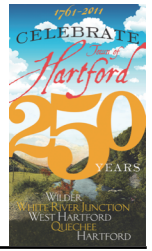




Hartford Historical Society

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



Volume 37, No. 1

SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

March-April 2024

What's Cooking with Gladys Jamieson?

By Scott Fletcher

Gladys Jamieson was one of ten children of William Alfred (Fred) Jamieson and his wife Mary. The Jamieson family included eight girls and two boys. A ninth daughter named Alma died in childhood. Gladys was born in Canada in 1899 and moved with her family to St. Johnsbury in 1918. Fred Jamieson later moved his family to East Thetford, Passumpsic, and Fairlee, VT as he bought, restored, and sold old farms.

Gladys' nephew Gil Davis remembers that Grandpa Jamieson moved his family in a horse-drawn wagon accompanied by horses and cows. Fred bought his farm in East Thetford from a newspaper ad and, when the family arrived, the seller had removed all the glass windows. "Grandmother said, 'No big deal,'" says Gil. "She went around and put cardboard boxes and newspapers in the windows and each time they got a little money, they would buy a window and put it in."

Mary Jamieson taught her eight daughters to cook, run a household, and study the Bible. She made sure they all had an education. Gladys Jamieson and several sisters attended the St. Johnsbury Academy.

In 1921, Harold Jamieson, the oldest son, moved to California where he did farm work. He recalled they plowed to the end of a field in the morning, had lunch, and plowed back home. Harold moved back to Passumpsic, VT in 1926. He married Etta Parker in 1927 and had daughters Barbara and Betty. Then, he moved his young family to Cavendish, VT.

The other Jamieson son, Jack, settled in Thetford. Most of the Jamieson girls married and moved on, but



Gladys and Helen stayed with their parents and never married. They lived together in later years.

In 1926, Fred Jamieson bought a farm next to the future site of the VA Hospital and moved to White River Junction. The property is now the site of the Carriage Shed. Gladys Jamieson was then twenty-seven years old and had graduated from the Battle Creek Sanatorium and Hospital Nurses Training School in Michigan with her sister Helen. They completed nurses training at Children's Hospital in Detroit. Olive and Dot Jamieson also trained as nurses.

In 1927, *The Landmark* reported that Gladys Jamieson, R.N. was caring for Mrs. George Avery in Sharon, VT. It was the first of thirty-two notices about Gladys Jamieson in *The Landmark*. In December 1932, Gladys Jamieson attended community leader Horace C. Pease in his last days.

In 1933, Gladys Jamieson visited her sister Reba in West Hartford and helped with the birth of her son Stewart. Reba and her husband H.C. Worthley owned a store and home in West Hartford. When they moved to a farm in Springfield, VT in 1939, Gladys bought their home.

Gladys Jamieson moved to White River Junction with her family in 1926. She became a nurse and nurtured Hartford residents before and after World War II during which she and her sister Dorothy joined the U.S. Army and served in the South Pacific. After the war, Gladys cared for her parents in the family home.

Continued on page 5.

From the Editor . . .

Gladys Jamieson was one of countless Hartford residents whose remarkable stories have never been told. She had already completed nursing training when her parents moved to White River Junction in 1926. Gladys served local residents as a private duty nurse until joining the U.S. Army in 1942 and shipping out for the South Pacific with her sister Dot. Betty Jamieson recalls that her aunt Gladys always meant business whether she was at war, in the kitchen, at church, or in the garden. Be sure to try Gladys' Ginger Snaps recipe on page ten.

Curious about early transportation in the Upper Valley? On page three, Mary Nadeau reports on Jay Barrett's great talk last November where we learned the hard truth about travel before the arrival of trains.

This issue, we share some striking photos of Theron Boyd at his home in Quechee taken in 1977 by Richard W. Brown of Peacham, VT. They appear in

his book *The Last of the Hill Farms: Echoes of Vermont's Past*. These timeless photos bring Theron's old house to life.

One of many accomplishments of Kate Morris Cone was writing a biographical sketch of her beloved grandfather Sylvester Morris who was an early business leader in Hartford and a forceful voice for abolition and temperance. Kate preserved her grandfather's industry, his love of family, and his fervent beliefs. Though Sylvester was successful, Kate writes that he never had a servant, "on account of the practical difficulty of reconciling a servant's work and place with the theory of human equality that prevailed in the house." Kate was not the only one charmed by Sylvester Morris as you will see on page nine. This remembrance was written by someone with the initials m.e.g., which may have been Hartford notable, Mae E. Gates.

Scott Fletcher, Editor

How Mutton is Blown

The Landmark, June 24, 1882

Sanitary Inspector Tracy, of New York City, has made a report on the practice of "blowing" mutton, which was the subject of a petition from the butchers of Washington Market to the Board of Health recently. Inspector Tracy states in his report that mutton is, "blown by the slaughterer, who makes an incision through the skin of each quarter and inflates the cellular tissue with air from his own lungs. This can only be done while the flesh is still warm, and before the pelt is removed. The operation makes the meat look plumper and fatter. Most of the mutton sold in the city has been blown." With regard to the effect of such mutton on the health of the consumer I do not know that anything has been learned. Butchers tell me that it decomposes more rapidly than mutton which has not been blown.

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To acquire, identify and preserve
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of local history through programs,
publications, and other interaction with the
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Turnpikes & Taverns in the Upper Valley, 1800-1845

By Mary Nadeau

At our regularly scheduled November program meeting, noted local historian, author and architect Jay Barrett described colonial transportation methods and the evolution of public accommodations during the first half of the Nineteenth Century.

When the first settlers arrived in Vermont, there was no functioning system of connecting roads and no bridges spanning rivers and streams. Transportation during that period was largely confined to river travel. Any area beyond thirty miles of the Atlantic Ocean was not served by a land-based transportation network and, as a result, the difficulty of moving goods and people inland presented a considerable challenge.

The concept of turnpikes originated in Great Britain. They were privately owned, and travelers using them were obliged to pay a toll. America's first turnpike was constructed in 1792 as a money-making enterprise for travel between Philadelphia and Lancaster, PA. It was chartered by the state at a time when there were no eminent domain laws in place, so landowners were not compensated for the use of their properties. New Hampshire and Vermont soon followed suit by granting charters to companies wishing to construct turnpikes.

Although owned by individual shareholders, the name and function of the turnpikes were closely regulated by the state legislatures. Land was

commandeered for rights of way and the width, construction, road maintenance methods, toll rates and toll gate locations were determined in the charters. Roads were required to be crowned, and nearby gravel pits were mined for construction material. To keep costs under control, these early roads were usually built to be straight, rather than adding distance by curving around hills and other obstacles, and this frequently resulted in extremely steep grades. (Jay pointed out that these construction projects marked the beginning of Civil Engineering in our country.)

Turnpikes operated by allowing travelers to pass through a gate after having paid the required toll. Typical rates included one cent for every 15 sheep, two cents for every 15 cattle, three-quarters of a cent for a horse and rider, one and a half cents for sulkies and other two-wheeled vehicles, one cent for wagon carts drawn by oxen, one cent for sleds drawn by one horse and four cents for four-wheeled wagons with horses.

The "Free Ledyard Bridge" opened in 1859 and was the third bridge to connect Norwich, VT and Hanover, NH. Passengers and goods bound for Dartmouth traveled by train to Lewiston Station in Norwich and crossed the bridge to Hanover.

Continued on page 4.

Road maintenance typically included grading with the use of oxen, since these animals have a greater pulling ability than do horses. During the winter months, snow rollers were employed to create a firm base. However, despite the crowning, the use of gravel as a construction material and periodic grading, spring thaws were always accompanied by copious quantities of mud, presenting some frustrating challenges to travelers.

The first bridge across the Connecticut River was built at Bellows Falls in 1785 and, at the time of its construction, was considered a daring feat.

Most of these turnpikes made very little money for the investors because they were too costly to build and maintain. The only regional one turning a substantial profit was the road

from Concord, NH (then called Rumford) to Lebanon (now Route 4). The White River Turnpike, today's Route 14, provided little income for its shareholders.

Right up until the late Eighteenth Century, there were no bridges allowing passage across rivers and streams. State and local governments still struggled with insolvency due to the high cost of our war for independence. However, privately owned ferries sprang up to provide transportation across the waters. (Note: White River Village, now known as Hartford Village, offered ferry service at the same approximate location as the current bridge.)

The first regional bridge wasn't constructed until 1792, spanning the Merrimack River in Newburyport, MA. The second bridge, which spanned the Piscataqua River in New Hampshire, was constructed in 1794 and remained the world's longest arched bridge until 1812. The first bridge across the Connecticut River was built at Bellows Falls in 1785, and at the time its construction was considered a daring feat. Other bridges followed, but they continued to be built of wood, leaving them vulnerable to the elements and inviting inevitable deterioration.

The idea of enclosing wooden bridges to protect them from rain and snow evolved somewhat later. The first covered bridge in the area, connecting Haverhill to Bath, NH, was built in 1829 and remains the oldest covered bridge still extant. All were privately owned and subject to a toll. The first toll-free bridge across

the Connecticut River was the Ledyard Bridge, constructed in 1771 at the site of the modern one that connects Hanover with Norwich. The subsequent proliferation of bridges marked the death knell for ferry service.

During the 1820s, the famous Concord Coach was developed by the Abbot-Downing Company in Concord, NH. Its design, largely unchanged for 75 years, helped to alleviate some of the brutal conditions experienced while traveling the turnpikes. Features included large wheels to get over ruts, a high driver's seat to afford better control of the horses and increased visibility, and a wooden body suspended by leather braces to absorb shocks. Reasonably comfortable for the time, they came in six, nine or twelve passenger models. Additional passengers could ride up front with the driver or perch on top of the coach.

By law, horses drawing coaches had to be changed every 12 miles, so taverns catering to travelers, the drivers and their horses popped up along turnpike routes. These accommodations were licensed by the state legislatures and had to be approved by a town's select board. There were three main types of taverns--those catering to stage coach routes, those that served teamsters or wagoners moving freight, and a third providing shelter for drovers taking herds of livestock and flocks of birds to Massachusetts for slaughter (the drovers accompanied their animals on foot). One of the first in our area was the Ebenezer Brewster Tavern, constructed in 1780 at the site of the present Hanover Inn. Guests usually had to share beds with fellow travelers, and bed bugs were a common "inconvenience."

Many of these establishments were later remodeled or replaced by hotels (a term borrowed from France). They not only offered better accommodations, but were more architecturally pleasing in order to distinguish them from the local pubs. Among early local examples were the Dartmouth Hotel (1814) and the Grant Hotel in Lyme (1809), today the Lyme Inn. The Windsor House, opened in 1840, was considered to be the best public house between Boston and Montreal. Many of these early hotel buildings still stand, but most have been repurposed.

By the 1820s, people had grown weary of paying tolls, and with the coming of the railroads, turnpikes and the accompanying taverns and hotels fell into disuse. The era of the turnpike was relatively brief, but historically significant. Most former turnpike roadbeds became either railroad routes or many of the state and local highway routes that remain in use today.

“I remember my mother telling me a story about when we were down in Cavendish and I wasn’t in school yet,” recalls Betty Jamieson. “My mother said, ‘I’ll always treasure Grandpa.’ We were having this horrible snowstorm and my sister had to walk three quarters of a mile to school, and she said, ‘It is snowing so hard, I hope Bobbie can make it home.’ She couldn’t go get her because she had me and no car. And she said, ‘I happened to look out the window and here comes Grandpa with your sister on his shoulders and he had carried her all the way from school.’” Fred Jamieson had walked or hitched some thirty miles from White River Junction to Cavendish having never had a driver’s license.

Before Betty Jamieson can remember, her Aunt Gladys was caring for G.W. Barnes of Lyme, NH. “Mr. Barnes had diabetes,” says Betty, “and Aunt Gladys was the one who started taking care of him private duty. When she decided to go in the service, she turned that job over to Aunt Helen.” Mr. Barnes, president of the Dartmouth Savings Bank, owned a camp on Great Averill Pond where Betty Jamieson and her cousins spent weeks every summer.

In 1941, Gladys was present at Mary Hitchcock Hospital in Hanover when her sister Esther gave birth to Gil Davis. She tended his feeding and breathing tubes until he was well enough to be released. She was also present at the hospital when he had surgery as a teen. “Gladys was a great lady,” Gil says. “One hundred percent. She was the person I went to as a kid.” When Gil was twelve years old, Gladys bought him his first bicycle.

In 1942, Gladys and her sister Dot enlisted in the Army as nurses. In 1943, Gladys was stationed at Fort Wright in New York state but by 1945, both sisters were in the Philippines. After the war, Gladys received many letters from grateful servicemen. She told Betty Jamieson, “You know I had a lot of servicemen who



Fred and Mary Jamieson celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1941 with their children, standing from left, Pearl Plummer, Mabel Mooney, Helen Jamieson, Reba Worthley, Gladys Jamieson, Harold Jamieson, Olive Hines, Esther Davis, Dorothy Outlaw, and Russell Jamieson.

used to write to me and thank me for the care that I gave.” Betty’s father Harold used to say, “Your Aunt Gladys can come in and fluff a pillow and make you feel better.”

Before Gladys joined the Army, she convinced her brother Harold to move his family from Cavendish to her home in West Hartford so he could care for their parents while she was gone. When Gladys returned after the war, Harold built a house in

Hartford Village and Gladys moved back into the family home by the VA Hospital. She worked nights as a private duty nurse and cared for her parents during the day.

“She got off work at seven in the morning,” recalls Betty Jamieson, “and if my sister or I were sick, she’d come by on her way home even though it was out of her way, and she’d give us a back rub every morning. It was so wonderful. When Aunt Gladys gave you a back rub, you knew you’d had a back rub. It was very, very good.”

Gladys’ mother Mary Jamieson remained the matriarch of the family until she developed dementia in her later years. She encouraged her children to study the Bible and attend the Hartford Congregational Church. The Jamieson women espoused Old Testament Christianity with fire and brimstone, and the men tolerated it.

Gladys’ father Fred Jamieson loved to walk, chop wood, and travel. “He couldn’t stay in one place too long,” says Betty Jamieson. “One year Aunt Gladys paid for her parents to go out west,” she says. “It was what her father wanted to do. Before long, Grandpa woke up in the morning and said, ‘Okay Mary, let’s go home. So, they came back to Vermont.’”

“They owned that whole hill where the Wright Reservoir is, all the way to the top,” says Gil Davis. “Grandpa would get up every morning and take his axe and saw and splitting hammer and cut ash and maple trees. Then he’d sit out in the garage and make

Continued on page 8.

“Vermont Ain’t Vermont Anymore ...”



“Folks used to come here because it was different. Now they’re trying to make it look like every other state. That’s the darn of it.”

Theron Boyd

Theron Boyd was photographed at his Quechee home in 1977 by Richard W. Brown for his book, Last of the Hill Farms. Theron wore his fancy hat, above, when Brown drove him to the store. At right, Theron poses with his grandmother, Mary Cowdray, who raised him and left him the c.1786 homestead in her will. It is now a Vermont State Historic Site.







Gladys Jamieson enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1942 and was stationed in the South Pacific. She received letters from grateful soldiers for years after the war. Above, Gladys in her vegetable garden at the Jamieson home in White River Junction.

axe handles and hammer handles and scythe handles. Of course, Gladys didn't let him smoke in the house, so he stayed out in the shop there."

"Gladys had a garden up there that would probably kill any man to do," remembers Gil Davis. "She had the most beautiful asparagus bed you ever saw. You would eat asparagus for a month."

"Grandpa hated the asparagus and cut it all down once," says Betty Jamieson. "They had quite an argument over that since they were both were very strong minded."

"Aunt Gladys was loyal to her parents," says Betty. "She used to tell me, 'I will always appreciate my mother. She taught me so much. I remember her teaching me to sew by hand. I once sewed something and took it to her so proud of the job I had done and she said, 'Oh Gladys, that is just terrible. You take it out and do it over--and do it the right way.'"

Most of the Jamieson siblings gathered at their parents' home at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Gil Davis remembers a large dining table in the center of the house surrounded by eleven or twelve chairs on holidays. "It was heaven," he says. "The food was wonderful and everybody baked. There'd be pies and cakes and cookies and candy." "They were all excellent cooks," adds Betty Jamieson. "I don't think I've ever tasted food better than my aunts or my parents could make."

In 1972, Reba Jamieson visited her sisters Gladys

and Helen who took her to a week of special services at the Bible Baptist Church in Hartford Village, which took place at the former home of Ephraim Morris. Gladys later purchased the building, later known as the "House of the Seven Gables," and gave it to the church.

"Aunt Gladys and Aunt Helen were the old maids in the family," says Betty Jamieson. "They were both delightful

women. So different. Aunt Helen was laid back and loved everything and everybody. Aunt Gladys was very driven." After their parents died, Gladys and Helen sold the house across from the VA to a firm that offered small monthly payments to each of them for life. This was lucrative for Gladys who lived to be ninety-five and Helen who died at one hundred and three.

Gladys Jamieson spent her later years in the West Hartford home she had purchased from her sister Reba before the war. Betty Jamieson's daughter Randi visited her Aunt Gladys every day and remembers the meticulous home. "In the cellar, she had big jars from the canning and batches of things that would get salted. Everything was organized and neat as a pin."

"When Gladys got old, I took care of her car," says Gil Davis. "God she was cheap. I put a pair of tires on her car for probably nineteen dollars apiece and she'd say, 'Oh goodness gracious, that's a lot of money.'"

When her mother Etta was dying in 1978, Betty Jamieson called on her Aunt Gladys for help. "She helped me work through mother's death," says Betty. "She said, 'It's about time for you to call your sister Bobbie if she wants to come and see her mother. Stuff like that. And she had it down almost to the hour.'"

"When my father died in 1991," Betty says, "Aunt Gladys was ninety-three and had just had cataract surgery. I didn't want her to do anything, but I wanted her to be here. She was just so supportive and told me

Continued on page 10.

Farewell Deacon Morris

The Valley Sun, September 17, 1886

This venerable man, who passed away on Sunday last, the 12th inst., at the ripe age of 89 years, possessed some rare traits of character. Those who came in contact with him were soon made aware that there was something original, distinctive and positive in him unlike what we are wont to find in the common mass of men. He had his own way of looking at all subjects, and you saw at a glance how utterly impossible it was that he should ever be an echo to somebody else, or somebody else's man. He stood firmly in his own shoes. Joined to this was a sturdy independence in thought and action, carrying him straight forward to his aim, regardless of opposition or possible consequences unpleasant to himself. There was something of the old Puritan earnestness in his composition, backed by a hearty, downright sincerity and directness in speech and act.

His manner was direct and plain to the verge of bluntness; he used no evasions, he dodged no issues, he employed no palaver or smooth complaisances, when he believed right and wrong to be in issue, or vital principle at stake. He trusted in the integrity of the moral law, and in eternal justice; and in support of the requirements of these, as he understood them. He had convictions, and the courage of his convictions. He was of that type of men who in the old days of persecution would have gone to the scaffold or the stake without flinching. He was a born radical.

Sylvester Morris was an active anti-slavery man when it meant something to be anti-slavery; he was an abolitionist when in all the great cities of the North it was the fashion to mob the abolitionists; when all the abolitionists in the county could be counted on the fingers of your two hands. He was a temperance man and a total abstainer long before the time of prohibitory liquor laws, and denounced the rum-seller to his face and his detestable traffic everywhere, and as a reward for his zeal got his person pelted with mud and rotten eggs, his property maliciously destroyed,



Sylvester Morris was the father of Ephraim Morris of Hartford and grandfather of Kate Morris Cone. He purchased grist and cotton mills on the White River from Elias Lyman in 1853.

his house defiled with filth, and the privacy of home invaded by nocturnal visitations which more than once stopped scarcely short of personal violence.

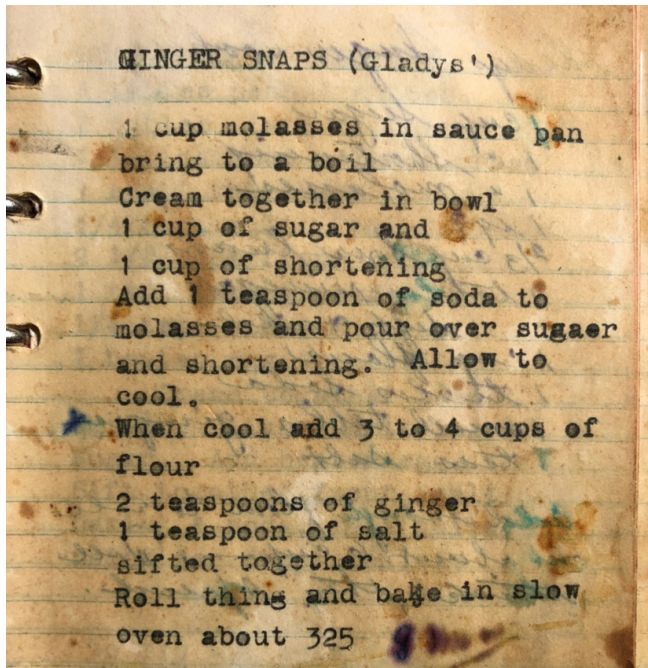
In the days of fugitive slave laws, he was a conductor on the underground railroad. One of the stations where his passengers were concealed and rested on their way to Canada, was at the modest dwelling of Sally Jones, an aged colored woman who lived for many years near the south end of the main street in the village of Hanover.

Beyond a doubt, a man constituted as he was and acting as he did was sure to make enemies and encounter opposition and antagonism enough. Like all the rest of us, he made mistakes, and his strong will led him into

false positions that proved uncomfortable and untenable. But his honesty of purpose and obvious sincerity commanded the respect even of such as differed most widely from his methods. He had, moreover, a kind and generous heart. In the warfare he waged against injustice and wrong there was no bitterness, nothing vindictive or unforgiving.

Beautiful, indeed, and touching to behold was the undying affection he exhibited for the memory of his deceased wife, whose death preceded his own by many years. In the accumulating sense of loneliness which came with advancing age, with deafness and the loss of memory of persons and recent events, he never forgot the companion of his early life. In the general break up of his faculties, she became the pole star round which all his thoughts seemed to revolve. Who would not wish when removed from earth to be thus fondly cherished in the memory of some surviving friend? What a lesson of fidelity and steadfast love is here! So it is that human character mellows with advancing age.

Passions decay, hatreds and animosities disappear, the walls of party and sect fall away, and at the bottom of the cup of life there are no discords left only an incarnate love. m.e.g.



Gladys Jamieson's Ginger Snap recipe was passed along by her niece Betty Jamieson. When one of the Jamieson sisters cracked an egg, they carefully wiped inside the shell with their finger.

when it was time to call the doctor for a prescription of morphine that brought him relief on his last night. He died the next morning."

After Harold Jamieson died, Gladys said to Betty, "Well, let's get him ready for the funeral home." She washed her brother's face and hands, cut open the back of a clean shirt so it fit his swollen body, and combed his hair.

Finally, Aunt Gladys came to live with Betty in a room off the kitchen. "One day, I was making ginger snap cookies, which you have to roll paper thin. Gladys was watching me and all of a sudden she screamed, "Betty, don't throw that away!" I jumped a mile and said, "Throw what away?" and she said, "What you have in your hand." And I said, "I'm making cookies and I just put the rest of the dough in the bowl while I roll this first batch out," and she said, "Oh." They didn't waste a thing." Randi recalls that when one of the Jamieson sisters cracked an egg, they carefully wiped inside the shell with their finger.

After Gladys Jamieson died in 1995, the family sold her house in West Hartford and gave the money to a church in Florida for their mission program. It was what Aunt Gladys wanted.

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THANK YOU!

Yesterday's News

Good

Dollie Watson has purchased a new upright piano that excels in every respect anything in this vicinity. It is mahogany case, highly polished, and the tone is exquisite. Now she is happy. *The Landmark*, October 20, 1888

Last Piece in the Puzzle *The Landmark*, April 8, 1882

J.G. Harvey of Enfield, NH talks of opening a law office here in a week or two. He comes well recommended. A lawyer is all that is needed to make this place a perfect paradise.

Greener Pastures *The Landmark*, April 8, 1882

S.J. Merrill and Whittlesey Newton consummated their exchange of farms by moving.

Chick Pea *Vermont Chronicle*, August 29, 1874

Mr. Hazen Savage has a hen that beats all the hens heard from, in the egg line, laying four eggs at a time, and one inside of another. The egg showed nothing different on the outside from a common egg as to size or shape. Between the first and second was the albuminous portion, or white, and a rudiment of the yolk. The second contained albumen and no yolk; the third the same, and the fourth about the size of a robin's egg, or a little less, and a yolk the size of a common pea. Mr. Savage says when any one will beat that, the old hen will try again.

Pass the Peas *The Landmark*, April 8, 1882

Fifty carloads of dry peas passed thro' one day last week en route from Canada to France.

Ageless Apple *Vermont Chronicle*, August 8, 1874

Hosea Doton has exhibited to the editor of the *Woodstock Standard*, a Roxbury Russet that he has kept two years, and which is an apple still. He says in May a comparison between this fruit of 1872 and apples of the same variety grown in 1873, was not at all to the disadvantage of the former.

Finally *The Landmark*, December 13, 1895

The Electric Light Co. is stringing wires and placing lamps for the street service. There will be 42 lights.

What's in a Name? *Orleans County Monitor*, July 26, 1875

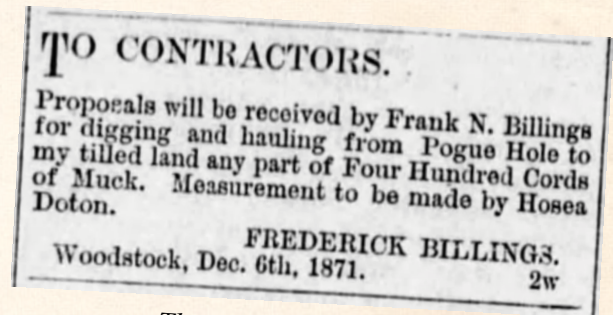
The engine "Groton," which was bought and loaned to the Wells River Road, has been thoroughly overhauled, and her name changed to "Amos Barnes," one of the directors. She is run by Charlie Carlton on the freight Union. It is too bad to abuse so respectable an engine by giving it such an unpopular name.

Full House *The Landmark*, October 4, 1884

They are having a big run at the Junction House these days. Monday there were 73 arrivals and Tuesday there were 92.

Talking Turkey *The Landmark*, December 13, 1884

Mrs. Roberts had a birthday party on Tuesday last and invited the old ladies of the burg to eat turkey and other good things. Her age is 88 years.



The Otta-Quechee Post,
December 15, 1871

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. Phones/email are checked twice a week.

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

Wednesday, April 10, 2024 - **“Justin Morgan's Horse: Making an American Myth,”** Presented by Amanda Gustin of the Vermont Historical Society. 7:00 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ; 1721 Maple St., Hartford Village. Free and accessible.

Wednesday, June 12, 2024 - **“Strafford’s Justin Morrill,”** Presented by Victoria Sample. 7:00 p.m. at the Greater Hartford United Church of Christ; 1721 Maple St., Hartford Village. Free and accessible.

The **Genealogy Center** on the second floor of the Hartford Library is open Fridays from 2-6 p.m. and by appointment. Please call Carole Haehnel at 802/295-3974 or email her at: chaehnel151@comcast.net. Interested in helping residents explore their family histories? Please contact us at info@hartfordhistoricalsociety.com.

Websites

Hartford Historical Society: <http://www.hartfordvthistory.com/>

HHS Membership Form: <https://hartfordvthistory.com/contact/membership/>

Hartford VT Historical Society Facebook Group: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/hartfordvthistory>

Hartford History Timeline: <https://www.tiki-toki.com/timeline/entry/1456118/History-of-Hartford-Vermont/>

Very Vermont - Stories from the Green Mountains: <https://veryvermont.exposure.co/very-vermont>