Lessons Learned from a Canine Porcupine

Jen Shepherd

Thirteen years ago we adopted a puppy. ‘Baxter’ was a hypoallergenic dog that an acquaintance, who suffered from allergies, paid one thousand dollars for at a pet store. She quickly learned that hypoallergenic was more of a word than a guarantee, so Baxter became ‘Noodle’ and, sight unseen, became ours.

Noodle was an ugly puppy. Noodle, a Schnoodle, did not have much hair rather he had patches of gray fuzz covering small portions of his pink skin. The largest amount of his hair oddly dangled from his nether region, making urination akin to dragging around a wet mop. As far as we were concerned, Noodle’s penis string was just another peculiar physical characteristic that we grew to adore about this strange looking dog. At Noodle’s first grooming appointment, neither one of us had the courage to ask to leave it in tact, so snip snip it went.

We moved from the big city of Boston to Norwich and quickly realized our semi-hairless twelve pound dog did not fit in with the Labs, the Goldens, and the other big burly Vermont dogs. I sheepishly admit to feeling Hartford-Norwich Holiday Basket Helpers

Ann Marie Smith

Making a difference in the local area is very important to me and when I was asked to help deliver Senior Fruit Baskets, I jumped at the chance to help and brought my two young children. I think my kids were 8 and 6 at the time and they still remember the faces of some of the seniors when they opened the door. I do! Pure joy and gratitude. The next year, I was asked to organize the Senior fruit baskets and the rest is history! I love helping our Seniors and organizing... Continued on page 12

The Ultimate Role Model For Living
Meet Norwich’s Dottie S. Dorion

Dave Nelson

“Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving.” ~Albert Einstein

There is no doubt whatsoever that spending time chatting with 84-year old Norwich residents, Dottie S. Dorion, and her 89-year old husband George, will give you an entire new perspective on aging.

Over those 84 years Dottie has gained international fame and worldwide acclaim as a Humanitarian, Athlete, Educator and most lately, renowned Artist. The key element in that last statement is that Dottie is a long way from resting on her laurels. Slowing down to enjoy conventional retirement is not even an option and it never was.

When pressed to choose of those categories to describe herself, Dottie only paused for a moment before answering with a warm smile... Continued on page 24
NORWICH WOMEN’S CLUB NEWS

SUPPORT THE NEARLY NEW SALE
October 19th-21st  Tracy Hall, Norwich

Great selection of gently-used clothing for men, women, and children
Over $36,000 raised for local scholarships last year!
Visit www.norwichwomensclub.org for more information.

Fall Calendar

• Monday, August 27, 10-11am
  Coffee and Conversation, Norwich Inn

• Wednesday, September 12, 5-7pm
  Wine Tasting at the Norwich Inn

• Monday, September 17, 5-7pm
  Fall Gathering, 1 Hazen Street

• Monday, October 1, 10-11am
  Coffee and Conversation, Norwich Inn

• Friday-Sunday, October 19-21
  Nearly New Sale, Tracy Hall

• Monday, November 5, 10-11am
  Coffee and Conversation, Norwich Inn

For more information on these events,
find us on Facebook or
www.norwichwomensclub.org.

All welcome!

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MEET THE NORWICH TIMES TEAM

Jen MacMillen, Norwich Times Publisher
Hard Road, Quechee VT

Who is the most ‘famous’ person you know or know of in Norwich?
Dan Fraser

What fictional place would you like to visit?
Which ‘real’ place would you like to visit?
Almost singularly focused on my good-news-only waves with friends and loved ones, eating healthful tropical food and getting a fabulous night’s sleep.

What is the best way to start the day?
To which organization or person/group do you donate your time or other resources regularly?
I will eat sauerkraut or steamed cabbage with anything; also fried cauliflower for breakfast instead of hash browns, and horseradish on almost anything.

What weird food combinations do you enjoy?
Who is the most ‘famous’ person you know of in Norwich?
Hannah Kearney, a former Norwich resident and Olympic gold medal winner.

What fictional place would you like to visit?
Which ‘real’ place would you like to visit?
What is your motto in life?
‘Trust your gut.’

What is your favorite movie from childhood?
The Jungle Book

What was cool when you were younger, but not now?
Knee-high socks with shorts, on a banana bike. Ugh!

What skill would you like to master?
Community theatre, an equine therapy barn, and ‘keyhonking’ between junktique shops, hole-in-the-wall restaurants, and breathtaking vistas.

What fictional place would you like to visit?
A definite real place would be New Zealand.

What is your ideal way to spend a weekend in Norwich?
My best day in the UV consists of I’m ‘from away,’ so my best day in the UV consists of driving around finding places I’ve read about in the Norwich Times (and Quechee and Lebanon Times), and ‘keyhonking’ between junktique shops, hole-in-the-wall restaurants, and breathtaking vistas.

What is your ideal way to spend a weekend?
Have any great calamities occurred, such as another world war?

What is your favorite movie from childhood?
I love to win a weekend at the Norwich Inn, and hang out in their common room & front porch.

What weird food combinations do you enjoy?
What is your motto in life?
‘Finian’s Rainbow’

What was cool when you were younger, but not now?
I really want to go back to Bruges, Belgium.

What skill would you like to master?
‘keyhonking’ between junktique shops, hole-in-the-wall restaurants, and breathtaking vistas.

What fictional place would you like to visit?
Which ‘real’ place would you like to visit?

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Community theatre, an equine therapy barn, and Blind Cat Rescue.
Let’s be honest: I make my living being a bearer of good news. How awesome is that?! As anyone who knows me can attest, I am not some Pollyanna Positive all the time. I complain and vent with the best of them. But, at my core is a deep belief that every person truly is good at his/her soul level. Unfortunately, my foundational belief was tested repeatedly over this past year. One of the last straws, so to speak, happened a few weeks ago when I discovered that all of my most special jewelry was stolen. While a few of the pieces had some monetary value in the weight of the gold, they each had a tremendous amount of sentimental value. I was deeply saddened knowing that my connection to long-since-passed loved ones was interrupted and dismissed by whoever took my jewelry. I felt deeply betrayed.

But, what shook me to the utter depths of my being was the thought that I might have to alter my belief in the goodness of humanity. I did not want to entertain that notion. Was my purpose a farce?

After a few days of anger, sadness, disbelief and the gamut, I decided that the only way to get over this loss – minor in the scheme of life, I know – was to hope that whoever did take my things used the money to feed their family or for some other worthwhile cause. I’m not trying to sound magnanimous or holier-than-thou. I just realized that in order for me to heal, I would have to do what all the self-help and other good books say: forgive.

So, as I sit here and read through this issue of the Norwich Times, I can honestly say that being surrounded by the “good people, good places, and good things happening” in this wonderful Norwich community, my faith in humanity is being restored.

~ Jen

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The Call of the Coyote

“You can let the boys yip and the noise will have that pleasant sound coyotes make on a very cold night when they are out in the snow and you are in your own cabin.”

~ Ernest Hemingway

Coyotes calls were first heard in Vermont starting around 1948 after female coyotes interbred with wolves and domesticated dogs in Ontario and then spread to New England, taking over the ecological niche once occupied by the Grey Wolf, which was extirpated in the 1880s.

Here in Norwich, Tammy Heesakker reported, “I’m pretty sure I’ve seen one once in our field, and we can definitely hear them some summer nights when the windows are open.”

Ken Korey noted, “While walking on the roadways on summer nights we’ve come quite close to them, but were never threatened (nor were our companion dogs).” During 13 years at Pirouette Farm, Mary Piro reported, “We have lost no cats or dogs and they have never come too close to our horses or buildings. They are respectful and fun to watch catching the mice and other small animals that poke up after mowing our hay.”

While Norwich residents have had positive experiences with coyotes, others have hunted and trapped them.

Coyotes inspire the full range of reactions from admiration and amusement to fear and loathing. They have long been one of the most freely hunted, and even persecuted animals.

Although coyote research is lacking, especially in Vermont, and is often of lower quality, studies have shown that killing coyotes does not control their population, and actually may worsen livestock predation. Recent studies point to indiscriminate coyote killing as a key factor driving up coyote numbers, increasing their spread into new areas and causing them to prey on livestock. Instead, peaceful coexistence using a coordinated set of practices such as scaring away coyotes, using guard animals, sheltering livestock at night and so on have proven effective.

Responsibility for coyote management rests with the Vermont Fish and Wildlife Department headed by Louis Porter, and with the Vermont Fish and Wildlife Board, which is composed of appointed members, one from each county.

The current Windsor County board member is Tim Biebel, a home builder and author of a hunting blog. Board members are all hunters, and efforts to broaden diversity on the board have failed.

In his report to the Vermont legislature, Mr. Porter notes that the Vermont coyote population has reached its maximum because coyotes live in highly territorial groups that self-regulate population. He also states that habitat loss, forest fragmentation and winter severity are the significant factors threatening deer, not coyotes, though deer predation is often used to justify indiscriminate coyote hunting.

In May, a bill banning competitive coyote hunts in Vermont was passed. Still, coyotes of any age can be hunted every day of the year, at any time of day or night, and by means including shooting, trapping, calling, baiting and hounding. By contrast, deer and turkeys can only be hunted at certain times of year, in limited numbers and practices such as trapping, hounding and baiting are prohibited. They are specifically protected when bearing and raising young.

Coyotes compete with bobcat and fox for food, on the one hand, but they benefit waterfowl and song birds because they prey on domestic cats, opossums and raccoons. Their consumption of rodents also benefits farmers.

The ecological role of the Eastern Coyote is evolving. Eastern coyotes are extremely adaptable, exploiting a wide variety of foods from fruit and insects to small mammals, and from amphibians to deer. They can live in pairs or packs.

Next time you hear children yip, think of the pleasant sound of our new neighbor, coyote.

For resources on coyotes, please visit www.Projectcoyote.org or www.wildlifehelp.org.
Most people in the Upper Valley area have heard of David’s House at CHaD, the Children’s Hospital at Dartmouth; for those who haven’t, David’s House provides parents and families a place to stay while their children are receiving intensive medical care.

David’s House is the dream of a little boy named David Cyr and his father, Dick. For three years David was in and out of the hospital with acute lymphocytic leukemia, and his dad spent much of that time at the hospital. There he met many parents who slept in their cars or in chairs in their child’s hospital room, unable to afford any length of stay at a nearby hotel and unwilling to leave their child’s side.

Just before David passed in 1984, his father asked him what he had been saving all his allowances, spare change, and birthday money for and David answered, “for a special reason.” And so, his own $300.78 provided the seed money for David’s House which opened its doors on January 20, 1986 and has now served over 14,000 families.

As the David’s House website states, “David’s House is a house because of the roof, the walls, the rooms, and the beds. David’s House is a warm and welcoming home because of the people who keep the doors open 365 days a year.”

Jill Ross, the volunteer program manager, noted that they currently have 35 hospitality volunteers and have had hundreds volunteer for cooking, special events, fundraising and more. The Hospitality Volunteers take regular shifts at the front desk greeting the families and ensuring their comfort.

One of the current volunteers, Stacey Chiocchio, has been working with David’s House for over 10 years. Stacey has volunteered as a Hospitality Volunteer, a cooking volunteer, has helped out with special events, is currently on the Governance and Finance Committees, and is both a former President of the Board and Treasurer.

Stacey chose to volunteer at David’s House after her experience as a teenager with her brother. “The reason I started volunteering at David’s House is that the mission is so important. When I was in high school and lived in Long Island, my brother was in an accident while at summer camp in New Hampshire. He was in a coma for a couple of weeks, and we lived mostly in the emergency room waiting room and the lobby of Concord Hospital.”

“Eventually, we moved to a motel, but we were fortunate that we had the resources to do that. When I learned about David’s House, I was thrilled that there was this wonderful warm, cozy, clean home for families to feel supported and cared for while their children were being treated at the Children’s Hospital of Dartmouth.”

Hermine Wallach is another Hospitality Volunteer who has been working there for four years every Wednesday morning noted, “It is so rewarding because everyone [staff and families] has such positive vibes and it’s wonderful for the families to not have to worry and just concentrate on their child.”

Becky French, fourth grade teacher at the Marion Cross School, has been volunteering at David’s House for about a year. She has been a substitute Hospitality Volunteer a few times but her favorite thing is cooking. “I feel more connected as a dinner cook,” she said.

Cooking at David’s House is often a family affair for Becky, either with her children, 12, 14, and 16 years old, or cook with her sister, Sarah Harriman. “We don’t see each other enough, so it’s a once a month time we get together and cook and have fun. We’ve done a few birthday parties and those are really fun.”

“I like when I take my kids for them to see people whose lives are different from ours, I like giving something back to the community and the nights I am there with my sister, I just like to have time with her, cooking in the same kitchen, catching up, laughing. It’s a really fun thing to do with other people.” Becky noted that it can be a great way to get together with friends too. Instead of going out to dinner, they can go and cook a meal and catch up in the same way while doing something good for people.

When we first contacted Jill Ross to find volunteers to talk about David’s House the number who responded was incredible. It seems many who volunteer there in any capacity, as a hospitality volunteer, helping cook, once or many times, or assisting with special events, loves the experience. The mission of David’s House draws many to it, but the people, the staff, and the joy are why so many stay.
LIFE AT 531 FEET

Downtown Norwich: The Underappreciated Advantage of Closeness

Mark Lilienthal

I suppose if there is ever a safe place to brag about Norwich, this is probably it. So why don’t we examine what I think is an underappreciated advantage of our town: closeness.

Downtown in Norwich is different from many other Upper Valley towns because it possesses excellent clustering. Everything you need is nearby. We take it for granted, rarely considering the cumulative convenience of having all our services, commerce, and gathering points within walking distance of each other. Let us examine.

For starters, our elementary school is really the beginning of town. It is the first major landmark one encounters when arriving in 05055 from the highway, Route 5, or New Hampshire. Its vast open playgrounds and fields are covered in kids during the school year, always a pleasant and life-affirming site. The bandstand sits proudly, an indicator that the community gathers in this spot even when school is out of session. The green and the school provide a wonderful welcome mat for those entering our town. I won’t name any of our surrounding towns that don’t have this feature, but I think your mind’s eye can take you to some of those places and see that the elementary schools are not centrally located, victims of subpar clustering. Some, alas, are located on or near MAJOR ROADS, making walkability an impossibility.

For those that are into the religious side of life, one cannot miss the gray church and the striking white church flanking the schoolyard on two sides, both of which play important roles in secular life, too.

Assuming we are on foot, we next encounter Tracy Hall and its town offices, public restrooms (don’t tell the thru hikers!), and space for contra dances, farmers markets, rummage sales, and that great democratic tradition of voting.

A scattershot of small businesses are all around. Just in the “b’s” we find bakeries, barbers, banks, booze, and books. From on-the-go eating to more formal sit-down affairs, you can reach all on foot within three minutes of the bandstand. You can get a massage, work on your mental health, pick up some new yarn for a sweater, work on (or end!) your marriage, focus on financial planning, investigate youth soccer programs, mail a package to someone not as fortunate as you (hey, they don’t live in Norwich, hence they deserve our compassion, right?), or sit in a rocking chair and watch the world go by.

Not bad for a town of our size.

Still on foot, toujours within a few minute walk of the bandstand where we started, we can jaywalk with total impunity, watch cars pulling out of the general store’s parking lot in manners all sorts of zany with nary a honk nor rude gesture to be observed, rest our weary head at the local inn, visit the grave of a dearly departed, avail ourselves of a little playground behind the white church, or sneak a swim on private property that owners kindly allow.

If your journey falls on the lucky Saturday of the month, you’re crushing pancakes, bacon, sausage, scrambled eggs, coffee, and juice at the Grange, neatly protected by the local safety and security services.

Slightly farther afield, the bibliophile who yearns for more literature after her trip to the local merchant will find her bliss at the library. Sometimes, one may even station oneself in front of the very same library to snag a little bit of free wifi.

Now, it would be far below the standards of a denizen of Norwich to ask whether other towns in the area share this same constellation of features in such a manageable, safe, bucolic, utopian manner.

So we won’t even dare compare, will we? Perhaps, however, we might wink at one another now and again as we walk from post office to store to school to town hall, happy to be in the place we call home.
Mr. G: “John Has Always Been There”

Ruth Sylvester

The Norwich community mourns the loss of Mr. G. and we celebrate his life here. This article is reprinted from the Fall 2011 edition of the Norwich Times.

One of my favorite teachers. “Exceptional.” “Superb.” The litany of superlatives about math and science teacher John Girard is long, and spoken with deep conviction by colleagues, supervisors, and former students. “He was outstanding,” says former Marion Cross School principal Milt Frye recalling his years working with Girard. “It came from his ability to stand back and let the kids figure things out.”

Mr. G., as he is known, began teaching in Norwich in 1966. He’d begun his teaching career two years before in Seabrook, NH. “Back then there were not as many applications for teaching as there are now,” he recalls. “I was browsing a pamphlet from the state, a listing of openings, and there was a math teacher position in Hanover. I didn’t know where Hanover was, but it paid $6000. So it was a strictly financial decision” – his starting pay was $3400 – “I sent an application. Then I got a letter from Norwich about a science position. I didn’t realize it was the same district, but I agreed to interview.” [President Kennedy signed the enabling legislation for our first-in-the-nation interstate school district in 1963.]

Discovering Science

“I think they were looking for someone not set in his ways and teaching strategy,” says Mr. G. “I didn’t have much science background – I had a phys. ed. degree.” This training had trained him in biology and physiology, but the school wanted a physical sciences program. Barbara Barnes [see Elder Profile in the Winter/Spring 2011 edition of the Norwich Times] was developing and promulgating discovery science curricula in local schools, and she worked with the new young recruit. “When I first came on board, Barbara did everything to help me become a better teacher,” Mr. G. recalls. “She ran workshops for me and was in my classroom. She wasn’t going to let me fail.”

These efforts produced long-lasting results. “For years he provided a two-year science program based on the new way of teaching that came out of Sputnik,” says Milt Frye. [The Russian satellite, launched in 1957, provoked a fever of catch-up efforts in the US.] “He focused on physical science – terrific for that age kids because it’s stuff they can see, not something going on inside of a cell. He worked on motion, density – fundamental properties that children understand.”

Milt also remembers the power of Mr. G’s teaching style. “He was exceptional at asking questions. He developed that skill because of that curriculum. I’d bite my tongue, as he was kind of painfully going through it so kids could find the answers. I knew what he was doing, and I still found it hard to keep quiet!”

This way of teaching seems routine to many adults now, but it was a revolution at the time (and may be again as schools teach to some external test). Mr. G. accomplished that difficult thing: a fundamental change of style. At Seabrook, “I was like a drill sergeant in the classroom,” he says. “Barbara convinced me that what was happening in the room” – noise and moving about “was OK.”

During this sea-change in Mr. G’s teaching, his home life was also undergoing profound upheaval. At Seabrook he and his new wife, Cathy, had been close to greater Boston, where both had grown up. In Vermont, “I was just trying to stay afloat in the classroom,” he remembers. “All our family and friends were there. Here we were where we knew no one. She was pregnant.... We spent a lot of weekends driving down to Massachusetts – and this was before the interstate.” Eventually, he adds, “we got through the first few years and realized what a nice community it is, and a great place to raise children.” Of the couple’s four children, three live in New England, including one in Norwich.

Doing the Numbers

In the late 1980s, the population at Cross School surged. For flexibility, as larger waves of students moved through the school, Milt wanted his teachers to be able to teach more than one subject. Mr. G. added math to his repertoire. “It was great for me – a nice challenge, and something I’ve enjoyed,” he says. “I just jumped in. I’ve learned a lot about math over the years, and a lot about teaching strategies.”
Perhaps it’s hard to see how to use a discovery teaching method with math – isn’t it just a matter of learning facts and techniques? – but Mr. G. has worked to do so. “There’s no substitute for basic facts,” he agrees, “but I try to find ways around them,” by which he means not avoiding facts but becoming familiar with their neighborhoods. Someone who is flummoxed (seriously or in passing) by “9 x 7 = ?” can instantly tell you what 10 x 7 is. “A lot of this program is about taking things apart. Kids will tell you, ‘Oh, I get that,’” Mr. G. explains. “When you use the adult algorithm they don’t understand it; they just memorize the steps. For example, in long division they’ll say ‘You drop down the next number.’ And if you ask why, they say, ‘That’s just how you do it.’”

“One of the things I have a pretty good handle on is what’s difficult for kids. It’s almost an instinct. I’ve figured out strategies to share with them that help them through the difficult parts.”

First page: (Top) September 2006, People of Norwich Photo Collection by Chad Finer; (Middle) Mr. G. coaching the Norwich Cows 3rd grade baseball team; (Bottom) Coaching the Norwich Sharks 5th grade baseball team vs. Hanover Bulldogs; Mr. G. and Cathy celebrating their 50th anniversary; Girard Field; Second page: (Top) Valley News article 1997; Norwich 2015 Citizen of the Year; (Middle) Coaching the Norwich baseball team; Marion Cross School photo 1977-78; (Bottom) Coaching the Norwich Beavers 1st grade baseball team vs. Norwich Wolves; Umpiring a youth soccer game.
MR. G. – continued from page 9

Holding Court

Mr. G. did not abandon his interest in athletics when he moved to Norwich. He’s been such a force in children’s sports that the baseball field at Huntley Meadow is named in his honor. “He used to run the summer rec. program,” recalls Milt Frye. “He started soccer when I came. He’d never done any soccer, but he jumped right in. He ran the basketball program for years, and a 3 on 3 league. The kids would all go over to his house and play basketball in the yard.”

“He had a good relationship with a lot of kids outside of school because of the after-school program,” says David Millstone. “The amount of time he spent coaching!” Former student Lynn McCormick Adams recalls, “We all absolutely loved his sports program!”

Staying Power

Milt and David tell stories about Mr. G. in the past tense, but it’s not because he has left the school; it’s because they have. “I was at Marion Cross a mere 23 years,” laughs David. “John has always been there.” As he prepares for another year teaching 5th grade math, Mr. G., now 72, admits with a secret smile that he’ll retire “soon.”

Over the years he’s seen the town changing. “The population is more homogeneous now,” he says. “In the late ’60s there were still several operating farms. There was more diversity of backgrounds. Now it’s mostly Dartmouth, or the Medical Center, or the VA, or a home business.

“And we don’t have as much spontaneous play,” he adds. “Because both parents are working, maybe. So we plug [the kids] into programs so they’re safe till 5 o’clock. Back when my kids were young, my wife was at home, and they’d invite friends over to play.” And of course Mr. G. himself invited the hordes over for games.

Mr. G. isn’t planning to sit around after he retires. “We can help our kids, make their lives less complicated by helping bring up their children.” He explains emphatically, “NOT telling them how to do it, but being available.” One day a week the Girards pick up their grandson Thomas at day care. “He lights up when we walk in,” exclaims Mr. G. “What a feeling that is!”

MR. G. – continued from page 9

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“And we don’t have as much spontaneous play,” he adds. “Because both parents are working, maybe. So we plug [the kids] into programs so they’re safe till 5 o’clock. Back when my kids were young, my wife was at home, and they’d invite friends over to play.” And of course Mr. G. himself invited the hordes over for games.

Mr. G. isn’t planning to sit around after he retires. “We can help our kids, make their lives less complicated by helping bring up their children.” He explains emphatically, “NOT telling them how to do it, but being available.” One day a week the Girards pick up their grandson Thomas at day care. “He lights up when we walk in,” exclaims Mr. G. “What a feeling that is!”

MR. G. – continued from page 9

Holding Court

Mr. G. did not abandon his interest in athletics when he moved to Norwich. He’s been such a force in children’s sports that the baseball field at Huntley Meadow is named in his honor. “He used to run the summer rec. program,” recalls Milt Frye. “He started soccer when I came. He’d never done any soccer, but he jumped right in. He ran the basketball program for years, and a 3 on 3 league. The kids would all go over to his house and play basketball in the yard.”

“He had a good relationship with a lot of kids outside of school because of the after-school program,” says David Millstone. “The amount of time he spent coaching!” Former student Lynn McCormick Adams recalls, “We all absolutely loved his sports program!”

Staying Power

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Local Produce at Lower Cost for SNAP Recipients

What is the best way to address hunger in the Upper Valley? Well, there might not be a single ‘best’ way, but the fight against food insecurity is getting a big boost with the launch of the national healthy food incentive program Double Up Food Bucks at the Co-op Food Stores of Hanover, Lebanon, and White River Junction.

Double Up provides low-income Americans who receive Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program (SNAP) benefits with a one-to-one match to purchase locally grown fruits and vegetables.

Customers receive a 50% discount off fresh produce purchased with SNAP benefits. Local food sourcing at the stores of the Co-op ranks high in New England due to the cooperative’s broad collaboration with area farmers. Those connections with growers make the rollout of Double Up Bucks at the Co-op particularly welcome for recipients and program organizers alike.

The wins are three-fold: families bring home greater quantities of healthful food, local farmers gain new customers, and additional food dollars stay in the local economy. Each has ripple effects across the community.

“The Vermont Foodbank knows that a big barrier for many shoppers getting enough fresh produce is cost,” said John Sayles, CEO of the Foodbank. “Giving people with lower incomes the ability to stretch food budgets while eating local using Double Up Food Bucks keeps both our neighbors and farms healthy.”

For the Co-op’s Member Education Manager Emily Rogers, the launch of the Double Up Food Bucks program is also boosting the Co-op’s Food for All access program which was launched in 2015 and discounts all SNAP-eligible purchases by an extra 10 percent. Rogers said, “Enrollment in Food for All has shown a nice uptick among shoppers coming in for Double Up Bucks. The more people we help, the better.”

Double Up New Hampshire is supported by a coalition of funders including Harvard Pilgrim Health Care Foundation, HNH Foundation, New Hampshire Charitable Foundation, The Samuel P. Pardoe Foundation, as well as “You Have Our Trust” Fund of the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation. In partnership with Fair Food Network, key partners include New Hampshire Food Bank, which will be conducting store tours through its Cooking Matters program, and UNH Cooperative Extension, whose network of educators will help raise awareness among SNAP recipients.

Double Up runs June 1 through Dec. 31. It will return with the beginning of the spring harvest in 2019.
HOLIDAY BASKETS – continued from page 1

people who want to help our Seniors, too! Many Norwich families have contributed Raisins through MCS, sorted the cans, filled the bags and helped deliver the bags. The combined community efforts make the whole program successful year after year. Thank you, everyone, who has ever volunteered, sponsored or contributed to the success of HNHBH.

~ Megan Brendel, Norwich

As long as anyone in the organization or those who came before them can remember, Hartford Norwich Holiday Basket Helpers has been helping to bring joy to the children and seniors in these communities. HNHBH works to provide support for families, seniors, and individuals in need during the holiday season by seeking donations and sponsors to buy presents for children whose families may have trouble purchasing gifts, and donations to create ‘baskets’ for seniors and individuals who may otherwise be forgotten at this emotional time of year.

Every Fall, HNHBH receives referrals of children from schools, religious and other community groups from Norwich and Hartford. Their parents are asked to list three clothing items and two toys that their children would enjoy. A volunteer sponsor then makes the tax-deductible purchases, which HNHBH organizes and gets to the family, ensuring that the youngsters have presents for the holiday.

“It really is rewarding to know that you’re helping a child in your own community,” Clare Forseth, one of the HNHBH volunteers, said in a telephone interview. “Because you are helping Norwich and Hartford families, you know this is someone right in your neighborhood going through a very difficult time financially,” Forseth said. “It is a way for volunteers to help and for parents to ensure children will have gifts for the holidays.”

Last year, 108 kind sponsors, together with the many enthusiastic members of the Quechee Elves and the Riverbank Church, provided gifts for 427 children in 184 families during the holiday season. Thanks to our generous 88 donors, HNHBH was able to provide a food card to each family. Our organization also provided ‘baskets’ to 158 Hartford and Norwich Seniors: each “basket” filled with non-perishable canned fruit, collected by the local elementary schools each November. Fresh fruit that is purchased using donated funds is added, as is a handmade card, ornament (often made by local girl scouts and church groups) and a generous grocery food card so they can enjoy a holiday meal.

Ensuring that our neighbors are helped and not forgotten requires months of preparation and effort by a small group of only 8 full-time volunteers. The volunteer numbers grow exponentially each year during drop off week, with dedicated people who return year after year to help organize the countless gifts and donations. Each year there are more and more families who seek help, finding enough sponsors for all the children is the most difficult piece to accomplish. For the past three years, the Basket Helpers have been overwhelmingly grateful by the outpouring of support from the Norwich and Hartford communities. For the first time in its history, ALL the children on the list were sponsored. HNHBH dearly hopes this trend will continue, but needs ongoing support. According to the volunteers, knowing that the efforts they put forth in order to provide the joy a local child or senior receives during the holidays, who would otherwise go without, is the greatest gift of all. It is the true spirit of the season.

To sign up to be a family sponsor, make a financial donation, to help us this Fall, or to learn more about the organization please visit www.holidaybasketsvt.org.

Norwich Women’s Club members and Dan Fraser support HBH

Loyal volunteer Kristin Close

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Ann Marie’s Story

I became involved with Basket Helpers 18 years ago, I think I saw a transaction ad in the Valley News seeking volunteers. Making Christmas magical for our children was very special to my husband and me. When I learned about Basket Helpers, an organization that was trying to do the same thing for children whose parents could not, I knew I wanted to be involved. I started volunteering to organize the gifts that sponsors dropped off and the food for the senior baskets.

Over the years, I came to be more and more involved as the need presented itself. I spent years cajoling friends and strangers at pick up at MCS to becoming sponsors and volunteers, and most are still involved to this day. It’s worth noting that the majority of our volunteers and sponsors are from Norwich and that The Norwich Women's Club, Norwich Lions, Dan & Whit’s, and Carpenter & Main Restaurant have all been consistently generous to us throughout the years. For all of them, we are incredibly grateful. We are also grateful for the many boxes of raisins collected from MCS students over the years. I would also like to make a special mention of thanks to my friend Megan Brendel who, about 10 years ago, had been volunteering with HNHH and completely took over the entire Senior food basket part of Basket Helpers.

Working with Basket Helpers has been both enormously rewarding and challenging. I have found the biggest challenge to be finding enough sponsors each year for all the children in the program. For the past three years we have been able to match a sponsor to every child in the program, and that was a first for us, something we could never have done without the tremendous outpouring of generosity from our Norwich community. The reward is knowing that the children in the program will have the type of positive memories and feelings of holiday magic my own children have, of Christmas. That we as a community have done our best to take care of each other, to make sure that all the children in Norwich experience the magic and joy of the season, and that our seniors are not forgotten, is very powerful and emotional to me. - Ann Marie Smith, Norwich

Wine tasting to benefit Hartford-Norwich Holiday Basket Helpers
Wednesday, October, 5-7pm, Norwich Inn
www.holidaybasketsvt.org

Wine tasting benefiting HNHBH: Sophia Crawford, Clare Forseth, Laura Gillespie, Dan Fraser, Ann Marie Smith, Colleen Rozzi, Dave DeLucia
NORWICH HISTORY

Long Lost Lewiston, Vermont

David Callaway

No longer even a dot on a Vermont map, Lewiston, a once bustling hamlet of Norwich on the western side of the Ledyard Bridge, is today almost non-existent. A group of warehouses, the railroad station house, a brick home that for many years housed Dartmouth’s pottery studio, and the old oil depot are all that remain of the community where much of Norwich’s early history began. In its day, Lewiston was the industrial park and transportation hub for Hanover and Norwich. “Lewiston was a busy place,” claims a long time Norwich citizen. “It really was.”

In the summer of 1765, Norwich’s first settlers, Nathan Messenger and his wife, built a cabin on the western shore of the Connecticut River directly across the river from Hanover where Foley Park is located today. In the fall of that year, the John Hutchinson family canoed across the river with their household goods and family cow to join the Messengers. Mrs. Messenger, at her home on the Norwich side of the river, “was made aware of the arrival of the Hutchisons by hearing the cry of their baby from the opposite bank.” She said in later years, “this was the sweetest music she ever heard, breaking the stillness of her solitary life in the woods.”

But the quiet did not last as more pioneers moved to Norwich. In 1767 Dr. Joseph Lewis arrived from Old Lyme, Connecticut, and settled on the Vermont shore just a stone’s throw from the Hutchinson homestead. Dr. Lewis was just twenty one and with a young man’s energy became the area’s first doctor and continued to practice medicine in the area for fifty-five years. On horseback he traveled to Thetford, Sharon, Hartford, Strafford, Lebanon, Lyme and Hanover. In the winter he hiked to his patients’ homes on snowshoes. “No plea of inclement weather or poor health was made in order to shirk his duty in visiting the sick.”

Along with his busy practice Dr. Lewis established an inn at the river bank and began a rope ferry service between Hanover and Norwich which was “toll free to the clergy and College officials.” The area began to prosper. Norwich’s Blood Brook flowed eastward toward the Connecticut River and provided a source of power for a tannery and shoemaker. Dr. Lewis purchased a 100 acre lot along the river that included a grist mill and saw mill on the brook. Before long Lewis was the major landowner in the growing industrial area and eventually the hamlet’s namesake.

Lewiston had the advantage of being settled at one of the narrowest crossings on the Connecticut River, a brisk trip between either Hanover or Norwich. With an increase in traffic the rope ferry was replaced by a toll bridge in 1796 which collapsed in 1804. Two more toll bridges were built before the Ledyard Free Bridge was opened in 1859. It was a sturdy covered bridge that was the first free bridge to cross the Connecticut River and was in use until 1934 when the increase in automobile and truck traffic forced the bridge to be replaced. The latest Ledyard Bridge was built in 1998.

Improvements in transportation continued to nourish the growth of Lewiston in the mid 1800’s. Along with the road traffic from the Ledyard Bridge, Lewiston became a railway hub for Norwich and Hanover. In 1848 the Passumpsic and Connecticut Railroad laid its tracks through Lewiston on its way to Wells River. In the 1880’s The Boston & Maine Railroad took over from the P&C line and built a new passenger station in 1884 that is still in use today as a private club.

Lewiston flourished with the arrival of the railroad that connected citizens with the outside world in ways that seemed impossible just a few years earlier. President Grant stopped briefly at the station in 1869 and President Rutherford B. Hayes made a whistle stop in the summer of 1887. Residents of the area could purchase a ticket from Lewiston to New York City changing trains only once at White River Junction. In 1898 a post office opened in Lewiston at the general store. The mail arrived by train in the morning and afternoon. Families took the train to White River to shop and on Saturdays rode the “Peanut” train to the picture shows in White River.

A big portion of the rail business was associated with Dartmouth College. In...
1907 Dartmouth used 4,000 tons of coal to heat the campus and it was all delivered to Lewiston. Passenger trains ran from the Lewiston depot to Dartmouth football games at Yale or Harvard. In 1901, on the 100th anniversary of Daniel Webster's graduation from Dartmouth, returning alumni were greeted warmly at the station. “The old Norwich station is painted Dartmouth green,” wrote one graduate, “and was covered with profuse decoration, the B&M RR. Co. having made special appropriation for it.” The Dartmouth travelers were piled high on a horse-drawn coach and bounced up the hill to the campus.

Lewiston was prosperous, according to a 1926 survey of the area conducted by the Boston and Maine Railroad. A person walking in the area would have seen an ice house, where 100 pound blocks of ice cut from the river in the winter were stored with sawdust and sold for a penny a pound in the summer. There was a creamery where farmers brought down more than 180 milk cans a day for the milk train which stopped at the depot at 7 p.m. on its way to Boston from St. Johnsbury. There was also Thompson’s Grist Mill, Kibling’s General Store and Post Office, Thompson’s Coal Yard, homes and barns. A half mile up the road was the speakeasy “Buckets of Blood” and a brothel. It was true; Lewiston was a busy place!

Lewiston’s fortunes were always linked to transportation. Bridge traffic and its railway hub nourished the town. But as times changed its location became its downfall. The Lewis Road between Norwich and Lewiston rose quickly after it crossed the railroad tracks and then turned towards Norwich. It was a narrow road and dangerous for walkers. During the springtime mud season, the road became nearly impossible for a horse drawn wagon to climb. The poor road isolated Lewiston from the center of Norwich. But there were bigger problems for the hamlet.

The Wilder Dam opened in 1949 and created a reservoir that was nearly 45 miles long. Lewiston’s location on the river, “which had for so many years positively influenced its growth, became a liability as parts of its shorelines disappeared under back-up water from the new Wilder Dam.” The widened Connecticut River flooded fields in Lewiston and forced citizens to move. The original site of Dr. Lewis’ first home was covered with 16 feet of water.

With improvement in Vermont roads following the 1927 state-wide floods, passenger trains saw a steady decline. The post office which was located in Lewiston’s Raycraft Store closed on April 30, 1954. Mail was still delivered to the Lewiston Station, but it was trucked up to the new post office in Norwich. In 1959 the The Boston & Maine Railroad finally closed the train station in Lewiston and what remained of the passenger and freight business shifted to the Union Depot in White River Junction.

In 1964 Interstate 91 was making its way into Vermont. While most agreed that an interchange was needed for the Hanover/Norwich area, there was a heated debate about where to locate the new cloverleaf. Some suggested that the interchange be located five miles north of the Ledyard Bridge, others felt that an interchange in Wilder was sufficient. In the end, after years of debate, the town voted 347-311 to accept the interchange in Norwich. The vote spelled the end for Lewiston.

On April 17, 1967 much of Lewiston was razed to make way for the interstate and the access roads to Norwich and Hanover. The end did not come easily for many. “More than two hundred years of history was brought low this week when the village of Lewiston was leveled by bulldozer and flame,” wrote the Hanover Gazette. “All that remains is a ritual sowing of the site with salt. I have never seen a town killed before. It is not a pretty thing, however green the grass may grow over the grave.”

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DOTTIE DORION – continued from page 13

“Humanitarian!” she exclaimed. “I have always wanted to take part in projects that make the world a better place. Always giving back because when you give, you receive in return.”

Running a close second as her choice was that of an amazing athlete that carried right into her 80s. She has traveled all over the world to compete in swimming and triathlon events representing USA Triathlon and the International Triathlon. Dottie also disclosed she was a fierce and talented competitor in tennis, as well. Bear in mind, after her recovery from recent knee replacement, she will continue with her athletic endeavors as soon as possible.

“I have always wanted to be a role model. I really love it when young people come up to me in the gymnasium and state that when they grow up they want to be just like me! I stay in shape and feel better at my age than I ever had. These days I worry a little bit about these new millennials. They have a whole different lifestyle. I feel that often they don’t have time to stay in shape. I believe in listening to your body. If you are having a bad day, simply go do something else!”

As a humanitarian, Dottie has excelled on par with her athletics and then some. Her career choice was nursing and she graduated from Columbia University School of Nursing and earned her Masters in Special Education at Southern Connecticut State with Certification in Teaching at the University of North Florida. It was in the Sunshine State that Dottie made a huge impact.

“Back in 1978 when they started developing the Hospice Program, I really became intrigued with the concept. It was just what I had been looking for – a program that could offer a better way to die. I dove into that concept and ended up helping with establishing the Hospice Program in the State of Florida.”

These days, Dottie is receiving rave reviews from the artistic world for her skill as a photographer and painter. She is a member of the National Museum of Women in The Arts, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Museum of Modern Art, The Cummer Museum of Art and Gardens and the Museum of Contemporary Art - Jacksonville, FL. Her early works concentrated on still life, trees and landscapes painting with acrylic and oil. These days, the talented lady is enjoying an “Abstract Phase” and they have been displayed literally all over the entire world. She often sells her artwork to benefit charitable causes.

Dottie and George have lived in their Norwich home, with a scenic view that will take your breath away, for 30 years alternating with their home in Florida. Dottie has her roots in the Green Mountain State, however. Her parents were Vermonters and she indicated that she spent her summers at her Grandfather’s farm in Lyndonville, Vermont.

The future outlook for Dottie? Full speed ahead!

“I always keep a positive outlook, always! I constantly look for ways to improve the betterment of mankind. That will never change regardless of age.”

1987
IRONMAN TRIATHLON
WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

(Facing page left) Dottie and her husband George; (Facing page right) Dottie in front of her artwork prior to a show; (Above left) The Dottie Dorion Fitness Center, University of North Florida; (Left) Dottie as an Olympic Torchbearer when the Torch was en route to Atlanta; (Above) Dottie cycling at Clermont (FL) triathlon; (Right) Dottie at Hawaii Ironman in 1987.
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Free Speech at a Local Level

Community Access TV is “a conduit that fosters community connectedness,” says executive director Donna Girot. From its home in White River Junction’s TipTop building, “Its mission is to let all people find a voice. We provide training and equipment to all, for free. When there’s a problem in the community, we help solve it by helping people explain their ideas and points of view.” Donna has been at CATV for about a year. “The job seemed compelling,” she says, “because there are lots of challenges,” including that it’s the only (she thinks) community access station that contractually supports towns in two states, thus doubling the regulations, phone calls, and forms to fill out.

CATV routinely records and posts the selectboard and school board meetings of the five towns it serves: Hartford, Hartland, Norwich, Lebanon, and Hanover. This task is more complicated than sticking a camera on a tripod and going out for coffee till the meeting is done. Videographers use multiple cameras so they can cover speakers from the audience as well as board members. After the meeting the recording is put through a digital compression process to make it more compact. CATV uploads the recording to the internet as quickly as possible, knowing that minute-takers and reporters use them to check facts. “The videos provide a record of who said what when,” says Donna. CATV makes available selectboard and school board meetings, concerts and other informational and entertainment programming. More and more people expect to find their information on screens; CATV translates events to a screen medium, making further screen uses possible.

CATV provides technology for today’s world. Quechee’s Gesine Prado, self-taught baker of elaborate cakes and other goodies, has used CATV’s studios to perfect voiceovers for her “Baked in Vermont” show. “CATV is an invaluable community resource,” she says enthusiastically. “Donna, Chico, and the entire CATV team are helpful, friendly, and foster an unfettered creative environment.” Anyone who’s seen one of her elaborate, impressive cakes knows that she’s an expert on unfettered creativity!

CATV teaches. They give away training and air time to anyone who asks – for free. Many people end up making little or no use of the training, but some people catch the bug and produce shows about local events, history, entertainment, and issues relevant to the Upper Valley community.

CATV builds an independent filmmaking community. It trains videographers with classes and summer camps for middle schoolers and up. Graduates of camps become counselors for new participants. Filmmakers enter the film competitions
or “slams” that CATV runs twice a year, open to middle schoolers, high schoolers, and adults. These are competitions to produce a short video within a time limit. The slams typically require the use of a certain prop or phrase. CATV provides free one-on-one training to shore up audio and video production skills, and lends equipment. The slams reward creativity, technical skills, and working well with a team. Seeing other teams’ films at the end of the slam can be humbling, but is always inspiring and broadening. CATV also offers high school internships and a club that introduces media professions to middle and high school girls.

“Don’t Know What You’ve Got ‘til It’s Gone”?

The business model of this remarkable organization is unusual – and endangered. For years public access TV has been supported by fees that cable companies have paid for using the “public good” of the cable network. But as more and more users “cut the cord,” of cable service, CATV is seeing its supply stream start to suffer a drought.

Comcast pays a franchise fee to Lebanon. The city passes this fee on to CATV, with the result that there is now new equipment installed in the city meeting rooms. Better equipment means easier viewing for those who want to stay up-to-date on city affairs.

Donna is highly resistant to charging users for the classes and equipment CATV provides, seeing such fees as barriers to parts of the community. “People take us for granted,” says Donna, but it’s important because filming local government meetings compels ethical government. It’s the bedrock of free speech.

There are 25 local access TV stations in Vermont. They pay into a network and share their best and most general interest shows.

One Producer Says It All

Norwich’s Mary Fowler discovered community access TV when she moved to Windsor, and brought the interest with her to Norwich in 2010. “It saved my life,” she says again and again, since it was a way “to involve myself in the community, to meet people. It’s a powerful way to find out what people’s issues are.”

“It’s easy to do talking heads,” Mary explains, “but that’s a waste of the visual medium. There’s very sophisticated editing equipment.” For starters, she adds, “you could collect still photos that tell the story, make it vibrant, and have the voice behind it.”

Mary appreciates CATV’s efforts to bring young people on board with classes, but feels that a similar effort should be aimed at adults. “[CATV] is a fine concept, greatly underused,” Mary says, noting what she sees as a minimum of locally produced content. There’s room for lots more! “I’m very enthusiastic about the potential, but they should be running adds for producers on the show. I would encourage people to go try it, produce something and see how exciting it is. You don’t have to say, ‘How do I use this?’ You say, ‘This is what I want to do,’ and they show you.”

Barbara Krinitz is a CATV volunteer producer
Car Talk in Norwich

Automobiles pictured in the photographs of the Norwich Historical Society’s collection can provide interesting glimpses of what was being driven in Norwich over the years. They can also help us date the photos based on the age of the cars.

For example, this photo most likely dates to the mid-1960s because it pictures cars that would have been common at that time—a circa 1963 Chevrolet coupe, a truck that would date from roughly the same era, though the grille is covered by a maple tree, and what is likely a foreign car from that period, perhaps a Fiat, parked in the garage.

It was also interesting to hear automotive stories from longtime Norwich resident Bill Aldrich. At about age 10-12, he and his friends played a game where they sat on the edge of Church Street, part of Route 5, which was the major route through Norwich before Interstate 91. They would watch for cars, check the license plates, and count as high as they could starting with the rightmost number on the plate. They would look for a license plate ending with 1, then 2, 3, etc. One time this game proved helpful to a state police officer who, when noticing that the group was writing down license plate numbers, asked if they had recorded the number of a certain car he was trying to follow. When the officer learned that they had, he knew he was still on the trail of that car.

Another time while playing the game, the friends saw a Canadian-registered car come speeding through and immediately thought that the driver would not make it through downtown without hitting something. Indeed, they soon heard a crash and saw that the car had run into the war memorials that were in the triangle at the junction of Church Street and Main Street, scattering pieces of them as far as up Elm Street. Fortunately, the driver was not seriously injured and the memorials were repaired and rebuilt next to Tracy Hall.

Although many of the locations pictured here still look roughly the same, it is easy to tell by looking at the cars that they were taken in another era.

Dating a Photo

Details such as buildings, clothing styles, and location can provide helpful clues to dating a historic photograph. We can start to learn more about the photograph and more closely date it by examining the buildings the people are gathered in front of. What were these buildings used for and do they still exist today?

Zooming in on the signs on the buildings reveals that the leftmost building is Union Hall, where Selectboard Records from the 1860s report that town meetings were held at the time. We also know that this is where Dan and Whit’s is today. Old photographs of the Norwich Inn also match the white building which was called the Union Hotel. Therefore, we know that the photo depicts what was downtown without hitting something.

Kevin scanned the photographs, street by street. They are all online at Flickr, and you can view them by visiting www.norwichhistory.org/nhs-photograph-collection.

Throughout summer 2017 and 2018 Kevin shared favorite photos and insights into Norwich History on Facebook and our website in a series of posts titled Street Smarts.

His work formed the foundation for a new exhibit: Street Smarts: The stories of how Norwich roads got their names which opened in January 2018.

April Andrews generously lent us her scanner and her time, advising us on software and scanning techniques. Thank you, April!
They call them “Kindness Rocks.” Small (usually), smooth (for ease of painting), brightly colored (mostly) painted rocks people make and leave for others to find. Painters create an image or upbeat message hoping to cheer the person who finds the rock. Locally, a big fan of the project is Christine Tullgren, the owner and operator of Little Feet Children’s Center in Thetford.

The project started with Megan Murphy, a Cape Cod resident who wanted to increase kindness and inspiration in the world by putting encouraging messages on beach stones. Now there are Facebook groups where people post messages or photos of placing rocks somewhere. Christine has been hiding rocks – “probably several hundred” she estimates – since July. She started a Rivendell Rocks FB page. “I’ve been getting a lot of questions about the rocks,” she says. “It’s fun when someone finds one and takes the time to post.”

Christine's daycare children painted rocks. One boy, Bryce, was somewhat reluctant to hide his rock – he really liked that rock! – but did leave it near a favorite tree in a Danville campground. Two little girls found it and sent a picture to the FB page; later one of them left the rock on a beach.

Some people feel that leaving more human traces in wild places is littering, even when the intent and the offered messages are kindly. “I realize that people who are participating in this have the best of intentions,” says Laura Friesen, writing on the Hike Like a Woman website. “They're looking to form a community and brighten someone’s day. Which is great! But if you're looking to make the world a more positive and kind place, there are many ways you can do this without infringing on [the principle of Leave No Trace]: smile and hold the door for someone. Buy a coffee for the next person in line. Donate to your favorite charity. Help out with a trail cleanup project. Shop locally and get to know the business owners. Participate in a community garden project. Shovel your neighbor’s sidewalk. Volunteer. The possibilities are endless.”

“I’ve thought about this,” says Christine. “I haven’t had any negative feedback, but sometimes I wonder. I try to be mindful where I put them. I would not go to a mountain top and leave one.” She has seen a post of a message sprayed on top of a mountain, a nice word, she says, but an inappropriate place. National parks and even Disneyland have forbidden rock placements.

Still, Christine and others find it hard to abandon the pleasure of creating hopeful messages, thinking all the while of who might find them and how they might be cheered. And stories from rock-finders egg on the rock-hiders. Christine tells of a post that gave her goosebumps. A woman had lost a beloved nephew who would have been 13 years on a day she took an unusual zigzag route through the parking lot, and found a beautiful butterfly rock. Hmmm...
The Seasonality of Wine

A fascinating aspect of wine is the changing nature what is in fashion over the course of the year. While it is certainly true that some people drink the same wine all the time, whether it is snowing or hot and humid, with lobster or burgers, most people tend to enjoy different wines during our diverse seasons. Rich, hearty reds seem best in the cooler months... while crisp, dry whites seem more at home with warm days and the lighter fare of Summer.

One of the best examples of this is Rose. Throughout the year, we have a nice selection of rose wines at the store, and some people buy them all year long for their bright fruit, crisp acidity, and refreshing flavors. When the weather gets warmer, the real excitement for these wines suddenly appears. Daffodils bloom, snowbanks melt, and the back roads get muddy, and along with this people start thinking of longer days, warm evenings, and spending time near their favorite lake, river, or ocean. But Fall is not to be overlooked, and a nice Rose can highlight the colors of the season here in hearty New England.

As we enjoy this change of seasons here in Norwich, there is no better way to celebrate than a nice Rose. Produced in almost every region of the world, and from grape varieties too numerous to count, dry pink wines are made in a great range of styles, shades of color, and price ranges. As you celebrate the seasons, remember to come ask us what wines we can suggest to make every event just a little more festive!
Happenings of the Hanover Area Chamber of Commerce/Norwich Business Council

Tracy Hutchins, President, Hanover Area Chamber of Commerce

Summer is still a busy time of year for both the Norwich Business Council and Hanover Area Chamber of Commerce. We welcomed new business Blue Sparrow Kitchen in June with a ribbon cutting. Owner Amber Boland and her team have done a fantastic job of renovating their café in Norwich Square and are now serving locally sourced terrific food from smoothies to cookies, sandwiches to take out dinners. Their website says they are "a small café that specializes in delicious food served with big smiles" and there were certainly lots of smiles as we celebrated their opening!

The Norwich Business Council brought their smiles to their Ice Cream & Watermelon Social on July 15. Each year, NBC hands out ice cream and watermelons to concert goers on the green as a thank you for supporting local Norwich businesses. If any business in Norwich would like to learn more, NBC meets monthly at the Norwich Inn. Next meeting is September 14, from 8:15 – 9:15 AM. The Norwich Business Council is affiliated with the Hanover Area Chamber of Commerce.

As we move into fall, the Hanover Area Chamber of Commerce (HACC) has several upcoming events for the public. Dartmouth-Hitchcock and the Hanover Area Chamber of Commerce will partner to provide an interactive event, the Upper Valley Health & Wellness Fair, on Saturday, September 22 at the Hilton Garden Inn in Lebanon. Free and open to the public from 10 AM to 2 PM, this fair is designed for community outreach, providing basic preventive medicine, education, medical screening, demonstrations, and giveaways.

Dana Michalovic, Executive Director of the Good Neighbor Clinic in White River Junction, Vermont, is thrilled that their organization is participating, "Each year, many of our new patients are people who were formerly unaware of our services and were referred by friends or family. Participation in this event will enable us to build awareness of our free medical and dental services and reach the people who need it most." The clinic will be giving away free toothbrushes, toothpaste, floss and a "goodie bag.

“We at Dartmouth-Hitchcock are committed to helping our patients, families, friends and neighbors in the Upper Valley as well as throughout New Hampshire and beyond live healthy and active lives. That's why we are delighted to be the presenting sponsor of the Upper Valley Health and Wellness Fair, so that the community we serve can have access to free blood pressure checks, skin cancer screenings, healthy eating tips and other types of health and wellness information to keep families healthy and out of the hospital. Partnering with the Hanover Area Chamber of Commerce and the other health fair sponsors, is a great opportunity to spend quality time with members of the community talking about health and wellness in a meaningful way," says Joanne M. Conroy, MD, CEO and President of Dartmouth-Hitchcock.

We hope everyone will come by the fair to take part in the screenings and learn more about their health and local health care providers. There will be activities for the whole family.

For information on these and upcoming events, please visit our website at www.hanoverchamber.org or follow us on Facebook.
is like a celebrity in our house. and unbeknownst to the in-town guesser, he Porcupine has always been my favorite guess, from sheep to Wookie to porcupine. species, not breed. The guesses have ranged with the question trying to address his perplexed. We have been stopped many times with the question, “What is THAT?”

Norwich dogs did not know what to make of Noodle and the neighbors were equally sight of strange little white flags. The bounding out at us, stopping short at the other dogs with two layers of fur would come self-conscious walking around town with my little guy, in a coat (him, not me), while the other dogs with two layers of fur would come bounding out at us, stopping short at the sight of strange little white flags. The Norwich dogs did not know what to make of Noodle and the neighbors were equally perplexed. We have been stopped many times with the question, “What is THAT?” with the question trying to address his species, not breed. The guesses have ranged from sheep to Wookie to porcupine. Porcupine has always been my favorite guess, and unbeknownst to the in-town guesser, he is like a celebrity in our house.

Noodle quickly adjusted to life in Norwich, as did we. Noodle found other small dog friends. We learned about long underwear and Yak Trax. Noodle became a big brother to a human girl. The human girl grew more hair than him and they became best pals. The girl eventually realized Noodle was not her brother when she noticed friends had pets, not brothers. We overestimated our toddler's ability to see through our hipster irony.

Our canine-human family ebbed and flowed, as life does. When we split up, Noodle served in probably the most crucial role in that family transition. He stayed with our daughter, going from mom's house and back to dad's house. A custody dog! Having that consistent and familiar friend gave a little bit of ease and warmth to our daughter in a time of grief and reconfiguring. She liked knowing that where she went, he went. In spite of the bumps in the road, we redefined our version of family, centering around the girl and Noodle. Noodle always provided a source of levity, silliness, and ball chasing – no matter the weather, the moods, the house. He reminded us all that throwing a slobbery tennis ball heals everything.

This past spring, Noodle, the girl, and the dad were at a public swimming hole enjoying a hot June afternoon. Noodle was on his leash scuttling around having a great time, but avoiding the water. Water is wet, a definite downside to water according to Noodle. A small, off-leash dog approached Noodle and barked at him. Noodle reciprocated the welcome and barked back. In a flash, a mastiff, one-hundred-thirty pounds, attacked Noodle locking his jaws into his torso. The dad tried unsuccessfully to pull the mastiff off of Noodle – the dog was powerful. But in a strange stroke of serendipity, he recalled having a conversation that very morning about what to do in a dog attack. He quickly pulled the mastiff's hind legs off the ground, which startled the dog to disengage from Noodle.

The next thirty minutes were a blur. The dad and the girl scooped up a severely injured Noodle and rushed to the car. Noodle bit down hard on the dad's finger, breaking the nail bed and skin. In his thirteen years, Noodle has never shown aggression, never mind biting someone. Our little dog was so scared and in so much pain, he was panicking, and his body was going into shock.

We all met at S.A.V.E.S. Animal Hospital in Lebanon and waited. We sat together holding hands, crying, and supporting each other. “Why did this have to happen?” asked the girl. We had the same question, reflecting on this little dog who brought so much joy into our lives and enhanced our family.

Noodle was in the hospital for four days at which point the good vets there suggested he go home, because, at that point they were only providing pain management. Noodle suffered a puncture wound on his back and had severe internal bruising. He also had fractured ribs, and worst of all, had a spinal injury that caused paralysis in his hind legs. We cycled through four different vets during Noodle's stay and all but one suggested he would never walk again. So we latched on with desperation to the hope that one vet provided for us and we brought Noodle home. We hoped, in time, that the swelling on his spine would go down and he would walk again.

The first week at home was devastating. Noodle was in a lot of pain, albeit temporary because he was healing, but suffered nonetheless. We felt helpless watching our little dog just lie on his side, unable to move. We fed him by hand and brought him outside regularly for bathroom breaks. The vets taught us to squeeze his bladder to get him to urinate. We were peed on, pooped on, and sleepless. All for a dog? Yes, indeed.

Our hope waxed and waned. The dad crafted a harness which lifted Noodle's lifeless legs allowing him to walk around the yard, kind of like a marionette. We discussed euthanasia daily. It was becoming clearer with each day which lifted Noodle's lifeless legs allowing him to walk around the yard, kind of like a marionette. We discussed euthanasia daily. It was becoming clearer with each day that Noodle was not showing any sign of recovering. With full-time jobs, we were unable to keep up with the 24-hour care. Our hearts were broken and we were spent.

While at S.A.V.E.S., one of the vets suggested physical therapy for Noodle. He was not sure if it would work with Noodle’s injuries, but “stranger things have happened.”
That unpromising-but-hopeful statement was our last-ditch effort. We were close to empty in our tank of hope.

Judy, a canine physical therapist, came to the house to suss out what we affectionately called our pet pillow – a weak attempt at humor by a very sad sack of people. Lying on his side, not able to get up, Judy squeezed and bent and stretched Noodle’s skinny legs. With a warm smile, she proclaimed he could be walking in four weeks. Huh!! As emotionally exhausted that we were, we were back in the game and committed.

The next week had all of us providing physical therapy on Noodle’s legs, consisting of tapping and massaging and poking, trying to stimulate his nerves. It felt unlikely that these strange exercises would do anything, but we were willing to try. Noodle lay on his side and endured it. Along the way, we had tiny successes. He could sit up without immediately flopping down! He could control his bladder and bowels! He barked at a squirrel! (And then would wince in pain because of his rib injury. And then bark again.) As more days passed, more success. Noodle could stand up on his own! He hustled around the yard when attached to the marionette harness!

Exactly three weeks after returning home, the “stranger things have happened” happened. Noodle was lying on his side in the living room, as he always had been while dinner was being prepared in the kitchen. Noodle pushed himself up into a seated position and just walked over to the kitchen.

The dawg walked!

The girl came home from camp and Noodle ran to her, very clumsily, but ran with all four of his legs. She sobbed. We all sobbed. All this for a dog? Yes, indeed.

Noodle continues his physical therapy and Judy still marvels and praises his progress. We are deeply grateful that we get this bonus time with this strange-looking dog who fills our hearts. We are also deeply grateful that this dog continues to deepen our bonds with each other as we experience changes as a family.

Dog ownership has been an education of life lessons. We have learned how to trust, when to be cautious, how to be hopeful when odds are stacked against us and – most importantly – to laugh with each other. And Noodle, resilient as ever, wags his little nub of a tail every time he sees his best dog pals, not harboring resentments from one bad experience.
Many of us approaching the age of 60, or past that milestone, may not be quite as technologically savvy as we could, or should be. Particularly when it comes to online banking, bill paying, and financial transactions, we tend to be hesitant about immersing ourselves in those electronic activities. When you've spent most of your life making deposits with a teller, and reconciling your checkbook from a monthly paper statement, switching over to electronic banking can be intimidating.

We shouldn't be intimidated, however, says Mascoma's Norwich branch manager, Charles Taylor. As electronic banking becomes more and more popular, it remains a very safe way to conduct business, and additionally, "is really time saving," says Taylor. "People are much more open to it now," he adds.

Taylor realizes that those in the baby-boom generation, and older, have some questions about online banking. "They're more cautious... there's some mystery involved," he says. Yet Mascoma works hard to introduce their customers to electronic banking services, says Taylor, and the bank is constantly upgrading, and making improvements to the system to make it even more user friendly.

For those who may have tried online banking years back, and came away dissatisfied, Taylor has a recommendation – try again. "It is a much more usable system than it was ten years ago," Taylor says.

For those wishing to try online banking, Mascoma offers plenty of assistance. The bank has a tutorial program available for customers, and for those requiring more help, Taylor says bank staff people are always able, and willing, to help customers with the system. "It's becoming more and more a part of our job," says Taylor of assisting customers with online banking help.

Many will ask if online banking is safe. Of Mascoma’s online service, “There’s never been a breach,” Taylor says. Problems only occur from the user's end, say when someone else secures a password, for example.

Some seniors still may have a hard time convincing themselves online banking is the way to go. For those, Mascoma does offer a free checking account for seniors over 60, with no online component. You write your checks, you are mailed a monthly statement, and there are no service fees or minimums; you only pay for the checks themselves.

~ Frank Orlowski
Making Music Exhibit
Returns to the Montshire
Frank Orlowski

Music, we all know, is one of the creative forms of art. Though we may not automatically think of music as a form of science, creating music incorporates a great deal of science, particularly in the making of musical instruments. An exhibit opening on September 15 at the Montshire highlights the use of science in creating music. Appropriately named Making Music: The Science of Musical Instruments, this exhibit is making a return appearance at the Norwich museum.

According to Sherlock Terry, assistant director of exhibits at the Montshire, this exhibit originally opened at the museum in the fall of 2016. It proved very popular, and as the Montshire now has the ability to retain some permanent exhibits, Making Music is an exhibit that will continue to show up, on a rotating basis.

Being an interactive exhibit, Terry says attendees will have the opportunity to try out, and play some of the instruments in the exhibit. A total of 34 different instruments from around the world are showcased in the exhibit, with 14 of those, including a double bass and accordion, available to play. There are also videos of master musicians playing some of the instruments. Some instruments on display, such as the piano, are set up in a way to allow visitors to see the internal workings of the instrument while it is played.

Northern New England is well represented in the exhibit, with several Vermont and New Hampshire born, or based musicians and instrument designers involved. Making Music: The Science of Musical Instruments runs from September 15 until May of 2019.

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