

GLOVER HISTORY



*Providing for the Future, Remembering the Past
1783-1998*

Vol. 7, No. 2

Glover Historical Society, Inc.

Summer 1998

President's Report

This year we had no major projects having been "worn out" from the Runaway Pond project.

We have been in conversation about the space and accessibility of our Museum.

Your donations of materials and money are greatly appreciated. We have received some interesting genealogies (Drews and Cutler) and would like more of early Glover families.

Check your mailing label for the expiration date of your paid membership and please pay promptly to save us mailing a special notice. We feel you wish to remain a member of Glover Historical Society.

Our Museum will be open 1:00 to 3:30 p.m. on Wednesday in July and August. Other times call 525-4419 for assistance.

INSIDE:

Dr. Percy Erastus Buck, Glover's Favorite Doctor



Warning

The Annual Meeting of Glover Historical Society will be held ~~July~~ 2, 1998 at 7:00 p.m. in the Glover Municipal Building.

Agenda:

- 1) Election of Directors as usual.
- 2) Act on proposed by-law changes as recommended by committee and accepted at June 4 meeting as follows:

Article 3: Change first sentence to read: "The Board of Directors, consisting of no fewer than eight and no more than twelve Directors, shall be elected at the Annual Meeting by the General Membership." Change last sentence of the first paragraph to read: "No Officer may serve in the same position for more than six consecutive years." Add the following: "If a vacancy occurs due to resignation or any other reason, the remaining members of the Board of Directors may, by majority vote, appoint a successor to serve until the next Annual Meeting."

Article 6: In the first sentence, delete reference to the month of July. The first sentence will now read: "The Annual Meeting shall be held at a time and in a place to be determined by the Board of Directors."

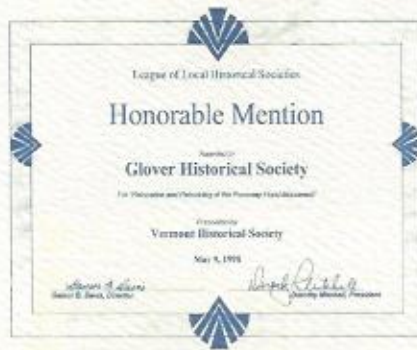
Change second paragraph to read: "All annual or special general membership meetings shall be called by notice in one of the county newspapers, a minimum of seven days prior to the meeting, or by card or letter or Society Newsletter, addressed to members and mailed by first class mail a minimum of seven days prior to the meeting. Such notice shall set forth the date, time and place of the meeting, and the business to be transacted. Twelve members, six or more of whom shall be members of the Board of Directors, shall constitute a quorum at annual or special general membership meetings."

A \$100 life membership will also be voted upon.

Proxy votes will be accepted and must be signed and dated.

An Honor for the Historical Society

The Glover Historical Society received an award of honorable mention for our Runaway Pond Park project. It was given at a ceremony in May at Norwich, by the League of Local Historical Societies.



Glover Day

Glover Day is July 25, 1998 and Glover Street will be bustling with activity.

1) The foot race "Run Chamberlain Run" will take place again this year. It's five miles from Runaway Pond to the fire station in Glover—and all down hill! (Call Ned Andrews at 525-6961 for information.)

2) A bike race around Glover and West Glover is planned. Call Dennis Gibson at 525-3034.

3) Bake sales, crafts sales and art displays will be going on. Call Betsy Day at 525-4051.

4) The Glover Historical Society Museum will be open as well with old photographs and other interesting ephemera for sale.

5) Lunch vendors will be present.

6) The library will sponsor a book sale.

7) Canoe & paddleboat races are being planned on Shadow Lake. Contact David Mechler.

"Only a Bear Bite"



The cover for this year's Glover Annual Town Report featured the Glover Zoo and its bear. Wendell A. Phillips, whose father helped Wesley Drew out at the Zoo, shared the following memory with us:

Wesley had two collars on the Bear. He would change one collar every year. He'd put several rolls of Necco wafers in a large metal dish pan and let the Bear eat candy while my Dad moved the chain from one collar to the new one from last year. Then he'd take the older collar off and put a new one on so it could get broken in before they put the chain on next year. One time after my Dad got the chain moved the Bear got upset and grabbed his elbow in its mouth and was biting down in good shape. So Wesley hit the Bear over the head with the dish pan and the bear let go. My Dad had a few holes in his arm but was not badly hurt. "Only a bear bite," Dr. Buck said.

— Wendell A. Phillips

Glover Historical Society, Inc.

Municipal Building
Glover, VT 05839

Membership for 1998

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

___ Family Membership - \$8.00 (spouses, children under 18)

___ Single Membership - \$5.00

___ Additional Donation of \$ _____

Glover History

An occasional publication of the
Glover Historical Society, Inc.

Municipal Building, Glover, VT 05839

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Dr. Percy Erastus Buck

by Harold Vincent

From birth to death Dr. P. E. Buck was all Orleans County. Born August 13, 1890 in Charleston, he went to grade school in Newport Center, high school in Newport, then after college and medical school at UVM, practiced medicine in Glover, then in Barton. Finally he died in Newport August 17, 1973 and was buried in Westlook Cemetery in Glover beside his wife Grace Dow Buck.

His given name was Percy Erastus Buck and those who knew it always smiled and asked where on earth he got such a strange name. The answer was easy—His mother, Louise Marvin Buck just liked Percy, and Erastus was an old Buck family name. Percy's father was Erastus Buck and *he* was named for an uncle, Captain Erastus Buck (Co. D, 3rd Reg., Vermont Volunteers), who was a bit of a Civil War hero before dying from wounds received at the Battle of the



Grace Dow

Wilderness. Captain Buck was born and raised in Charleston and is buried in the Old Protestant Cemetery in Island Pond. And there were several earlier Erastus Bucks, going back to Waterford, Vermont and Killingly, Connecticut.

There's an interesting story about how Dr. Buck began his medical practice in Glover. It seems that after graduating from the UVM College of Medicine in 1914, young Dr. Buck had a number of offers to practice his vocation. He narrowed it down to two, a staff position at the hospital in West Hartford, Connecticut or the country practice of a recently deceased physician in Glover, Dr. Nelson L. Dow. He made his momentous decision, he said, by flipping a coin, and the rest, as they say, is history. The coin came up Glover, and Dr. Buck bought

out Dr. Dow's practice and moved into the house and office on the hillside in Glover just up the hill from the church parsonage on Main Street. The house is now occupied by Reginald and Carol Godin.

How fortunate, both for Glover and for Dr. Buck, that his coin flip brought him back to Orleans County. That is not only because the town was lucky to have this bright young physician move in and take care of the area's sick for nearly sixty years, but also because living in that hillside house were Dr. Dow's widow, Lilla Pierce Dow

and her comely young daughter Grace. You might guess that Percy and Grace soon fell in love and married, just as Dr. Buck accepted a commission as first lieutenant in the U. S. Army Medical Corps and went off to war. They were married in New York City July 17, 1918, and



1st Lt. P. E. Buck

after a very short honeymoon, he began his assignment as the medical officer on board a troop transport carrying our soldiers from New York to Le Havre, France. This duty did not prove rewarding, however, either to Dr. Buck or to the Medical Corps because on both of the two trips he made across the North Atlantic he spent most of his time rolling around in his bunk or "barfing" over the lee rail! He and his superiors agreed that he was little use to the troops in need of medical attention so a transfer was approved which kept his feet firmly on dry ground. Dr. Buck's daughter Rachel Vincent has a diary in which the young physician describes the hilarious details of his trans-Atlantic experiences.

After the armistice Dr. Buck returned to Glover with his young bride and resumed the practice he had begun

in 1914. Two children were born to Percy and Grace: Ralph Nelson in 1921 and Rachel Marie in 1926. Speaking of names, Dr. Buck's quick wit and wonderful sense of humor are nowhere more apparent than in the selection of a name for this second child. Immediately after their daughter's birth, the story goes, Percy and Grace were discussing what name to give the little girl. Grace expressed some interest in naming her Virginia, whereupon Dr. Buck exclaimed, "Why, I'd as soon name her North Carolina as I would Virginia!" They compromised on Rachel, which was *not* a family name although, in sticking with family tradition, her older brother had been given the name Ralph for Percy's older brother

During his lifetime Percy Buck was always interested in sports, especially baseball, and his family recalls many, many times when, on returning from a call he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and joined the boys baseball game taking place in the field behind the Buck barn on Elm Street in Barton. This barn and field was a neighborhood gathering place, and there were always games and activities going on in one or both places, be it baseball, touch football or a rainy day game of "Murder" upstairs and downstairs in the spacious barn. Son-in-law Harold Vincent fondly recalls one summer when the Elm Street gang built a bicycle racetrack behind the barn and



Horse races in Glover.

continued this activity until "there wasn't a bicycle in town that had any spokes left!" Whenever possible Dr. Buck was an enthusiastic spectator of these games, if not a participant.

Dr. Buck was an avid race horse fan and most of his years he kept a retired trotter or two in his barn, both in Glover and Barton. In the early days one of these horses, perhaps old "Belle" or "Princess Inez" had the privilege of pulling Dr. Buck's buggy or sleigh as he visited one or another of the hill farms which made up his practice. His grandchildren were always spellbound listening to his stories about cold winter nights returning from such a

case, when he would pull his coonskin coat over his head, put the reins around his neck and tell his horse to "take him home." Of course the horse, anxious for a warm stall and a few oats, would do just that. There are still many Glover residents who remember the Glover Driving Club of the 1920s, when Dr. Buck was but one of many racing enthusiasts who would hitch up their favorite racer and join in hotly contested dashes along the length of Glover's main street. It is also interesting to note that Dr. Buck's son, Ralph Nelson Buck, a dentist in Westminster, Vermont, has maintained a lifelong hobby of raising and racing harness horses and always has one or two in his barn.

Dr. Buck also enjoyed music and amateur theatricals. He played the piano a bit and sometimes filled in when the usual pianist for the men's club or some other organization was absent. At home he occasionally got some of his family involved in a hymn singing session. According to grandson Ralph Vincent, his favorite was "Holy, Holy, Holy," and when playing it, he'd say, "Now, Ralph, let's really beller it out!" And they would. And Rachel recalls that one time during a minstrel show he was called out to deliver a baby and had to officiate in



Dr. Buck and his cousin, Erna Buck Huff, "clowning around" at the beach.

blackface! Surprisingly he had a great memory for poetry, especially old English classics learned in his post-graduate year at Dean Academy. Forty years later he startled his college senior son-in-law by reciting from memory the whole of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," all forty verses!

But his main form of relaxation and recreation was found at his camp at Shadow Lake. The cottage was built on the "wrong end" of Shadow Lake in 1926 on what looked like a marshy piece of shoreline that no one else thought fit for a camp, but after the marsh was filled in and the building constructed, it proved to be one of the nicest spots on the lake. He liked to putter around on the

property, filling in holes in the lawn or putting his boots on and chinking the stone wall along the shoreline. Neither he nor Grace were swimmers, or boaters either for that matter, although he usually had a rowboat that he could load his family in and row down to Willie Danforth's beach for a picnic. On one of these occasions he was even photographed in a bathing costume, as they were called in those days, "clowning around" with his cousin Erna Buck Huff of New York. Be it noted, however, that even dressed for swimming, he kept his customary straw "boater" firmly on his head. He and Grace usually tried to spend Sunday afternoons at the cottage and in late years he attempted to take Thursday afternoon off as well. More often than not, however, even there the phone would ring—he had one of the few telephones on the lake—or a person would drive down the driveway, apologize for coming, and display a bad burn that needed dressing or a gash on the leg that needed stitching. Daughter Rachel recalls being asked to help hold a man's head one time while he sat on a kitchen chair and Dr. Buck pulled a tooth that was "aching so bad I couldn't stand it any longer," according to the patient, sorry to interrupt the doctor on a Sunday afternoon.

There was only one thing wrong with Shadow Lake, according to Dr. Buck. It had no island—so he had one built in front of the cottage by a man from Sheffield Square who owed him money and had access to a granite quarry in his neighborhood. He hauled a number of granite blocks to the lake with a horse and sled and used



Dr. Percy Buck and Grace (Dow) Buck, 1964.

son who could recall an occasion when he refused to see a patient in his office or visit at their home, be it a Sunday or holiday, mealtime or nighttime. Occasionally he got so tired during an epidemic or period of extreme medical need in the community that he hired a driver to take him the miles to the sick person's house while he slept, but he always went when needed no matter how tired he might be. Once in a great while he would take a vacation, which usually meant that he and Grace would drive to Maine or Cape Cod for a couple of days and bring back a lobster buoy or interesting rock to display in front of their cottage at the lake.

Of course the fees were not exorbitant then. Even as late as the 1940s, Dr. Buck's fees were \$2.00 for an office call and \$3.00 for a home visit. At this same time he got \$35 for a "confinement," which of course included prenatal care as well as the baby's delivery, which in post World War II days usually took place in the Cottage Hospital in Barton, which Dr. Buck ran in conjunction with Bernice Atwell. Earlier, of course, most births took place in the home. During his years in Glover and Barton he delivered over two thousand babies.

Some Dr. Buck Anecdotes

When I was ten years old I had pneumonia very bad. Dr. Buck came and saw how serious it was. He called a doctor from St. Johnsbury and they operated on me on the kitchen table at my parents' home in Glover. To this day I have a four inch scar on my back.

Dr. Buck not only was a good doctor, he was a friend to everyone. Wish we had more like him today.

— Alonzo B. Phillips

Dr. Buck sat in my kitchen putting up some little pink pills and yellow cough syrup for our sick children. His coat that he had hung on the rack above his head fell on him. Without a pause he flicked his hand over his head, saying, "Mussed up my hair!"

— Jean Borland

More Memories of Dr. Buck

This incident happened in the good ole days when doctors made housecalls—in 1968 or '69.

One cold winter evening my husband, Sisto, who lived in the old Dufresne farmhouse on Mud Island Road, heard a frantic knock on his front door. When he opened it there stood old Mr. Arthur Dewing, asking for help as his wife had fallen down their cellar stairs. My husband went to her rescue in his 4-wheel drive Willis Jeep. She was conscious and he carried her upstairs easily as she was a small woman. She was badly shaken up and bruised and both men thought a doctor should examine her. They telephoned Dr. Buck who lived in Barton at the

time. He said he was willing to make the call but the roads were too bad (snow) for his car. So my husband volunteered to fetch him from Barton.

Upon arriving at the Dewings, Dr. Buck with his good humor, took a good look at the couple who were in their 80s, and asked them, jokingly, "Have you two been fighting again?" Nellie wasn't seriously hurt.

When my husband left Dr. Buck off at his home he was surprised when the good man told him he had earned himself a free doctor's visit.

— Rita Lombardi

When I was five years old I cut my head in an accident. It required stitches. My mother phoned Dr. Percy E. Buck, our Glover physician (1930s) and also a family friend. He was camping at Shadow Lake so Dad rushed a bleeding, howling me from the village to the lake.

Dr. Buck calmly cleaned the wound and stitched it up right in the kitchen. We returned home.

Several days later he came by our home to remove the stitches.

When I saw him drive into the yard, I hid under my parents' bed. This didn't deter Dr. Buck for a minute. He walked in, got down on his knees, and played peek-a-boo with me under the bed. Of course, I forgot what he had come for and out I came. Snip, snap, the stitches were

out; I was as good as new.

Later when I was recovering from a bout of pneumonia, he made house calls. My pet cat, Spike, was on my bed; he listened to her heart with his stethoscope, making me chuckle.

I thought about friendly Dr. Buck recently when my husband cut his hand, requiring stitches. This entailed two trips to the emergency room at Newport and numerous medical forms sent to insurance agencies. The medical attention was fine at the hospital. I still wonder what Dr. Buck would have thought of all those insurance forms.

— Carol (Clark) Wheatley

the Chronicle, Feb. 3, 1993

Glover, Spring 1921. Across the street from the General Store (of Walcott & Lyon)

The lady on the right is Grace (Dow) Buck, wife of Dr. Percy E. Buck. she was the daughter of Dr. Nelson E. Dow, also of Glover. Grace has in her baby carriage her son, Ralph Nelson Buck, born Feb. 23, 1921, who also became a doctor. (Noteworthy also, Ralph's son Owen Buck became a fourth generation doctor.) The lady smiling at the camera is Sadie (Wilson) Leland, wife of Adelbert Leland. She is proud of her baby Muriel Leland (who later married Dr. Roy Sherburne). The lady with the checked coat who is fussing with her baby is not identified, nor are the lady and baby on the far left.

In the background is Wesley Drew's barber shop (center) and his home on the left where he started a zoo and wayside stand, which he later sold to his brother Perley Drew.

The bandstand was "uptown" in earlier years at the intersection of Still Hill. The team of white horses ("greys") are drinking from the watering trough which was also the source of water for the village school (across the road). The wagon may be loaded with wood. The teamster is unknown.

Photo courtesy of Rachel (Buck) Vincent, daughter of Dr. Percy and Grace Buck.



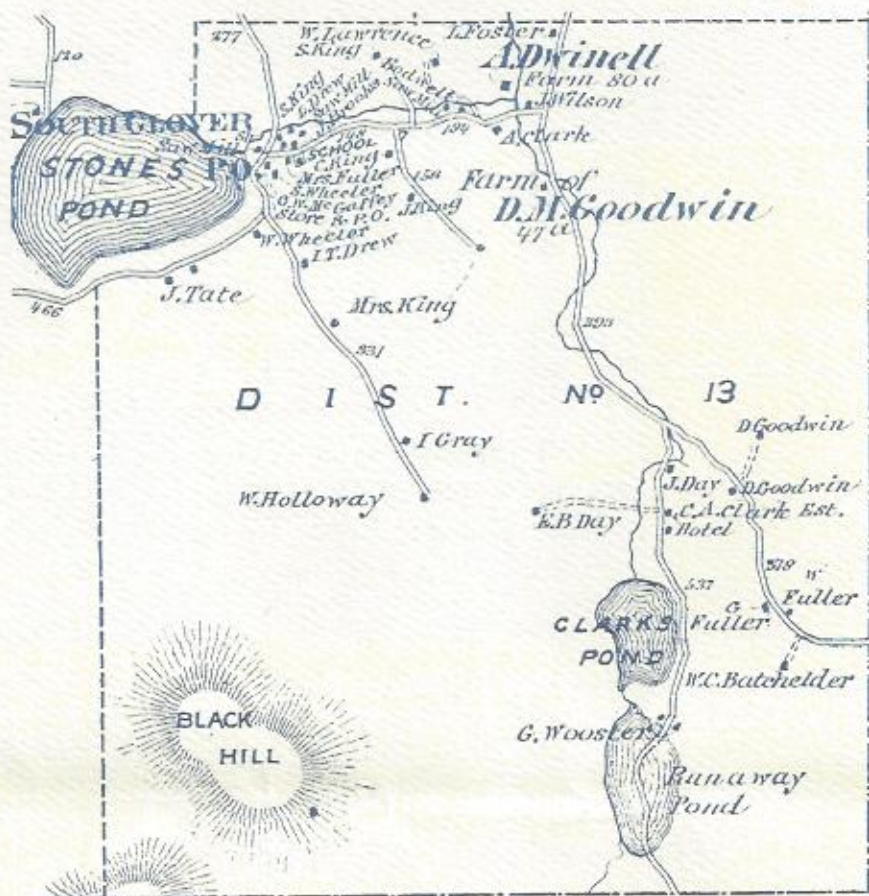
The Story of Stones Pond

This copy of the *Beers Atlas* map of School District 13 indicates some of the activity at the outlet of Stone's Pond in 1878. The area became known as Slab City with three saw mills, a post office, school, store, etc. They're all gone today. Even the pond's name has been changed. The *Orleans County Monitor*, July 9, 1894, reported:

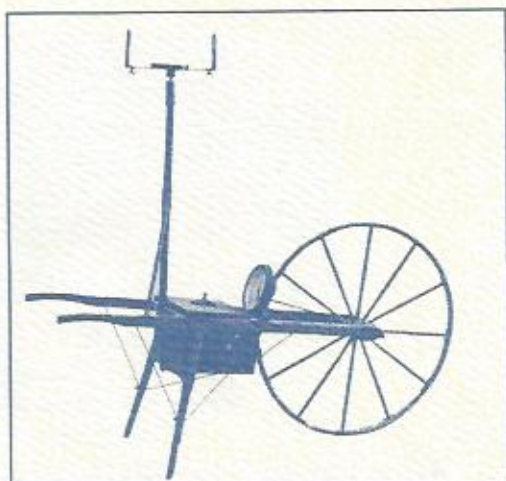
"A reunion of the descendants of Elijah Stone, one of the early settlers of Glover, was held on July 28 on the south shore of Stone Pond, between forty and fifty being present. They had an enjoyable time, boating, fishing, a splendid dinner, etc. etc. The old log canoe, in which Elijah Stone and three other men were overturned in the pond, a man by the name of Chambers being drowned, was dug up out of the sand, sawed up, and each of the party carried off a relic of the old log canoe. The day was very agreeably spent, and each returned to his home satisfied with having had a good time."

In 1921 the name of Stone Pond was changed to Shadow Lake, presumably because of its more pleasurable associations. The reporter of the Glover column of the *Monitor* wondered, "Hereafter we old-fashioned people are supposed to say Shadow Lake instead of the more familiar term, Stone Pond. Will the fish bite any better?"

— Wayne Alexander



— from *Beers Atlas*, 1878.
South Glover, also known as Slab City,
was located at the outlet of Stone's Pond.



The 1878 *Beers Atlas* indicates the length of each road. The measurement is in rods (one rod = 16⁶ feet).

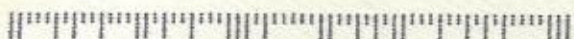
The roads were surveyed with a wheelbarrow odometer like this one used by the publishing firm of James M. Beers of New Haven, Connecticut.

— W.A.

Correction to the Leonard Homestead Chronology, by Betty Putney (*Glover History*, Winter 1998, p.5): Willard's son Chapin (1837-1915) was...town clerk from 1883 to 1915. He married Harriet Bean...



At the Leonard Homestead, c. 1900, Glover. Rear, L-R: Mr. Chapin Leonard, Mrs. Chapin Leonard (Harriet Bean), Grandmother Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Dwinell. Front, L-R: Al Leonard, Willard C. Leonard, Mrs. C. Hayden Whitney & Hayden Junior (from Concord, Mass.), Mr. C. H. Whitney and Mrs. W. C. Leonard (Kate Owen).



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