

GLOVER
PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE
REMEMBERING THE PAST
1783 - 2013

Vol 21, No. 2, Fall 2013

GLOVER HISTORY

Providing for the Future, Remembering the Past
1783 - 2013



Above is the Center School House located on Perron Hill. It is now home to Ned and Darlene Andrews. Photos courtesy of Miriam Clark Hill, of Epsom, NH. She is niece to Nellie Clark Hubbard who once lived on the farm owned by the late Donald and Carolyn Perron. This photo is believed to predate the 1930s.



School play at Center School, 1942. Rita Perron Haag remembers, "Jackie Perron was the 'fat lady.' Lionel Perron was the 'crooked man.'" Louis was the oldest Perron (third from left). There are four Stone children and Miriam Clark. The rest are Perrons from Archie's and Ernest's families.

We would love to see old Glover photos and stories you have that we could share on the cover of each GHS History issue! Our thanks for uncovering these two go to Theresa Perron-Janowski, GHS' newest board member (and also our new newsletter layout designer.) Please contact the GHS if you have a gem to share.

Glover History

A semiannual publication of the
Glover Historical Society, Inc.
PO Box 208, Glover, VT 05839

PresidentBetsy Day
Vice PresidentDarlene Young
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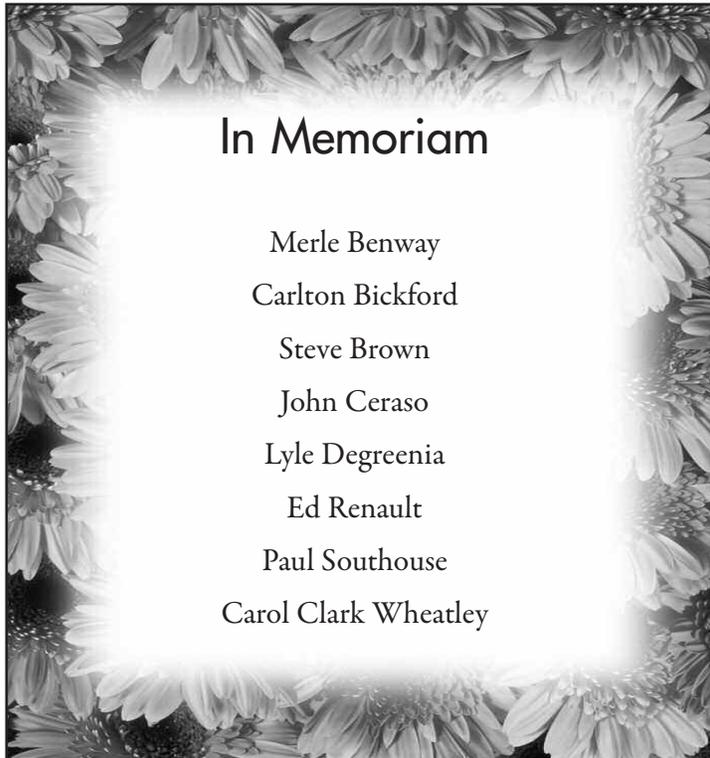
Additional Board Members:

Connie Ashe, Eleanor Bailey, Ken Barber, Judy Borrell,
Bob Clark, Theresa Perron-Janowski, Nancy Rodgers,
John Urie, and Randy Williams.

*Thanks to Lucy Smith for compiling our mailing lists and
keeping it up to date, and printing our mailing labels. Our
thanks to Elaine Magalis for all her layout work on the first
39 issues of Glover History, since the summer of 1992, and
all our good wishes on her move to California.*

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In Memoriam

Merle Benway
Carlton Bickford
Steve Brown
John Ceraso
Lyle Degreenia
Ed Renault
Paul Southouse
Carol Clark Wheatley

Pioneer Day Camp



Betsy addresses the campers at morning meeting. (See story on page 7.)

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Bequests and gifts help support the Glover Historical Society

The Glover Historical Society relies on the work of volunteers and the generosity of its members and benefactors to fulfill its mission of advancing the study and understanding of the history of Glover. If you have an interest in discovering and preserving the history of Glover and wish to support the work of the Society, please consider making a gift or bequest to the Glover Historical Society.

We thank you.



Hovey Sanitarium, c. 1920. Still standing today, on School St., just behind Currier's Market.

President's Letter

What a whirlwind summer we have had! So many projects, events and special visitors! Where do I begin? Liz Nelson and I have just returned from the Vermont Historical Society's annual meeting in Montpelier, all about colleges, communes and coops. We ran into old friends and historical society neighbors from Greensboro and surrounding towns. We visited with Washington County Senator Bill Doyle who received the Presidents Award for his commitment to the preservation and study of Vermont history. And we listened to lively panel discussions about the back-to-the-land movement in the late '60s, along with UVM professor Dona Brown's keynote address about the back-to-the-land movements in the 1880s, 1920s and Depression era return to independence and self-sufficiency of the land. It was a great day.

Major historical society events this summer included Pioneer Day Camp at the old West Glover Settlement; a high point was a lunch hike to the original frame house of James Vance which is now the inside of part of past president Bob Clark's house. Over the years it was repositioned facing Bean Hill instead of the old Hinman Settler Road, the foundation was repaired, and the Clarks then incorporated it into the construction of their house. It was great seeing the old photos and hearing Bob and Giselle's stories.

Glover Day was especially wonderful this summer. It was the fiftieth anniversary of Bread and Puppet Theater. The historical society sponsored a retrospective

show of Peter Schumann's banners and posters in the town hall. We had a visit from Richard Peterson, a descendant of Spencer Chamberlain, and he started the Run, Chamberlain, Run road race. The Bread & Puppet Runaway Pond Show on the green was great, lots of old time puppeteers back for the fiftieth. We also put together a Johnny Prindle look-alike contest and some society members and friends participated in a Prindle songfest, which was delightful. Speaking of Johnny Prindle, we had two visits this summer from descendants, who brought us many precious donations from the family, including his top hat, violin, sheet music, and numerous photos. We have further plans for Johnny Prindle events.

Old Stone House Day was great, as always. Glover Historical Society

had a table on the green as well as a presence in the Old Stone House Glover Room. Thanks to Joan Vincent and Ruth Gjessing for their participation.

As far as acquisitions are concerned, we have received so many donations this year! Joanie will elaborate on some of them as you read on. Requests for genealogical information, and visits from the descendants of Johnny Prindle and Spencer Chamberlain have kept us busy touring the museum and local cemeteries and domiciles.

Our Slab City research continues, as well as our display boxes. We are intent on gathering some important oral histories this winter, long overdue.

Enjoy the newsletter and have a great winter. *

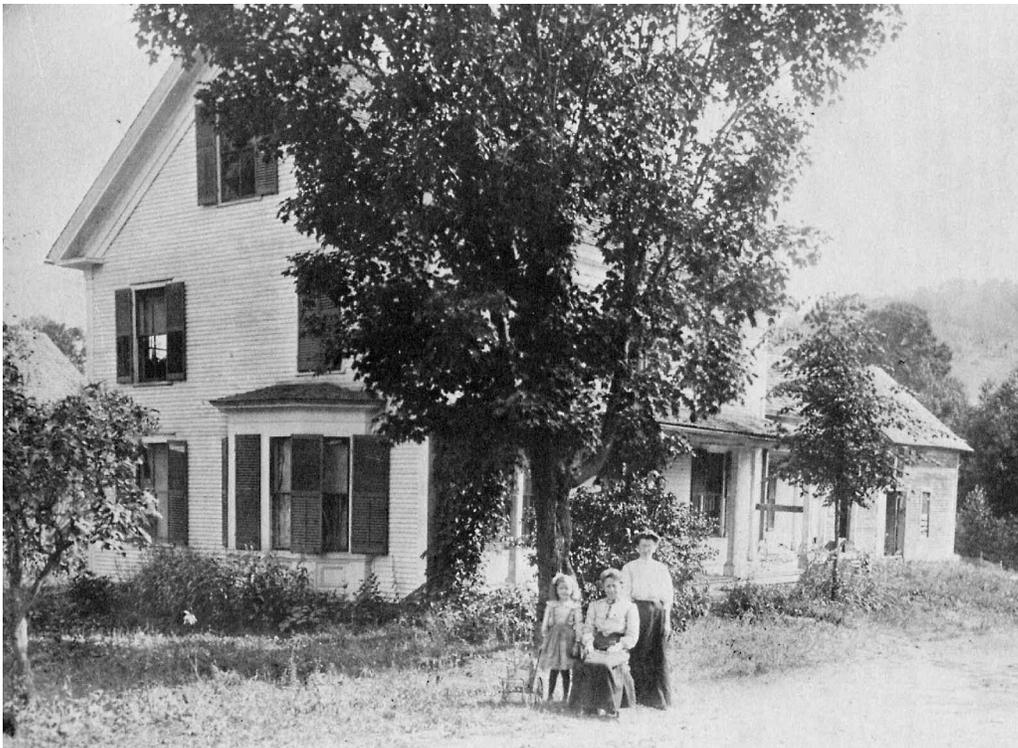


A backstage view of Bread and Puppet Theater's "Runaway Pond" play, a dramatization of Harry Alonzo Phillips' c. 1930 canto, and a Glover Day favorite!

Prindle Descendants Visit Glover



This summer, Johnnie Prindle's great great granddaughters, sisters Patty Anderson (left) and Nancy Strawderman (middle), and Patty's daughter Christine Anderson (left) had a grand tour of the Prindle home in Glover, now the home of Kate Butler. Ms. Butler discovered old Prindle playbills and other memorabilia when she was doing renovations on her home years ago.



This photo of the Prindle home appears on pg. 84 in the *History of the town of Glover, Vermont*. The Prindle descendants had this same photo in their family photos, but with the following identification and date: left to right: Cora Healy [dau. of Vinnie]; Caroline Prindle [Johnnie's wife], Vinnie Prindle [dau. of Caroline.] Taken 1903.

In June Patty Anderson and her family, descendants of Glover's famous songster and vaudeville entertainer, Johnnie Prindle, traveled from Florida and other far off places to Glover to present GHS with family treasures, including Johnnie's top hat, handwritten and published sheet music, letters, photos, and a scrapbook of playbills and reviews. The gifts inspired a spirited "Johnnie Prindle Songfest and Look-Alike Contest" at Glover Day this July. In August we had a visit from another Prindle descendant, DJ Miles and her husband, from the state of Washington, who were East to follow Johnnie's trail. DJ was the author of our newsletter's fall 2009 article on Johnnie Prindle. Now the Miles and the Andersons are in touch with each other and sharing family info.

Thanks to Joe Gresser and the Chronicle for their great coverage of the Anderson visit and the Glover Day Prindle show! *

Do you have old postcards or photos of your families Glover history and are willing to share them with the Historical Society?

We will scan your items and return them safely in a timely manner.

Let us share your family history with our community. Please include details, dates and correct spelling of your family names. Call Betsy (525-4051) or Joan (525-6212) for details.

What Is It?

Here are the 2012–2013 school year winners of the “What is it?” monthly contest at the Glover Community School. Each month an item from the GHS Museum collection was on display in the school trophy case, and students could vote on what they thought it was. This was the second year of the contest. Students’ ideas on what

items might be are often very creative; usually at least one student is right! Winners were randomly chosen from all the correct entries. Winners choose their prize from GHS publications and Runaway Pond Bicentennial souvenirs. There were no winners in October (ice tongs) or March (a pair of wooden exercise/juggling clubs).*



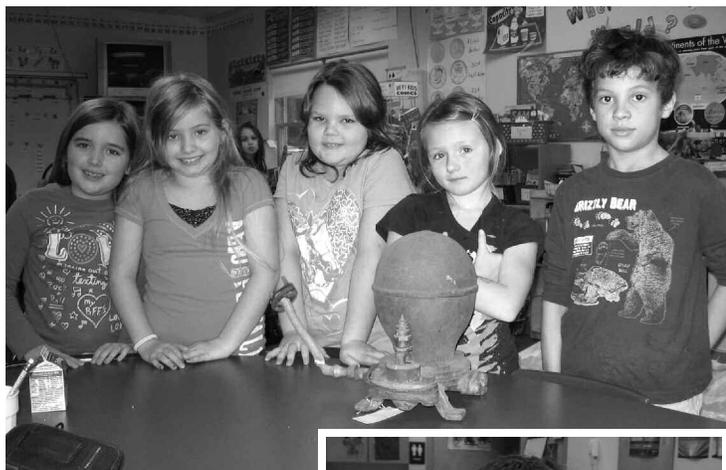
April 2013: Dayna Knights; fans (these were hard to guess as they were folded up and looked like chopsticks!)



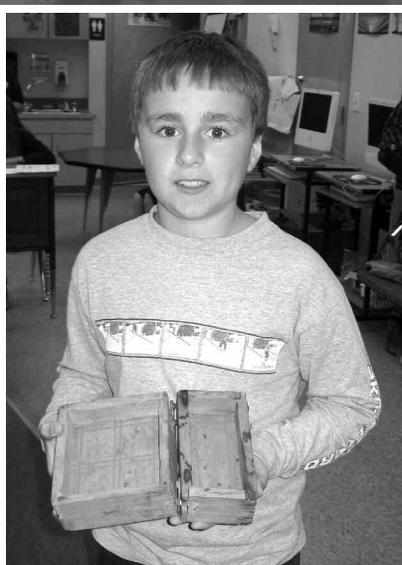
February 2013: Ryan Taylor; wooden darning egg.



December 2012: Paige Currier, grade 2; curling iron. Paige is holding the prize she picked, a Runaway Pond cutting board.



Above: Left to right: Dayna Knights, Jillian Stevens, Kaitlyn Brown, Paige Currier (all from gr. 2), and Zepher Hill-Barnes, grade 3. Missing from photo was Villy Trevits, gr. 2; ram pump



Left: May 2013: Ryan Taylor; butter molds.



January 2013: Madison Young, grade 2, gun and ammunition holster.



September 2012: Ryan Taylor, grade 4; wooden pins from throwing game at fair.

Belle and Hiram Davis: “Advancing the Story”

Thanks to Dick Brown, a Glover boy and historian who now lives in Maryland, we have this follow up to the Belle and Hiram Davis story from our last issue. Dick wrote:

I’m delighted with the articles in the subject story. The youngsters have done a bang-up job!!!!

I do have a couple of comments—there’s always something that can be added.

1. pg. 8: Belle had three sisters, not two. Mary (May) died 20 Aug 1954, buried Stowe Village Cemetery, married a (Mr.) Cobb; Molly married (Mr.) Abbott; and Ada was born 1882, died 1887 as a young child.
2. pg. 8: last paragraph, the cattle appear to be Guernseys.
3. pg. 9: top of page, Nathan Norton’s wife was Rachel (Atwood). That’s where Elijah’s middle name comes from.
4. pg. 9: Elijah was born 4 Oct 1838 and Dolly was born 24 Sep 1839, so they could not have been married Sep 24 1838—it was 14 Sep 1861. See pg. 10 for correct info.
5. pg. 10: Dolly’s name was Dorothy Margaret, but called Dolly—she was the daughter of Jonas and Margaret (King) Abbott.
6. pg. 10: again, Elijah and Dolly had five children, not four.
7. pg. 11: ask the children to take another look at the first card—the date is not 1880 but actually April 6, 1883—the 3 was typically written with a long tail years ago.
8. pg. 12: first paragraph, for those of us who grew up “years ago,” we know they did not have baled hay “back when.” We used a pitchfork to move “loose” hay into the mangers or the pasture.
9. pg. 14: Mary Clark Phillips was the



An aerial photo of the Davis farm c. 1950s, when it was the home of the Stanislaus and Rosina Gaboriault family. It burned c. 1950. Courtesy of Ruth Gaboriault Rowell.

daughter of Hiram & Lucy Ann (Cook) Phillips—Hiram Davis’ mother.

10. pg. 17: bottom of pg., Phillips was born (17 March) 1894, not 1895—see the picture of the gravestone for Hiram and Belle for his year of birth.

11. pg. 18: 3rd paragraph, typo for Marty’s birth year—should be “c. 1926” not “19360.”

12. pg. 21: chart shows Phillips born 1985—should be 1894.

These are not meant to be critical; just trying to help advance

(Continued on page 21)



Just days after our Winter 2013 issue came out, with the above photo of the Davis farm illustrating the Belle and Hiram Davis story, we found a duplicate of this same photo at the museum, only this one had everyone in the photo identified on the back. (See below.) Never underestimate what history will eventually come to light!

The Davis Farm. Taken in 1894. Your grandmother Norton; Aunt Belle and her son, Phillip, in carriage; your uncle Hiram and his young brother [Roy]; Mrs. Davis, the boys’ mother [Mary C Phillips, wife of Napoleon] (Your mother is on the steps.) Photo made by your Uncle Ben’s daughter. I’m sitting on the ground, and I and your Uncle Hiram’s brother are the only ones living. Winifred McCollum Wilbur, 1958 [the date the message on the back was written, not the date of the photo.]

Pioneer Day Camp

This year's Pioneer Day Camp was one of the best ever! We applied for a "Small and Inspiring" grant from the Vermont Community Foundation, and to our delight, we got it. The \$2,500 was donated from the Ann C. Livingston Fund. We also received \$1,000 from the town of Glover. Because of their generous grants, we were able to involve a variety of new counselors with expertise in archeology, the arts, reading the woods, nature studies, and life in early New England settlements. We announced our VCF grant in the Vermont Archeological Society's newsletter and asked if anyone would like to be involved in the camp. Sarah Van Ryckevorsel, past president and avid Vermont volunteer archeologist responded. She spent the week with us and led digs at the historic brickworks site and original settlement school. Her presence attracted other adults in the community, including our Skip Borrell, who had been waiting for the opportunity to be involved in our settlement explorations.

Along with their volunteer time, they also brought their own expertise in other camp activities. We found a new vein of clay that was used to make bricks, dating back to Timothy Lyman's 1806 brick kiln. Skip found a new foundation in the woods, made with original bricks. We made two dioramas of the old settlement, one exactly to scale of the foundations and cellar holes as they are today, and one that Skip made of what it might have looked like in 1832 at its prime.

Thanks to the grant, we were also able to attract Eddie Haines, who has several graduate degrees in forestry, land use and surveying, and also Elizabeth Trail, who is finishing her master's degree at UVM in Public Administration. We also were able to involve the Bread and Puppet Press and Lila Winstead, who runs the print shop. She taught a fabulous afternoon focus group in printmaking.

Because of our press releases and new exposure, we received phone calls and donations from people who wanted to help needy kids with scholarship money or who wanted to be involved next year as counselors or volunteers. Summer people on the lake offered help and resources. Folks who had not been previously involved became involved. We also connected the younger generation with the older generation in some amazing ways. One day we took a lunchtime hike to the original



Fort building in the woods is one of the favorite activities at camp.

frame house in Glover, circa 1798, now owned by Bob and Giselle Clark, he, a past president of the Glover Historical Society, and she, the daughter of the French Canadian farmer who originally owned the farm on which the settlement is located. When they fell in love and married in their twenties, they bought the old frame house and restored it, eventually incorporating it into the living room of a house they built around it. They took such pride in sharing their story and the building with



Kids mix the local clay they dug in the old-fashioned way, mashing it with their feet.



Margo Eastman demonstrates throwing a pot on the wheel.



Counselor Elizabeth Trail helps her campers fine-tune the diorama of the settlement.

the kids. It was great to visit with Bob and Giselle.

The theme of this year's camp was "A Child's Life in the Wilderness, circa 1798–1840." During morning meeting every day, we introduced the kids to the original settlers. We made big cardboard cutouts of old pioneers and their families and the junior counselors played the roles of different family members and told their stories. It worked great.

Morning activities included brickmaking, measuring and surveying the settlement, creating a diorama of the settlement as it is today, an archaeological dig at the old school, and reconstructing a timber frame model of the old church built in 1832. Thanks to Peggy Day Gibson and the Old Stone House Museum for the timber frame model. We made rope the old-fashioned way. We hiked into the sugar woods on

Lone Tree Hill and to the West Glover Cemetery for a scavenger hunt, looking for and documenting the graves of the settlers they had been introduced to. The kids repaired and remodeled their forts in the settlement woods, learning to lash and use tools safely.

Afternoon activities included clay with Randy Williams and Margo Eastman in the new pottery shop on site, printing with Lila Winstead and



Junior counselor Anaka Maher guides campers in timber frame assembly.



Sarah van Ryckevorsel, assisted by Skip Borrell, shows campers how to dig at the school site.



Counselors Heidi Ecker-Racz and Charlie Epinette, point out the settlement on the aerial photograph at the kiosk at the beginning of the trail.

Sarah Gluckman, “Reading the Woods” with Eddie Haines, “Diary of an Early American Child” with Heidi Ecker-Racz, which included projects from Eric Sloane’s books about life in 1805, and a specially designed focus group for the youngest children about a child’s life in settlement times.

The kids at camp ranged in age from first to eighth graders. It was our seventeenth consecutive year. Camp always ends with a swim in Parker Pond and we lucked out this year with no rain at swim time. Enjoy the photo collage of our adventures! *



Kids work on their printmaking, led by Lila Winstead and Sarah Gluckman from Bread and Puppet.



After lunch campers head into the West Glover Cemetery for a scavenger hunt of old pioneer families.



You might be one of the many people who have enjoyed the Call the Midwife series on PBS, based on the memoirs of a young nurse in London in the 1950s. We have our own nurse's reminiscences to enjoy! Lois Hancock Bennett, who spent her childhood years in Glover on Dexter Mountain, wrote down her memories of her early nursing days for her children several years ago, and she graciously consented to let us share them with you. Lois now lives in Brownington.

Memories of a Cadet Nurse

by Lois Hancock Bennett

A "Probie" in Training

September 5, 1944—the date of my entrance to the Rosa Field Nurses Residence in the campus of Brockton Hospital, Brockton, Massachusetts. The Field family owned a big shoe factory in the north end of Brockton. They gave a huge amount of land to the city and built a beautiful park, which was named for Dan Field; Rosa was his wife.

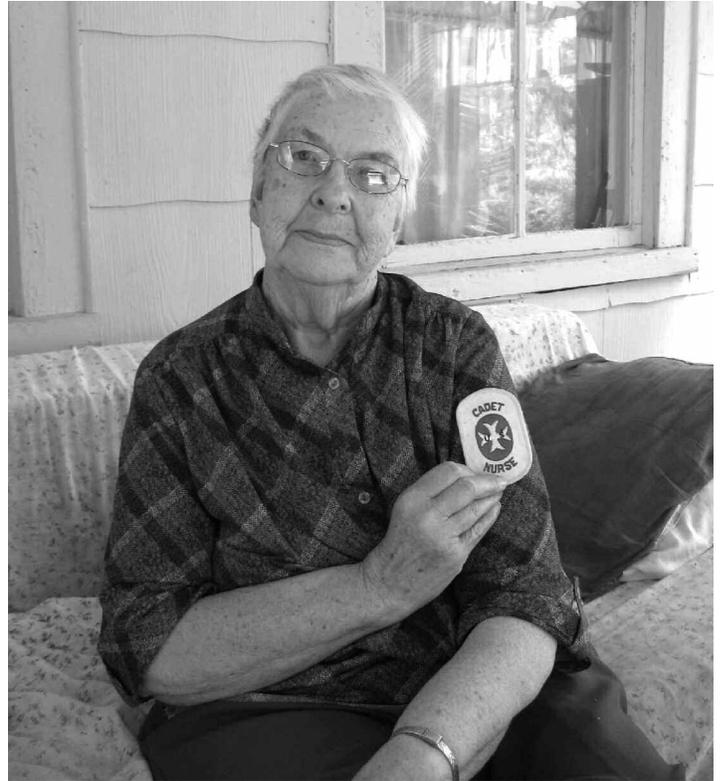
With our application we had to send a passport size photo, all 17 of us. We were met at the door by one of the supervisors who had studied all of our photos and greeted us by name. That never ceased to amaze me! Her name was Abbie Creeden, one of "our" nurses, Class of 1933.

After lunch at the hospital cafeteria we all had our physicals, very complete. I had always been used to doctors who were my parents' age; this one was probably in his 30s. I never remembered his name and he went in the service before I went on ward duty. Anyhow, I had always been very ticklish. After my exam I lost my tickle!

The same week or the next we were all requested to report to the emergency room. Seems a man was mowing his lawn, and without turning off the machine stuck his finger down in to remove some grass and took off the end of his finger. To me it was fascinating to watch the surgeon clip the bone to get enough skin to suture it up. My eyes were glued to the procedure and when I turned to my classmates, there were less than half of them! They were passing out and the med students were catching them and taking them out of the room!

When I had my time in the operating room, I was all scrubbed and partway through the surgery when I thought I was going to pass out. I had to leave the room. Later I apologized to the surgeon. He said the first time he went in an operating room, he did pass out. We didn't have air conditioning or even fans. Doctor K told me the next time I wore a mask to chew gum, you get more air. The OR Supervisor wasn't happy about it, but I told her Dr. K had told me to do it!

I don't remember just when we got our Cadet uniforms, but our ward uniforms were very late and we couldn't get wards without them. Well, in November, the Women's Guild got patterns, green and white material,



Lois Hancock Bennett at her home in Brownington, August, 2013

and made "uniforms" for us. On the first day one of the girls went in to give a man a bath. He was very agitated and hollering, "No way am I going to let a Girl Scout give me a bath!" Our supervisor, a graduate of Massachusetts General and World War I, had quite a time calming him down and explaining the uniforms!

Our hospital uniforms were blue and white checked dress with white collar, cuffs, bibs and aprons. The bibs we did not wear until after our capping on Jan. 26, 1945. Before this we were called "Probies" and wore a tie. We also wore black shoes and stockings the first two years. I started wearing white stockings at Babies Hospital, Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. We were never allowed to wear sweaters when doing patient care. Miss Heyward, our Director of Nurses, would say, "Work a little faster if you are cold!"

Christmas morning 1944 our class went over to the hospital in our uniforms at 5 a.m. to sing carols. We didn't go to the Children's Ward or the Wales Ward, but some of them could hear us as we stood in the corridor toward

Ward A. Ward B was closed at the time for lack of staff. For Ward C women on the second floor and maternity on the third floor, we stood on the stairs between them. It was just beautiful. Don't remember it any other year.

"Capped"

When I first went into training, my room was on the second floor, but when the next class came in February 1945 we went downstairs and the new "Probies" took our rooms. The girl above me didn't have an alarm clock, so I told her she could use mine and I would tell her if I had to be up early. The girl was Evelyn Lafley from Enosburg, Vermont. I liked the arrangement very much. When the alarm went off I usually heard it and I would snuggle down and pretend to be asleep when Evelyn came in. "Miss Hancock, Miss Hancock!" she'd whisper, then go over and close my window, come back and repeat, "Miss Hancock!" "What...oh, thank you." She never caught on!

Until our capping ceremony we had to get up at 6 a.m., dress, make the beds and go to the living room for chapel services before going to breakfast. The first weeks we had classes every day, but once we got on floor duty, we worked 7-3 or 7-12 or 12:30, and 3-7 a.m. Sometimes we would have classes during those hours. After capping we got on 3-11 or 11-7; we had to get up for classes if they were scheduled.

Dr. Hollister was our hospital president in February 1945. He had a sugar-on-snow party for the nurse. Most girls would take a forkful and pass it along the line. Well, not me! I ate sugar, pickles, then more sugar! Pretty soon I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Dr. H. He said he had heard there was a girl from Vermont and he had found her! He



Glover Village Grammar School, c. 1935 (The copy of this photo at the GHS museum is labeled gr. 1-8, but it may actually only be the upper department, gr. 5-8)

Squatting, left to right: Stuart Cady, Phyllis Brooks, Lois Hancock, Kermit Corliss, Carol Clark, _____, Pauline Rock, Rachel Buck, Maurice Leonard, Edwin Bickford, Wayne Alexander. Front row, standing, left to right: Paul Rock, Ross Brooks, Paul Brooks, Jr., Neil Brooks, George Leland, Charlotte Walcott, Marion Bickford. Back row, left to right: _____, Warren Alexander, _____, Ruth Tyler, Auberd Corliss, Ruth Cameron, Margaret Smith, Alden Leonard, Eleanor Alexander, Frank Cameron.

said he had noticed how much I had enjoyed it. I think he came from Rutland and he retired soon after that.

The new president was not a doctor. Mr. and Mrs. Child had two little girls and they needed a babysitter. Miss Heyward sent me down to sit for them. She told them I had more experience with children than the other girls. Think I got a dollar for the evening.

Wales Ward: Private Wing

President FDR's death was April 12, 1945. I was working on ward in private wing. There were 12 private rooms and a Wales' four-bed solarium. Sometimes the patients had private nurses. One noon hour when another student and I were the only ones on the floor, a cleaning lady said she thought that I ought to check on Mr. X in the solarium. He was a diabetic who had come in the day before, and I also knew had only one leg. I went down and OH, my GOODNESS! He wasn't breathing and had no blood pressure! Our two

interns were just outside playing tennis so I called out the window that they needed to see something. Their reply was for me to bring it out to them. They did come in soon after. We closed all patient doors as we had been taught to do. One man, whose wife was one of our nurses, asked, "Who died?" I asked him what made him think that. His reply: "Your face." For both of us students, it was our first death. Now maybe you think that didn't upset us, but we were expected to carry on.

Once on Wales Ward, one of the interns got an infection in his finger requiring hospitalization for penicillin every three hours. I didn't like him so would look for the dullest needle I could find for his shots! Our syringes were all glass and we had to clean and sterilize them and the needles we had to clean, sharpen, and sterilize. The first 3-11, I waited to do his p.m. care: back rub and powder, tighten, draw sheet and straighten covers. He said it felt good and he hadn't been powdered since his mother used to do it. That irked me.

After he got back to Ward Duty, as he was coming to check on a patient, I was headed for the nurses' station, crying. He asked what my problem was. I told him a female patient had to have penicillin every three hours and if she was alone she was OK, but if her husband was there she would say how we hurt her and cry. Only patient I ever had who complained about my shots. Dr. Faire marched me right in her room and told her how he had had to have a series of penicillin shots and mine were the best of all the staff. She never complained about any of us after that and I got along great with Dr. Faire, my Champion!

Also, on that wing every morning at 7:30, you could set your watch by them, when we were getting breakfast trays out we would see blimps going over on their runs from Weymouth, Massachusetts, to New Jersey.

Another incident when I was on private wing... I was in the ward kitchen when I saw a man I had never seen before go in the office and pick up a chart. Well now, only doctors had access to charts, so I trotted right in there and told him he wasn't supposed to see the patient charts without permission. He very calmly put the chart back and said that he didn't know that. Then he left the office and I went about my business. A few minutes later I see the same man heading for the office again. Back to him I trot and again tell him that he has to have permission from Dr. Hollister to see a chart. Then he thanked me and explained to me that he was Dr. Farley and Mr. Farley, one of our patients, was his father. Dr. Farley was on our staff, but I had never seen him before. I was not embarrassed because I did what we had been taught to do. When we moved to Stoughton in 1955 he was our family doctor.

Patients back then did not need bathroom privileges... They had all they needed right in their own bedside table. Bedpans had cloth covers to conceal what was under it as

the nurse carried it to the utility room to empty. The men had urinals and bedpans. Another chore we had when just put on call or assigned to the OR was making dressings. We had a big roll of cellulose and had to cut it a certain size, then cover it with gauze to be autoclaved by the OR supervisor. We also made our own Q-tips. On maternity we had to make peri pads with 5 cotton balls to clean and dry said areas. Those were also sanitized.

11-7 nurses also had, among other duties, to fill the ink wells at the nurses' station. When we started training we used the straight pens you had to dip back in the ink every few words. 3-11 nurses had to take flowers out of patients' rooms and put them in the corridor. We used to take a white carnation and put it in blue or green or red ink and make them very pretty as they "drank it."

Before I went to Brockton I had never gotten sunburned, but the first time I was there, in 1945, I got a wicked sunburn and had to go to the ER. It was treated with Tannin, and then I got a tannic acid burn on top of the sunburn! One of the doctors said she had never seen anyone that color; I was positively green!

Back in Vermont

August 15, 1945 when Japan surrendered, I was on vacation at my brother Ken's in Newport. The noise was deafening with all the church bells ringing, companies' whistles blowing and car horns blaring! My nephew and niece, ages eight and five years old, went over to East Main St. from Northern Ave. and came running home. "Aunt Lois, Aunt Lois, there are shooting stars!" They were Roman candles, but the kids had never seen fireworks before.

Children's Ward: Barbara Keith Building

BKB, Barbara Keith Building, was our Children's

About Cadet Nurses

(from Wikipedia)

After America entered WWII, the demand for nurses increased dramatically, outstripping the supply and creating a shortage. The Cadet Nurse program was established in 1943 to train new nurses on an accelerated training program, allowing them to serve while they were in training. To qualify, you had to be between 17 and 35, and a high school graduate or college student. Advertisements for the "war job with a future" promised free training with pay, room and board, and uniforms. Applicants would be granted subsidization of nursing school tuition, associated expenses, and a shorter training period. In exchange, applicants pledged to actively serve in essential civilian or other federal government services for the duration of the war.

Ward. Edith Blundell. One of our 1933 grads, worked there 11-7 since her hubby had gone in the Navy. He was having a three-day leave in October, 1945, and she wanted the time off to be with him. Miss Heyward, our Director of Nurses, asked me if I would be willing to work for her. I was always afraid of the dark...UNTIL THEN! The doctors sent as many as were able to home and as I recall I had nine patients. I loved it! It was the only time I worked on BKB as a student, as we got our pediatric training in New York a year later.

New York City

I really liked the 11-7 in New York. I had three weeks of it. There were five of us on that affiliation and I was the only one to do any night duty. One night I was working the preemie nursery when they brought in a baby so tiny I had to put both hands together to hold it.

We used to get hazelnut ice cream at a shop three blocks north and two blocks east. Usually I was the one to volunteer to go after it because whoever went didn't have to pay. Oh, boy, was that ever GOOD!

My first assignment was on the urology floor and the head nurse was a grad of Boston Children's Hospital and she liked me. I was her pet! Some of the other students didn't like it because when she left the ward she would put me in charge. There were four hospitals in that complex: Harkness Pavilion (all private, where the "money people" were hospitalized), Women's Hospital, Presbyterian Hospital (or PH for short) and Babies Hospital, where the tenth floor was Urology. We were only in Babies, which had ten floors; the others were higher. Our residence was Maxwell Hall, fourth floor. The other four girls were in two double rooms and could see the George



May 29, 1947, Brockton, MA Lois Hancock: Middle row, third from left.

Washington Bridge from their window. My room was private and overlooked Riverside Drive, the Hudson River and New Jersey. I could see some of the big ships docked down by 125th St. and the Palisades Park in New Jersey.

Subway fare was a nickel! We went to a lot of radio shows, which were free. If we felt real flush we would take a subway to the Bowery for five cents, five cents for the Staten Island Ferry, five cents for a Coke over there, five cents back on the ferry and five cents for the subway. GREAT EVENING for a quarter!

When we left New York I had a week's vacation. I went to South Deerfield, Massachusetts. That was the week of Thanksgiving, 1946.

Back to Brockton

For our Pathology class, Dr. Pope read the book to us. Or final exam was to be on Monday and I was headed home to South Deerfield for the weekend, figuring I'd study on the train. Got to Boston to Fitchburg and

couldn't tell if there was an "If, And or But" on the page that I had read. I remember I got a 68 on the exam, the second highest, highest being a 98. A girl named Eleanor was a real whiz on exams. She was a good nurse, but hated it. She had a nervous breakdown in our second year so never finished her training.

Jean Taft King and I were very good friends all through training, and have kept in touch all through the years. Her father, Bob Taft, was an avid baseball fan and had season's tickets at both Braves Field and Fenway Park. Their home was about 15 miles from Worcester, Massachusetts. If he was going to a game he'd call Jean and tell her he was coming to Boston and if their hours were OK, he would tell her how many of us girls she could bring. I almost always got to go. Also, I spent many holidays and weekends with her and her family. If Jean went home without me her mother would ask when she would bring me again. My 21st birthday we were at Worcester

State Hospital the end of our three-month affiliation there. Mrs. Taft made a big turkey dinner and a cake for my birthday.

In 1946 our nutrition teacher, Anita Babb, became a very dear friend. Her mother had two sisters in Vermont. Her father was an only child. She and her parents had lived in California, but when she was a little girl, both of her parents died, so she came to live with the aunts. She married and had a son. Both her husband and her son were killed in an auto accident. She worked at a government job in New Hampshire, and then in the early 1930s she fell on icy steps coming out of a state building and broke her leg. Back then they took care of things as cheaply as possible and her leg was amputated, but the artificial leg was never right.

Poor soul had to have 37 operations as a direct result of the fall. Everything from a small skin cancer on her face, from rubbing it on a sheet because of the pain after amputation, to a nurse who was a drug addict and was taking her pain medication and giving her sterile water injections. She had to have a complete hysterectomy due to the heavy artificial leg. When she finished with our classes she was admitted to Mass General for some treatments. I used to go to visit her there and she would always give me a dollar because that is what it cost me to



From the US Cadet Nurse Corp website

go in and return. From there she went to the former Brighton Marine Hospital.

For my engagement, she gave us a tablecloth and napkins set, which I still have, and before Norman was born she gave him a pink bonnet. I remember taking him in for her to see and she told me that they had finally done an exploratory surgery and found a lot of bone fragments in her knee and amputated just above the knee. So many surgeries had weakened her heart so she would never walk again. The Joe Kennedy family was building something across the street she could see from her bed. All I remember was it had something to do with their daughter Rosemary, who was mentally retarded. Actually I had completely forgotten that until this writing.

Worcester State: Psychiatric Training

End of December, 1946, we started our three months at Worcester State Hospital for our psychiatric training. How I remember our first morning there! We had to walk around back of the building to avoid having to go through “umpty-nine” locked doors to get to the cafeteria. A female patient yelled out the window, “Here come the new students, God help them! God help them!” That is when I acquired several gray hairs. I was never so scared in my life. If I had had a home to go to, I sure would have gone. Actually, that patient was a very nice lady.

My brother Charles lived in Worcester. I hadn't seen him since Memorial Day, 1938. I called his wife, Gladys, whom I loved dearly. She had told me that the summer after my mother had died my brother resented me because he felt that if my mother hadn't had me she wouldn't have died. Anyway, Gladys told me what buses to take to get to their house. Charles told me that hereafter whenever I wanted to visit them I was to call the house and he would come after me. Several times on the way to his house he'd take me to meet a friend of his. He always introduced me as his “Baby Sister.” He was 15 years older than I.

The students who were at WSH before us had one girl, Gerry, who was a quick-tempered gal. Betty, a patient, took a dislike to Gerry. One day they found themselves alone together. Betty beat her up, tore her uniform, and pulled her hair, tearing off her cap. This was all hearsay to me, but not long into my three months, I found myself alone with Betty. She told me she had beaten up a girl from my hospital and that she could beat me up, too. Oh, boy, were my knees shaking, but I remained calm and with continued eye contact, asked her if she was going to do that to me, too? She just stood there looking at me a minute (I swear it was 15!). She said, “No, I don't think so.” And after that we got along

just fine. When my affiliation was over and I went to my brother's, I went up to see Betty. I had a little trouble finding her and she cried when I told her that. She told me no one in her life had thought enough of her to come looking for her, and she hugged me again and again.

Another patient experience was Eddie Sullivan. He was a 25-year-old truck driver when I first met him and a diabetic. Of course when he was on the road he didn't eat properly and would end up back in the hospital. I had gotten to know him very well when in February 1946 we had a thunderstorm. Eddie put his call light on. I was on 3-11, alone. He said he knew I'd been used to thunderstorms, but probably not in February; he thought I might be afraid. I stayed with him and we talked until it was over. Eddie died at 28 in the fall of 1947, when I was working 3-11 on Women's Ward as a graduate nurse. Eddie was like a brother.

While I was at Worcester State Hospital, I was told I was going to take a baby to Boston. There was a male patient going to have his artificial leg adjusted. The mother was a patient and the baby was a ward of the state. We were meeting the foster parents at the State House. I was the only student with an opportunity like that!

Back at Brockton Hospital again

Dr. Cahill had been on staff before going into the Navy. When I was working in the ER he brought someone in with a broken limb. Everyone else was busy with patients so he just went ahead with one of my classmates and me helping him by holding the limb and getting the cast on. When he finished he said we had done a good job, thanked us, then said, "Okay, girls, let's get the bulkhead cleaned up." And he proceeded to help us clean up the mess. Only doctor I ever knew to do that. When he was discharged from the Navy he came back to Brockton Hospital. When I was on Maternity in the delivery room, one of the first babies I saw was being delivered by Dr. Cahill. All went well until he asked me to hold the baby so he could tie the cord. He meant for me to just hold the baby, who was on a sterile sheet, but I reached right across the sterile instruments under the sheet. Dr. C. never said a word, just called for another set of instruments. The supervisor, Mrs. Hillson, was livid and sure gave me a lecture after! Shortly after that Dr. Cahill left to study optometry. My son George was born with blocked tear ducts in both eyes and was completely cured at two years thanks to Dr. Cahill.

Classmate Barbara Sandler was the niece of the Sandler shoes. She liked to go home to Boston every chance she got but "Sandy" couldn't hang on to money. We had an arrangement whereby I kept a dollar bill under

my dresser scarf so that when she wanted to go home she had the fare. Her mother would give her a dollar bill and when she got back to residence she would put it back under the dresser scarf for the next time.

Our cadet song was "Follow the Gleam." Along in January 1946 we founded a Cadet Corp Glee Club. There were 35 of us. By March our director was so pleased with our progress we put on a concert. I still have my program. It was held at the Commercial Club in Brockton, which was filled. Spring 1945 we held another one. They were both lots of fun! Yes, I was in them both for years and I have pictures to prove it!

Our first year, we received a government stipend of \$15 a month, \$20 the next year and a half, and a whopping \$30 for the last six months as Senior Cadets. To supplement my \$15 I used to iron our dress uniforms and blouses for some of my classmates. Also, we wore pleated skirts a lot off duty and I was good at pressing them. I never charged more than a quarter, but nickels and dimes add up!

The summer of 1946 Shirley Brewer, who was a year ahead of me, had a car. We'd drive to her house. Her brother and her boyfriend had motorcycles. We would go down to their folks' camp at Brown Betty Pond where we would swim, then back on the bikes to Brockton, pick up Shirly's car, and back to the residence. One day her brother took me to Rowley, where my father was living. Went right through Boston with its cobblestones.

If we wore our dress Cadet uniforms, we used to get in the movies for half price, so we used to go quite often. In Brockton there were three theaters. I don't know where the gift came from, but our whole graduating class got to go to a Boston Pops concert. That was great!

Maternity

When I was on Maternity we had a young Scottish war bride who was very homesick. Gladys, my brother Charles' wife, was a champion Scottish dancer of the U.S. and Canada, having won over 50 medals and over 500 prizes, and was the first female drum major. She had taught me a Scottish phrase so I went in to the lady and said, "Lang my you lum reek!" She was so happy, hugged me tight, and started talking in Gaelic. I explained about my sister-in-law. It means, "Long May Your Chimney Smoke!" I sure made her day, though!

Ward B Men's Medical

When I was on Ward B Men's Medical in my Senior Cadet period, 11-7, I had recorded 180 cc's of fluid on a sheet kept in a utility room for patients who had to have their intake and output noted. I was also supposed to have

written it on his chart, which I had neglected to do. I had gone to residence, taken off my uniform, and taken it apart for the laundry—collar and cuff off and the bib separated from the apron—and had put my hair up in curlers when I got a call from the ward. The charge nurse said that Dr. Weiner wanted me to go over and do what I had neglected to do. I tried to explain my problem, but got no sympathy. So, I had to take out my curlers, put a uniform together and go over to ward. Any procedure you did had to be supervised four times and dated before you could do it alone. I was always very sensitive and cried easily, so whenever Miss Heyward called me to her office, before she said a word, she would put a box of Kleenex beside me!

During the war, civilian use of rubber was greatly curtailed. Underwear companies couldn't use elastic for underpants, so made them with a button. Just before Christmas 1943, I had bought a pair. Rachel S. and I were in the back room of the drugstore that the folks I lived with owned and we were planning activities for our annual Christmas party when that button came unbuttoned! I started giggling, and Dick T, another classmate, came over to find out what our giggling was all about. Of course, I wouldn't tell him, but after I went upstairs, Rachel said he twisted her arm so she had to tell him. The rest of our senior year he called me "Buttons." Dick went in the Navy after graduation, and while home on leave and changing a flat tire, was sideswiped by another auto and broke his leg. He was at Chelsea Naval Hospital and being that close to Brockton Hospital, I went to visit him. All went well and I told him I would visit him again in two weeks. I was in my Cadet dress uniform. Dick was in a big ward and I stopped in the doorway to see just where he was when every fellow in that ward yelled, "Hi, Buttons!" I could have just killed him with a clear conscience! He told me that he had just asked them to say that and never told them of my embarrassing event. In school he was always bugging me, couldn't walk by me without knocking books out of my arms or messing my hair. He sat behind me in chemistry class and would have paperclips or erasers and drop them down the back of my dress. He was never mean, just a big tease. Mom told him to cut it out and he told her he wasn't hurting me and that I liked it. He was like a big brother and wouldn't let anyone be mean to me.

Graduation!

Now, three years later, or 1,095 days plus five weeks of sick days, as of October 7, 1947, I was a Graduate Nurse! Our graduation ceremony was Saturday, May 29, when the class ahead of us graduated. During the Boston Flower Show in March 1948, I took my state board exams and passed. I was now an RN!!

Form 300-A (Revised May 1944)
FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY
U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE
DIVISION OF NURSE EDUCATION

Budget Bureau
No. 68-R145.1.
Approval expires
8-31-45

SCHOOL OF NURSING
Brockton Hospital
City - Brockton
State - Mass.

SERIAL No 152155

UNITED STATES CADET NURSE CORPS
MEMBERSHIP CARD A

Name of Cadet:
HANCOCK LOIS WANETTA
(Last) (First) (Middle initial)
Lois H. Hancock
(Signature of cadet)

Cadet's home address:
SUGARLOAF STREET
(Number and street, or R. F. D.)
SOUTH DEERFIELD MASS.
(City) (County) (State)

Cadet's age on date of admission to Corps 18

Date of birth MARCH 27, 1926
Dates of admission to school: (Fill in all that apply)
(1) Originally SEPT. 1, 1944
(2) By readmission 09-01-4
(3) By transfer from another school 09-4-18

Date of admission to Corps SEPT. 1, 1944
Date of prospective beginning of Senior Cadet period
Date of issuance of Form 300, Certificate of Membership SEPT. 21, 1944
Mary E. Heyward RN
(Signature of Director of School of Nursing)

Do not write below this line (this space is for central office use).
Termination by— Date
Graduation 10-7-47
Withdrawal (a) (b)
GPO 16-40095-1

United States cadet nurse corps membership card A.

Our school did not have the black band on its cap, but after a year, we got the alumni association to approve it. It is a mourning band for Florence Nightingale, and I always wore it with pride!

My preferred position was 11-7 on Ward A, Men's Surgical, but that position was not going to be open until mid December. Miss Heyward said if I would do 3-11 for 11 weeks on Woman's Ward C, I could have 11-7 on Ward A, where I continued to work until I left the hospital on August 14, 1949.

Jean and I lived in the Nurses Residence until my first paycheck—\$85 a month for 48 hours per week, plus \$5 extra for the 3-11 and 11-7 shifts, or 44 cents an hour.

In November we moved to Belmont St. in Brockton. Two rooms with bath and kitchen privileges, which we rarely took advantage of as our landlady, Old Lady Fields, would tell us how good what we were cooking smelled and

how she hadn't had any since Mr. Fields died...and then we would have to ask her to eat with us. Her place was also very neat and clean. One time she'd put bleach in the toilet and forgotten to flush it. I went in, more asleep than awake, the chlorine and the ammonia in the urine caused a reaction and I was having trouble breathing. Jean was asleep but awakened by my gasping and coughing. She was able to get the window open and get me to it. I was OK to work that night.

Shortly after that episode we got an apartment on Lexington Street. We had a den, two bedrooms, bath, and a large kitchen. Jean went back to Uxbridge and I could not afford the apartment. I found an ad for a single room in Brockton paper that said, "Gentlemen preferred" but I recognized the name. Seems that while I was doing the 3-11 on Woman's Ward, a young boy was brought in with a ruptured spleen. He had to have emergency surgery and the doctor wanted him to have a special nurse for the night, so I was asked to do it. This was on Children's Ward. The mother remembered my name, too, so she let me have the room where I stayed until I left Brockton. They were very good to me, too.

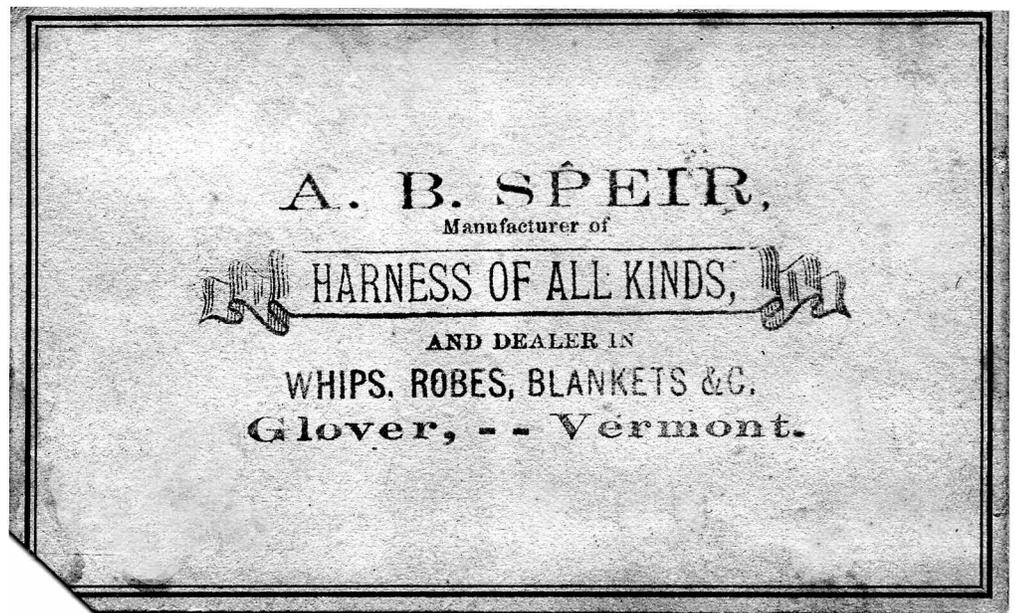


In her retirement years, Lois enjoyed the weekly "Golden Girls" gatherings, which included many Glover "girls." This photo was from a September 2008 lunch in Calais; left to right: Lois Lafont Talyor, Elizabeth Redington, Lois Hancock Bennett, Marion Lafont Woodard, Pauline Rock Cassidy and Phyllis Brooks Amyot. Ruth Hancock Darling, Carol Clark Wheatley, and Rachel Buck Vincent were also regulars. Photo courtesy of Marion Woodard.

Until I became acquainted with the Cadet Corp, nursing was the last thing I wanted to do. I always thought I wanted to be a teacher. This, however, was my opportunity to receive an education without owing anyone anything. It didn't take me long to find out it was the profession for me! It was hard work, but very fulfilling, and I loved it, especially after going to Maple Lane and finding my niche...geriatrics! I have always been proud to be part of this wonderful profession. *

In Glover, Vermont, A.B. Speir conducts an up-to-date harness shop. Mr. Speir thoroughly understands his business, is an accommodating and enterprising business man and therefore enjoys the esteem of his fellow citizens.

National Harness Review, vol. 56, October 1906, No.1. New England State News, Publisher Jefferson Jackson



Contact the GHS if you have a story to tell.
This business card provided by Theresa Perron-Janowski.

What people used to do in Glover on a Saturday night...

Our Slab City research team has been scouring every resource it can find to piece together the story of Slab City. One of the most interesting resources has been the old local newspapers, available at the Jones Memorial Library in Orleans and the Old Stone House Museum in Brownington. The three old newspapers that we have been looking through—the *Orleans Independent Standard* (1859–1870), *the Express & Standard* (1872–1881), and the *Orleans County Monitor* (1872–1950) have been goldmines for Slab City info—and a lot of other interesting stuff!

Each issue has at least a little bit of “Local” news, and, by the 1870s, there is a news column for every town in Orleans County, as well as some in surrounding counties. While reading all these Glover news columns, it is impossible not to be fascinated by all kinds of things, not just the Slab City news.

A case in point: noticing all the different things people did for entertainment. And it wasn’t just on a Saturday night; almost every night of the week there was something special happening. There was something for everyone, no matter what your favorite pastime was. Here are some examples from the 1860–1900 papers.

Dances at the Union House or Institute Hall: Calico Balls (60 couples attended in 1872 on a Tuesday night), Dancing School, Masquerade Party, Thanksgiving Ball, 4th of July Ball (“...Perfect order and harmony prevailed throughout the entire evening...”), Leap Year Ball, Antiquarian Calico Dress Ball (“always...a Terpsichorean festival”), Number Promenade (“...Ladies bringing luncheon boxes admitted free”), Domino Promenade and Conundrum Supper (“ladies are instructed to wear plain black cambric dresses and black masks...”).

Festivals: Antiquarian festival (from 1875: “...net received \$25...” Many ancient relics were exhibited including Bibles that were printed 150 years ago. Young ladies in ancient costumes operated flax machinery with as much gusto as did their ...grandmothers 60 years ago. The tables were loaded with a variety of old-fashioned victuals.

Mrs. Beedle sang some old-fashioned songs...”). Festivals (charades, tableaux, songs).

Fine Dining: Basket Picnics ...on the shores of Stone Pond (Shadow Lake), Parker Pond and Dry Pond, Sugar Festival, Strawberry Festival, Candy Pull, Corn Roast and Bonfire, Harvest Supper and Guess Party, Chicken Pie Supper, Farmer’s Dinner...and the perennial favorite, oyster suppers, sometimes served at midnight! And here’s an interesting one, served at Church quarterly meeting at West Glover— a “love feast” commencing at 10 a.m. (1886).



“Husking the Corn in New England” by Winslow Homer, *Harper’s Weekly*, 1858. Courtesy of Library of Congress.

Parties: Rosette Party, Lady Washington Supper, Antiquarian Supper, Pink Party, Crazy Supper, Topic Party (“...and hulled corn supper at ME Church...bring your lead pencils”), Bonnet Party (“Gentlemen all requested to bring a lady’s bonnet...”), Quilting and tea party, Tiddle Winks Party, Trance speaker, Lawn Party and Social,

Cobweb Party, Buds of Promise Party (“bring your earliest portrait...admission 10¢”), Husking Party, Hit or Miss Social, Surprise Party

Clubs and Culture: Glover Lecture Association, Literary Club, Lyceums (from 1878: “...Our Lyceums are well attended and getting very interesting. The next subject is the “Women’s Suffrage” question”). Grange (organized in 1872), Chautauqua Circle, Drama Club, Epworth League, Public Debates, WFM Society, Epworth League, Harmony Hall Club, the Three C’s, Village Improvement Society, Christian Endeavor Society, Sons of Temperance, Glover Band, Mite Society, Earnest Workers, Ladies Aid, Women’s Relief Corp, Reading Club

Sports: Thanksgiving Day shooting tournament (Glover Gun Club), Turkey Day Shoot at Dry Pond, Baseball.

And, last but not least: “Over 70 persons called at Mrs. C.S. Leonard’s Tues. evening to witness the opening of a night blooming cereus. The flower was a large and handsome one.” (Sept. 1, 1884)

So that’s what people did before TV and Netflix! *

The display box



For the past year, the display box at the Town Clerk's office has featured a collection of baby items—photos, old bottles, hand knitted socks, an Abenaki woven rattle, handmade red leather shoes, blocks and advertisements—all arranged in a viewing box. These items are now back in the museum, and a hair theme has replaced it. Don't miss it on the counter as you enter the Town Clerk's office.

If you have old Glover display items that we could use to make up one of these featured display boxes, or would like to make a suggestion or idea, please contact the GHS.

Phone: Betsy: 525-4051 or Joan: 525-6212



Glover Day Bread and Puppet —50 Years in Glover History



Above: The Bread and Puppet Theater 50 year Retrospective Show of banners, posters and sails at the Glover Town Hall was enjoyed by many on Glover Day. Below: From the Bread and Puppet Museum.



Washerwoman, celastic, life-size, from many circuses, parades and shows (1978 to present). Downstairs, by back door. Photo by Massimo Schuster



Puppet, head and hands celastic, 20 in., figure over-life-size, from *The Whitewashing of the Dirty Sheets of Attica* (1973). Downstairs, north aisle. Photo by Jack Sumberg.

Belle and Hiram Davis (Continued from page 6)

the stories. Hopefully the GHS article will spur all of Glover's youngsters to ask their parents and grandparents questions about where their families came from, and who they were and, perhaps as importantly, who are they related to. Many of the

first residents of Glover moved with related families, and many intermarried in the early years, so that by mid-1800s, most in Glover were related. Many of Glover's current residents can trace their families back to the earlier ones—Youngs, Phillips, Cooks, Beans, etc.

Keep up the great work!!! *

More responses to our last issue's Belle and Hiram Davis story

The story in our last issue about Belle and Hiram Davis also prompted several of their friends and relatives to contact us with memories. Both Ralph Buck and Elizabeth Redington had wonderful memories of days at the lake. "Summer didn't really start at Shadow Lake until the Davis girls arrived," recalled Elizabeth, who kept in touch with Jackie through the years. Jackie's cousin, Don Dugdale of CA, wrote, "I think those times were among Jackie's most vivid and treasured memories..." Don sent along some of the memoirs Jackie had done during her last years, which he had read at her memorial service in Oct. 2012:

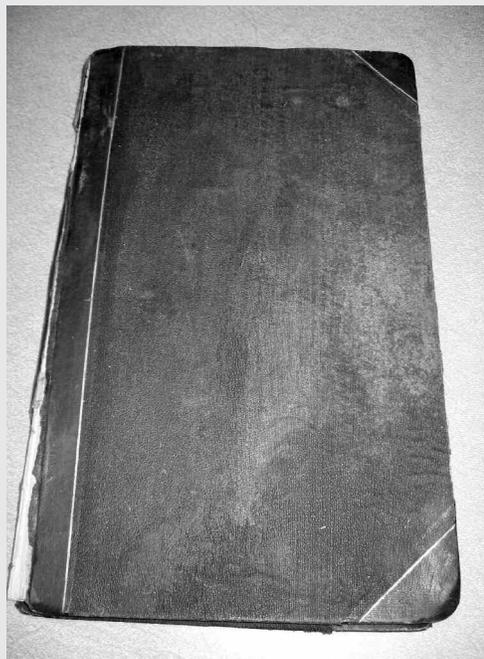
"My grandparents were frugal New Englanders, who perhaps made a greater impression on my life that my parents did. Grandma was a woman of few words, but when she spoke, we listened. Granddad was stern but sweet, and we loved them very much....In the summers, we had a grand time at their house on Shadow Lake..."

We wrote last issue that Jackie had bequeathed \$15,000 to the Glover Public Library in memory of her grandparents, Hiram and Belle Davis. But when the library received the checks recently, they were surprised to learn that there actually were two trusts, and the total bequeath was \$30,000. *

Wanted: Old and new photos, of camps and campers from Shadow Lake /Stone Pond/Slab City. Connie Ashe, GHS and Shadow Lake Association member, is gathering photos and other info to document the history of Shadow Lake.

Please contact her at cashe293@myfairpont.net or 802.525.6936.

GAR Record Book makes its way back to Glover



Many years ago Orleans County native Roger Emerson visited Gladys Clark's antique shop on Church Street in Barton and spent \$1 on an old record book of the Grand Army of the Republic Mason Post No. 16, Glover, Vt. Emerson recently retired from teaching British history in Ontario, and lately has been working on historical stories closer to home. One of his projects has been a careful study of this old GAR record book. He hopes to include a chapter on it in a book he is working on about Vermont history.

This summer, Roger Emerson visited the GHS museum to see what items we might have that tied into the record book, and very generously gave the book to the GHS. So, after many years elsewhere, the book is back in Glover, now safely stored in the town vault, with a photocopy of it in the museum for viewing.

This volume records the GAR minutes for the years 1894–1915; Emerson believes there was probably a record book preceding it and one following it before the GAR ended when its last member died. A very interesting addition to our collection! *

Glover Historical Society — Membership Form

Please check the mailing label on this newsletter. The label indicates the expiration date of your paid membership.
If your dues have not been paid, please include the appropriate amount for arrears with your renewal.

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____ Telephone _____

If you would **rather receive our newsletter by e-mail in pdf format** than in print form, please include your e-mail address here:

_____ \$10 annual dues per household

_____ Dues in arrears

_____ Additional donation

Total enclosed \$ _____



**Do you have someone
who is hard to buy for?**

Get them the gift of history...

A Glover Historical Society
Membership.

Glover Historical Society — Order Form

I would like to purchase the following books:

_____ \$ _____
_____ \$ _____
_____ \$ _____
_____ \$ _____

Total Enclosed \$ _____

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____ Telephone _____

Please make checks payable to Glover Historical Society Inc. and mail to P.O. Box 208, Glover, VT 05839.

Publications of Glover Historical Society

Andersonville, French & West Glover Cemeteries. Gravestone Inscriptions & Other Genealogical Data. Researched & compiled by Dick Brown, with major additional research by Jean M. Borland & John E. Parry. 2006. 8-1/2"x11", 85 pp. Spiral bound. \$20.00 plus \$5.00 for postage and handling, or available at the Glover Town Clerk's office without p&h charge.

Andersonville: The First 100 Years. Compiled and edited by Jeannine B. Young. 2004, 2nd ed. 2006. 8-1/2"x11", 220 pp. Spiral bound. Over 200 photos, charts and maps; diaries, genealogies, letters from Scotland, a history of Andersonville School, histories of the lots and some of its people, and Andersonville Cemetery gravestone inscriptions. \$28.00 plus \$5.00 p&h, or available at the Glover Town Clerk's office without p&h charge.

Mother and Daughter: Two Diaries of Glover, Vermont Girls. Complete text from the diaries of Edith Francena Aldrich (1894) and Edith Alexander (1922), compiled and annotated by Joan Alexander. Profusely illustrated. 2004. 8-1/2"x11". 176 pp. \$12.00 plus \$5.00 p&h, or available at the Glover Town Clerk's office without p&h charge.

Run, Chamberlain, Run. The story of Runaway Pond written for children and illustrated by Daniel Cummings, Sr. 2004. 24 pp. \$10.00 plus \$2.00 p&h, or available at the Glover Town Clerk's office without p&h charge.

Town of Glover E-911 Map. Geographically accurate map with road names and house numbers. 2004. 18"x24" size \$10.00 plus \$1.50 shipping and handling. 24" x 36" size \$15.00 plus \$2.50 p&h, or available at the Glover Town Clerk's office without p&h charge.

Westlook Cemetery. Gravestone Inscriptions & Other Genealogical Data. Researched & compiled by Dick Brown, with major additional research by Jean M. Borland. Over 2,100 entries. 2002, 2nd ed. 2004. 8-1/2" x 11", 230 pp. Spiral bound. \$20.00 plus \$5.00 for p&h, or available at the Glover Town Clerk's office without p&h charge.

Note that prices quoted for the following publications include postage & handling charges.

Glover, Vermont Federal Census for the Years 1800-1810-1820-1830-1840 with Index. Transcribed and edited by Wayne H. Alexander. 2000. 8-1/2"x11", 46 pp. Spiral bound. \$20.00 postpaid.

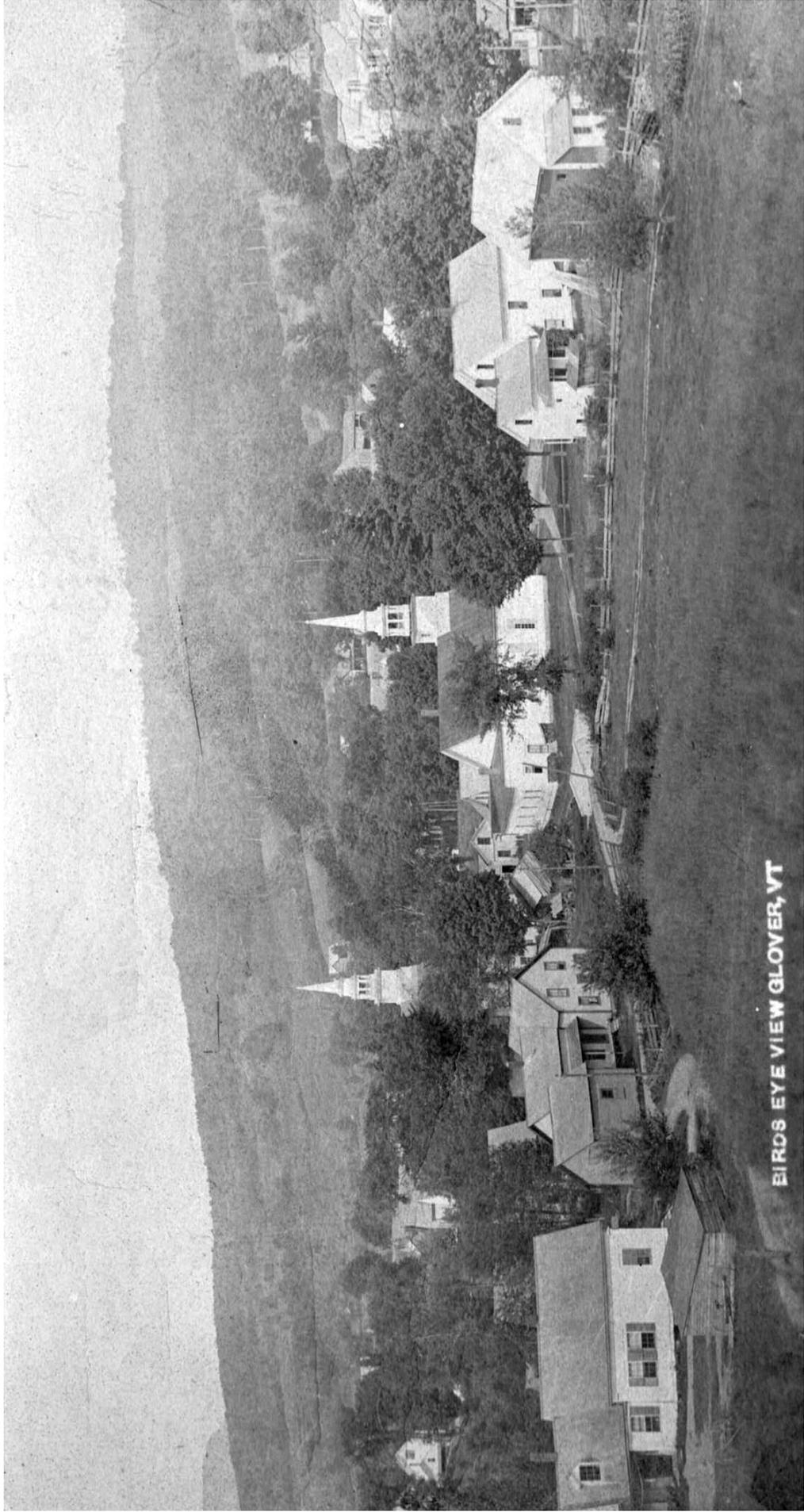
Glover, Vermont 1850 Federal Census with Index. Transcribed and edited by Wayne H. Alexander. 1999. 8-1/2"x11", 44 pp. Spiral bound. \$20.00 postpaid.

Memories of Glover: Reminiscences of a Mid-Nineteenth Century Vermont Village. Letters from the Rev. Benjamin Brunning published by the *Orleans County Monitor* in 1907. 2000. 5-1/2"x8?", 32 pp., illustrated. \$10.00 postpaid.

History of the Town of Glover, 1783-1983. Originally published by the Glover Bicentennial Committee in 1983; reprinted by Glover Historical Society in 1992. 8-1/2"x11", 140 pp., illustrated. \$20.00 postpaid.

Runaway Pond: The Complete Story. Compilation of Resources by Wayne H. Alexander. Third Edition. 2010. 8-1/2"x11", 90 pp., illustrated. Spiral bound. The nearest thing to a complete collection of contemporary newspaper accounts and other material relating to the 1810 event. \$25.00 postpaid, or \$20 if pickup in Glover.

The Union House of Glover, Vermont. By Marguerite Bean Fiske, with additional text and notes by others. 1999. 7"x 8-1/2", 40 pp., illustrated. A history, from the stagecoach days of the mid-19th century to the present, of what is now the Union House Nursing Home. \$6.00 postpaid.



The GHS museum has several different postcards of this scene, some published by Miles and Miller and some by Geo. C Lang. The photo was taken from Still Hill Rd. with the Universalist Church, which burned in 1910, visible in the center of the photo. The second house from the left washed down-river in the Flood of 1927.