

Insightful and Informative

# THE HAMPTON Gazette



VOLUME XLVI No. 11 / DECEMBER 2024



**O**ur warm and welcoming General Store is never warmer and more welcoming than during the holidays, when this venerable institution invites visitors on a nostalgic journey. Along with the rocking chairs, wooden carolers greet us on the porch, Snoopy waves to us from the roof, and Santa Claus joins Brutus in meeting us at the door. Inside, every nook and cranny of this country store is adorned with holiday decorations we'll recall from our childhoods, vintage Santas, wreaths, snowmen, gingerbread men, reindeer, nutcrackers. Among the children's books, there is even "Dick and Jane – a Christmas Story"! Also for sale are Christmas kitchen items, vintage and antique tree ornaments and miniature trees, toys and gifts and jewelry, as well as the regular assortment of delicious baked goods, bake-and-take dinners, and a variety of merchandise. Perfect for the stocking – gift certificates. Children will especially appreciate these; there's nothing as thrilling to the little ones as permission to spend time perusing and selecting something from all those fascinating items – they already know precisely where to find them!

Treat yourself and your family to this town treasure this season! ❄️



## EDITOR

Dayna McDermott-Arriola

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Juan Arriola, Chair

Sulema Perez-Pagan, Secretary

Peter Witkowski, Treasurer

Patricia Boss

Angela Fichter

Diane Gagnon

Laura McCabe

Mary McMillen

June Pawlikowski Miller

Robin Thompson

## PRODUCTION

Mary Oliver, Art Direction

The Hampton Gazette is published monthly, and as a non-profit 501(c)(3) venture, it is registered with the State of Connecticut and IRS, and is supported by advertising revenues and donations. All contributions are tax-deductible.

**CONTACT INFORMATION** Editorials, articles, calendar or event information, press releases or questions: please email to [hamptongazette@yahoo.com](mailto:hamptongazette@yahoo.com) in Word format (not pdf) or to Editor, Hampton Gazette, PO Box 101, Hampton, CT 06247, by the 15th of each month. All submissions to the Gazette are subject to editing. The Gazette reserves the right not to accept submissions.

**CIRCULATION** The Hampton Gazette is available online at [hamptongazette.com](http://hamptongazette.com), and in print by request, free of charge, to every home in Hampton. Domestic subscriptions are available by requests at cost; international may be charged extra postage. To subscribe, or receive email notification of the current issue on the Web, contact the Editor at [hamptongazette.com](mailto:hamptongazette.com)

**ADVERTISING** Please contact us by email for advertising policies and rates. Payments should be mailed to PO Box 101, Hampton, CT 06247

## PHOTOS

(jpg high resolution, please) may be emailed to [photos@hamptongazette.com](mailto:photos@hamptongazette.com)

## EDITORIAL POLICIES

Each letter to the Gazette must be signed and include and address & telephone contact for verification. Signing all correspondence to the Gazette is encouraged, but at the request of the writer, a signature may be withheld. Letters written on behalf of an organization require the signature of an authorized spokesperson. All letters submitted to the Gazette are subject to editing and the Gazette reserves the right to reject any or all letters. Readers should be aware that the opinions of individual writers are not necessarily those of the Gazette. The Gazette will not print letters it regards as libelous. Photographs and articles published here are the property of the individual photographer or writer and may not be reproduced without express permission of the contributor.



**THUMBS UP** to the seasonal festivities sponsored by organizations and individuals in our community. To the Recreation Commission for sponsoring the Fortune Telling Witch this Halloween, and the ornament-making and tree-lighting for Christmas, to Richard Prario for hosting the Historical Society's Annual Meeting and Pie Social in his magnificent home in November and to the Historical Society for inviting Santa Claus and all good children and their families to the Burnham Hibbard House in December, to Organic Roots Farm for sponsoring "Heritage Day" this fall and "Christmas on the Farm" this winter, to those who organized the Holiday Bazaar where local artists and craft folk can share their treasures, and conversations, with neighbors, and to the members of the Mennonite Believers Church for hosting a Thanksgiving Dinner for the community and for caroling to our elders this Christmas.

And to our village. We have traced the history of our village in the Rural Heritage series, starting with the June, 2023 commemoration of the Congregational Church's 300th year. Our Main Street has always preserved and retained its charm, glowing with the generosity of its residents on Halloween, who greeted trick-or-treaters with Jack-O-Lanterns and candy, and with its Christmas spirit, with candlelit windows and wreaths, and our Town tree, a twinkling testament to community. Happy holidays, everyone! ❄️

## CITIZEN OF THE YEAR

The Gazette begins its publishing year in February by paying tribute to a resident who personifies the spirit of neighborliness, volunteerism, and good citizenship. We've also recognized groups and organizations, such as the Boy Scouts and the Fire Department, and have honored citizens for life-time achievements, as so many recipients seem to have a history of generous contributions of their time and talent toward the betterment of our town.

Our Citizen of the Year is selected from the candidates recommended by our readers, so please send your nominations by January 3, 2025 via email to: [hamptongazette@yahoo.com](mailto:hamptongazette@yahoo.com), or Hampton Gazette, P. O. Box 101, Hampton, CT. 06247, or by contacting any member of the editorial board.

We look forward to hearing from you. ❄️



The **Gazette Calendar** is back! *Hampton Farms*, for you, your friends, your family.... Hang one in every room, the kitchen, office, bathroom! Get one at the Hampton Bazaar on Saturday, December 7th from 9AM-2PM or email or text to reserve yours now: [hamptongazette@yahoo.com](mailto:hamptongazette@yahoo.com) or call 959.242.4442. All images are by Hampton artists and photographers. Order yours today!

*Wild Turkeys, Janice Trecker*

**CONTRIBUTORS:** Mary Albro, Bobbi Harrison Blair, Marie Cantino, Beth DesJardin, Wayne Erskine, Fran Gustavesen, Hampton Fire Company, Andrea Kaye, Rob Rondeau, Janice Trecker, PHOTOS: page 1, Juan Arriola; page 3, courtesy of Hampton Fire Co.; page 4, Pete Vertefeuille; page 8-9, courtesy of Hampton Remembers the 2nd Half of the 20th Century; page 11, Wally Butler; page 13, Mary Oliver.



**FIRE COMPANY HONORS AMEER FOR 60 YEARS OF SERVICE**

Former Fire Chief Al Ameer was recently recognized for his 60 years of service with the Fire Company. Al has been, and continues to be, one of the department’s most active members. He was presented a State of Connecticut General Assembly Official Citation by Senator Jeff Gordon, as well as the Town of Hampton’s Official Proclamation by Selectman Bob Grindle. The Fire Department also presented him with a brand new recliner, personalized with the company’s patch, hoping it will promote rest and relaxation as a thank you for his many years of dedication to the Town of Hampton and our fire department. Thank you, Al, for leading by example and showing those around you what true commitment to public service is all about. ✨

*The Hampton Fire Company*

**HAMPTON SENIORS NEWS**

Greetings! The Hampton Seniors Club is being reactivated! We are in the process of developing activities that we think many of you would enjoy and we would love to have you participate with us. At the present time we are offering the following (all activities are held in the upstairs Community Room of the Town Hall):

Wednesdays **Bring Your Own Lunch and Play Games or Crafts**  
1-- 3:30PM

Fridays **Mexican Trains** 9AM -- NOON

Second and Fourth Thursdays (beginning January 9) **Watercolor Painting Classes** 10AM – NOON

We will be having a guest speaker from the Audubon Society in January, a Certified Diabetes Educator in February, a Senior Wellness speaker in March. We are considering a few short-distance day trips and are hoping to find a line dancing instructor.

The new address for the Hampton Seniors Club is: P. O. Box 184, Hampton, CT 06247. Our activities will be posted in the *Gazette* and on our webpage which will be online very soon. I look forward to seeing you!

*Fran Gustavesen, President*

**THE ELECTION: HISTORY AND CURRENT EVENTS**

During this last election, several voters asked if we could provide a history of the rate of voter participation in presidential elections. Our office has information on these races since 2008, which experienced the highest rate of voter participation, with 1,106, or 87%, of the town’s 1,273 registered voters casting a ballot.

As with the rest of the country, this year’s rate was not as high as expected, and, in fact, was one of the lowest in recent memory, with 1,099 of 1,360 registered voters, or 81%, voting. These included 419 early voters in this option’s first year. Eighteen people also registered on Election Day. Voter participation was approximately the same in 2012, when 1,023, or 81%, of 1,257 registered voters cast ballots.

In 2016, 1,067 of the 1251 registered voters, or 85%, voted, with 17 people registering to vote on Election Day, which was the first year of that initiative. And in 2020, 1,148, or 86%, of the 1,336 registered voters participated, with 341 of them casting absentee ballots. Typically, between 40 and 80 absentee ballots are cast during presidential elections, but this was the year of the Covid pandemic. Twenty-three residents registered to vote that day.

And the results? While President Obama secured 210 votes against his opponent John McCain in 2008 and 188 votes against Mitt Romney in 2012, the recent races were closer, with Donald Trump defeating Hillary Clinton in 2016 by 25 votes and Kamala Harris in 2024 by 23, and losing to President Biden in 2020 by 21 votes. ✨

*Dayna McDermott-Arriola and Sulema Perez-Pagan*



# *I'm From Here*

## THE SMELL OF OLD CLOCKS

They decorate (some would say clutter) my tiny home. 'They' are four wood work clocks, all nearly 200 years old. Each has its own personality, with which I identify them as they strike. There's Seth and The Groaner, The Diva and The Pillar and Splat.



Each hour, I listen intently as they strike to make sure they are all still working. Time kept with a wood work clock is hardly precision; if they all strike the same number, and within a five-minute time frame, I consider myself to have done most adequately in regulating the pendulum bobs.

As a child, I had the privilege of exploring my family's two-floor barn. Converted decades ago from livestock housing to a garage bay, a wood shop for my father, copious upstairs storage bays, and the 'clock shop', I spent countless happy hours exploring as much as I could.

My final and longest-lingered destination was the clock shop. My father was a consummate handyman, able and willing to fix anything with anything, excepting toasters and refrigerators. My father had a special fascination for clocks, his 'shop' at one time housing many, his favorites displayed on the various mantels in our home.

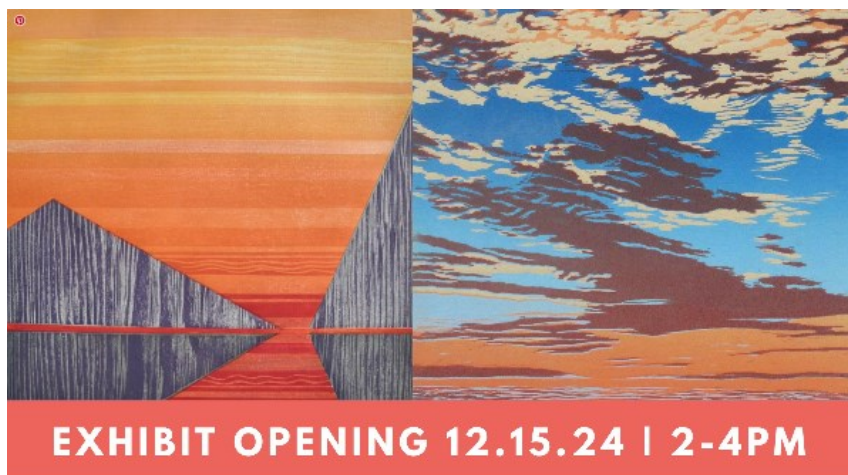
No, I don't recall that he ever repaired any of the clocks, but more admired and collected them. One old, wood work clock kept its disassembled state long after my father passed away. It was a tall OG-case shelf clock. I have learned so very much since those early days. That clock's maker, as the clock, have long since passed into obscurity. No, neither dad nor I were ever able to get it running.

In the barn, the endless motes would float in the light from a western window, filling the air with gold dust. The barn, through its long years, had housed leather and wood, ceramics and fabrics, metals and books, oils and chemicals, appliances and family heirlooms. Time had melded these scents, along with the dust and dirt, into a distinctive odor, as sweet to me as the recollections of my time spent there.

When eight o'clock each morning rolls around, it's time for me to wind the wood work clocks. As I open the door to each, their own melded scent of dust, and dirt, metal and wood, and time, escapes quickly into the room. I am taken back to my home, the barn, my family each time.

I love the smell of old clocks. ✨

*June Pawlikowski Miller*



**EXHIBIT OPENING 12.15.24 | 2-4PM**

Celebrating 16  
Years of  
showcasing  
local art



**silver circle**  
GALLERY



## **BLOCK BY BLOCK** **MASTERY IN WOODCUT PRINTS**

**SHIRLEY BERNSTEIN AND LYNITA SHIMIZU**

"Block by Block" brings together the woodblock artistry of Lynita Shimizu and Shirley Bernstein, celebrated artists whose work captures the spirit and beauty of nature. Lynita draws on her traditional Japanese woodcut techniques with vibrant contemporary expression, while Shirley's organic abstractions explore the landscape's movement, light, and energy. Together, their prints form a compelling dialogue that celebrates both the natural world and the enduring craft of woodblock printing.

134 MAIN ST PUTNAM CT @ BLOCK 134 ARTS & WELLNESS  
SILVERCIRLEGALLERY.COM

# Fletcher Memorial Library

CELEBRATING 100 YEARS: 1924-2024

## NEW BOOKS

Nice variety this month with the emphasis on juvenile fiction just in time for the school holidays. Also on tap, adult fiction from favorites like Michael Connelly, Debbie Macomber and Alice Hoffman, plus adult fiction from Anthony Bourdain and Craig Brown.

## ADULT FICTION

Michael Connelly	The Waiting (Ballard & Bosch)
Patricia Cornwell	Identity Unknown
Alice Hoffman	When We Flew Away (Anne Frank before Diary)
Debbie Macomber	A Christmas Duet
Freida McFadden	The Boyfriend
Cynthia Reeves	The Last Whaler
John Sandford	Judgment Prey
Caroline Woods	The Mesmerist

## ADULT NON-FICTION

Anthony Bourdain	World Travel: An Irreverent Guide
Craig Brown	A Voyage around the Queen

## JUVENILE and YOUNG ADULT

Jenny Alvarado	Pencil & Eraser, 1. We Have a Dull-Emma!
Li Chen	Detective Beans: And the Case of the Missing Hat
Doreen Cronin	Mama in the Moon (picture book)
Christopher Denise	Knight Owl
Kelly DiPucchio	Oona (picture book)
Blanca Gomez	Bookie & Cookie (picture book)
Oliver Jeffers	Where to Hide a Star (picture book)
Katie Kawa	20 Fun Facts about George Washington
Timothy Musso	Chasing the Sun (non-fiction)
Natalia Shaloshvili	Pavo Gets the Grumps (picture book)
Tonya Simpson	This Land is a Lullaby (picture book)
Herve Tullet	Dot, Scribble, Go!

## TOP SHELF GALLERY

December show at Fletcher Memorial Library's Top Shelf Gallery will feature art work from Rebecca Stewart's classes at the Hampton Elementary School. Our show of children's work was popular last year, and we are hoping that the school show can become an annual event as the work seems especially appropriate for the festive season. Rebecca Stewart is new this year to the elementary school. The Top Shelf Gallery much appreciates her work assembling this display. ❄



## THE PALACE PROJECT

Fletcher Memorial Library has now been part of The Palace Project for a few months and quite a number of patrons have signed on. The non-profit platform connects library patrons to audio and ebooks in the collection of their home library as well as to 11,000 openly licensed titles in epub format. These include classics, contemporary fiction, and non-fiction, children's books and text books.

The library has easy to follow printed instructions for downloading The Palace Project app on either Apple or Android phones and pads. In addition, John O'Brien will do a presentation on January 8 from 5:30 – 6:30PM on how to access and use The Palace Project app. ❄



## LIBRARY EVENTS

December 6 (9AM – NOON) & December 7 (9AM – 3PM) **Book & Bake Sale**

December 11 **Book Discussion Group's Holiday Party** 6 – 7PM

Bring an appetizer or sweet treat to share, and ideas on book selections for 2025.

**Wednesday** Afternoon Knitting Group  
NOON

This informal fiber arts group meets most Wednesdays; please call the library first to make sure the group is meeting.

**Thursday** Mornings Mah Jongg  
10AM -- NOON. Mah Jongg is a popular tile game. A terrific brain teaser, it's addictive, it's fun, and it's social. All skill levels are welcome.

**Friday** Mornings Tai Chi at the Hampton Town Hall 8:30AM Tai Chi takes place in the Pavilion at the Town Hall Campus.

## SENIOR DELIVERY SERVICE

The library is happy to provide a delivery service for library items (books, audio CDs, and DVDs). Please call or email the library with your requests, or questions on all listed programs: call 860.455.1086 or email: [fletchermemoriallibrary@gmail.com](mailto:fletchermemoriallibrary@gmail.com)

## HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS

On December 1, the Historical Society will hold its annual Open House at the Burnham Hibbard Museum from 1 to 4PM, with refreshments, musical entertainment compliments of Mark and Beverly Davis, and Santa Claus, who is ready to receive children's wish lists and the evidence of their good behavior.

Following the Open House, children and their families are invited to the Community Center at 3:45 to make ornaments, and then at 4:30, Santa will join us and light the Christmas Tree at Town Hall as we gather in the Pavilion to sing carols.

On December 8, from 9AM to 2PM, Holt Hall will host the annual Holiday Bazaar, with local artists sharing their artistry, crafts and conversation.

And on December 15, families are invited to join members of the Believers Mennonite Church to carol to some of our elderly neighbors at their homes here in Hampton, starting at Town Hall at 5PM. ❄

## A WARM WINTER READ

Those of us who are mothers, grandmothers, matriarchs of active families will know that reading, like everything else, requires scheduling. Time must be reserved for Dr. Seuss and E. B. White; but Kingsolver's and Ehrlich's latest novels, which were difficult to set aside, took me months to finish. However prioritized, recreational reading is realistically seasonal, with spring consumed with gardening and other cleaning tasks, and fall with one holiday after another. Summer and winter afford a little more time.

This summer I treated myself to Janet Robertson's memoir, *It Looked This Way to Me*. This is the third of Janet's books that I've read. I fell into the first, the coming-of-age novel *Journey Home*, "a bittersweet saga of the immigrant experience". My copy remains on one of our shelves, yellowed with age. The second, *All Our Yesterdays*, "A Century of Family Life in an American Small Town", which I read cover to cover, is now book-marked for the several references I've used throughout the series "Our Rural Heritage".

When a signed copy of *It Looked This Way to Me* arrived in the mail, what I first felt was inspired. You see, Mrs. Robertson, at least as much, and perhaps more than anyone else, encouraged me to write. And as I finally begin to pen my novel at the ripe old age of 66, holding a book that the 90-year-old Mrs. Robertson had just published,

# WINTERING

bestowed me with the belief that she conveyed to me when I was only fifteen.

I can think of many reasons to recommend her memoir to others – but here are three.

If you knew the Robertsons.

Some of us grew up at the Robertsons, literally; marks measured our growth from one year to the next on the doorway between the living room and the kitchen. Many took Latin lessons from Mrs. Robertson, and learned a whole lot more. Played basketball in their driveway, relied on their library shelves to supply college required readings. Some of us were fortunate to have traveled with them to Nine Gables, their friends' magnificent place on Cape Cod, and to their own humble cabin in the New Hampshire woods, and we all vicariously experienced the family's trip around the world when their son Jonathan presented a narrated slide show at Parish Hill High School upon their return. These, and many other times you will remember, along with many of the neighbors fondly recalled.

If you love Hampton.

Moving here in 1967, the family fell in love with the house that they would eventually write of, co-authoring *All Our Yesterdays*, in spite of the fact that the "wonderful house on Hampton Hill ate money for its breakfast, lunch and dinner", a sentiment with which all owners of old houses in Hampton will empathize.

They also "learned to love Hampton and all the people in that small town". Residents will recognize the way the town welcomed them, especially since, Janet writes, they were neither WASPS, Yankees, Congregationalists, or Republicans. She shares the story of hearing a "Hoooooeee" in their home and finding in the living room "a lady in an attractive print dress with grey hair done neatly in a style out of the 1930's". Dorothy Holt, recording the newcomers' birthdays for the town's calendar and encouraging participation in the Congregational Church, the Republican Party, and the Little River Grange.

Of this last suggestion, Janet writes, "I found myself at the first meeting, after I passed my initiation, sitting in an uncomfortable chair in the circle against the walls extending all around the Grand Hall, counting off to determine attendance, and wondering what on earth I, a Jewish girl from New York City for goodness sake, was doing there, actually enjoying myself in that tiny wooden Little River Grange Hall." The remarkably warm embrace she encountered here was not lost on her. Hampton, she writes, "is truly the home of my heart".

If you're a mother.

I suppose there are some mothers who consider themselves perfect, or nearly so. I'm not one of them, nor have I met any of them yet. Lord knows we try, though, and perhaps this is why we're so hard on ourselves when we feel we fall short while performing the world's most difficult of responsibilities. Mrs. Robertson is no exception. To read her words of insecurity, perceived incompetence and failure, from the moment we first hold our newborns, is validating. She wasn't my mother, but there were some times that she stepped in, and I remember the way she mothered



me until my own returned home. She was comforting, as are her words – they’ll make you feel less alone.

In this memoir you’ll find, along with adventures around the world, the warmth of our small town; remembrances of the Robertsons, and no matter how well you knew them, like all families, things you didn’t know, some of which could cause your heart to break – mine did; and women’s themes – their roles in that era, the road to self-actualization with all of its societal obstacles, elements of the “me too” movement, ourselves as daughters, mothers, grandmothers, and as friends to one another.

Pick up a copy of *It Looked That Way to Me* at Fletcher Memorial Library. Your winter will be warmer for it. ❁

*Dayna McDermott*

## GLOBAL POSITIONING SYSTEM

In case you are 100 years old and do not know what a global positioning system is, it is a gimmick you put in your car (in case you have an old car, built before new cars had a GPS already built into them) that is computer based on a satellite navigation system, and it can give you driving directions, both on a tiny video screen and by voice. The first time I saw one was years ago at a family wedding in Washington, DC. My husband’s oldest son had named his global positioning system Michelle, and Michelle gave him directions from the hotel where we stayed to the place of the wedding. Of course, it wasn’t all knowing and perfect. For instance, when road construction was taking place on a road where it wanted us to turn right, it would scold us for not taking that right and then give an alternative road to turn onto.

A few years ago, I went to an historical society meeting that was held in the Sunday school building next to the Episcopal sanctuary. At the conclusion of the meeting was the star of the evening, a man who performed for us on his musical instrument a variety of tunes that were played and listened to by our colonial ancestors, both before the American Revolution and just after. While I was waiting for the meeting to start (have you ever known any meeting to start exactly at the scheduled time?) I looked around the room. On the wall was a very long list painted in large print that was created by the Sunday School. The title of the list was the Holy Spirit, and the list told everything that the Holy Spirit does for people, many of which were in the form of guidance. The last item on the long list was: The Holy Spirit is my GPS. I burst out laughing, and then I thought about it. I wonder if the Episcopalians are adding this to their liturgy book, *The Book of Common Prayer*, which they use every Sunday in their church. And just where would they insert this GPS Holy Spirit comment? Although the laity voted overwhelmingly to insert GPS in the Apostle’s Creed and the Nicene Creed, the bishops overruled them by unanimous vetoes.

I don’t think that comparing the Holy Spirit to a GPS is accurate. Here’s an example of why it doesn’t fit. When that same historical society had a Christmas party, a circular went out from the social director of the club to all members giving the date, time, and address where the party would be held. It was to be held at a member’s home on Hyde Road in Brooklyn. I didn’t know where that was and called the director, who said it was a left turn after the intersection of Routes 6 and 169. When I asked for more concrete directions on just how to find the house (built in the country where there are no street lights) she offered to pick me up and drive me there, saying she didn’t live far from me. So immediately I accepted her offer. When we pulled out of my driveway onto North Bigelow Road here in Hampton (a much more rural town than Brooklyn) she started to turn right. I said no, please turn left and then take an immediate left onto

Hammond Hill, then left onto Route 97 down to Route 6. No, no, she said. My GPS says to turn right onto North Bigelow. I then told her the very true story of my turning right onto North Bigelow from my driveway not long after we moved to Hampton. Turning right means that you are going south, and I was confronted by a school bus that had just pulled onto North Bigelow at its narrowest point in between two very large, old houses. The bus pushed on towards me, forcing me to back up going downhill over the small bridge over the Little River. There are no shoulders on North Bigelow, so I was looking for a lawn (there are ditches, but I didn’t want to have to call for a tow truck) to back up onto. Finally, I found one. When I did my errand and got home, my husband said, that’s it, we are never going south on North Bigelow again, and will turn left onto it and take an immediate left on Hammond Hill. That bridge over the Little River is easy to go over, and we won’t ever have to back up on that bridge because there are good site lines.

My generous Christmas party driver’s response to my history story was that she was going to follow her GPS, because it is nighttime now and GPS is never wrong. Well, when we got south to the point just before the intersection with East Old Route 6, there was a school bus pulling up onto North Bigelow. It parked right in the middle of the narrowest section of North Bigelow Road, right between the two large houses. My driver had already driven over the little bridge over the Little River. She just stopped. The bus had stopped and parked and was letting students and families out, who were going into one of the large houses to sing Christmas carols, so we had time to consider our options. Look, I said, there is a driveway just to our left, but slightly behind us. If you back up slowly, you can pull into that driveway, then back onto the road and turn around back toward my home, then turn left onto Hammond Hill. (I did not say I told you so, and if you believe that, I have a nice, big bridge to sell you cheap in Brooklyn, NY.) When she drove me home from the Christmas party, I asked her not to go up onto North Bigelow, but please use Route 97 and Hammond Hill. She said she already was going to do that.

So that just proves that saying the Holy Spirit is my GPS is wrong, because the Holy Spirit never makes any mistakes, knows all, and does not have a wicked sense of humor, which apparently GPS does have, especially when giving directions to a Christmas party. ❁

*Angela Hawkins Fichter*

# Our Rural Heritage MUSIC!

Music in the rural New England colonies was mostly relegated to the psalms of the Church, with the congregation repeating what the minister read, chanting "in any tune or key that might come to mind". The result, as recorded in Susan Jewett Grigg's *Folklore and Firesides* was described by one New England rhymester:

"Could poor King David but for once  
To Salem church repair,  
and hear his Psalms thus warbled out Good Lord,  
how he would swear."

Dancing, however, as recorded by Griggs and in Janice Trecker's account of colonial life in *Discovering Hampton*, was a popular pastime accompanied, in all probability, by a fiddler.

Eventually music, the sacred and the secular alike, would play an important role in the communal life of the town. The Dennison-Smith organ, on which a concert still entertains residents once a year, would be installed in the balcony of the Congregational Church, and types of string instruments would expand to accompany country dancing, which involved formations of lines or circles. Alison Davis's *Hampton Remembers* chronicles the importance of music and dance at the turn of the century, which, along with community dinners, was the most popular form of entertainment. A number of venues hosted these events.

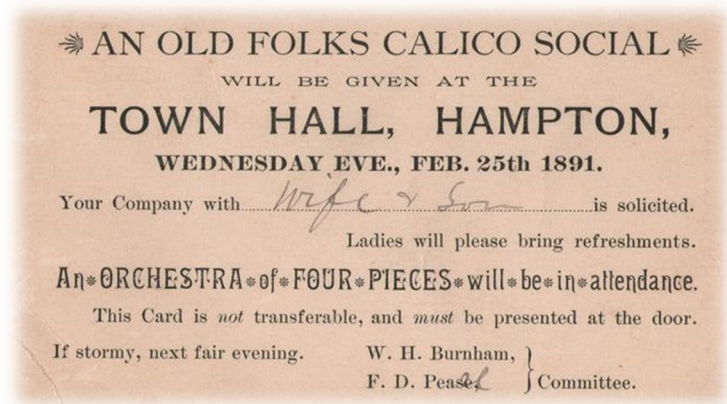
*When anyone went as representative of the town to the legislature, whoever was chosen always gave an oyster supper – and a dance afterwards... They used to hold the dance upstairs over the Center Schools. They cooked the oysters downstairs and you had the tables and that down there and then you went upstairs and had the dance.*

Bertha Burnham

*I used to go to dances down at the Curtis Tavern. Who was that fiddler they had there – he'd fiddle and all the time his foot was a goin' up'n down... We danced the old-fashioned dances, the square dances, two-step and waltzes – none of that hooperah they have today!*

Gertrude Pearl

*For quite a number of years I used to go to dances every Sat'dy night up to the Grange Hall. They always used to serve cake and coffee. Mother'd bake me a cake and I'd take the cake up and*



*that's how I got into the dance – by taking the cake for them to have with their coffee. I got my admission for the cake.*

Robert Fitts

*At the Grange dances in the early days the string dances like the Money Musk and the French Four were much more popular than the square-dances that we did later.*

Ethel Jaworski

The barber shop quartet, which lasted through several years and members, was born at the Little River Grange.

*Who was the first one? It would have been Don Hoffman, myself, [Donald] Oliver, Rad [Ostby]. I think they almost gave us the choice do you want to work in the kitchen or do you fellas want to try and have a quartet? That was enough... We called ourselves the Party-Liners. The grange had a statewide contest for singing groups so the grange wanted to know if we would represent Little River Grange. You had a contest at the local level and Pomona level and so forth into Hartford. We won hands down at Little River – we didn't have any competition! At the Pomona level there was mixed quartets – we won hands down there too, and from there we went to Hartford and won there. But they wouldn't pay our way to national so we never went.*

George Fuller

When the Little River Grange was renovated in 2008 to become our Community Center, it retained its rural feel, its welcoming atmosphere, and its fantastic acoustics. Programs have featured a variety of musical performances, from the exhilaration of the Coast Guard Band to the gentle flute of Native American Grammy winner, Joseph Firecrow. The Little River Music Series also originated at the Community Center, offering entertainment from throughout New England, and its stage hosted local talent when we danced to Big Jump and Gary and the Pineapples. Other music venues include the lawn of Fletcher Memorial Library which sponsors summer concerts and the Burnham-Hibbard House every Christmastime where we listen to the sublime instrumental music of Mark and Beverly Davis.

While the stage of the consolidated school was used for student performances, the Little River Grange hosted the concerts for the students in our one-room school houses. A 1940 program featured thirty-six students performing duets and solos on piano, violin, flute, clarinet, guitar, trumpet, and cornet, as well as an eight member ensemble for the strings and an orchestra to include all of the instruments. Music was important in those schools. From a 1948 diary entry in *Hampton Remembers*:

*Tonight we went to the Hampton school music program in the Grange Hall which was all decorated with lilacs and smelled sweet. All the little boys*



had shiny faces and wore white shirts and black bow-ties and the little girls wore long dresses...The children did amazingly well! There were piano and violin solos, trumpet and clarinet duets, a piano trio (three little girls), and the full orchestra. In a clarinet piece a boy went beep, beep, very high, which brought down the house. One girl made lots of mistakes on her violin and another had to restart her piano piece. But the orchestra was good!...The proud parents clapped and clapped at the end and one of the boys dropped the old roll-up curtain too soon and conked the girl announcer on the head.

People, as well as places, have influenced our love of music. Our neighbor David Foster -- most of us still remember the Shaboo Inn, and all of the famous musicians we heard there. "Lefty" Foster has inspired us not only with his music, but with his charitable contributions. Lois Woodward, who taught music to her students in a one-room school house and to her seven sons -- some of us will remember them at Christmas concerts, lined up like a step ladder, signing "We Three Kings of Orient Are". And Catherine Wade. Catherine's legacy as a music teacher started in the one-room school houses here and in her own home where she offered instrumental music lessons to four generations of children. The front page of our December 2014 Gazette celebrated her life and her legacy, with fourteen of her former students, most of whom continued with careers in music, paying tribute to her.

Christmas in our town has been celebrated with music in several ways. The Hampton Community Players performed parts of Handel's *Messiah* in the Congregational Church one year, and last year, colonial Christmas songs were presented in Holt Hall after Sunday Services. Our Lady of Lourdes Church hosted a beautiful carol sing a few years ago, with people from Hampton and neighboring towns filling the Church with music, and the annual Christmas Eve Mass which once took place in the Howard Valley Church interspersed Gospel readings with religious carols. Caroling has been a tradition for at least a century.

When I was a teenager, the Young People's Group set aside a week or ten days before Christmas to go caroling. We went out every evening until we had visited every home in the town. Does anybody remember being greeted at one house by an elderly gentleman clad

only in long johns, brandishing a shot gun? Some fast talking by one member of our group convinced him that our intentions were harmless. He did allow us to sing, and he seemed to enjoy the carols as much as anyone ever did.

*Pearl Scarpino, the Hampton Gazette, 1978*

A couple of decades ago, caroling to residents, our elderly neighbors, resumed, first with school buses transporting families from house to house, and then with the members of the Believers Mennonite Church who invited neighbors to join them after singing carols at the annual tree lighting at Town Hall.

Make time for music this Christmas. Join the carolers at the tree lighting and later at the homes of our elderly residents, treat your family to a performance of the *Messiah* or the *Nutcracker Suite*, play Christmas carols while decorating the tree, dance to *Feliz Navidad* and *Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree*, sing *Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer* and *Santa Claus is Coming to Town* with your children and grandchildren, and have yourselves a merry little Christmas! ❄



**AMERICAN BEATLES**—Hampton Grange members were treated to the "Hampton Grasshoppers"—Juvenile Grange group doing American Version of The Beatles. They performed during Grange Meeting. Left, Deborah Fuller, William W. Pearl, Alma Pearl and Neal Moon.—[Times

# REMEMBERING...

## THE "SINGING FULLERS"

My grandmother was organist at church, and also taught organ. I've heard say she taught at Boston Conservatory now and then – I guess maybe she did before she was married. And of course my grandfather toured through the south playing banjo and singin'. It was minstrel and the like he put on all over the place and he had a singing school up here in Hampton, too. He was in charge of the choir in the church and I've heard tell church couldn't start because there'd be gram and grampa and nine kids and they were just about the choir and the organist and everything else! They'd come up Hammond Hill with the surreys about two minutes before time to go... They played minstrel shows. Apparently my grandfather and two girls and two boys, two four five of 'em, They would go on occasion and be called into a show and do it. Some of the girls played mandolins and Millie, she played violin. Of course she played in -- guess you'd call it vau-ville today but it was in the theater. She never made her living as a concert violinist but that was her work. Uncle Jim was a singer and when he grew up he sang in the opera – that was his profession. ...We used to have hymn sings down here every Sunday night. In those days there was the Christian Endeavor which was basically sixty percent gospel singing. And then I can remember about once a month the crowd would come in and we'd just sing. And all you'd do – the old Victory songbook. I guess those are long out of print – we've still got 'em...We used to sing here every night, just the family. Every night. We went in the front room there after supper and we sang. You couldn't go to bed till you'd had some singing. My mother played the piano and she sang soprano and my father bass and then my brother and I swapped tenor and alto after we learned.

*George Fuller from "Hampton Remembers"*

## RECIPE OF THE MONTH: Cherry Tortoni

*And here I thought we were the only family to indulge in ice cream for Christmas desert! Always a festive and refreshing winner, pairing well with Christmas cookies.*

Ingredients:

- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- ¼ cup of drained maraschino cherries
- 12 vanilla wafers crushed to measure ½ cup
- 1 tsp. almond extract.

Soften ice cream in a bowl. Stir till soft but not melted. Reserve 2 tbs. of crushed wafers, and blend in remaining wafers, cherries and almond extract into ice cream. Put into paper muffin cups. Sprinkle 2 tbs. of the crushed wafers on top. Freeze. Decorate with whipped cream and maraschino cherry and/or red and green sprinkles. ❄

*Bobbi Harrison Blair*

*Editor's note: Last month I erroneously instructed bakers to pour banana cupcake batter into buttered muffin tins instead of paper cupcake liners -- where they belong. Apologies. DM*

*Thank you!*

The Gazette takes this annual opportunity to publicly thank our donors, listed here, whose support makes the publication of our town newspaper possible. We have enclosed a self-addressed envelope for future donations; thank you in advance. Your generosity is greatly appreciated.

We would also like to recognize those who advertise with us. It is a privilege to promote your goods and services on our pages, and we encourage our readers to patronize your businesses as a way of acknowledging your commitment to our community.

Lastly, thanks to the individuals and organizations who contributed news this year – your articles, columns, notices, photographs, poems, opinions, accomplishments and recipes are what make the Gazette a community newspaper. Thank you! ❄

### 2024 Gazette Donors List

#### Platinum Donors \$200 +

Linda & Roger Burten  
Kaye Johnson  
Peter Witkowski

#### Gold Donors \$100 - \$199

Juan & Dayna Arriola  
Morris Burr Jr & Ill  
Leon & Tisha Chaine  
Deborah Fuller  
Jeffery Gordon  
Andrea Kaye & Bruce Spaman  
Eleanor & Peter Linkkila

Diane Meade  
Kathie Moffit  
Marjorie Romano  
John Russell  
Guila Wagner  
Leslie White

#### Silver Donors \$50 - \$99

William Archer  
Jean & Edward Casoni  
Paul Cichon  
Renee Cuprak  
Bethany Desjardin

Dale & David DeMontigny  
Brenda & Stephen Dinsmore  
Paul & Deborah Fitzgerald  
Linda & John Gorman  
Marycarol & Francis Horstmann  
Debra & Robert Inman  
Andrea Quintana  
**Friends of the Gazette Less Than \$50**

Anita & Michael Barnard  
Richard Bass & Melinda Fields  
Cynthia Bezanson  
Lula Blocton & Shirley Bernstein  
Susan Cook  
Paul & Carol Crawford  
Regina DeCesare  
Deane & John Donahue  
Christine Featherstone  
Angela Fichter  
Calvin & Rebecca Fisher  
Lucretia Flammang & Scott  
Deshong

Duane Gamble  
Ruth & David Halbach  
Ann Hamlin  
Nicolette Letourneau  
George & Muriel Miller  
Michelle & Martin Mlyniec  
Keith & Tina Morin  
Penny Newbury  
Barbara Petroske & Robert Yungk  
Mark & Jessica Samios  
Linda Schoenfeld  
Karen Sonnabend  
Rebecca Swagger-LeBonte  
Regis & Kevin Synnott  
Doyle & Cynthia Tobin  
Jerrold & Janice Trecker  
Thomas & Valerie Tucker  
Teresa & Dale Warner  
Linda Wenner

## JOSHUA'S TRUST

January 1, 2025 **First Day Hike at Pigeon Swamp Preserve**  
10AM -- NOON. Welcome in the New Year with a 2.25 mile hike through multiple habitats including pasture, wetlands and forested areas at our Pigeon Swamp Preserve in Lebanon. If the weather has been wet, the trail may be wet and muddy in places. Dress accordingly and be sure to visit <https://joshustrust.org/events/> for details, updates and cancellations.

## CONNECTICUT AUDUBON

### AT TRAIL WOOD

93 Kenyon Road, Hampton

December 4 **Trail Wood Troubadours** 6 – 9PM

Join a group of music lovers to play songs written when the Teales lived at Trail Wood, 1959-1993. Chords and lyrics will be projected on screen so all levels can follow along! Registration is required; space is limited to ten participants.

December 7 **Gifts for the Birds** 10AM – NOON

Make two types of bird seed ornaments as gifts for your bird-loving friends or yourself. Materials provided. Registration is required and limited to eight attendees.

December 21 **Winter Solstice Celebration** 6:30 – 9PM

Join us to celebrate the beginning of the sun's return with readings, candle lighting, "magic fire," a sampling of international solstice traditions, and a meal of hot vegan chili with warm mulled cider. Potluck items welcome! Stargazing from Starfield, depending on the cloud cover. Weather permitting. Registration is required and limited to 14 attendees.

To register for programs or for more information, call 860.928.4948, visit [ctaudubon.org](http://ctaudubon.org), or email [arzeknikiewicz@ctaudubon.org](mailto:arzeknikiewicz@ctaudubon.org).

### Whenever you find a pathway leading towards another's heart

Be forever gentle in your approach  
Nothing may be as you think  
Words will escape you  
And the borrowing of the past  
can make the future,  
one without  
intimacy, interaction, or invitation

Wayne Erskine

### from *A Walk through the Year*

December 4: Across all the tangles of dry, dead weeds scattered over the open fields, the breeze plucks and strums among the stems. It elicits small, almost inaudible sounds. I lean close and catch little rattlings and tickings and scrapings and flutterings where the arid seed heads and seed pods shake and clash together.

Many seeds already have fallen to the ground. Others have ridden away on parachutes of silk or have clung with the hooked hairs of their little burs to the fur or clothing of passersby, but many plants, like the rough-fruited cinquefoil, will continue to shake out their seeds, scattering them in the successive storms of winter. Compressed and dry, in varying shades and shapes, the tapestry of colors of next year's flowers now, in December, lie waiting in the seeds. ❄️

Edwin Way Teale

# FOREST & FIELD

## SCOUTING NEWS

On October 25th through the 27th, our Troops attended a camporee at JN Webster in Ashford. This was a cooking themed campout where the scouts were challenged to build a fire and cook various meals. They had different competitions such as mess kit stacking, building a camp gadget and demonstrating how to hang food from trees to protect it from bears.

On Sunday November 3rd, the Troops set up Christmas lights on the Scotland green, decorating a gazebo. Currently we are planning a campout where we will be concentrating on learning Scout skills and working on advancement through the ranks. If you're interested in joining, we meet on Tuesdays at 7PM at the Hampton Congregational Church. ❄️



# GARDEN

*In the* with Dayna McDermott

## SPIRITUAL PLANTS

Flowers have long served as symbols.

During the Renaissance, bouquets conveyed messages because of the characteristics attributed to the flowers they contained.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance," Ophelia famously says in *Hamlet*, "And there is pansies, that's for thoughts". Her collection also included fennel, columbine, daisy, violet, and rue to communicate flattery, folly, innocence, loyalty, and remorse.

In Victorian times, messages were sent in "tussie-mussies", small nose-gays which expressed affection. Then as now, an engagement ring served as a proposal, however, when accompanied with a bouquet of white roses circled with azaleas, forget-me-nots, spirea and bleeding hearts, unity, romance, true love, victory, fidelity and devotion were promised along with marriage.

Though to a lesser, or at least to a less studied, extent plants continue to represent sentiments, families, cultures, rituals and holidays, especially the ones with religious origins. The rose, the symbol of love, for Valentine's Day, the shamrock, St. Patrick's representation of the trinity as he introduced Christianity to Ireland, marigolds, the flower of El Dia de los Muertos for the scent that lures souls to the earthly altars of their families once a year. The Feast of the Assumption is symbolized with gladiola, as every flower blooming along their stalks represents an important moment in life, which is why they're also prevalent at weddings and funerals.

The Easter Lily has perhaps the strongest association, it's trumpet announcing the resurrection, its white petals representing purity and peace, its emergence from a bulb symbolizing rebirth. Also known as the "white-robed apostles of hope" biblical references to Easter lilies are found in the old and the new testaments. From Luke 12:27: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"

The months of the year, along with gemstones and moons, are also associated

with flowers. Though there are several variations, alternatives, and meanings, the carnation of January symbolizes devotion, February's violet, innocence, March's daffodils represent rejuvenation, April's daisies, cheerfulness, the Lily-of-the-Valley in May symbolizes purity, June's rose -- love, July's larkspur -- sincerity, August's gladiola represent strength, September's asters, protection, the marigolds of October, grace, November's chrysanthemums -- friendship, and December's poinsettias symbolize joy. With their strong associations with seasons, it's difficult to conjure an image of a bouquet containing all of these flowers, yet their other attributes are understood -- devotion, innocence, rejuvenation, cheerfulness, purity, love, sincerity, strength, protection, grace, friendship, joy: virtues all.

Though there are few decorations as festive as poinsettias, the use of the flower at Christmastime has deeply religious roots. According to Mexican legend, there was once a poor girl, Pepita, who had no present to bring to the baby Jesus at the Christmas Eve Services in her pueblo. Walking to the chapel, her brother Pedro assured her that "even the smallest gift, given by someone who loves Him, will make Jesus happy." In response, she picked a handful of weeds by the roadside for a bouquet. As she approached the altar, her embarrassment slowly melted, the meaning of Christmas swelling within her, and when she placed the humble bouquet at the nativity scene at the altar, the weeds suddenly burst into beautiful red flowers. The parishioners who witnessed this proclaimed it a miracle, and poinsettias became known as "Flores de Noche Buena", or "Flowers of the Holy Night". Reminiscent of the "Little Drummer Boy", the legend serves to remind us of another virtue -- humility. And that most of the traditions we embrace originate in other cultures, which we too often forget in a world that has become hostile toward some of them.

Gardening itself is a humble job. Down on our knees in the dirt, planting bulbs and seeds, tending to weeds, spreading compost. And an instructive one. In the garden we learn from our mistakes. We learn to respect whatever nourishes wildlife -- the clover, the dandelion -- even if it deviates from our plan, and to weed only the noxious with the understanding that if it isn't checked, it will encroach upon and overpower the good. Nothing will prove the destructiveness of neglect as swiftly as a season of it in the garden. In the garden we learn to depend on nature for all sorts of growth, to rely on sunshine and on rain, and to take nothing for granted. The garden shows us the value, the splendor, of diversity. It teaches us patience. To pause. To share. To appreciate. It's where we nurture the earth, observe rebirth, participate in the circle of life.

Faith flourishes in the garden. And hope. It's with faith that we plant a seed in the cold earth of early spring, and at the end of the season, it's our hope that the wind disperses the new seeds to the meadows and to the fields, disperses what we've cared for, flowers, and other kindnesses. It's a spiritual task, gardening.

Merry Christmas, everyone. May your holiday be filled with twinkling lights, and jingle bells, and a visit from Santa Claus, but may it also be blessed with humbler symbols, with holly berries and wreaths, mistletoe and poinsettias, and a Christmas tree -- the special ornaments and memories and presents it shelters, and its humbler gifts, its evergreen scent, its perfect form, its sacrifice, in providing for families -- year after year, generation after generation -- magic.

And in the New Year, may you reap what you sow. ✨

# Dear Auntie Mac



I am finally meeting my fiancé's family at Christmastime. They live in California and they are "fancy", and our first meeting with the whole family will take place at a "fancy" restaurant and I have some etiquette questions: which fork, which knife, which spoon, which plate, which wine glass, and which subjects to avoid at all costs. Any advice is welcome. My fiancé tells me not to worry – they'll love me!

*Nervous Wreck*

My Dear Neighbor.

Auntie Mac always experiences a *frisson* of skepticism when she hears of something (or someone) being labeled as "fancy." The word's oxymoronic tendencies lead it to conjure up almost the opposite of its desired effect; it begs its own question, as it were. Fancy, being usually anything but, is apt to be found preening in a corner while congratulating itself rather over-much on its own accomplishments, taste, and circle of acquaintances. If your future in-laws were actually a societal force to be reckoned with they would have staged their first meeting with you at their well-appointed (and appropriately decorated) home, with their battery of private house, grounds, and livery service attending to all culinary and entertainment activities. Unless, of course, they own the restaurant in question, and have banished for the evening all other patrons. Then we may reassess their intentions.

But why not reassess them now? Auntie Mac thinks yes let's.

It appears that your fiancée has painted a picture of his parents that is either designed to plant a seed of insecurity in your heart, or is a reflection of his own discomfort with their lifestyle. Either way, he has done you no favors to allow you to consider having to don an entirely new personality in order to make what you assume will be an appropriate impression. Let me assure you, dear, there is nothing more gratifying to anyone, be they wildly wealthy or scraping by in a rooming house, than to have a visitor unabashedly gush over their living quarters. One is allowed to gawk at the ceiling and marvel at the candelabra, or squeal with glee at the enormity of the boxwood topiary. If one actually finds something on which one can comment with some authority ("Those carved cornices are so lovely." "Is that a real Degas?"), so much the better.

If the parents are really taking you to a restaurant (and here Auntie Mac must permit herself the smallest sniff of disdain), and you are faced with several tons of silverware daring you to make a false move, then promptly admit that you just have never gotten used to this magnificent a place setting, but that you've heard it's "work from the outside in, and every man for himself." If you are met with anything other than affectionate smiles and ready agreement, soldier through the meal and rest in the knowledge that these people are boorish poseurs, and probably earned their wealth through greyhound racing or some sort of Amway product. As for conversation, they will be curious about your life, and it is a subject with which you are familiar, so be an enthusiastic raconteur and an intent listener, and all will be well.

If there is indeed a Degas in the home, no ill will befall you. The truly fancy are also welcoming and kind. ✨

Your Auntie Mac

## THE DOGS OF WINTER

As many of you know, I am mildly obsessed with dogs, having the privilege of them owning me going on fifty years now.

I should have known that Ollie, my first German Shepherd (and sometime author in this periodical) was trouble when our milkman Corey showed up from Mountain Dairy early one snowy Friday morning. Getting the order in from the metal insulated box was my job, and I was already late for work. Umber, our big retriever, was already in, but where was the puppy? Panic. We didn't have the electric fence in yet, he wasn't coming when he was called....Crap. We were shorted the order on the half and half. Another call to make. Where was that damn dog?

Breathe. Calm. Look. TRACKS! Big tracks, little tracks. Follow the little tracks, all the way around to the end of the house. Snow mound. Behind the mound were big floppy ears, hopeful eyes, and our new pup Ollie with his teeth sunk into the missing quart of half and half sucking contentedly.

Before Ollie was the aforementioned Umber, a large lab, shepherd, and Afghan cross, otherwise described as the living room ottoman. He went everywhere with me including visits to friends with small children on Sunset Hill. Their retriever Sam and Umber had taken a liking to each other and gamboled down the drive with the littles in tow, mom and I chattering about how lucky we were to be where we were, on this day, in Hampton. It was to be sure, magic. And on the way back up the long drive, we hitched Umber and Sam to the blue plastic sled and they ferried the tired Allie and Brew back up the hill.

After a lot of snow clean up from paws, boots, snowsuits and a very wet floor, there was, of course, hot chocolate.

The sleepy, but contented dogs could nap, with the children snuggled in and napping right on top of them. Indeed, magic. ✨

Mary Oliver



Our winter loving Norwegian Elkhounds, Jam and Rafi. We are hoping for a good snow year, if just for them.

# PASSAGES

## *Remembering Friends and Family*

**Pauline M. Collette** passed away on October 2, 2024 in the 94<sup>th</sup> year of her life. Born July 2, 1930, Pauline was born and raised in Hartford and lived most of her life in Andover where she raised her family and worked in the elementary school kitchen before starting a long career in banking. She enjoyed camping with her family and trips to Moose Head Lake in Maine. Her motto: "Just do it, don't put things off, make time for it." After retiring, she took lessons in painting with water colors and acrylics. She also enjoyed sewing, knitting, crocheting and cooking. Along with her daughter Dianne Collette, her partner, Paul Scheu, her grandson David Bisson and granddaughter Christian Mayer, she leaves several family members in Hampton, her daughter Louise Bisson, and her grandsons Sean Mayer and Adam Bisson. Our condolences to all.

**Josephine Dauphin**, known as "Mama" or "Jippy" by those closest to her, passed away on October 23, 2024 at the age of 104. Holding the distinction as our town's oldest resident for several years, she was born on May 27, 1920 in Providence and attended Windmill school where she studied sewing, a skill that evolved into a job at the American Thread Company, and one she used to show her love, creating blankets, pillows, scarfs, slippers, and anything else that would create comfort. She also expressed her love through cooking, especially during holidays. Josephine married Fernand Dauphin, who predeceased her, in 1947 and they moved to Sunny Crest Farm in Hampton in 1959. Growing up, Josie lived to explore the beaches in Rhode Island, loved vacationing at Long Lake, Maine with her family, and enjoyed the company of her daughters, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, and friends in a cottage in Bath, Maine. Our condolences to her family, her daughters Shirley Scarpino and Carol Kilburn, her grandchildren Marina and Jeff Scarpino and Jenny and James Kilburn, four great grandchildren, and two sisters. Donations in her honor can be made to the Hampton Fire Department.

## *Hampton's Annual Tree Lighting & Caroling*

**Sunday,  
December 1<sup>st</sup>  
4:30pm  
at the Pavilion**

**Come early, stay warm  
and make ornaments  
at the Community Center  
at 3:45pm  
(parent must be present)**

**Refreshments served  
All are welcome  
No charge**

Questions? Message:  
[hamptontownactivities@gmail.com](mailto:hamptontownactivities@gmail.com)



## *Organic Roots Farm*



*at Popover Hill, 147 East Old Route 6 Hampton*  
**860.336.8823**

Mon—Fri 11-5, Sat 9-5, Closed Sunday

- Beautiful Fresh Pine Roping
- One of a Kind Hand-made Wreaths
- Offerings from our Bake Shoppe:  
*Cinnamon Buns, Sourdough & Heritage Breads,  
Jumbo Muffins & Lemon Poppyseed Loaves*

Homemade Holiday Pies available by pre-order  
on our website: [organicrootsfarmct.com](http://organicrootsfarmct.com)

Join us for **Christmas on the Farm,**  
**Saturday, December 7th from 9-5**

*Free Hot Cocoa & Cookies, Samples & Giveaways, Photo Ops  
and Holiday Fun! Christmas Gift Ideas & Wreaths*

*Bring the Family!*

# BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Your place for taste in the Neighborhood—

**We deliver to Hampton!!**

Open daily from 11AM to 11PM

**Yatco Place** (formerly Zlotnick's)  
187 Willimantic Road, Chaplin

Bite into sandwich bliss and try one of our specialties from our sandwich & grinder menu!



**LUNCH SPECIAL:**

Any 2 slices &  
16 oz. drink for \$6.00

**860.33.PIZZA**

(860.337.4992)

or order ONLINE

[www.pizzamikes.com](http://www.pizzamikes.com)

## NIKKO OIL, LLC

High Quality Heating Oil & Dyed Kerosene

**ORDER ONLINE**  
**NIKKOOIL.COM**

**860.822.1188**

**860.564.9746**

Accepting...  
ACCESS & TVCCA



Low COD Prices  
Senior & Large Quantity  
Discounts

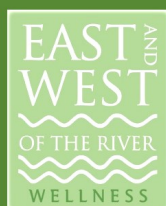
HOD #1089 Canterbury, CT

COUPON

**\$5 OFF\***

**A PURCHASE OF  
25 GALLONS  
OR MORE!**

\*\$2000 min. • Cash Not to be Combined  
Please See Dealer (coupon value indicated)



**LIVING YOUR BEST LIFE**

**Robin Thompson, RN**

Integrative Health Coach

Mindfulness Teacher

Seasonal Workshops & Events

[www.eastandwestoftheriver.com](http://www.eastandwestoftheriver.com)

**860.942.9046**



**WEDDINGS - BRIDAL SHOWERS - BABY  
SHOWERS - REUNIONS - ANNIVERSARIES -  
HOLIDAY PARTIES AND MORE...**

CALL OR EMAIL US TODAY

860.377.4816 or [stonehursthv.com](http://stonehursthv.com)

119 Providence Tpke, Hampton CT • [www.stonehursthamptonvalley.com](http://www.stonehursthamptonvalley.com)

Join us, and advertise here! Call 860.455.7039 for more info!

The Hampton Gazette  
PO Box 101  
Hampton, CT 06247

PRESORT  
MARKETING MAIL  
US POSTAGE PAID  
WILLIMANTIC CT  
PERMIT NO 37

# Hampton Holiday Bazaar

December 7th from 9AM-2PM



*Baked Goods, Art &  
Jewelry, Leather Goods,  
Jams, Soaps, Holiday Cards  
& More!*

263 Main Street  
Hampton

## DONAHUE GENERAL CONTRACTORS

RESIDENTIAL ♦ COMMERCIAL

PROVIDING QUALITY AT A COMPETITIVE PRICE  
SINCE 1954

Excavation Specialist ♦ Underground Utilities  
Grading ♦ Land Clearing ♦ Demolition  
Driveways ♦ Drainage ♦ Site Work  
New Septic Systems & Repairs

*Licensed and Insured*

P: 860.423.0618 / F: 860.455.9670

[office@donahuegc.com](mailto:office@donahuegc.com)

93 Windham Road  
Hampton



## DAVE GARCEAU EXCAVATING, LLC

FREE ESTIMATES - FULLY INSURED

- Video Pipe Inspection
- Septic Inspection
- Driveways
- Trenching
- Septic Systems
- Oil Tank Removal
- Drainage
- Site Work



**860-455-0432**

[d.bgarceau@yahoo.com](mailto:d.bgarceau@yahoo.com)

Chaplin, CT

Lic. 005261/564902

## Judy & Richard Schenk

46 Old Kings Highway  
Hampton, CT 06247  
860-455-9654

[brightacresfarmct@gmail.com](mailto:brightacresfarmct@gmail.com)

*Bright Acres Farm*  
SUGAR HOUSE  
HAMPTON, CT

Self-Serve Stand  
Open 7 Days a Week

Maple Syrup  
Maple Products • Eggs

Find us on Facebook @BrightAcresFarmSugarHouse

Keeping our community  
warm since 1930



**POTTER'S**  
Oil Service, Inc.

Oil Fuel, Propane Cooking Fuel  
& Heating System Services

**860.423.1684**