

GARDNER

NEWSLETTER

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Cousins Ruth Wynn and Lois Cardwell at Tony and Bunny Maria's 50th wedding anniversary party back in 2003.

Ruth Wynn's Watercolor Paintings are Famous All Over the World



In the Fall, 2018 issue of the newsletter, we displayed some of the artwork that Uncle Henry Metcalf created during his lifetime. You may remember that he was Aunt Ruth's, the eldest of the "Original Gang of Ten," husband. The *Gardner Newsletter* has also featured the paintings of Edna Lang Eggleston (Grandpa Gardner's half-sister). You can see some of her work by going to The Lang-Johnson-Eggleston Connection page on www.gardnernews.org.

But did you know that on the other side of the family (Grandma Gardner's side) there was another artist who achieved national notoriety because of her watercolor paintings? That artist's name is Ruth Wynn. She is a cousin of the Original Gang of Ten on Grandma Gardner's side of the family. Let's take a look at Ruth's place in the family hierarchy as well as some of her paintings that can be purchased on e-bay even to this day. The graphic shown on Page 3 was researched

by Uncle Raymond, the Gardner family's most prominent and prolific genealogy researcher.

The *Gardner Newsletter* has published quite a few articles over the years on Grandma Gardner and her family's connection to the Town of Sudbury, Massachusetts. You can peruse the archives on-line if you wish to re-read these articles. Many of Grandma Gardner's family members are buried in cemetery-

More about Ruth Wynn ...

ies in Sudbury (one of them is the New Town Cemetery), as you can see from the photos shown in this issue.

Here is a portion of Ruth Wynn's obituary that reveals her very impressive artistic pedigree/credentials.

"March 18, 2007. Born in Sudbury, MA. on Jan. 13, 1923 and made her home in Waltham, MA with her loving husband Walter J. Wynn for 57 years. They moved to Brooksby Village in Peabody, MA. in 2004. Ruth was an accomplished artist who studied at the Oak Grove School in Vassalboro, Maine and at the Museum School and the Modern School both in Boston, MA. Ruth was a member of the American Watercolor Society and was the first women officer of the Boston Watercolor Society. She was also a member of the Rockport Art Association, the Salmagundi Club, the Allied Artists of America, the N.E. Watercolor Society, the Rocky Mountain Watermedia and the Guild of Boston Artists where she served as secretary and on its board of managers. Ruth had numerous awards including the American Watercolor Winsor Newton Award. Her work has been on display at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, MA. as well as other private and public collections across the country. Ruth's work has also been featured in many books published about watercolor artists. Ruth worked in advertising at Grover Cronin's in Waltham, MA. for many years prior to starting her

family."

The following is a message to *Gardner News* from Ruth Wynn's husband, Walter, back in 2006 as they were both struggling with health issues. It is posted on Bunny's 50th wedding anniversary page at www.gardnernews.org.

Hello Dear Family and Friends,

I hope all is well with you and will continue.

For me, I am feeling fine most of the time. I'm being seen once a year to check on a bladder cancer and two skin cancers. Compared to other couples I have heard about, this is minor.

I am sorry not to be in touch all year like some others have with us - and we enjoy. I would like to be more in touch, but don't count on it. Ruth was always the letter writer. I am more likely to pick up the telephone, - so maybe!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

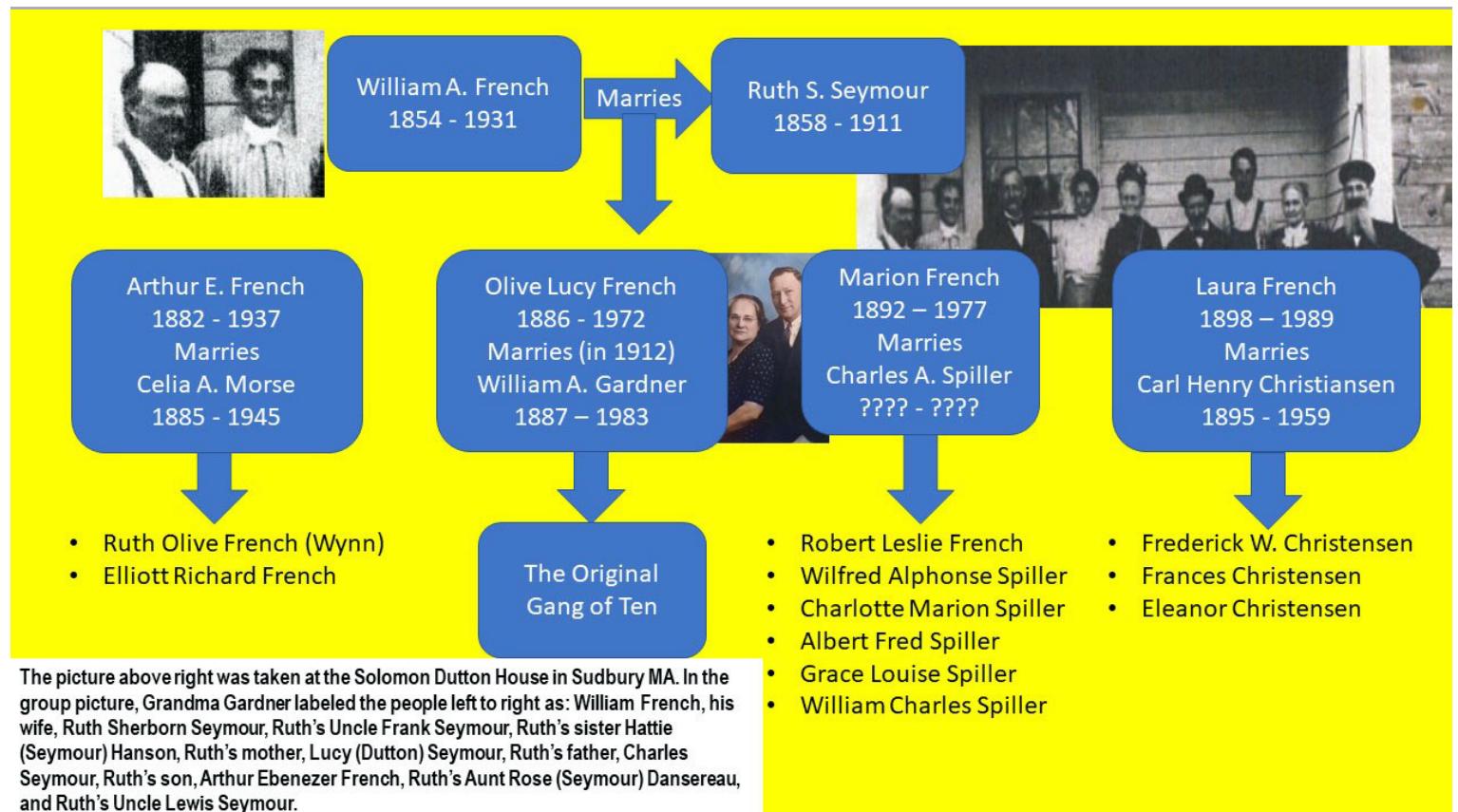
With Love and Best Wishes,

Wally and Ruth

Let's appreciate the fact that Ruth Wynn's watercolor painting legacy will survive long after we have "shed this mortal coil." Aren't you glad you're related to her no matter how distantly?



CELEBRATING GRANDMA GARDNER'S SIDE OF THE FAMILY - THE FRENCH'S (AND SEYMOUR'S)



The picture above right was taken at the Solomon Dutton House in Sudbury MA. In the group picture, Grandma Gardner labeled the people left to right as: William French, his wife, Ruth Sherborn Seymour, Ruth's Uncle Frank Seymour, Ruth's sister Hattie (Seymour) Hanson, Ruth's mother, Lucy (Dutton) Seymour, Ruth's father, Charles Seymour, Ruth's son, Arthur Ebenezer French, Ruth's Aunt Rose (Seymour) Dansereau, and Ruth's Uncle Lewis Seymour.

Cousin Jean (Gardner) Gonzalo leaning on William French's and Ruth Seymour's gravestone in Sudbury, MA. William and Ruth were Grandma Gardner's parents.

The Wynn plot (Ruth and Wally Wynn) is the smaller gravestone to the left of the big French gravestone.





Celia French's grave. Arthur (Grandma Gardner's brother) and Celia had a florist business in Wayland, MA. Earl Gardner (of the Original Gang of Ten) worked there for a while as a young man.

Charlotte Hall, Marion (French) Spiller's daughter, is buried here along with her husband, Warren. Charlotte was one of the Original Gang of Ten's favorite cousins.

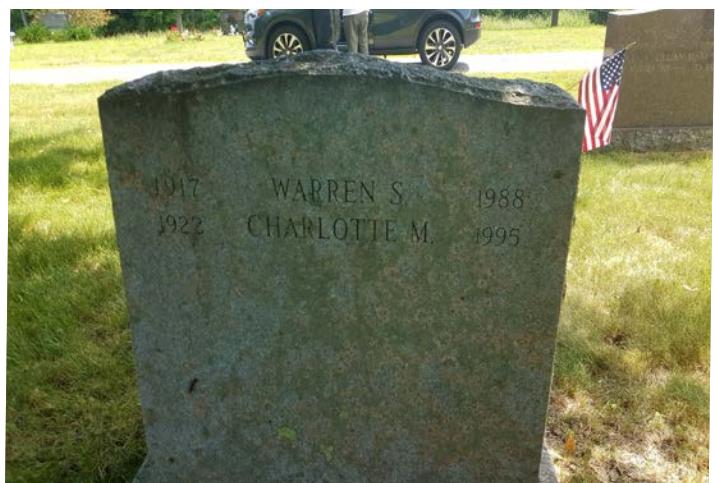


The Christensen family plot. Grandma Gardner's sister, Laura, and her husband Carl, along with their son Fred and daughter Frances are buried here.

The Spiller family plot.



Here is where Marion (French) Spiller, Grandma Gardner's other sister, is buried.



Who knew that the area surrounding Aunt Lois' house on Farrant Street in Newport, VT used to be called “Batesville?!”

REMEMBERING BATESVILLE

(By Norman Bessette)

(Reprinted from *Vermont's Northland Journal*,
Volume 18, May 2019)

This article should be interesting to Gardner Newsletter subscribers because it talks about the area where Aunt Lois currently shares her house with Aunt Beulah on Farrant Street in Newport, VT right on the shores of Lake Memphremagog. Who knew that the surrounding area used to be called “Batesville!?” Some of the boys’ hi-jinks described in this article are very reminiscent of those practiced by the four boys in our own Original Gang of Ten.

{The following memories were written by Norman Bessette and sent to *Vermont's Northland Journal* by his wife, Janet Bessette. Mr. Bessette grew up in Newport and attended Sacred Heart High School and St. Michael’s College. He joined the Air force after college and retired 20 years later. Mr. Bessette died on August 3, 2018. This article first appeared in the October 24, 2018 issue of the *Chronicle* in Barton.)

Look on any map of Vermont and I’ll bet that you cannot find Batesville. The place with no zip code was the center of my life in the years 1939 - 1947. It was a place where

young boys ran with few restrictions. Our parents had no need to be concerned for our safety and security. We roamed the area in the mistaken notion that we owned all of the fields and woods and Lake Memphremagog. There were many boys of a like age who had a lot of relatively innocent fun. I am not proud of some of our antics. The more nefarious ones basically consisted of general mischief and creating limited damage to property. At the time we were not fettered by an interest in girls. I guess you could say we were relatively wild, nice kids.

Batesville actually was a geographical part of Newport. The town of 5,000 or so souls had several unofficial districts. The names of those particular districts were mostly uncomplimentary. These names are generally based on geographical, social, or economic status. I can still locate Chief-O, Stovepipe City, Skunk Hollow, and French Village. Batesville was named from the Bates building which was located at the intersection of Farrant and Bay streets. The building had burned down before I was able to remember. I do, however, have a picture of the three-story triangular-shaped building. I do remember a triangular-shaped cement girded hole in the ground with a lot of junk dumped in it. A house has since been built on a portion of this lot. In my mind, Batesville was bound by Parker Street

“Remembering Batesville” (continued)

to the south, and the end of Orchard Street to the north. The northern limit was where existing houses gave way to farm fields. The eastern boundary was Lake Memphremagog and the western boundary was a vague line around the old hospital. The center of Batesville was the intersection of Cross and Orchard streets. One or two boys lived in many of the houses in all directions from this point.

My parents' property included a two-tenement house, a separate garage, and a chicken coop. The former coop was our general headquarters for play and planning.

Many clubs were formed without a real objective. The clubs lasted little beyond their formative stages. I do remember that we once had 32 members in one of our clubs. We made parachutes out of an old blanket and ropes were attached. Many practice jumps from the top of the chicken coop were made, but the chute never seemed to alter the fall rate. We also made a device that could send a nail up through the bottom of a chair. The word got out quickly and the chair was little used after that. Once we were aware that someone was sneaking into the clubhouse via the small chicken entrance door, we set a trap by attaching a brick to



a rope on a pulley. A trip wire was then attached to the rope. One boy tried to make an unauthorized entry. Fortunately, the brick glanced off from his hands.

Another fun endeavor was netting fishing minnows. This entailed riding in a 1929 Ford driven by Frank Mossa. Laden with four milk cans, it was driven to small streams on farms between Newport Center and North Troy. After netting the minnows and loading them in the Ford, we always enjoyed the challenge of trying to coast

in neutral from the top of the hill to the corner of Cross and Orchard streets. It was always a challenge to see if we could make it up the knoll at the Drown farm right outside of town. The total distance must be

three miles.

Baseball was a popular sport in Batesville. The game, however, suffered because of an absence of coaching and very primitive playing fields. We never asked for permission to use the fields. We were never prevented from using them. Our first field was located just south of the old hospital and adjacent to Longview Street. The field sloped about six degrees down toward the batter's box. This gave the pitcher a definite advantage. The catcher's box was limited as there was a short but steep drop-off right behind him. The field was also very rough. Right-handed batters

"Remembering Batesville" (continued)

had to be careful not to pull the ball. Otherwise it would sail over Longview Street onto a house. Our later and improved playing field was situated at the present site of the Bel-Aire Nursing Home. The field had a right tilt, especially in the outfield. Overall, however, conditions were better.

One of our favorite areas to explore and play was the farmland and woods on the Lake Road. We especially liked the area that we called the minnow brook. Much later, I learned that its proper name was Alder Brook. I distinctly remember seeing the sky full of airplanes going northeast. I assume the time was early 1943, and the planes were bound for Newfoundland and then England.

At the time that area had a very bucolic look. It was semi-open farmland with a meandering stream that pastured cattle. The cows never

bothered us, nor did we bother them. Once at a nearby field we were picking wild strawberries and were rudely chased off by two bulls. The farmhouse was clearly visible from some of our areas of play. We were never told to leave this field or area. Further downstream, the terrain became more wooded. Our time was occupied by spearing suckers, throwing stones, making dams, and building camps. One of our camps was made out of cedar branches that we cut from trees. It was located in a thicket of woods, and even difficult for us to find. Another favorite area was the beech tree forest located immediately east of the now shuttered Bogner plant. I sometimes wonder if our initials are still on some of the trees.

After the war ended, some farmers began installing electric fences. This presented a new challenge for us. It consisted of seeing which of us could pee on the electric fence the longest. It worked better when your feet were not wet, or you weren't standing in any water.

GARDNER FAMILY REUNION

Save the Date!

NORTHWOODS
STEWARDSHIP CENTER

JULY 5 & 6 2019

Gardner Family Reunion – July 5 and 6, 2019

NorthWoods Stewardship Center – East Charleston, Vermont

RSVP and Reservation Form

I/We plan to attend the Gardner Family Reunion dinner and program in the main lodge on July 6 th .	Yes <input type="checkbox"/>	No <input type="checkbox"/>
I/We would like to stay in the Bunkhouse on July 5 th .	Yes <input type="checkbox"/>	No <input type="checkbox"/>
I/We would like to stay in the Bunkhouse on July 6 th .	Yes <input type="checkbox"/>	No <input type="checkbox"/>

NAMES OF FAMILY MEMBERS/GUESTS FROM MY PARTY ATTENDING THE 2019 GARDNER FAMILY REUNION

Signature

**RSVP no later than June 21, 2019 by calling Paul Gardner at
(781) 346-3566 to discuss this form, or e-mail him at
epaulgardner@msn.com.**

You can also snail-mail this form to: Paul Gardner, 28 Ninth Street, Apt. 404, Medford, MA 02155