

Vol. 23, No. 2, Fall 2015

# GL VER HISTORY

*Providing for the Future, Remembering the Past*



Bruce Clark (left) and his big brother, Ross, are ready for the roundup outside their home on Bean Hill, fall 1945. (Courtesy of Clark family)

## Glover History

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

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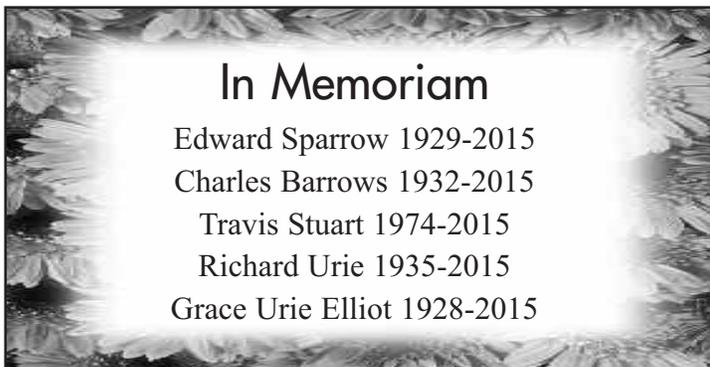
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## Mission Statement

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.



Visit our website:[www.gloverhistoricalsociety.org](http://www.gloverhistoricalsociety.org)



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want as long as it is  
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### **Bequests and gifts help support the Glover Historical Society**

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

One of the newest, and certainly the largest, acquisition to the GHS museum is this beautiful pump organ, donated this summer by Carol and Ken Borland. Its original home was in the Glover Community Church. Glover summer resident \_\_\_\_\_ proved that though the organ is over a hundred years old, it is not too old to sing!



# President's Message

Fall is here! Happy solstice, everyone. We have family visiting from afar. The morning of September 27, we spent gathering apples at the old West Glover settlement, then off to the Old Stone House Museum for pressing cider and tasting a variety of wonderful offerings of heritage apples, artisan cheeses, bread, maple products, and local distilled spirits. Wonderful day!

Then home to watch the harvest moon rise over the old West Glover Church and then a full, blood moon and eclipse over the settlement. The leaves have started changing, first the birches, and now after recent heavy rains, the maples are turning their glorious reds. Halloween is not far behind!

We have decided to publish our second newsletter early this year in honor of a wonderful submission by Peggy Stevens, "Naming the Ghost." This is only Part I: The Mystery. It is about a house in Glover Village, formerly owned by Ruth and Richard Evans, original founders of GHS, across Route 16 from the town green. Just in time for Halloween. Enjoy!

We have had a busy summer, the 25th anniversary of the Glover Historical Society. Our goal was to accomplish 25 projects this summer and I think that we have surpassed it with flying colors—way too many to mention in this brief message.

The Glover fourth-graders researched a little girl from Slab City and learned how Glover cared for its poor over the years, and they were featured on the front page of the first newsletter of the Vermont State Records and Archives. The eighth-graders are now transcribing the 1911 Rose Sherburne diary that she wrote when she was an eighth-grader.

Also, we gathered over 100 photos for the website, and Randy is almost finished transferring our collection of oral histories from VHS to DVD. We had an open house on Glover Day to show off our new acquisitions and renovations and storage upgrades. We hope to continue the open house every Glover Day.

Ricky Blanchard, LawnSense Lawn Care, donated his time this summer to maintaining the grounds at Runaway Pond Park. We are so grateful for his attention.

Christine Hadsel's wonderful coffee-table book that documents the Painted Curtains in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine has just been published. Read about Chris's book elsewhere in the newsletter.

Pioneer Day Camp was another summer success.



The 8th graders from Glover Community School took a field trip one afternoon this October to sites connected to Rose Sherburne, the 8th grade author of a 1911 diary the students are busy transcribing and annotating. Roland and Carol Woodard, who now live at Rose's homesite just over the Glover town line in Sheffield, graciously shared artifacts from Rose's house and their own memoirs (memoirs or memories?) of her and her family. Students also toured by Glover's Parish School, where Rose attended grades 1-8, and two one-room schools in Sheffield where Rose herself taught; all three of these schools are now private homes. The final stop was Westlook Cemetery, where the students searched for the gravestones of Rose and many of her family.

This student project is guided by Renee Piernot, Language Arts teacher at Glover, and Joan Alexander of the Glover Historical Society. Rose's annotated diary will be for sale in the spring!

We focused on the archaeological features of the settlement and did fun activities at each site. Randy built a sawdust firing pit at the old brick kiln. Leanne held a spelling bee at the school. Jim concentrated on the old tavern and store. Betsy explored the church lot, measuring the old foundation and staking it off with surveyor's tape. Then we visited the sacred stone circle nearby and smudged all the kids and talked about the Native Americans who passed through the site thousands of years before the settlers arrived.

(Continued on page 21.)

# Winners of the “What is it?” Monthly Contest

Congratulations to these Glover Community School students who correctly figured out what the artifact on display was during the 2014–2015 school year! All students with correct answers received their choice of a Glover History Card. The top monthly winners were randomly chosen from all correct answers and given their choice of a Runaway Pond Bicentennial shirt or souvenir, or one of the Glover Historical Society books in addition to a Glover History Card.

Even the students’ incorrect answers were creative and probable. For example, the telephone pole insulator was identified as a post cover, part of a satellite dish, a candleholder, and a headlight, to name a few. November’s puzzler was too tricky for all!

We apologize that we do not have a picture of Indira with the egg poacher or Kaitlyn with the insulator. ■



January: Brody Perry, gr. 3; bullet mold



February: Heather Alexander, gr. 2; sewing machine



April: Aiden Blanchard, gr. 3; radio



May: Tucker Baker, gr. 6; pincushion



September: Zephyr HillBarnes, gr. 5; dowsing stick



October: Adrian Gilman, gr. 3; potato ricer



This is the earliest GHS photo of the house. "My boarding place in Glover, 1912," wrote teacher Dora Phillips, who taught at Glover Village School, grades 5-8.

## Naming the Ghost

by Peggy Stevens

### Part I: The Mystery

Late in 1974 I met a ghost. In retrospect, this visitation was a gift, though at the time I could not appreciate it as such. Nor did it occur to me to try to discover whose ghost it was; that implies a degree of fearless objectivity I did not possess. As is so often the case, it is not what we want but what we don't want that motivates us, and all I knew for sure at that time in my life was that I didn't want to be haunted anymore. So I moved on, though moving meant leaving more than my ghost behind.

In my effort to escape the shame that came with running from a ghost, I sealed off that memory, choosing not to share my encounter with even my closest friends over a span of many years. It was much later as a middle-school English teacher that I dared to face up to what I had spent years evading. Encouraged by the most supportive of listeners, my

classroom full of enthusiastic adolescents, I finally told my story out loud.

That was fifteen years ago, and by then nearly twenty-five years had passed since my brush with the supernatural. That's how long it took for me to put into words the harrowing experience that had lingered with me for decades. And if not for promising my unduly exuberant students in my first year of teaching, "I'll tell you a ghost story at Halloween, if you're good!" I may never have done so. I realized as I prepared my narration that I was still shadowed by my fear of that ghost as well as the fear of what others might think of *me* if I dared to speak of *it*. That trick of classroom management was a Halloween treat for my students that swiftly became a favored annual tradition. The act of turning my private nightmare into a lesson in the oral tradition of storytelling somehow gave me a distance I could handle, a way to explore previously forbidden internal territory. To my surprise, in each subsequent year, my new students would clamor to hear my story on the first day of school,

having heard rumors from previous listeners of the tale of terror to come in Mrs. Stevens' class.

I'd respond, "Be patient; be good!" with a bewildered smile. How strange that my most miserable past would become their most pleasurable present? And how marvelously easy it was for my children to embrace as true what most grownups might so easily dismiss as fabrication, or worse, delusion.

My narration began innocently enough with my arrival in Vermont so many years before. It was a glorious August weekend when I first came to Glover, Vermont, one month before my twentieth birthday in 1973. The occasion was the marriage of a college friend on a remote pond, miles from nowhere on dusty back roads. The sky could not have been bluer, mounds of cumulous clouds no more brilliantly white than they were that day. The green fields bent to the breeze; wildflowers crowded the roadsides. Here was the most peaceful and beautiful haven on earth.

My husband and I, too, were newly wed, and we were awestruck. Vermont, we realized, was the place we wanted to make our home, away from the noise and confusion of the "flatlands" (as the locals called the states south of Brattleboro) where we'd grown up. As undergraduate students of anthropology, Camden journalist Robert Houriet's book, *Getting Back Together*, inspired us. Therein he chronicled the countercultural movement of the '60s, including his own experience of living communally in Vermont. The seed planted then was nurtured by our visit to Glover. On



Main Street, Glover, looking south. Peggy's house is on the far right. The house that was abandoned and looked spooky to her that Halloween was the one on the far left. (GHS)

our way back to where we lived at the time, upriver from New York City, we became determined to pull up stakes, find a house in the Vermont countryside and get back to the land.

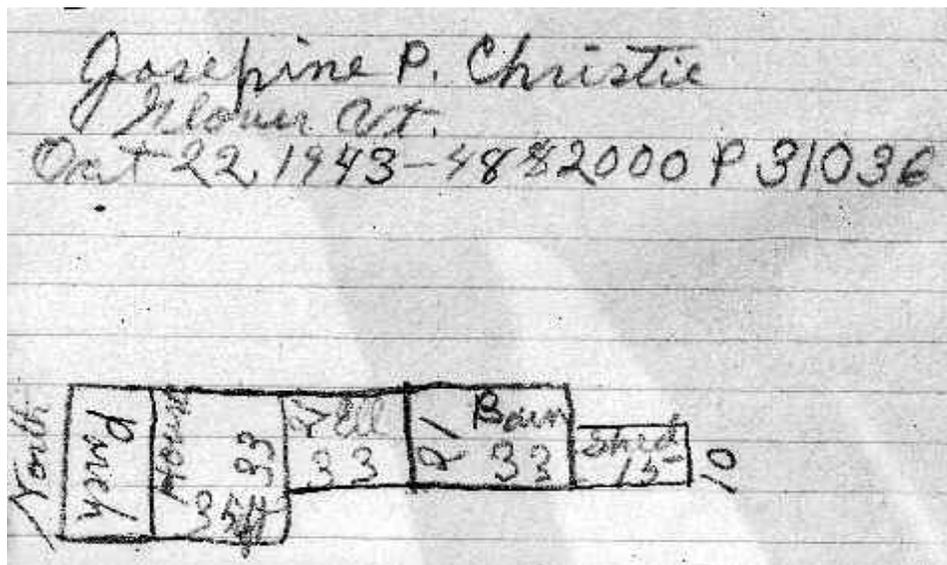
As only was possible in the economy of that day, we scrimped and saved enough to provide for our first few months' living expenses, and by Halloween we found ourselves driving back up to the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont—the northern and easternmost corner of the most rural state in New England—popularized decades earlier by then Senator George Aiken. It's a good thing we couldn't find that house in the country we imagined, for if we had we'd never have lasted through the first winter. A warm and cozy apartment, at first a huge disappointment due to its situation in the little city of Newport, five miles south of the Canadian border, became our haven from the brutal wind and blowing snow that soon came rushing up the hill from Lake Memphremagog. True, it uncomfortably resembled the

cityscape we'd left behind, shops and houses crowding in on all sides, but the \$150 a month rent, which included utilities and cable TV, made its location easier to live with.

In little time, we made new friends at the local food coop and in the cave-like underground bar, Gantre's, where natives and newcomers hung out in the frigid evenings of our first winter. Music and laughter bridged any differences in origin and culture, and many relationships formed back then remain true today. We spent considerable time there in the company of the seasonally under and unemployed, as job-hunting in the onset of winter proved daunting. The Newport area was and remains dubiously distinguished by its claim to having among the highest unemployment rates in the state. Eventually, our savings ran out, and though my husband finally found work in the local lumber factory I remained unemployed, a state not unusual for wives of the time whose profession was "homemaker."

I was happy in that role at first, honing my cooking and baking skills. I sewed curtains and clothes and kept a tidy house. With time to spare, I played cribbage and chess with other jobless friends, read stacks of books, too, but as the gray winter months wore on the slicing wind and numbing cold trapped me indoors. I was encouraged to try winter sports like cross-country skiing, but the thrill eluded me. Though I did not regret our move to Vermont, frustration with my housebound situation crept in with the frost under the door. Learning that “cabin fever,” with accompanying high rates of depression, alcoholism, and suicide, was a common malaise in the far northern winter did nothing to ease my mood. In spite of these challenges, the long winter months were finally behind us and soon forgotten with the coming of spring.

We made the move out of Newport in April to a village better suited to our vision of country living. By now, my husband had a good job with the state, and our six-month lease on a little ski cottage provided a setting in which I could practice new crafts, including gardening and quilting. My only companion was our dear kitty, Buckwheat, and my only company the occasional friend or neighbor who’d drop in to visit. Few of our friends lived anywhere nearby. I had no car and so was isolated, which I didn’t mind at all. Although I was alone, I was never lonely, always busy. Spring seedlings turned to summer crops then fall harvest, marking the celebration of the first anniversary of our move to Vermont.



A sketch of the house made by insurance agent Charles Wright in 1943, when it was the home of Jo Christie. (GHS)

As the coming winter threatened to close in, gray, lowering skies became the backdrop to stark tree limbs, whose stripped leaves cycloned on the frosty autumn wind. Our seasonal lease threatened to expire before a new opportunity presented itself, and my scouring of the daily For Rent ads took on a desperate feel. Finding a place that accepted pets was a challenge, but not a choice. Buckwheat and I were by now closely bonded through all our days together. She was my constant companion. I had spent more time with her than with my husband, in reality, and we could not be separated. Finally, in a turn of fate that seems portentous today, I discovered an ad in the Wanted section of the local paper: “Live-in couple to care for our home. November 1st to May 1st”. We rang up immediately. It turned out the house concerned was in Glover, and the homeowners in as dire need as we were of finding the right match. An invitation to dinner the next night was swiftly arranged.

It was nearly dark as we drove into Glover Village, where we’d fallen in love with Vermont just a little over a year before and to which we had regularly returned for the monthly co-op dances at the Glover Town Hall. People came from miles around to enjoy these gatherings. Local bands played into the early morning, dancers reluctant to see the night end. It felt like coming home. “Last house on the left before the road starts uphill,” I read from directions I’d jotted down less than twenty-four hours before. The front porch and dormers facing the road were features I made out of the gloom; a small barn loomed beyond an attached garage. Through sparkling windows, lights shone within, the warmth and glow so inviting. In a state of anxious anticipation, we made our way up the steps from the driveway to the house. The opening of the door preceded our knock, as Jean and Arthur Scofield swept us into their den warmed by a crackling parlor stove. Coats were gathered and



Ruth and Dick Evans used this photo of their home on their 1984 Christmas card. (GHS)

hung and introductions made. I took in my surroundings.

The woodwork glowed, the antiques suited perfectly the old farmhouse-turned village home. How lovely, and no wonder Jean was looking for an experienced housekeeper. She was reassured to be leaving her home in the hands of one who could capably maintain her possessions in exchange for monthly rent. The fact that I did not work outside the home was, from Jean's perspective, an enhancement, just as I had begun again to view it as a hindrance. The Scofields were looking for someone responsible to make sure the furnace performed, the pipes didn't freeze—pressing homeowner concerns in cold climates. Here was our opportunity! The Scofields and we were made for each other. Over dinner, we got to know Arthur, a retired Connecticut carpenter who had moved to Glover with Jean in 1969 along with their then high school-aged daughters. He had remodeled this old house, then in a worn and musty state, to one of near historical perfection. He cared, as Jean did, that winter's ravages not mar his careful restoration of their home.

It soon became obvious that we were the winning candidates in an uncontested race. Why on earth had no one else taken advantage of this fabulous offer? I couldn't imagine. By dessert we were sealing the deal, getting down to details. A quick tour around their first floor living space revealed that the central dining room had eight doorways leading off to the den, kitchen, bath, second floor, and cellar stairs, and to the front

hall, which was flanked by the bedroom on the right and the front parlor on the left. Arthur assured us that we would be comfortable living on one floor, as they did, and that keeping the door to the upstairs shut tight would keep the heating bills down during the current oil crisis that saw those costs go through the roof. Arthur requested that we keep the parlor off limits, door shut as well for the same reason. We took it all in and vowed to follow their explicit directions in the interest of frugality.

As we prepared to leave, I remember Jean saying, "Old houses can be quirky." Any odd sounds we might hear, she reassured us, were "just the sounds of the house settling, or snow falling off the roof." Words spoken so comfortingly, without a shadow of deception which most assuredly was there, and which Arthur in his silent assent abetted. Keys in hand we parted, prepared to move in on the day after next, October 30th, as Arthur and Jean departed for Florida. All the way home that night, we marveled at our fabulous good fortune. The next day found us packing, and early the following morning we packed our few furnishings and assorted possessions, including Buckwheat, into our Dodge pickup. The sun shone brightly as we pulled in to Glover, past the general store, town hall, and church on the right, turning left into the driveway. We quickly unloaded, the only hitch occurring as Buckwheat madly resisted our attempt to carry her in to her new home. She writhed in my arms, and as I set her down in the den, her back arched and tail bristled as bushy as a caricature Halloween cat. It would have been funny if she weren't so upset. With a furious growl she made for the bedroom, vanishing under the bed skirts, refusing for hours to come out in spite of my coaxing. "She'll get used to it," I told myself, "eventually." And as we ate our first supper at Jean's shiny dining table, Buckwheat did slink out, wrapping herself around my ankles and staying close all evening.

By 7:30 the next morning, we'd said goodbye, and I watched the truck back out of the driveway, my husband off to his job in Newport twenty-five miles away. I was left alone with recalcitrant Buckwheat still lingering under the bed. As I prepared to meet the day, it struck me that housekeeping in this efficiently laid out living space would be a snap. I fetched my supplies from the laundry room beyond the den, noting a back staircase leading up to the closed off second floor I'd yet to see. I returned to the den with vacuum

cleaner and dust cloths and within an hour or so had completed my first round of maintenance. I would have plenty of time to spare for domestic activities that had begun to feel limiting in previous surroundings. These now seemed so inviting to a young wife in such a fine home. I looked about, satisfied, for what to do next. Pulling out Jean's red-checked *Betty Crocker Cookbook*, I scanned for new recipes.

It soon dawned on me, however, that the hush of the morning was dimly oppressive. This was a deeply quiet and dark house, at least this time of year. A bank rose up on the southern perimeter, a copse of trees crowded in, shading the tall windows that should have been well situated to receive sunlight. Snapping on lamps and overhead lights did not dispel the gloom. But this was Halloween! A quick walk up to Currier's Market, I decided, for groceries and candy for the trick-or-treaters, was just what I needed to brighten my day. I threw on my coat and headed out to the main street through town, running north to south. Wooded, steeply slanting hillsides encroached, forcing houses in the village to crowd together by the roadside or find footholds as they perched above it. Gray winter light filtered through a mackerel sky, warning of flurries to come as they do almost every Halloween in this corner of Vermont. Entering Currier's general store was a bright contrast to the day outside, as welcoming faces peered from behind the counters and idly curious customers smiled in welcome.

Though I'd run into some grumpy folks who wished the flatlanders like me would go back where they came from, most strangers I'd met up here were startlingly friendly. The storekeepers seemed to know who I was before I introduced myself and to approve of the Scofield's decision to have us in. I left cheerful, my good spirits restored. The only other people I could see were to be found at the Busy Bee, a tiny diner right across from the market, which appeared to welcome locals early for coffee and breakfast and to close right after lunch. I decided I'd venture there soon, being too laden with shopping bags to stop then. The way home allowed me to appreciate the array of historical buildings clustered along the road, mostly white clapboard, occasionally brick. The town hall, a stately church, and an imposing building proclaiming itself a nursing home, though surely originally an inn, inhabited their spaces grandly. The renegade yellow paint of the Scofield house shone, welcoming, as I



The Busy Bee, 1996. (GHS)

turned in to the driveway. Smoke from the stove in the den curled low over the roof, the woody smell of winter wafting over me as I entered the den.

Busy in the kitchen putting groceries away, I heard a knock at the door that opened onto the driveway, which was the main entrance to the Scofield home. The front door, the formal entrance to this house, faced the road, opened on to the porch, and clearly was never used. An imposing series of locks and bolts barred the way to strangers who didn't know better. The knock came again, sharply, as I stepped to answer it, but I opened the door to no one and nothing. Leaning out, I looked to the road and back to the garage, calling, "Hello?" into the nearly November wind. I backed into the den then heard another knock, but this time from behind me. Turning to the door that led to the laundry room—situated in the back wing that had been a mud room and woodshed originally, with the back stairs and summer kitchen beyond—I reached to open it when I caught sight of Buckwheat. In that instant I heard again that fearsome growl, so unlike the robust purr I knew so well. Back arched, golden eyes burning lasers, she glared at the wall between den and laundry. Again, the knocking, insistent and loud, caused Buckwheat to nearly levitate in response. My own nape hairs rose in fright, as much in fear of this unfamiliar hellcat as of the belligerent rapping.

I tore open that door to the back wing, in the same moment wondering if I should be locking it. Who was in my house and how did they get there? But again, there was no one. "Who is it? Who could it be?" I demanded, comforted by Buckwheat's attentive gaze as much as by the sound of my own voice. Then I realized, "It must be a branch knocking against the

house in the wind!” I snatched my coat off the stand by the door and barged out, striding up the driveway. I turned to look up at the roofline, continuing to scan along the dormers as I strode out to the front of the house and along the road. No trees stood within reach of the house as far as I could see, no branches near enough to touch. No banging shutters or dangling gutters. Nothing untoward. Retracing my steps, I reentered the house on guard, ready to explore the wing beyond the laundry room when the knocking came again, this time from the central dining room. A quick glance showed no presence inside, and back I ran, out to the driveway, on to the road.

I crossed again in front of the house, turning to look around before figuring out how to make my way through the side yard, overgrown as it was. Beyond, across the highway, where a dirt road turned off to the west, loomed that big, white house I had barely glanced at previously. Now I saw it for what it was, abandoned, uncurtained windows blank. The classic Halloween haunted house. I shivered. Looking back to the Scofield place, a shaft of light played across the front windows of our new home, and what had seemed moments before a cold and unfriendly facade warmed as brilliant sunshine broke through. The contrast to its unkempt neighbor across the way was reassuring. More calmly now, I surveyed once more for the flapping shutter, the errant branch. The last of the autumn leaves clung stubbornly to distant branches, rattling in the wind. Those that had fallen skittered almost playfully across the scrim of frosted grass at my feet. Heartened, I continued my investigation with a sense of curiosity; the forbidding tangle of weeds now appeared faintly as a path worn to a clearing beyond the house, the traces of the old barnyard. There was the broken-down fence, the suggestion of a paddock where the Scofield girls or others before them pastured their horses, which they stabled in the attached barn extending beyond the laundry room wing. That must have been a good feature, to be able to walk to the barn from the house without going outside in wintertime. For an instant, I had a vision of what this little farmstead must have looked like long ago, carved out of the forested hillside when the village was young.

Having reached the fence, I turned and looked up again for offending loose house parts but found none. Surprisingly, the back wall of this house was unpainted, or rather the paint was worn nearly away, a



Currier's Market. This undated photo was the image used on postcards, but Currier's no longer has any, and neither does GHS. This copy of an enlargement is quite grainy, but it does show how Currier's looked about the time Peggy lived in Glover. (Courtesy of Currier family)

cost-saving measure not uncommon in this region but seeming out of place here. Again, as the sunlight and its cheer vanished behind a slate of clouds, a bleak sense of foreboding overcame me. Winter was coming. I had arrived in Vermont one year before, almost exactly, early in what would become a long and oppressive season. This unfortunate recollection in that moment only served to deepen my interior darkness. This winter would be, must be, brighter. I shuddered deeply in the shade of the looming house then found myself racing back, retracing my steps through the weedy tufts and tangled burdock, hurrying to return to the warm den, the immediate heat of the wood stove. I'd found the answer to my question, which left me uneasy as I reentered. There were no branches touching the house, no sign of disrepair. “What do you think of that, Buckwheat?” Her response was a reproachful silence. I distracted myself by filling a big bowl with the candy I'd bought for our trick-or-treaters, carving and lighting a jack-o'-lantern to sit on the steps outside the door, then unpacking clothes into drawers and preparing dinner.

Halloween guests would be arriving at dusk as my husband returned from work. They would provide the link with the world I desperately needed after my first day alone in this house. I flicked on the driveway floodlights and set the candy bowl near the door in the den. I decided not to say a word about the strange knocking sounds or my panicked search for their origins. I hoped the noises would not be repeated, or if

they were that I would have company there to hear. But our first evening passed uneventfully, no noises, no trick-or-treaters. News travels fast in a small town, I guessed. Must be the neighborhood kids were shy of strangers. As I snapped off the outdoor lights, I noted the first snowflakes of the season floating by.

The next day the pattern repeated itself. As soon as my husband departed, leaving me alone with Buckwheat, my morning ritual was interrupted by the same, sharp, random rappings. Sometimes they clearly came from the wall between the den and the laundry room, sometimes, muffled, from remote corners of the house, the front parlor or upstairs, both closed off to my exploration. Once again, Buckwheat responded with arched back, fur on end, staring fiercely in the direction of the offending noise. I was certain the sounds emanated from within the house, not from outside, but the deliberate staccato eluded detection. Just as we would relax, rap, rap, rap! would shatter the peace. Not so much afraid as the day before as anxious, I felt more worn out as evening neared and decided once again to keep this to myself. Tomorrow was the weekend. I would wait until then, in hopes of having a witness besides Buckwheat to this unnerving occurrence. The next morning over coffee, I shared the news of the phantom knocking in the walls. I explained about searching for the source outside and inside our living space. "What do you think it is?"

"Oh, like Jean said, just the sounds an old house makes, settling," he replied. "I'd have thought this house was old enough to have finished 'settling' a long time ago," was my response. His lack of interest irked me. "You'll hear it today. You'll see what I mean. Buckwheat hears it, too." I instantly regretted sounding so defensive. Just by the wary look he shot at me, I realized my mistake. "What do *you* think it is?" he asked. Good question. "I don't know. Not snow falling off the roof. Not yet." My exceedingly rational husband was not picking up on my concern, at least not in the way I wanted him to. What *did* I think it was?

I busied myself clearing the table, grateful for the distraction. As I washed up the dishes, my husband showering in the next room, I heard him say something indistinctly, behind the background rush of running water. "What?" I called. "I can't hear you with the water running." More murmurs came through the muffling background noise. I turned off the kitchen faucet, grabbed a dishtowel, drying my hands as I

made the quick turn out of the kitchen and pushed open the bathroom door. "What were you saying? Were you talking to me?" His puzzled face appeared from behind the billowing curtain mounted from the ceiling bracket over the claw-foot tub. "No. I didn't say anything."

A long silence grew between us as I backed out of the room, pulling the door closed before me. The cadence of human conversation is unmistakable. "Then who was talking?" I wondered aloud into the empty dining room. Looking around for Buckwheat, for validation I realized, I followed the vibration of her deep purr, entering the bedroom to the right of the front hallway. I knelt to pick up the bed skirt and there she hunched, not purring but growling, long and low. As I reached for her, she bared her teeth, hissing, and withdrew further, my comfort object lost to me. Of course the quiet of our first weekend was unbroken by any disturbance.

Day after day in the following weeks, waiting for the unwelcome sounds became as distressful as hearing them. It became increasingly hard to say goodbye to my husband in the morning, knowing how long my days would be as I endured the unwelcome interruptions to what should have been peaceful solitude. My household chores provided no distraction and little satisfaction. I rattled around the hours, waiting for my husband to return. But my unwillingness to again bring him into my confidence gave us little else to talk about and further isolated me. I had broached the possibility of getting a nine-to-five job in Newport so we could commute together, but perhaps because of the timidity of my request, on top of the scarcity of employment, I'd been encouraged to wait for a better time. After all, the Scofields were counting on me to keep the home fires burning. This *was* my job. I should have been appeased but instead felt trapped. The constant if erratic interruptions had worn me down to my last raw nerve. "How long can this go on?" Just as the question entered my head, the rapping came again, this time from a distance, upstairs I was sure. My startle reflex by then had been tuned to hair-trigger sensitivity. I looked instinctively for Buckwheat, and then remembered. It had been weeks since she'd kept me company. I'd find her under the bed as usual. She didn't even growl anymore, just glowered, coming out to eat at night when I slept, slipping along the edges of rooms in rare daytime

excursions, her shunning my punishment for ever bringing her to this place.

Suddenly, I was angry! I'd enough of our cowering. I leapt to the door in the corner of the dining room, the one that led upstairs. The forbidden door. Lifting the latch, the door to a narrow staircase sprung open. Dismissing the guilty promise to stay off limits, I ran up to the second floor landing. The frigid hall was lined with closed doors. Starting with the furthest, seeking an unlatched culprit, I opened each with suspicion, yet no possible source of disturbance presented itself. I instead marveled at the immaculate rooms beyond, the girls' bedrooms, one in the front of the house overlooking the road, one at the back reached as well by the back staircase leading down to the laundry wing, each room decorator perfect. Nothing to account for the noise I'd come to investigate. I retreated to the stairs I'd just climbed. One last door on my right remained, but on opening it, I gasped as blisteringly cold air enveloped me; I slammed the door shut, briefly glimpsing before it closed Jean's sewing machine perched amid shelves filled with fabric and supplies over which I might ordinarily have lingered out of a common interest.

In seconds, I was down the stairs, leaning hard against the door I'd breached mere minutes ago. There was no question of explaining this house and its "quirks" by logical means. Of course! This house was haunted. Anyone who's read or heard just one ghost story knows about the bone-chilling cold that accompanies the presence of ectoplasm. Yes, the ambient air temperature upstairs was cold due to being closed off, but the ghostly aura is colder by far. All that I previously had experienced that could only be called otherworldly rushed into the space cleared in my mind by the horror of the moment. I knew a thing or two about ghosts.

Almost everyone I'd ever met enjoyed the thrill a good ghost story provides, the dark place entered into willingly, knowing it's "just pretend." So many of us love the knife edge of fear, the mingling of disbelief with the faint hope that perhaps there really are such things, even as we assert there's not. Being of Irish descent, I may have been raised inclined to believing in more than meets the eye. My mother used to tell us stories she'd heard from her Uncle Jack about the ghosts he and my grandfather (who never admitted to any of it) had met on the family farm and byways of County Kerry as kids, before their emigration. I was

never sure if my mother believed them, but she told them so well and so true to the last harrowing detail that I almost did.

As a young girl I also had read voraciously and especially thrilled to reading ghost stories. The Irish are famous for their ghost stories, but the British and New Englanders seem equally fond of the genre. I also found that spirits inhabit the belief systems of other if not all cultures around the world, from Scandinavia to Native America to Asia, and are featured in the legends and myths of traditional literature up through the centuries to contemporary fiction and supposed non-fiction. Of course, most ghosts were frightful; but many, like Wilde's *Canterbury Ghost*, were comical, pitiable, and others were earnestly helpful to the stranded hitchhiker, the lonely trucker, those who seek to right a wrong or find what is lost. Almost all of these spirits, friendly or not, had met an untimely or tragic death, and many sought redress before they could be released from their limbo.

Many fine writers seemed to have been fascinated by ghosts and by their shattering effect on the humans they visited. Consider Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw* or Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House*, memorable among the many ghost stories by notable authors. There is an air of dignity and respectability about these literary stories that provides further endorsement of our mortal desire to believe in the possibility of life beyond death, in the absence of any real proof to the contrary. But for all my immersion in and great pleasure taken from reading about them, I, like many other people lacking personal commerce, never really believed in ghosts or haunted houses. My first experience with a haunting was in an old farmhouse in the New Jersey countryside. A college friend, living off-campus, was very matter of fact about his ghost, the one that played with the electric lights, flicking them on and off at will, along with the television, the radio, even the horns and lights in the vehicles parked in the dooryard. I was witness to this display on one occasion, and as it was matter-of-factly explained to be a routine occurrence, frequently observed by many farmhouse occupants and guests, I accepted this unusual assertion without question.

Later, in the historic neighborhood of Sneden's Landing on the Hudson, I visited in another home where all the clocks had stopped at exactly the same time, marking the drowning death of a boy who once

had lived there, The proof of this eerie commemoration was visible on every clock face, left unchanged ever since by a grieving mother. The boy's family and friends, one of whom was my husband, all agreed without a shred of fear or skepticism that this was verifiably true. I believed that they believed, and who was I to contradict? I recalled a song I learned in elementary school, "My Grandfather's Clock," how "the clock stopped, never to go again, when the old man died." And since moving to Vermont, I had been invited by friends living in a huge old farmhouse to check out the ghost of a woman who frequented their upstairs hallway, but disappointingly I had not been privy to her sighting. In their company, there was more exciting than frightening about their haunting.

Within seconds of this parade of memories, and maybe because I was warmed by them, when the next abrupt round of knocking came, rather than be undone by fear I felt my terror dissolve, replaced by fury with the Scofields. How could they invite us into this house without fair warning? "Snow falling off the roof!" my foot! I glared across the dining room to the closed door beyond which lay the forbidden front parlor from where the sound had just come. Fueled by adrenaline, I strode belligerently across the recently waxed floorboards, unlocked the door, and entered that room without a twinge of guilt or fear. The parlor looked so serenely composed I stopped short. The formality of the overstuffed wing chairs and Victorian sofa, the fussy tables covered in lace and knickknacks, reminded me of the nineteenth-century novels I'd read where front parlors were reserved for socially constrained gatherings—Sunday visitors, courting couples, the laying out of deceased relatives. This room was in a state of preservation, an ode to earlier times.

A low bookcase ran along the wall, and of course I was drawn to it. The titles caught my attention at once. With few exceptions, these were works of nonfiction focused on the occult and paranormal activity, Spiritualism, psi and psychic experiences, ghosts, poltergeists, "true" stories of hauntings—on and on, in reckless order, volume upon esoteric volume. I sat back on my heels, scanning the bindings then pulling one after the other off the shelves. Obviously, someone in this household was distinctly curious about life after death and was making a study of it. In triumph, I heaved to my feet under the weight of a stack of books I'd pulled to explore further.

As I turned to leave the parlor, an old photograph atop the round table between the front windows attracted my attention. Shifting my books to one arm, leaning in for a closer look, the sepia tone confirmed its age, as did the clothing worn by the three subjects, a woman and two men, one much younger, their son most likely. They stood stiff, riveted by the camera, stunned as if before a firing squad. Two trees flanked them, today two huge stumps barely visible in the grassy strip between the front porch and road. I did wonder who they were, what were their names, as I set the photo down carefully. Then I froze, as I saw what had escaped notice at first inspection. There in the picture, in an upstairs window above the porch, the curtain was drawn back and a pale smudge, an indistinct face, gazed from the lower left windowpane. Who did this face belong to? Why wasn't this person in the photograph? My sympathy first aroused turned to suspicion then horror as I realized which room this was, the room at the top of the stairs, the freezing cold sewing room, the haunted room! Whose ghost lived there?

The deep feeling of dread that had become my day-to-day mood replaced the sense of ease that had settled on me as I perused the bookshelves. Setting the photograph back in its place, hands trembling, I fled, clutching my treasure of books. Shutting the door firmly, turning slowly to face the dining room with its long table banked by matched chairs, I considered what all this meant. The secret library confirmed my strange experience. I was not crazy, nor was I letting my imagination run away with me. This house was haunted, and I was not the only one who thought so. In spite of my breach of trust, I was ready to confront my husband and the Scofields. For the rest of that day, I absorbed myself in reading about ghosts, poltergeists, and purportedly true visitations by myriad spirits abroad and at home. Again and again, the literally chilling effect that accompanies the presence of a ghost was confirmed, as were the rapping sounds documented in so many instances of haunting. These were commonly believed to be attempts at communication from worlds beyond. I also learned that sensitive young girls, especially, have been identified frequently as provocateurs of paranormal activity. Was I at twenty-one still young enough to call up a ghost? Sensitive? Yes. With the turn of each page, I felt the power of knowledge dispel my fear and anxiety. By evening, I was no longer the listless,

tongue-tied wife of that morning. I sprang to tell of my adventures in this house, upstairs and down, and of my amazing discoveries. Expecting to take him, in his shared excitement and interest, on the grand tour in spite of my lingering apprehension, I was struck by the mild skepticism in my husband's expression mediated by patient tolerance in his tone.

Why, he wanted to know, had I broken our promise to Arthur and Jean? We weren't supposed to go upstairs, or into the parlor. These books strewn across the dining table had not been made available to us, and the Scofields clearly hadn't wanted us reading them. Maybe they were interested in unusual subjects, but that didn't mean their house was haunted. Did it? In the face of his calm assessment, reinforced by the fact that he never once had heard the rappings or the sound of voices in other rooms, what could I say? After insisting that it could do no harm to read a book then return it to its shelf, I said no more. Without his firsthand experience, how could I expect him to understand?

The next morning, however, just as soon as the door closed behind him, the knockings began again, interspersed with the murmurings of a conversation engaged in several rooms away. Off shot Buckwheat to the bedroom, she who had ventured out to the den the night before to keep me company in the strained silence. Resigned to my situation, I kindled the parlor stove to revive the coals, lay on a few logs and stubbornly settled in to my books, immersing myself in my quest to learn and so overcome my fears. It was fascinating to read what so many reputable others had been researching and pondering so long ago. I felt myself opening up to a new perspective on the events in this house. Hours passed as I read on. If the disturbances continued after I picked up my books that morning, I was unaware of them. Time had been moving so slowly in the first few weeks in this house but now was speeding by. All of a sudden it was time to make supper again. Where had the day gone and what had I accomplished beyond my occult studies? I hadn't done a bit of housework in two days and it showed. Guiltily, I watered the drooping houseplants and swept the kitchen floor. I really was falling down on my job.

That night we made small talk; there was no profit in sharing all that I had wondered about that day. "Why borrow trouble" as my Grandma used to say. Thankfully, a co-op dance was planned for the

weekend. We would get together with friends making the trek down to Glover from points north. Company, finally. Energized by planning for the weekend, I was distracted from the events that had previously unnerved me. Cleaning and cooking seemed to insulate me from the unwelcome presence that continued to make itself known only to me. As I dusted and polished, I turned up the stereo, determined not to succumb to the raw fear that never quite receded no matter how familiar the peculiar had become. In spite of my studies in ghosts and other occult activity, which by now encompassed nearly every volume on the shelves, I couldn't shake the worry that my mind was playing tricks with me, as I believed my husband's cautious gaze implied when he thought I wasn't looking.

Our pre-dance dinner proved a welcome opportunity for conversation and laughter that had been so lacking for a month now. Our friends marveled at our deluxe digs and accepted the boundaries the Scofields had set on the exploration of off-limits corners of the house. Everyone understood about the price of oil in those days. I never considered relating my weird experiences in this house or speculations as to their cause. I'd had enough of raised eyebrows and bemused glances. We walked up to the town hall through our first real snowstorm of the season, dense, tiny flakes accumulating quickly. As we reveled, the snow fell steadily beyond the doors of the town hall. By the time we left for home, there was a foot or more of snow piled on top of every vehicle, requiring much sweeping and more shoveling to clear a way onto the road before the drive home could commence. We were glad to be walking and offered others the opportunity to do the same, leaving their buried cars to deal with in the morning.

One good friend, having no home fires to tend, accepted my invitation to spend the night on the couch in the den. How amazing then, when my husband offered him a bed upstairs for the night. His concern for the well-being of others, a quality I admired greatly in him, had trumped whatever objections he had expressed to me about overstepping the boundaries the Scofields had set. He led the way upstairs; I hung back. I could hear them laughing, joking about the décor in the girls' bedrooms. Our friend chose the back bedroom, the one that also accessed the back stairway to the laundry wing below. More blankets and quilts were supplied to combat the

chill of the unheated room, and goodnights said. As we entered our darkened bedroom, Buckwheat's customary grumbling offered small comfort. She was my only ally in this strange scenario, privy to the same supernatural goings on I lived with every day. I fell asleep before long, for how long I don't know when I startled awake to the sound of boots taking the stairs two and three at a time, beating a hasty retreat! I listened as our previously stranded guest fired up his buried car, tires slipping and spinning against lost traction. I watched from the window as red taillights dimly, rapidly disappeared north. Guessing at what had just happened, I smiled, returning to bed to sleep peacefully in the belief that I had another witness, a human being this time, who had shared in the secret this house held.

The next morning I shared my suspicions about our friend's abrupt departure with my husband. To my surprise, he allowed for the first time that our friend might have responded to something weird about this house. Yet he was still not the least inclined to move out. I would learn to live with it, he assured me. Free rent was free rent, and a promise was a promise. We couldn't let the Scofields down. We couldn't leave the house to freeze. And no, we couldn't contact the Scofields as I wanted to, to see what they knew about this "haunting." They'd think we were nuts, and even if we knew we weren't, we couldn't afford to tell them what I suspected.

Much later, I asked our friend what had become of him that snowy night. "It was so cold. You never turned the heat up!" he accused. "And the bed, it was a bundling bed. So uncomfortable." I had to ask about that. "A bundling bed?" "You know. Back long ago, when people came to visit, they slept in bundling beds, with a board down the middle..." I remembered learning what a bundling bed was, and the act of bundling, but there was no bundling bed in the upstairs bedroom. What was he talking about? Had he been dreaming? "And then you were knocking on the door, and hiding when I opened it. You did that three times!" At this point, he had left, preferring the wintry highway to the strange arrangement he found himself in that night. Disappointed, I realized that while he had had a similar experience to me, he did not construe the same meaning from it. A ghost, apparently, had never entered his mind.

Resigned, feeling helpless to change my circumstance, I was stuck in this house in an

increasingly tenuous relationship. Stubbornly, I continued my study in the paranormal. I was ever more struck by the frequent connections made between ghosts and children, ghosts and young women, and ghosts and certain common household objects, particularly clocks. As a means of communicating between earthly and unearthly planes, across dimensions of time and space, clocks provided what spirits needed, a way to make themselves known. The clocks in the house on the Hudson made sense to me now. The incidence of rapping or knocking showed up in my reading, too, time and again, as a means of ghostly communication. And while the Spiritualist movement of the late eighteen-hundreds proved to have had its share of frauds and shysters, there were too many instances when the validity of the rapping could not be debunked, neither could numerous other inexplicable documented sights, sounds, and sensations. I did take comfort in this revelation; however, the knocking in the walls and the murmured tones in distant rooms continued to interrupt my thoughts and daily activities and raise my hackles. More than ever, I was a bundle of frayed nerves. Mundane routines of the day provided little comfort to me.

In the last weeks of November, as I was dusting and polishing the dining-room furniture, I reeled, horrified to see a scratch in the broad, smooth surface of the table. I had by now polished this lovely piece many times and knew its grain well. A scratch? How could this be? I turned on the overhead light to cut through the gloom and leaned closer, applying more polish and pressure as I attempted to erase the awful defect. It seemed only to come into sharper relief as I bent to examine the scratches, which definitely had not been there the last time I had cleaned. In disbelief, I made out letters awkwardly etched into the tabletop, as if by a child with an unsteady hand: H-E-L-P M-, the last E incomplete, trailing away as if the writer had been interrupted, or overcome? Help who? Was someone trying to communicate with me? How could this be happening? I was out the door and running up the road, struggling to put on my coat in the freezing afternoon before I knew what I was doing. What *was* I doing? What would my husband say, or Mrs. Scofield? Who would believe me if I said I wasn't responsible. I went straight to The Busy Bee, sitting down to the counter before realizing the prim-mouthed proprietress was just getting ready to close for the day. "Any coffee

left?” I faked, and gratefully accepted the last of the pot from the reticent woman behind the counter.

“Phone’s not working,” I lied.

Turning to the payphone on the wall by the door, I called my husband’s workplace and pleaded with him to come home early. Unable to linger, I returned unwillingly to the house. By the time he made it down to Glover from Newport it was nearly dark. I had let the fire dwindle, but the chill in the dining room had nothing to do with the indoor temperature as we stared down at the table in silence. I realized what he was thinking. “You think I did this?” and even as I asked, I wondered, “Would I? Could I? How else, really, could this be explained?” Nothing I had read made mention of ghostly graffiti or vandalism. My recently acquired confidence swept away in an avalanche of misgiving. I felt the rift between us widen. No matter that a mutual friend had recently, if unwittingly, confirmed the unwelcome presence that had plagued my existence in this house since the first day. My husband had not witnessed any of it, so to him it was not real. I again began to doubt my own senses. We replaced the protective covers we always used when we ate at the table, draped a tablecloth, squared it and turned away. Our supper was a can of soup in front of the TV. There is no lonelier feeling than to feel alone with someone you care for. I think we both knew the feeling that night.

Fortunately, justice was swift. I went to bed early, Buckwheat encamped behind the bed skirt; I woke to the sound of a late-night talk show, so it must have been nearly midnight. It was snowing and blowing mightily outside, curtains moving slightly in the gusts sneaking in around the trembling window casings. As my husband sat propped against pillows watching television, back to the wall between our bedroom and the front hall, a loud knock resounded at the front door, the door no one ever used. “Must be someone broke down in the storm,” and I watched as he made his way through the dining room into the den and out of my line of sight. I listened as he opened the door to the driveway. “Hello, hello? Come on around,” I heard him call into the night, into the wind. Simultaneously, I heard through the wall behind my head the sound of the front door opening, then shutting! Deliberate footsteps sounded, walking down the hall toward the



dining room. By this time, my husband had returned to stand where I could see him from bed, in the doorway between the den and dining-room, staring up the hallway to the front door, obviously listening to the same sound of footsteps I, too, was hearing. As I continued to stare at his dumbstruck face, he stared fixedly ahead as measured footsteps turned and retreated back up the hall; then distinctly, impossibly, we heard the front door open and close.

Trance broken, my husband raced up the hallway, throwing the bolt, locks and security chain to open the unwilling door. Out on the porch then, I heard, “Hello? Anyone there?” I knew without seeing for myself what he would soon tell me. There was no one there. No footprints in the freshly fallen snow on the porch or the ground beyond. No one had been there. No living person. He reentered the house, carefully shutting the door, resetting the lock, the bolt, the chain before retracing his steps down the hall and turning to stand in the bedroom doorway. Slumped, defeated, he now knew what I had known for what seemed like forever. His first was the most dramatic encounter so far, and I felt for him. I had had the advantage of a more gradual buildup to this climactic event. “Now you believe me? I asked, shaken but so relieved. Then, “Now can I call Jean?” “No!” he insisted, weakly adamant. “We said we’d be here until spring. We’ll just have to live with it.”

In an overt act of rebellion, the next day, I wrote to Jean. I explained, most apologetically, that we had had some unusual experiences in the last month—the knockings, the murmurings, the midnight visitor. Within days of posting my letter, I received her response. “Yes, it’s true,” Jean wrote. “We had hoped you wouldn’t be bothered. Things quieted down after the girls moved out.” They, too, had heard the rapping and experienced other strange sensations. It had all started after they renovated the mudroom and summer kitchen in the back wing to create the laundry room, a process Jean thought might have provoked the visitation. “Call our daughter, Alice. She lives in Montgomery. I’m sure she’d be happy to come down and tell you all about it.” Jean had included Alice’s phone number, so I called immediately. My invitation to dinner was readily accepted. Alice seemed eager to share their story. Soon we found ourselves sitting

around the dining table, Alice comfortable in her home and yet a gracious guest. She was beautiful, vivacious, and magnetic with the confidence many beautiful women exude. She was only a few months older than I was but seemed much more worldly. I marveled at my husband's intense curiosity for Alice's account. The supernatural presence within the Scofield home was a topic he had not engaged in so wholeheartedly with me. I may have felt a passing jealousy, but I, too, thought Alice was fantastic, most of all because she confirmed in such a disarming way all that I had come to know about the house and its inhabitants.

Alice explained about the laundry room, how the ripping and tearing to create that room behind the den seemed to instigate the intrusion. The back wall of the den was the place the Scofields and I first heard those jarring rap-rap-raps. Alice and her sister also had had invisible pranksters knocking at their bedroom doors upstairs and had felt the bitter cold emanating from their mother's sewing room. Alice explained that Jean had developed a passionate interest in the occult and had built quite a library of books if I was interested. I avoided my husband's eyes. At this point I had to confess all of my transgressions, the broken promise not to trespass here or there, including reading most of the books in Jean's collection. Alice did not seem perturbed by this, if anything, sympathizing with how difficult it must have been to spend so much time alone in this house with no one else to witness these encounters. Jean had always had Arthur right there, his company and support, and the girls, too. They had never really felt fearful or even upset, apparently, only curious, bemused, fortunate. I marveled at their resiliency and courage. Was it easier for the family to deal with, knowing they were all in it together? Is that what made it all not so much scary but rather unique and fascinating?

The time came to show Alice the table, etched with the spooky, shaky plea for help. This was startling to her, but again she seemed more sorry that this had occurred on my watch, reassuring me that her mother would perhaps be delighted that she had yet another bit of evidence of the visitation from beyond the veil. I also brought her to the photo in the front

parlor, and Alice explained that the photo had come with the house; she had no idea who these people were except to agree they must have lived in this house at one time. When I pointed out the blurry image in the upstairs window, she peered closely, never having noticed it before. Yes, maybe it was a face. We wondered why the photographer would have left someone out of the picture. Or had the family? And wasn't that the sewing room window?

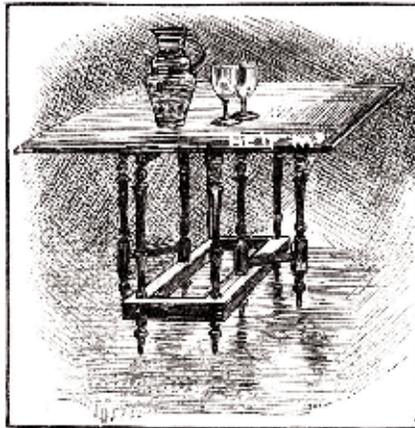
At last, her stories all told, we said goodbye. It had felt so good to hear her verify my experiences and also to learn that Jean would not condemn but understand why I had searched beyond the boundaries they had set for us in our own best interest. Maybe I could begin to appreciate what a fortunate mortal I, too, was to live with a real live ghost.

In coming days, I attempted to make peace with my situation, but my anxiety in anticipation of the next communication from our ghost still inspired the same degree of agitation as in our first encounter. Jean and Arthur had had each other and their girls to cushion the shock, but here I was alone each day with

no one to comfort or encourage me. Even though my husband was now a believer, his stamina in the face of this unearthly presence was not being tested, as mine was every moment he was away. In fact, that night in the hallway was his only encounter with our ghost, ever. My dilemma was simple. I couldn't move out and I couldn't stay alone. A job would provide the only solution. But with limited previous experience, no car and two years short of a college

degree, my options were limited. In this frustrated state, I awoke one morning, not knowing it would be my last day in the Glover house. It was now the darkest time of year, and every light in the den could not brighten my mood as the snow continued to flurry past the windows. As usual, the knocking started up almost immediately in the den wall behind the couch, where I sat crocheting, the wall adjoining the laundry room where Alice had said it all started.

Turning the stereo up, I kept busy with my handiwork, humming along to a favorite tune, "But every morning, I wake up and worry, what's gonna' happen today? You see it your way and I see it mine, but we both see it slipping away." I broke out in



goosebumps as I realized how uncannily the lyrics reflected my own situation. Just then the lights went out, the music died. The power was down.

In the dim light, I could see Buckwheat crouched by the door to the kitchen, staring up at something, her menacing growl reverberating. Stepping forward to stand with her, I followed her gaze to the kitchen clock on the wall opposite us, a bright yellow electric clock, the cord plugged into an outlet beneath. Freakishly, the hour and minute hands were spinning madly around its face, faster than time would allow. In silence, I stepped forward, grabbed the plug and yanked it out of its socket. With cord in hand, we stared as the clock's hands continued to whirl. There I went again, as I had only weeks before, out the door and up the road to The Busy Bee, which though similarly without power seemed so much more inviting. Using the pay phone, I again called up to Newport, under the hard gaze of the proprietress, every customer listening in carefully though their backs were turned to me. As steadily as I could, I explained the situation and said I'd wait at the diner, I'd not return to the house alone. I sat at the tiny counter, drinking coffee in the quiet I knew had settled on the regulars as soon as I had entered and which would be broken as soon as I left.

My husband arrived and we returned together to the darkened house. Poor Buckwheat was right there where I'd left her, but of course the hands on the clock were still. I can't remember at what time they had stopped or if I even thought about it. All I knew was my time was up. We had come to an impasse we seemed unable to move beyond together. I presented my ultimatum; he could come or he could stay, but I was leaving. We looked to each other across a broad gulf of difference. It was unsettlingly calm, eerily anticlimactic. We were both determined. He would not go, duty bound to the contract we had made, unable or willing to consider an alternative plan. I could not stay. Without anger, deeply saddened, we parted ways. In no time, I rented a tiny third floor turret apartment in Newport in what looked like it should have been a haunted house but wasn't. "No Pets" however, meant Buckwheat could not come with me. She had to endure what I could not, and I felt bereft and guilty about that. I hoped that in my absence, as had happened when the Scofield girls moved out, things would quiet down, and her final days in the house would be undisturbed. They stayed together in Glover until late April when Jean and Arthur returned, and

then moved on. Our paths crossed only occasionally after, though always amicably. My first jobs, in local bars and restaurants within walking distance, called on my cooking and baking and social skills, leading to secure employment and greater opportunity. As time went on, I heard numerous other accounts of local hauntings, which I have come to recognize as common trade in these parts. I took interest in their telling but remained reluctant to revisit my own experience. Gradually, unexamined, that phase of my life receded in the rush of day-to-day.

In the intervening years I remarried, tended to my family, and completed my bachelor's then master's degrees, and finally my teacher certification. In 2000, I embarked on my new career path with great commitment to the role of literature in learning. And so I began to tell my story to a captivated audience of open-minded adolescents who accepted my tale with as much compassion as gleeful horror. "Tell it again!" and again and again they would beg. And since I looped with my multiage classes for two years, they did hear it twice, always insisting it was better the second time. This was a lesson they adored. In our dissection of the story, we mapped each scene on the arc of our story map. The exposition and rising action involved my move to Vermont and eventually to the Scofield house, with the first inklings of the haunting. The crisis evolved, as I alone became the haunted, the plea for help in the tabletop a hair-raising crisis. My husband's only encounter with the ghost in the hallway fit the climax, the Scofield's confirmation comprised the falling action, Alice's visit the provided resolution, and the episode with the clock and my ultimate departure the denouement; it all fit perfectly. Together we identified other narrative elements—setting, protagonist, antagonist and allies, goals, motivations, and theme.

My students were masters of the takeaway and this is where my deeper understanding of this chapter I'd considered closed for so long began to emerge. As happens so often, I learned as much or more from my students as they did from me. In my earliest narration, I omitted the part about leaving my marriage in deference to their innocence and my right to privacy. My conclusion, however, was clearly unsatisfactory, and they wormed the truth out of me eventually, asking pertinent questions about what happened to me, to Buckwheat, to my husband. Divorce was part of their world growing up, and my

own barely raised an eyebrow. What had seemed an impossible ending to me struck them as inevitable. This personal disclosure bumped our level of discourse to new heights. Before this revelation, they offered accurate but comparatively mundane thematic lessons: “If it looks too good to be true, it probably is” and “Things are not always what they seem.” Now the themes they discerned were more universal and profound: “Stand up for yourself even when you stand alone” or “Believe in yourself,” and “Sometimes your self *is* the greater good,” an ironic twist on “Self versus the greater good,” a universal conflict which runs like a thread through so many great stories.

They decided that since the promise to care for the house had been made under false pretenses, we owed nothing to the Scofields. Of course I had every right to leave. I had no recourse but to save myself. How stunning to hear from them that I was mistaken, the antagonist in this story was not the ghost, but anyone who would refuse to believe me or to understand the intolerable circumstance I was required to live within. The ghost, my ally, had helped me to move on with my life, go to work,

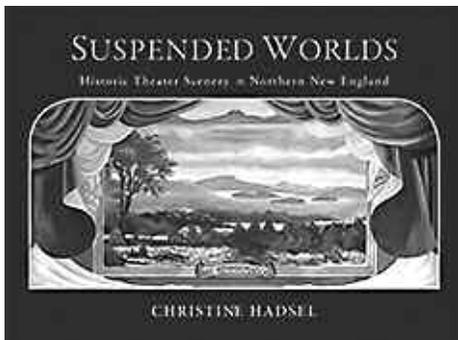
become independent, make new relationships and discoveries that had brought me to them, my students. It was fated that I should have met opportunity in such an unlikely situation. Who knows where I’d be if not for that well-meaning ghost I had so miserably misunderstood all those years!

Always, the lesson would end with my students’ sharing of their own tales of the supernatural, many much more frightening than mine. They felt safe in that space I’d created to tell the stories in public that they may have hesitated to tell before, not wanting to be laughed at or disbelieved. Then they would demand to know if I’d written mine down, and why not? After all the writing I required of them, it was only fair. I would promise to get to it, yet never did. Years passed, and I continued to run into former students and their parents (the kids always running home to share around the dinner table that night) who would always reminisce about the ghost story and wonder if I’d written it yet. And I would have to admit, “No, not yet.” I did begin a draft in 2004, but as it turns out, this story had not finished telling itself. ■

*Part 2, the conclusion of Naming the Ghost, will be the feature story in our next newsletter.*

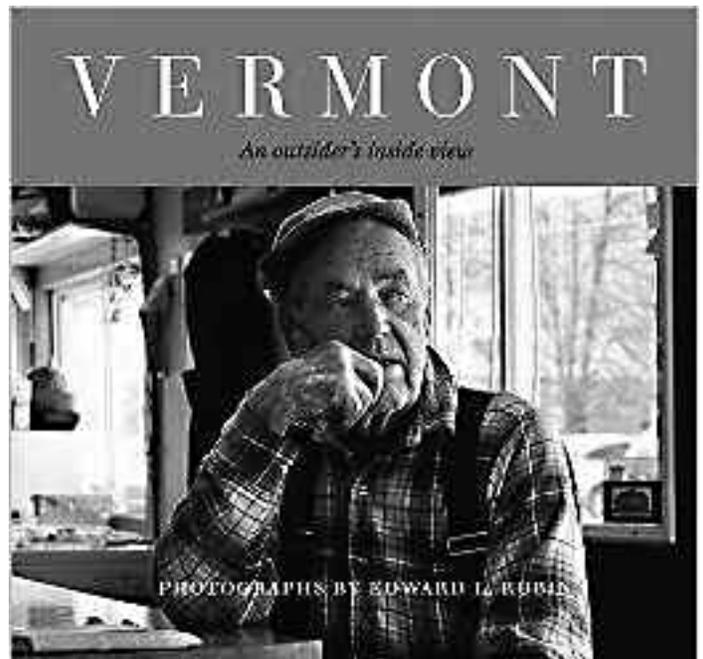
## Looking for a Good Book to Read?

We have two recommendations, both oversized books filled with not just interesting stories, but also beautiful photos, and both with Glover connections.



*Suspended Worlds: Historic Theater Scenery in Northern New England* by Christine Hadsel (Godine, Boston, 2015) is a beautiful book documenting the story of painted theater curtains and

the artists who created them. Hadsel and her crew began in the 1990s searching for these curtains, then photographing, conserving/restoring them, and researching their creators. They found two in Glover’s town hall, and one provides the backdrop for the photo of Glover’s 2013 Town Meeting, with the colorful hanging quilts also brightening the room.



*Vermont: An Outsider’s Inside View* by Edward Rubin (Fine Arts Press, Verona, Italy, 2015). The photographer was captivated by his first visit to Vermont in 1998, so back he came several times, snapping photos and gathering stories; quite a few in Glover! You will recognize many neighbors in his wonderful photographs and probably learn some new insights from the notes that accompany each photo.

## Remember that baseball photo from last issue?



Glover baseball team at Craftsbury Common. We think Bernard Urie is third from left in front, and on Bernard's left, is his brother Edwin with the catcher's mitt. Recognize anyone else? Photo by Daisy Dopp. Undated. (GHS)

Do you have old postcards, photos or stories of your families' Glover history and are willing to share them with the historical society?

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

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

The pic on your email was great. I can confirm the back row as Dean Sanborn, Carl Johnson, Perley Drew – manager, David Crawford, (maybe -Dwyer), ( ), ( ), and last Freeman Brooks. So far, no additional re front row. Neil Brooks first, and Bernard and Eddie far right are right.

I went over several [baseball pics] with Myrtle (Ticehurst) Montminy before she died (my wife, Cecile's, mother). Her husband, Floyd, was manager of the team for a while, and Roy and Joe, her sons, pitched for the team a number of years.  
Dick Brown

## West-look Rock Sign Lives Again!

This summer, three Glover students who were about to enter Lake Region as freshmen decided to get a jump-start on the 80 hours of community service needed before graduation. Trevor Sweeney, with some assistance from Bryce Aldrich and Brooklynne Conley, volunteered at Westlook Cemetery, cutting and clearing brush that was obstructing gravestones. And there was one other project that was more like an archeological dig. Long ago someone had decided to beautify the south bank of the cemetery above the vault with white painted rocks arranged on the grass to spell "Westlook." Over the years, most of the rocks had disappeared, and the paint worn off so that no one really noticed it at all. It took about 16



hours to find, dig out, and repaint each of the 205 rocks, but the excavation was completed by the time school began. ■

*We would love to know the history*

*of this rock sign—can anyone help us? We know that this particular section of the cemetery was added in 1930, but when the WEST-LOOK letters were added, or who did it, is unknown. Do you know?*

Thanks always to Cleo and her outdoor cooks for breakfast, hot lunch, and afternoon snacks every day! This year we had local carpenter volunteers in an afternoon focus group who taught the kids in "Construction 101" how to use hand tools and they built us five cedar benches for camp. Thanks also to Jason Racine for the big tent to keep us out of the sun and rain.

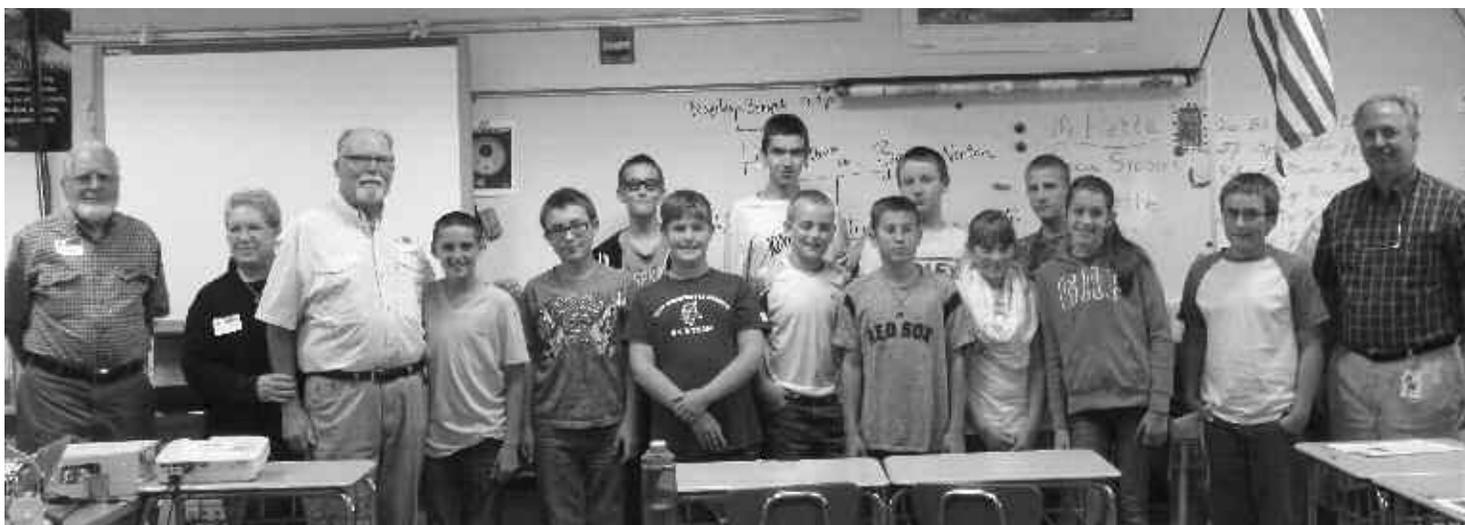
At the end of the week, we designed and constructed a float for the Fourth of July Parade in Barton, with a mock parade of our own on Friday, starting at the settlement and winding down Parker

Road to Parker Pie and then back to the church for homemade maple ice cream.

In closing, we want to acknowledge the passing of our beloved Charlie Barrows, past treasurer of the society and steadfast volunteer and support system for all things Glover.

Don't forget to renew your membership in the Glover Historical Society. You fund the publication of our wonderful newsletters. And remember us in your wills. Enjoy the ghost story and have a wonderful winter!

Betsy



This fall, the 4th grade researchers (now 7th graders!) who discovered who Hiram and Belle Davis were met with one of their great-grandsons, Doug Huntsucker and his wife, Marilyn, who traveled from Florida to meet the students and visit Glover again. Left to right: Stuart Alexander of Shadow Lake and Jericho, Vermont (nephew of Hazel Cook, the first wife of Phillips Davis, son of Hiram and Belle), Marilyn, Doug, Brock Young, Cameron Hoadley, Tucker Baker, Connor Thompson, Caleb Thaler, Mitchell Poirier, Reese Borland, \_\_\_\_\_, Emily Rogers, Zackery Aulis, Robin Nelson, Ryan Taylor, and Jerry Piette (social studies teacher).



Pioneer Day Camp mock parade, starting at the settlement and winding down Parker Road to Parker Pie and then back to the church for homemade maple ice cream. (L to R) \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, Betsy Day, Simon Podd, and Isiah Young.

One photo  
needed here of  
camp or 25th

# Glover Historical Society — Membership Form

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

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

\_\_\_\_\_ \$10 annual dues per household

\_\_\_\_\_ Dues in arrears

\_\_\_\_\_ Additional donation

Total enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_



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who is hard to buy for?**

Get them the gift of history...

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Membership.

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## Glover Historical Society — Order Form

I would like to purchase the following books:

\_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
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\_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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Address \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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

# Publications of Glover Historical Society

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Back Page  
Photo???  
Joan what do  
you want to  
use?