

## Peacham Celebrates Opening of New History Archives

Many decades after the idea of moving Peacham's remarkable collections from the Old Town Office was first proposed, the Peacham Historical Association (PHA) formally celebrated the opening of its new building—the Lorna Field Quimby Archives and Research Center—on Sunday, June 14. On the anniversary of the groundbreaking in 2014, PHA invited the community to a ribbon-cutting ceremony and dedication. Nearly 100 people attended, including local government officials, the Executive Director of the Vermont Historical Society, donors to PHA's Capital Campaign, project contractors, Peacham Academy alumni, and many other PHA friends.

The ribbon-cutting and dedication was a special community event. PHA President Johanna Branson began the ceremony by thanking the many people who had worked to make the new building possible. She noted that Michael Walsh and Son, builders from Danville, served as the contractor for

John Marshall watched as Lorna cut the ribbon.



(left to right) John Marshall, chair of PHA Capital Campaign; Johanna Branson, PHA President; Jutta Scott, PHA Head of Buildings; Rusty Barber, PHA Project Manager; Lorna Quimby, PHA Retired Curator; Jane Kitchel, Vermont State Senator; and Annette Lorraine, Peacham Select Board Member.

the project. She underscored that PHA had outgrown the cramped space at the Old Town Office with its poor environmental conditions, serious fire risks, and a steep flight of stairs. In contrast, she said: "Here we have a space accessible to everyone on feet and wheels, much less likely to catch fire, and true climate controls, separate rooms for records, photographs and textiles, in an energy-efficient building. And we were able to share space with our wonderful partners, the Peacham Academy Alumni Association, to display their replica of the Academy Building."

Johanna thanked John Marshall, who chaired the successful Capital Campaign, and the generous donors and many volunteers who made this new building possible.

She welcomed the afternoon's first speaker: Jane Kitchel, Vermont State Senator. Senator Kitchel offered remarks about the interconnected histories of Peacham and Danville, and her

personal history with family from both towns. She noted the many historical links, including the decision in 1775 to let Danville have the county court house and establish the County Grammar School in Peacham. She also highlighted the Vermont history of Thaddeus Stevens, who was born in Danville but grew up in Peacham and attended the Peacham Academy. She ended with a note about her family connection to the Martin family, one of the earliest settlers in Peacham.

Johanna next introduced Select Board member Annette Lorraine. Annette said we are "fortunate to call Peacham home," and noted that "now to have local history available in its own pleasant archives is a remarkable benefit." She cited her inspiration from Wallace Stegner's writing about a sense of place and the importance local history plays in establishing that sense.

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## LETTER FROM THE PHA PRESIDENT



Detail from one of the quilts featured in this year's exhibition at the Historical House *By Peacham Hands: 150 Years of Quilts with Stories*.

those years, it is worth noting Bogart's book was published in 1948. I would love to see more attention given to the years before and after, i.e., Native American history, and more modern history.

Over the next couple of years, I would like to encourage the PHA and its members to focus more on Peacham's 20th century history. I feel some urgency about this. There are still people here who have personal memories of the early and mid-century, and some who even have memories of stories told about things that happened in the late 19th century. We need to listen to them. We have already started.

Marilyn Magnus's wonderful recordings of oral histories are now being transcribed and excerpted by Jane Alper, starting with that of Nancy Bundgus, here in this issue of the *Peacham Patriot*. Nancy is turning 100 this year, and the recollections she shared with her daughter Nancy Lou and Marilyn are vivid and delightful.

Susan Chandler is beginning to look carefully at our textile collections, a task made easier by their spacious home in the new Archives and Research Center. A donation by Jean Dedham of a fascinating quilt made in the 1920's to raise funds for street lamps in East Peacham led Susan to focus her attention for this year's exhibit in the Historic House on quilts from the late 19th to mid-20th century that tell vivid stories about the life and times of their makers. This in turn inspired this year's Ghost Walk, featuring four people who personified the changes taking place in Peacham in the 1920's.

All this has given us even more ideas about subjects to document and explore in the years to come. As always, all your ideas and memories are invaluable to us. We welcome your suggestions and contributions. Stay in touch!

JOHANNA BRANSON, PHA President

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Johanna Branson sharing punch with PHA vice president, Susan Chandler, Barry Lawson and Karen Lewis.

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She ended by remarking that the Archives and Research Center "is a beautiful reminder of our special place, Peacham, and that we are fortunate to have a strong historical association, dedicated volunteers, and generous donors, who made the building possible."

Johanna extended special thanks to Jutta Scott and Rusty Barber for their work in making the building a reality. She then asked Lorna Quimby, Curator Emerita, to cut the ribbon.

The building is dedicated to Lorna Field Quimby, longtime curator of the historical collections and author of many essays and books about local history. Lorna Quimby used special scissors borrowed from the Vermont Department of Transportation for the ceremonial cutting.

The Ribbon-Cutting and Dedication ended with a reception and refreshments at the adjacent PHA Historical House.

The public is invited to use the historical resources for research in the new Lorna Field Quimby Archives and Research Center. It is now open to the public on Monday mornings, 10-12, and Wednesday afternoons from 1-3 or by appointment.

JUTTA R. SCOTT

### **DON'T FORGET !**

**Peacham Historical Association  
annual meeting  
Wednesday, August 19, 7:00 p.m.,  
Peacham Congregational Church**



## By Peacham Hands: 150 Years of Quilts with Stories

This year's Historic House exhibit opened over the July 4th weekend. The exhibit features a broad range of quilts, each of which offers a special history or story. Their dates of origin range from the 1976 U.S. Bi-Centennial back to an 1840's album quilt. A self-guided tour booklet walks the viewer through the quilts, and each quilt has been displayed so that it can be closely examined.

Our 2015 exhibit was inspired by the acquisition of a 1920's quilt from Peacham resident Jean Dedham. The pale yellow and white quilt originally came from Jean's late mother, Eloise Miller, and depicts 20 panels, each with 20 names in a "light beam" pattern. The quilt was originally created as a fundraiser for East Peacham street lights, and the late Walter Thorne, then Peacham Town Clerk, recorded the names on the quilt in his perfect penmanship. The quilt may have been embroidered and quilted by his daughter or wife, but we have no record of who actually made it. Amazingly, we were able to trace the provenance thanks to a small card folded

into the quilt itself. This quilt has not been publicly displayed for nearly 80 years.

Another feature of this year's exhibit is an early "album" or "signature" quilt, listed in our records as the "Blanchard Quilt." Album quilts were often made for a young woman leaving to go westward. Every panel of the quilt was signed, and the final quilt became a sentimental reminder of the close ties and friendships between women. Genealogical research has allowed us to examine the names on the quilt and provide a date for its creation. The exhibit includes the story of how we dated this remarkable piece of needlework.

We also have a "Mystery Quilt" on display. Like the Blanchard quilt, our mystery quilt has initials and names assigned to the various squares. However, we lack a provenance for the quilt, and we are hopeful that a PHA member will have more information about this piece. Please come and take a look. Perhaps you can solve the mystery for us!

Other quilts in this year's exhibit include a Thrifty Quilt, the Bi-Centennial Quilt, a remarkable Red Work Quilt and other fine examples of special quilts. We hope that you come and enjoy the exhibit. It is open every Sunday afternoon from 2-4 pm and will close after Peacham Fall Foliage Day on October 1st.

SUSAN CHANDLER



## Peacham Snow Roller Museum Opening

A major event at Peacham's July 4, 2015 celebration was the official opening of the Snow Roller Barn Museum on the upper Green a short distance from the village center. The largest of its snow rollers made its debut in the tractor parade before being towed to the museum. Open all day, the museum attracted scores of visitors who marveled at the collection of snow rollers acquired from various Vermont towns, as well as hand-crafted models of snow rollers, photographs, and related items, including a buffalo blanket and feed bag.

Dick Hovey's recent book, *Snow Rollers of Vermont*, with its wonderful historical and modern photos, and chapter on the Peacham Snow Roller Museum, was a big hit. All the copies on hand were snapped up by museum visitors.



photo: Dorian Scott

The roller barn, believed to be the only one still existing in Vermont, was probably built in the late 19th or early 20th centuries to house the heavy rollers used to compact snow on the roads before the advent of snow plows. The barn narrowly escaped demolition in 2005 as the result of efforts by a dedicated group of people headed by Dick Hovey, long-term Peacham resident. Allen Thresher, Jr. and Andy Cochran, donated their labor to shore up the barn. Dick raised funds to acquire the snow rollers and other items now on display. Last year, the town installed a concrete foundation and recently a hardwood floor. More work is needed to complete the museum, including installment of lighting, replacing damaged boards on the sides of the barn, and improving accessibility for visitors.

The museum will be open to the public during town events, such as Fall Foliage Day, and eventually perhaps on a more frequent basis.



## Memories of Life in Peacham

### Conversation with Nancy Bundgus and Nancy Lou Saidi

#### Editor's Note

In April 2012, Marilyn Magnus sat down for almost an hour with Nancy Bundgus and her daughter Nancy Lou at their Church Street home recording their memories. Last month I had the immense pleasure of transcribing that recording. I hope that the excerpts that follow convey something of the richness and humor of their recollections. I've edited the transcript to increase readability but have tried to preserve the speakers' actual words as much as possible. At a few points where I added a word to complete a statement, I've enclosed the word in brackets. I've identified the speakers by their initials: M for Marilyn, N for Nancy, NL for Nancy Lou.

JANE ALPER

**M:** I'm Marilyn Magnus and I'm recording Nancy Bundgus, her memories, on April 12, 2012. And so I'll start with asking you, Nancy, when did you first move to Peacham?

**NL:** She started living here, I think, in 1948 but she had many connections with childhood. She had lots of relatives, and so with her mother she used to come up in summers to visit people.

**N:** We stayed with Aunt Elizabeth, Elizabeth Parker.

**NL:** What's the story about the game you used to play in the hay? The pitchfork, remember? You took turns with the pitchfork that carried the hay up?

**N:** Oh yes, and riding on it. My sister was scared of doing it and so they were mean to her. We took turns going up and I made sure that this person would be the last person to go up and land in the hay, and then when the fork came back I just fastened it down there so she was left up in the hay and couldn't get down. And oh, I remember my mother was so upset, and I said, "Oh well, she can yell loud enough and her family would hear," but I was chastised. I can't even remember how I was chastised because it didn't bother me. She'd been mean to my sister so—

**NL:** You listened to them saying to you, "You should never do it again. This was not a very nice thing to do," and you said, "Yes, yes," and then your mother and father went out the door and you said, "But I'd do it again."

**M:** Do you remember going to church here in Peacham?

**N:** Oh yes. We went to the Peacham church.

**NL:** And you were telling me that one of your memories was the church bell.

**N:** Ringing the church bell. Well, they asked me to ring the bell before church, and I guess you kids watched me. I pulled down the bell and I didn't have the sense to release the cord, and as it rang I just went up to the ceiling with it. Am I the only person that ever did that? I still can remember my children looking at me ringing the bell and they all wanted to take turns ringing the bell so they could go up to the ceiling too.

**NL:** I remember riding the bell. That was great fun.

Nancy Bundgus with her daughters Nancy Lou and Juliette.



**M:** Now, were you living then in this house when you were living up here as family?

**NL:** I think we arrived at the Parker house but then quickly you moved into—I know it as the Bond's house, and it had the old stove downstairs with a stovepipe that went up to the bedroom up through the floor, but there was a little hole in the floor where it came through, and I discovered that if you went over—or one of us, maybe my sister who was older—if you leaned in that hole and you spit it would land on the stove and sizzle.

**M:** So now, that would have been when that you lived there?

**NL:** I think 1949, and we moved in here in 1950. So it was one year down there.

**NL:** She did write that hymn that we had published, and it says 1985 on it. She tells the story that she was with the minister, who was complaining that there are very few hymns written for Communion, and she said, "Well, why don't you write one?" And then she said, she got home and she said, "Well that was a stupid thing to say. I should do it myself, I shouldn't ask other people to do things, I should do it myself." And she, who's never written a piece of music in her life, she sat down at the piano. I think she first wrote the words she fiddled around at the piano. She said, the first thing she said is, "Well, *Silent Night* is no great shakes, I can do it."

**M:** I remember when you did that because then they made copies of that hymn and put them all in the back of all the hymnals. I remember they announced it in church that you had written this hymn

**N:** Are they still—

**M:** They still sing it, yes.

**NL:** Well, then, what was your memory about town meeting day in the church? You said that they used to call it—

**N:** Town eating day.

**M:** Town eating day? I haven't heard that one.

**N:** Oh, well, you kids used to call it that.

**NL:** I don't know if it was us.

**M:** Well, the meal used to be very good.

**N:** Oh, I know, yes. Well, everyone I told about it laughed, and so for a while it was town eating day.

**NL:** Well, I recall Howard Hebblethwaite, who we used to call Uncle Howard.

**M:** And he ran the store.

**NL:** Yeah, and he lived in that house on the corner, and so whoever was minister would have to go around the corner to the parsonage, and I was sitting there with him one day, and it was a particularly dour minister who'd been here for a while, and he walked by and Uncle Howard said, "There goes the minister. You can tell he's the minister. He's feeling bad for everybody."

**NL:** And another church-related memory—and what reminded me is that the parsonage is away from the church when usually parsonages are right next to the church. So what is the story about someone coming knocking at the door one night?

**N:** [He] said, "Will you marry me?" And I was completely dumbfounded. I'd never seen him before, and then I said, "Oh, you're looking for the minister. He lives over there." Yes, I remember that. I was completely dumbfounded. This tall handsome man was knocking at the door and saying, "Will you marry me?" That was unusual.

**NL:** Well I have some anecdotes. You know that Peacham was for a while a dry town, but my grandmother used to like to have parties where she would invite people for her dandelion wine or her scuppernong parties. I don't know what it is either, but she would have scuppernong parties. And when Juliette went to Sunday school, one time the teacher said, "What would you do if Jesus came to your house?" And she said, "I'd invite him in for a cocktail."

**NL:** Now, do you have a memory of the first time you wanted to vote after you'd come up here? You were telling me, you couldn't vote apparently when you arrived?

**N:** Oh yes, you had to live in Peacham, I think, something like five years to be

able to vote, and I said, "This is ridiculous. I can understand that you can't vote on Peacham things if you haven't lived here but I certainly can vote on national things." and would it be the town clerk or whoever it was, he said, "Well, OK, I will give you permission to vote on national things if you promise not to vote on Peacham [matters]," and that I did. And then at the end of the day, they read out the vote and I think that there were two or three people who had voted Democratic, And my mother turned to me and she said, "You didn't?" "And I said, "Of course I did." And she said, "After Mr.—the town clerk gave you permission to vote you should have at least had the decency to vote Republican." I'll never forget that. And think how many people vote Democratic now.

**NL:** And the story about how you got your job at the school?

**N:** Oh, let me see, Mr. Dole came to church and he said, "Will you be my secretary?" And I said, "Secretary, secretary? I couldn't be anybody's secretary; I wouldn't know how to be. Whatever gave you that [idea]?" And he said, "Well, I went to the library and they told me that you bought some typing paper, and so I decided that, yes, you could be my secretary." And I said, Why yes, I have a typewriter and I go like that on typing paper" (demonstrating). And he said, "Well, all I can say is I hope you feel sorry for me and come down." And that's the wrong thing to say to me. So I felt sorry for him, and he would dictate and I would write it out and then I would type it, and of course it took forever. I was just answering letters that had been written to him, and I said, "Well, I have an idea. Why don't you show me the letters and I'll write the answers and then you can correct them and I'll rewrite them, but that will be a lot faster than this." Pretty soon I was doing all the letters, and then he said that he wanted me to be a teacher—and what kind of a teacher was I supposed to be?

**NL:** You taught English and I think French because you could say "Hello how are you" in French or something. But English, mainly English.

**N:** Yes, English. And I can remember one time I happened to be near the door when some kid was going out of the door and he was talking to a friend and he said, "Boy, that class is more fun than any other class." (Laughing) Well, I'm not so sure that my classes should be such fun.

**NL:** Oh yes, I remember that you used to say your contribution to the Peacham educational system—do you remember that? Well, they had outhouses and they had Sears Roebuck catalogs, little squares that they put a string through, and that was your toilet paper. And she suggested that they might improve what the kids used for their bottoms, and she introduced toilet paper. So she used to say, "That's my contribution to the Peacham educational system."

**M:** Now what do you remember of the winters here when you were living in this house? Were you here when they were still using snow rollers?

**N:** Yes, I remember those.

**NL:** Well, I remember all of us sliding from the top down into East Peacham. Someone would stand to say the road's clear, but there was so little traffic hardly anyone ever came by, and we would start up there and we would just go the whole way down.

**M:** How would you get back?

**NL:** You walked. Someone either had to pull you or you walked back up.

**M:** Were you on sleds; were you on your stomachs?

**NL:** I think we were on [sleds] on our stomachs. Yeah.

**M:** When you think back on that, [that wasn't] necessarily the safest way down.

**NL:** I remember going as far as that cemetery but I think the daredevils did go all the way down.

**M:** Oh yes, because it gets nice and really steep there

**NL:** And I remember something about that cemetery. I don't think it's my imagination; I think that I saw once a grave stone. It was a little grave stone close to the ground, that said:

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## The Early Years of Peacham

*The second installment of the History of Peacham by Johanna Branson, the first part of which appeared in the Spring, 2015 edition of the Patriot.*

### PART TWO

In the early 19th century, changes came, first to the landscape.

Hill farming was always a struggle, and weather, such as that in 1816 when it snowed every single month of the year and all crops failed, did not help. With the introduction of Merino sheep in Vermont, many farmers shifted to specialized sheep farming. In 1840, at the height of the sheep-farming boom, there were 9,229 sheep in Peacham—six times the town's human population. This had the effect of clearing 70% of the forested landscape; open vistas of rolling hills of pasture land replaced most of the trees. The prosperity of these years brought increased commerce to town, and remarkable lines of Greek Revival buildings were added along the roads to the village. Both the Academy and the Church relocated from their windy hill to new buildings closer to the village center, making an active, busy town. Population peaked at 1,443 in 1840. In addition to the center of Peacham, called the Corner, there were outlying villages which were active hubs of the many small industries needed to support farming and village life—grist, lumber, woolen and starch mills, blacksmith shops, tanneries, cabinetry and furniture shops, as well as general stores for the few things residents didn't make themselves.

But more change was already underway. During the next decade the coming of the railroad to Northern New England brought in cheaper wool from the Midwest, and the bubble of speculation supporting sheep breeding burst. Peacham's farmers abandoned sheep farming. 80% of the men in town were farmers in 1850; by 1860, only 50% farmed. Many young people left, often for better farmland in the West, and sometimes to try their luck in the California Gold Rush. We have many of their letters home. One woman, Roxana Watts Walbridge, corresponded frequently with her many children, and

she reports to one child about the letter from Sarah, another:

*I got a letter from Sarah a few days ago she says they are in tolerable good health but she is not contented I expect they have seen some pretty hard times since they have been on their new place. They have built them a log house and the winter was so severe that they suffered very much with the cold... Sarah writes that it has been very trying in minnesota and the prospect for crops were not very flattering. I think it is rather a hard case for one to go from a cold Country to a colder one and have to suffer all the privations of new faring hard and being homesick into the bargain as Sarah is she thinks she don't see anything there that is any better than in Vermont and a good many things worse especially the snakes she has to watch there to keep them out of the house and the beds she says she killed as many as three a day for 3 weeks within 3 feet of her house. I don't believe she will ever be contented there.*

Although the population was declining, Peacham continued to be extremely active culturally. Several topics were matters of passionate local debate, including temperance. (At one point every farm had a still). Perhaps the most historically important debate concerned the abolition of slavery in the United States. Vermont was the first state to prohibit slavery in its constitution, and although Vermonters held various opinions on the matter, several residents of Peacham fought in a number of ways to abolish slavery.

First, in the political fight, Peacham sent one of its best to the national struggle. Thaddeus Stevens was a brilliant student at the Academy. His mother had moved to Peacham so he could attend the school, and even though he was disabled by a club foot, he walked the three miles to and from their home, often twice a day, to attend. There is some evidence that he was a very independent student—several anecdotes about his caustic wit survive—

but he took advantage of the resources available to him, for example, studying law with John Mattocks. Stevens was one of the nation's leaders urging President Lincoln to pass the Emancipation Proclamation and steering passage of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments. He remained loyal to Peacham, giving generous bequests to the library, and the cemetery.

Also prominent in the abolition movement were the Johnson brothers, Oliver and Leonard. Oliver, an esteemed editor and publisher, became nationally prominent and was one of the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He worked closely with William Lloyd Garrison in the forefront of the movement, travelling and lecturing widely. He brought Garrison and other leaders to Peacham when they were on their Vermont lecture circuit. Leonard was more influential locally. Tradition has it that his farm was a station on the Underground Railroad, and he was known for his outspoken opinions. He was brought before the church for using "unchurchly language" towards a fellow parishioner in a hot debate, and was suspended from the church for a number of years. Although the minister eventually brought about a reconciliation of sorts, it is clear Leonard was not wholly repentant. He was also part of the national network of people who rang their church bells for one hour upon hearing the news of the execution of John Brown.

Peacham voted overwhelmingly in support of Abraham Lincoln's presidency, and the Civil War ushered in one of the town's most distinguished if sad times. Many young men enlisted, probably in part because they believed in the cause and in part because the army offered poor farm boys decent wages. Whatever the reason, Peacham made major sacrifices in the war effort: 48 of the 169 Peacham men who served gave their lives for the Union cause.

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Although many died in battle, even more died of disease. The first to die in action was Hazen Hooker; he was followed by many more. Vermonters were prized soldiers. They were famous for their discipline; only one person from Peacham is known to have deserted. In the Battle of the Wilderness, when General Grant asked for the best men to hold the road, it was Vermonters who did so, at a terrible cost.

Being a literate population—60 Academy students enlisted—many of the soldiers wrote letters home, giving us vivid images of their experiences. Isaac Watts, brother to Sarah and son of Roxana, was one.

Isaac Watts, writing from camp near Kernstown, Virginia, November 10, 1864:

*Dear Sister,*

*... We had a very quiet election last Tues. I voted for "Abe" if course and our reg(iment.) gave him 220 majority. Some of the old regiments went for McClellan, but in the Brig(ade). Lincoln had about 450 majority. I think that is pretty well considering how many there are that are not voters. McLellan men were, as a general thing, rather inclined to the rufscuff of the lot and I guess it is so throughout the country. The wind is blowing pretty hard and smoke and cinders fly from the fire into my tent so I can hardly write. But as you are a pretty good hand to pick out bad writing perhaps you can this...*

When he returned to Peacham, Isaac Watts led the effort to establish a soldier's monument. Funded by private subscription, it was dedicated on July 4, 1870. It stands today, and is the site of the annual reading of the Declaration of Independence on July 4.

To be continued in the next issue of the *Peacham Patriot*.

*She tasted of life's bitter cup,  
Refused to drink the potion up,  
But turned her little head aside  
Disgusted with life's taste, and died.*

And it's not there [now].

**M:** Somebody probably stole it. This is the thing, gravestones can be decorative in your garden, so every once in a while you hear about a grave stone that's missing from the cemetery, and probably someone has come through, liked what was said on there, and instantly lifted it.

**NL:** I was so impressed that I memorized it.

**N:** I can remember when I got a job on the radio and I got up early to get there before the streets had all been plowed, and I skidded off in Danville someplace, and a cop came along and bawled me out. And he said, "Don't you know, you should wait until the roads have been plowed before you get out on them?" And I said, "Yes, but I work at the radio station and I'm the one that announces to everybody that the roads have not been plowed." And he said "Oh, well, I'll take you up to the station," and then I think I said, "I'll let you make the announcement." And I remember how tickled he was and how people at the station just laughed and laughed at who the announcer was.

**M:** How long did you have that job?

**N:** Well, let me see. When did they open the TV station? Well, whenever the TV station was opened I went to Burlington and asked to apply for

a job, and they said, well, I couldn't be an announcer because a woman's voice did not have the authority that a man's voice [had], but I could write the commercials, so I got a job. Then Mary Barber's Corset Shop bought an ad and she brought down a little mannequin with a corset on it, and there wasn't a man in the station that would do Mary Barber's Corset Shop, so of course they turned to me, and so I did it

**NL:** They used to tease you when you did the commercial--the cameramen.

**N:** The cameraman would tease me every time I said "Mary Barber's Corset Shop." They said "You mean Mary Corset's Barber Shop," and so by the time I headed on the air I said very distinctly "Mary Barber's Corset Shop," and she called up the station and said I was terrific, I spoke more distinctly than many of the men, and so I got a permanent job as an announcer.

**M:** You would have been the first announcer in the station

**N:** Yes, well, I was the first in Vermont, the first woman announcer.

**M:** Wow, when was that? Would it have been the 60s, the 70s?

**NL:** No I would say 54, 55.

**N:** Yeah, I had a lot of fun.

**M:** Nancy, do you mind me asking you how old you are for this interview?

**N:** Yes, I'm 96. You can remember because you can turn it upside down and I'm still 96, and I've decided I'm not going to get any older.

**Nancy Parker Gottfried Bundgus.** Born in Nutley, N.J., (hence the childhood nickname "the nut from Nutley"), September 24, 1915. First came to Peacham to visit relatives, staying at the "Shaw Farm". Attended Bennington College (in its second year of existence), graduated from New York University. Began career in advertising in a N.Y.C. "Madison Ave." agency (she could have been called a "Madwoman"). Married in Hollywood where she wrote a fan magazine for Roy Rogers and The Sons of the Pioneers called "Tumbleweed Topics". Came to Peacham in 1948 and taught English at Peacham Academy. Worked at St. J. radio station WTNW, Burlington radio and TV stations WCAX, where she was both copywriter and had her own TV show, "Shopping with Nancy," and co-hosted a second show, "The Mixing Bowl". Was the first female vice-president of a Vermont Bank, the Howard Bank in Burlington, in charge of advertising. Retired to Peacham in 1980 where she says she had never worked so hard in her life, being on committees and baking cookies!

NANCY LOU SAIDI AND JULIETTE AVOTS



Steve Galinat portraying Walter Thorn.

photo: Aubrey Cabot-Care

## 2015 Ghost Walk

Peacham's 18th annual Ghost Walk debuted on July 4 to general acclaim. Inspired by this summer's quilt exhibit at the Historic House, the theme was "The Roaring Twenties" and featured four Peachamites active during that period: Mary Craig 1870-1952, midwife and quilter (portrayed by Marsha Garrison); Eleanor Bayley 1914-1999, basketball star at Peacham Academy (played by Diana Senturia); Walter Thorn 1864-1954, Peacham Town Clerk who participated in designing the Electrical Quilt on display at the Historic House (played by Steve Galinat); and Crane Brinton 1898-1968, distinguished Harvard historian and long-time summer resident (Played by Jock Gill). Jean Dedam, Lynne Lawson, Marilyn Magnus, and Brad Toney acted as docents in period dress. Dart Thalman continued his long-standing role as organizer and MC. Joanna Bodenweber designed the program. Close to 70 people attended. If you missed the performance, you can catch it again on Fall Foliage Day, October 1.

## RAYMOND S. BLANCHARD

1926 - 2015

Ray, as he was known, lived in Albany, New York. Born in Peacham, his father, Carroll Francis Blanchard, was the youngest of his family. He graduated from Norwich University, a military college, and was a civil engineer in Albany. Susie Blanchard Abbott was an older sister.

As a young man, Ray spent summers with his aunt Susie and her husband Lewis and had fond memories of time spent with them in their home on the Mack's Mountain road. An only child, Ray enjoyed the ties he found in Peacham and was happy to share his memoirs with us. He gave us his father's sword and equipment from Norwich, the grandfather clock and rocking chair that belonged to the Blanchards who settled in Peacham in the early days. Thank you, Ray. I miss your phone calls.

Lorna Quimby, July, 2015



photo: Diana Senturia

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## The Peacham Patriot

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