

Insightful and informative

THE HAMPTON Gazette



VOLUME XLVII No. 8 / SEPTEMBER 2025

Remembering Margaret Haraghey

Hampton has lost another legend this year, Margaret Haraghey, in the 83rd year of her life. Born and raised in Hartford's north end, Margaret worked in a supervisory capacity for nearly thirty years at Southern New England Telephone Company, where she met and married Harold, the love of her life, who predeceased her. The couple came to Hampton in 1979. Margaret had no political ambitions prior to her retirement. One might say that politics found Margaret, and after discovering her, wouldn't let her go.

Margaret filled many roles at Town Hall. She served in every capacity at the polling place, eventually becoming Assistant to the Registrar, Deputy Registrar and the Republican Registrar of Voters. She was appointed to the town's original Board of Finance and served on its Personnel Committee. She clerked for the Inland Wetlands & Watercourses Agency for years, keeping residents apprised of applications and permits in the *Hampton Gazette*, and when First Selectman Walt Stone noticed her clerical competencies, and her service on the Republican Town Committee, which she was a member of for many years, he offered her the position of Administrative Assistant in 1993, which she held for eight years. In this role, she was the friendly face of the Board of Selectmen, wrote the First Selectman's monthly column in the *Gazette* and learned the various responsibilities of the Town's Chief Official. This experience gave her the knowledge, the skills, and the confidence that led to her legendary status: in 2001, Margaret was the first female to become First Selectwoman in Hampton's history. She was re-elected to a second term, unopposed both times.

Much was accomplished during her tenure. She spearheaded a comprehensive review of personnel policies, including items such as wages, pay schedules, procedures for raises, medical insurance, and work-place rules, eventually publishing the *Town of Hampton Personnel Policies*. Ever respectful of town employees and officials, she also established a retirement program. She worked on coordinating Transfer Station needs with Scotland officials, searched for grant opportunities for town improvements which were subsequently realized, and started the monthly column "First Selecting".

Margaret took office during very challenging financial times, when national, state and local economies were stressed due to the stock market crash of 2000 and the catastrophic consequences of September 11. Yet the General Government portion of the town budget was reduced during each of Margaret's years as First Selectwoman, and upon her retirement, the bottom



line was still lower than when she assumed the office.

Margaret also established a committee to research options when Parish Hill High School's accreditation was threatened and tri-town residents were facing a \$30 million proposal to build a new school. She steered us through this divisive, emotionally charged era with fairness and facts, and above all grace, and later was appointed to the Strategic Planning Group of local and state educational officials charged with resolving issues at the district school, which was, in the end, fully accredited.

Margaret's contributions to the town extended beyond Town Hall. She served on the *Gazette's* Editorial Board for twelve years, most of the time as Treasurer, on the Fletcher Memorial Library Board, and for many years as its Chairman, and as a member of the Senior's Club, most recently

REMEMBERING, CONTINUED ON PAGE 3



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THUMBS UP: to the new pickle board court! Funded for public use largely with a grant to replace the original tennis courts, a demonstration of this popular sport is scheduled for next month. Because as beautiful as it is, bright green borders around pristine white lines enclosing bright blue rectangles, it looks even nicer when people are using it.

THUMBS DOWN: to the vandalism which recently occurred at the new Swap Shack at the Transfer Station. All of the windows were broken, and the inside was ransacked. Elsewhere locks and windows and lights were needlessly destroyed. Pass it on to whomever you think should hear it: vandalism costs us money, and some pride in our community.



To the Editor:

I write from our small town of Hampton, where the land is quiet and our relationships run deep. And while we may feel far from the flashpoints of current events, I believe our voices here still matter—perhaps especially so.

Recently, ICE agents conducted an arrest outside a Norwalk police station. The scene was disturbing—masked agents aggressively without due process taking a man away in public view. Many see this as standard procedure, but it

raised deep questions for me: Is this what safety looks like? Who feels protected—and who feels targeted?

Even in towns like ours, where there may not be large immigrant populations, we are part of a larger moral fabric. The culture we shape here—what we say or don't say—has ripple effects. What we normalize in silence becomes the air we all breathe.

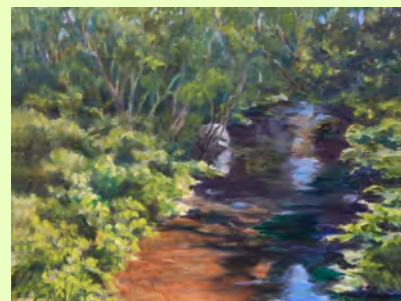
I'm writing to speak to my own community, my neighbors, and to ask: Can we be a town that leads with dignity and care, not fear? Can we make clear that our public spaces—our libraries, schools, and emergency services—remain places of safety?

I've written to our Board of Selectmen to ask whether Hampton might join other towns in affirming this commitment. I'm also speaking with neighbors to explore how we can support those more directly impacted, in nearby places like Willimantic.

Sometimes, justice starts in quiet places.

With care,
Robin Thompson

2026 CALENDARS will be available for order at Hampton's Harvest Fair on Saturday, September 27. Hampton artwork by local artists, get one for yourself, your friends, your kitchen, your living room, maybe even the garage! And you sure can't plan your day without one in the bathroom! To order contact: 959.242.4442 or via email: hamptongazette@yahoo.com.



CONTRIBUTORS: Mary Albro, Marie Cantino, Beth Desjardin, Fran Gustavesen, Andrea Kaye, Madeline Oberempt, Michelle Racz, Victoria Smith, Janice Trecker. **PHOTOS:** Cover, courtesy of the Family; page 3, Juan Arriola; page 4 and 5, courtesy of the Artists; page 8, Debbie Fuller; page 10 and 11, Juan Arriola; page 12, Mary Oliver.

as Chairman of their Board of Directors. She unfailingly volunteered to nearly every organization in town, providing homemade baked goods for fundraisers, assembling sandwiches for the Annual Grinder Sale, obtaining a license to supervise the Memorial Day Barbecue.

In 2017, Margaret and Harold were named Citizens of the Year, Harold, who Margaret referred to as "the wind beneath my wings", for serving as Constable and Wetlands Enforcement Officer, assisting at the Transfer Station, and volunteering whenever a need arose; and Margaret for everything listed here. Her colleagues were eager to recommend her:

"Jim Rodriguez and I served as Selectmen with Margaret...a dedicated and hard-working woman who knew her town and was willing to put time and effort into improving it," Tony Romano recalled. "Her organizational skills were outstanding. Margaret always did her homework, researching, sending surveys", and soliciting public input.

"Margaret's knowledge of the details of the Town's finances was invaluable. I could not be more grateful for her experience and wise counsel," said the Board of Finance's first Chairman, Rheo Brouillard; and fellow board member Penny Newbury added, "Her professional experience in finance and budgeting was extremely useful in helping other members navigate the sometimes complex and interconnected fiscal reports and requirements of both the administration and the two education budgets."

"What impressed me most was her knowledge of the workings of Hampton, knowing what needed to be done in order for the Town to operate properly. Margaret only provided information when needed, and it usually was when we were at an impasse," former Gazette Chairman Jimmy Halloran said, characterizing her ideas as "just what we need."

"She will focus on the library issues at hand, taking quite seriously whatever is up for discussion, offering many pragmatic suggestions," said former Library Board Chairman Anne Christie.

That's the thing with Margaret – which every organization she has ever served with has missed, and will miss the most. She was an incredible problem-solver. Listened to the perspectives of everyone, summarized the issue, and then offered multiple, practical solutions. And she was a wonderful neighbor. A dry sense of humor, a ready smile, she would always inquire after your family, genuinely listen, genuinely care, genuinely commiserate in troubling times, and genuinely celebrate in good ones.

Our condolences to Margaret's family, and to her many, many friends.

TEEN CPR/FIRST AID CLASS

The Hampton Recreation Commission is offering a CPR and First Aid Class geared to teens that reside in the tri-town area, ages 12-19, on Saturday, Sept. 6th from 9:30AM – 5PM at the Hampton Community Center (Grange Hall).

Emergencies can happen anywhere--at home, school, or in the community and CPR can be applied in various situations significantly increasing the chances of survival. Teens who are trained in CPR can become valuable assets to their communities, ready to respond to emergencies. First aid knowledge equips teens to handle a range of situations, from minor injuries to more serious incidents, and helps them remain calm and effective under pressure. This is a great training opportunity.

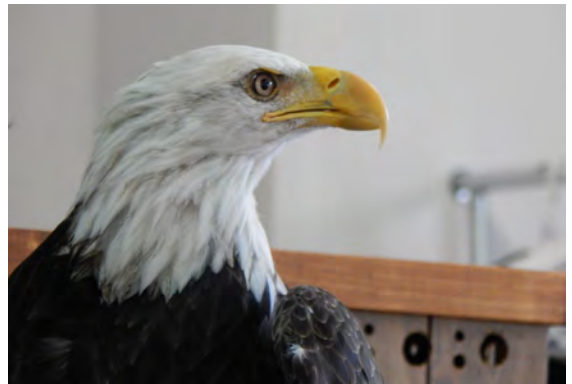
Attendees will bring their own bagged lunch. Water and snacks will be available. Sheila Clark owner, of CPR Alive Health & Survival is a certified instructor with years of teaching experience and is excited to teach our teens these lifesaving skills. There will be a \$20 cost per teen. Information is on the Hampton Recreation Commission Facebook page. Sign up: hampton-rec.ticketbud.com/tri-town-cpr-first-aid-for-teens

and Beyond.... VILLAGE VIEW

SENIORS CLUB

The Hampton Seniors Club wants to sadly acknowledge the passing of the chairman of our Board of Directors, Margaret Haraghey. We will miss her contributions and positive, always supportive attitude.

On August 8th we enjoyed an outstanding presentation by Horizon Wings, the raptor rehabilitation center in Ashford. As part of the presentation they brought a bald eagle,



peregrine falcon, screech owl, and red-shouldered hawk. Many commented that it was an excellent program as Mary-Beth Kaeser and her staff shared their knowledge about these birds.

The club has decided to offer an additional meal each month on a trial basis. It will be on Wednesdays and for the month of September it will be a brunch followed by games for those who want to stay. It will be held on the 10th of September at 10:30. In addition, we will be having our usual Friday luncheon on September 26 at 12:30.

Several classes are in the planning stages including a fall prevention class and a self-defense class. Both of these will be specifically geared to seniors. They will be advertised as the plans become definite. A number of other activities are also being planned. Be on the lookout for more information or contact us at hamptonseniors01@gmail.com or P.O. Box 194, Hampton, CT 06247. We would love to hear from you.

Thank you for your support and participation. We love being here for you. If you are not presently a member of the club, but would like to join, you can come to any of our activities and join, or contact us at the email address or box number listed above.



Festivities!

HAMPTON HARVEST FESTIVAL

Fletcher Memorial Library hosts The Hampton Harvest Festival, Saturday, September 27 from 10AM – 3PM, on the lawn between the Community Center and the Town Hall. In case of rain, the event will move to the Hampton Elementary School.

The festival, which is the library's main fundraiser, will feature a variety of vendors and many hand grown and handmade products from the Hampton area. Vendors include Rural Heritage Arts, Pebble Brook Farm, Full Moon Farm, Bright Acres Farm, Organic Roots Farm, Good Medicine Therapeutic Massage, Bedecked & Beadazzled, HC Woodturning, Flowers by Charity, The Hampton Historical & Antiquarian Society, The Hampton Gazette, and the Hampton Conservation Commission.

As always, the event will feature a line-up of treats and refreshments, complete with a bake sale. There will also be a lemonade stand; Our Lady of Lourdes will offer coffee and apple crisp, and The Hampton Fire Department will have the grill set up for burgers and hot dogs.

Other offerings will include fresh produce and other agricultural products, and local crafts and art work. Weather permitting, there will be face painting and games for the children, along with the traditional hay rides, corn hole game, and a display of farm goats. Music will be provided by trumpeter Joe Coombs (10AM --NOON) and by bagpipers Heather Nunn, Benjamin Elzertman and Emily Nunn. (12:30--1:30PM). All are members of the Manchester Pipe Band.

Admission is free and both sites offer plenty of free parking. For more information call: 860.455.1086.

Besides the main event on Saturday, the festival weekend offers other opportunities for family fun. The weekend kicks off with a Hampton Recreation Commission bonfire at the Town Hall Ball Field, Friday night from 5:30 – 9PM for Hampton residents. Also that weekend, Our Lady of Lourdes is sponsoring a Scarecrow contest with cash prizes for both the adult and junior divisions. The contest will be held on the

Town Hall lawn from Friday the 26th through Sunday the 28th with judging on Saturday the 27th. Join in for a \$10 donation and pre-register at the Fletcher Memorial Library during library opening hours.

RECREATION COMMISSION TO HOST COMMUNITY BONFIRE

Bring your Family, Friends, Food, and Fun to the Recreation Commission's Bonfire on Friday evening, Sept 26th from 5:30 to 9PM, held at the Town Hall Ballfield. This family friendly bonfire kicks off the weekend of Fletcher Memorial Library's Harvest Festival on September 27th. The bonfire is for Hampton residents and their invited guests. Bring chairs, comfy blankets, and bug repellent. Come join us! (Fingers crossed for good weather). *For up to date weather conditions check the Town Hall website and/or the Hampton CT Recreation Commission Facebook page.*

PICKLEBALL ARRIVES IN HAMPTON: JOIN THE OPEN HOUSE CELEBRATION!

Pickleball, America's fastest growing sport, has made its way to Hampton! The Hampton Recreation Commission is thrilled to announce an Open House event to celebrate the town's brand-new pickleball courts on Saturday, October 4th, from 10AM --NOON at Town Hall. This special event will feature a live pickleball demonstration by Connor Valentine, an experienced player and instructor with over five years of teaching and competitive play. Connor will introduce beginners to the basics, including rules, techniques, and hands on practice. No equipment? No problem—paddles and balls will be provided. Attendees can meet fellow enthusiasts, ask questions about the sport, and enjoy healthy refreshments. Don't forget to bring a chair or blanket to relax and enjoy the festivities. This event is made possible thanks to the town's efforts in securing a grant for the new courts. Note: In case of rain the event will be postponed and rescheduled on a later date. For more information, please contact hamptonctrec@gmail.com. Come join the fun and be part of Hampton's pickleball community!



TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL HAMPTON CHURCH TRACKER ORGAN CONCERT

Hampton Congregational Church is pleased to announce this year's Tracker Organ Concert will be held on **Sunday, October 19th at 4PM**. This year's guest artist is special. Jared Lamenzo is from New York City. Jared is the Director of Music and Organist at the historic Basilica of St. Patrick's Old Cathedral, located in Manhattan's Little Italy. He is also a Director and Co-Founder of Friends of the

Erben Organ, a non-profit dedicated to the preservation and presentation of the Basilica's magnificent 1868 Erben organ, now being restored. He hosted and worked with international recitalists and choral groups, and has been featured in the *New York Times*, on CBS, and on PBS, in a documentary hosted by Martin Scorsese. Reception following, free will donation gleefully accepted.

Fletcher Memorial Library

NEW BOOKS

Lots of new adult fiction this month, including novels from favorites like Fredrik Backman, John Connolly, Joyce Carol Oates and Martin Cruz Smith. Non-fiction from Joan Didion, as well as books on the French and Indian War and French WW2 spy, Rose Valland.

ADULT FICTION

Megan Abbott	El Dorado Drive
Fredrik Backman	My Friends
Belinda Baur	The Impossible Thing
Chris Chibnall	Death at the White Hart
Heather Clark	The Scrapbook
Bill Clinton	The First Gentleman
John Connolly	The Children of Eve
Daniel Kehlmann	The Director
Will Leitch	Lloyd McNeill's Last Ride
Joyce Carol Oates	Fox
Douglas J. Preston	Badlands
Nilima Rao	A Shipwreck in Fiji
Riley Sager	With a Vengeance
Victoria Schwaab	Bury Our Bones in the Midnight Soil
Martin Cruz Smith	Hotel Ukraine (Final Arkady Renko)
Ruth Ware	The Woman in Suite 11

ADULT NON-FICTION

Rick Atkinson	The Fate of the Day: The War for America: Ticonderoga to Charleston 1777-80
Joan Didion	Notes to John
Kelsey Grammer	Karen: A Brother Remembers
Kostya Kennedy	The Ride: Paul Revere & the Night that Saved America
Ian Leslie	John & Paul: A Love Story in Songs
Dennis McNally	The Last Great Dream: How Bohemians Became Hippies and Created the Sixties
Michelle Young	The Art Spy: The Extraordinary Untold Tale of WWII Resistance Hero Rose Valland



that many of Bach's original works for lute and unaccompanied violin work marvelously well on the modern guitar, which brings a freshness and intimacy to the sound of these pieces," he said.

Davis will be joined by Beverly Davis for some guitar duets. Both instrumentalists are well known to area music lovers for their work as the Davis Duo and with groups like Cafe Trio Plus, the Hampton Trio, and The Providence Mandolin Orchestra. The concert is free and as there are only a couple of benches, patrons should bring lawn chairs or blankets for seating. In case of rain or excessive heat, the concert will move indoors to the library's community room.

EVENTS & PROGRAMS

TOP SHELF GALLERY The September show features Jeff Chaplin's A Different Perspective, black and white and color photographs.

SPECIAL PROGRAMS

September 10 **Book Discussion Group**

6 –7PM The group will be discussing The Demon of Unrest by Erik Larson. We have copies of the book available to borrow at the library.

September 17 **Bach in the Garden** 5 –6PM

This month's concert features Mark and Beverly Davis. Note the earlier time! Bring a lawn chair or blanket. In the event of inclement weather the concert will be held in the Community Room.

September 27 **Hampton Harvest Festival**

10AM – 3PM Our annual festival will be held on the lawn between the Community Center and the Town Hall. See details in this issue. Join us for a day of fun!

WEEKLY PROGRAMS

Wednesday Knitting Group Noon

Informal fiber arts group meets most Wednesdays. Please contact the library to make sure they are meeting.

Thursday Mah Jongg 101 10AM – NOON

Join us in the Community Room for free classes on Mah Jongg, an ancient Asian game played with tiles. All skill levels are welcome!

Thursday or Friday Tai Chi 8:30 – 9:30AM

Tai Chi takes place in back of the Community Center or in the Pavilion at the Town Hall, depending on the weather. Call the library for updated information and current day.

Friday Baby Story Time with Miss Deb

10:30 – 11:30AM Join us for an interactive program for birth to three-year-olds using a variety of musical instruments, rhymes, songs, finger plays, as well as a story or two. Our goal is to encourage a lifelong love of reading and learning. *No Registration Required for Listed Programs*

Senior Delivery Service The library is happy to provide a delivery service, please call or email the library.

BACH IN THE GARDEN AT THE FLETCH

This seasons' Music at the Fletch closes out with Bach in the Garden, Wednesday September 17 at 5PM in the library's butterfly garden. Debuting at the height of the pandemic, the Bach in the Garden programs feature classical guitarist Mark Davis performing Baroque, classical and modern compositions for the guitar. Although Bach never wrote for the guitar, Davis has found many of J. S. Bach's works for unaccompanied violin congenial for his own instrument. "I find

HAMPTON ELEMENTARY WELCOMES NEW TEAM MEMBERS AND A RENEWED FOCUS ON STUDENT SUCCESS FOR 2025–26

Hampton Elementary School is excited to begin the 2025–26 school year with a strong team and a clear plan. In keeping with our school theme, **Rooted in Tradition, Branching to the Future**, we are investing in the people and programs that help every child grow. Please accept a sincere thank you to our town for supporting our budget this year. We are dedicated to the students and families in our community.

As principal of Hampton Elementary, I am proud of the strong tradition of community and care that defines our school. This year, I am especially excited about the ways we are expanding opportunities for students, focusing on the whole child -- whether through targeted support in academics, new avenues for creative expression, or deeper connections with our town. I invite families, neighbors, and community members to be part of our work this year. We succeed best when we do it together.

I am excited to introduce our new staff members to the HES team. Our students and community benefit when caring adults and strong instruction come together! We are continuing our focused work in academics, climate and community, and enrichment.

Meet Our New Team Members:

Director of Special Education, Mary Jo Chretien, is coming to Hampton with extensive experience in special education, both as an administrator and a speech language pathologist. Mrs. Chretien has served as the director of pupil services in Pomfret and Eastford and has experience providing professional development to other administrators in CT and experience at the University level as an adjunct professor and as a clinical supervisor.

Speech-Language Pathologist: Laurissa Rodzen has recently worked in Killingly Public Schools and has worked with students from Preschool age through transition age students. Mrs. Rodzen has experience teaching other providers about Augmentative and Alternative Communication and background in advocating for students with disabilities for public policy.

Full-Time Interventionist: Mariann LaPointe, who many families will know as she served as our reading and math interventionist as our long term substitute last year. Mrs. Lapointe is



a veteran teacher with experience at multiple grade levels as well as experience providing intervention in Killingly Public Schools.

Paraeducator: Madison Palmerino has a degree in music education and currently services at the Complex Performing and Creative Arts Center in Putnam. Hampton families can see Ms. Palmerino's work at the end of October where she is producing the production of *Rent* at the Bradley Playhouse.

Paraeducator: Louise Edwards is a new Hampton resident in the past year. We are lucky to also have her volunteering for the Fletcher Memorial Library as a member of the board. Mrs. Edwards has extensive experience in child development and is passionate about parent coaching. She works to support parents through coaching sessions to identify areas of need to improve parent and child relationships.

Physical Therapist: Anne Marie Ferron has extensive school-based experience in northeastern CT. We are fortunate to have her working with us through a contract with another local district, a practice encouraged by the state to provide quality services with fiscal responsibility. Besides her professional background, Dr. Ferron shares that she is a mother of two children, an 11-year-old boy and 8-year-old girl and that her interests include country music and her pet dog and bearded dragon.

Our Work This Year

We organize our improvement efforts around **ACE**—Academic achievement, Climate and community, and Enrichment and engagement, all of which we will detail in the next issue of *The Hampton Gazette*.

Victoria Smith, Principal, Hampton Elementary School

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HAMPTON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL:

Ever since our grandson first started school, we've read a letter of appreciation at the end of each year. As he embarks on a new chapter of his educational life, our appreciation for the Hampton Elementary School staff over the last four years deserves a larger audience.

Our grandson started pre-school in January of 2022. Four months later he would endure the worst tragedy a child ever could. The staff was there for him, and for us, with personal calls, cards, providing meals for a month to our family, and most meaningfully, sharing memories of his mother, our daughter.

The following year, three staff volunteered to testify in court on our behalf – anyone who's ever endured this will understand – it's never an easy thing;

true, the judge ignored every word of the credible testimony of all of the professionals -- social workers, teachers, and therapists, but that helped form the basis of an appeal, and we were ultimately successful in righting a horrible wrong. Somewhere along the way, our grandson, through our family, his therapist, and the school, gained the strength to let his own voice be heard, whether the "authorities" liked it or not. He became the hero of his own story, and was finally sent where he belongs, home.

Throughout all of this, the school accommodated his emotional needs, understood and tended to the post-traumatic stress needlessly inflicted upon him, worked in concert with us for his academics; and he became a reader, a writer, most notably a poet, and a "word wizard". In short, this school was just what our grandson needed during the most difficult years of his life. For this we will be forever grateful.

For his superb classroom teachers, the paraprofessionals, particularly Mrs. Penrod who was one of his mother's dearest friends -- we knew he was looked after and loved in this exceptional way, special teachers as well, particularly Mrs. Garrison who went to school with his mother -- and shared stories with him of their growing up together, the nurse, Mrs. Danielson -- could there be a warmer person on earth? -- and Ms. Sorrel, who has always, and continues to

be, there for him whenever he needs her to be. The administrators, too, went the extra mile for him and for his family, all three principals, and a superintendent who, meeting with us on another, non-related matter, spoke of our grandson's kindness towards others. How good it is to know that a superintendent has personal knowledge of individual children. We can tell you from experience with school systems, this is not common.

The small size of the school has proven a liability of late in terms of things like grade configurations and budgets. It's also the school's strength, with the supportive, intimate environment it nurtures. Unfortunately, politics sometimes tears this fabric at its periphery, and it shouldn't. In this small environment there's no room for isolation, no room to exclude the minimal diversity we have.

It is our hope, for the sake of the school, its children and families, the example the staff sets encourages its community of families to preserve the supportiveness exemplified within the walls of the school -- it's what's worth saving.

Dayna & Juan Arriola

HAMPTON CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Annual Chicken

★ BBQ ★





**FIRST COME,
FIRST SERVED
DINE IN OR
TAKE OUT!**

MEAL INCLUDES:
HOMEMADE POTATO
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ON-THE-COB, ROLLS AND
DELICIOUS DESSERTS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 2025
5PM - 7PM

ADULTS \$15 CHILDREN \$10 UNDER 5 FREE	263 MAIN STREET HAMPTON	
FOR MORE INFORMATION		860-455-9677

HAMPTON HARVEST FESTIVAL

Saturday, September 27th
10am ~ 3pm

AT THE HAMPTON TOWN HALL
164 MAIN STREET

~*~
in the event of rain, festivities will be moved to
Hampton Elementary School
380 Main Street

NO ADMISSION FEE! FREE PARKING!

Vendors Exhibits Food
Live Animals Hayrides

Sponsored by the Fletcher Memorial Library
More info at: www.hamptonct.org

In 1763, Hampton established school districts, eventually numbering seven: the Center District or "Village", Appaquag, Union or "Rawson", North Bigelow, South Bigelow, Goshen, or "Clark's Corner", and Howard's Valley. We started our exploration of each of these sections with the town's center, the busiest section; with its storied residences, from colonial beginnings to a summer destination, and its multiple institutions - the meeting house, library, general store, fire-house, town hall -- the history of the village required two years to complete. Conversely, the smallest section, Appaquag, should only take two.

Since September is "Back to School" month, we'll start with information on the Appaquag School. Built in 1774, the Appaquag School's original location was on the west side of Pomfret Road, set in one of Hampton's most pastoral scenes, where horses are secure within white fences along gently rolling hills. Despite this seemingly idyllic location, there was no playground at the school, due to its proximity to the road and the fact that it was hemmed in with the fields of a neighboring farm. And though Appaquag was one of the smallest schoolhouses, and one of the first to close, *Hampton Remembers* -- Alison Davis' remarkable collection of interviews from the residents who were born here around the turn of the 20th century -- has several personal accounts from several of its students, who remember their schoolhouse vividly and fondly.

Students at Hampton Elementary School might like to compare this schedule with their own: *From 1902 to 1908 I attended the Appaquag School in the north end of town.... The teacher rang a handbell at five minutes before nine and we had to be in our seats at nine o'clock. First the teacher checked the attendance, and then we all joined in the Lord's Prayer. We didn't pledge allegiance to the flag in those days as they do now. We were anywhere from fifteen to twenty children ranging in age from six to sixteen and graded strictly according to ability. A fourteen-year-old and a nine-year-old would often be using the same book.*

I remember the long-bodied stove, the four rows of desks, made of wood with metal frames, the settee in front, the two aisles, the teacher's desk and a small cupboard on the wall that held the school library. On the right of the stove was another settee for recitations. Near the stove it was usually too hot and in the back of the room you froze!

Every day we had assignments in reading, writing and arithmetic, history and geography and twice a

Our Rural Heritage APPAQUAG SCHOOL



week spelling and physiology. We had penmanship fifteen minutes every day. Each scholar had a writing book kept in the teacher's desk. After we had practiced fifteen minutes with pen and ink on loose paper -- an inkwell on each desk filled from the teacher's bottle, we were allowed to copy one line in our book. We had a fifteen minute recess at 10:30 and another at 2:45. and generally one hour at lunchtime except on the shortest winter days when it was cut down to a half hour and we went home at 3:30 instead of 4. At the end of recess the handbell was rung because we played on the neighbors' land and all up and down the road. There wasn't much of a schoolyard, you see, the building being right on the road with the open fields coming up all around it. It was a nice little building.

In the wintertime it got so dark we couldn't study and the way the teacher took care of that -- she'd have a spellin' match. She'd name two leaders and they'd pick their teams right down through and then one line would try to spell the other one down. A spelling match was always fun. You wanted to be the first one to be picked and the last one to spell down. We also had recitations, poetry and things like that on dark winter days. We used to learn a lot of poetry by heart those days.

Arthur Kimball

In small towns, a child's relative sometimes taught in the school. This would necessitate a different standard of good behavior for the student. One might also attend school with a sibling, or possibly eight of them. One wonders how that dynamic might impact the "quarreling" mentioned here: I went to Appaquag School when my sister Annie, later Annie Edmond, was the teacher there when she was only seventeen. I was in the oldest grades and taller than she was but I had to be good! The older children helped the younger children, and we studied while the other class was up in front. We just took our turns. The little ones could have a nap in the afternoon -- there was an extra settee and if they wanted they could lie on the settee and sleep.

The desks were mostly double. Only the upper grade, the really elite, had desks to themselves. You had to have a partner at the double desks and

you had to keep your books separate, and if you didn't you quarreled.

Helen Matthews

Student population in a small town such as ours has always been an issue: *We lived up on Kenyon Road and all eight of us went to the Bell School and we always walked. There was one year that there was only two in our family – the rest was older and the others was younger that went to school down to this Bell School and there was no school. Because there was only two children! So the town had to hire my father to carry us over to what they called the Appaquag School. Yes, up theya'. For one year. Then the next year a family moved in down here and they had five children, so that brought us back into this district. So that's the only time that I ever went – eyah, only just down to this school.*

Helen Whitehouse

Despite the lack of a playground and equipment, students, then as now, found ways to entertain themselves: *Our favorite game at Appaquag School was "Duck on the Rock." Each player threw a small stone at a rock that was set up on a bigger rock and we tried to knock it off. We had what we called a "duck tender" – he was "it" and he had to put that duck back on the rock after people had knocked it off and then try to catch somebody before they could go in and get their stone and get back. That was quite a lot of fun. It was kinda risky business—I know I got that finger smashed – I had put the thing on there and I hadn't got my hand off when Everett Kimball threw a stone and caught me right there.*

Harold Stone

Snow was another adventure. Where there was a hill, there was sledding; where there was a pond, skating. Here where there was neither, there were snowmen and forts to build, and a wintery version of tag. Inside recess, a version of the water game, "Marco-Polo". *We played a game sometimes called "Fox and Geese" but we called it "Bushel". We went out in the field in the deep snow and made a center and then we made paths and circles around it with connecting paths and put someone in the center and that one had to go out and catch someone. The first one he caught without stepping out of the paths had to go back in the center and be "it". That was quite a game!*

"Jacob and Rachel;" was a popular indoor game for older boys and girls. A boy, blindfolded, would be Jacob and stand in the center of a circle of boys and girls. One girl would disguise her voice and call out "Jacob!" The boy, if unable to identify the girl, would ask "Rachel?" and she would call out again "Jacob!" This would go on back and forth until the boy said her name.

Arthur Kimball

In spite of the legendary stories of walking miles to school through snow and ice, transportation was provided for students who lived a distance from the school: *When they closed Appaquag for lack of scholars and we had to be transported to Bell School we went in what was a two-seater wagon only there were seven of us altogether and the driver, that made eight, so they needed to accommodate more – they had the seats going along the sides front to back instead of sideways – you faced each other in the middle. In cold weather the blanket went over our knees – I'd put the blanket over my knees, tuck it in, and then it'd go up and over the next one. Of course the circulation was good all around in back of our knees. That was an early school bus!*

Harold Stone

Four of the seven schools eventually closed due to decreases in student enrollment. Appaquag was one of them. It was later sold to the American Legion for the veterans' use and was moved from its location on Pomfret

Road to the corner of North Bigelow and Windy Hill, where it stands today as a residence. Owners Ellen and John Rodriguez have altered the small building, necessarily and beautifully, and there's little that resembles the original structure. Unlike some of our one room schoolhouses, where the separate entrances and the black boards and the coat pegs were preserved, Ellen confirms that there was little evidence of it as a school house when they purchased it; all that remained were initials carved into a wall.

But it was built of sturdy stuff, as attested to by its survival, and remains in Hampton's history texts as the Appaquag Schoolhouse, and in the recollections recorded in *Hampton Remembers*, where so many years later, the students who once sat at its rows of desks, stoked its woodstove, wrote from an ink well, recited poetry, and played in the fields surrounding it -- recalled so many details of their beloved, little one room schoolhouse.

REMEMBERING...

APPAQUAG SCHOOL

The teachers those days, they were not encumbered with the laws that they have today that you couldn't punish anyone – each one got his own deserts...I remember Daddy Potter was one of the teachers, it seems as though it was at Appaquag School. He was kinda rough. Of course, to start out with they'd ask the children what their name was. One fella spoke up kinda smart, he says "My name is Tobacca Juice". So he hauls him outa his seat, rubs him around on the floor. He says "That's what they do with tobacco juice. What's your name?" And he got it.

Harold Stone

RECIPE OF THE MONTH:

BUTTERSCOTCH SQUARES

The return to school always seems to summon the desire for cookies. This recipe, from a 1949 Hampton PTA Cook Book, might well have been included in the lunch pail of Alice's mother, Helen Hammond Mathews, when she attended the Appaquag School.

Melt ¼ cup butter in sauce pan.

Add 1 cup brown sugar and stir until moist.

Add 1 unbeaten egg and beat.

Add ¾ cups flour, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. baking powder and ½ tsp. vanilla.

Mix thoroughly. Last, add ½ cup nuts. Pour into an 8" X 8" pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Cut in squares while warm.

Alice Mathews

VACATIONING IN THE U. S.:

PART I: NEW MEXICO

This summer, we started our grandson on his travels through the United States, lessons on geography, history, the beauty and the diversity of our nation, beginning with our country's southwestern, native roots: New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and Texas, those that are arguably the most impressive, as the landscape is so very different than anything he's seen on the east coast. Like his grandmother says, "It's like landing on another planet!" For me, I was returning home to where I'm from: "the Land of Enchantment", and I was able to share my friendly and beautiful state with my family. For our daughter, India reconnected with the roots of her heritage, which became apparent as soon as she stepped into the realm of her people.

After arriving in Albuquerque, we went to the Indian Pueblo Cultural Center where the dancers from Acoma entertained us. Called the "Gateway", a small but informative museum of exhibits introduces visitors to the nineteen pueblos of New Mexico. On our way to the next destination, Felix had already noticed the following differences: "no trees, no clouds, lots of sand, lots of Indians." At Petroglyph National Park, he became acclimated with the climate. Visitors must remain on the trails due to the destruction and theft of petroglyphs protected now by federal law, and the markings, drawings and inscriptions on huge boulders and lava rocks, left by the first people of Albuquerque, are easy to miss. So after walking almost a mile through the hot sand with no shade at a hundred degrees, we finally came across some, and were more than satisfied with our find. Felix, especially, was not eager to look for more. The City of Albuquerque has changed a lot – it's grown! -- since I left 30 years ago, and so has Old Town, but San Felipe de Neri Church is still at the heart of the plaza where musicians still entertain visitors on summer nights, and Albuquerque is still a vibrant and colorful blend of diverse cultures.

Felix noticed another enormous difference: enormous mountain ranges, Sandias and the Sangre de Cristos, on the way to our next destination, Chimayo, a Catholic Church built over 400 years ago on grounds that were sacred to the native people. Legend has it that a cross discovered in the dirt, and repeatedly brought to another Church, kept mysteriously returning until the Spanish decided to simply construct a Church on the site of the special

soil for which it is now famous. Today people leave their crutches behind and leave with small containers of the healing soil, and Mass is held in front of the exquisitely carved altar.

Another hour north and we're in Taos. It's easy to see why it's such a popular place. The scenery, the climate, the charming plaza filled with eclectic shops, and the skiing. We are here to visit Taos Pueblo, a UNESCO World Heritage Site which is over 1000 years old and remains occupied by members of the original families. One can purchase Native art, crafts, jewelry and pottery in some of the homes, as well as oven bread, baked daily in outdoor kilns. The Red Willow People are named for the creek which is still used, as the pueblos have neither running water nor electricity. The blue doors of the multi-family adobe buildings are meant to symbolize the southwest, protect against evil spirits, and repel insects. Our Native guide explained all of this, and the church ruins, reminding us that the first American Revolution was in New Mexico in 1680, when Popé united the Pueblos who revolted against the violence and persecution imposed by a European conqueror, successfully driving them from the region, not for long, but long enough for the Native people to reclaim and re-establish their own "ancient traditions, languages and homelands to this day."

The next morning we embarked on one of our longest rides, to Chaco Culture. Long drives through large states, but that's an important part of it -- the beauty along the way. On our journey through ever-changing landscapes, Felix first saw the Rocky Mountains and the Rio Grande, not a big river, but a nurturing, life-giving one to all who live on its banks. The majority of the pueblos in New Mexico are located along the Rio Grande.

Located in Navajo land in New Mexico's northwest, or "the middle of nowhere", and driving on 20 miles of rough roads, half of which is washboard, Chaco is not easy to get to, but as a result, visitors have the place almost to themselves. The only life we saw along the way -- prairie dogs, jack rabbits, and ravens. Chaco Culture, our second World Heritage Site, abandoned Pre-Colombian villages of granaries, kivas, home and ceremonial sites dating back to 850 A. D., line the nine-mile loop in the park. It is said at one time Chaco housed up to 10,000 inhabitants. They are all gone, and one marvels in amazement at the structures that remain. Visitors walk into the villages, touch the stones, listen to the wind, the crows and ravens who live there now. Felix and I found artifacts in one village -- pottery shards, obsidian and





an arrow head, and respecting the spirit, we left them in the desert where they belong.

People always ask – where are the ancient ones who lived here? Where are the Anasazi? What happened to them? Why did they disappear? The response now -- at Taos, at Chaco, at Mesa Verde, at the Grand Canyon -- we are still here. We are the Pueblo, the Navajo, the Ute, the Apache nations, and any and all indigenous people who live in the southwestern region of the United States. We never left. We are the original people of this country, and we are still here. I'm grateful that my family can walk in the sacred land of our ancestors, grateful to share it with others.

Juan Arriola

...to be continued. Please share your summer travels with us; our readers enjoy learning of their neighbors' different adventures.

From A Walk through the Year

September 13: Burnished skies and golden rod at its height. A shimmering pond and a slight haze above the meadows. This is the setting in which, on this day, Nellie becomes one year older. During much of the morning we wander in the sunlit woods. Already the foliage is noticeably thinning. Additional sunshine comes flooding in. Woolly bears are out, humping along the paths. Flickers are moving through. We encounter half a dozen hunting for ants along the Old Colonial Road. At one place we catch the rich, musky perfume of ripe fox grapes. But most of the time we find our enjoyment in little things. We notice how the shadow of a fern frond forms zebra stripes of light and dark on the smooth bark of a young red maple. We observe how low water in the brook has concentrated the water striders into sheltered pools among the mossy rocks. We catch isolated spots of crimson that mark the earliest leaves to change color on the swamp maples. We see small dragonflies dip and dip again as they deposit their eggs in the saturated moss of submerged stones. And we note how the lateness of the season is reflected in the singing of the tree crickets, no longer waiting for the coming of dusk... A letter of recent days comes to mind. An elderly lady in the Midwest wrote that every year she reads again the four books about our trips through the four American seasons, traveling with us anew. And the wonderful part about it, she concluded, is that neither Nellie nor I get any older. At least not in the pages of the books. For while our lives have moved on, that part of our lives has remained unchanged.

Edwin Way Teale

CREATING SANCTUARY IN UNCERTAIN TIMES

As the season turns and we feel the pull inward, I've been reflecting on how essential it is to create spaces for restoration—not as an escape from the world, but as a way to meet it with clarity, compassion, and grounded action.

Over the past few years, I've offered a range of seasonal programs here in Hampton—retreats, mindfulness circles, and land-based gatherings designed to help us reconnect to ourselves, each other, and the earth. These offerings invite us to slow down and remember: we are not alone, and we are not powerless.

This autumn, I'll be offering one such space again:



AUTUMN SANCTUARY RETREAT

A retreat of reflection, renewal,
and reconnection

Saturday, September 13th

11:00AM–4:00 PM

Held at The Forest House
in Hampton, CT

eastandwestoftheriver.com

This gathering will offer a chance to breathe deeply, listen inwardly, and root ourselves in what truly matters. Through meditation, land-based practice, and quiet community, we'll explore how to meet this season—and these times—with presence and integrity.

Especially now, I want to say this clearly:

If you are feeling vulnerable, uncertain, or like you don't quite fit into the dominant narrative of this town or time—you are not alone. And there are spaces for you. There will continue to be spaces for you.

I remain committed to offering circles, ceremonies, and sanctuaries that honor the whole human experience—including grief, confusion, and the longing to make change without losing our center.

If you'd like to join this upcoming retreat—or simply stay connected—I welcome you. Sponsorships are available for anyone in need.

In every season, there is room to begin again.

With warmth, Robin Thompson
East & West of the River Wellness, LLC

Garden

IN THE

with Mary Oliver

WHEN IT ALL COMES TOGETHER

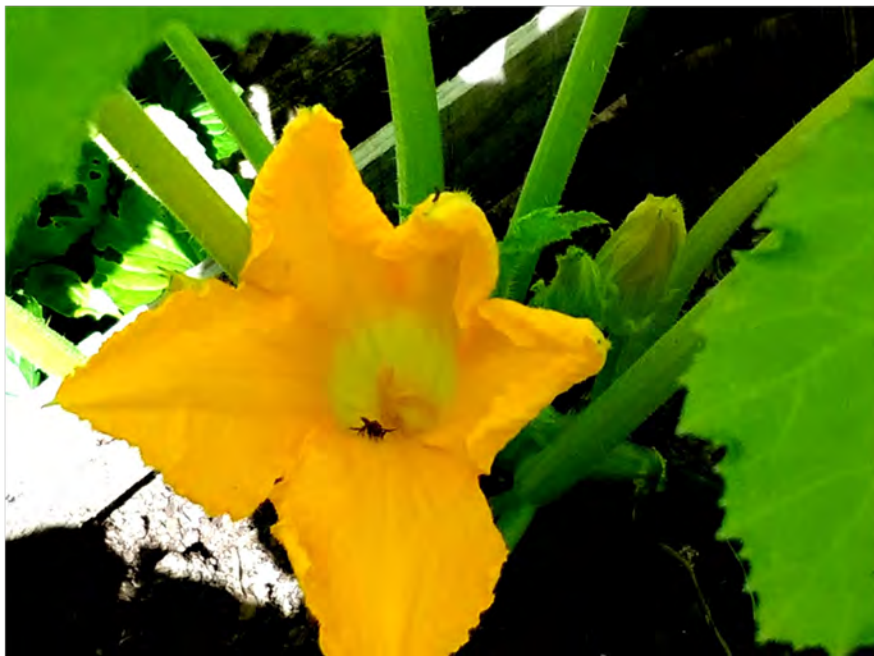
(Random musings on gardening)

After coming in from a morning's weeding and complaining to my spouse about the tomatoes that are still not turning red, I looked down and realized I was wearing almost exactly the same thing my mother would have worn over 50 years ago: a striped tank, pastel shorts, with my glasses perched on my head. I hated that outfit on her, polyester from Sears Roebuck. My 10 year old self was embarrassed when I thought a friend might drop by. She didn't care.

Those first years, I hated the garden. My great-uncle Clinton, was in certain terms, the Ober-Fuhrer of our 40x40 plot on Goshen Road. We had a cold-frame (with electricity); we had an electric fence to keep out the varmints *with a sand perimeter*. I did not understand this, still don't, perhaps David Halbach, who I believe had a hand in the installation, will explain one day.

And there were the rocks. Of all sizes, first dug up with a pick axe and then by our shared rototiller with a friend from North Windham.

My first job in the garden was picking out the rocks, at least the ones that I could lift out easily. Mother promised "arrowheads" as a few had been found in neighbors' gardens—she thought that might spur me forward with a bit more energy and speed as a 10 year old could muster.



I quickly lost interest, until the vegetables started coming in. The bounty of pole beans from their tall teepees, and the zucchinis and summer squash sitting atop their specifically measured mounds. I realize now, that Clinton was a little OCD, even with his blindness he could make it work. The long stems he would have me cut with his handy pen knife (all good gardeners should carry one), and slit the end on both sides. He then brought it to his lips and blew~! A long, low vibrating horn...he gave it to me, and I tried, summer after summer, even after he died, to make that sound. Never got past a windy whistle.

As an adult, I was more than slightly envious of friend's and neighbors' gardens. Some just seemed to make it happen so easily. Eva Loew's gardens were just so: her rhubarb ready like clockwork for a morning rhubarb crisp for Mother's Day breakfast, her rows of unruly nasturtiums brightening up a corner next to the myriad of sweet cherry tomato "volunteers". But, she said, it was the work that makes it happen. Her skills over the years could make her pick out rocks with a potato rake look like a chip shot from a pro golfer. Quick, clean, and the pebbles always managed to land in a small pile outside the perimeter.

Anne Curry's chives from Sunset Hill also had me wanting, and from her I developed a serious yen for an herb garden. My first diggings were from her and I have carried some from garden to garden ever since. They generally take over in a good way, but the mint (as my spouse says, "the pernicious mint") has traveled a little too far for it's own good. It's getting a good rout.

It's been three years of making raised beds, herbs next to the house, tomatoes and borage in front with the sun, and now cucumbers and pole beans on metal fencing that we squeezed into the van from the hardware store. We buy good soil from Mackey's when needed, no more Dr. Dirt (Paulie Tumel) coming by with loam and advice over ice tea.

These days, there's no grouching, we just do our garden doings, weeding when we can, picking random warm tomatoes and snow peas as a snack coming up to the house, and marveling at the murmurations of house wrens that have moved into the Andromeda next to Eva's rhubarb, Joan Johnson's currants, and wild raspberries from who knows where.

It's just as it should be.



OVER THE COUNTER MEDS AND THE ELDERLY: WATCH OUT!

You think that over the counter meds mean no trouble, no side effects. Think again if you are elderly. This summer I got a head cold. It's been years since I had one. I reached into the cabinet where I keep my vitamins and meds and found the head cold med I like. It was so old that the expiration date printed on the bottle had long passed. So I got a new one and took it. It was

good for clearing the sinuses of mucus, coughing, sinus headache, sore throat and more. What was wrong? My vision got blurry. I have wet macular degeneration, which some old people get. My eye chart from my eye doctor has a grid on it of many close vertical lines crossed by many horizontal lines. At the bottom it says call your eye doctor if the lines become wavy. Well, they were wavy. I called the doc's office and was told to come right in. Called a neighbor to drive me in. She came over and drove me. Once there I had all kinds of eye tests, including pictures of inside of eye by retina. Doctor looked in my eye with instrument. He dictated to clerk: no blood. He then asked me if I was taking any new meds. I said I had had a head cold and was taking the XXX cold medicine. That's it he said. That med clears up the moisture in your sinuses, but also your eyes, so if you have wet macular degeneration, it makes things wavy. Go home and put eye drops in your eye that lubricate or hydrate your eye for one day. What a relief, I was not bleeding at the retina, I just dried out and could re-lubricate the eye. My neighbor and I walked out of the doctor's office and Boom! A big lightening bolt and thunder clap, and the rain came down all of a sudden in buckets. We were parked 50 feet away. We were drenched by the time we got to the car.

When I got home, I got a call from a friend who recommended another over the counter cold med. I got that and took it, and got an awful stomach ache from it. Turns out it was full of lemon. I have acid reflux. I don't drink orange juice anymore. I can eat a small orange or small tomato with no problem, but orange juice or spaghetti sauce causes pain because of acid reflux. I challenge you to find an old person that does not have acid reflux. Maybe we need special over the counter meds for old people, or warnings in large print for the possible side effects for old people.

Angela H. Fichter

Dear AUNTIE MAC My adult child is extremely unhappy. She doesn't like her job, she has few friends, has no romantic relationship. When I suggest she get some counseling, career counseling, life counseling, she gets angry and doesn't speak to me for a while. I worry, and would appreciate any advice you could give me.

Worried Mother

My Dear Neighbor:

One of the most heartbreaking things a parent must endure is a truly unhappy child, no matter their age. Auntie Mac assumes that your concern is newfound, and that your daughter did not glide from the womb in a pool of

despair, but rather, recent (or relatively recent) circumstances have produced what you perceive to be a profound listlessness and melancholy. I mention your perception because there are indeed many who despise their jobs, have but few friends, and are not interested in romance, and they are for the most part happy and content—apart from at times expressing a fervent wish to win the lottery and be done with employment altogether. She wonders if you have asked your daughter to share what may be troubling her, or if you are merely relying on your own observation of a change in her behavior and her angry reactions to your offers of “assistance.” Auntie Mac often finds that most people, given the opportunity, will bare their existential crises, frustrations, and litany of ways in which they are indeed Fate's special target, if they trust that the listener is doing just that—listening—and that no advice, suggestions, or attempts to “fix” the problem will be forthcoming. Unadulterated sympathy is what many of us long for and few of us receive, for we all, when on the receiving end of someone's woes—especially those of a loved one—wish to leap in and be “helpful,” when what we are actually doing is belittling the person who's sharing her state of mind with us. Unless the proffered advice is of an order of magnitude so divergent from what the sufferer would have come up with as a solution and then discarded (“I've always felt that a swim in a pond full of leeches followed by a bowl of 10-day-old bean soup just puts me to rights again”), offering unsolicited advice is insulting and, frankly, demeaning. A patient, kind, and non-judgmental ear, without giving in to the urge to repair what *you* feel is broken, will go a long way to providing at least some comfort to an adult daughter who, it appears, needs comforting now, especially from someone close to her. After she begins to trust that you are on her side (“Your supervisor sounds like the worst possible human being ever. That must be awful for you.” “I envy your skill at that single-player video game.” “I never liked Harold—he has the face of a mole. Such squinty little eyes; you're well rid of him.”) she may begin to divulge more about this current emotional state, and actually request--and welcome--your help. And when that day comes, you'll be more than ready.

Your Auntie Mac

FOREST&FIELD

GOODWIN STATE FOREST & CONSERVATION CENTER

September 6: **Black Bears for Kids** 2 – 3PM
Master Wildlife Conservationist Paul Colburn will instruct us on black bears, their habitat, diet, behavior, and cub-raising ways. Learn practical tips on how we can safely and respectfully share space with them.

September 14 **Exploring the Wonders of Wetlands** 2– 4PM

Dr. Beth Lawrence will discuss the diversity of wetlands, their unique features, management, and challenges, followed by an hour-long walk highlighting some wetland features at Goodwin. Register on our website: ctparks.com/events.

CONNECTICUT AUDUBON AT TRAIL WOOD

93 Kenyon Road

Fridays in September **Trail Wood Walking Club** 1 – 3PM Meet us in the parking lot, weather and trail conditions permitting. If you would like to be on the walk reminder list, contact trailwood@ctaudubon.org.

September 3 **Trail Wood Troubadours** 6 – 9PM Join a group of acoustic music lovers to play popular songs written when the Teales lived at Trail Wood, 1959-1993. A PDF of chords and lyrics will be provided. Participation is limited to ten participants per session. Registration is required; email trailwood@ctaudubon.org.

September 18 **Trail Wood Bird Walk** 8AM Join Andy Rzeknikiewicz on a guided bird walk. Bring your binoculars and wear drab-colored clothing. Registration required; email arzeknikiewicz@ctaudubon.org.

JOSHUA'S TRUST

Sundays in September **Gurleyville Grist Mill Guided Tours** 1 – 5PM

Nestled in the historic Mansfield village of Gurleyville, on the banks of the Fenton River, the Joshua's Trust Gurleyville Grist Mill stands much as it was in 1830. The 15-acre campus of field and forest also includes the Miller's Cottage, birthplace of Gov. Wilbur Cross, whose grandfather and father were millers here. Guides will be available to give tours of the mill and the extant machinery used in the 19th century water-powered mills



Trail Wood

Under the Harvest Moon Celebration Returns!

September 20, 5–8 PM
93 Kenyon Rd, Hampton

All funds benefit Trail Wood environmental programs

- Casual attire
- Rain or shine
- Reserve by calling 860.928.4948



HAMPTON HOSTS FIRST EVER SCARECROW CONTEST AT HARVEST FEST

Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church is excited to announce Hampton's inaugural Scarecrow Contest, a fun and creative fundraiser coinciding with the annual Harvest Fest. The contest will take place on the Hampton Town Hall lawn, where stakes will be numbered and "pre-planted". Come celebrate fall and community spirit by creating a memorable scarecrow to brighten Hampton's Harvest Fest!

For more information, contact Fletcher Memorial Library at 860.455.1086.

September 27 **Nature Magnified at Joshua's Trust Allanach-Wolf Woodlands** 10AM -- NOON

Join us on a fun, family-friendly, micro exploration of Allanach-Wolf Woodlands in Windham. We'll stop by the pollinator meadow and follow the path around Lake Marie to take a close look at the tiny world of mushrooms, mosses, ferns and more through a small handheld magnifier (loupe). This will be a leisurely walk through some tall grass with minor roots and rocks. Loupes will be provided. Registration is required at <https://joshuatrust.org/events/>. Visit for details, updates and cancellations.



Happy fall, y'all! Mark your calendars for our upcoming **September sale weekend**. It's a treasure trove of unique goods including pottery, wooden wares, textiles, toys, wall decor, crafts and supplies and Halloween, only at **Vintage Revisited**.

September 19, 20 and 21, 9 - 3.

Final sale of year October 24 - 26.

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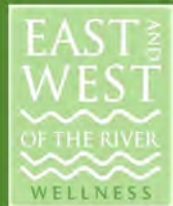
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