'd have dinner and she'd read to him for an hour," Harold says. "She'd read newspapers, or the *Jersey Journal*, or the *American Dairymen* and things like that. Then he'd go back to the barn and do his afternoon chores.

"But he'd get up at four o'clock like the rest of us and, after breakfast, he'd turn them all out, this was in the winter. He'd clean the mangers out and feed them silage. And then he'd bring 'em back in and brush them off, then he'd go in for lunch. After mom died, he got talking books and listened to them every day after dinner. He was probably always better versed on things than the rest of us."

When Donald required kidney dialysis three mornings a week, he and his brothers started getting up at two o'clock every day to do the morning milking. "Cows don't mind a change in the schedule if you keep it consistent," says Harold.

Donna recalls that Donald had an amazing sense of direction. "Another brother lived in Middlebury," she says. "Edward and Donald would drive there and Donald would tell Edward where to turn."

Donna remembers a time when Edward was in the hospital and Donald was living across the street by himself. "I went and said is there anything you need?" she says. "He said, 'Would you mind reading the paper to me?' We'd been bringing the paper and leaving it because we would just forget that he was blind. He was completely independent and he never had a dog or a white cane."

But Harold recalls one thing Donald couldn't do. "We used to pick strawberries and sell them door to door," he says. "Donald couldn't help much with that because he couldn't tell a ripe one from a green one."

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**THANK YOU!**

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# Fond Memories of the Wilder Clvb and Library

**By Collamer M. Abbott**

Reprinted from *The Valley News*



*The Wilder Club and Library is still a vibrant community center after 120 years. The auditorium feels unchanged. The basement holds old seats where many Hartford forebears sat, along with remnants of the bowling alley where Collamer Abbott once set pins.*

The Wilder Clvb (please spell it right) and Library should be preserved. “Clvb” is somewhat misleading, for the building is more than a club and a library. For its day, it was a complete community center that brought the residents together like nothing else could.

I remember with the nostalgia of one who has never really left Wilder. I remember the movies when there was a projection booth built onto the front porch and “Fitzzy” Fitzgerald was the projectionist and let us look into the booth. I remember the front hallway where on the end wall was a painting of a ship at sea, and on the right hand wall, a copy of a painting by the famous French painter of animals, Rosa Bonheur. This was one of farm horses, I believe.

I remember the auditorium with its stage where we watched plays, school graduation ceremonies, local talent minstrel shows, variety shows and musicales. I remember the Highland Fling and the square dances in Mrs. Standish’s dancing class. I remember the plaster of paris horses that leapt off the back wall of the auditorium, and the portrait of Charles Wilder who gave the building, and who, with his brother Herbert, benefited the building in many other ways.

I remember the library with its world of books, and the reading room with its magazines. And, talk about “community.” It was generally known that Marion (Roberts) Dodge had read every book in the library! Friday, the end of school week with no homework, was our night, “to go to the library,” when just by chance, all the girls were there too.

I remember the kitchen where many a community supper was prepared. The basement had a bowling alley, where I was on the other end of the game setting up pins while Red Bomhower, Bud Paul and his cousins Bill and Dick Paul, and others bowled. And, speaking of Bill Paul, I remember the shock that went through the village when Bill, hunting deer, shot his leg off. And I remember just as well when months later Bill came back the first time to a village dance with his wife, his big grin and his artificial leg, dancing as if he had never been away. Those were the days when the clubhouse brought us together in the worst of times and the best of times.

The basement served also as a recreation room with car tables, a pool table (and billiards too?) weightlifting machinery, and headquarters of the Wilder Outing Club, which sponsored sorting events, including the annual swimming meet at the boathouse and diving float on the river where the picnic ground is now.

I remember the “jackknife” and “swan” dives Red and his brother Howard performed off the high board. Then, one year there was the weeks-long training schedule those fellows pursued preparing for the famous marathon in Canada.

Wilder boomed in the 1880s. The Wilder Clvb and Library opened in 1899, so it is one of the most history-laden buildings, deserving another 100 years of service adapted to the twenty-first century.

## Hartford Historical Society

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### HHS Calendar

**THE GARIPAY HOUSE MUSEUM will be open on the second Sunday of the month from 1-4 p.m., or when the flag is flying on Tuesday or Friday, or by appointment.** For an appointment, please call 802/296-3132.

**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.)

**Friday, November 1, 2019 - "Quechee Trivia Night."** 6:15 p.m. at the Skinny Pancake. Several rounds of fun and intriguing trivia, small prizes for winners of rounds as well as the overall winner. Participate with a group or as an individual. Ten percent of proceeds will be donated to the Quechee Library. Co-sponsored by the Quechee Library, Hartford Library, the Hartford Historical Society, and the Vermont Historical Society.

**Wednesday, November 13, 2019 - "A Bit of Quechee History Including Dewey's Mills and the Woodstock Railway."** Presented by Jay Barrett. 7 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ, 1721 Maple Street, Hartford Village. Refreshments.

**Wednesday, November 20, 2019 - "Talk About Hartford's WWI Honor Roll."** 1 p.m. at the White River Jct. VFW. This Veteran's Day event will include a presentation and slide show about the memorial, its history, photos of some of the men and their families that served in 'The Great War,' info on where it is today, and recent efforts to re-honor these vets by restoring the memorial on the 101st anniversary of the end of that war. There will be food. This will appeal to anyone interested in Hartford history, community history, WWI history, or honoring veterans.

**Wednesday, November 27, 2019 - "Safety Break at the Sharon Rest Area."** We are looking for food donations to provide to the traveling public. Snacks, fruit, and candy are always appreciated. Baked items should be in 'baggies.' For more information, please contact Roy Black at 802/295-0608.

**Saturday, December 14, 2019 - "An Old Fashioned Hartford Christmas."** Activities at Garipay House and Library from 1-3:30 p.m.. At 4 p.m., the Greater Hartford UCC will host a Celtic music concert with a carol sing along followed by a free soup and sandwich meal for all.

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.