



Vol. 24, No. 1, Summer 2016

GL VER HISTORY

Providing for the Future, Remembering the Past

*Could any of these people
have been the ghosts?*

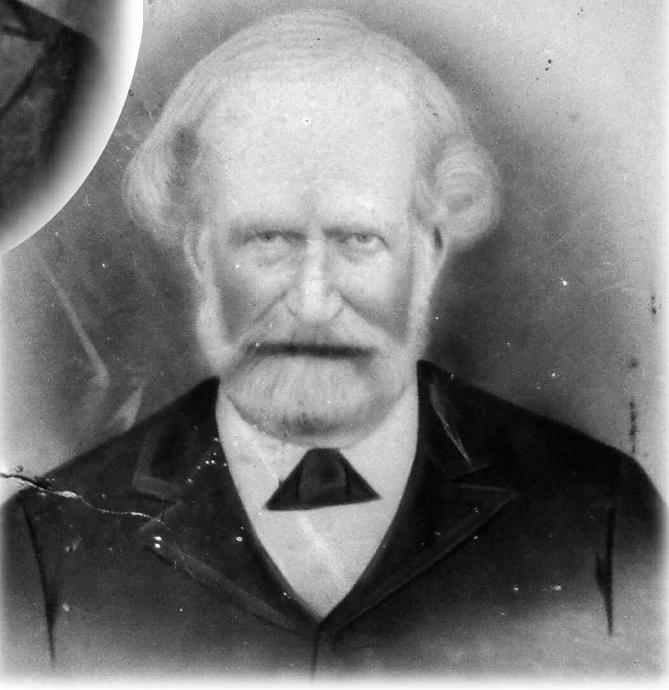


Photo info:
see page 2.

Naming the
Ghost,
Part II:
The History,
begins on
page 5.

Glover History

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

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Mission Statement

The mission of the Glover Historical Society is to advance the study and understanding of the history of Glover. This purpose shall be pursued by the acquisition, preservation, interpretation and display in a museum setting of items related to Glover history, by publishing a periodical Newsletter; and by engaging in or sponsoring of, the compilation, publication and distribution of material, printed or otherwise, pertaining to the history of Glover.



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COVER: These five unidentified, 16" x 20" portraits were found by the Evans family in the barn after they moved into their home in Glover Village; two have been damaged by water. They may or may not be portraits of people who resided in the house, Dwinells or Christies, perhaps. The clothing and hair styles of the couple and the young woman suggest they were taken c. 1890, which matches the time that this style of photograph was popular. Could one or more of these people be the spirits in the house?

An online article explained this type of portrait, which looks as if it is part photograph and part drawing. It is! It was "a style quite commonly produced in the late 19th and early 20th century, [probably] originally a photographic portrait, almost certainly with a camera which used glass plate negatives (probably 4" x 6"), but then enlarged roughly by a factor of four ... One of the side effects of such enlargements from smaller negatives is that any blemishes or imperfections in the original, including a lack of contrast between light and dark shades, would be enlarged and/or enhanced in appearance. As a result, such enlargements were often retouched or embellished in a variety of ways. In some cases the customer might even have requested, for example, a special coloring of the portrait... using pencil, charcoal, pastels, watercolors or oil paints..." (<http://photosleuth.blogspot.com/2013/02/portraits-in-sepia-and-charcoal.html>).



Visit our website: www.gloverhistoricalsociety.org

President's Message

Greetings everyone! Welcome to our end of summer newsletter. And what a busy, productive summer it has been! As I reflect back on the sequence of events, there have been some significant historical milestones in Glover this summer and some incredible accomplishments in which we participated within the Orleans County Historical Society umbrella.

To begin with, we were in Tunbridge in June for Vermont History EXPO, the theme of which was "water power," and we took our Runaway Pond show with a new painted curtain from Peter Schumann of Bread and Puppet. Kate Daloz, a child of the back-to-the-land movement in Glover, was featured as a speaker at Expo for her recently published book, *We Are As Gods*. On August 21, historian Paul Wood from the Vermont Speaker's Bureau will give a talk, "Inventive Vermonters," in the town hall.

A week later we held our twentieth consecutive Glover Pioneer Camp, with 46 young campers from 1st–8th grade, seven junior counselors, and ten incredibly capable and inspiring adult counselors. We served three healthy meals every day, built a cob bread oven, an A-frame shelter for the oven, planned a parade, made paper mache oxen pulling the old church (made of cardboard), painted lots of flags for the parade, which we took on the road on Friday through West Glover village to much acclaim. The kids built a pair of stilts each and learned to walk on them, many in the parade. They painted a huge flower mandala, built wonderful forts in the woods, and took hikes to the cemetery and did grave rubbings. At the end of the week, Chief Spirit Water from the Evansville Abenaki Clan of the Hawk



Betsy and GHS booth at VT History Expo.

and his assistant Two Dogs came to the Sacred Stone Circle to smudge each kid and give them spirit names and spirit animals. It was a huge success!

Then came Glover Day in July, also the twentieth anniversary. As always, we had a booth under the tent

and then our second annual open house in the historical society museum.

In August, we concentrated our energy on the Old Stone House project—moving the original

(Continued on page 19.)



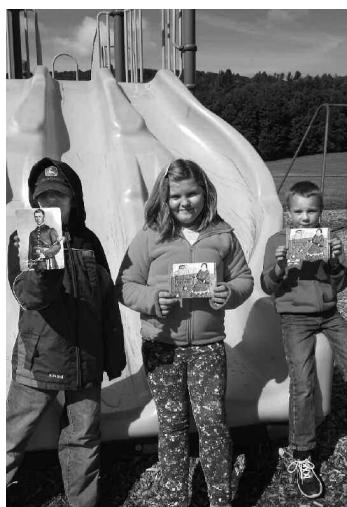
Pioneer Day Camp parade through West Glover.

What Is It? Winners of the GHS History Puzzlers for the 2015–2016 School Year

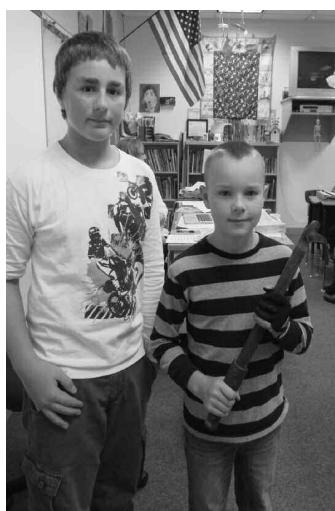
2015–16 marked the fifth year of the monthly “What is it?” contest at Glover Community School. GHS places an item from the museum in a display case in the school lobby and encourages students to guess what the item is. At the end of the month, a winner is chosen at random from all the correct entries, and the winner picks a prize from the GHS collection of publications and souvenirs. Each correct entry earns a Glover History Card (Hey,

kids! Collect them all!) that profiles a Glover man or woman who has made history in Glover (and oftentimes beyond!).

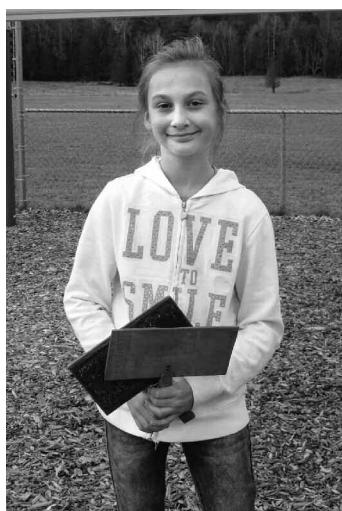
Aiden Blanchard has very good luck—he has often been the random winner chosen. And he always puts in a guess! There was no April winner, and no puzzler for June. We were thankful to have Ryan Taylor bring in a mystery item from his own home for one month’s puzzler. ■



September 2015: Zachary Boutin, gr. 5; Abby Clayton, gr. 4; Aiden Blanchard, gr. 4: piece of elm tree from Lone Tree Hill; each is holding the Glover History Card they picked as their award.



October 2015: Aiden Blanchard, gr. 4; nail puller, brought in by Ryan Taylor, gr. 7.



November 2015: Anya Kennedy, gr. 3; wool carding comb.



December 2015: Mr. Peter Auclair, PE teacher; portable spittoon.



January 2016: Abby Clayton, gr. 4 and Nila Maher, gr. 1; portable writing desk.



February 2016: Madigan Willey, gr. 4; guessing oldest and most recent valentines.



March 2016: Aiden Blanchard, gr. 4; cufflinks.



May 2016: Aiden Blanchard, gr. 4; tuning fork.

Many of you have been asking when the next newsletter was coming out, because you were looking forward to reading the rest of the “Naming the Ghost” story by Peggy Stevens; Part I was published in our last newsletter, just in time for Halloween 2015. Usually we get a newsletter out in the spring, but we are late! (Not because of Peggy—we have had Part II for months!) Finally, here you have it! (If you missed Part I, look for it on the GHS website, gloverhistoricalsociety.org.)



Naming the Ghost, Part II: The History

by Peggy Stevens

In truth, this story might never have come to print if not for my chance encounter with Joan Alexander, the Glover, Vermont, historian and aunt to two of the many students who thrilled to my bone-chiller. “I hear you have a Glover ghost story,” she informed me on our introduction at a local charity event for which we were both volunteering. “Which house is it? Do you have any idea who the ghost is?”

“What? How could I know?” Startled, unaccustomed to speaking with grown-ups, much less strangers, about my secret, I was on the alert but curious. Joan explained that I could look it up. Look up the house, who built it, who lived there, and died there. I could figure it out. “I’m working with a boy in Barton right now, helping him research his house. He says it’s haunted, too.” In all the years since my encounter, it had never occurred to me to try to name my ghost.

There I stood, staring at her, realizing she could help me answer the question I’d never thought to ask. As a historian, she had access to and was intimately familiar with the town records of Glover, Vermont. “Births, deaths and marriages, land records, cemetery records,” she reeled off. “You can look it all up. Online, too. There are websites.” Joan was so matter of fact, I found myself quickly agreeing to meet with her, though it took a few months to finally summon the grit it took to call her, to bring into real time what I had consigned for so long to my past and flirted with only as a lesson in my classroom with the most avid of audiences. Our appointment at the Glover Historical Society was finally secured, and there began the next chapter of my story.

Even as I drove to Glover, I worried what on earth I was up to? Why was I doing this? Would it be worth my time or trauma to revisit? Did I really want to know more or risk learning there was nothing to know? After all, I was a very different person now, with other pressing concerns. Before I turned up the

hill to the Glover Town offices, I drove slowly by the house I’d briefly lived in nearly forty years before. How many times in all those years had I driven past that house on my way through Glover, slowing down but never stopping? Only the paint color ever changed; the tidy porch and curtained windows maintained the same respectably benign front. I never saw anyone outside, or I might have followed my impulse one of those days and pulled in the driveway. To say what? “Hi. I used to live here a long time ago. Is your house still haunted?” Yet here I was about to do what I’d always been too scared or embarrassed to consider. I was going to find out if there really are such things as ghosts, or more to the point, if I could prove there was such a thing as my ghost. Entering the town offices, which also housed the Glover Historical Society and library, I took a giant step forward into the past.

The town clerk generously welcomed us, making way to the vault that really was a walk-in safe, housing shelf upon shelf of leather bound ledgers, most of them exceedingly old but in an excellent state of preservation. The creamy pages of these mammoth books feel more like cloth than paper and are covered in a scrawl of blue ink faded to purple, painstakingly inscribed over a century ago by Glover’s proudly literate civil servants. I’ve read about this “spidery script” but never appreciated how arduous must have been the task of documenting the daily life of a town or any other civic business in need of recording. A bank of card catalog drawers occupied one corner shelf, each drawer crowded with cards of various colors, on which family names and birth, death and marriage dates had been transcribed from the ledgers. A narrow table stood in the center of the vault, upon which one could lay the heavy books to peruse their pages without harming them. There was room enough for us to wander about, though we had to keep our coats on to keep the creeping cold from settling upon us.

Armed with notebooks and pencils, Joan quickly demystified what had seemed an impossible process. Start with the card catalogs, she instructed, look up a name and see where it leads. Find the number of the related birth, death, and marriage ledger with further information on that individual being recorded therein. How marvelous to realize that history is so directly accessible centuries later, that you can literally put your hands on it. These records, in combination with online resources such as ancestry.com that I later turned to, provide an overwhelming amount of data. I delighted in the puzzle of teasing apart the many names and dates, so many life stories mingled and layered together. To find those I was seeking seemed complicated, yet, fueled by my intense curiosity, it was amazing how the life stories of those who had lived so long ago leapt off the pages. How immediate their personal histories were to me. How quickly I became intimately involved with folks I'd never met ... or had I?

The first effort to document the line of ownership of the Scofield house, as I still called it, had been made by Richard Evans, who had purchased the house from Jean and Arthur in 1976, just seven years after the Scofields bought and restored their home. Mr. Evans's "Genealogy of four acres of land in Lot 129, Glover, Vermont," acquired through his research in the Glover land records and provided to me by the historical society, reveals nothing more specific of the lives of former owners than their names but proved the keystone for all further research. It was with this document, provided by Joan to me, that I entered the vault. In no time, I was navigating the space independently, starting with the first name on the list of many past owners, Joseph H. Dwinell. It was here I first reckoned with the conundrum of historical research—the spaces between the hard data, where the intimate details of people's lives remain elusive and which inspire the imagination. These spaces call out to be filled.

I could not ascertain when Joseph H. Dwinell arrived in what is now the village of Glover in the town of the same name, traveling through the vast northeastern Vermont wilderness, up from Keene, New Hampshire, where he was born in 1802. Joseph appears to have befriended Timothy Lyman Jr., a farm boy born in Glover in 1805 whose name recurs in the genealogy of Lot 129. In reading of the earliest days in the town's history, I learned that Joseph's first trip

Genealogy of Four Acres of Land in lot 129, Glover, Vermont

Date	Entry	Book	Page No.
1783-	The State of Vermont granted a six-mile square tract of unappropriated lands for the purpose of settling a new plantation to be erected into a Township to General John Glover and 64 Associates. This tract was subdivided into 144 lots of 160 acres each. John Douglass, Jr., one of the Associates, was granted two lots, Nos. 62 and 129. The following entries of title transfers have been found in the Land Record Books in the office of the Town Clerk, Glover, Vermont:		
1786	May 29. John Douglass sells for one pound lawful money one right or full share of land in Township of Glover, lot 129, being a right granted as an original proprietor in the Charter or Grant of said Glover to William Douglass. (John Douglass is identified further as of Hancock in County of Berkshire, Commonwealth of Massachusetts.) A transfer from William Douglass to Amos Douglass has not been found in the land records as of this writing.	1	156
1819	September 24. Amos Douglass of Franklin, County of Delaware, 2 State of New York, to Eber Frost the easterly part of lot 129, originally granted to John Douglass estimated at about 100 acres to the West bank of Barton River. This deed refers to Amos Douglass' Power of Attorney to William Douglass of Stephentown, County of Rensselaer, State of New York, dated September 14, 1812, and is signed by William Douglass. Also refer entry on page 295 Book 2.	2	322
1835	March 5. Eber Frost to Joseph H. Dwinell 4 acres in lot 129 for Sixty dollars. This deed is witnessed by John Boardman, Justice of the Peace, and Dan Gray.		
1861	July 12. Quit Claim Deed from heirs of Joseph H. Dwinell, deceased, to Martha H. Dwinell and D. L. Dwinell of four acres occupied by J. H. Dwinell as a homestead in lot 129. The seven heirs are listed as: J. E. Dwinell, Charles H. Dwinell, Hiram McLellan, Emily A. McLellan, G. F. Leonard, M. A. Leonard, F. L. Dwinell.	10	118
1864	November 1, 1864. Quit Claim Deed Martha H. Dwinell to D. Lyman Dwinell part of lot 129 on easterly side of road four acres previously occupied by J. H. Dwinell as a homestead.	10	410
1872	March 29. Warranty Deed from D. L. Dwinell and wife (Soanda O. Dwinell) to Timothy Lyman. four acres lot 129. \$1500.	11	514
1878	November 21. Will of Timothy Lyman- to Clara D. Dodge my residence in Glover village being same deed to me by D. L. Dwinell and Wife Soanda O. Dwinell on March 29, 1872.	13	140/ 141
1888	June 30. Warranty Deed from Clara D. and O. B. Dodge to Martha H. Dwinell four acres lot 129. \$1000.	13	304
1893	May 18. By will dated 1890, Martha H. Dwinell to Elma A. Martin all property real and personal. Probate certifications are also recorded.	13	516/ 517/ 518
1894	February 10. From Elma A. Martin to Henry A. Scott	15	91
1895	May 13. From H. A. Scott and Julia A. Scott to Joseph G. King.	15	

In 1982, Richard Evans researched the deed history of his family's home in Glover Village, "Four Acres in lot 129"; the GHS used it as an example of how others might tackle a title search of their own homes.

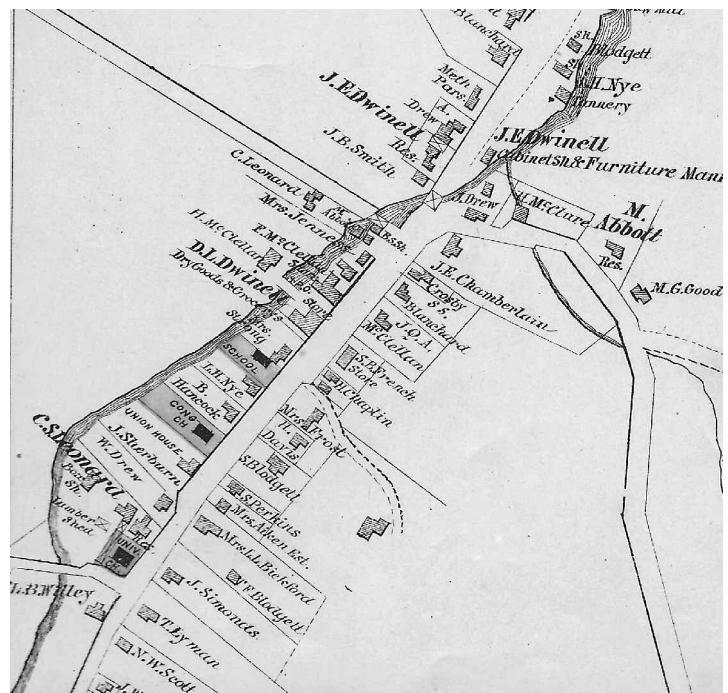
to Glover was as one of the teamsters who drove the heavy wagons loaded with supplies and goods necessary to begin construction of the first permanent buildings in Glover. These buildings included Eber Frost's homestead, the first house built in Glover Village, in 1820, and still perched midway up the eastern slope in the heart of the village today. As well, The Union House—today a nursing home, a tavern and stagecoach stop then, first owned and operated by Dan Gray—still stands on its original site close upon what was then and is now the main road through the village.

Eber Frost, with his purchase of Lot 129, "100 acres to the West bank of the Barton River" in 1819, can be considered the founding father of Glover Village in the township of the same name, granted in 1783 to "John Glover and Associates" by the state of Vermont to veterans of the Revolutionary War. The dense cedar swampland was no draw for John, nor for his descendants, who sold their shares to the hardier visionary, Eber Frost. By then, what had been useless swampland had been made more habitable by the

change in the landscape caused by the fabled Runaway Pond, which filled the swamp and created a bed for the road that soon would find its way. Eber must have seized his opportunity to make the most of this advantageous, if accidental, turn of events. (The destruction, wrought unwittingly in 1810 by miller Aaron Wilson, came about in his effort to divert waters from Long Pond, five miles south of his gristmill, just south of the former cedar swamp where the village sits today. The legend of the resulting catastrophe is still told and well-known locally, as the escaping lake waters channeled through the valley, creating the roadbed of Glover's main street, what is now Route 16, and depositing deep layers of silt that became the fertile Barton River valley farmland between Glover and Lake Memphremagog in Newport, more than twenty-five miles north.)

Joseph H. Dwinell must also have liked what he found in the Barton River valley, most of Glover's earlier settlers having chosen to farm on higher ground in the surrounding hills. With his wife, Almyra Holbrook, also of Keene, Joseph built his homestead in 1835 on Lot 129, deeded from Eber Frost in exchange for sixty dollars, a lot not far south of Frost's homestead and across the road from and just south of The Union House, whose proprietor, Dan Gray, witnessed the deed. Joseph and Almyra had established their family by then, six children in all. Further research revealed that Joseph carved out his cabinet-making business about a half mile up the road on the banks of the Barton River, where his craftsmanship was often applied to coffin-making, for the very young and relatively young by today's standards, as well as for those community members hardy enough to live into their old age. The vital records maintained in the chilly vaults of the Glover Town offices reveal daily tragedies, many infants lost to loving parents or parents taken from their abandoned children by diseases and afflictions we consider to be serious yet not deadly today.

Almyra Dwinell passed away in 1848, according to cemetery records, but the cause went unrecorded at the time. She was the first Dwinell to die in the house and the first to be buried in the family plot in Glover's Westlook Cemetery. Almyra left behind her widower and six children, and how hard that must have been for all of them, including Almyra. Was this reason enough for her spirit to linger, I found myself wondering? The 1850 census, conducted two years after Almyra's



This detail from the 1878 Beers Atlas Glover Village map shows the Dwinell Cabinet & Furniture Shop (today, the self-storage units near the base of the Dexter Mtn. Road sit on the site), with his home almost directly across the street, and the DL Dwinell Dry Goods & Groceries store (Currier's Market site today). The house where our feature story's author Peggy Stevens lived is the residence labeled "T. Lyman," across from the Universalist Church (the church burned in 1910; the site is now the Village Green.) (All the Orleans County Beers Atlas maps are available to view/download on the Old Stone House Museum website.)

death, registers the members of the Dwinell household as Joseph H., then forty-eight and a selectman in town and representative to the Vermont legislature in his second term, as well as his daughters Emily, twenty-four, and twenty-two-year-old MaryAnn, and their two brothers, Franklin and Daniel, aged fifteen and twelve. Sons Charles and Joseph E., who were present in the household at the 1840 census, had left home by this time. Oddly, several other names were listed as residing there in 1850, five members of the Leonard family and two young Smith girls. Had Joseph, as selectman and overseer of the poor, taken in these folk out of charity or obligation as was the custom when it came to caring for the indigent? What misfortune had befallen them to require this necessity? I pictured the walls of the little house straining to contain these numbers.

Moving on, I discovered Charles Dwinell's marriage to Lois Cutler of Glover in 1857, recorded in that year's birth, death and marriage ledger, and two children born to them, but this was the last trace I could find of him. Joseph H.'s namesake, Joseph E.



The monument at Westlook Cemetery in Glover for Joseph H. Dwinell, Esq. (c. 1802–1860) and his two wives, Almira A. Holbrook (c. 1803–1848) and Martha H. Cutler (1816–1893).

Dwinell, at nineteen years of age in 1850, had returned to Glover by 1856, having married Eliza Bean of Glover in that year. They brought up their family in Glover Village, only five out of ten of their offspring surviving infancy. Young Joseph eventually took over the Dwinell family furniture business, evidence of which undoubtedly remains in local homes, antique shops, and rummage barns today. Fueled by an intensifying degree of curiosity, and with the historical society's assistance, I was using online resources as well as town records, amazed how easily these references to those who'd lived so long ago could be called up again. How immediate their history and how quickly I became closely involved with people I'd never heard of before. I did a quick search to see what I could find out about son Franklin, who had disappeared after the 1850 census. Young Franklin had left Glover in his late teens for greater Boston. I discovered him in the 1860

Somerville, Massachusetts's census, a bookkeeper for a textile firm. By 1880, he resided in nearby Brookline, his occupation treasurer of a manufacturing company. He had married Alice Gould but remained childless. If he ever returned to Glover, I turned up no record.

The situation at the senior Dwinell's home had changed yet again by the 1860 census, with daughters Mary Ann and Emily, whose sweet voices had graced their choirmaster father's Sunday choir in the Congregational Church just across the road from home, having married as well. Emily could be found living in Glover, with her husband, Hiram McLellan, farmer, and their three children. Mary Ann had married George Leonard, "mail agent," and had moved with their three boys to Newport. The sole inhabitants of the Dwinell homestead then were Joseph senior, his second wife, Martha H. Dwinell, and youngest son, Daniel Lyman Dwinell. Were these the people in the photograph I had found in the Scofield's front parlor? The period seemed right and the subjects matched the census—father, son, and stepmother. But whose was the face in the upstairs window? I wished I could lay my hands on that photo to look more closely and wondered what had become of it. What I had learned by this time was that it was not at all unusual to find these faces in the attic windows of old photographs, whether they be of invalids, hired help, or any others unable or uninvited to join the formal group photograph. So many faces and identities, recorded yet lost to history.

Dipping back into the 1850 census, I found a Martha Howard from Canada living with the William Cutting family in Greensboro. Jumping forward to the 1870 census, I found Martha Dwinell living with Asa and Hannah Taft of Glover. How had Martha come to know Joseph and to marry him, and why had she disappeared from the Dwinell family homestead within ten years of that photograph? Returning to the card file, there was the death record of Martha Howard (Cutler) Dwinell, but no record of her marriage to Joseph. I had to wonder why they had chosen to marry out of Glover, but no answer was forthcoming.

My head was spinning by this time. I had only been at it a few hours and already acquired so much information. By now, I knew what had become of Almyra and Joseph H. Dwinell's children, more or less. Yet I had more questions than answers. First among these was why was second wife, Martha, living with the Tafts in 1870 and not in the Dwinell homestead? Then I realized that Richard Evans's genealogy of Lot 129 held the answer. In 1861, the deed had passed to youngest son, Daniel, and to Joseph's widow, Martha. Joseph senior had died of "bilious fever" in 1860, within the year of that census, the second Dwinell to pass away within those walls. Were those his footsteps we had heard in the hallway that night? It made sense to me; he certainly would have entered and departed his home through the front door with such authority. So son Daniel and Martha had lived on there together, Daniel marrying Loanda Willey of Glover in 1863, and soon after, in

1864, Martha quit her claim, leaving Daniel sole heir to the house. Two women under the same roof, one a stepmother-in-law, might not have worked any better than than now. I found myself wondering just what the relationship between Almyra's children and Martha was like. Did they resent or accept her presence in their mother's home? And how about Almyra? I couldn't help but include her spirit in this unfolding drama. How did Martha's presence sit with her?

Referring again to the card catalog, I learned that Daniel and Loanda had celebrated the birth of twin boys, Leo and Leon, on March 17, St. Patrick's Day, in 1866. Then, tragically, their deaths from influenza are recorded within three months; these little boys were the first children to die in the house. Poor grief-stricken Loanda and Daniel never had another child; their loss must have been insurmountable. Maybe that is why in 1872 they moved out and up the road to start anew, assuming the ownership of the general store that sat where Currier's Market stands today. On the 1878 Beer's survey of downtown Glover, you can find the D.L. Dwinell Dry Goods and Groceries, with sister



The joined gravestone of Leon and Leo at Westlook. The twins were born March 17, 1866, and died just days later. The carving of a rosebud broken from the stem was often used to symbolize the death of an infant or child. Note the spelling of "Leeo." Sometimes the spelling on gravestones differs from other records.

A memorial, written on the death of Mrs S.O. Dwinell

Thirty-one years ago the past August, -D. Lyman Dwinell, then a thriving young merchant of Glover VT brought to his home his chosen wife, Loanda O. Willey daughter of Micajah Willey of Sutton VT. She was comely in form and feature, quiet, unaffected, and winning in disposition, and she soon won her way to all hearts; and we loved this new sister.

The opening words of the eulogy for Loanda Willey Dwinell found written in what appears to be a Glover Universalist Church Mite Society record book, now at the GHS museum. "...very comely in form and feature, quiet, unaffected and winning in disposition, and soon won her way to all hearts..."

Emily McLellan in the property behind the store and brother J.E. Dwinell's residence close by to the north, across the road from the JE Dwinell Cabinet Shop and Furniture Manf'. And so they all lived in close proximity until Daniel's untimely death at fifty years of age in 1887. Loanda's eulogy upon her death in 1894 describes her as an unfailingly devoted caregiver to Daniel, whose broken health plagued him throughout those intervening years.

And so for fifteen hundred dollars in 1872, the deed for the Dwinell home passed to Timothy Lyman Jr., Daniel's father's very good friend. I wondered at this. Why Daniel had decided to pass the deed to the family homestead to Timothy Lyman and not to his



The large family Dwinell monument at Westlook, with (on the right) inscriptions for Daniel Lyman Dwinell (1837-1887) and his wife, Loanda Olive Willey (1840-1894).

father's widow, Martha? The strength of Timothy Lyman's relationship to Joseph senior was evidently important to Daniel Lyman Dwinell. Timothy died only six years later in 1878, the fifth to pass away under that roof. Continuing in the genealogy of Lot 129, I learned that Timothy Lyman's daughter, Clara Dodge, inherited the house from her father and lived there for the next ten years, when in turn she deeded the house back to Martha Dwinell for a thousand dollars in 1888, almost twenty-five years after Martha had passed it to Daniel. Had Martha wanted all along to return to the home she had made with her husband, Joseph H., but been thwarted? Again I wondered about the relationship between the Dwinell children and their stepmother. Had Almyra's children resented their younger stepmother, usurper of Almyra's home and family? Or had they acceded to their father's need to find a companion and housekeeper after his daughters married? Would this explain why Martha was laid to rest in the Dwinell family plot upon her death, in 1893, in what was then legitimately her home?

How amazing, it dawned on me, that these six people whose lives had been so closely mingled—Almyra, Joseph, their

grandchildren Leo and Leon, friend Timothy, and Martha—should have shared the same point of departure from this world, if indeed they'd left at all. I was further enmeshed. Which of these souls had made such a lively effort to communicate with me? Although I'd come to the end of the Dwinell line, I continued to examine Richard Evans's genealogy, the exchange of the homestead deed, owner by owner, family to family, over the following decade.

Between 1894 and 1904, the deed had changed hands five times. Strange! Dodge to Scott to King to Anderson to Gray. An exceedingly rapid rate of succession. What could account for this rush of real estate transactions? Had these tenants encountered the same spectral presence as I had and fled? I searched for evidence of births and deaths, finding little Forrest Andersen had died in infancy two months after his parents had moved out. Then I uncovered the death in 1903 of little Leslie Gray, who was born in the house and died within that week. The terrible pressure of despair and loss bore down on me. A third infant dead in this house. Like Daniel and Loanda before them, the Grays soon left their sorrow behind, or tried to.

Now in the second day of research, I sought out the story of Roy Christie, next to assume the deed to Joseph Dwinell's house in 1904. Roy Christie, local painter and paperhanger, married to Josephine, Jo, Prindle, whose minstrel father, Johnny Prindle, famously traveled the country on the vaudeville circuit. Were Roy and Jo and their baby daughter, Zana, now two years old in 1904, finally to be the happy family this home had been waiting for? Looking back to the Evans's genealogy, I could see that Jo had maintained her home there for the next fifty years. I recalled that my historian friend had explained to me earlier in my quest that she knew this house as Jo Christie's. Jo had maintained the Glover Town library there for years and as the librarian had opened her doors to all of the town's children, including Joan's father, who'd been as fond of Jo as she was of all of them. Oddly, I noticed, the deed had changed title from Roy and Jo to Josephine exclusively, in 1923, then back to Roy and Jo in '42. Pieced-together notes and letters offered rumor that Jo and Roy had divorced, perhaps in 1923, but that he had continued to live with her. This must have been somewhat scandalous news for the times. Had Jo not wanted to separate their daughter Zana from her father? But

1 April	90	Mary Carr	..	16	11	20	1860	Glover	Consumption	John & Eliza C.
2 Nov	197	John T. Clark	..	22	10	22	"	"	Jephord Pen	Samuel & Beliey
3 Dec	24	Silas Clark	..	42	6	14	"	"	"	"
4 Oct	3	Joseph Gray	..	80	2	27	"	12	Wound
5 May	29	Amelia Morris	..	30	10	6	"	1	Epileptic fit
6 March	30	Claudius P. Mathis	..	32	7	0	Boston Mass	..	Nick By Horse in barn
7 April	7	Hannah Mc Lellan	..	01	5	23	Glow	"	Pneumonia
8 July	15	Joseph H. Dwinell	..	58	9	"	..	15	Disease of the Heart
9 Oct	22		..	"	"	"	Stithorn

Death record for Joseph H. Dwinell scanned from the 1860 Glover Death Records.

April 14 Zana Christie

Glover Church

Glover Cemetery

The Rev. Arthur Hewitt was the Methodist minister in Glover from 1905-'07. He recorded Zana's funeral in his log of baptisms, funerals and weddings, which is found at the Vermont Historical Society. His records also show that in February 1907, he had baptized Zana, her mother, Jo Christie, Jo's sister Vinnie, and Vinnie's daughter Cora Healey.



Glover natives Roy Christie, 23, and Josephine Prindle, 18, married in 1897 in NH, where both were working at the time.

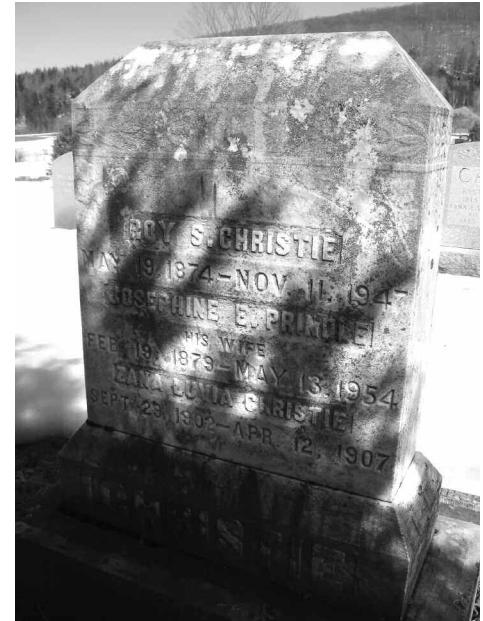
Zana would have been twenty-one or so in 1923. Turning again to the file, I looked for Zana Christie, finding her color-coded birth card. Flicking further I looked for the card that would tell me who she had married and when. Then the awful realization struck me, as I pulled the card that recorded her death on April 12, 1907.

In this moment, I realized how closely I had come to feel for all of these people who had lived in that house over such a span of years. My heartfelt grief for Roy and Jo and all the others who had lost relatives or left them behind in that house overtook me. By now, Joan had departed and I was alone in the vault with this terrible knowledge of Jo and Roy's loss. I pulled the ledger for births, deaths and marriages 1907 and looked for Zana's death date. April 12. Here I

found recorded as her cause of death "appendicitis," with a note that the doctor had been called after three days but too late to save her. Could their daughter have survived if the doctor had been called sooner? How she must have suffered and her parents as well in the aftermath? I thought, as a parent, of the recrimination and guilt that must have ensued. Was it this tragedy that led finally to Jo and Roy's divorce after seventeen years of anguish? My last foray into the records that day was to learn what had happened to Jo and Roy. Roy Christie's death certificate revealed that he had died in Waterbury State Hospital in 1947 of tuberculosis. There was no escaping another sad family story playing out under what I had come to think of as Joseph Dwinell's roof.

According to Evans's Lot 129 genealogy, in 1950 the deed was changed to include the name of a Cora Stacy, but Jo had lived on in her home until 1954 when she died of natural causes. By all reports she left behind many loving friends and neighbors, her legacy as a most bountiful citizen of Glover intact. Did she also stay on in her home with Zana, for whom she may have maintained vigil all those years? Once again, the desire to read between the lines of recorded facts, dates, and names overwhelmed me.

It did not take much longer to complete the investigation into the remaining owners of the Dwinell



The Christie gravestone at Westlook: Roy S. Christie (1874-1947), Josephine Prindle Christie (1879-1954) and their daughter Zana Luvia Christie (1902-1907).

home as recorded by Mr. Evans. Upon Jo Christie's death, Cora Stacy and her husband, Herman M. Stacy, maintained Jo's home as a vacation place until 1966 when the deed passed to Glenn and Dorothy Piper, who sold to the Scofields almost three years to the day later in 1969. None of these folks—Stacy's, Pipers or Scofields or their descendants—can be found in town vital records. No births, deaths or marriages. So the Scofield girls had been the first children to live in that house since Zana Christie some sixty years before.

By now it was late and so cold in the vault I had never removed my coat in all those hours. The patience of Glover's town clerk was surely waning though she gave

no indication. She had gathered what I was up to and was plainly intrigued by my quest. She knew the house in question. With many thanks I left her and went out into the January cold headed for home thirty miles away. The ride was long enough to consider the weight of my findings of the day and the intensity of emotion I felt along with them. Zana. Poor little girl, who lay for days in a condition she could not understand any better than her parents until it was too late. There was no comfort in imagining that Zana was too young to realize her peril, for her pain must have been excruciating. And her parents? How nightmarish to admit that time had run out, that there was such a thing as "too late." Their precious little girl was gone. How awful.

As soon as I arrived home I called Joan. Had she known about Zana, what had happened to Zana? Joan was equally devastated, reflecting how wrapped up she, too, had become in the mystery of the Dwinell house. Then came her question: "The writing on the table. 'H-E-L-P M-E.' Could it have been her writing on the table?" Could it have been an anguished plea from a very sick little girl? Stunned, I considered this possibility. I had not given this scrawled message a thought through all the research. Of all the possible suspects I had turned up, who could have been the most likely? Little Leo and Leon and Leslie were infants, too young to write. Almyra, Joseph, Timothy and Martha, if they did write, most likely wrote in cursive. But Zana, at four and a half, might have been practicing upper case print just like that I found carved in the tabletop. Would she also have playfully toyed with later inhabitants of her childhood home, knocking on the walls and delighting in the disruption she created? Or had she lingered in her restive state, perpetually in distress, signaling for help.

That evening, I reconsidered the possibility that the variety of intrusive events and sensations I experienced while living there did imply there had been more than one ghostly presence on the Dwinell premises. The voices overheard in the next rooms, the footsteps in the hall, the rapping and writing, all suggested different personalities. Precedent had been set for this idea of there being more than one spirit in residence in the reading I had done, back then and up until now, about ghosts and hauntings. Did these spirits keep each other company? Were they even aware of each other's presence? Some 'authorities' on spiritualist matters said yes, some no, as if they knew!

But after all, it takes two to have a conversation like the ones I'd overheard.

Having exhausted all possibilities in the town records, it was time to do what Joan had been encouraging me to do all along, call one of Richard Evans's son, one who had lived for many years in the house. Joan seemed to think he would be glad to talk to me. I appreciated her confidence, but the thought of calling a total stranger to ask about the haunting? I was reluctant. With a sharp twinge of self-doubt, I did what I had fantasized about for years. I contacted Richard's son and after a circuitous introduction about my investigation into the lineage of his former family home asked, "Did you ever have any reason to wonder if your Glover house was haunted?" I could tell he was unprepared for the question by the pause that followed. Had I just terminated the conversation before it started? "Nooo," he finally replied. "But why do you ask?"

Stepping into the opening he provided, I spun my long story off without a breath. I described the layout of the house as I remembered it, by way of explaining the various events I had experienced, convincingly enough to gain some credibility. My declaration that it had been a dark house inspired him to agree, detailing how his family had removed interior walls to allow light to pass from room to room. As I told about the random and insistent knocking that had taunted me daily, leading me to wander inside and out, looking for the source in loose shutters and nonexistent tree branches, I thought he might be recalling his own family's similar search as he agreed, "Yes, it was a noisy house." I told of the incidents in the bedroom by the back stairs, and the freezing cold sewing room, but elicited no comment beyond the fact that old houses can be creaky and hard to heat. Clearly, this was someone for whom ghosts did not exist, one so sensible that a haunting would never have entered his mind. When I asked about an old photo, it didn't ring a bell. Had the Scofields left a dining table behind? No.

I went on to tell how I had eventually confronted the Scofields, and how they had confessed to having had the same experiences, which started with their renovation projects soon after moving in and seemed to have ended when their girls moved out. Their caution to us about "snow falling off the roof" had been their only hint of what might occur in their absence, and they had been truly sorry to learn of the ghost's return. Apparently, however, the Scofields had

made no mention of ghosts or haunting when they sold the house, such disclosures not being required by law in the transaction. And for the Evans family, since “there was no such thing as ghosts” there weren’t. By the time the Evanses moved in, there also was no photograph of former owners, no dining table childishly etched in a plea for help, no collection of books on the supernatural. Nothing to shake their certainty that they lived alone there. Within the next few minutes, having shared about Alice Scofield’s visit, her reiteration of each unnerving disturbance, all to patient silence on the other end of the line, I realized it was time to say thank you and goodbye. I hung up without asking him if there had been any girls or young children in the Evans household whose presence might have provoked spirits in residence. He had been very forbearing and polite and likely the Evanses, like the Scofields after their girls had moved out, had never been haunted at all.

In the following months, as I began to write my story, I also began to talk about my harrowing past and present findings with close friends, who all chided me for withholding such an amazing chapter of my life, demanding to know what my next steps would be. Unexpected input came from a few good friends who had graduated from Lake Region Union High School in the early ’70s and who remembered Alice Scofield. Alice! She had made the same impression on them—beautiful, fun to be with, and exotic, coming from Connecticut as she had. Alice was the one all the boys had set their sights on and vied to win. Whatever had happened to Alice? Maybe if I contacted the alumni association I could find out. What about Facebook? Had I Googled her? Google and Facebook searches conducted by my daughter were inconclusive. But turning to ancestry.com, I discovered that Arthur and Jeanne had both died within ten years of selling their Glover home, having moved to Morrisville, Vermont, and likely taking their furniture and the photograph with them. Arthur’s on-line death certificate listed their other daughter, not Alice, as next of kin, living in Hardin, Kentucky. I continued my search for Alice. Sadly, the only link I could trace was to an Alice Scofield born in Connecticut in March 1953, dead in Hardin, Kentucky, in 1994 at age 41. The dates were within range and the Hardin, Kentucky, location beyond coincidence. Any notion of getting back in touch with Alice, if I ever might have considered doing so, dwindled in the light of that knowledge.

After all, what was the point anyway? Alice and her parents had already confirmed as real my extraordinary brush with the unknown. In spite of that validation, I had been driven throughout this process by my perceived need to continue to defend myself against those who can’t or won’t believe in alternative reality. I no longer needed concrete proof, a photo, a table, another witness. Did I? My energy for this quest was sputtering, waylaid by daily concerns, but Joan continued to stay in touch, encouraging me onward toward the goal of eventually contributing the fruits of my research to the Glover Historical Society archives. When she contacted me in the summer of 2013 to catch me up to date with the historical society’s celebration of Jo Christie’s dad, Johnny Prindle, and to share a special story, one she knew I’d like to hear, I paid attention.

One of the Prindle descendants, Cora Stacy’s granddaughter Patty, had toured the town with a team from the historical society that day. Knowing that Patty had spent summers visiting her grandmother in Glover, they had walked with Patty down Glover’s main street, stopping by the Union House and asking Patty if she could pick out her grandmother’s home from there. Patty had pointed right across the road to the home she remembered from her childhood, the Stacy nee Dwinell house. When told about my research, Patty expressed interest in getting in touch with me. That being communicated, I put it off for a while, recalling my discomfort when I’d called Richard Evans’s son. My curiosity eventually overcame my hesitation, and so I did write, couching my queries in careful phrases: “Did she recall anything her grandmother or other relatives may have mentioned?” “Would she mind taking a minute to respond? I would so appreciate...” With my usual misgivings, I sent the letter off, never really expecting a reply.

A few months passed, confirming my doubts about ever attempting to contact Patty. Then one night the phone rang. “Hello? This is Cora Stacy’s granddaughter, Patty.” Incredible! We made our introductions then dived into conversation. At her request, I ran down through the series of events that had occurred in the few months I had lived in her grandmother Cora Stacy’s house—the knockings, voices, footsteps down the hall—and my efforts to identify the ghost or corroborate my experiences with any historical or anecdotal record I could find. Pausing

to assess how my listener might be taking this all in, Patty quietly spoke, “It *is* haunted. The house is haunted.” Why did my blood run cold when this is what I had been hoping, expecting to hear?

Patty continued, sharing that her father, Richard Stacy, was Cora Stacy’s son, and that Cora was Jo Christie’s niece, her mom Vinnie Prindle being Jo’s sister. Cora had grown up with Aunt Jo and spent much of her youth in Jo’s house, having chosen to live with Jo when her own parents divorced. Cora had moved to Boston after her marriage, but stayed close and inherited Jo’s house in 1954. Cora and her family had summered in Glover for years, but lived full time there only one year before they sold to the Pipers in the mid-sixties. During that time, Patty had vacationed there twice when she was about five and six years old. Patty explained that, during those stays, she and her mother had shared the back upstairs bedroom, the room with the back staircase beyond. Patty had heard footsteps up that staircase in the night, and early in the morning the sound of voices in conversation and pots and pans rattling in what once had been the summer kitchen below.

Being very young and less afraid to ask than not, the next morning, Patty had told her mother what she’d heard and asked her mother if she had heard it, too. Sure enough, her mother said, “Yes,” but she cautioned that it was best not to say anything about it to her father or grandmother. Her father, Richard, had stayed there frequently throughout his lifetime. Since neither Richard nor Cora had ever said a word about a haunting, Patty’s mother was not inclined to



Cora Stacy's 1918 graduation portrait, Barton Academy.

share, just as I had not been.

“Has anyone died in the house?” Patty asked me. I informed her that yes, I had learned through my research that several people—at least nine—had died in the house between 1848 and 1954, that I was inclined to believe that there was more than one ghost, and that in particular I suspected Jo’s daughter, Zana, to have been an active spirit in my time there. “Jo had a daughter? I never knew Jo had a child. Zana?” Patty was pretty sure her dad never knew, but he was no longer alive to ask. Cora must have known, being born in 1899 just a few years before Zana; they would have been cousins and playmates.

Patty had never heard much in detail about Roy, knew nothing about his living on there with Jo after their divorce or his demise in the state hospital. Patty was stunned by the tragedies played out in that house and encouraged me to pursue my mission to document its history. I promised to keep her posted of my progress and we said

goodbye. I was thrilled! I had found a living witness, someone unrelated to my story who could verify the haunting. “The house *is* haunted.” All lingering doubt and shame evaporated. My relief was unexpected and profound.

Joan, of course, was as excited as I was and asked what was next? Would I contact the present owners, find out what they knew? I had no plans to do so. I had decided against that years earlier. They’d be right to resent the injection of fear or uncertainty where perhaps none had existed in their happy home. In deference, I had declined to pursue what might be further proof of the continued otherworldly presence within the Dwinell house. However, my conscience pricked as I came closer to completing my writing process. Wouldn’t it be better to hear it from me than as a rumor on the Glover grapevine? Might the current owners even welcome corroboration of their own unnerving encounters? It was time to wind this down, wasn’t it, but could I call it finished without this final step? So I found myself making one more phone call, and after another halting introduction learned the present residents had been waiting for my call, having heard quite a while before of my investigation into their house. Through the course of our conversation, it seemed that the present owner was curious, interested but unfamiliar with the ghostly interactions I had known while living there. I related my conversation with the Evans’s son from whom she’d purchased the house, explaining he had claimed no knowledge of a haunting. “Yes, I haven’t had any contact with a

ghost either," she agreed, "but my daughter has."

"Really?" I pounced. "Yes," she responded, "My daughter had to move out of her bedroom. She couldn't take it, all the goings on." Once again, had the presence of a young girl evoked what many found inexplicable, even impossible? Would I be able to speak with her? The mother willingly transferred the call to her teen-aged daughter, and then to a family friend who had spent considerable time in the house, neither of whom needed convincing to share. Their descriptions of "random" doors suddenly slamming shut with unusual force, or more oddly of latched doors springing suddenly open, were occurrences that might be attributed to invisible drafts, just as freezing temperatures could be to lack of insulation, but the daughter's account of writing, if indecipherable, appearing on the walls of her bedroom one night were less easily explained. More, her frequent sense that there was someone else present if unseen, raising gooseflesh and sending chills all over really struck a chord. I assured her I knew that feeling well.

Their family friend took over then, agreeing that the frequency of slamming and opening of doors was beyond all odds, and then he told of a most compelling event. He had been asleep in the front downstairs bedroom, the same one I'd slept in when I lived there. He had awakened, insisting he was not dreaming, to see a little girl in the room beyond, formerly the dining room, who walked towards him within a few inches before simply disappearing. This was the first I'd



Just as we were putting this newsletter together, we received our first-ever photo of Zana Christie from Patty Anderson. Patty's stepmother had discovered a box of photos, and among the treasures were this photo of Zana and the wedding photo of her parents.

heard of anyone seeing a ghost, and this he told to me before the homeowner's request for more information about the history of the house. "Has anyone died here?"

I launched into a hasty review of the genealogy Richard Evans had prepared, ticking off every adult and child who had passed away, up to and including Zana Christie and her mother, Jo. "How old was she when she died, the little girl?" asked the friend who'd seen the apparition. When I responded, "about five years old," he replied, "That's how old this little girl was, and her clothes were old-fashioned..." In that moment, I realized this story was plainly never "my" ghost story and very well might never come to conclusion as long as the house stood and a receptive individual

dwelt within. I now knew of seven others besides me who had been privy to the extraordinary while living there. Each had their own experience, their own account.

Throughout this investigation, many possibilities have emerged about which nothing conclusive can be said. Many questions remain unanswered. What is certain is that several people I have known, and others I have not, have borne witness to profoundly unusual occurrences impossible to verify beyond an agreement that they happened at all. Today, Joseph Dwinell's house stands as firm in its foundation and unassuming in its facade, tucked against the rise of the land, looking so much the same for 180 years. For all we know, the lives of its various sojourners—Almyra, Joseph, Leo, and Leon, Timothy, Martha, Leslie, Zana, and Jo—continue inside unceasing, bound by their shared journey's end. It seems irrefutable that an imprint of their life's energy remains within the domain they shared.

Naming the ghost, or ghosts, may have been a fruitless prospect, but the process of naming my fear—of the unknown, of being misjudged or disbelieved—has been fruitful. I was haunted by my past until I told a story—an ages old, if indirect, way of making sense of things beyond human control or comprehension. Within my community of listeners, I created meaning and celebrated as remarkable the events in which I was privileged to participate. I have filled in a space in my life that cried out to be filled. What was once and for a very long time unfathomable is understood. I am at ease with the mysterious. ■

Rebuilding Shadow Lake Road Cattle Pass

During the first two weeks of June 2016, John S. Rodgers and David Young rebuilt the stone cattle pass/culvert that crosses under Shadow Lake Rd. near the Arland Stone Jr. farm. The cattle pass was built in 1918 by the Town of Glover and is the last remaining cattle pass in the town. According to an agreement signed March 5, 1918, Harry L. Dewing, then owner of the farm, would pay the town \$20 and "keep the bottom of said cattle pass free from all mud, stones, and wood of all kinds that will obstruct the flow of water through said cattle pass" while the town would maintain the "sides and cover." Over the years the stone walls at the outflow end of the pass had been pushed in by the frost until they were almost closed. Two years of negotiation with the VT Agency of Transportation, including visits by the VTrans archaeologists, were required to get permission to rebuild the stone structure rather than replace it with a new concrete and steel culvert. John and David did a beautiful job, and although the pass is small for the cattle of today, it should stand for another hundred years as a piece of Glover's farming history. ■

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 (Note: *Starting January 1, 2017 dues will be \$20 per household.)

Dues in arrears Additional donation

Total enclosed \$ _____



David Young working on the restoration of the cattle pass.



Summer Fun: This "real photo postcard," c. 1910, from the GHS collection, was taken at the Dexter farm on Dexter Mountain. A game of croquet, a wagon, bunnies hopping around—what more could these unidentified boys have asked for? This home still stands today.

St. Paul's Church Steeple Clock to Tick Again?

Though located in Barton, St. Paul's Church has served Glover's Catholics for over 100 years; built in 1903 for \$13,000, the church is a beautiful landmark. The clock in the steeple has worked for most of those 100 years, but in recent times, the gears have stopped functioning properly. The gears and weights need a major overhaul, and the parish has embarked on a fundraising drive to raise the \$16,500 needed to restore the clock workings, automate its operation, and add a bell that will ring on the daytime hours.

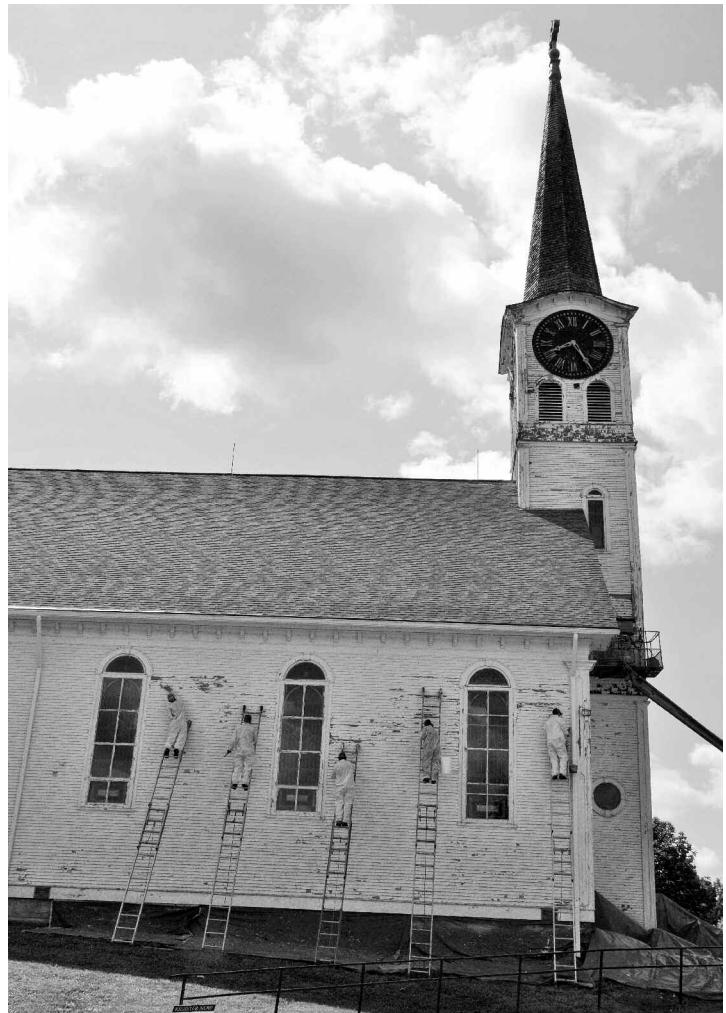
They are looking for financial help. If you would like to support the restoration, you can send donations to St. Paul Clock Fund, c/o St. Paul Church, 85 St. Paul Lane, Barton, VT 05822. ■

Bequests and gifts help support the Glover Historical Society

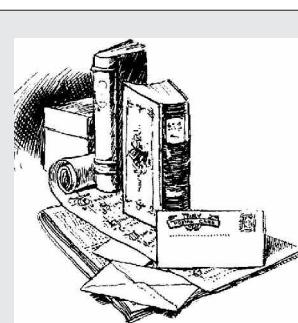
The Glover Historical Society relies on the work of volunteers and the generosity of its members and benefactors to fulfill its mission of advancing the study and understanding of the history of Glover. If you have an interest in discovering and preserving the history of Glover and wish to support the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



Paul Wood of Walden shared his "Inventive Vermonters" talk at the Glover Town Hall on August 21. Here he holds the Cooley Cream Separator, manufactured in Vermont and used in Glover farms.



In the summer of 2014, the outside of St. Paul's was repainted, including the face and numerals on the clock. Ann Creaven of West Glover snapped this photo of five painters at work!



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

Betsy: 525-4051 or

Joan: 525-6212

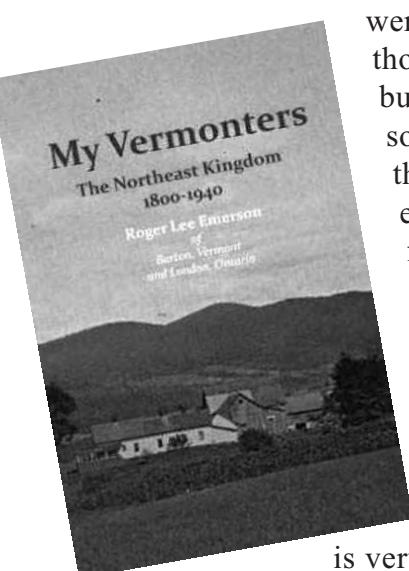
We would appreciate old Glover photos and stories you have that we could share in the GHS newsletter. Please contact us if you would like to meet with a member.

Looking for a good book to read? Two new books published this summer...

We Are as Gods: Back to the Land in the 1970s on the Quest for a New America by Kate Daloz will be especially interesting to anyone with Glover connections. Kate grew up in Glover where her parents had moved to homestead. Kate writes about their experiences, and also other back-to-the-land endeavors in Glover, at Entropy Acres, and the Mullein Hill commune. She connects these three Glover undertakings to the larger national movement at the time and reflects on the contributions and challenges. This June, Kate was a featured author at VT History Expo in Tunbridge, and she also did a reading at the Glover Town Hall, hosted by the Glover library.

Roger Emerson ended up with over 60 boxes of family history that was passed to him over the years. A retired history professor and historian, he decided to see what stories were in the old diaries, letters, ledgers, and photographs. The stories in *My Vermonters, The Northeast Kingdom, 1800–1940*

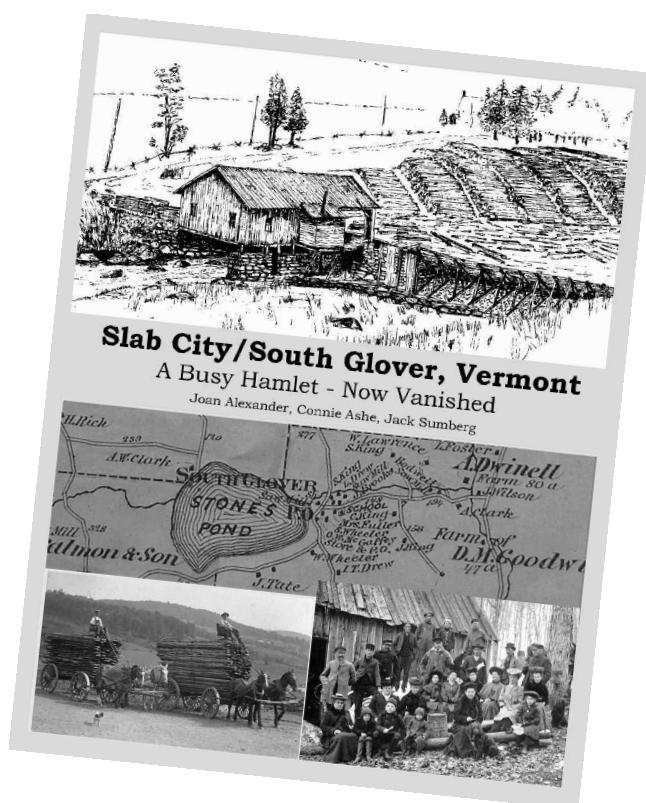
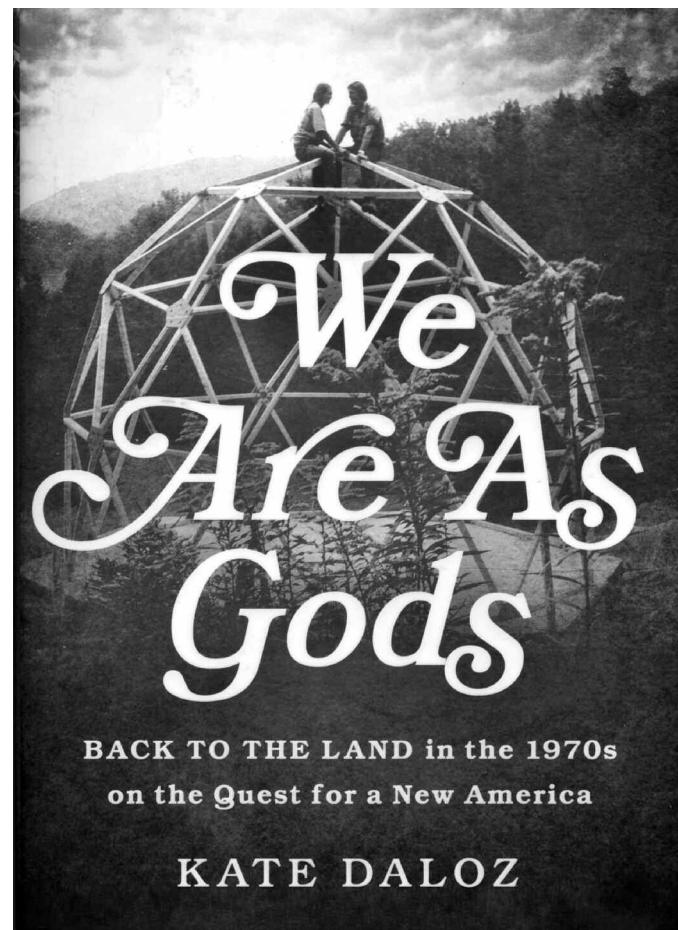
were culled mostly from those family heirlooms, but also from primary sources he found over the years. One chapter is especially interesting for Gloverites, inspired by a Glover GAR record book that Roger bought decades ago for \$1.



Both these books were scholarly researched, yet each is very readable and

fascinating, with each author reconstructing the past and also insightfully reflecting on what they found.

We had hoped to have our own GHS publication, *Slab City/South Glover, Vermont, a Busy Hamlet, Now Vanished*, ready for you to devour this summer, but we are still working on it! We plan to have it available by the end of 2016! Visit our website to see all our available publications!



grammar school, built in 1823, back to its original location at the base of Prospect Hill in Brownington. Just as with our West Glover Church, which was moved in 1832 from the old settlement down to the village with teams of oxen, my sister and former GHS trustee, Peggy Day Gibson, orchestrated one of the biggest gigs of her life, complete with 44 oxen in teams of two, hitched up to a 110-ton building on hydrostatic drive wheels, with more than 2,500 folks in attendance, watching as the building slowly moved one third of a mile up the hill to its new foundation across from the Hall House, beside the old Brownington Church.

As I write this on the eve of Old Stone House Day, we are preparing a slideshow of the photographs of the event. Pictures and videos and drone aerials abound on Facebook and the Internet and in newspapers all over the world... a very big deal for our



Oxen ready to help move grammar school.

little corner of the Northeast Kingdom!

These are just a few of the highlights of our summer. Enjoy the photos. Read on. The long anticipated part 2 of the Glover ghost story, "Naming the Ghost," is here at last!



Just passing the Hall House.

Don't forget to renew your GHS membership, and please find some time to visit with us at the museum or come to an upcoming event. We are a very small, but very active group of dedicated historians. We would love to see you at a meeting... the third Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m. in the Glover Public Library. Our annual meeting is in September and we are always looking for trustees for our board.

Betsy Day

(More photos on back cover.)

The GHS is always looking for stories, including old diaries, journals, or letters, relating to Glover during an earlier time. If you have a story to tell, please submit it to joanalex_05839@yahoo.com.

For those of you who don't use the internet, please mail them to Glover Historical Society, Inc.
PO Box 208
Glover, VT 05839



Pioneer Day Camp group assembly at West Glover Church.



Pioneer Day Camp: Cooking with Cleo.



Brownington Grammar School back home at last.