Wallingford Historical Society
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Wallingford Perspectives

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Greetings!

It took the blizzard of 2017 to get me to hunker down and put out a newsletter. I am going to start recycling some of the wonderful stories published in the original newsletters. Many of us have never read them.

The poem by Alice Rist and the picture were published in the 1976 pictorial.

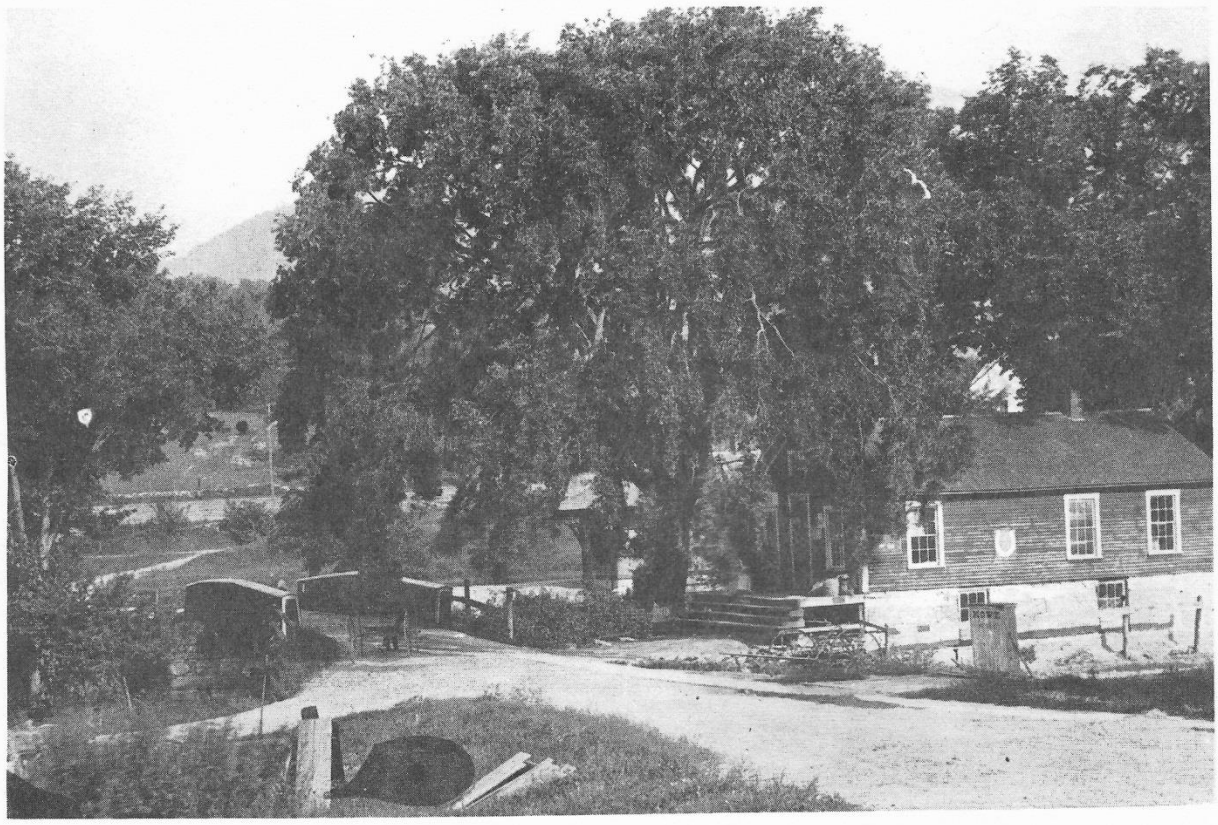
The first story about the Tea Room came from the October 1982 newsletter. The second one about the 1903 graduates of Wallingford High School was published in our November 1983 issue and the piece about the Old Stone Shop came from the April 1983 newsletter.

If you have any old stories you would like to share with us, please send them to us.

Joyce Barbieri, President

ENDEARED BY MANY A TIE… BY ALICE RIST (WRITTEN IN THE 1970'S)

UNDER THE BLUEST VERMONT SKIES,
THE OLD VILLE OF SOUTH WALLINGFORD LIES.
LIKE A GEM IN A MIST OF GREEN.
YOU'LL WANDER FAR TO FIND SUCH A SCENE.
PANORAMIC VIEWS GREET YOU FROM EAST AND WEST
IT'S HARD TO DECIDE WHICH IS BEST.
FOR YOU'LL FIND NO SKYSCRAPERS OR NEON
TO HIDE THE VIEW.
ONLY BEAUTY FOR ME AND YOU.
NO CEMENT SIDEWALKS,
NO PAVED ROADS HERE,
ONLY MEADOWS WITH MANY DEER.
NO HOMES OF CONCRETE OR OF STEEL,
ONLY THOSE WITH GREAT APPEAL.
FRIENDS ARE OLD, SOME REAL NEW.
IT'S PEACEFUL HERE FOR ME AND YOU.



Formerly the store of M.H. Roberts referred to by Rev. Thorpe, as the largest "weeping elm" in the State of Vermont, on Mill Hill - South Wallingford.

(Picture taken at the junction of Hartsboro Rd. with Rt.7 looking east.)

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN TEA ROOM OF SOUTH WALLINGFORD

by Peg Barker

The Green Mountain Tea Room in South Wallingford was built as a a Stage Coach Stop in 1792. Much of its original charm still remains, wide board floors, hand made nails, 12 over 8 windows throughout, some with original panes, hand lathed ceiling rafters and split tree trunks holding up its slate roof.

Coaches with 12 horses would stop here to get fresh horses,(the barn is now gone) and we've been told a sentry would announce them with a bugle call. Upstairs across the front of the house was the ball room, where many a gala dance was held. Original invitations to the ball are on display here including a 4th of July Ball, 1865, an invitation from what was then known as Scott's Hotel, that says, "Your company with ladies cordially invited, good music provided, tickets including supper, $2.50". Maude Curtis, whose father played the organ many years at the South Wallingford Church, told us that the girls would arrive a half-hour before the boys with a ball of string. They would walk all over the house with it and when the boys arrived, they'd pick up the string and whoever was at the end of the string would be their dancing partner for the evening. Ralph Stafford told us (should we tell this?) some of the boys would buy one ticket, throw it out the window and all the boys would come in on one ticket. What fun they had!

It was also known as Miller's Hall and Crapo Hotel. Many familiar Wallingford names lived here including Andrus, Edgerton, Hoadley, Cooke, Miner, Smith, and Tracey.

In the 1920's, the Kirks had the Yellow Cat Tea Room here, featuring home made maple candy and creamed chicken and waffles. The present owners have had many people who remember them as well as people who worked here at that time. Ruth Kirk Catozzi was very active in the South Wallingford Church and left a generous bequest to it upon her death.

The Frews owned this house, 1953 - 1973, calling it Golden Eagle Antiques, where they sold antiques.

Present owners are Herb and Peg Barker and we've welcomed people from all over the world. The South Wallingford Ladies Aid meets here as well as the Grange and Water Company. We're especially appreciative of our Vermont friends that come here so often. Do we have a ghost? Yes!-but it's friendly!.

It is hoped that this account of the historic Green Mountain Tea Room will lead to other descriptions of the many interesting old homes and structures in our area. The Wallingford Historical Society will be happy to include such write-ups in its History section of the Monthly Bulletin and urges family historians and researchers to submit their material to the Editors whenever available..

(The Tea Room was located across from the Congregational Church.)

WALLINGFORD HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI CLASS OF 1903

There were two graduates from Wallingford High School in 1903, Edna May Earle and Alice Sawtelle.

Edna Earle is the daughter of Frank and DeEtte Chilson Earle. She was born January 23, 1885 and is now 98 years of age. She married in 1919 to Arthur Shumway of Rutland. Mr.Shumway died in 1924. She resided in Chester and Ludlow, Vt. until July 1951 when she married William Maranville, son of Alice and Edward Maranville. After living in Charlestown, N.H. for 22 years, Mr.and Mrs. Maranville moved to Waynesboro, Pa. where they now reside with Mrs. Maranville's daughter, Mrs. Della Shumway Stapleton.

Alice Sawtelle married Lawrence Goulet (1904) and had two children,Ralph and Ruth. Later when Alice and Lawrence divorced, she married Bert Earle. Mr. Earle was uncle to Edna Earle Maranville.

The following was written by Edna Earle Maranville:

I was born in Mt.Holly, Vt. My father, who was a Rutland Railroad employee blacksmith and farmer, had six brothers and sisters, some of whose descendants graduated from Wallingford High School many years after I did and who still reside in Wallingford, I feel certain.

Wallingford High School occupied the northwest room on the second floor of the old two story wooden building on School Street. Primary, intermediate and grammar school grades occupied the rest of the building.

The high school student body numbered about 30 students. Among the students I remember were Grace Congdon, Avis Wilbur, Frank Scribner, Frank Lawton, Emma Maranville, Grace Dolan, Harry Waters, Harry Townsend, Neal Adair and Alice Sawtelle.

Mr. W.H.Botsford was the high school teaching principal my junior year and Mr.O.K.Collins, my senior year. They taught all subjects including four years of Latin, geometry, physics,advanced arithmetic,history,botany,German and French.

I lived in South Wallingford and drove back and forth with a horse and buggy some of the time. For a few weeks in the coldest part of winter I boarded myself, having two small rooms in the creamery on Church St.(I don't know what that building is used for now). I would rush home at noon, prepare a lunch and be back at one. My family supplied me with food and wood for heating.

Sometimes when the horse might be needed at home, I took the local train, getting to school at 10 a.m. and home about 4:30 p.m.

A popular noontime activity was skipping across the brook to the cider mill on Mill St. and getting sweet cider to drink. It was a very popular place during cider-making time.

The general attire for all females at the turn of the century was shirt waists or blouses and ankle-length skirts and I made many of my clothes.

School activities as such were nil. I do remember a moonlight ride to Danby for a dance. Social activities were the village ones, the usual small village affairs. Among them was a play put on for the benefit of the graduating class of 1903 to help pay for a trip to Washington which had been the thing for years. I had a part in that play. The trip to D.C. was later discontinued so we lost out.

I especially remember having to study Caesar and Cicero in Latin my junior year and Virgil my senior year along with German.

There were four of us juniors: Harry Townsend, Neal Adair, Alice Sawtelle and myself. Neal moved away and Harry didn't come back (too many females, maybe).

Alice and I graduated on June 5, 1903. Graduation was held inwhat is now the Odd Fellows Hall. The Grammar School exercises were held first followed by the High School program.

Our motto was "Knowledge is Power"; class colors were blue and gold; Alice's essay was entitled "Roman Roads" and mine was "The Power of Music".

Since we didn't have the trip to D.C. the powers-that -be decided we should have a gala evening so after the exercises, with an orchestra from Rutland, everything was arranged for a dance, Grand March and all! At midnight we went across to the hotel for a turkey dinner, going back to the hall to dance until 2 a.m. This was a community event with faculty, parents and townspeople participating.

Then I had to get my horse ready, pick up my escort who was A.Linwood Taft, the teacher at the South Wallingford school, and Alice Stafford, a close friend, and drop them off at their places. So, I was getting home just as the day was beginning to break.

I might add that it was by the encouragement and help from Mr. Taft, my South Wallingford teacher, that I entered Wallingford High School. Also Mr. Albert Palmer, the summer minister in South Wallingford, tutored me.

One other experience I had was teaching for six weeks at the Munson School toward the end of my junior year. This one-room schoolhouse was located half way between South Wallingford and Wallingford. I was 17 years old at the time.

That schoolhouse had been closed for several years. Enough pupils were then living in that district to warrant opening it again. In order to draw state money for it, the school had to be active for six weeks. Through Principal Botsford's recommendation, I left school two weeks before the end of the school year and took an exam to get a teacher's permit. I went back and forth from my home in South Wallingford to the school on a bicycle. There were 14 pupils, some of whom I had been in school with in the village. I can remember the smell of the freshly painted school room on that first day of school.

My salary was six dollars a week and I saved that money for my graduation expenses the following year.

One day I opened my desk drawer and found a frog--a popular prank to play on the teacher in a country school.

Following my graduation from high school, I attended summer school for two weeks at Rutland High School and took a teacher's examination. We had to attend summer for two weeks every two years in order to keep our certification active.

My first post-high school teaching position was in the one-room school house on West Hill where I taught for four years. I also taught a year at the Chittenden School in the New Boston district. For six weeks I was a substitute teacher in the district school on the Rupert Road in Dorset.

Ihave never lost my interest in young people and in education, and feel fortunate today to still be mentally alert.

While there is no comparison between my high school education and that of students today, my years at Wallingford High School did prove to me that "Knowledge is Power" and that goes for the end of this century just as surely as it did for the beginning of it. Children of today do have the opportunity and the ability to benefit from excellent high school educations and I hope and pray each may take advantage of it.

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OLD STONE SHOP

The Historical Society has a copy of the Springfield Reporter for August 26, 1920, given by Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts. Under the heading of PIONEER INDUSTRIES is an article about the American Fork & Hoe Company, now True Temper. Below are some excerpts.

"In Wallingford there is a very important branch of the tool-making industry - that of the hand-tool variety. The American Fork & Hoe Company is a corporation embracing eleven pioneer industries in different parts of the United States. The amalgamation occurred in 1902. The Wallingford works of L.Batcheller & Sons, makers of forks and hoes, and the Ely works in St. Johnsbury were merged under the new management.

Lyman Batcheller, Sr., was born among the hills of Stratton in 1795. He married a young lady by the name of Gale. With their son Gale they moved to Arlington where Mr. Batcheller set up in the blacksmith business and, as a side-line, forged hoes and forks which he disposed of to the surrounding farmers. Three more sons were born - John, Lyman, Jr., and Justin.

In 1835 the Batchellers made another move , this time to Wallingford. Here a firm name of L. Batcheller & Sons was adopted. Fire destroyed their first establishment in 1847 and the firm promptly erected a substantial stone building, which is now famous as the oldest fork factory in the United States.

This stone building is still used by the present company as a place where the forks are tumbled(polished) in the drums before assembling.

.....Within the walls of this old stone building, should the passerby pause a moment, he will hear the muffled rumble of the drums at their ceaseless work, day and night, driven on by the tearing "little brook." It becomes tranquil and noiseless as it leaves its work at the corner of the old stone structure and steals along unseen through its channel beneath the main thoroughfare of the village and out again to the sunlight through the meadows surrounding the historic homestead of him who first exacted toll from the streamlet before it was lost in the nearby quietly gliding Otter Creek. The mad rush of the little stream suggests in miniature the madder rush of our modern life in certain ways, and from out the chambers of memory there flit these words -

'I come from haunts of coot and hern
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down the valley
By thirty hills I hurry down
Or slip between the ridges
By twenty thorps, a little town
And half a hundred bridges.
Till last by Batcheller's I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on forever.'

The love of the artist....was the impelling motive of the Batchellers while they worked to produce the implements whose quality should blaze a trail from all parts of the country to their modest factory in Wallingford, Vermont."