



# The Chronicler

Newsletter of the Hartland Historical Society, Inc.  
Gaylord House Museum, 141 Center Street, West Hartland

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[HartlandHistoricalSociety.com](http://HartlandHistoricalSociety.com)

Fall Edition 2020

**Fall Membership Meeting Cancelled Due to Coronavirus Safety Measure.**

**HHS members votes needed! Please go to nomination slate page and cast your vote for HHS officers and directors**

**2020-2022 term by October 11th!**

**Be Safe, Be Healthy, Be Calm, Be Hopeful**



This year in 2020 has seen many of us stay close to home for many months, and throughout the summer. Many stories in the news point to people taking up gardening, adding pets and small livestock, and referencing times filled with cooking, baking, and time with family – a bit of living “as it used to be”. **Two poems** are shared in this newsletter; although the times described are 100 years apart, the messages resonate with the connection to home, family, and the influence that has on shaping one’s future life. We hope you enjoy these poems of Hartland past.

POEM 1 - 1849

The Farmers Boy, 1849

By Eveline Clark, Hartland, Conn.

Eveline was born abt. 1836. This poem (typed as written) along with others was found in her school “Writing Book” where she practiced her penmanship and wrote poetry. Town land records show Clark family members buying property in Hartland starting in 1794, located along the northern end of Granville Road, East Hartland

The sun had sank behind the hill  
Arose you dreary moor  
When wet and cold there came a boy  
Up to the farmer’s door  
Can you tell me said he if any there be  
Who would like to give employ  
For to plough or to sow or to reap or to mow  
Or to be a farmers boy

My father is dead my mother is left  
With four poor children small  
And what is worse for my mother still  
I am the eldest of them all

But though little I will work as hard as I can  
If I can get employ  
For to plow or to sow for to reap or to mow  
Or to be a farmers boy

But if no boy you choice to want  
One favor Ive to ask  
To shelter me til break of day  
From the cold and wintry blast  
And at break of day I wil trudge away  
Elsewhere to seek employ  
For to plough or to sow or to reap or to mow  
Or to be a farmers boy

The farmers wife cries try the lad  
Let him no further seek  
Oh do papa the daughter cries  
While tears roald down her cheeks  
For those that will work tis hard to want  
Or to wander for employ  
For to plough or to sow for to reap or to mow

The farmers boy he grew a man  
The good old farmer died  
And left the lad with all he had  
His daughter for a bride  
The boy that now a farmers is  
And he thinks and smiles with joy  
On the luck of day when he passed that way  
To be a farmers boy

Summers in Hartland 1949 Highlighted  
Memories with Dawn Irwin Shaw  
By Heather Desmond 2020

Dawn Irwin Shaw describes summer in Hartland as “beautiful.” We all know that this is true; summers in Hartland are delightful.

In 1949, 16-year-old Dawn Irwin Shaw spent the summer in Hartland with her grandparents, Mortimer Bristol Foster and Jeanette Price Foster. She would often visit her grandparents in West Hartland, except for winter when the roads were too dangerous for long distance travel. Gramp lived next door to the Second Church of Hartland. Dawn’s grandpa was in charge of opening the church on Sunday. In cooler seasons, he would make the fire in the stove so the church would be warm for services. In the summer of 1949, Dawn taught a Sunday school class at the church.

This particular summer, Dawn’s mother thought that Dawn wasn’t well enough to work since she had been hospitalized with severe pneumonia while vacationing in Vermont the previous August. “I was thrilled to have my grandparents to myself because my twin sister and brothers were working elsewhere that summer.

Dawn’s grandfather, an MIT graduate and an accountant, grew mushrooms in his cellar. He brought them up every morning for her grandma to sauté for breakfast. “To this day, I still love mushrooms!” says Dawn. Her grandfather also grew rhubarb, mint, and vegetables. To this day, Dawn still has some of her grandfather’s descendant mint plants growing in her own home garden. She happily remembers her grandma’s “great” rhubarb pies.

“And the blueberries!” exclaims Dawn of Hartland’s expansive, beloved blueberries. [You can’t mention Hartland and not think of the blueberries.] Past her grandfather’s barn, beyond the fence where Ed Ransom pastured his cows, there were “blueberries upon blueberries. It was so wonderful!” says Dawn. She picked and picked blueberries with great delight.

Another Hartland summer memory Dawn has is when she and her family would first arrive at her grandparents’ house. She and her siblings would run up the stairs to the sleeping porch, blow on the glass of the Chinese wind chimes, change their clothes as fast as they could, and she would run to visit Mabel Hitchcock Cole’s farm across the road. Mabel Hitchcock Cole of West Hartland was Wade Cole’s grandmother. On her farm, she had dairy cows, chickens and sold eggs.

During the summer of 1949, Dawn ran to Mabel’s barn for milk every morning and evening carrying her grandmother’s special tall blue glass, along with the family’s lidded milk tin. “Mabel milked the cows twice a day and I didn’t want to miss a moment. In fact, during my time in Hartland, I hardly ever missed a milking! Mabel never complained about also filling the special tall blue glass twice a day. Mabel had two cows, Spizarinktum and Crookady. Crookady had an especially large supply of milk, and it would often leak while waiting for Mabel to milk her. I would put my blue glass under the leak and watch it fill fast to the top, it was so warm, foamy and delicious. That summer, I also helped Mabel harvest corn for the silo, I watched her dehorn her heifers and

I carried milk pails to feed the calves tethered to her apple trees in the front yard. I watched the cows to make sure they didn’t get too many apples way up in her orchard, for if they would get too many it would taint the milk. I had a blast but most of all I learned an awful lot.” says Dawn.

*Mabel Hitchcock Cole 1896-1989*

*Dawn Irwin Shaw 1933-*



Sometimes Dawn’s grandmother sent her to Mabel’s farm to request a chicken for their dinner. Mabel and Dawn would check to see which hen was no longer laying eggs and choose it for the

dinner. Dawn said that “Mabel would kill the chicken, and together, we would clean it for me to bring home to Gram.”

Dawn spent a lot of time with Mabel Hitchcock Cole during the summer of 1949 (and every Hartland visit). “Mabel was a grand person. In fact, the reason that I appreciate farming and became a farmer is because of Mabel Hitchcock Cole of West Hartland and my times with her. My daughter Susan and I, own a large farm in Virginia that abuts farms owned by other family members. We’ve even named one of our cows Mabel. And we still have two maple stanchions from Mabel’s barn that were made by Mabel’s dad (for when Mabel milked her dairy cows, see photos).” Dawn even wrote a poem about Mabel and the impact that she had on her life. *(See poem next page)*



Dawn often walked up to the Post Office from her grandparents’ house. She would also visit Aunt Florence Hurdy, her grandmother’s sister. Aunt Florence lived across from the Post Office and tried to teach her French. “It just didn’t take,” said Dawn. “I didn’t spend the time to learn it.” Dawn’s Aunt Alida May Griffith, another sister of her grandmother, had a home nearby as well.

By her grandfather’s barn, a path led to the cemetery. Dawn and local kids would play hide-and-seek or play chase in the graveyard. “The barn was grandpa’s place and off limits,” says Dawn. “He taught us that kids did not go nosing into things or people’s spaces.” So they stayed out of the barn. The barn had an outhouse in it and her grandpa also used the barn as a garage.

Dawn remembers a huge sleeping porch with eight beds on the second floor in her grandparents’ house. There would often be bats on the porch and her brother would swing a racquet to get them out. She always looked forward to hearing the glass Chinese wind chimes and lounging on the swing on the sleeping porch. She didn’t even mind when her dad, Henry (Harry) Irwin III, would send them to the porch to sleep when they were young and visiting. Dawn’s grandparents’ house had large, wide-plank wood floors. In the back, there were very narrow stairs.

Her grandparents’ farmhouse had wicker furniture and a swing on the front porch. It had two kitchens: a summer kitchen with an electric stove, and a winter kitchen with a woodstove and large wood box. Both kitchens were connected to the house. Her grandfather attached a birdhouse to the summer kitchen. Each year, he cleaned it out for a wren to nest. “He really loved having the bird visit and nest each year,” remembers Dawn. Dawn’s grandpa would do his CPA work in the winter kitchen. Dawn now has the exact work shelves where he used to put his tax papers in her own farmhouse.

“Grandma made the best oatmeal,” says Dawn. She made it in a double boiler at night, left it on the stove and in the morning, “it was absolutely delicious! It was so sweet, and no other oatmeal could be compared to this oatmeal.”

Her grandparents got water from a spring spigot that came right into the house. In winter, her grandfather would shut the valve off so it wouldn’t freeze. Dawn clearly remembers that kids were not allowed to touch the spigot, located in the summer kitchen where it continually ran. Her grandparents were very firm on this! It was difficult to prime the pump and get it running again. One time, Dawn’s oldest brother even saw lightning hit the spigot during a bad storm! Sadly, her grandparent’s home no longer exists, as it burned down in the care of another owner. Dawn wishes that she could go back to Hartland for a visit but with Mabel, her grandparents and the family home all gone, it just wouldn’t be the same. Dawn really enjoyed sharing about Hartland and said, “I have such fond and happy memories of my time in Hartland.”

POEM 2 1949

Mabel Hitchcock and Farming  
By Dawn Irwin Shaw, penned in 2001

I went to Grandma's country house  
Which was in the mountains so fair  
Next to the church and the graveyard  
High in the hills with cool pure air

Mabel provided our grandma  
With milk and eggs and fresh chicken  
This neighbor was salt of the earth  
Her kindness was never hidden

Every morning at break of day  
I found my way to the old barn  
To join Mabel for her milking  
Where we could both spin a yarn

I always took my tall blue glass  
That warm, fresh milk tasted the best  
I drank and drank many a glass  
Which was always filled to the crest

Two of three quarts I'd down in time  
As the cow would leak into the glass  
Patience it took to slowly fill  
But this milk I could hardly pass

Every morning and every evening  
I would seldom miss a session  
Being with these soft gentle cows  
Became a lifelong obsession

I helped Mabel with the green corn  
Which we had stacked on a wagon  
Up a belt to the top of silo  
Silage shot like out of cannon

I watched the cows in the orchard  
So apples they wouldn't eat many  
Or cows would get drunk and stagger  
Their milk Mabel couldn't sell any



**Hitchcock/Cole Home, 1896-present  
Built 1852**

I fed the wee calves in the yard  
They were tied to trees in a row  
They would always suck your fingers  
With their soft brown eyes all aglow

The hay was loose in the high mow  
There were no bales in those old days  
It made a soft landing to jump on  
And you could slide a long long ways

I forked hay down from the high loft  
The cows needed all this good feed  
The whole aroma of the barn  
Was most pleasurable indeed

I watched her dehorn her young calves  
They bled all over the green grass  
It was such a terrible mess  
I'm glad that lesson is far past

Mabel lost four cows to lightning  
In a storm atop a steep hill  
The best of her young cows that year  
It was surely bitter pill

With Mabel's permission I'd lay  
For hours at the chicken feed bin  
Picking out little brown wheat seed  
What I ate and ate was a sin

I thought a great deal of Mabel  
I held her in such high esteem  
She taught me so many lessons  
Of all the crop she was the cream

I'm sure she had a big influence  
For the country life I now lead  
I know I love this farming life  
My spirit feels so calm and freed



**Foster Home, 1912-1961  
Built 1852, burned 1965**

# Nomination Slate for the Term 2020-2022

Members of the Hartland Historical Society,

As we voted to not hold a spring or fall membership meeting due to the pandemic we now need to go forward and vote not in person but by technology. Please cast your vote by email, text or phone call. Cast your vote (yes or no) to instate the following nominations for officers and directors along with appointments. Thank you!

**Email: hartlandhistoricalsociety@gmail.com**

**Phone or text: 860-309-8016**

President: Joanne Groth  
 Vice President: Terri Atwood  
 Treasurer: Bud Groth  
 Secretary: Megan Lindgren  
 Curator: Joanne Groth  
 Librarian: Marsha Walsh

**DIRECTORS**  
 Therese Gundersen  
 Laurie Guptil  
 Louise Hayes  
 Tim Kendrick  
 Hubie Parmelee  
 Randy Straukus



FOR SALE  
All proceeds to support HHS

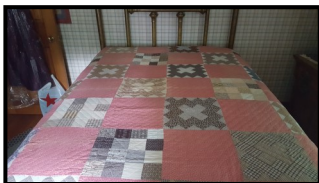


Donated items listed below are not Hartland related. The quilts are hand made and were part of a personal collection of a Hartland resident. We need to find a new home for all. They are being offered for sale. Please call Joanne 860-309-8016 for further information. Two nice 1800 prints, wooden baby cradle, and beautiful quilts range from fragile to usable—Must See...

Print/advertising "Oh, I See Papa" c1800s" - 20" x 16"

Print "From Shore to Shore 1870" - 21" x 17" w Frame

Baby Cradle with rockers/wood. Hand made in 1970's



Quilt 1865-1890—73" x 63"

Quilt 1865-1890s—63" x 59"

Quilt, documented 1875-1910— 66" x 49"

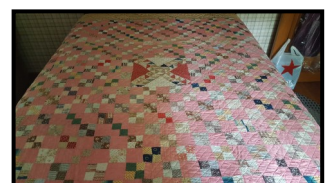
Quilt, Crazy documented 1875-1910—73" x 49"

Quilt, Crazy 1886—59" x 58"

Quilt, documented 1890s—81" x 88"

Quilt 1890-1920s—69" x 79"

Quilt, Documented 1960-1970s—80" x 70"





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06027

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**The Hartland Historical Society's** mission is to discover, procure and preserve whatever historical facts may be available relating to the civil, military, literary, cultural, and ecclesiastical history of the town of Hartland; and to investigate and preserve such traditions and knowledge as now exist only in the memory of persons. The Society will be responsible for sponsoring and exhibiting the collection of historical articles, pictures and other items relating to the town.

Hartland Resident  
Postal Customer

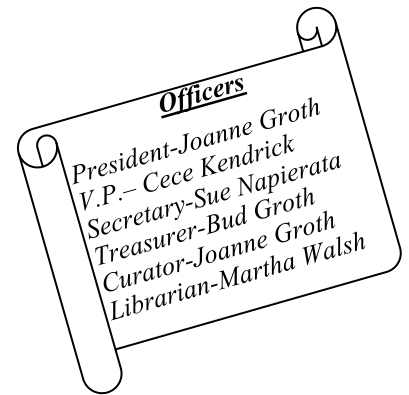


### Santa Breakfast

Saturday December 12, 2020

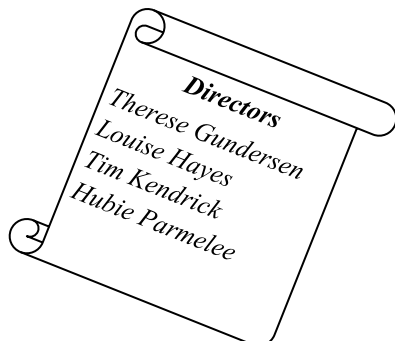
**Ho Ho Ho** The Historical Society is going to do their best to bring some form of celebration for our Annual Santa Breakfast with Covid safety measures in mind. We have been feeding and bringing holiday cheer to children and adults for over 20 years. Let's not stop now!! Know we are working on our wish list of what will be the best cheerful and safest solution. Any suggestions from you are welcome!

This event is HHS main fundraiser too – To help keep this event in the black of coal and not in the Santa red, please consider sending in a donation to go towards our overhead costs to make this happen! If we find ourselves unable to proceed at the last minute due to Covid constraints 50% of donations will be given to a worthy cause in town with the acknowledgement of where it came from.



#### Officers

President-Joanne Groth  
V.P. – Cece Kendrick  
Secretary-Sue Napierata  
Treasurer-Bud Groth  
Curator-Joanne Groth  
Librarian-Martha Walsh



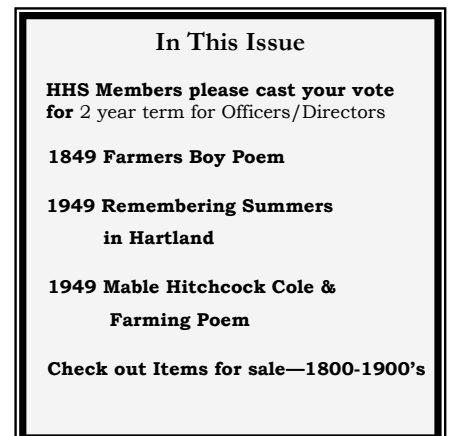
#### Directors

Therese Gundersen  
Louise Hayes  
Tim Kendrick  
Hubie Parmelee



#### AmazonSmile

Choose Hartland Historical Society  
when you shop on-line!



#### In This Issue

**HHS Members please cast your vote**  
for 2 year term for Officers/Directors

**1849 Farmers Boy Poem**

**1949 Remembering Summers**  
in Hartland

**1949 Mable Hitchcock Cole &**  
Farming Poem

**Check out Items for sale—1800-1900's**