

Island Pond Historical Society Inc.

Newsletter

**Preserving Traditions
of the Past**

**Winter
2018**



President's Message:

Dear Readers:

On Dec. 28, 2017 we purchased the building formerly known as Ted's Market next to the Essex House on Cross Street. The Society will relocate there as soon as the building is renovated. 3,150 square feet of floor space will be divided into museum exhibits, archive storage, a conference room for small groups and a study space for archival research and curatorial work. An oil burner heats the radiant floor for temperature and humidity control.

Our vision is to create an education center that provides resources and learning opportunities for all ages encouraging K-12 school groups with local history oriented hands-on projects and studies.

For the time being we are dependant upon volunteers. We welcome volunteers who have experience or are involved in historical studies, museum studies, or related fields. We also welcome volunteers with experience in non-profit business management and marketing, interest in writing promotional materials that include newsletters, web pages and grant applications.

Ultimately we want to be major contributors to the revitalization of downtown Island Pond and at the same time promote our rich heritage through education of the past.

This vision has a cost and we need your financial support.

Legacies and donations pay the current expenses of rent and loan repayment. Operational costs are now more than \$20,000 a year. With your donations we will be able to sustain the museum and current programs, such as annual meetings, newsletters, website, annual tax auditing, and archiving.

We will be mailing out a separate letter asking for donations. We appreciate your continued interest and support.

We also are continuing to ask for donations of interesting artifacts relevant to Island Pond and the surrounding area.

Sincerely,

Mark C. Biron
President,
Island Pond Historical Society

Island Pond Historical Society Officers and Trustees

President: Mark C. Biron

Vice President: Craig Goulet

Secretary: Sharon Biron

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Trustees: Gordon Lefebvre, Muriel O'Gorman,
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Mission: The Island Pond Historical Society is dedicated to discovering, collecting, and preserving whatever relates to the history of the village of Island Pond and the town of Brighton.

The historical society museum occupies the second floor of the restored railway station. There are permanent displays of photographs, railroad memorabilia, 19th-century clothing and uniforms, lumbering tools, local newspapers, and Odd Fellows memorabilia.

Since the Island Pond Historical Society is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization, donations are tax deductible to the full extent of the law. Our Federal EIN number is 23-7029212.

The cover photo: Bradley Reynolds stands next to his sled dog "Cream" which he obtained from Eunice Bell in 1947.



Above Hubert Maroney, Brad Reynolds and Richard Maroney prepare for a dog sledding adventure in the late 1940s.

Brad Reynold's Presentation to the Island Pond Historical Society

Good afternoon. It is good to see so many friends here and it is an honor to be able to speak before you on the 50th anniversary of the Historical Society.

This is not just about my friend Don Eagle but about his dad and Step Mother Eunice and all of us kids that used to go down to their cabins at Spectacle Pond.

Every story has a beginning and it all started back in 1947. My mother's sister Mary Lilacs Maroney came to our home and started talking to my mother about a dog for me. Eunice Bell had told her that they had some pups to give away and of course I heard her and I got all excited. I got my older friend Billy Chenette who owned a Model A Ford pickup along with his father Albert to take me down to Eagles Point cabin. There was only a trail along the pond and into the woods before

you arrived at the cabin. Mrs. Bell said that I could pick of the pups or the mother dog. I took the





Eunice Bell above on snowshoes in front of Don Eagle's Indian Point cabin on Spectacle Pond with dog - King.

mother dog because she was all trained being the lead dog on her team which she used to go across the two lakes to pick up the mail and groceries. From then on I would visit Eunice on a regular basis and took care of her dogs when she would go away with the Chief and Don to Boston or Ohio. Although I was ten years younger than Don, he became my idol and best friend. I was taught the Indian way of life by being grateful for what we have. My many canoe trips down rivers in Vermont, New Hampshire and the Saint Lawrence along the Kahnawake Reserve taught me to appreciate how the Indians traveled years ago. Camping out on a particular point of land so that you could observe what was going on up and down stream. Nothing was ever left behind. The land was always left as we found it.



Island Pond Historical Society

Don had three horses which I took care of and rode whenever I was down to their cabin on the shore of Spectacle Pond. Don later gave me one of them which I had for ten years. She was a beauty.

I've traveled with Don to Boston, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and the Kahnawake Reservation. Don taught me how to drive so that I could help Eunice at the camp after they built a road down to the cabins on Eagle's Point. I was always proud when Don would let me

drive his big Desoto

Limo or

his Cadillac into town with a 17 foot aluminum canoe on top. I remember when I was in high school and I had a date for the school



Above -Brad Reynolds and Barbara Foster

Below - Bradley Reynolds on horse given to him by Don Eagle

Left - Standing on the old navy raft from left to right Bradley Reynolds, Gary Lanpher, Tom Berry, Ann Castonguay and laying down on the raft is Barbara Foster



2018



Bob Cheveriere gathers brush for a fire with Eunice Bell during a winter outing.

prom and Don asked me how I was going to pick up my date and I told him I would walk. Don said no way, here are the keys to my Packard convertible. I couldn't believe it as it was a brand new car. Boy did I think I was somebody riding around in our small town within that Packard along with one of my friends and his date.

Whenever Don was in town there was always a certain bunch of kids around. Don was a big kid himself always joking around and pulling stunts. But, on the other hand he was a very giving person and loved working with kids and doing charitable work where it pertained to children.

Don's camp on Island Pond was always used as a training camp and that is where I met Billy Two Rivers, Stuart Running Horse and Elmer. Billy



Above Brad Reynolds stands proudly next to Don Eagle's car.



Don Eagle (above right) came by his wrestling ability honestly as his father Chief War Eagle (left above) was a fine wrestler in his own right.

Two Rivers went on to be a wrestler under Chief War Eagle and Don's guidance along with Jim Lewis and others.

Carl Donald Bell (aka) Don Eagle was born on August 28, 1925. He was the only son of John Joseph Bell (aka) Chief War Eagle and wife Emma Bell. They were of the Iroquois Nation whose home was at the Kahnawake Indian Reservation in Canada. Don went to a Catholic school taught by the Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré nuns on the reservation where he participated in football, track and was an excellent lacrosse player.

At age 20 Don began a short career in boxing where he won 17 out of 22 professional bouts. After a hand injury he turned to wrestling at the advice of his father Chief War Eagle who was once a Light Heavy Weight Champion of the World. Don wrestled professionally for 31 years.

Don won the heavy weight title belt from Cyclone Anaya on November 28, 1949 at age 24. On May 23, 1950 Don became the new World Champion with a prize possession of a \$10,000 diamond studded belt which was taken from Frank Saxton who held it for 5 years. On August 11, 1951 Don performed in Island Pond at the municipal building while holding the World Heavy Weight title.

One day Don was asked if he was a Mohawk and his reply was yes we are of the Iroquois Nation. Yes, the interviewer said, your people raised plenty of hell in upper New York State during the French and English and Revolutionary war. You were the ones everyone was afraid of. Don told him hey, not me I'm only 24 years old.

I joined the Marines when I was 18 and lost contact with everyone except Eunice who kept

me posted until she passed away in 1955. I was posted in Japan at the time. Her grave site is in Island Pond cemetery overlooking the lake.

When I returned from the service I noticed Don was a changed person. He was moody and it didn't take much to set him off. I helped him and his dad move their belongings back to the Kahnawake after they sold their land to the State of Vermont for a campground. Don had always wanted a campground to teach the children the Indian way of life. In March 1966 Don died of a gunshot wound to the head at his home. I went to the Reserve several times after Don's passing and visited War Eagle and Billy Two Rivers. My last time at the Reservation was for War Eagle's funeral.

Don, War Eagle and Eunice helped me to develop during my growing up years and after serving in the Marine Corps. I went on to become an Environmental Enforcement Officer for the State of Vermont. After 30 years of doing my best to keep our land, air and water from being polluted and teaching others to enjoy what we have and leave it as we found it and recommend prosecution for those who did not, I retired.

Below, left to right -Tom Morse, Duane Lyons, Bobby Barnes, Bob Cheverier, Sunny Morse, Wendell Berry, and Brad Reynolds during an outing at Brunswick Springs around 1950.



Ramblings from an Adopted Woodchuck

By Bob Fisher

On December 21, 1957, I came to Vermont for the second time in my life, which was also in about as many months as well. On that day my parents, dog and I moved into the farmhouse on the Westmore Mountain Road that was known at that time as the Henry Major farm. Have you noticed that whenever someone buys some property, it is referred to by the last owner? Well for a while anyway unless they own it for a long time, then, it is known by its present owner.

Here we were fresh out of suburbia with central heating and now had to learn how to use wood stoves to heat the house. The next few winters went from cold to cool until we got the right stoves and learned how to use them, got the right wood, and got ahead on the wood pile. That part is something that I still have not outgrown. I can never have too much firewood on hand.

Dealing with the snow was another learning experience as well. We are going to need a bigger shovel. In time we went from snow shovel to snow scoop to sno-blower. Winter driving was another learning experience City winter tires are Vermont summer tires. We did learn about “sand-papers” after awhile. That first winter there were a lot of firsts for this eleven-year old from Long Island, New York. We did a lot of our shopping in Island Pond. Groceries at First National & Stafford’s IGA, and hardware shopping at Boylan’s. For a step back in time when you walked through the door at Doyon’s, it was kind of like something out of Gunsmoke, all kinds of good stuff. Another unique experience was walking into Albert Laliberte’s. Did you ever see him shoeing horses? Of course, we cannot forget Shorty’s.

When spring came, we made a spot in the cow barn and got 200 pullets to raise for a hobby. What eggs we did not use ourselves we sold and that turned out to be the beginning of the B & M Farm. Each year we got more and more chickens to produce more and more eggs to sell all



around in the “Kingdom”. Years later, we were up to 22,000 hens in the three buildings. I was the one who took care of them and it took all day to do all the chores that are involved with egg production. Then at night, we did the candling, weighing and packaging. The night before deliveries we put up the store orders which we delivered twice a week. We sold wholesale to stores, restaurants, dairies, and schools and retail at the house. We produced both brown and white eggs. Some people would claim that there was a difference between the two. Well there is not. Not if the two flocks are on the same farm and fed the same grain mixture. Otherwise different farms, different grain brands, will give you a different flavor. On October 22, 1971 my mother died and life as I knew it changed for the worse. In less than a year I had a stepmother and she came from Canada. This was my father’s third wife and he would outlive them all. I became the

Above and below are views of Main Street Island Pond in the early 50s. Donated by Roger Cartee from the Cartee-Richardson collection.





Above is a 1950s view of Cross Street in Island Pond. This is one of 52 photos donated to the Society by Roger Cartee who obtained over 8,800 glass plates and negatives of the Harry Richardson collection. The glass plate and negatives were donated to the Orleans County Historical Society in 2017.

“hired help” as he cared more for his new family from Canada than anyone stateside. By March of 1975 I “ran” away from home to make a life of my own. I went to stay overnight with Barb & Howard Walker in Ferdinand. As it turned out I stayed there and worked for my room & board until I got a job and a rent of my own. My job would be at Ethan Allen, Orleans. Barb & “H” were on the Bicentennial committee so I tagged along and Mary Ann Riggie was the chairperson. As I sat across from her, I decided right then and there that I was going to marry her. It took a year to convince her of that but I did. I wanted to get married right after the parade in front of the Railroad Station with all present but she would have none of that so we got married the night before Halloween. We built a house in Newark. By then we had a daughter when we moved there and we are still there, but Daughter grew up, went off to college, had kids and has a life of her own. In the mean time, we put in our work years got to

retirement and now it is two old people who work and play around the house - sometimes whenever we feel like it. The winters get to be too long, the summers get shorter each year, and the years seem to go by quicker and quicker as time goes by. We really do live in the best part of the country. We do not get the horrible weather that the other parts of the country get. There is a reason for all of those mountains around us. It is nice to be able to go outside in the spring and listen to the birds singing their songs and you can hear the “Singing Wheels” of the big trucks heading down the road to the big cities. You can also hear the locomotive down in Island Pond moving cars to make up the train for its next run. I often wonder what it was like around here when the first settlers got here and started their homesteads. We need to preserve our past in order to move on to the future.

Bob Fisher is a former curator of the Island Pond Historical Society Museum.

My Paper Route in 1956

By Beverly Pepin

It's another Saturday morning in Island Pond and in the life of a "paper girl" it's the day you collect your money, due to you for your week-long deliveries! I am firm and persistent for a seven year old and I want my hard earned money! First, I pick up all my Newport Daily papers at the Island Pond Post Office and try to figure out what the tune is that "Spic" Bailey is whistling; as I fill my huge over-the-shoulder linen bag. Today I am walking, as the sun is shining early. When it rains, my "Nana" Eva Hill takes me around on my route, by car.

My first stops are all the tenants in the Boylan block. Francelia Steady or her sister Gloria always greets me at the door and pays me promptly. Bernard Boylan likes me to roll his paper and tuck it in his store's door handle. Mamie Reynolds and her daughter, Dorothy are in the block as well. Sometimes Francelia is giving an early piano lesson and the music is entertaining.

I carefully cross the street and notice "Cordwood", Anthony Dubois, standing in front of Joseph's store and exchange a good morning. I enter Joseph's Store where Ray and Dodie have the fresh coffee brewing and a sizable tip for me that starts my route off with a smile! Down the middle

of the street walks Melvina Currier smoking her pipe and always talking.

Next, I go up the back stairs to the apartments of June Quinn, "Grape" Paquette and back down the stairs and run next door to the Samson household.

One of my favorite stops is at Dr. and Mrs. Ruby McBride's home, as she usually has a cookie and a tip for me. I skip the Morrisette's house and quickly get the news to Gert Payeur and her brother, Sammy. I cross onto Alder Street for Alphonso Lefebvre and go straight down back to "Black Jack" River's place that sets back from Railroad Street. Once in a while, Corky Rivers will holler to me, and ask if I have an extra paper, and I usually do. The "Bee Hive" apartment building has recently placed several tenants paper holders, made out of wood and that saves me a lot of time. Evelyn Moultroup usually has a cookie with my money. Levi Rexford just went peddling by on his bicycle. "Hoot" and Mildred Gibson have made a special box for their paper, as well. Pauline Welch has a secret hiding place where she leaves me her weekly payment. Frank and Denice Reynolds were among my favorites... she always had a dessert for me! Skipping a few houses, my next stop was Arlene and Lawrence Walker's place which set back away from the main road. I always admired the starched doilies, on a special rack, at Agnes Samson's. I'd stop at Carmei (Carmen) and Percy Hawkin's then quickly stop at Hodge's Store. One



Above is a view of Main Street Island Pond in the late 40s or early 50s

Donated by Roger Cartee from the Cartee-Richardson collection.

of the four, either George, Sadie, Doc, or Stella would ring open their cash drawer and hand me my paper route money and then tell me to pick out two free penny candies from their glass show case.

Next I had Helen and William Moore, the Dufour's and then the long walk on "the Meadow" to the Rivard's farm. Coming back, I had Ruth Lurvey and Mrs. O'Keeff. Often Mr. O'Keefe would pass me by pushing a large handmade wooden cart. He always spoke and was always on a mission! Next was Joyce and Floyd Martin and I would get detained visiting with Brenda, Dwight, and baby Steve. I'd hurry on to "Muscle" O'Keeffe's and continue down Pherring Street. At the spotless Couture's house, Lorenzo would meet me on the porch and take his parent's newspaper and pay me with an envelope of money. I'd next deliver to Pracilla and Bill Kane and their house full of children. They were all too busy doing their chores to stop and talk.

Next on my route was Mildred and "Ozzie" Morin who would greet me with a fat lit cigar ready to read the news! The Rouses were the last

and then I would cross the street to George Barnes, the Maxwells, Dick and Priscilla Melcher, the McWains, and cross the street gain to the McK-enney's. Doris would have my envelope on the porch window and I would leave the paper there also.

As my bag was getting lighter, I would stop at Mr. Curriers and Walter Seguin's before I headed up over the crossing to Irene and Syvio Dupuis. Next I would stop at "Buddy" and Violet Cilley's house and find that "Buddy had already been fishing and had quite a line of fish to view!

Bill and Harriet Fagen were across the street, then I would go up the hill to the Christies, Leavens, and Bernie and Jo Worth. Bernie and Jo always had a kitty that I would pat. Mrs. Johnny King usually had a cookie and a nice tip for me. Now I was at the top of the hill and delivered to Peter Joseph and his parents. Calista Webster Farmer was usually a late riser, so she too left faithfully her envelope on the porch. Camille and Viola Gosselin, Geneva Willis, and Danny Martin were my next customers. Martin's dog was quite fearful however he never bit me. John and Gerry

Below is a 1950s view of Main Street in Island Pond. This photo was donated by Roger Cartee.



Dufour and Loraine and Jimmy Caouette were next on my route. Lorraine was always smiling and usually cooking when I arrived. After this I only had to circle two blocks and I would be done and at home... I would continue on Middle Street delivering papers to "Pop" King's, Flev Devlins, and Bernice and Charlie Gray's. This particular day, Roy Bailey was working on a stone wall there. He advised me that it was going to rain and I had better hurry or I was going to get wet. The sky was sunny and I thought to myself, really?! As my paper bag had got lighter, I travelled faster anyways! I stopped at "Kippy" Lanpher's and then to Pauline and Gerry Guay's house. As I made the corner to go onto South Street, Ted and Evelyn Lefebvre were waiting for me. I continued walking to the Steady's, Joe Castonguay's, Bea and Frank Lefebvre's and Arlene Wing's. Mr. Wing would always try to pull a prank on me if he saw me coming. Next I would climb the stairs to Alice and Church Palmer's and Emma Morris's and then I would go back down to Ethel and Flavian Boutin's. Alice Cameron was my last customer before I crossed the four way to South Street's dead end. Next Mrs. Gleason, the Sackett's, and Grace Worth were my final customers. Grace had parakeets and I found them very interesting. Quite often "Stubby" Leavens would come along on his milk route and his caramel candies were delicious!

My motto was "No Money- No Paper" and I never had any problems on Saturday collection day.

I had this paper route for quite a few years , and the only changes were within the " Bee-Hive" apartments and the Boylan Bock. I added on to my route, Mountain Street, North Street, and Elm Street when I was older, stronger, and could carry more.

I hope that by sharing this with you, this has perhaps brought back some family names and jarred a memory in your life. Sadly, many of these family names do not exist here now.

Beverly Brown Pepin



The Hobson home. Circa 1890

Hobson Family

This year Daniel Buck from Indiana contacted the Island Pond Chamber of Commerce asking for help in locating his great grandmother's uncle's house, Samuel D. Hobson as he was bringing his family to Island Pond and wanted a picture of his family in front of the house as it is today. Daniel provided Michael Strait with a copy of the picture of the family house which was then emailed to some of the executive members of the historical society asking for help. Michael and Jan Clarke researched the Hobson family home trying to locate the house and as Jan was enjoying her daily walk she looked up and recognized the house which is now owned by James and Patricia Lontine. Jan then went home and contacted the Bucks with this information. The Bucks came to Island Pond on July 1, 2017 and met with the Lontines and took pictures.

The house below, originally the Hobson home is now (July 2017) owned by James and Patricia Lontine. Photo by Betty Gilfillan.

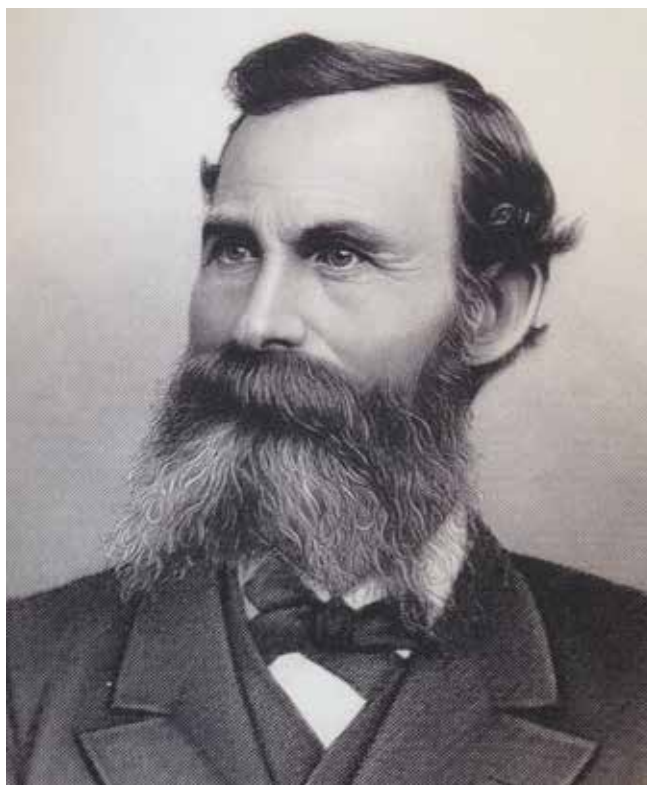


An Excerpt from the Hamilton Child's Gazetteer of Caledonia and Essex Counties Vt. 1764-1887

Submitted by Michael Clarke

Brighton has had from an early date in its history two representatives of this name. The family is old enough to be purely American, living chiefly in eastern Massachusetts and southwestern Maine. Nathan Hobson came to Island Pond, from the Saco River in 1859, as an agent for a lumber company. In 1867 he entered the custom house, serving ten years, in which his son was for a short time associated, but later settled in Wisconsin. His daughter is the wife of one of the townsmen, W.W. Lombard.

Hon. Samuel Decatur Hobson. Among the active, vigorous, successful men of Essex County, must be mentioned. Samuel Decatur Hobson, son of Samuel and Hannah (Sawyer) Hobson, who was born at Hollis, Maine, October 5, 1830. He is in the seventh generation from William Hobson, an early settler of Rowley, Mass., who emigrated from England about the seventh century, and his name appears, in 1626, on the list of "merchant adventurers" of London, who fitted out and provided for the famous Plymouth Colony of Massachusetts. Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, writes thus in 1624: "The adventurers which raised the stock to begin and supply the plantation were about seventy; some gentlemen, some merchants, some handicraftsmen; some adventuring great sums, some small, as their estates and affection served. These dwelt mostly in London. They are not a corporation, but knit together by a voluntary combination in a society without restraint of penalty, aiming to do good and to plant religion." Mr. Hobson's early years were passed on the farm; his education was acquired at the common schools of his native town and at Limerick academy. At the age of twenty he commenced to learn the trade of carpenter; worked two years in Hollis, and a few months in Portland. In the month of September 1852, he moved to Island Pond and was engaged in erecting the first building in the village. He continued there as builder and contractor until 1857, when he was engaged by Isaac



Samuel Decatur Hobson (above) as pictured in the Hamilton Child's Gazetteer of Caledonia and Essex Counties, Vt. 1764-1887.

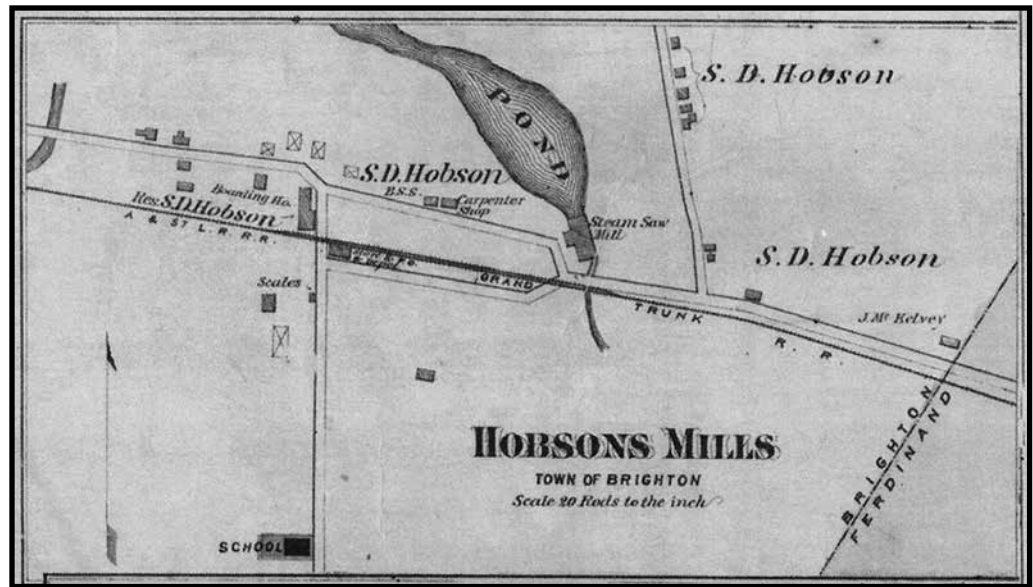
Dyer, of Portland, to take charge of the mill and lumber business at Island Pond, and continued in this position for two years. In 1859 he became the agent of St. John Smith, of Portland, who had come into possession of about one thousand acres of land in the vicinity of Island Pond village. He acted in this capacity one year, and in 1860 bought out Mr. Smith. In 1863 he was appointed United States Customs officer, which position he held for one year. After engaging in merchandising for nearly three years, Mr. Hobson purchased the entire plant of Woodbury's mill in East Brighton, September 20 1866, and became a resident there, and "Hobson's Mills" has been his home since, with the exception of an absence of two and a half years in Wakefield, Massachusetts. Under Mr. Hobson's keen and judicious management the business has increased rapidly, and the firm, which in 1884 assumed the title of S.D. Hobson & Sons, manufactures building lumber, clapboards, laths, shingles, ect. They also plane and fit lumber for special orders, which is an important and growing branch of their business. They cut from

five to six million feet of lumber per annum, employ from forty to one hundred and forty men, and do an annual business of \$75,000. Mr. Hobson also carries on a mercantile establishment, and has a large farm from which he cuts about two hundred tons of hay, and this quantity is not sufficient for his needs.

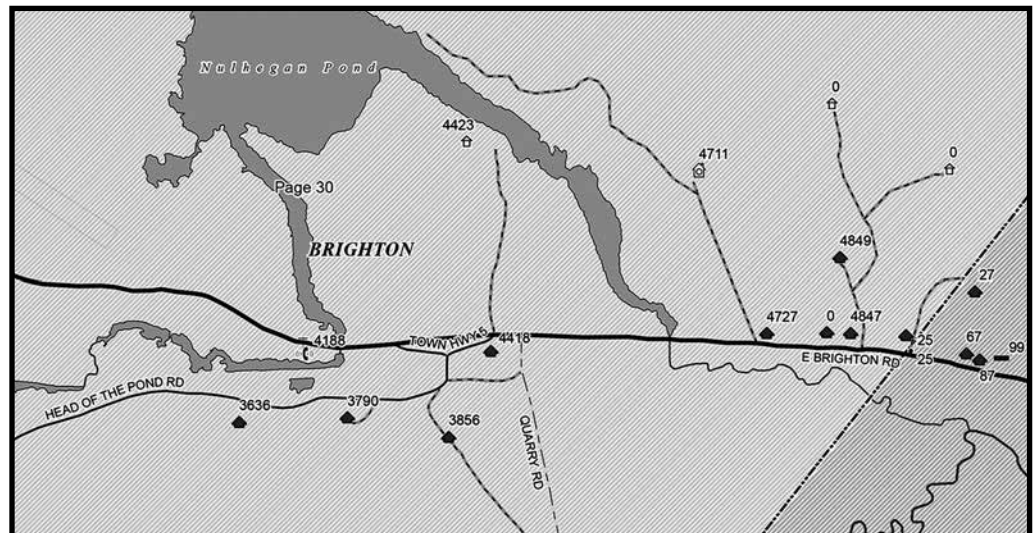
He married, January, 1854, Mary E., daughter of Eben and Sarah (Haley) Sawyer, of Hollis, Maine. Their children are Harry Howard who married Emma A Mansur and had one child Harry M.; Helen M. (Mrs. K.R. Fletcher, Jr.) of Lancaster, New Hampshire; John E., deceased, October 1867, at the age of ten years old; Eugene F. who married Nellie G. Lang and had two children, Beatrice and Albion; Sarah M. who in 1886 was in her fourth year at Boston University; Albion W. who in 1886 was completing his college courses in Germany; Mary C.; and Elsie G.

Mr. Hobson's religious affiliations are with the Methodist Episcopal Church of which he has been a prominent and beneficent member since 1877. Politically he is a Republican, and had done good work for his party in town and state affairs. He has filled nearly all the town offices; represented Brighton in the legislature in 1856, and again in 1882 and 1883; in 1860 he was elected assistant judge of the county court and served two years; in

1884-1885 he represented Essex County in the state Senate. He is a man of strong temperance principles; positive in his convictions; pleasant and unassuming in his manners; fond of his family and promoting their advance in education generously; liberal in all matters pertaining to public good; as a manufacturer and business man, he is a persistent and practical worker, and his efforts have been rewarded with financial success. Mr. Hobson is such a one as is needed in every community, his energy and influence are potent for action and advance.



The map above, provided by Mike Clarke, shows the area of East Brighton known as Hobsons Mills around 1887. The map below is of the same area but is current as of February 2018. The map is a slice of the State E9-1-1 Map-book of Brighton.





Above, formerly known as Ted's Market, the building is the new home of the Island Pond Historical Society and museum. Story and photos by Mark C. Biron.

Dear Members and Friends,

We ask for your financial support for a very worthy cause. The Brighton / Island Pond area is one rich in history and a heritage that we are striving to keep alive.

In 2017 we celebrated 50 years as a corporation and 501(c)(3) non-profit organization (EIN number is 23-7029212) dedicated to preserving the traditions of the past.

Annual meetings feature speakers who share their stories of life in Island Pond and the Northeast Kingdom. Professionally produced newsletters keep these stories alive for hundreds of families connected to the area.

Island Pond has many notable success stories. The area is and has always been a wonderful place to grow up. We intend to preserve this heritage and record and continue to keep it alive to be remembered and available.

In the Society's early years the offices and museum housed the collection of photos and artifacts in the second story of the railroad station. The railroad made

the four rooms at the top of a long flight of stairs ours for a dollar a year until the town obtained the building and determined that we should pay rent by the square foot. The town cannot afford to grant us free space and we have paid more than \$6K a year for the past several years with annual increases.

We are very fortunate to have received major legacies from the late Roy M. Kaufman, widower of Island Pond native Ruth Harvey Kaufman; Florence Dale, widow of George N. Dale; Morris and Bertha Haley McWain, John Davis, Harold Skovran, Aubrey and Olivia





Above, 126 Cross Street is the new home of the Island Pond Historical Society.

Bean, Dorothy Maxwell Lanning, Bruce Porter, Lawrence Ranney, Joe Roby, Mildred Foss White, and Norma Samson Wright. More recent significant donors include James and Robin McCann and Donna and James Draper.

Those legacies and donations are paying the current expenses of rent and loan repayment. Operational costs are now more than \$20K a year. Without your donation we cannot sustain the museum and current programs, such as annual meetings, newsletters, website, annual tax auditing, and archiving.

In the fall of 2017 the Society's executive committee and other members took advantage of the opportunity to borrow against our legacy funds and buy a vacant building on Cross Street formerly known as Ted's Market. Handicap accessible museum exhibits, archive storage, group meeting space, study space for viewing photos and books and curatorial work will fill the 3,150 square feet of floor space. We are also hoping to create educational opportunities for senior citizens and encourage K-12 students with hands-on projects and studies.

Please help us with your financial support. We are doing our best to identify and apply for grants that will help with museum exhibition projects and we are also developing relationships with the Vermont Secretary of State's office, the

Vermont Historical Society and the American Alliance of Museums to get their assistance with administration and best practices and standards.

Our goal is to raise \$250K to sustain the Island Pond Historical Society and museum through the coming years. Please make checks payable to the Island Pond Historical Society or contact us to set up a monthly payment plan. Thank you for your continued interest and support.

Sincerely yours,

Mark C. Biron Craig Goulet
Michael Clarke Muriel O'Gorman





The photo above shows Postmaster Dr. James N. "Doc" Kennedy in 1983 as noted on the Red Sox calendar in the background. Doc was an avid Red Sox fan. The photo was taken by George Halpern who founded the fishing village on Spectacle Pond in the early sixties. Does anyone know when the present post office was renovated? Submitted by Mike Clarke.

Right, Peter Joseph and Postmaster Dr. James N. Kennedy are in the working side of the Island Pond Post Office. The photo was taken in 1980. Peter Joseph was president of the Island Pond Historical Society from 1979 to 1984. Dr. James N. Kennedy was a co-founder of the Society.



A Trip to Alaska

By Merle Davis, Class of '57

An Excerpt from the Easter 1959 edition of the Brighton High School "Tattler" newspaper

One hot day in May, last year, my brother and I decided to go to Alaska. I built a top on the back of his pick-up truck, put in two cots, a little camping stove, and started out.

We took \$1,000 and plenty of clothes. We wanted to get up there for the last of June and July fishing, so we had to make good time. When he was driving I slept and while I was driving, he slept. We only stopped about twice a day for just food and water and some gas. We made it to Seattle in ten days. We had trouble crossing the line and it took us a day and a half. We went to Vancouver and up the Alaskan Highway and had to take a drum of gas with us because stations are about six hundred miles apart.

It took us four days to get half way between Vancouver and Fairbanks and then we had to wait two days for the snow to be cleared from the highway. After we started up again, it took us a week to complete the trip. The roads had been bad and almost impossible for night driving. When we got to Fairbanks, we decided to take a room at a hotel so that we could get some decent rest and sleep.

From Island Pond to Seattle we had spent \$200, but we had spent \$300 from Vancouver to Fairbanks. We had spoiled one set of tires and three head lights. For about three hundred miles we had had to use the spot light because we couldn't get head lights but we had managed to get new tires.

After a good night's rest at Fairbanks we started for Fort Yukon which was seven hundred miles away. We got within fifty miles of Fort Yukon when the frame of the truck broke on a big stone. We had to leave it in a small nearby town to be fixed while we rented two saddle horses and a pack horse. It cost us fifty dollars to rent them and two hundred dollars to have the truck fixed. We took it to Fort Yukon toward the end of June and had three hundred and fifty dollars left to get home on. We

spent fifty for equipment and started up the river, where we rented two more horses and bought two hundred pounds of salt. It keeps the fish fresh. We went twenty five miles up the river, threw out our lines and soon had enough fish for supper.

The next day we caught a load of fish and built a raft and took them down the river to Fort Yukon where they were shipped and trucked all over the world.

During the month of July we had twenty five trips down the river with fish and made a hundred dollars a load. At the end of the month we had \$2,500 and \$300 left over from the trip up.

We went back to the truck and then sold it for a thousand dollars and went back home by airplane. When we got home, we bought a new truck for \$1,500 and planned to return the next summer.

We cleared \$3,000 and had a wonderful time doing it.

O. J. DOYON & COMPANY
ISLAND POND, VERMONT TELEPHONE 173

Mobilheat Mobil Mobil Kerosene

Bill No. _____ Date 1/18/64

Sold to Bud Ciley

Street _____
Customer's Order No. _____ Phone _____

PRODUCT	GALLONS	PRICE	TOTAL
Mobilheat	214	17.3	3702.20
Mobil Kerosene			

SALESMAN: CARL COVAGE TRUCK NO. 34 Ray

METER READING: START OF DELIVERY 100
METER READING: END OF DELIVERY 214
GALLONS DELIVERED 114

REMOVED ABOVE GALLONS CUSTOMER SIGN HERE

This oil bill above dated January 18, 1964 is from O.J. Doyon to Bud Ciley who lived on Middle Street near the railroad tracks. Note the price of oil at the time was 17.3 cents a gallon. The Doyons had large holding tanks in the mill yard between the town hall and the tennis courts in front of Sunrise Manor. The Doyons also owned and operated a hardware store, laundry-mat and Ski-doo dealership where today's Dollar General is located, Submitted by Mike Clarke.

Museum Donations

Amy Knowles donated a Brighton High School bowl.

Judy Moulton donated a Roxy theater schedule.

Robert Daniel donated three *Flying A Mobil* glasses, a partial roll of Roxy tickets, and a roll of Roxy federal tax tickets.

Michael and Jan Clarke donated a copy of a picture from their collection of Don Eagle.

Norman Stafford Grearson donated book about the 125th Anniversary train in Island Pond, six post cards of Island Pond, and a railroad lantern that has CNR on the glass.

Beverly Pepin donated pictures of Island Pond and a Better Homes magazine that mentioned Mildred Gibson's award for cooking.

Martha & Wilson Judd donated 3 plates with pansies and Island Pond on them.

Byron Clark donated Eleanor Vallee's "My

Vagabond Lover", "Poems and Faces" by Byron Clark and Eleanor Vallee, miscellaneous items that belonged to Rudy and Eleanor such as watch, pens, jack-knife, pictures, CDs, ect.

J.A. McDonald donated a 1935 Brighton High School class picture.

Robert Pontbriand donated Theresa Younce's papers that she had with various saw mills names in the area.

Betty Allebach donated Roxy theater schedule, a pamphlet advertising Brighton and a newspaper article about the dedication of the historical marker near the railroad station.

Frank and Louella Allard donated a pamphlet featuring the Sesquicentennial Celebration of Vermont Admission to the Union a speech by George N. Dale.

Landon Davis donated a #448 Grange Badge, a Rebekah Veteran Jewel that belonged to Janet Davis, Erustus Buck Post No 78 GAR and a Fuller Regalia & Costume Co. pin.

Recent Deaths

Life Members

Joseph J. Basil
Marie Steady Basil
Rev. Albert Bellefeuille
Lorraine Osborne Caouette
Lawrence P. Dale
Lorraine Lyon Dubois
Dr. George Halpern
Reginald Hunt
Theresa Caron Lavoie
Richard Maroney
Dalton McBride
Charles John Roth
Maria Seguin
Dale Sokoloski
Phyllis Sokoloski
Gordon N. Stafford
William St. John
Camille Sylvain
Eleanor Vallee
William "Billy" Wade

Non-Members

Laure Isabelle Ange
Robert Bartlett
Edgar Boisvert
Donna Pond Chrisomalis
John Doyon
Monique Foley
Catherine Lucas Inman
Olive Johnson
Leon Marshal
Pauline McDuff
John Niper
Barbara Stott Pope
Maynard Rivers
Lawrence Rocheleau
Verna Stacey
Josephine Worth

Members

David K. Page

Memorial Donations

-James & Robin (Dale) McCann
in memory of Lawrence Dale
-Doug & Marilyn Maxwell in
memory of John Carbonneau
-Constance Farnsworth in
memory of John Carbonneau
-Wallace & Cynthia MacDonald
in memory of John Carbonneau
-William & Lorraine Smith in
memory of John Carbonneau
-Janet Osborne in memory of
Gary Osborne
-Larry & Judy Pittz in memory of
Lawrence Dale
-Donna and James Draper in
memory of Pat & Dalton McBride,
Claire & Bruce McBride and Ruby
& Doc McBride
-Sara and Douglas McKenny in
memory of Dalton McBride



Above is a horse drawn carriage that traveled from Newport to Island Pond. This is one of 52 photos donated to the Society by Roger Cartee who obtained over 8,800 glass plates and negatives of the Harry Richardson collection. The glass plate and negatives were donated to the Orleans County Historical Society in 2017.

Island Pond Historical Society, Inc.

P.O. Box 408

Island Pond, Vermont 05846-0408

Application or Membership Renewal for Memberships.

Mail to: Island Pond Historical Society, P.O. Box 408, Island Pond, VT 05846-0408

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ - _____

Memberships ☐ \$8.00 Regular ☐ \$15.00 Contributing ☐ \$25.00 Life Member

Husband and wife may jointly share all memberships.

Mail Your Renewal Today!

Special Notice:

Membership cards mailed to those enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

*Life memberships include automatic listing on Memorial Roll of Honor for individuals and/or both parties of shared life membership. Others may be listed on the Memorial for a donation of \$50.00 per person.

Please place Memorial Roll information on a separate sheet of paper.



Brad Reynolds and Bob Cheverier traveling by dog sled across Spectacle Pond around 1950.

Island Pond Historical Society Inc.
PO Box 408
Island Pond, Vermont 05846

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