

GLOVER HISTORY



Providing for the Future, Remembering the Past

1783-1999

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Glover Historical Society, Inc.

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Glover Genealogies *From the Secretary*

The Glover Historical Society is considering publishing genealogies of Glover families. Many have already been collected. Jean Borland, local historian and genealogist, sends us this list of genealogies the Society already has "on hand or started."

Aldrich	Leonard
Alexander	Lyman
Ames-Scott-Barber	Mason
Anderson	Norton-Cobb
Baker	Partridge
Bean	Perron*
Borland	Phillips
Chamberlain	Salmon*
Cheney	Shields
Clark	Skinner
Cutler	Stone
Drew	Sweeney
Dwinell	Thompson
Gilmour	Urie-Young*
Hyde	Walker-Buchanan
King	Wilson

*Already exists in book form.

If you've put together a family genealogy, consider contributing a copy of it to the Historical Society!

**Inside: Stories and pictures of
Glover's remarkable Union House
from Marguerite Bean Fiske.**

The Annual Meeting of the Glover Historical Society, Inc., was held at the Municipal Building in Glover on July 2, 1998. The principal agenda items were election of Directors, amendments to Society Bylaws, and establishment of a Life Membership category.

The Nominating Committee had submitted a slate of four candidates (Gisele Clark, Harriet King, Elaine Magalis, and Ulo Sinberg) to replace Directors whose terms were expiring with the 1998 Annual Meeting. The slate was elected by unanimous vote. (The full list of directors and officers for the current year may be found on page 16 of this newsletter.)

A Committee on Bylaws Change had recommended minor changes in Society Bylaws, as detailed in the Summer 1998 issue of "Glover History." The changes were adopted by unanimous vote of members attending the Annual Meeting. Copies of the full text of the Bylaws are available; any member who is interested may request a copy from the Society.

A member request had been received earlier for the establishment of a Life Membership category, which was approved at the meeting. Any interested person may now join the Society as a Life Member upon one-time payment of \$100 lifetime dues.

Ulo Sinberg



The "Union" House Name

Some, including Marguerite Fiske, have thought that the name originated from the "Union" men enlisting there during the Civil War (1861-65). The 1859 *Wallings Atlas* calls it the "L. Dwinell Hotel."

There was a "Union Store" movement in New England at that time. But the same 1859 *Atlas* shows "H. McLellan-Union Store" across the present School Street from what is Jim Currier's store today. At that time, there was a store in the basement of the Union House also, managed by Frank McLellan.

Rev. Ben Brunning knew it as a "tavern" in 1842.

However, a February 25, 1852 advertisement, "A Social Ball at the Union House in Glover," pre-dates the Civil War.

According to a Congregational church history written in 1871: "In 1830 a house of worship was built at Glover (Village) in which the church had the right of occupancy one-fourth of the time. In 1832 another Union House was built in the west part of town and was occupied by the church jointly with others...."

A recent article in *the Chronicle* (December 9, 1998) regarding the King George Farm School in Sutton pictures the "Union House" there, which was obviously a church.

Therefore, I conclude the "Union" was a result of the early church unions.

The Union House story in this issue is almost completely the remembrances of Marguerite (Bean) Fiske. She lived at the Union House as a youngster, the daughter of Sam and Mamie (Hall) Bean, and she wrote this material at the request of the Glover Historical Society. The GHS chose to print it all because Marguerite has been a generous supporter of the Society and because it is a fascinating document.

Wayne H. Alexander

SOCIAL BALL
AT THE UNION HOUSE,
GLOVER, Feb. 25, 1852.

MANAGERS.

F. McLELLAN, Glover. C. W. GARLAND, Greensboro. J. A. SAWYER, Batton. A. P. HODGES,	G. KILLAM, C. BEAN, H. BEAN, C. D. DEWEY,	Ironsboro. Coventry Troy. Earton Landing.
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Your attendance with Ladies is respectfully solicited.

Thanksgiving Ball
At the Pond Hotel,
GLOVER,
Thursday, Dec. 2d, '58.



FLOOR MANAGERS.

F. McLELLAN,	C. DWINELL,
A. BROWN,	J. FLOOD.

COMMITTEE OF INVITATION

J. F. WELLS, Greensboro,	W. BROWN, Shelburne,
A. WOODRUFF, "	W. WALKER, "
F. LITTLE, Barton,	L. S. RICHARDSON, "
G. POPE, "	WALKER, "

MUSIC
March's Full Band.

Bill \$2.00.
Printed at the Public Office, Montpelier.

SOCIAL BALL!

—AT—
John Tenness' Hall, Glover, Vt.
Wednesday, October 18th, 1867.

YOUR COMPANY WITH LADIES IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

FLOOR MANAGERS
J. H. A. WELLS, CHAS. BURNAP.

Good Music by Attendance. Bill 2.50.

Independence Ball
AT UNION HOUSE HALL, GLOVER, VT.

MONDAY EVE., JULY 5, 1875.

Your Company With Ladies is Respectfully Invited.

Committee of Invitation.

W. F. TEMPLETON, Glover	S. P. FISNEY, Greensboro	T. PAYTERSON, Craftsbury
E. B. ROBINSON, Barton	G. W. PARKER, B. Landing	E. W. POWELL, Ironsboro
O. W. BARKNEY, Albany	H. F. DRESSER, S. Hardwick	L. BEAN, Newport
E. R. LORAND, Lyndon	E. A. HUNT, St. Johnsbury	Geo. Cole, Coventry

Hall Managers Chosen by the Company.

Music: H. Haisdell's Band, Concord, N. H.

Bill, \$2.50 per Couple.
J. SHEERBURNE, Proprietor.

GRAND BALL!
AT
The Union House,
GLOVER, VT.,
Wednesday Evening, Dec. 21, '70.

Music, Island Pond Band.

Dancing commences at 8 o'clock.

E. E. FOSTER, Proprietor.

Copyright 1870

The Union House

by Marguerite Bean Fiske

We are surrounded by so great a crowd of witnesses. Hebrews 12:1

Early Days

The heyday of the stage coach era was between 1830 and 1840. From Boston, stage coach routes fanned out in all directions. One of these routes was the "Boston-Montreal." Around 1830 Dan Gray built a stage coach inn in Glover. This inn became known as the Union



Union House, 1885. The three children, Johnnie, Maimie and Birdena Hall pose with their father, Henry, and an unidentified man. Rosette Sherburne Hall and an unidentified woman stand on the veranda.

House. The original building had but eight rooms, all with fireplaces. With its four high square pillars and polished granite steps, no doubt it was regarded as a fine place to stay.

The second owner was John Jenness. The third was Ethan Foster. Ethan Foster was my Aunt Luda's uncle. My uncle, Freeman H. Bean, was her second husband. She told me that it was Ethan Foster who had made all the improvements to the Union House. (However, it was my great-grandmother, Maria Sherburne, who had the upstairs veranda added to the hotel.)

The inn was enlarged to make 12 bedrooms on the second floor. The dining room was lengthened to about 40 feet, and the dance hall to about 80 feet with a large room at the west end to serve refreshments and to hang outer wraps.

The Two-Story Outhouse

I do not know when the "two-story outhouse" came into being. The upstairs "water closet," as my mother called these conveniences, was at the end of the second floor hall and around a slight bend. It extended just a little bit out from the one downstairs but nearly over it. The upstairs room was neatly papered above the wainscoting. The wainscoting and the three adult-sized holes were painted with a battleship gray enamel. Downstairs, the water closet was at the end

of the back shed. This room was unpainted. There were three holes, but one of them was low and child-sized.

Ever present was the catalogue. Our catalogues came twice a year. When they came, every one played the wishing game. This was long before the *Christmas Wish Book* came out. One year Sears and Roebuck delivered their

catalogue from door-to-door.

When Henry Ford sent out scouts to find articles for his museum in Dearborn, Michigan, the agent wanted to buy the "two-story outhouse," the small windows that were on either side of the front door, and the music stand that was in the dance hall. My mother refused saying that they were a part of what made the Union House *the Union House*. Later, she would sell the old hotel for what she was offered for the music stand.

The Gazebo

Existing pictures have one object missing. One day my mother took me with her on a visit to see Bertha Clark. Bertha and Henry E. Clark lived in the first house on the left just after you turned off the Greensboro Bend Road to go to Stone Pond, or Shadow Lake as it was later named. The Clarks had one son, Don. He was the same age as my brother, Clyde. They were both born in 1904. I was 12 years younger. Naturally, when he found out who was coming, he disappeared. My mother asked if it would be all right if I played in the gazebo. I always took a doll with me when I went visiting with my mother. She didn't want a child hanging on her knee whispering loudly, "When kin we go?" every few minutes. I am equally sure that Bertha Clark was pleased to be rid of a small child who would probably investigate every treasure in the house.

I had a good time playing with my doll in the gazebo. I sat by turn on all sides of the gazebo's narrow seats. All too soon my mother reappeared. On the way home I said that I wished that we had a gazebo. My mother replied that indeed that very gazebo had once been at the Union House. Long ago two oxen had pulled it to where I had played in it. So the missing object in the pictures is the gazebo that had been on the Clark's front lawn for so many years.

Poor Charlotte

Some existing pictures show a sign that just says "GROCERIES." The grocery store was under the front part of the hotel. I didn't play down there very often because I thought it to be dark, damp and spidery. It was fun to sit on the counter and make-believe. The drawers still smelled deliciously of spices and tea. In the corner of one drawer I found a "poor charlotte."



The real "Poor Charlotte" had lived in Danville, Vermont. One winter's night she had worn a silken coat to a ball. She was dead, frozen stiff, when she arrived at the ball.

Soon ladies were stirring their hot tea with a little figurine and mur-

muring, "Poor Charlotte!"

A few years ago when my daughter, Sherril, was going to yard sales and antique shops with her mother-in-law, I asked her to buy me a poor charlotte if she ever found one. She said that they abound in all sizes. She was able to find one that she felt was authentic. She paid ten dollars for it. The one I had lost probably came in a package of tea.

I put poor charlotte on the saucer of my mother's teacup—her very best one that Aunt Luda had chipped one afternoon long ago. When we left New Hampshire to become Floridians, we divided the family artifacts that had special memories attached to them among our family. Sherril has the teacup and poor charlotte.

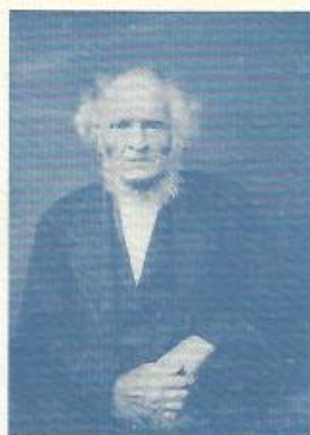
The Owners of the Union House

My great-grandfather, John Sherburne, was the fourth owner of the Union House. He was born in Canada on October 16, 1803. He came to Glover in 1812. His wife, Maria (April 14, 1806—August 31, 1892) came from Randolph, Vermont. They had eight children. When John Sherburne bought the hotel all of the children had their own homes except Mary (November 19, 1851—March 16, 1924) and my grandmother M. Rosett (December 23, 1838—April 24, 1923).

When Rosett was young, she worked in the silk mills in Manchester, New Hampshire. Apparently, she saved her money, became quite wealthy and returned to Glover and the Union House. A letter from a soldier from Sheffield to her indicates that. Among her letters are love letters from Henry Alphonse Hall (July 21, 1838—June 23, 1916). He was born in Ascot Corner, PQ just outside Sherbrooke PQ. I like to think that he was a stage coach driver—an expert horseman, dashing, resourceful and charming.

Rosett and Henry were married and had three children: Johnnie H. (July 30, 1875—August 8, 1895), Mamie Ruth, my mother (November 9, 1876—October 15, 1956) and Birdena (February 25, 1879—September 14, 1901).

My great-grandfather, John Sherburne, died February 1, 1888. He left the Union House to my mother, Mamie Ruth. She was only 11 at the time.



Tintype of John Sherburne



L to R: Mamie Hall, Burliegh Sherburne, Johnnie Hall and Birdena Hall, c. 1887. (Image is reversed as are all tintypes.)

The Stagecoach

Rosett and Henry continued to operate the Union House. Although the train with cars had come to Barton in 1857, and some segments of the stage coach routes were discontinued before the Civil War, the Union House continued to flourish. Jo Christie, who was the same age as Birdena, told me that she could remember the excitement that stirred the village when the stagecoach came speeding down the Harness Shop Hill with the four horses running at top speed, the horn making short sharp blasts to warn everything to get out of the way, and also signalling the hotel how many to expect for supper. She said that the coach would swing smartly around at the lower entrance of the driveway and pull up with a flourish at the Union House front door.



From an advertisement for an Independence Ball at the Union House, July 5, 1875.

Entertainment

At the Union House, there were fancy holiday balls that would often last from sundown to sunup with an elaborate dinner at midnight in the big dining room. Ladies would sometimes change their gowns at midnight before the dinner.

Besides these fancy balls, there were dances for the young people. I have a clipping from the newspaper of a letter to the editor. (*See pg. 13.) In it the writer lamented the depravity of the youth in the Boston area but wrote in glowing words of the wholesome youth he had met at a Union House dance. He mentioned quite a few by name. At least one hotel guest did not mind the merriment that was going on over his head.

My mother told me about the musical entertainment, the street entertainers with their trained animals. She spoke often of the "trained bear." There were artists and itinerant photographers that paid for their lodging with their talent.

Indians from Maine came to sell their wares. My mother's rattle was an Indian rattle. And then there were the peddlers.

SOCIAL BALL,
—AT THE—
Union House Hall,
GLOVER, VERMONT,
Tuesday Evening, November 26, 1878.
YOUR COMPANY WITH LADIES IS SOLICITED.
Floor Managers Chosen by the Company.
MUSIC BY KITTREDGE'S FULL BAND.
W. H. HALL, 21.76.

The Author's Parents Marry

When my mother was 13, she went to Manchester, New Hampshire to work in the mills. She roomed at Fanny Carr's place. She bought a lamp with her entire week's paycheck of eight dollars. It's a good thing that she was rooming with friends.

On June 27, 1899 at eight o'clock in the evening Mamie Ruth Hall and Samuel Ira Bean were united in marriage by Reverend John Macdonald at the Union House. Freeman H. Bean (my Uncle Free) and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hall were the attendants. A woman who worked for my grandmother wrote to my mother that Aunt Julia Gray had such a good time at the wedding that she forgot her hat and had to come back the next day for it.

My grandfather, Freeman F. Bean, bought a house for Sam and Mamie Bean at the lower end of the village. It was opposite the house where Chet and Mollie Parker lived. Here, their four children were born: Ava Marie (October 6, 1901–February 24, 1983) Clyde Freeman (February 24, 1904–1960s?); Reynold Leslie (September 4, 1907–September 7, 1988) and finally, Marguerite Rozette (March 4, 1916).

End of the "Glory Days"

My grandfather, Henry Hall, died June 23, 1916. My grandmother, Rosett Sherburne Hall went to live with my parents, Sam and Mamie Bean.

The glory days of the Union House were over. The Union House was dark for a year. In 1917, my parents, Sam and Mamie Bean, thought it prudent to return to the Union House and to rent out the smaller house, which they did for many years.

The last big party in the Union House was for my sister, Ava, on her eighteenth birthday. October 6, 1919 was a Monday. Since Ava was still at Barton Academy, Class of 1921, the party would have been on Saturday, October 4, 1919. I remember my mother dressing me in my best white dress and letting me stand at the head of the stairs on the second floor to see all of Ava's friends all dressed up trooping up-stairs to the dance hall. Then I had to go to bed.

Childhood in Glover

Since I was so much younger than my brothers and sister, I spent a lot of time alone. I sat on the granite steps watching my world that was Glover. As a result the granite steps became my kindergarten.

A favorite friend was Dora Lyons. Her husband, Carol, and Dale Walcott owned the grocery store. Dora and Carol had no children. When she went for a walk, she would invite me to go with her. We explored Charles Wright's sugar woods. We named all the paths and sugar roads from Thornton Burgess books. She taught me the names of all the wild flowers we found. We made up stories about the animals and fairies.

Another friend was Lola Sargent, a retired missionary to China. She loved birds. She taught me to recognize birds and their songs from the call of the robins crying for rain to the lonesome sweetness of the hermit thrush.

Living across the street from the parsonage was special. The Reverend John Kimball taught me to expect that the moon would be nearly an hour later every night. He taught me to find the Big and Little Dippers, the North Star, the Milky Way, as well as Cassiopeia's Chair, the Seven Sisters and Cepheus. He would come and ask if Muggy could go with him. My mother would correct him, saying, "Her name is Marguerite." He would answer, "Yes, I know. MUGGY, MUGGY, MUGGY." He could also gobble like a turkey.

John and Helen Kimball were both ministers. After they had been in Glover a few years, they told my mother about their first night in town. First came the big boys bringing carts, wagons, sleighs, everything they could and hoisted all on the parsonage porch roof. The Kimballs watched in the dark,

amused. Just before dawn they were awakened again. This time they saw two men, that later they recognized as Sam Bean and Doctor Buck, working just as hard as the boys had the night before. They were removing the clutter from the roof.

Looking for a Bible

From the Kimball's granddaughter, Rowena Perry, came my desire for a Bible. She had one. I did not. I pestered my mother to ask Jo Christie to get one for me. Since I was only seven, I guess my mother felt that there was no great rush. But I lay in wait for Jo. Every day I watched out of the office windows for Jo to appear in her dust cap on the way to get the mail. She said she would put a pie in the oven before leaving home so that she would be sure to be gone only an hour. Everyone liked to talk with Jo. To me the ruffle on her dust cap made Jo look like Dolly Dimple, the Campbell Soup Twin.

Then came the day when my mother relented. "Jo, will you buy me a Bible? Marguerite wants one. I'll pay you for it." Jo smiled down at me and said, "Why, Marguerite, you don't want your mother to BUY you a Bible. All you have to do is to come to Sunday School every Sunday for a year, not to miss one; learn your catechisms, study your Sunday School Quarterly every week so that you will be able to answer any question that I ask you and if you do that for a year, I will give you a Bible."

In due time I received my Bible with my name in gold on it. Inside it said, "Love Jody."

Over the next few years Roy Christie would pen my name with his beautiful calligraphy. The last award was a large picture of the Hoffman Head of Christ with the admonition from Jo to always have it hanging in my room. It still does and I think of Jo often.

What the Union House Looked Like

The Union House that I remember was very much like the Union House of the 1890s, including the furniture. Inside the front door on the left was what we always called "the office." Between the two front windows hung a business directory. It was a large mahogany frame with possibly 20 glass plates. When I was little, the frame was full. As people began to be

Interesting Ancient Signs From Old Union House

There were left in the Monitor of-
 for Tuesday six glass advertising
 signs recently taken from the cus-
 time barroom in the Union House at
 Glover, now owned by J. C. Crawford
 of Barton but being operated as the
 Twilight Rest Home by Mrs. Angie
 Shaw. These signs have been placed
 in the Monitor display window.
 These 8x10 inch glass signs were
 painted in colors on the reverse
 side and were together placed in a
 large frame. These six signs must
 have been made some 75 years ago.
 One reads, "E. H. Webster, Barton,
 Va., Publisher Orleans County Mon-
 itor, and general job printing, Near-
 by all kinds of printing done at So-
 ton prices." Mr. Webster, father of C.
 S. Webster, treasurer of the Barton
 Savings Bank & Trust Company,
 sold the Monitor to G. H. Blake in
 1873 or 1874, thus placing these signs
 at about 75 years ago.
 Other signs are: "O. French &
 Son, Manufacturers and Dealers in
 Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, a large
 assortment on hand at cash prices.
 O. French, S. B. French"; another,
 "Martin Abbott, Manufacturer of All
 Kinds of Carriages, Repairing done
 to order." A third reads, "J. J. Hill,
 Barton, Va., local and travelling
 dealer in first class Sewing Machines
 of all kinds, Sewing machine at-
 tachments, needles, machine twist,
 linen and cotton thread."
 Still another advertisement reads,
 "J. E. Dwinell, manufacturer and
 dealer in furniture, picture frames,
 mirrors, room-paper, carpeting, col-
 lars, caskets, etc." The sixth sign
 says: "C. E. Leonard, manufacturer
 and dealer in all kinds of spruce
 Packing Boxes."
 All personalities named in these
 advertising notices are gone and all
 the businesses have vanished except
 that of the weekly Orleans County
 Monitor.

interested in their families' history, they would come and ask for the plate advertising the family business. My mother always gave them their plate. As the plates were taken, the directory began to lose its charm. Until finally, as you see from the clipping, there were only six!

I found the news story among my mother's clippings. It was not dated. But the description is far better than I could write. And it's for real.

At the east and south corner of the

office hung a picture of a Concord coach with four horses, loaded with passengers and their luggage. The usual snow covered mountain was in the background. I loved that picture, dreaming that I was one of the ladies in her finery. Under the picture was a mirror and a small shelf. On the other side of the room was a soapstone sink and a roller towel. I imagine that the men travelers used the sink and the mirror to tidy up. None of the rooms had water, unless it was carried to the room.

Between the two windows on the south side hung the wall desk. It had a lift-up lid. This was where the guests registered. Above the desk were several little drawers. Over the drawers hung the office clock—actually, it was an old calendar clock. Our son Eric has the clock now. To the left was a lithograph of an old-time race. The sulkies had large wheels. Time in a mile was listed below. When Dr. Nichols was furnishing his cottage hospital in Barton, he bought the picture and enough high-post beds for his rooms as well as a lot of other antiques.

On the west side of the room was the bar. It was about four feet long and two feet wide. It was battle-ship gray. There were two small Doric pillars in front under the bar top and a small riser between the pillars. On the back of the bar were two or three drawers and a small door about 18 inches high and four or five inches wide. On the back wall behind the bar hung a three-shelved cabinet with three glass doors. Beside the bar near the stove hung a wall kerosene lamp. It had a shiny metal concave reflector in which a small child sitting on the bar could see her face upside down.

The large cast iron stove dominated the room. The stove pipe was a two-tiered affair. Each tier had, I think, four small pipes. These captured the heat so well that by the time that the smoke reached the chimney flue the straight stove pipe was nearly cool to the touch, even with a brisk fire burning in the stove.

In the center of the room was my grandmother Rosett's broad leaf maple table. Even when I was in high school, a black oilcloth with a gold filigree design all over it still covered the table. It was this same black oilcloth that an angry young lady had thrown over a small table under which she had placed a lighted lamp, because her beau had jilted her and was that very moment dancing up in the dance hall



Glover Band at Union House, Decoration Day, May 1898.

with another young lady. Luckily, the arrangement was discovered so that only the table was charred. I thought the story was a myth until one time I was refinishing the sewing stand. There was the char under several layers of paint.

Just outside the office door and to the left was the flight of stairs that led to the second floor. This floor had 12 bedrooms with the first six being called the family bedrooms. At the top of the stairs on the right, another hall led to another flight of stairs that had a sharp curve midway of the flight. This narrower flight of stairs ended at the dance hall door.

Inside the dance hall on the left was the music stand. It was a platform 20 feet wide and 15 feet deep. The platform stood on either four or six large round legs that were eight or ten inches high. My mother said that when Roy Christie played his big bass fiddle he had to stand on the floor beside the music stand. A music rack extended the entire width of the music stand. On the wall behind the stand hung a large lithograph of George Washington on horseback. Next to that hung the picture of Dan Mason for whom the GAR (Grand Army of the Republic) Mason Post was named.

The seats in the dance hall were narrow benches attached to the wall. Very uncomfortable.

The hall at the Union House could be divided when a large door with 20 panes of glass was closed about midway of the hall. In the front hall was a tall hat rack that had a mirror and a marble shelf between the four hat hooks. The back hall which was wider and had double doors on both sides that opened into the big dining room on the left and the family dining on the right. In the closet on the rear right near the kitchen door was the big brass hotel fire bell.

The Union House Outbuildings

Before the Flood of 1927 there was a connecting open shed between the upper barn and the livery stable. Part of Barton River came sluicing down the main street during the flood, and turned at the Union House upper driveway entrance, flooded across the barnyard, and ripped away the connecting shed. It was never replaced.

Existing pictures show the buildings that accompanied the Union House. On the left was the woodshed. It was large because the need for wood was great. The Union House did not have central heat. Instead there were cast iron stoves in all of the rooms. The stoves were in all shapes and sizes. They ranged from the ornate parlor stove to the dainty one that

was in Ava's room. I don't know what became of them.

Next to the woodshed was a large henhouse. It doesn't show in any of the pictures because the door to it was in the open shed of the livery stable. It was complete with double decked nests, china eggs and a rooster that enjoyed pecking at the heels of a little girl.

The horse barn or livery stable had 30 open stalls. At the entrance on the left was a large grain room. In it my father also kept the milk separator. At the rear of the barn on the left was the cowshed. We always kept five cows. On the rear right were two large box stalls where two mules were stabled. Overhead was a long hayloft.

The main floor was wide and long enough to park several wagons or coaches.

The front of the horse barn had a wide and high open shed. On the right was a large wooden barrel which served as a watering trough. The water flowed continuously. It was deliciously cold. I think that 12 families owned the spring. I know that Joe Montminy had our "waste water," a term that confused me as a child. On the left side of the shed the area was large enough to store several wagons with their shafts pointing skyward. The best part of the shed were the exotic pictures that announced the circus coming to Newport! There, fancy ladies standing on prancing horses and wild fierce lions, and tigers and bears, with the brave tamer cracking a long whip, made material for a child to make up fantasies.

My mother could always persuade Charlie Kelton to take Blanche, his wife, and us to the circus. She would insist on paying for the gas because she didn't want our complimentary pass to go to waste.

The Flood of 1927

The "Flood" was an exciting time for everyone. Men and women gathered in the street to ponder the possibility of Stone Pond "running away." Then there was Mrs. Joy. Mrs. Joy lived near the "white bridge" over Barton River. When the river began to rise, Frank Drew went over to her house. She was sitting on her front porch, rocking. He invited her to come home with him. Maude, his wife was concerned. Mrs. Joy thanked him but refused. She continued to rock. Later he went again. Again she refused. She continued to rock. Then he sent his son, Ray, in a row boat to

make her come. This time she came just before her house toppled into the river. After the Flood the "white bridge" was known as the "dry bridge." Barton River had changed its course.

Marguerite Bean's Education

In 1933, I graduated from Barton Academy and my brother, Reynold, graduated from Cornell University as a veterinarian. When he was home for Christmas, he said that since I would never be too bright, I should get all the education that I could. He would start private practice in June and by September he would be able to help me.

With this encouragement and five dollars that my mother gave me I entered the University of Vermont in September. I went to the Medical Building to register. There was quite a line in front of the door **ACTIVITY FEE—14 dollars**. I didn't have 14 dollars—only five. There was a long line in front of the door **REGISTRAR**. And the longest line was in front of the **MONEY NOT YET ARRIVED**. The only door with no line was the door marked **PRESIDENT** Dr. Guy W. Bailey. So I rapped on that

door. I didn't notice the stunned silence. I just asked to see Dr. Bailey. Dr. Bailey had me ushered right in. With tears, I explained my predicament—that I only had five dollars but that some time my brother was going to send me some money. When I told Dr. Bailey that I was from Glover, he said that his father had been a stonecutter in Hardwick so he knew Glover very well. He told me not to worry, that I would stay in college. I have included a letter that Willard C. Leonard sent Dr. Bailey in October in response to a letter. (**See pg. 13.) I did stay in college.

In May 1936 at the Founder's Day Chapel the new members of Senior Honorary Societies were announced. I was elected as one of the seven junior women to Mortar Board, the senior women's honorary society.

When the Trustees and Dr. Bailey came into the dining room at Robinson Hall for lunch, Dr. Bailey came over to me and shook my hand and said, "This morning I was very proud of the little girl who came to college with five dollars!" Ruth Barron, our head waitress, who was from Barton (her father owned a big store near the depot) came over to me and said, "What did the President say to you?" "He said he was very proud of me." "Oh GO ON!"

Only much later did I come to realize the remarkable qualities of Dr. Bailey in managing to help so many of us wanting an education to go to college in those difficult days of the Depression.



The GAR Mason Post celebrates Decoration Day, May 1898.

The Union and the Civil War

It was in the office at the bar that the young men enlisted—"to rally 'round the flag" and "save the Union." The veterans continued their allegiance to this inn where they had enlisted. When they returned, they made this spot their meeting place. I have always felt that it was in deference to the Union and to these young men that the inn became "The Union House."

The GAR Mason Post met in the dance hall as long as they could climb the steep stairs. In the closets on the south side of the dance hall they stored their folding tables and chairs, flags, and the battle maps of all of the action in which they had participated during the Civil War.

Whenever the GAR met, the ladies of the Relief Corps would take over the kitchen at the Union House and prepare the dinner. Isabelle Bean and Lila Sherburne were among those who were most familiar with the kitchen and knew where the old hotel china, pots and pans were stored. After dinner the men would return to the dance hall and the ladies would hold their meeting in the dining room. When at last the men could no longer manage the steep stairs, they met in the dining room. The ladies met in the parlor.

It was the Relief Corps that organized the Decoration Day (May 30) march. After the dinner, about one o'clock, the GAR and other veterans lined up first, then came the ladies of the Relief Corps and last of all the school children carrying flags and a small bouquet of flowers to throw in the river in honor of the sailors who had died at sea. At the bridge near the brick house the march turned to return to the Union House.

Horses and Horse Racing

All of our family were horsemen. Amy Bean, who had been one of my mother's teachers before she married Amos P. Bean, told me that one winter's day she had seen both of my great-grandfathers racing their horses up the village street. These were John Sherburne (1803-1888) and Samuel Bean, Jr. (1802-1884). Both were in their eighties at the time. Both had lost their hats. Both were yelling and cracking their whips because they were both intent on winning. She never said who won. This was the same Samuel Bean, Jr. who had taken my father, Sam Bean, to Canada to visit relatives. My father was very young at the time but my great-grandfather had let my father drive the whole way. He said, as a way of complimenting my father on his driving, "Well, Sammy, you didn't hit all the stones in the road."

The upper barn was our horse barn. The door of the first stall had a full length poster of the "WOOER." He was my father's first and most famous stallion. My father got him in 1905. I still have his papers. Later he would have Onward Forbes. Many of the fast horses in the area were sired by Onward Forbes. Albert Tyler's Phoebe Forbes was one of them.

Being a horse breeder and horse trainer, Sam Bean dreamed that one day he could take a fast horse on the "Grand Circuit." He did take Midnight Dream to the local county fairs in Vermont one year. In 1949, my brother, the Doctor Reynold Bean, did take Jim Brewer on the Grand Circuit as a kind of fulfillment of our father's dream.



Sam Bean with his horses, some time before 1917.

Although Reynold spent most of his racing time at Saratoga, in 1959 he came to Suffolk Downs and Rockingham. Ava and I took everyone in the two families to watch Reynold race his horse, Lanza Hanover. Reynold told us that he had slept in the stall the first night at the "Rock." He awakened in the night and found Lanza asleep with her head on his chest. He had the same great love for horses that Sam Bean had.

Next to his horses, Sam Bean loved people and making them laugh. On May 1, 1938 while telling a story to a friend who had come to visit him, Sam Bean paused as if for dramatic emphasis. His friend waited for him to continue. But Sam Bean had died telling a story to amuse a friend. My father was born December 8, 1869 and died May 1, 1938.

It was probably in the 1920s that men decided to organize the horse racing that had always taken place on the village street. I can remember a few times when the first race of the season was held Thanksgiving morning. I can remember that on Thanksgiving the first snowflake of the winter would drift down. Then Saturday afternoon about one o'clock the first race would be called. It was a two-horse race beginning at the bridge near Orrin Miles' house up through the village to the foot of the Harness Shop Hill and opposite Amos P. Bean's house. The racing would last until about four in the afternoon. I can remember a few times when the last race would go by the Union House after the street lights had come on.

On Saturdays, the Union House barnyard and the big horse barn would be bustling with activity as the out-of-the-village horses would be stabled until they were called. My father used a light racing sleigh which had a low dash and a low back to the seat. The horse that I remember him racing the most was Midnight Dream. One season he raced Flashlight for Mr. Wilkerson. The horse had become too much for the old man to handle. That year Sam Bean never lost a race!

Once a year on Washington's Birthday the Glover Driving Club was invited to Lyndonville for a day of racing and a banquet. Albert Tyler, the blacksmith, would do a brisk business shoeing all the horses that were going with calked shoes. At Lyndonville they raced on ice.

On the following Saturday, the Lyndonville Driving Club was invited to Glover for a day of racing and a banquet.

One of the most loved drivers from Lyndonville was Mr. Darling who owned the Darling Inn. Mr. Darling was in his eighties. He loved to race and he loved to win! Sam Bean had a chestnut Morgan called Midnight with a very thick mane and tail. When she trotted, she threw out her feet so wide that she looked like a locomotive. My father was always asked to race Midnight against Mr. Darling. He was to put on quite a show only to have Mr. Darling win by a nose! Although Mr. Darling was given the bag of grain the next day my father received a matching bag of grain for the pleasure given an old man and the others not in on the plot.

The Glover Driving Club Moves to the Union House

For years the Ladies Union of the church put on the banquet in the church vestry. Then one Sunday morning a bottle of "spirits" was found in the pulpit. Coupled with the unwanted cigar smoke still lingering in the church that was THE END. The Glover Driving Club was ousted.

The Glover Driving Club moved next door to the Union House. I think Sam and Mamie Bean were glad to have the Union House spring to life for an evening. My mother cleaned the house to a fare-thee-well. She hired Leila Gray to help with the cooking.

The Union House still had enough old hotel china and chairs for the 100 that were expected. I think she borrowed the tables from the grange. The Driving Club had always had an oyster stew party in the Union House in January so it was like coming home for a second party.

A few years earlier Mamie had persuaded Sam to reopen the fireplaces in both the parlor and the big dining room. The fireplace in the family room had always been open because it had a Franklin front. A Franklin front was a cast iron extension to the fireplace. On the flat top were two brass ornaments at either end that were very fancy. By opening the double doors to both dining rooms and closing the door with the 20 panes of glass, she could easily seat a hundred guests. With all the fireplaces aglow the Union House looked very festive. Of course, she had invited the wives of the Glover Driving Club to help serve, then enjoy a party in the kitchen.

The Union House Interior

The kitchen at the Union House was large. Near the family dining room door and the back stairs that led to the second floor opposite number five were two cement set tubs. When I was little my mother bathed me in them. Next to the set tubs was a very long iron sink that had to be wiped very dry to prevent rusting. The stove was a black cast iron, an "Andes." Behind the stove was a 25-gallon hot water heater that one day she would connect to a bathroom made out of room number seven, and move one room in the Union House into the twentieth century with a complete bathroom. In the center there was a ten foot long and two foot wide work table with several deep drawers that held cooking utensils. On the east side of the room was a large oval white oak table that with the leaves in could comfortably seat all of the wives when they were through serving the men and "party time" had come.

The pantry was large. The shelves held an array of bowls, kerosene lamps and pitchers. There was also a large pie rack and the ice box.

Every house had a downstairs bedroom. Ours next to the kitchen was always known as "Aunt Mary's bedroom." When she was young, she had worked in Washington. She had a trunk of beautiful clothes. When my mother was 18, "Aunt Mary Sherburne"

gave her a "Longfellow Birthday Book." It was from that book I have gathered many of the needed dates.

"Aunt Mary Sherburne," after she had returned to Glover and was living with my parents, developed a bad habit of brandishing a butcher knife and saying, "Mamie, I don't want to hurt you!" Finally my mother had to take her to "Waterbury," the state hospital. My brother, Reynold, was little at the time. My mother brought him a large dappled gray horse on a green platform with four metal wheels so a child could pull it around. He named his new toy "My Feeble-Minded Horse."

Aunt Mary's room became a storeroom. Among the things stored there were: two brocaded side-saddles, two pump organs (bellows still intact), several treadle sewing machines, a large red armoire, and "Aunt Mary's Trunk." It was out of this trunk that my mother's clever fingers fashioned many of my college clothes. My favorite was a black plush coat and muff made out of a very large cape.

Next to the kitchen was the "back room." In front of the one window was my father's tool box. In it was a large maul with a dent in the middle just the right size to hold a butternut upright for cracking. On the north side of the back room between the kitchen wall and the chimney was a brick object that my mother called "an arch stove." It looked like a low fireplace with a wide flat top. It was here that the hotel water was heated in a big pot and soap was made. On the other side of the chimney was the "summer kitchen." Here the shelves were filled with still more kerosene lamps, boxes of spices brought up from the old grocery store, canisters of paint pigment, rows of "mason jars" waiting for another canning season. There was a big kerosene stove with an oven, and one very large blue wide-mouthed jar of sulphur. My mother would put a handful of sulphur in the kitchen stove when the fire got out-of-hand.

In the cellar under the kitchen was another arch stove, also for making soap. This one was always only a pile of brick rubble. At the foot of the cellar steps on the right was a heavy door to the main cellar, and in that room on the left was the root cellar. Straight ahead was the door to the grocery store.

Next to the kitchen was the "back shed" with a railroad door to the outside. In the back shed was a large coffee grinder, an old-fashioned tub hand-operated

washing machine, a long table, and last of all, at the very end, the downstairs water closet.

Between the house and the upper barn was the carriage shed, a large high room. The double high doors opened into the open shed that is visible in most pictures. It was in the open shed that we hung the washing, which most of the time was done in the kitchen in the cement set tubs with a scrub board!

The family dining room was perhaps Mamie Bean's room. The rest of the Union House was vintage stage coach era. But here she had her own dining room set, her larkin desk, and her crustless pie crust table.

Through heavy portieres was the parlor which faced the street. It was here that after supper the hotel lady guests would sit while the men held forth in the office near the bar.

The parlor was always Rosett Sherburne Hall's room, from the slippery black horsehair sofa, to her four "fancy chairs" and the ornate parlor stove to the three large gold-framed paintings of her three children hung in the order of their birth. It was a room well-acquainted with sorrow. Here Rosett had said good-by to parents, husband, and to Johnnie and Birdena, both barely 20. In April of 1923, this long-time mistress of the Union House waited in this room with quiet hands the honoring of family and friends.

Mamie Ruth Hall Bean Comes Home

In 1956 the fall foliage was late. After Columbus Day, the colors were still at peak when Mamie Ruth Hall Bean came home to Glover. We went up Route 122 out of Lyndonville, through Sheffield, over the Heights, passed the Sheffield land and Burleigh Sherburne's and the first house her grandfather, John Sherburne, had owned in Glover. Most unexpectedly, eight of her friends were waiting patiently to welcome Mamie Bean home. Among them were Isabelle Bean, Marjorie Walcott, and Mrs. Chapman. We were deeply touched. Later Ava, Reynold and I lingered over lunch, reluctant to see the end of close family ties.

In 1978, Lloyd (my husband) and I went to Waterford to attend the funeral of Howard Cady, Ava's second son. Howard was born June 27, 1927 in Lola Clark's "Lying-in Home." Ava motioned for us to sit by her. Nearby, Cynthia, Ava's daughter, sat with an empty chair by her. In came a young lady

with gorgeous auburn hair pinned high, but which accentuated the creamy pallor of her face. In her black dress she was strikingly beautiful. She sat down in the chair by Cynthia.

"Who is that?" I asked Ava. "That is Dorene," and Ava added, "Mother always said that Dorene was a perfect picture of Birdena!" Then I understood how Harry Phillips felt when he saw:

The Portrait

I called at Glover's Wayside Inn;
The tavern of my childhood days.
The hostess (lifelong friend of mine)
Escorted me from room to room.
Whose walls, her hands had made to shine,
Erased each shadowy trace of gloom.
My heart rejoiced to see once more

The "Union House" in bright array;
The hospitality of yore.
Which ever crowned this hostelry
Within a room seemed set apart;
Perhaps for some distinguished guest;
A girlish portrait touched my heart,
And sank much deeper than the rest.

Obituary of Birdena Hall, 2/25/1879 to 9/14/1901: Birdena, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hall, died suddenly last Saturday afternoon, of heart failure. Miss Hall has not been well for some time but did not consult a physician until some time this summer, when it was found there was danger of consumption. She has failed gradually until last Saturday afternoon, when she died very suddenly. Miss Hall was a young lady of quiet, unassuming ways, a great favorite with her schoolmates, and throughout the village. Mr. and Mrs. Hall have one remaining child, Mrs. Sam Bean. The heartfelt sympathy of the community goes out to the family in their sorrow. The funeral will be held on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

* From a Letter to the Editor of the *Express and Standard*, Glover, March 30, 1895:

"We are stopping at the Union House, a good hotel and finely located, kept by A. H. Hall, who has run the house for the last 20 years. On the evening of the 29th, there was a quiet gathering of nice young folks at the Union House hall. It was a respectable social dance which broke up at the proper hour of 12 o'clock. Not a drop of the "ardent" nor any of the bad elements, which usually go with the stuff, could be found at the establishment. If dances could be conducted in this manner instead of on the "Dance-all-night-'til-morning-light-go-home-with-the-'gals'-in-the-forenoon" plan, they would be open to fewer objections....

It would do the soul of a dweller in a crowded city much good, to gaze upon the ruddy faces of these youngsters at this rural gathering, and see the healthy appearance and happy spirits depicted on every countenance as they whirled around the 'mazy dance.' We could even wish that we ourself, could be young again, but alas! that can never be."

** From a letter to Dr. Guy W. Bailey from Willard C. Leonard, October 27, 1933:

"Replying to your inquiry regarding Miss Marguerite Bean: Miss Bean represents the fourth generation of the Bean and Sherburne families who have resided in Glover for over a century. Both families are pure Vermont Yankees and among our most substantial and respected citizens.

Glover is one of the many towns in Vermont which has suffered during the last fifty years a loss of population, business and property values and Marguerite's immediate family are in circumstances which throw her practically on her own resources if she continues her education. She is considered a young lady of more than average intelligence and I should expect that any aid you give her would, in the future, be returned to society."

Sincerely yours,

Willard C. Leonard

Union House Title Search

Researched by Bob Clark

- 1984 Colonial Manor Nursing Home, Inc. to Union House Nursing Home, Inc. (Patricia Russell)
1970 Colonial House, Inc. to Colonial Manor Nursing Home, Inc.
1963 Charlena E. Brown to Robert C. Rogers
1958 Charles J. Clogston to Charlena E. Brown
1958 Alga M. Shaw to Charles J. Clogston
1950 Marion D. Crawford (dba Twilight Rest Home) to Alga M. Shaw
1946 Donald S. White and Helen Yankevren White to Marion D. Crawford
1942 Mamie Hall Bean to Donald S. White and Helen Yankevren White
1890 John Sherburne and Maria Sherburne Estate to H.A. Hall and Rosetta M. Hall (Mamie Hall)
(Henry Alphonse Hall and wife Rosette Sherburne. Rosette's daughter, Mamie, was 11 years old in 1888 when John Sherburne died and left her the Union House (for reasons unknown).
1875 Ethan Foster and Josephine Foster to John Sherburne *(referred to as "Tavern Stand")*
1867 John and Lucy A. Jenness to Ethan E. Foster
1864 Nathan M. and Elvira S. Scott to John Jenness
1863 Ira Dwinell by Dorcas Dwinell to Nathan M. Scott
1856 E. B. & J. Simonds to Ira Dwinell *(small parcel on north side)*
1855 James Buswell and Clara Buswell to Ira Dwinell
1854 Seldon F. White to James Buswell
c. 1830 Dan Gray, the first owner, builds the Union House *(according to "Glover History")*.

The Union House Today

From Patricia Russell, Administrator

Patricia Russell of Barton, Vermont purchased The Colonial Manor Nursing Home from Simon Kaufman on January 1, 1984. She is an R.N. and a licensed Nursing Home Administrator, and had managed the facility with the Kaufmans since 1971.

Being a history buff and taking responsibility for the historical background of the once famous Union House, she decided to bring its heritage back. The first step to the building's return to the past was her new, but old name. Once again, for the first time in well over 50 years, the Union House name came back into being.

Exterior renovations to restore the front of the building followed in the spring of 1985. In the fall of 1989, Ms. Russell, with the help of architects E. H. Danson and Associates of St. Johnsbury, embarked upon a full renovation and addition. Ms. Russell needed more space, but insisted on keeping with the historic nature of that addition. At its inception, The Union House had a large carriage house attached to the main building. Using old pictures, they formed the porches and pillars to have the same appearance as the old structure. They modeled the building's revival, which today houses a state-of-the-art, extended health care facility. The project was completed and opened on January 2, 1991.

Although the uses of The Union House have changed, she still stands and is proud of her heritage and historical value to the community. Ms. Russell has maintained the integrity of one of the most historic buildings in the town of Glover and is proud of the outcome. Union House is vital, alive, and anticipating the millenium.

A Little More About the Driving Club

Excerpted from *Daisy Dopp's Vermont*, February 1963

In the beginning, the Glover banquets were put on in the church vestry by the Women's Union and the horsemen's wives. Later, Sam and Mamie Bean did over some rooms and the big dining room at the Union House and gave the banquets there. On these occasions the old Union House awoke as from a dream, and gave hospitable welcome to the many guests as it had in days long past when it was a tavern and stage coach stop. Wood fires glowed warmly in the fireplaces and lights blazed overhead. In the big dining room, long tables with snowy cloths were set for the men. The fireplaces in adjoining rooms made the place cozy for resting before eating, and could take care of the overflow if necessary.

There were usually 100 men or more who sat down at the banquet. This was the occasion when the ribbons were given out for each race and special awards made for the fastest heat of the day, etc. On the final day of each season, the number of horses would range to 30 or more when the racing years were at their height. These horses came mostly from Hardwick, Danville, Barton, and of course, Lyndonville. On that night spirits ran high, and the sound of talk and laughter echoed through the halls of the old Union House.

After supper was over, the tables were cleared, the ladies left and it became strictly a stag party. Through the years there were several fine toastmasters; among them were Willard C. Leonard of the Leonard Homestead and George Phillips. Wallace Gilpin [newspaper editor from Barton] was a special favorite and he filled that place longer than any others. No banquet was quite complete, without a poem for the occasion by Harry Phillips or "Chet" Parker's delightful song, "Behind McCarthy's Mare." This always drew thunderous applause.

The Union House

This building is of proud design;
The walls and roof are still in line,
While all its salient features score
As high as in the days of yore;
The granite steps superbly done,
Broad, handsome and obscured by none;
The pillars by the builder made,
The upper porch with balustrade;
The hall whose floor was built to spring,
Where once they danced the Hieland Fling.
The open bar to quench the thirst,
In meeting change has fared the worst—
Perhaps the best, for while it stands
Where once they served the finest rye,
The choicest liquors pelf could buy,
It has for many years been dry—
As arid as Sahara's sands.

Harry Phillips
(excerpt from *History of Glover*)



**Glover Historical Society Financial Statement
January 1, 1998 to December 31, 1998**

Starting Balance, Checking **\$600.45**

Income

Dues	\$811.00
Donations	673.00
History Books	226.00
Maps	52.00
Video Tapes	20.00
Memorials	45.00
Burt Porter Concerts ('97 & '98)	281.00
Rabies Clinic Donation	70.00
Glover Day	41.50
Carl Abbot Prints	150.00
Jean Borland Research	20.00
Misc.	3.00

Total Income **\$2,392.50**

Expenses

Insurance	\$220.00
Newsletter	655.00
Postage	141.84
Supplies	22.96
Membership Barton C of C	30.00
Vermont Historical Society	
Membership	30.00
Vermont Secretary of State	45.00

Total Expenses **1,144.80**

Closing Balance, Checking **\$1,848.15**

CD #1741752 (incl. \$71.45 interest)	1,663.77
CD #1789773 (incl. \$49.37 interest)	<u>1,099.37</u>

TOTAL **\$4,611.29**

Martha Alexander
Treasurer

In Memoriam
for two enthusiastic supporters of the Glover
Historical Society who died in 1998.

Jennie Monette
Oscar Johnson

A Letter to the Editor

Dear Wayne,

Enjoyed the newsletter very much. [Summer, 1998] I enjoyed your addition to the bear thing. So much about Dr. Buck that will never be written. So many little things about him, humor and his loyalty to Glover people. The many times he drove into Mud Island in the winter would make some great stories. Of course Floyd Montminy was his right hand man in the winter. Floyd was on call before the roads were plowed. I have seen them come down the hill with horse and sleigh, fur coats, buffalo robes, and they might be gone all day or night....

Wendell Phillips
Phoenix, AZ

Glover History

An occasional publication of the
Glover Historical Society, Inc.

Municipal Building, Glover, VT 05839

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