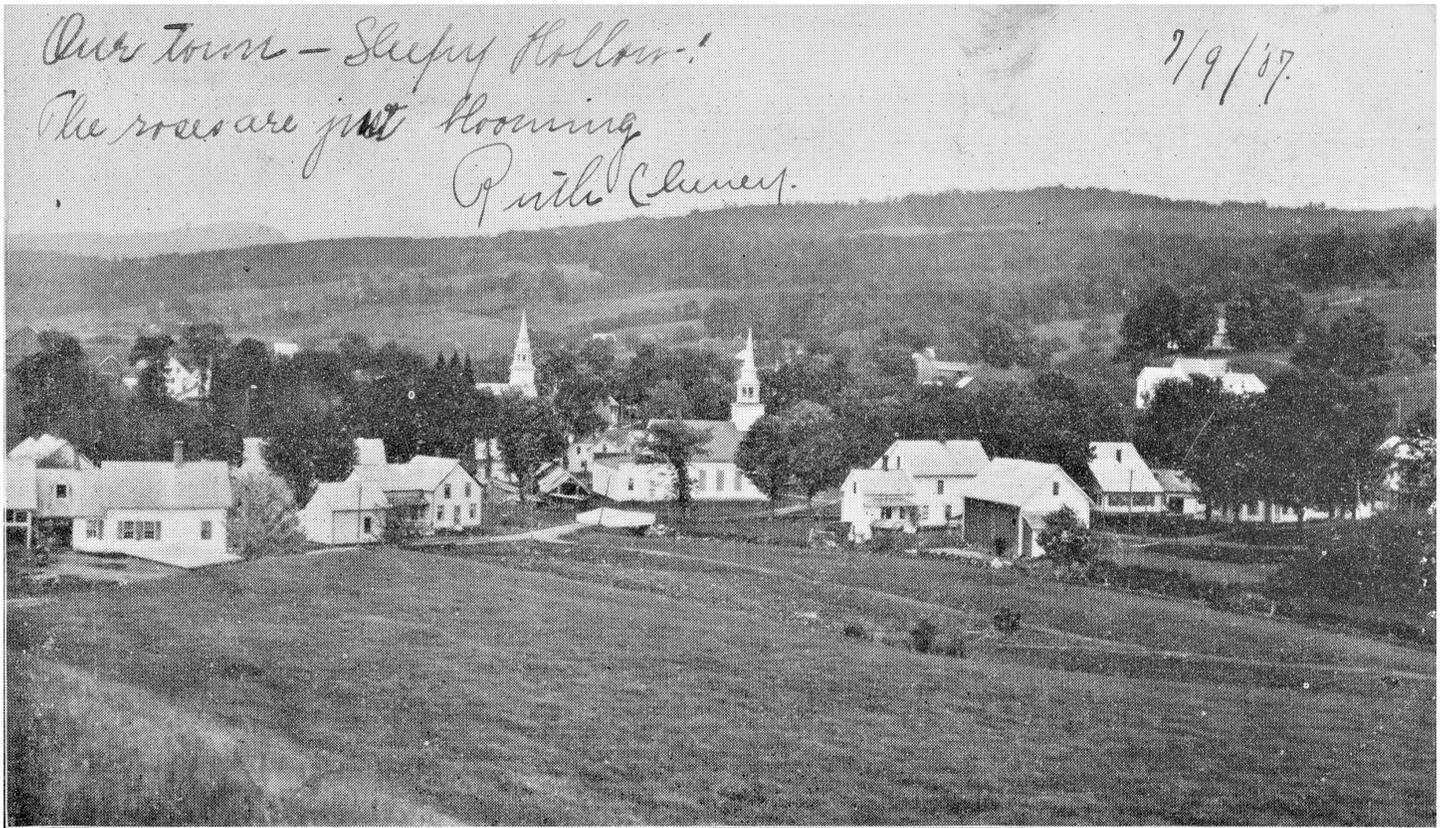




Vol. 27, No. 1, Summer 2019

GLOVER HISTORY

Providing for the Future, Remembering the Past



Glover Village, Vt., Three Miles from Barton, Vt. Pub. by Geo. C. Lang, Barton, Vt.

120

"The roses are just blooming..."

This view of Glover Village, taken from Still Hill looking northeast, was reproduced on at least three different postcard series. This particular one is from a series published by George C. Lang, the owner of a jewelry store in Barton. Mr. Lang, also an optician, advertised that his store was "headquarters for cameras and supplies, souvenir postals, opera and field glasses, drinking cups, the famous Nutting pictures, and seasonable jewelry in great variety."

Ruth Cheney, then a young woman of 23, mailed the postcard on July 9, 1907, to Miss Grace Bryan in St. Louis with the message: "Our town—Sleepy Hollow—the roses are just blooming." Ruth was born in Glover where her father, Fred N. Cheney, a merchant, and her mother, Lula Davis, both had roots that went back to Glover's early history. The family moved to NH, and then on to St. Louis, both places where her father worked in the insurance industry, but, as attested by this postcard, they came back to Glover to visit. Glover must have seemed a "sleepy hollow" compared with St. Louis. In 1911 she married Erland Gjessing of Denmark and lived there and other places far from Glover, though her family never broke their ties to Glover. After Ruth's death in 1976, she came back one last time to the sleepy little town of her birth and was buried at Westlook Cemetery.

You'll recognize that many of the buildings in this view, photographed c. 1910, are still standing. But there are changes. This postcard view shows two church steeples; today only one remains, the Community Church, also called "North Church," has the steeple still standing. In the center of the photo you can see the steeple of the Universalist Church, which burned in 1910. The space it occupied is now part of the Town Green. The farm on the far left of the photo is the home of Butch and Bonnie Currier today, though the big barn is gone. The house that you see next down

(Caption continued on page 2.)

Glover History

A semiannual publication
of the Glover Historical Society, Inc.

President, Betsy Day
Vice-president, Darlene Young
Secretary, Joan Alexander
Treasurer, Jack Sumberg

Additional board members: Connie Ashe,
Eleanor Bailey, Ken Barber, Judy Borrell,
Theresa Perron-Janowski, Andie Neil, Steve
Randle, and Randy Williams

*Thanks to Lucy Smith for compiling our mailing
lists, keeping it up to date, and printing our
mailing labels.*

Contact us

gloverhistoricalsociety.org
gloverhistory@gmail.com
P.O. Box 208, Glover VT 05839
Betsy 525-4051, or Joan 525-6212

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 the compilation, publication, and distribution of material, printed or otherwise, pertaining to the history of Glover.

In this issue

President's Message.....	3
An Old Letter.....	5
Bits and Pieces.....	9
What is it? contest winners.....	11
Hide Behind the Beans.....	13
The Auction.....	14
Glover's WWII Observation Post.....	15
Rose Sherburne's 1911 Diary.....	19



In Memoriam

- Phillip Bailey 1942–2019
- Kenneth Barber 1929–2019
- Stuart Barter 1934–2018
- Audrey (Hutchins) Bickford 1926–2018
- Collette (Talbot) Boutin 1921–2019
- Gisele (Champagne) Clark 1935–2019
- Marion (Bickford) Hastings 1924–2019
- Sarah Galloway Larrabee 1919–2019
- Elizabeth (Vigario) Montminy 1940–2018
- Beverly (Kenneson) Sample 1934–2019
- William Stevens 1976–2019
- Adelord Taylor 1930–2018

(Continued from front cover.)

the Still Hill Road before the bridge was swept away in the 1927 flood. You may notice where homes now stand that were fields and woods in this photo, but Dexter and Barton mountains have not moved!

Over 100 years have passed since Ruth Cheney sent this postcard—would you still say Glover Village is a sleepy hollow? For sure the roses are still blooming.

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 _____ Phone _____

- _____ \$20 annual dues per household (calendar year, Jan-Dec)
- _____ \$10 senior household option (calendar year, Jan-Dec)
- _____ additional donation

If you would rather receive our newsletter in PDF format, please include your e-mail address here:

President's Message

Well, we had another successful Glover Pioneer Camp, June 24–28. The theme this year was, “Saving the Earth,” a broad scope undertaking for sure, but one that all of our counselors took on with vigor. The real motivator for the theme was the good fortune we had of acquiring five large bags of red oak acorns gathered by a couple up in Derby, Tom and Janice Ward, who have made it their mission to propagate the oak population in the region. We were successful in germinating at least 100 of the “sinkers” into small saplings. Every single camper went home with a sapling that in 30 years will be 40 feet tall.

The other highlight was the visit and presentation by our state forester, Jared Nunery. He gave a perspective on the long-term history of our forests relative to Peggy Day Gibson's morning focus group about climate change. Her groups created a “Climate Change Trail” that documented how our landscape has changed over the last 13,000 years, including all of the animals that roamed here during that time. You can visit the settlement and enjoy the trail firsthand. Call Betsy and Randy for a tour.

The Stones and Bones group, led by Joan Alexander, explored the West Glover Cemetery, learned the proper techniques for cleaning gravestones—would you believe popsicle sticks—and repaired a headstone and footstone to their rightful positions.

Since our last newsletter we have lost two dear friends who

both served as board members of the Glover Historical Society, Ken Barber and Gisele Clark. Growing up in West Glover, Ken had a deep appreciation of Glover's history, and shared many stories and artifacts that are now in the museum. In the 1980s Ken walked the old Parker Settlement with me, pointing out the old cellar holes and foundations where his mother, Shirley



Peggy Day Gibson helps the campers install the signs along the Climate Change Trail. Photos by Sage Harple



Peggy Day Gibson works with the youngest campers to learn about the environment and how to care for it.



State forester Jared Nunery explains the complex evolution of our landscape and forests, especially over the last 250 years of settlement.

Scott Barber, had played as a child. A few years later, my husband and I noticed a “For Sale” sign on the Parker Settlement lands, and we bought it.

And now we want to acknowledge the passing of our beloved Gisele Clark, wife of long time president of the GHS,

Bob Clark. Now there’s a love story for you. Randy and I had the privilege of sitting down with them both toward the end of Bob’s life at their home, James Vance’s first frame house built in Glover in the early 1800s on the Hinman Settler Road. Gisele Champagne’s farming family came from Canada when she was just 15. Bob’s work took him from farm to



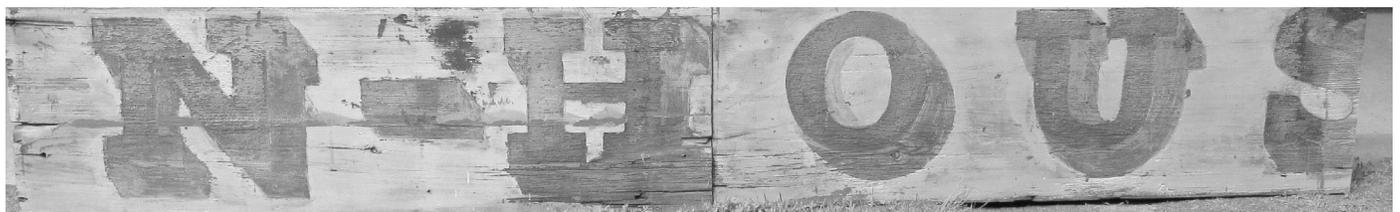
Volunteer Jenn Davis works with a camper to clean the lichens off of a tombstone in the West Glover Cemetery.

farm including the Champagne farm and Gisele. Over time, Bob won her over and thus began their long saga including children, Bob off to WWII, and then back home to life on the farm where Gisele grew up. It was wonderful talking to them that evening about their lives together. Godspeed, Ken and Gisele.

We hope to see you at Glover Day, July 27. The historical society will be hosting an art sale and show in the town hall, featuring the work of local artists, and will have our historical society publications for sale. Please drop by!

—Betsy Day

A recent addition to the museum: Pieces of an old sign



Roland “Woody” and Carol Woodward gave us these two parts of an old sign that had hung on a building in Glover Village. For decades, the pieces had been repurposed as roofing under a tin roof on an old hunting camp. When it was time for a new roof, Woody thought the museum would make a good home for the old sign boards. These two surviving pieces are 17.5 inches tall and together are 112” long; they formed the middle section of the sign, with four letters missing from the beginning and one missing from the end. Can you figure out the establishment the sign announced? (See page 18 for the answer.)

Visit our website: gloverhistoricalsociety.org

From the "An Old Letter" Department

At the Glover Historical Society Museum, we are lucky to have letters from several of Glover's soldiers who served in WWI. The largest collection, by far, are over 100 letters written from George C. Centebar to his family, whose mailing address was West Glover, though he actually lived over the Glover line in Albany. We have a handful written by Clyde Vance of West Glover. And one written by Tracy Cook. All of these young men were in their 20s when they enlisted, trained, and then deployed to France. They all survived the war and came home to Glover. Their letters are filled with optimism, homesickness, and the names of other Orleans County soldiers they had seen. They shared their observations and reflections on the crops growing in the field, the food the locals ate, and how everything in France seemed to be made of stone. And each man asked plenty of questions about how things were going at home: How was the hired man working out? How is sugaring going? How is the haying coming along? How is everybody back home?

We also have a collection of letters written by Charlie Kelton of Glover to his mother and wife. Charlie was not the usual WWI recruit for he was 46 when he enlisted in June 1916.



Charles Arden Kelton

(today) where Bob and Sharon Townsend live today.

In 1894, when Charlie was 25 and working as a farmer, he married Alice Gertrude ("Gertie") Phillips, 22, the daughter of Glover farmer Alonzo C. Phillips and his wife, Olive Brown. Five years later, a daughter, Alice Ruth, was born. At the time, Charlie's occupation was given as farmer, but newspaper items show he

also worked as a game warden (1897), an ice cutter (1897–1909) a butcher with a slaughter house (1897), the proprietor of a meat market wagon (1903–1914), and the operator of a cedar distillery (1900–1905). Charlie and Gertie's daughter, Alice, died in the spring of 1914 when she was 14



Gertrude Alice Phillips

from an illness. (The newspaper noted that 13 of her schoolmates walked from Barton to Glover to attend her funeral.)

Sometime after their daughter's death, Charlie and Gertie divorced. In a 1916 letter Charlie wrote to his widowed mother, Irene, in Glover, he vowed he would never go to Glover Village again; the newspaper reported in May that he was working at a meat market in Burlington. That same year, he joined the Army. On July 9, 1916, he wrote to Irene from Camp Gov. Gates at Fort Ethan Allen in Colchester, VT:

Dear Mother, you may be surprised to hear of my enlisting in the Army, but I have, for 6 years... I passed the best physical ex. of any in the co. and was the oldest. ...I joined the band ... we have a fine bunch ... a good share of them college boys.

What compelled Charlie to sign up? Maybe he was unsettled, with his marriage ended and his having taken what sounds like a bitter leave from Glover. Maybe he just wanted a new experience even if it was risky. Perhaps he saw it as his patriotic duty; his father had spent three years fighting in the Civil War. The letters we have at the museum do not shed any light on his motivation.

Charlie and Gertie obviously worked out their problems for on November 10, 1917, in Glover, they remarried, to each other.

Training continued in Westfield, MA, and in the spring of 1918, Gertie moved to Springfield, MA, to be closer to him. Charlie next moved on to Camp Green in Charlotte, NC, where he was one of 4,000 soldiers. At Camp Green he was promoted to stable sergeant, with 20 horses to train each day, as well as

blacksmithing work. "I don't know what I would do if I did not ride," he wrote home to his mother. "A new blacksmith from Irasburgh tents with me ... he is a little timid ... but he will get over that ... We eat like hogs. I know I am heavier ... It is not like the north. No hay, no cattle, just cotton and corn and woods."

He told his mother that he had sent Gertie some cotton and an ear of corn. He closed his letter with a request: "Send my 2 white-handled razors, and my old hat. The boys are playing football in the yard."

He had arranged to send \$15 of his \$48 monthly pay check to Gertie and \$6 to his mother. He wrote that he was going to get his teeth fixed.

In September 1918, Charlie, as part of the HQ Co.'s 57th Pioneer Infantry, boarded the SS Leviatan



From left to right, Irene (Bliss) Kelton, Charlie Kelton in uniform, and Charlie's cousin, Matt Salmon. Perhaps taken in May 1919, when the *Orleans County Monitor* reported Charlie was home on furlough.

with about 14,000 other soldiers, destined for Brest, France. The Leviatan was an ocean liner the U.S. had seized from Germany, and this was its first voyage as a troop transport ship. Though Charlie does not write about it, this voyage "proved to have the worst in-transit casualties of the deadly second wave of the Spanish flu. By the time [the ship] arrived at Brest on 8 October, 2,000 were sick and 80 had died."

(Wikipedia)

Once in France, they prepared to be called to go to the front, but the fighting in Europe ended just in time to prevent that. "We were all ready to leave for the front as word came to move no more troops to the front," he wrote to Irene, and on November 11, 1918, the armistice was signed. "War is over & everyone is happy, both French and American," Charlie wrote home.

It would be another six months before Charlie left France. He was now working as a supply sergeant as well as caring for the horses at the Chateau in Bussy le Grand in Côte-d'Or, which was serving as an encampment for the U.S. troops.

Besides his work, his mind was occupied with plans for what he would do when he returned to the U.S. Though he originally wrote his mother he had signed on for six years, it is clear he is planning on leaving the service once home. On February 17, 1919 he sent the following letter to Gertie, who was still living in MA. (The *Orleans County Monitor* had reported in the Glover news column that Gertie Kelton had recovered from an operation and would need another "before health will be restored.")

*Rue de Chateau
Feb 17, 1919*

Darling Gertie,

Your letter of Jan. 1st and 3rd duly received and was very glad to hear you had stood the operation as good as you did and only hope you will be all right now. Of course, by the time you get this, you will be dead or very nearly well. I only wish I had or could have stayed with the 83rd division, for that has gone home I understand. But we will go sometime. Things are looking very good just now for a move and I cannot see anything but good old U.S.A. sometime in Mar. or April. I cannot see any prospect of fighting in Germany for us. They are out of it.

It has been warm enough here today so I have been around here today without a blouse or jerky ... It seems strange I don't get any letters direct here now for I have been here in this Reg.



Postcard image of the town of Bussey. In another letter to Gertie, Charlie wrote, "Too many stone walls in France for me."

since Dec 9th and I wrote you at once and you ought to have got them before Jan. 1st. I have written you every week and sometimes 2 and 3 times a week.

I have not left the court today. I helped the corp. and Sgt. get the teams out this A.M. and at 1. I had a few sets of underwear come in and I have issued some of that out so you see I am laboring very hard. You will have a baby to wait on when I get back as I am getting very good at giving orders and I expect to be obeyed at once ... Squads East. Squads West. For'd March. Right Face. Left Face. About Face. Platoon Halt. Rest.

The place where we are now is inside a high stone wall 8 to 20 ft. high and 3 to 5 ft. thick. I should judge about 50 acres enclosed. Some woods, some open fields besides the buildings which are not a few. Around the chateau is a mote [sic] about 30 feet wide and I don't know how deep. In front is the court with a large pool and fountain and 4 large statues. Next beyond comes another only down about 30 ft. below with what looks like a swimming pool. This is only about 1000 to 1200 years old. I live in the small building by the side of the henhouse, 8 of us. The rest live or stay in the top of the

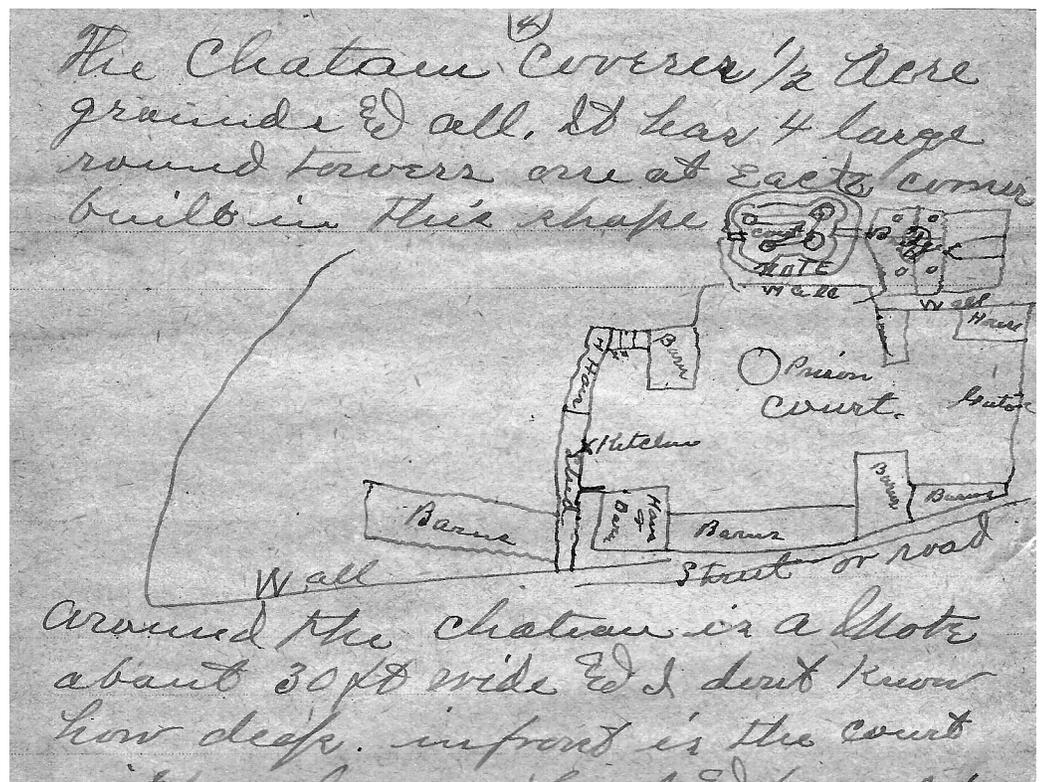
barns. Horses and vehicles below. They have the best and warmest places. This part of the country was a battleground for ages and everything is built according, but it would not last long in these times. But fire could do no harm as everything is of tile or stone.

I could write all night about this country but I shall have to tell you when I get home anyway so what's the use. I have got to do something and I guess you are not over busy or had not better be. I'll give you enough to do when I get home anyway for a while, for we will travel some.

The boys have both gone to bed and I am all alone for a wonder. We have two teams out yet for wood, will get in some time before morning in time for someone else to take out the wagons again. Oh, it's a life. 9:30 and all is well. Very quiet tonight. No cognac around, the boys are

getting short of money. It has not bothered me for I have had no Franc's.

How would you like to settle down on a vegetable farm near Springfield. Or a farm in the hills of Old Vermont. Or is it a Mdse. business. Darling I don't mean drudgery for you. I am able and willing to do the work. It is what will suit you the best,



Charlie did an excellent job describing the layout of the chateau, complete with diagram.

and what can we get the most out of. No more meat business for me, not as a business. Not that I am above killing a Bf. or Hog and selling it out if worst comes to worst. I believe there is money in Farming today if run right, and I don't know as [it is] any harder work than store work, or any more hours.

Well, darling, I won't bother you any more tonight. With love and best wishes to all, hoping to hear you are all okay.

Your loving husband,
Sgt. C.A. Kelton
Co F 312 Infantry 78 Div.



Postcard of chateau.

Charlie arrived in Philadelphia on May 25, 1919, on the USS Montpelier, a German commercial freighter that had been seized by the U.S. during the

war. He was discharged on May 31, 1919, from Fort Dix, NJ.

If you were concluding from his letter to Gertie that Charlie would do something completely different in a new place after the war, you might be disappointed, for the *Orleans County Monitor* reported on July 2, 1919, that Charlie had bought the McQueen home in Glover Village, and that is where he would live the rest of his life. In the 1920 census he is listed as a cedar distiller, but in 1921, he took a course in MA for embalming and undertaking and, after working in



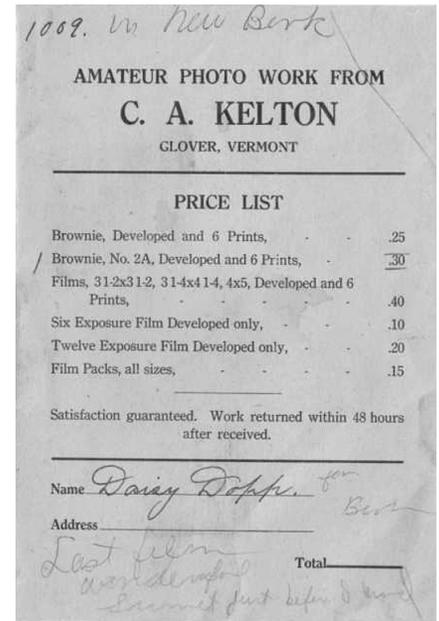
Postcard of Glover Inn, when it was operated by Mrs. McQueen as an inn. In 1919 it became the home of Charlie & Gertie Kelton. Today it is the home of Jim Currier.

Burlington as an embalmer for a while, set up a business as undertaker in Glover. As seems to have always been his nature, he did other jobs, too, as evidenced

by his "Amateur photo work" envelope.

In January 1927, Gertie died of heart disease and a thyroid tumor. Ten months later, Charlie married Altena Wing of Albany who, at 21, was almost 40 years younger. In 1930 their daughter, Pauline, was born.

There was a tragic end to Charlie's life. On December 12, 1936, at age 67, he hung himself in Glover. Altena and Pauline continued to live in Glover Village, with Altena operating a beauty shop in their home. Charlie's grave at Westlook is marked with a veteran's stone, thanks to arrangements made by the American Legion, Post 76, in Barton. So, in the end, it was his years as a WWI soldier that remain as his legacy in Glover.



Gravestone at Westlook Cemetery, Glover. Photo courtesy of Barbara Destromp and Find-a-grave.

WANTED

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

For those of you who don't use the Internet, please mail stories to:
Glover Historical Society, Inc.
P.O. Box 208
Glover, VT 05839

Bits and Pieces

“My versification knack is dead...”

Elka Schumann recently gave the GHS four Daisy Dopp scrapbooks. Three of them chronicle road trips Daisy took in the 1940s and '50s with her cousin Rose (Sherburne) Wilbur to Quebec, sometimes with husbands and other relatives along; photos with captions, brochures, and other memorabilia tell the stories of their travels. The fourth scrapbook was filled with newspaper clippings of wedding announcements, obituaries, and articles that Daisy found interesting. Included in this last scrapbook were two Christmas cards with handwritten greetings in verse that were sent to Daisy's sister-in-law, Lila (Marsh) Sherburne, from Harry Alonzo Phillips and his sister, Nora (Phillips) Simpson.

Harry Alonzo Phillips, Glover's Poet Laureate, is probably best known for his two cantos about the history of Glover and the story of Runaway Pond, the latter which has been crafted into a play by the Bread & Puppet Theater and enjoyed by thousands over the years on Glover Day. At the museum, we have over 100 of Harry's poems; these two Christmas card poems are new additions.

The 1959 Christmas verse starts off with the poet lamenting that lately he just doesn't seem to be on top of his rhyming game:

*My versification knack is dead
My brain has gone askew
Good ripples often touch my head
Then vanish like the dew—*

If Phillips had lived today, he would have been looking for words to rhyme with “senior moment” or a “brain cramp.” The aging process is timeless. Harry did not die until 1966, and we hope he was rhyming right up until the end.

“Well, well, Glover's on the map today!”

That's what one GHS member emailed one day this spring. Cindy Walcott had tuned into Vermont Public Radio that April day and heard not one, but two stories featuring Glover. The first was about the Glover Ambulance Ice-out on Lake Parker fundraiser that featured the Statue of Liberty, and reporter Amy

Noyes added in the history of the offer Glover made back in the early 1880s to provide a home for the statue, as the big U.S. cities were, at first, reluctant. The Statue of Liberty story was also featured in TV pieces and local newspapers. In the other VPR story, Jim Currier was featured in a *Rumble Strip* interview that explored how he came to amass his taxidermy collection which is always on exhibit at Currier's Market.

This Glover media blitz actually kicked off in March, when Claire Dolan and her Museum of Everyday Life got a rave review in the *New York Times*, with an intriguing look at this year's everyday object, scissors. Days later, the Museum of Everyday Life got a glowing mention in an *Atlas Obscura* posting.

And then in May, when the University of Vermont's Center for Research on Vermont published a special edition of their online newsletter that spotlighted 25 of Vermont's 191 historical societies, guess which society was first on the list? Glover! (Though it actually seems to have been the Bread & Puppet Theater in the spotlight!) And, last but not least, a photo of a horse race in full swing down Glover's Main Street during the heyday of the Glover Driving Club graced the cover of the June 2019 issue of *Vermont's Northland Journal*, with accompanying articles inside, and a feature story by Alverton Elliott Jr. where he recalls growing up in Glover.

Guess we are not the only ones who think Glover is pretty special! You can get to any of the above radio/print pieces with just a little googling.

How to tell a violin from a viola...

While Thurmond Knight of Glover, a master cellist and builder and restorer of stringed instruments, greatly enjoyed reading “Mr. Sherburne Buys a Piano” in our last (December 2018) issue, he did notice one thing we missed in the accompanying photo that was on the cover.

I read with interest your article about the piano letters. Loved the photo of Mabel sitting in front of the piano, with her deceased brother's “violin” in the left-hand corner of the photo. I spotted the stringed instrument before I read the caption beneath the photo, and realized it was too large for a violin. At first I thought it might be a fractional (1/4 size) cello for a child to play. When I read further about John being a violinist

I looked again at the photo and realized the instrument is most likely a viola of medium size, perhaps 16-1/2 inches long. The giveaway, besides the large size, was the flat surface of the fingerboard beneath the C string (on the left side of the fingerboard). Viols do not have a flat beneath the bass side string. Viols and cellos do have a flat.

It was and is (though today less so) common for violinists to also learn to play the viola. I imagine John was formally trained in music, as his sister was, and that he learned both instruments, violin and viola...

Again, thanks for such an interesting issue. Keep up the good work!!!

Lone Tree geological survey marker found!

After lots of searching and scraping moss off big rocks, last fall GHS board member Andie Neil found the U.S. Geological Survey marker on the top of Lone Tree Hill that she remembered her mother showing her as a kid many times! She plans to go back and clean it up. It would be a fun project to locate all other Glover geographic markers.

Waterfalls, anyone?

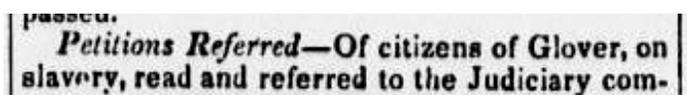
Phil Urie, who grew up in West Glover and now lives in PA, has long been interested in documenting all the waterfalls that fall within Glover's borders. Do you know of any? Let us know and we can pass the info on to Phil.

Glover's 1843 petition to the legislature in Montpelier

From the October 27, 1843, edition of the *Burlington Free Press*. The same item was published in three other Vermont papers.

While searching for a particular item about Glover in historic newspapers online, an unexpected Glover item popped up.

"Petitions Referred—Of citizens of Glover, on slavery, read and referred to the Judiciary committee;"



Not knowing anything about this petition, and curious, I emailed the Vermont State Archives &

Records in Middlesex and asked if that actual petition was preserved in the legislative archives. One of the archivists emailed back the answer:

We do have many slavery petitions to the legislature from other towns, but unfortunately it appears that this one did not survive. However, I've attached a few things for you. First, the page from the Journal of the House of Representatives that states that they heard the petition, but it does not give much information beyond that. I've attached a petition from the town of Whiting that might give you an idea of what the Glover petition may have looked like. And the legislature actually passed several resolutions related to slavery just about a week after they heard the Glover petition, so perhaps that petition helped influence the resolutions; I've attached a copy of those resolutions.

The petition from the town of Whiting was a document printed on a printing press, addressed to the Vermont Senate and House, stating, *the undersigned inhabitants of the town of _____ ... ["Whiting" had been handwritten in on the blank line] respectfully request your honorable body ... to use all constitutional measures to procure the abolition of slavery and the slave trade ... and to remonstrate against the admission of Texas, or any new State, into the Union, with constitutions permitting the existence of slavery.*

Whiting's petition, which was also called a "Memorial," had 45 signatures. It seems very likely that Glover's petition was probably identical to the one from Whiting. Though it would be so interesting to see who signed Glover's petition, those names are lost to history.

The nine "Resolutions Relative to Slavery" that were passed by the Senate and House on October 25–November 11, did indeed fulfill the petition's requests.

We do know that in 1844, members of Glover's Methodist congregation in Glover broke away from their home parish and created a congregation of Wesleyan Methodists, who were opposed to slavery. This was part of a national movement; the two Methodist branches did not officially reunite until 1939. It is likely that members of the Wesleyan congregation signed the petition, and may have been the petition signature gatherers.

—JFA

Presenting the newest crop of “What is it?” winners!

The 2018-2019 school year was the 8th year of the “What is it?” Puzzler at the Glover Community School. Each month, a new mystery object from the museum or a riddle from the Glover news columns in historic newspapers appears in an acrylic box in the lobby of the school. Students have all month to ponder what it might be, and write their guess on a slip of paper that

goes into a voting box. At the end of the month, one grand prize winner is randomly chosen from all the correct answers; that student gets to pick a prize of a Glover Historical Society book or a Runaway Pond souvenir, and all correct responders choose one of the 20 Glover History Cards to keep. Congratulations to all the winners and all who participated.



Sept., Charlotte Roy, gr. 1, shoe last



Oct., Max Delaine, gr. 5, ventilator



Nov., Willow Crowe, gr. 5. Answer on page 18.

We have one of the puzzlers for you to try from the November contest. Fifth-grader Willow Crowe came up with the correct answer—can you?

Sophie King was a 19-year-old Glover girl when she wrote down the following recipe while visiting in Nashua, NH. The name of what she was going to make has been left blank. What do you think it was? (The answer appears on page 13.)

To Blacken the _____:

A simple preparation for this purpose are the juice of elderberries, burnt cork & cloves burnt at candle. Another means is to take the black of frankincense, resin & mastic. This black will not come off with perspiration. It is also equally as good for the hair of the head.

Nashua, NH July 4, 1869

More "What is it?" winners



Dec., Madalyn Griffin, gr. 1, cemetery marker



Jan., Julia Perron, gr. 2, shelf mushroom



Feb., Mckenna Rowell, gr. 4, merit reward cards



Mar., Kelby Knights (left), and Alyssa Carrier, gr. 6, jack jumper



Apr., Willow Crowe (again!), gr. 5, metal sap tubing



May, Heather Alexander, gr. 6, hair crimper

Do you have old Glover photos and stories to share?

Contact Betsy at 525-4051 or Joan at 525-6212.

Please contact us to meet with a member.



Hide Behind the Beans...

Does life sometimes seem overwhelming? Before you reach for a spoonful of Vitameatavegamin (for any *I Love Lucy* fans), we offer another remedy to try, straight from the pages of two old autograph albums at the Glover museum.

Perhaps you've read this line before: "When the world wearies and ceases to satisfy, there is always the garden."

Depending on which internet source you want to believe, the garden quote was written by an anonymous proverb writer, or 18th century poet Minnie Aumonier, or writer Rudyard Kipling. In the 1970s Vermont



woodcut artist Mary Azarian popularized the thought with one of her woodcuts, and today it has made its way onto commercial garden plaques.



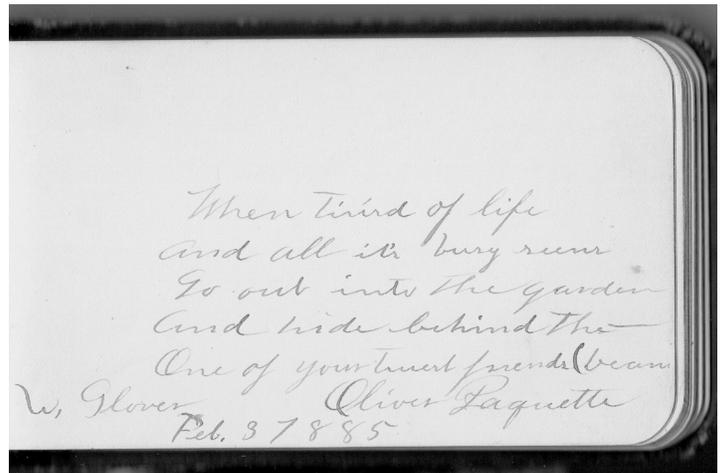
In the Glover museum we are lucky to have almost two dozen autograph books. Back in 1885 in West Glover, 20-year-old Oliver Paquette penned a very similar thought to Addie King, who also lived in West Glover, in her autograph album:

*When tired of life
And all its busy scenes
Go out in the garden
And hide behind the beans.*

The very same message in rhyme appeared in the album of John King, 14, of South Glover, written by

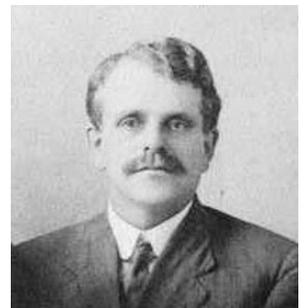
his cousin Lillia White, 17, who lived in Barton, on March 21, 1887.

Just another reason to get out there and weed!

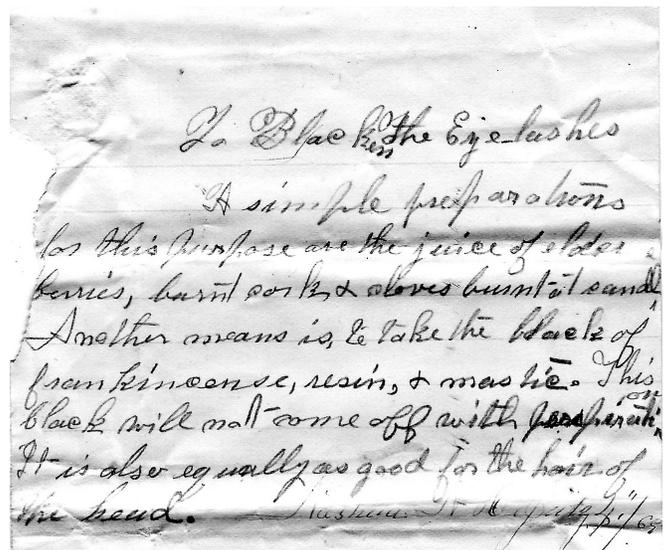


Oliver's message in Addie's autograph album.

Oliver Paquette, c. 1915, courtesy of Amanda Price. Oliver was the 10th of 12 children born to Joseph and Nancy Paquette. He was a druggist in Hardwick when this photo was taken.



Answer to the puzzler



It is a recipe for "Blackening the eyelashes" — what we call mascara today. Here is the recipe as Sophie wrote it.

The Auction

I watched it all go
One day
At the Auction Block
Their married life
All fifty-four years
It was all there for all to see.

One could almost tell what
they were like...
Her boxes of fancy work
Pictures of friends
His fishing trip, Obvious
Collections and Hobbies.

We wandered into their Home
The old kitchen stove
Stripped of its warmth
The cupboard doors flung open
For all to see the emptiness

Boxes on the floor
Her bowl, spoons, aprons
And her cookbooks

Sunny upstairs bedrooms
Boasted of friendlier times
Clothes in the closets
And strewn on the floor —
the roses from an Anniversary cake
Their Fiftieth.

There were no children
But many friends
One could sense this
And someone told us
It was true

We took our seats
The Auctioneer quieted the crowd
and gave the Introduction &
Instructions
Folks jested and laughed
Eager to begin.

First went his tools
One by one & two by two
Those years of collection
Those years of repairing

Then her knick-knacks
Some would call junk
And the dishes that once
Graced her table
All cold, like outcasts —

And the trunks of
unknown contents,
Until we caught a
glimpse of
Bedding, hats and furs —
Then went the treasures
the trash and trinkets

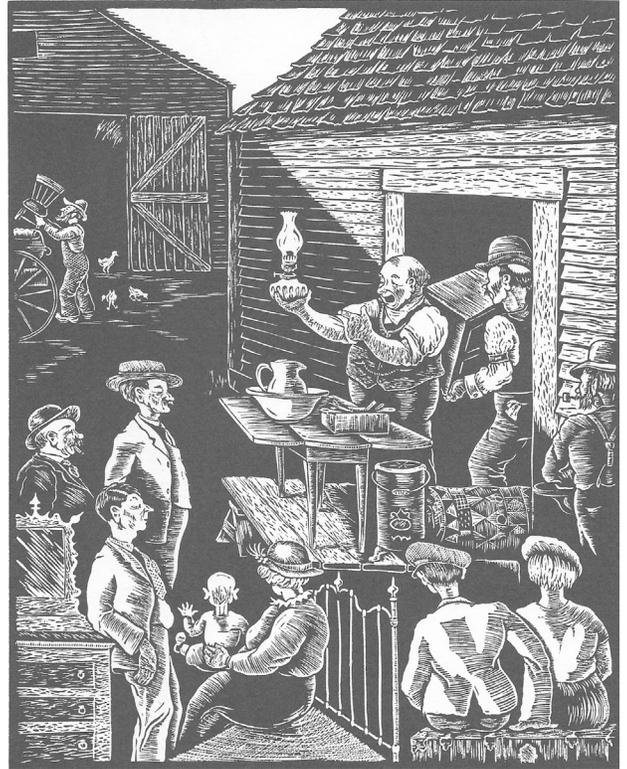
After the lunch
Came the clocks...
They were the calling
card
Of this auction
Many sizes and shapes
Each one a new home
They were a family once,
These clocks.

The same as these
people
In the pictures with the
beautiful frames
One at a time — the
faces
Of generations ago —
left this home

As did the furniture
the tables the chairs & beds

His gun collection
Years of pleasure
Gone in a short time
Every last little thing
they possessed
was sold.

I watched it all go
Fifty-five years of
their married life
At the Auction Block.



While researching WWII observation post history when the auditors were putting together the town report cover story last January, I ran across the woodblock illustration of an observation post by Francis W. Tolman of NH (1902–1969), and then, googling to find out more about the artist, I found more of the artist's work, including this print of a country auction, which reminded me of my Aunt Elaine's poem. The print is from *Mosquitobush: Yankee Prints & Stories* by Francis W. Tolman, published in 1963 by Richard R. Smith, Peterborough, NH.

Written by Elaine Alexander Urie, West Glover, VT, perhaps in 1980 or before. Written after attending an auction (she didn't recall whose auction it was, or where, but it was an auction she and her husband, Bernard Urie, "stumbled upon." She recalls that the husband and wife mentioned in the poem were present at the auction of their home. Elaine shared her handwritten poem with me, Joan Alexander, her niece, in October 2011. She had found it going through things she had not looked at in years. She had forgotten all about having written it until she found it.

The auditors were looking for a little bit of history on Glover's WWII Observation Post for the cover of the Glover Town Report for the year ending Dec. 31, 2018. Here is what we dug up for them, along with additional text and photos that were not included in the town report due to space constraints.

Glover's WWII Observation Post, No. 76 B

Code Name: Baron 1-3-2, and, beginning in July 1943, Zebra 8-8-1

The following newspaper article, undated, was clipped and taped in one of Daisy (Sherburne) Dopp's scrapbooks at the Glover Historical Society museum.

Glover Observation Post

Observation Post, 76 B, with Dale Walcott as chief observer, started with a small shack about 4x7 feet, loaned by a citizen. This contained a tiny stove, a stand, telephone and log book, two decrepit chairs, and was wired for electricity. When one or two observers were inside it was more than full. On assurance from the War Department that the post must operate for the duration the watchers began to be interested in a new building in which they would be more comfortable in spending the long Vermont winter nights and days.

The town bought lumber and windows, and a farmer carpenter with other help volunteered to put it up. All labor was donated. A comfortable post was built, 12x12 feet, double-boarded with paper between and one good window put in high so as to afford an excellent view of the sky. One of these windows was built to tip in at various angles so the spotter could hear a plane if he were inside. The building now contains a good desk, four chairs, a staff telephone and binoculars, log book, and a nice big stove. The floor is covered with linoleum and there are some other small useful articles. All these were generously donated by town citizens. It has been painted one coat of white by an observer. There has been a shed built to cover the wood, part of which has been donated by the local bobbin mill. A flag purchased by the Woman's Relief Corps now proudly waves over the post.

It has been difficult at times to find enough observers but the post has been manned continuously. The spotters range from the young to the very old. There are a few who appear regularly every week and others of course less often. As conditions in Europe and elsewhere get worse, there should be constant alertness. None should be lulled by a false sense of security and decide it is foolish to spend time this way. If given thought one should realize that this is exactly the way our enemies would like us to feel. Whether one personally agrees or not, it is a job someone has to do, for the War Department has ordered 24-hour duty for the duration. Let's turn out and man our post. The more watchers we have the less time each one has to serve. Chief Observer Walcott will give anyone a warm welcome for he is having his troubles. If our boys can give up their careers and possibly their lives to do our fighting should not the home folks too be willing to give a little of their time to help keep their country safe while the boys are away?

The building stood in the field on the east side of the first corner going up Bean Hill Road, overlooking Glover Village. Dale Walcott, owner of the general store (now Currier's Market), was the Chief Observer, and summarized the work for the 1942 Glover Town Report, noting that the post was:

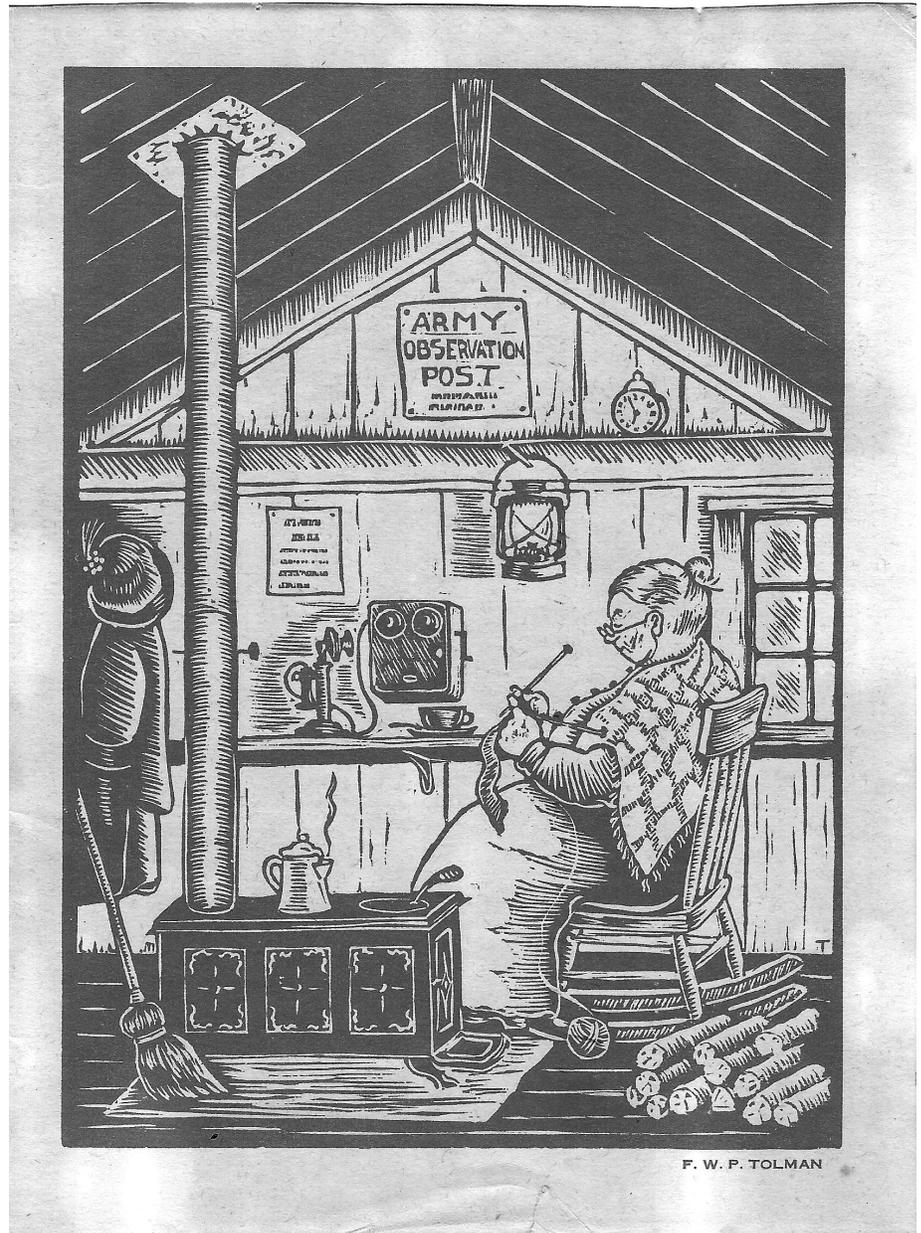


The 12x 12' Glover Observation Post, No. 76 B, c. 1944. Snapshot from one of Daisy Dopp's photo albums.

...manned twenty-four hours a day, with about seventy-five observers giving their time... At first the post was located at the B.R. [Burleigh] Sherburne farm [Heights Rd.], and no house was needed. Then it was moved to the village and a small shack loaned by Paul Brooks was moved to the Leonard Homestead field on the West Glover road... the Village supplies the lights on its street light line... A telephone has been installed, at town expense, but the Army will refund this and assume its maintenance... In spite of the infrequent planes, the Army assures the Chief that this is a vital service.

A second post was on Beech Hill, with Foster Urie the Chief Observer. This post, because of its inaccessibility has been manned by the Urie family almost entirely... This location is specially favorable for the work, as the outlook is wide and unhampered in all directions...

The Army provided a log book for each post where the observers signed in and noted whatever aircraft that was seen or heard. One of these books, dated from March 1943–May 1944, is owned today by June Anderson Bartlett of NH, who, as a Glover teenager, served in the Army Air Force Ground Observer Corps. She photocopied the log book and gifted it to the Glover museum. Along with the date and time, observers would call their Army Operator and note if it were a single-, bi-, or multi-motored plane; whether it was very low, low, high, or very high in the sky; how many planes there were; whether the plane was seen, heard, or both; and the directional orientation of the plane in the sky. The records show most observers worked 2 to 4 hour shifts, often alone. Planes were noted about every few days. The log book shows there were very few times that there was no one on duty, and there are a few messages noting who did not show up for a shift, with one note scolded the spotters for entering information in the log book in an disorderly fashion, with a return message to “practice what at you preach!” Indeed, it is remarkable to see all the signatures of so many volunteers, both young and old, who logged in so many hours. Over the



This framed woodcut print by Francis W.P. Tolman (1902–1969) illustrates a scene that could be taken straight out of Daisy Dopp’s description of the Glover Observation Post.

years, several certificates given by the Army Air Force thanking an observer for their work have been donated to the museum; they were kept by the recipients all their lives.

In a column Daisy Dopp wrote for the *Newport Daily Express* in 1967, she continued the story of what happened to the observation post after the end of the war:

...The Leonard Homestead gave permission for an observation post to be built with Jim [Daisy’s husband, Jim Dopp] and Jack [Wilbur] doing much of the work. The town fathers brought forth the unique wide door saved from the fire of the Orleans Liberal Institute building [1938]. Then Jim built a

Airplanes Number? Few Many	Airplanes Identity or Motors Single Bi Multi	Airplanes Altitude in Feet or Very Low Low High Very High	Seen or Heard? Seen Heard	P. C O D E N A M E	Airplanes from O. P.		Airplanes from O. P. (Report Distance in Miles only)	Headed Toward			DO NOT TELL ARMY OPERATOR THIS INFORMATION			
					W SW S	N NE E		W NW SW	N NE E	E SE S	1943 Date	Time	Observer's Initials	
	Joseph (M) Montrose										Man	5/24/43	6-9	J. M. Rowell
	W. P. Davis											5/24/43	6-9	J. M. Rowell
	W. P. Davis											5/24/43	9-12	J.P.S.
	Jack Wilbur											5/25/43	12-4	J.P.S.
	M. Phillips											5/25/43	4-8	J.P.S.
	Daisy Dopp											5/25/43	8-12	J.P.S.
	Nathaniel											5/25/43	12-2	J.P.S.
	Glady Simpson											5/25/43	2-4	J.P.S.
	Willard											5/25/43	4-6	J.P.S.
	Rita Edwards											5/25/43	6-9	J.P.S.
	Rosa Wilbur											5/25/43	9-12	J.P.S.
	Daisy Dopp											5/25/43	9-12	J.P.S.
	one unk unk		heard	132	west	unk	unk					Time	10-45 pm	J.P.S.
	Bob Clark											5/26/43	11-11:45	J.P.S.
	Minnie Phillips											5/26/43	4-8	J.P.S.
	Bessie Miles											5/26/43	8-12	J.P.S.
	Lyla Sherburne											5/26/43	8-12	J.P.S.

A glimpse at the observation book.

Glover's Gaboriault sisters in front of Observation Post: Left to right: the Gaboriault sisters, observers Florence, Georgette, Isabelle, Irene, and Ruth. (Courtesy of Ruth Gaboriault Rowell)



small outhouse to go with it... I can still see, in my mind's eye, the expression of the two young U.S. Air Force officers when they made their next inspection of our observation post. How they chuckled...

My brother [Burleigh Sherburne] bought this observation post and put it in the pasture [after the war ended].

In its new spot on Sheffield Heights, the observation post became the rustic home of Frank Walcott, youngest brother of Dale Walcott. Frank loved living on his own, close to nature, until his death in 1961. Daisy did not tell what happened to the post building after that; perhaps it just gradually rotted away, tired after serving at least two lives.



The observation post's reincarnation as a cabin at the edge of the woods

Visit the GHS website at gloverhistoricalsociety.org to peruse the eleven GHS books that are for sale. They make great gifts for anyone interested in Glover history!

Answer to "Pieces of an Old Sign"



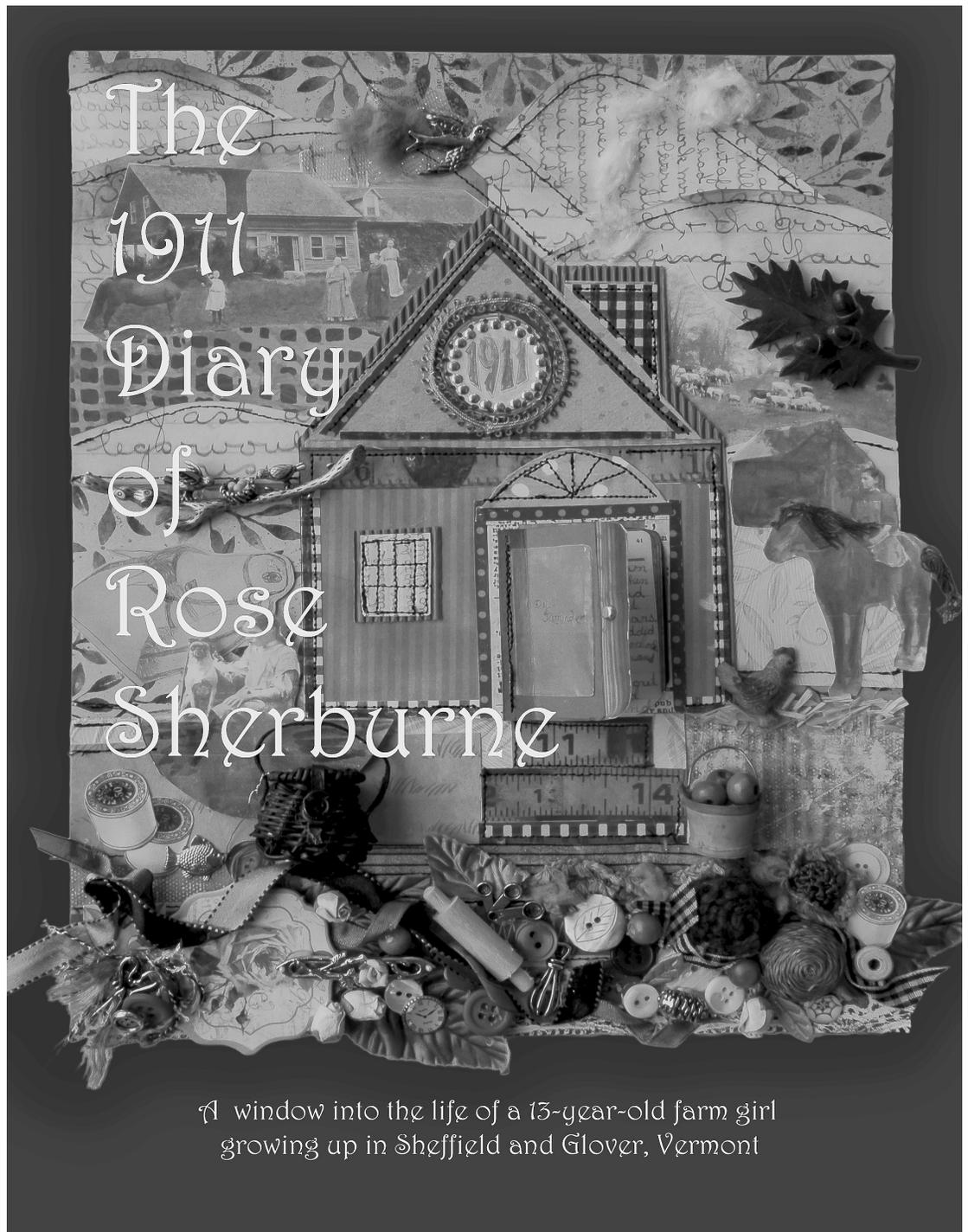
The pieces of the old sign (see page 4) are from the Union House, painted with green letters and wide gold shadowing. This photo of the Union House is from a 4th of July celebration, 1898, with the Glover Brass Band proudly posing in front. When the sign first was raised and when it was taken down are not known, but it is visible in tintype photos taken c. 1888 and in postcard images c. 1910. Who knows, maybe the missing pieces will surface someday!

Our newest publication: Rose Sherburne 1911 Diary

It took Rose one year to write it, but it took us four years to transcribe it, annotate it with over 350 photos, maps and clippings, and get it published! The book is 8.5x11", 272 pages, and includes an index.

Rose Sherburne was 13 when she received a diary as a gift for Christmas 1910, and she wrote in it faithfully every day in 1911. Rose lived on a farm just over the Glover–Sheffield line on the Heights Road, and she attended the Parish School in Glover and was a part of the activities of both towns. Her days were full of work and play, neighbors, relatives, and friends, and she chronicles the events of each day in a spirited voice, full of humor, reflection, intelligence, and caring.

If you are interested in seeing life on a hill farm in 1911 through the eyes of this young girl, the book is available at the Glover Town Clerk's for \$20. The town clerk's office is open Monday–Thursday, 7 a.m.–5 p.m., or you may order it for \$25, postpaid, by emailing joanalex_05839@yahoo.com, or by sending a check to the Glover Historical Society, PO Box 208, Glover, VT 05839.

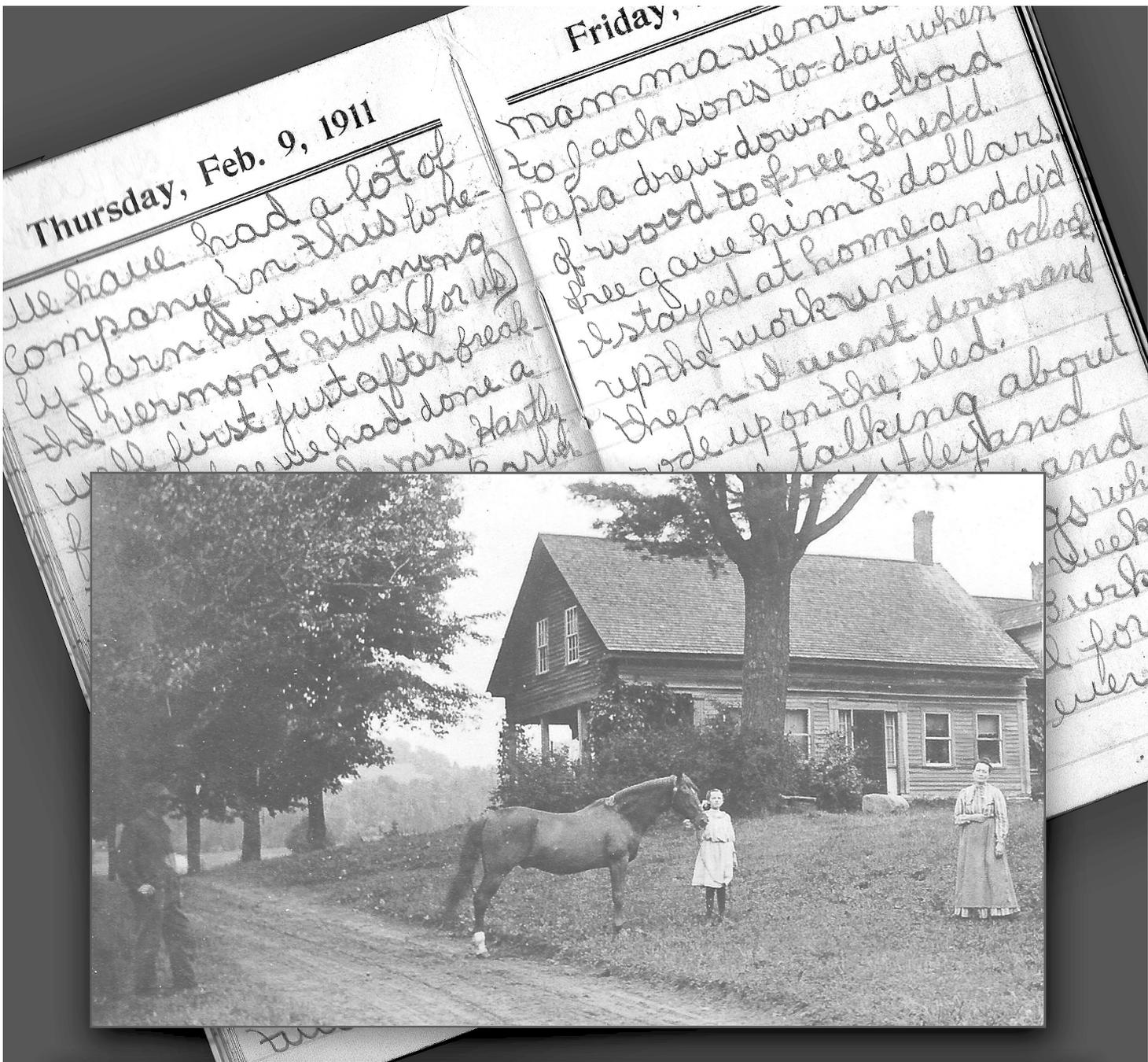


Front cover

◀ window into the life of a 13-year-old farm girl
growing up in Sheffield and Glover, Vermont

The Glover Historical Society has over a dozen other publications for sale—check them out on our website at gloverhistoricalsociety.org.

Turn to our back cover for more photos of *The 1911 Diary of Rose Sherburne*.



"We have had a lot of company in this lonely farmhouse among the Vermont hills..."

Most days, Rose Sherburne's life seems anything but lonely. She is busy with farm chores, housework, school work, and community happenings, which she records daily in her red "Daily Reminder" diary, all in her strong and spirited voice. Transcribed by Glover Community School's 2015-16 eighth grade class, here are Rose's days, illustrated with photos, newspaper items and other historical annotations.

Back cover of the Glover Historical Society's newest publication, *The 1911 Diary of Rose Sherburne*.