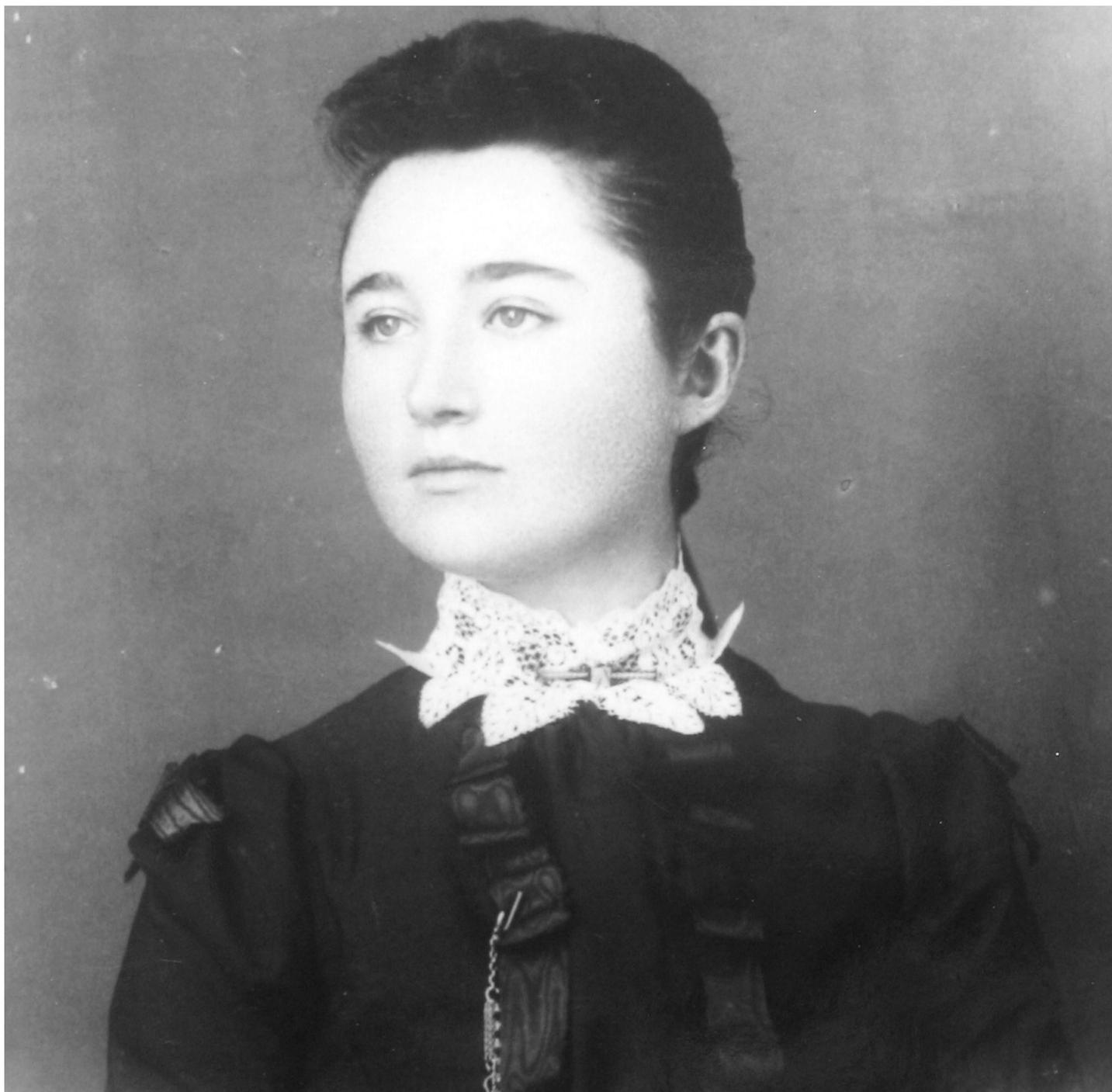


Vol. 28, No. 1, Summer 2020

GL VER HISTORY

Providing for the Future, Remembering the Past



Blanche (Barber) Walcott (1870-1905) of Dry Pond Road in Glover jotted down a recipe for a homemade cough syrup, which included ingredients like slippery elm bark and horehound. Her great-granddaughter, Cindy Walcott of Grand Isle, recently donated Blanche's diary (with the cough syrup recipe written on a back page) to the Glover Historical Society. For the story, please see page seven.

Glover History

A semiannual publication
of the Glover Historical Society, Inc.

President, Randy Williams
Vice-president, Darlene Young
Secretary, Joan Alexander
Treasurer, Jack Sumberg

Additional board members: Connie Ashe,
Colleen Cuddahy, Betsy Day, Eleanor Bailey,
Judy Borrell, Peggy Day Gibson, Andie Neil,
Kathleen Wheatley

*Behind the scenes newsletter help: Thanks to
Jeannine Young for proofreading, to Natalie
Hormilla Gordon for layout, and to Lucy Smith for
compiling our mailing lists, keeping it up to date,
and printing our mailing labels.*

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In Memoriam

Arthur Aiken 1942-2020
Randy Cross 1954-2020
Pauline (Pudvah) Locke 1943-2020

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.

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, as Bob Dylan is famous for singing, “The times they are a changin’,” and due to those changes, we have yet to meet in person this year, and who knows how long that will need to be the case. Way back in October we were able to have our annual meeting with some significant changes happening there. First, Betsy Day decided that after five years as president, she would like to hand the reins off to someone else. Big thank yous to Betsy for her work over those years. Of course, she will still be a big part of what the Society does. Also, there were some changes in the makeup of our board of directors. We had three unfilled slots for Steve Randall, Theresa Perron and Ken Barber. We will certainly miss Ken Barber, who always showed up at meetings with rich stories and humorous anecdotes. Also, Andie Neil decided that she would not continue. After exploring our options, we asked Collen Cuddahy, Kathleen Wheatley and Peggy Day-Gibson if they would serve, and they all said yes. Welcome aboard all. We’ll make it as fun and interesting as possible, especially when we can get back together. Although she wasn’t a current board member, we will also sorely miss Jean Borland and her massive contributions to our knowledge of our town’s history.

Two of the other casualties of the coronavirus are Glover Pioneer Camp and Glover Day, both which were started in 1996. We have tried to do some online challenges for Pioneer Campers—questions about Glover history and the settlement and a what-is-it picture—but they have obviously been too busy doing online classwork and homework to pay much attention to our offerings. Maybe they will later this summer. We have received a lot of comments on Facebook and email expressing disappointment about the cancellation of Glover Day. We are exploring



some virtual ideas to keep folks engaged, like having the racers, runners, bikers and kids run their races on their own schedule and post their times on the Facebook page on the honor system, and we can pick the winners. We might also do a virtual duck race and people could purchase duck numbers online. I might even send a small GoPro camera in a little float with the duckies. There is also the possibility of designing a special t-shirt to be sold online. We will see what pans out.

I do have a very recent archaeological find that I haven’t even had time to tell Joanie about. While doing some renovations around the Glover Ambulance bay in West Glover, which of course used to be the town shed, and before that, the Meadowbrook Creamery, we uncovered, literally, this old sign: “East Shore ⇨”. Now, all we can think of is that it is the previous name for Parker Rd., but if so, when did it change? More research is needed.

Finally, I haven’t had the time to get the Parker Terrace article researched and written, which I will do in conjunction with Victoria Mathieson. I have spoken with several people who remember the place and what a delight it was to eat there. Hopefully I will have that ready for our next newsletter.

Take care, everyone.
Randy Williams, President until further notice



**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.**

Epidemics in Glover

Epidemic. Quarantines. Rationing. All terms that we were used to associating with the past. Suddenly, this spring, they are not just historic matters, they are our reality.

There are clues here and there in Glover's historic records that have hinted at our town's dealing with epidemics. Reading the "Cause" column in Glover's old death records, one notices that the noted cause in certain years repeats over and over: diphtheria, smallpox, erysipelas, consumption, dysentery, typhoid fever. These old disease names are unfamiliar to us now, and I usually have to look them up to remember what exactly each one was. These old diseases have either been virtually eradicated by vaccines, or today are known by less foreboding names, and are hardly ever a death sentence anymore because of medicines we have available.

The word "Quarantine" used to seem like such an old-fashioned word. Old newspapers with Glover news columns warned periodically about which of the schools had closed for a week or two because there was an outbreak of canker-rash, whooping cough, measles, or scarlet fever. Did the doctor come by and tack a "Quarantine!" notice on the door? My mother used to tell the story of her older brother Louis, who was about age 8 when he was quarantined in the sewing room because of scarlet fever. The family left his meals in front of the door, and she and her siblings would slip him pictures they had colored under the door. My mom felt sorry for Louis being all alone, and would talk to him through the window screen and once snuck into the room, undetected, for a visit. In order to be able to ship their milk, her father and other brothers who helped with the milking had to sleep in the barn or the attic. Mom's sister Estelle recalls, "I was so glad to see Dad again in the morning; it was like he had been gone forever." Hearing these stories, the whole business of quarantine had sort of a nostalgic air to it.

When I first accessioned in rationing stamps that had been donated to the museum years ago, I wondered what it would be like to have to think about how much of an item you really needed. Gas, meat, sugar—those were the items I associated with rationing. I never dreamed I would see the days of toilet paper, hand sanitizer, meat, and yeast being rationed by merchants or completely out of stock.

But here we are, living in the time of a world-wide

epidemic. It seems like a very opportune time to look back at how Glover has faced epidemics in its past.

The *History of the town of Glover, Vermont*, published in 1983, printed a list of memorable dates, originally compiled by Orson Valentine Percival in the 1880s, who noted the two biggest epidemics in Glover from its settlement in 1793 until his own death in 1896.

1811: Spotted fever: "Spotted fever carried off 20 of the small number of inhabitants at the time." [Glover's population in 1810 was 385, so about 5% of the total population died. Twenty to thirty deaths from one outbreak in eastern Vermont towns during 1805-1813 were not unusual.]

1843: Erysipelas: "Some twenty new graves were dug as a result of an epidemic of erysipelas—including Dr. Sanford Atherton's, who died a martyr to his faithfulness as an attending physician." [Glover's population in 1840 was 1,120. Another account gives the total deaths in Glover as "nearly 40." Using an average of 30, that would mean that about 2% of the total population of Glover died of erysipelas. Two years ago, Glover's 4th graders researched Dr. Atherton and the epidemic; their report was featured in the Summer 2018 issue of *Glover History*.]

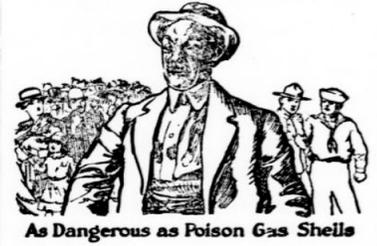
Percival was not around to record the next two major epidemics that Glover faced:



Rationing coupon from WWII (public domain)

1894s: Polio: I knew about the polio epidemic in the 1940s, but until I read an article this May on *VT Digger*, I had no idea there had been an earlier epidemic which began in 1894, killing 18 Vermonters and paralyzing 58. The disease had a resurgence in 1914-1918. And I was really surprised when I saw the statewide map of the 1914 polio cases,

Coughs and Sneezes Spread Diseases



U.S. Public Health Service reminder, from *Orleans County Monitor*, October 16, 1918.

with Glover and surrounding towns clearly a hotspot. It looks like Barton had over 30 cases, and Glover, 5. Maybe a reader will know a family story of these early polio victims.

1918-1919: Influenza:

The world's current coronavirus has brought lots of comparisons to the so-called Spanish Influenza of 1918-1919, which led to 2,146 deaths in Vermont. I remembered the sad story of the family of Lawrence and Blanche (White) Young that was published in *the Chronicle* almost 20 years ago, written by their grandson, John R. Young. In 1920, during the last wave of the epidemic, both Blanche and Lawrence were stricken, along with their two young boys. Lawrence's sister Clara came to help care for them, but she soon fell ill herself. Blanche and Clara died within seven days of each other; the rest of the family recovered.

The *Orleans County Monitor* (OCM) and the *St. Johnsbury Caledonian* were full of news items about the flu. I searched using "Glover" and "flu/influenza" as key words and found there were 66 results, just in 1918 alone. The Glover news columns, usually full of the news of happy goings and comings, were filled with health reports of Glover folks, past and present. The first death noted was in October; Raymond Skinner, a native of West Glover, then living in Barton. Mrs. Roy E. Davis, the wife of the storekeeper of the Brown Egg Store in Glover Village, and her daughter, were recovering from the influenza. John Thorpe was very sick; Mr. and Mrs. Willie Desmarais were suffering with it; Ida Wright at her home in Massachusetts, was gaining. The family of Henry S. Clark was all sick. Carroll Bickford, ill with the influenza and pneumonia, was at his grandfather's in Albany. Caleb Clark had relapsed after what had been a seemingly mild case and was improving. The bodies of Mrs. John Salmon and newborn child, both victims, were returned from Groveton to Glover for burial. Nahum Chesley and Mrs. Rivey Gray were improving. Miss Bessie Stone was able to sit up. Mrs. George Delonie and one child were sick. Mrs. Janey (Gray) McDowell died after two weeks' illness. Many others were recovering. There were several items reporting which mothers were off caring for their son or daughter, and which people



Quarantine sign, undated (public domain)

had attended which funerals. These are all examples from October 1918. Yet an *OCM* editorial earlier in the month had announced that the "height is thought to be over..."

Just as in our current pandemic, there was a ban on public gatherings and church services, and school closed. There were ads for medicines and remedies, as well as public health reminders to get fresh air and cover your coughs, and a

note that despite what some were saying on the street, liquor was not a cure for the flu. Does all this sound quite familiar?

In November, the state ban on public gathering was lifted. Alfred Stone of Barton with relatives in Glover, succumbed, marking the third death in his family unit. There were 600 cases in Barton and 17 deaths. On December 11, the headline was "Influenza Coming Back." Coal was getting harder to find. A recent Vermont Historical Society article about the 1918 influenza reported that the flu did indeed subside in November, although "scattered and less severe outbreaks persisted into February 1919.

In January 1919, worry about the influenza seemed to have quieted down in Glover. The West Glover *OCM* correspondent reported, "No new cases of influenza...the epidemic here seems to have passed." There were, however, reports of people who were still quite ill, but improving: Peter Stone, Burleigh Sherburne, Wesley Drew's family, Frank Drew and his two boys, Will Calkins' family, and WWI soldier Uz Cameron was recovering at Fort Devens. There was an oyster supper party at the hall in West Glover to celebrate Eugene Anderson and Isadore Skinner's wedding anniversary; over 150 "merry makers" attended. At the end of the month, there was a dance at Institute Hall, and in February, an Old & Young Folks' Ball.

The news columns show that the influenza was still hanging on into February and March, with the names of Owen Crowley and family, Florence Rich, the Pollard family, the Jackman family and the Cook family all reported as sick. "The numerous influenza victims are all much better and few new cases are reported."

Looking through the death records for these years, it seems that Glover fared very well. In 1918, there

were only three deaths attributed to influenza or la grippe: David Currier, age 37; Ursula Randall, 75, and Flora McKay, 25, who died in the sixth day of her illness. In 1919, none of the 13 deaths reported in Glover recorded the flu listed as the cause. In 1920, Georgiana Morency Stone, 34; Blanche Young, 28; Peter Durocher, 39 (no doubt this is Peter Stone of the January report); Clara Young, 32, 1 day; Walter Scott, 47, 2 weeks; and Alcide Durocher, 10, sick for 3 weeks. Glover deaths reported as due to the flu for 1918-1920 totaled 9. With Glover's population in 1920 at 810, the influenza outbreak was about a 1% death rate in Glover, smaller than both the erysipelas and spotted fever outbreaks.

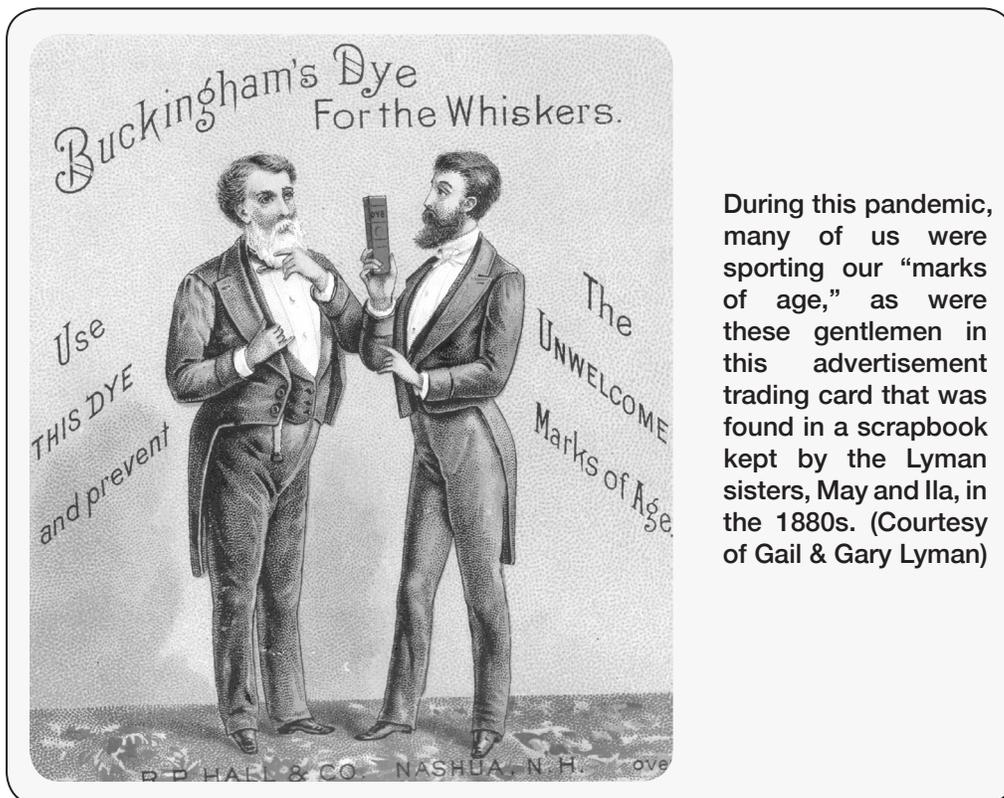
Compared to many other places, Glover was very lucky in the Spanish Influenza of 1918 pandemic, and, so far, we have been very lucky in the 2020 outbreak of the COVID-19 pandemic; there have been no known cases in Glover as of mid-June, when this was written. May good luck (and hard work and sacrifices to keep safe) stick with us through this newest health challenge.

Thanks to Larry Coffin's article "What Caused them to Die?" in Stones & Bones (Vermont Old Cemetery Association, 2008), Erin Pentenko and Mike Dougherty's story "Fletcher Dodged the 1918 flu. Does it hold lessons for Covid-19?" (May 31, 2020, VT Digger); "Influenza—Understanding an Epidemic" by John R. Young (the Chronicle, Dec. 26, 2001)

Dr. Easton and the 1918 Influenza: The girl at the window

When the stay-at-home order went out in March, Natalie Kinsey-Warnock began sending out daily emails to all the East Craftsbury Presbyterian Church community. The emails were often remembrances of local people or historical stories that were sometimes entertaining, sometimes tragic, but always interesting. Natalie wanted to connect with the congregation, who were not going to be seeing each other as usual each

Sunday. Soon the word got out, and others asked to be added to her email list. One day, Natalie's email included John R. Young's story of the Blanche and Lawrence Young family's struggle during the 1918 influenza. Below is another account she shared of the influenza's impact on a local doctor. Natalie wrote about the 1918 influenza and included the episode below in her book *A Doctor Like Papa*.



During this pandemic, many of us were sporting our "marks of age," as were these gentlemen in this advertisement trading card that was found in a scrapbook kept by the Lyman sisters, May and Ila, in the 1880s. (Courtesy of Gail & Gary Lyman)

Dr. Frank Easton, of Craftsbury, lived through the 1918 Flu epidemic. Dr. Easton worked for weeks, almost without sleeping or eating. There were so many people sick, hundreds, that he couldn't get around to them all, so he had a sort-of triage system—when he drove up to a place, if there was no smoke coming out of the chimney, he figured he was already too late and he would just drive on to the next house. At one house, as he drove up, there was no smoke coming out of the chimney, so he started to drive off. Then he saw a little girl's face in one of the windows. He went inside. All of the girl's family had died, and she was trying to get warm, sitting by the window.

Pandemic Silver Linings

Though the COVID-19 pandemic has brought tragedies and hardships all over the world, there have been some positive outcomes. Here in Orleans County, we have so far been spared from outbreaks, many of us have had more forced time in our homes, with time to do some things we maybe have long thought about doing, but never had the time to do them. One task on many people's "when I get around to it" lists is cleaning out—drawers, closets, attics. And the Glover Historical Society has benefited from some of that work that did get done. We share with you a random sampling of some of the things that have been donated to our Glover Museum by folks who did some hoeing out during this pandemic.

Cough Syrup

- 5 cents worth Hore Hound
- 13 cents worth Slippery Elm Bark
- 12 cents worth flax-seed (whole)
- 2 lemons
- 4 cups white sugar

Steep the horehound, slippery elm & flax seed together, then add more water and strain through a cloth. Then add sugar & lemon juice and boil down to syrup.

This recipe was written at the back of Blanche Barber Walcott's 1894 diary, in pages assigned for keeping monthly accounts. Blanche (1870-1905) was



If the homemade cough syrup doesn't do the trick, call for the doctor! This card (perhaps an advertising collector card) was printed in Chicago in 1903, and had been saved by the Drew-Urie family; a gift from Olive Griffin to the GHS museum in 2015.

a young mother with two young sons—a three-year-old and an infant—living with her husband, Frank, on their farm on Dry Pond Road just south of Shadow Lake Road; the farm no longer stands.

BILLS PAYABLE. MAY.			
Date.	NAME.	Dolls.	Cts.
	Cough Syrup		
5	cents worth Hore Hound		
13	" " Slippery Elm Bark		
12	" " Flax-seed (whole)		
2	lemons		
	4 cups white sugar		
	Steep the horehound		
	slippery elm &		
	flax seed		
	together, then		
	add more water		
	and strain through		
	a cloth then add		
	sugar &		
	lemon juice and		
	boil down		
	to Syrup		

Though this recipe might seem a little odd to many of us who buy our cough syrup at the drugstore, there is really nothing that unusual about this one. In the mint family, horehound leaves and flower tops are still used in cough medicine and lozenges; slippery elm continues to be used in alternative medicine (though effectiveness has not been clinically proven), and the use of flaxseed is quite common today. Sugar and lemons are not at all strange to us. If you wanted to mix up a batch of Blanche's cough syrup, it wouldn't be that hard to rustle up the ingredients, though knowing just how much horehound, slippery elm bark, and flax seed to put in might be tricky!

Blanche did use some of the accounting pages as was intended. On the page just before this recipe, she had kept track of what their neighbor Charles Lawrence, who owned a large sawmill at the foot of Shadow Lake Road, owed them, with each item delineated: stacking boards, 1 bu. potatoes, shingles, pasturing the mare, and sawing, along with a list of goods, all totaling \$36.30.

Thanks to Cindy Walcott of Grand Isle, who donated the diary of her great-grandmother, Blanche (Barber) Walcott.

Metal mysteries at Westlook

One silver lining of the coronavirus epidemic was that the high school students who were slated to work this summer in Glover's cemeteries got an early start. The flexibility of their distance-learning schooling allowed them to start work almost two months ahead of schedule! One of their first tasks was to scrape and re-stain the Westlook I Cemetery fence that borders Route 16.

The first discovery of a strange piece of metal sticking about 1" out of the ground came when one student was kneeling to get more powerful purchase for scraping—ouch! There was a little piece of metal, about 1" square and 1/4" thick. He looked around and noticed, just about a foot away, an identical protruding piece of metal, exactly the same size. It seemed only prudent to dig and see what the metal was and remove the danger of someone really getting hurt. Plus, it was a mystery—what would we find?

It took a lot of careful digging down over 2 feet, but before long, the two iron pieces were freed up. They turned out to be connected, the tall arms of a 90° cornered U-shaped piece of metal, connected by a 13" bar. The 13" bar, the bottom of the U-shape, was tapered down 1" on both sides, resulting in a lower flat section 8" long. We were stumped. Was it part of an old fence? Or a gate? It was right in the area where we knew there had once been an entrance to the cemetery long ago. Or could it have something to do with old guard rails? But why would there be guard rails on this high bank of the roadway? The other side of Rte. 16 was much lower; that was where any guard rails would be, it seemed.

Over the next few days, more metal pieces jutting out of the ground were discovered, all in line with the first one found, and all just inches in from the wooden fence. They were equally spaced, each one about 16" from the former. It became the painters' reward—paint for a while, and then get to do some more digging where metal had been spotted. Each metal unit discovered was exactly like the previous, except that one had both arms that were identically twisted like a corkscrew.

One day, Nick Ecker-Ratz was driving by and stopped to see what the students were up to, and we showed him the puzzling metal pieces. At first look, the piece reminded Nick of an old truck part, but soon he suggested they might have something to do with old guard rails. He suggested we ask Ross Clark to



Ross Clark holds the highway anchor piece, one of seven that were discovered making their way up out of the earth, with two of the Lake Region students who were part of the unplanned archeological dig, Cole Alexander (left) and Grant LaClair.

take a look at them; if anyone might know if they had anything to do with guard rails, Ross would be the one to know.

Ross worked his whole career as an engineer for the State Highway Department. When I told him about what we had been digging up, he thought they did sound like semi-U bolts, used in guard rail units that the highway department would have buried to anchor the old 3-cable guard rails used by the state highway department. Would he be willing to come and check them out? He was glad to.

They turned out to be not what he had been picturing, in fact, not anything he had ever seen before, though he felt certain they were related to guardrails. Ross started working as an engineer for the highway department in 1965, so these styles must have predated that time. What had been Rte. 12 was reworked by the state highway department in the late 1950s, and around that time, Rt. 12 was renamed Rt. 16. It is possible when the road was reconstructed, the lay of the land was changed and the need for guardrails in that stretch is not as evident as it was before the change.

We asked Ricky Blanchard, who has mowed the cemetery for years, if he had ever noticed the metal sticking up. He hadn't. The work crew from the
(Continued on page 18.)

"Drop Herein a Penny..."



The Sunday School and Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational Church, Glover, Vermont, invite you to a Valentine-Birthday Social given at the church vestry, Feb. 14, 1906.

Supper will be served from six until half-past seven.

Kindly fill the enclosed bag for admission to supper and entertainment, or if unable to be present send same to the President of the Ladies' Aid Society.

Mrs. C. S. Parker

If you were living in Glover in 1906, you might have received this invitation from Mrs. C.S. Parker, President of the Ladies Aid Society of the Glover Community Church, inviting you to a Valentine-Birthday Social in the Glover Community Church vestry, hosted by the Sunday School and the Ladies' Aid Society, with supper served from 5-6:30 PM.

Attached to a corner of the invitation was a little red drawstring pouch. "Kindly fill the enclosed bag for admission to supper and entertainment," the invitation read.

A little verse inside explained just what you were asked to fill the bag with:

*Our favor is a small one, pray do not think us bold;
Drop herein a penny for every year old;
And if your age you do not care to tell,
One hundred pennies will do just as well.*

The poem began with the plea:

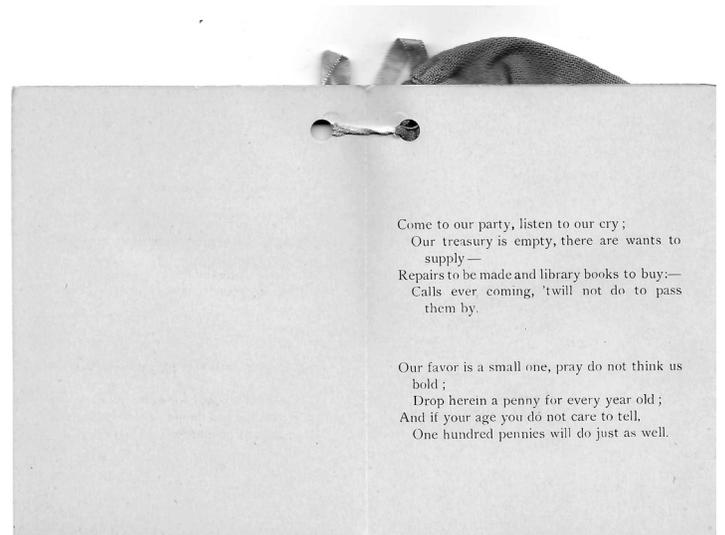
*Come to our party, listen to our cry;
Our treasury is empty, there are wants to supply—
Repairs to be made, and library books to buy
Calls ever coming, 'twill not do to pass them by.*

How did the Ladies fare with their clever fundraiser? *The Orleans County Monitor* reported the following week that it was "a pleasant affair...a success socially and financially...the proceeds of the social were \$44.40."

It was very common at the time for women's church groups to have penny-saving drives, sometimes giving children "mite boxes"—small cardboard boxes to save their pennies in. Thirty years later, pennies were still in demand. Eleanor Alexander (later Jacobson), remembered that Jo Christie would open her Sunday School class in the basement of the Glover church with a song, "Hear the pennies dropping / Listen while they fall / Everyone for Jesus / He will get them all." This was in the 1930s, and it was seldom that Eleanor had a penny to drop. No problem, Jo would have slipped a penny to any child without one so that they would not be embarrassed. Eleanor recalled she always kept her eyes peeled for a stray penny on her walk to church. Even today penny collections still live on in children's school and church fundraisers.

An internet search did not yield any other penny-saving efforts like the one shared here. Perhaps it was the brainchild of Glover's Mrs. Parker alone!

The "Drop Herein a Penny" invitation and bag were one of the many finds in Gail & Gary Lyman's attic, and we thank them for their donation of it, along with many other gems to the museum.

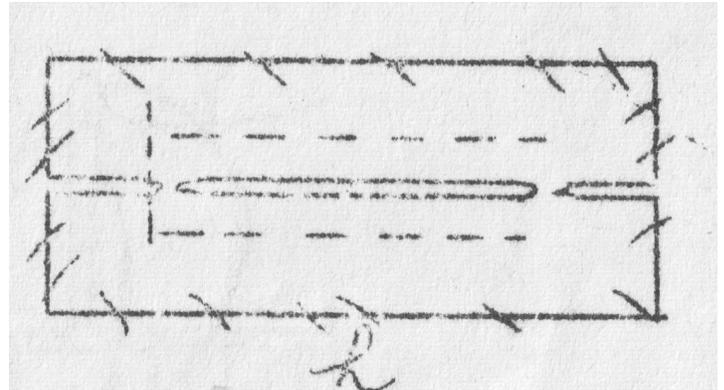


Glover Home Dem minutes, 1930–1941

If you google “Home Dem” today, the first hit that pops up concerns home demolition. But, to many of the older set, Home Dem had nothing to do with tearing down walls. Here, courtesy of Wikipedia, is the explanation of Home Dem from an earlier time:

“Home Demonstration Clubs ... were a program of the U.S. Department of Agriculture’s Cooperative Extension Service. Their goal was to teach farm women in rural America better methods for getting their work done, in areas such as gardening, canning, nutrition, and sewing, and to encourage them to improve their families’ living conditions. Home demonstration agents worked with local clubs to provide teaching services. The clubs also took on other education and charitable roles. These clubs survive into the present day.”

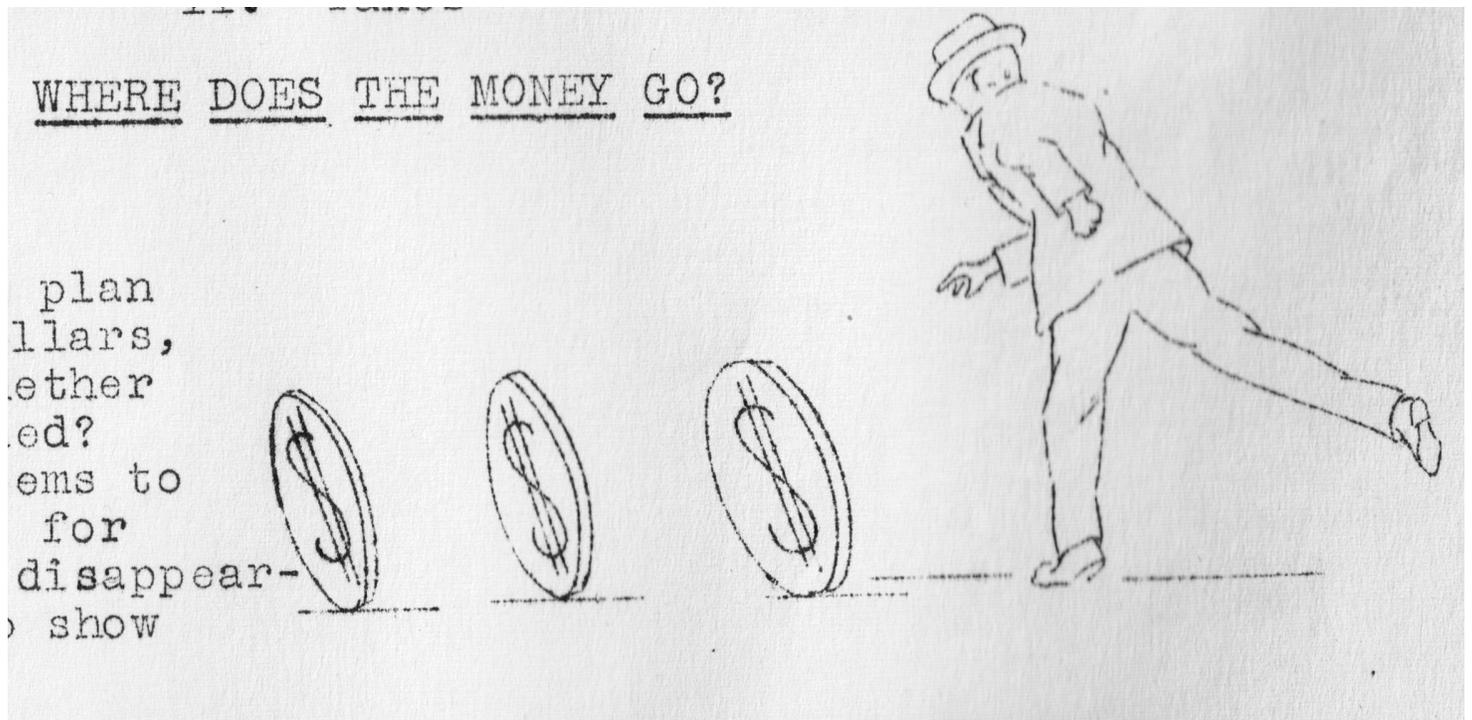
Among the treasures that Gail and Gary Lyman donated to the museum were manila folders several inches thick, filled with minutes the Glover Home Dem group kept in the 1930s–1940s, along with corresponding Extension Service bulletins. As well as providing practical information and tips for the busy homemakers, the clubs promoted leadership skills for the members and promoted pride in the value



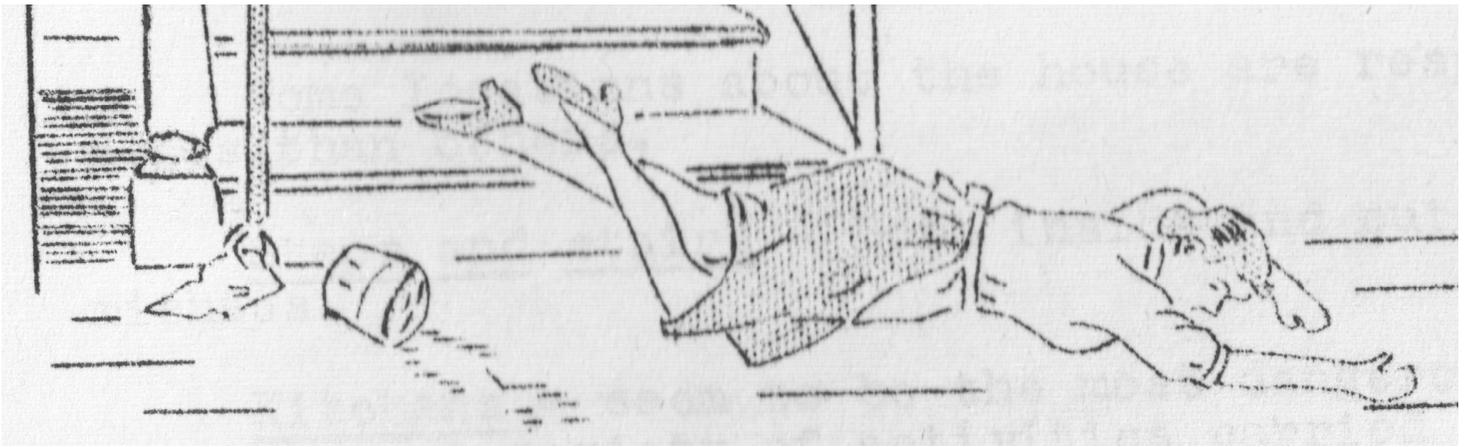
(All the diagrams included are from the Home Dem bulletins.) From “How to Make a Bound Buttonhole” steps 8 of 9

of the role of women managing a household and contributing to the community.

The first year’s minutes were kept by Selena Valley, secretary, but after she moved in the fall of 1931, Pearle Lyman took over the role, which explains why these materials ended up in the Lyman attic. The minutes give a good look at the group’s activities. There were anywhere from 13–30 members, who met monthly, from 10 or 11 in the forenoon to 4 in the afternoon. Meetings began with a roll call (singing of “America the Beautiful” was added in subsequent years) and then a business meeting, followed by a



From “The Family Dollar in War Time”



From “Safety Begins at Home”

“bountiful” meal. (“Bountiful” is the word the secretary often used to describe the meal, and, as each item of the dinner was recorded, it is clear that “bountiful” was no exaggeration—these were meals to rival any Thanksgiving dinner, with a few dishes with mysterious appeal, like “Glorified Rice” and “Dutch Cheese.”) After the meal came the featured presentation/demonstration. The afternoon wound down with a fun game (sorry, no specific games were mentioned) and singing (just a couple of the titles were mentioned—“Carry Me Back to Old Virginia” was one).

There seems always to have been a bulletin to supplement whatever the demonstration topic was. The printed 4–6 page handouts covered all kinds of “how to” topics—buttonholes and pockets, table etiquette, hosiery facts, planning dinners, spending and saving money, present day fabrics, foundation garments, home safety, restyling necklines, saving time, using apples, making a meal of leftovers. Some of these topics might as well have been written for early settlers, though all would be useful today for homesteaders, and some are timeless. The printed information is detailed and helpful, meant to guide the homemaker successfully through any skill—reminding us today of a well-executed YouTube instructional video. In fact, according to Wikipedia, the USDA’s purpose of the clubs “was to make the same kind of information found at colleges and universities available to rural women.” Sometimes the topics covered new innovations, like “Electricity” and “The Flat Iron & Cord.” The secretary invariably recorded a reflection: “...very interesting, many good points were gained.” The demonstrations were hands-on, with members doing many tasks, including making the “proper shade to use on different lamps,” canning, reupholstering chairs (a project that took two meetings to accomplish), making baskets, and remodeling hats.

The Home Dem guidelines mandated that one annual picnic or Gentlemen’s Night, or both, and one community project be included in the yearly agenda. The Glover group did not take the yearly picnic lightly. Their picnics were two-day affairs, with ladies spending the night, sleeping in the cottage or on blown-up air mattresses in a tent on the lawn, and visitors invited in for the final meal on the last day. The picnics were held for several years at Lyman’s cottage at Parker Pond, with ladies “reclining on blankets and cushions” while listening, one year, “to a very interesting and instructive demonstration on First Aid by Miss Streeter, with illustrations first on drowning by Minnie Phillips, who “proved quite active for a drowned person...” In inclement weather, they adjourned to the cottage, and one year to the “Boy Scout campground” to get out of the wind. (Anyone know about the Boy Scout campground on Parker Pond?) The guests enjoyed swimming and boating.

The meals at the picnics broke from the traditional dinner menus and sounded much like picnics today: roasted wieners, roasted corn, fried bacon, pickles, sandwiches, cake, coffee. One year it was noted that “Miss Streeter with Mrs. Lyman had to make a trip to Barton for more food...”

The agent was expected to attend at least six of the yearly meetings. For most of the years covered by these minutes, Mary Evelyn “May” Streeter of Newport, in her mid-20s, was the Extension Service agent working with the group. The group members collected money to give her a parting gift when she moved on to a new position. In 1934, the group was working on two quilts they were making and were pleased to hear “the familiar voice of Miss Streeter coming over the air. I shall clean my bathtub the next time as she suggests.”

The group also took seriously their community project requirement. There were quilting bees and

clothing drives, with the goods distributed to the needy in town. One year, seven quilts were made. In the 1940s, they donated money to the Children's Aid Society in Burlington, "Seeds for England," and many clothing items to the Red Cross. One of the more ambitious projects was mattress making. The cotton arrived in bales of 500 pounds, each 58"x79" mattress requiring 50 pounds. The cotton needed to be picked apart, with the seeds and stems removed. By this time, the meeting had moved from members' homes to a more central location in the church vestry or the basement of the Town Hall, with members bringing in their portable sewing machines to sew ticking for covers. The project was delayed for a few months waiting for the materials to arrive, but in September, they did complete it. It was not recorded if these mattresses were for a Red Cross effort or distributed locally.

You may have often heard of farm women and their "pin money," which they managed to squirrel away by selling eggs, jam, etc. One of the challenges the members were given at a July 1932 meeting was to each "raise \$1 a piece before our October meeting and tell how we did it." Mrs. Partridge and Pearl Lyman kicked off the drive by donating \$7.10, which they had earned by selling canned rhubarb." We know from the October minutes that they did follow through on this task, but what would have been very interesting was a list of how the women had raised their dollars, but, alas, there was no record of that. One amazing tally that was recorded for posterity was the 6,237 quarts of canned goods that were put up by 30 families in 1934.

Another member challenge, in 1932, was to make a cotton dress, spending no more than \$1.50. The dresses were modeled, and first, second and third prizes awarded. What fun it would be to see those creations!

Along with the picnic, the

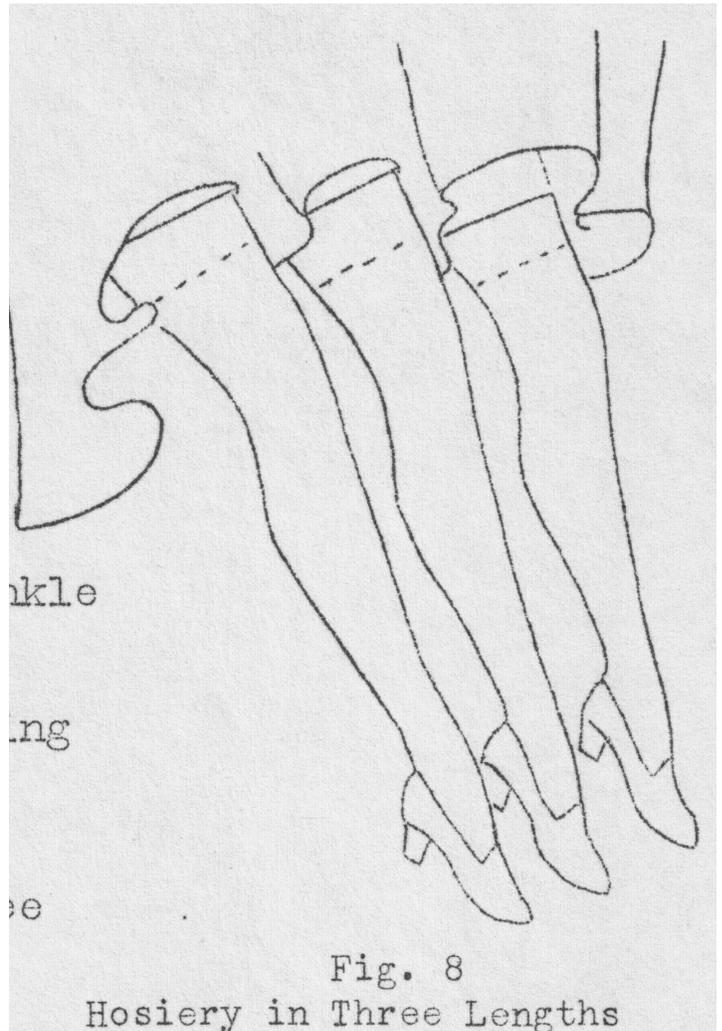


Fig. 8
Hosiery in Three Lengths

From "Hosiery Facts"

members' favorite meeting seemed to be the one devoted to making Christmas gifts. Two members would first attend a county-wide meeting where new

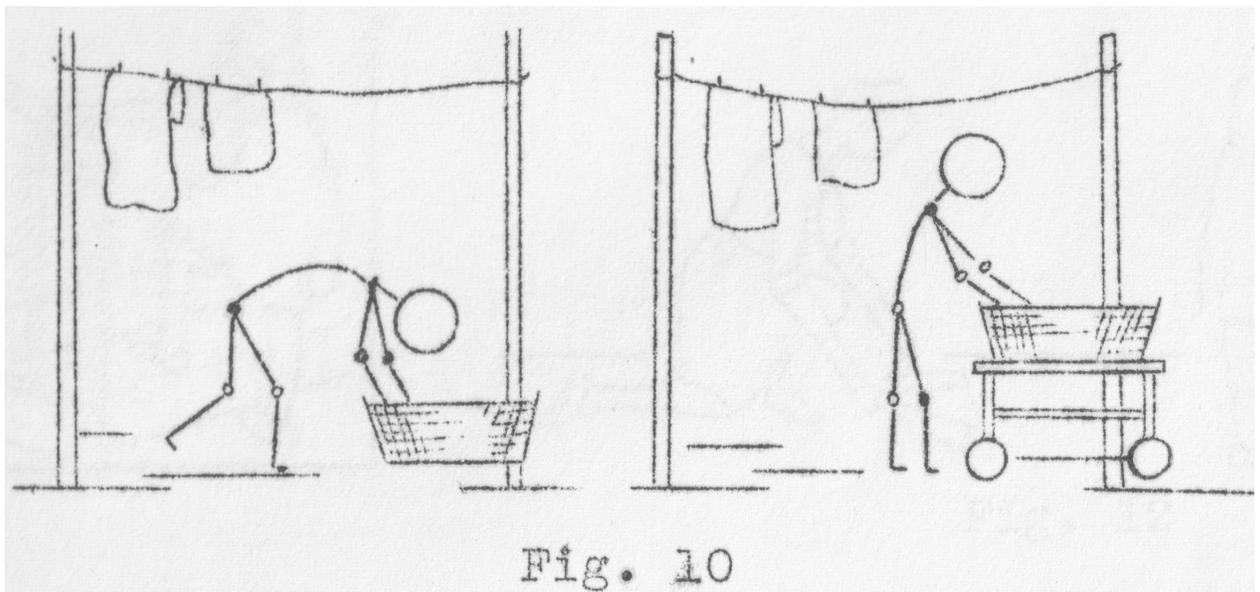


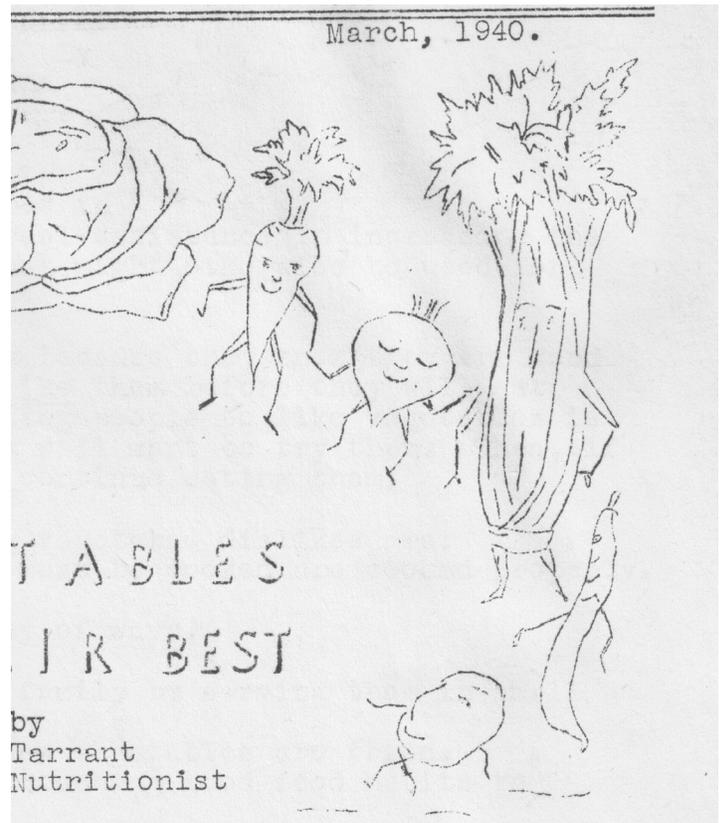
Fig. 10

From "Housework the Healthful Way"

ideas of simple, low-cost handicrafts were shared, and then they would bring them back to Glover's meeting, and members would set to work making them. From the minutes, it seems that the creating was followed with a show and sale; whether the profits were for personal gain or the group's coffers was not clear. Unfortunately, just what these gifts were was not enumerated beyond a mention of aprons and potholders, though "clown dolls" were mentioned as the top sellers one year.

The apron exchange was also popular, with members bringing in their favorite apron patterns (and material, one assumes). Patterns were exchanged, and members went home with many new aprons cut out and ready to sew. The millinery demonstration must have been a hit, for it was repeated many years; one year it was recorded that two new hats were made and six "remodeled."

Was the Glover Home Demonstration Group brand new in 1930, when these minutes began? Home Dem groups were officially started in 1914, so perhaps Glover's involvement predates these minutes. There were already many well-established church, social and school groups that offered women a social outlet, but

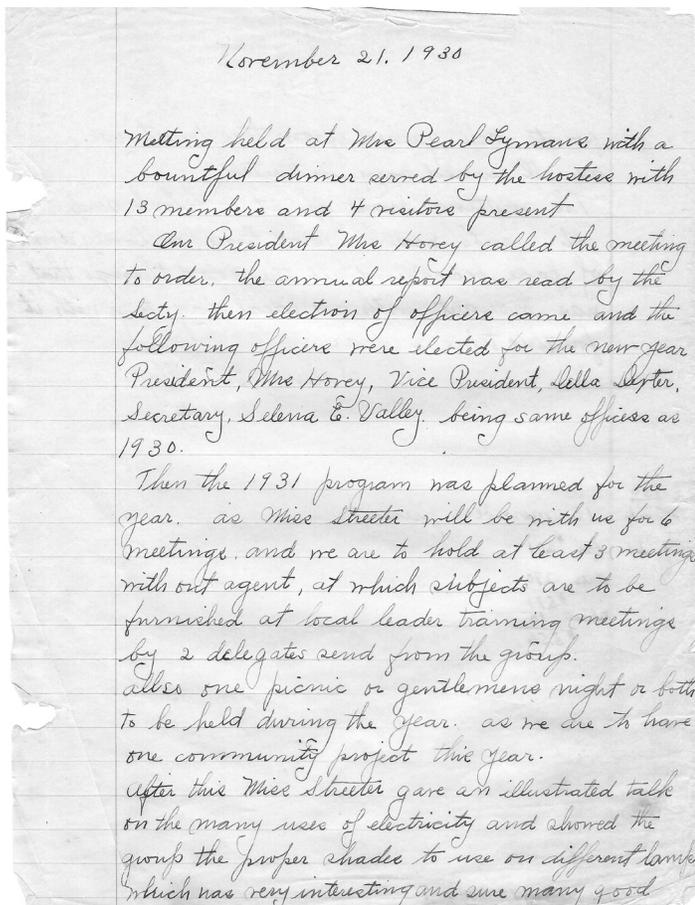


From "Vegetables at their Best"

Home Dem must have filled a void with a different focus, for during the years these minutes covered, membership doubled. I was sort of surprised to see my own grandmother's name added to the list of members. She was a young mother with six young children; how did she free herself up to attend these meetings that lasted for six hours? I knew the years she had been a member were the same years that had been hard for the family—the years of the Great Depression. They got behind in mortgage payments and eventually lost the farm. The May 1941 minutes noted, "Mrs. Joseph Alexander and Mrs. Luther Hovey have both moved away." Yet, in the years leading up to the move, she was a faithful monthly member as the roll call shows, and did her annual service as a "hostess" (two women were designated to prepare the meal)—something she must have done because she enjoyed the information and fellowship. Being there must have been worth the effort of getting there.

Though there are no longer Home Dem groups active in Glover now, they were still meeting in the 1980s, holding evening meetings. Do you have memories of Home Dem groups in Glover? Please share!

Joan Alexander



The first page of minutes in the Home Dem folder, November 21, 1930, recorded by Selena Valley, Secretary.

Shadow Lake Silhouettes

SHADOW LAKE SILHOUETTE

By Miss Helen Zuck

Many moons have come and gone since last we met through the pages. Last summer we did Europe (we aren't too sure but we have suspicion it "did" us). This year we visited Florida—with all due respect to their Chamber of Commerce, we are firmly convinced the place is too hot for human habitation during the summer.

Breezy Bend has been a busy place for the past week—the Hurd family of Boston filled the house to overflowing.

Belated greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Arland Griffin of Barton on the 40th wedding anniversary. August 5 a party was given for them at the Blue Bird. Their sons and wives attending were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Griffin of Framingham, Mass.; and Mrs. Dale Griffin and Mr. Mrs. Lawrence Griffin of West Glover; and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Griffin of Schenectady, N. Y. Attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sanders, Hartford, Conn.; and Mrs. Carroll Hinman, Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Curt Cobb, Morrill; Mrs. Hazel Wilson and Mr. Mrs. H. Griffin of West Charleston.

The Hutchins camp must be bulging at the seams. From August 19-26, five of the Twoer family of New Hartford, Conn., four of the Leach family of Johnsbury are vacationing.

Mrs. Olive McL. Gibson of the Walcott cottage has had a record August. She has entertained Mrs. J. Doig and son, Ian, of Ste Anne de Bellevue, Que., Miss Helen Warren of Worcester, Mass., Miss Alice Gott, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Chamberlain and Mrs. T. Allen of Goshen, N. Y., E. J. and Helen Zuck of Erie, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bray of Westford, Conn. (Mr. Bray is going to start work on the house he bought). It looks as though Mrs. Gibson will have to go home for a rest.

The Richardsons and Aikens are enjoying a bit of relaxation at their place.

The Burkes of Burkeshire Lodge seem to be holding open house most of the season.

Mr. Schoppe of Time Out is filling a great community need—the store. The campers appreciate this service.

The McGrath family are at Blue Bird for the remainder of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hunt and four children of Baltimore, Md., are at Anderson's cottage until August 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. James of Peabody, Mass., recently celebrated 39 years together. They were located at Bootjack cottage from July 28 to August 20.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kincaid, Mamaroneck, N. Y., are at The Shelling until September 5. Harry has received a fish scraper and a box of sinkers—we hope they help.

Dr. and Mrs. Elmer Field just experienced a wonderful trip through Nova Scotia. Dr. Field had the fortitude to go for a swim that far north. We form mental icicles just thinking about it.

All the camp folk had a grand time giving a party for the Glover folk. There is something about a bit of chit-chat and a spot of food that gives a feeling of good fellowship.

Our old stamping ground, "Thisldu" looks sad and deserted.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Owen are on vacation at Stepping Stones.

N. B. McAfee is leaving Ohio cottage early this year in order to attend the celebration of his father's 90th birthday. Dr. McAfee is still practicing and still drives his own car.

The Emmons brothers have been very generous with their garden. If their garden needed weeding, it would tempt one to offer their services—such kindness should be rewarded.

This is hail and farewell for this year. We will be back another year—which one?—We don't know.

Down Memory Lane—going on foot up to Dewings for milk and eggs—making several trips to Hubbard's store because of a poor memory—trying to dodge the Friday night dance traffic—buying a fishing license with high hope and little result—chilly morning swims and pancake breakfasts with the Westons at Shadow Shack—boat rides in the moonlight—walking home from the beach (too rough to row home)—the "waistline wrecker" suppers at Urie's and super church suppers that distance never kept us from—the "sugaring-off" parties—the annual talk of swimming the lake—nostalgia—hmm, could be.

The Bernard Youngs have a lovely vegetable and flower garden—we know.

Have you been getting your share of Vermont scenery? Have you been up Burke Mt.? Try the easy system, our system, drive up; be sure your car is in tip-top shape. Don't let anyone tell you a hydro-matic can't make it, it can without any knocks, either. Have you been up Jay Peak? We haven't because you have to go the hard way. Have you been over to the Old Stone House at Brownington? Try it! History in small doses is quite pleasant, really it is.

Mr. Redington and Dr. Field have been doing quite all right on this business of fishing. Ask them, we don't want to spoil their stories.

Changes come, we must accept them, "Time and tide wait for no man." It is with regret that we learn of the passing of good friends. The lake doesn't seem the same without Dr. Phillip Davis and his early morning fishing ventures. Also, we miss the genial smile and chatter of N. M. Hubbard—he so enjoyed kidding about our oft forgotten grocery list. We greatly miss our long afternoon chats with Mrs. Shields. She never minded our wet bathing suits and sandy feet.

The Condors are enjoying a rest at Dream Lodge after a strenuous time spent selling their New Jersey home.

The J. S. Gallaghers of Pipsissewa tell us that the tricycle set of their family is nearly ready to join the bicycle set.

The Paulsons are at the Shack-teau for the month of August. Rudy has been quiet about his luck—perhaps he needs a fish scraper, too.

Miss Ethel Drew has been spending her vacation at Devil's Retreat with Mrs. Hubbard. Mrs. Marie Bostwick of Norse Lodge has also been lending a helping hand during Mrs. Hubbard's illness.

In the Pearle Lyman collection there were a few pages from the Newport Daily Express, Aug. 25, 1951. This Shadow Lake social news column happened to be included in those pages—a look at what the Shadow Lake campers were up to 69 summers ago.

Bits and Pieces

GHS publication of *Silhouettes* delayed

The coronavirus quarantine has delayed our work on Phebe Spaulding's poem *Silhouettes*, which recounts her memories of living as a child in West Glover with her grandparents. The editors of the *History of the town of Glover, Vermont* described the piece as "a delightful, long, poetic narration of places and people dear to her in Boardman Hollow." Rachel Cree Sherman of Burlington (and with strong West Glover roots!) has already completed research on all the people and places mentioned, and this spring planned to pore through all the Glover Historical Society's photos and ephemera to select illustrations to annotate the poem. Then the pandemic arrived, and we have postponed that work. But, have no fear, work will resume as soon as possible, and we will plan for a 2021 publication date.

Time on your hands?

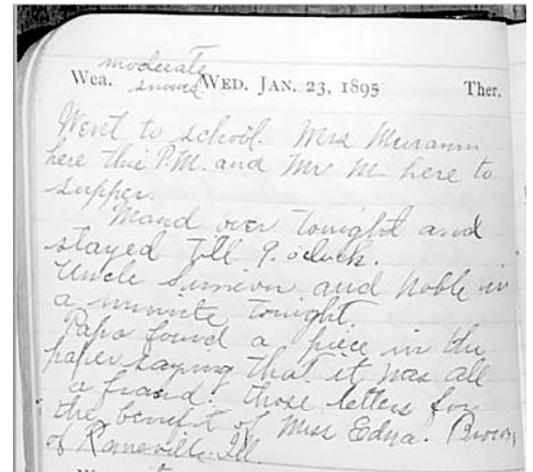
When the coronavirus pandemic hit and so many people found themselves at home, it didn't take long for museums and historical organizations to remind armchair historians that they are looking for volunteers. There are many opportunities for people to try their hand at transcribing and interpreting documents, letters and all kinds of written records, as well as tagging photographs. Check out the Library of Congress's "By the People" project if you are interested in being a "virtual volunteer" and getting an inside look at collections they are working at making available online. The National Archives and Records Administration, the Smithsonian Institution and the New York Public Library also have volunteer transcriber programs, just to name a few.

At the Glover Historical Society, we have lots of opportunities for volunteers who want to get their hands on Glover's history. Please contact Joan (525-6212), or email us at gloverhistory@gmail.com if you would like to work on a project at the museum or at home.

The Vermont Historical Society is creating a crowd-sourced archive of Covid-19. They are inviting people to record their personal history of living in our current pandemic—visit their website to learn how.

1895 chain letter reaches around the world. Glover included

This past winter, Josh Fletcher of Barre borrowed all eight diaries in our museum that were written by his great-great-grandmother, Francena



Aldrich, to photograph and transcribe each page. At the time of her first diary, 1894, the diarist was a young 13-year-old Glover school girl, recovering from typhoid fever, and by the time of the last diary, 1913, she was still living in Glover, but had married Edwin Alexander, and now had three young children. Throughout, her entries were usually quite predictable—noting the day's weather, the work done, and who she saw. But even with such ordinary fare, her diaries are full of interesting bits and offer glimpses, written in her own hand, of life at the time.

Francena's diary entry, Jan. 23, 1895.

Here is one little story told in the diary entries, concerning a chain letter that Francena, 16, and some of her friends responded to, caught up in what became a world-wide effort.

Sat. Jan 5, 1895

Cold, pleasant. Papa went to Barton this forenoon. Worked on my pincushion some. Went over to Mrs. Prindles shop this afternoon to see Jo. Got a letter from May to make three copies of for a young lady of Kaneville Ill. who is lame.

Sun. Jan 6, 1895

Went to Sabbath School and Church today. Papa carried us it was so snowy. Made my three copies of letters and sent one to Della one to Carrie and one to Annie Ward. I had to send back the letter Mae wrote me and sent 10 postage stamps.

Wed. Jan 23, 1895

Moderate. Snowed. Went to school. Mrs. Miriam here this P.M. and Mr. M here to supper. Maud over tonight and stayed

until 9 o'clock. Uncle Simeon and Noble in a minute tonight. Papa found a piece in the paper saying that it was all a fraud. Those letters for the benefit of Miss Edna Brown of Kaneville.

If you would like to read the whole story of Miss Edna Brown's idea to help a crippled girl in her hometown of Kaneville, Illinois, you can have a newspaper article at your fingertips just by googling "Edna Brown, Kaneville Illinois, 1895"; the story was carried in newspapers all over the country. Here are the basics: According to Edna, 18, she was hoping to pay for a cure for the crippled sister of her fiancé, after hearing that a man in Chicago would pay \$200 for one million canceled postage stamps. Edna planned to use the money to pay for a medical treatment that would cure the paralysis of her future sister-in-law, Mattie Garman, also 18. Thinking she would at least try to collect one million stamps, Edna was overwhelmed to receive over 8 million sent from all over the world (the chain worked!) and the local post office was totally unprepared to handle the 170,000 letters that came every day. The buyer in Chicago evaporated, Mattie's crippling disease was determined uncurable, and the little farming town of 400 people was swamped trying to help carry and open all the mail. All was not futile; one article reported that there were some valuable stamps in the mix that had been sold for a total of \$200, some stamps sent were new, and could be used, and some people had sent cash, so there was a chunk of money that could be used for Mattie's comfort.

"I'm just sick of the sight of a postage stamp, and I don't want to see another so long as I live," Edna told a reporter from *The New York Herald*. The newspapers' investigations into the whole affair determined it was not a scheme with ulterior motives; Edna's motives were innocent, not a fraud as Francena learned from her father, at least not a deliberate fraud. In any case, the Glover girls—Francena, May, Della, Carrie and Annie—needed not feel too embarrassed; they had plenty of company.

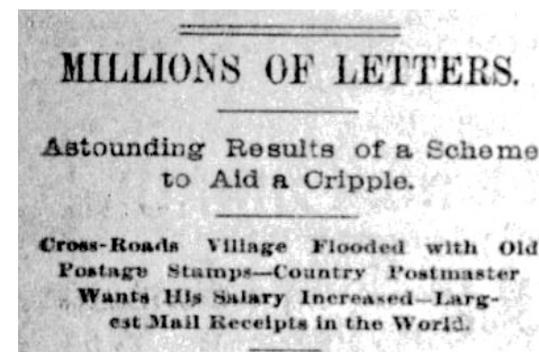
Glover 911 Map updated and for sale!

We are happy to announce that an up-to-date Glover roads map, 2020 version, has been printed and is for sale at the Glover Town Clerk's. Available in two sizes: small (18"x24"; cost: \$10) and large (24"x36"; cost: \$15). The map is geographically accurate with road names and house numbers included. Thanks to Randy Williams and Ken Borland for their work getting all the 911 updates, and to Wayne Mutrux of

Craftsbury Common for the design and execution. The maps are available at the Glover Town Clerk's office (M-Th, 7 AM-5PM);

please call ahead to check if an appointment is needed during COVID-19 restrictions; 802-525-6227). Or you can order by mail by writing to the Glover Historical Society at 51 Bean Hill Rd., Glover, VT 05839, and enclosing a check to GHS for the map, along with \$5 for mailer and postage.

And while we are talking about maps, here's a suggestion for some internet sites where you can explore other Glover maps. The Vermont V-Trans Highway Department has 33 different maps of Glover, ranging from 1931-2003. You can check out how roads have been re-routed or discontinued over the years, and the names that roads were known by during the last 72 years. If you want to trace Glover roads before 1931, search the web for Glover maps from 1859 (Wallings), 1878 (Beers Atlas) and 1883-4 (Child's Gazetteer); they can be seen on several different websites. The Old Stone House Museum website also has lots of great links to old Glover maps.



One of the many headlines of the stamp story chain letter, this one from *The Hazel Green [KY] Herald*.

New address for GHS

We have a new address. Well, it really is our old address, brought back. When the GHS first formed in 1991, the town clerk's office mailing address, 51 Bean Hill Rd. was the mailing address, just to keep things simple. After several years, the board decided it would be more professional for GHS to have a separate mailing address, and so P.O. Box 208 at the Glover Post Office at Currier's Market became our new official address. Now, with Currier's on the market and we are not sure about the post office's future, we are returning to the practice of having our mail delivered to the Town Clerk's office. We thank Town Clerk Jessica Sweeney and Assistant Town Clerk Cindy Epinette for their willingness to put aside any GHS mail for us to pick up. So, from now on our address

will be: **Glover Historical Society, 51 Bean Hill Rd., Glover, VT 05839**. It is the same address where the museum is, so it does make a lot of sense.

Glover Historical Society
~~PO Box 208~~ 51 Bean Hill
Glover, VT 05839

Women's Suffrage stories?

In our winter issue of *Glover History* (published in December 2020), we will be featuring the Glover's Women's Suffrage story to mark the 100th anniversary of women gaining the right to vote. If you have any family stories that have been passed down about this event, please let us know! You can phone, email, or write us—see page 2 for all the ways you can contact us.

Jim Currier's Olympic Torch

Besides the coronavirus, the talk of the town this summer has been the closing of Currier's Market. Everyone seems to have bittersweet feelings—sad to see the end of 53 years of the Curriers owning it, sad to think that you won't be seeing Jim, Jeff and Windy around in the bottle room, behind the post office window, or behind the meat counter. Sad? Yes, and yet excited for them to have the time to do other things. You know the saying—one door closes; another opens. And we all have our fingers crossed that there will be a new owner, and that there will continue to be a store in Glover Village.

We know it won't be the same—the taxidermy that made the store so unique, including the famous moose, will go to a new home. All those Polaroid photos of hunters and their deer, bear, and birds are out of their frames and in bins for people to come in and claim. The emptied frames are for sale, and they are finding new homes. The post office is closing. (Well, actually it officially closed in 1964—after opening in 1827—and has been operating as a rural station of the Barton Post Office since then.) Lots of Jim's personal memorabilia has already been taken down.

Last month, Jim asked if the GHS would like his Olympic Torch, and of course we were honored to accept it. Attached to an official plaque, the torch has hung by the stairs in the store since Jim received it after running the first leg of the torch's 1996 run through Vermont, on its way around the U.S., leading up to the Summer 1996 Olympics in Atlanta.

The torch flame, which started its journey in Greece, began the U.S. leg of the trip on April 27 in Los Angeles and ended July 19 in Atlanta, traveling through 42 states. Jim was one of 12,467 torch bearers, the last being Mohammed Ali, who lit the Olympic cauldron at the end to signal the beginning of the Atlanta games.



Jim, in the official relay uniform of shirt and shorts, was the first relay runner to take the flame in Vermont, on day 52 of its U.S. trip. The torch flame was coming from Albany, New York, and after its tour through Vermont, continued on to New Hampshire. On day 84, it reached Atlanta. Jim remembers riding a bus on his way to the official Vermont start in Bennington, and visiting with Vermont singer and songwriter Jon Gailmor, who also was a runner. Jim remembers that what he saw ahead of him was the back of a truck filled with cameras and relay officials, and lots of people of all ages lining the route.

Every detail of the torch was symbolic. There were 22 aluminum reeds at the top of the torch to signify that Atlanta was hosting the 22nd Olympic

world games. A gold band at the base was inscribed with the names of all the cities that had hosted the games, including Atlanta, and a gold band at the top featured the Atlanta games' logo. The handle was made of Georgia hardwood, the same used in *Louisville Slugger* baseball bats. In all, the torches each weighed about 3.5 pounds and were 31" long. The torch on the plaque is the same torch Jim carried as he ran, and on the plaque there is a nice color photo of him running with the torch that day.

In all, it was a 16,000+ mile trek around the U.S. Jim's leg of the trip was .9 miles—which wasn't much compared to the runs he was used to taking, but even so, Jim was wiped and out of breath from all the excitement. He later learned that his almost-a-mile run was the longest leg run in Vermont that day. Relay runners weren't just professional or amateur athletes, but included people of all skill levels, some with physical disabilities and some using wheelchairs. In its trip around the U.S., the flame enjoyed various forms of transportation: bicycle, boat, train; even the Pony Express and a space trip were included.

Jim's daughter Julie McKay had nominated him to be one of the 5,500 "local heroes" that the Coca-Cola sponsored contest was searching for to relay the torch around the country. She knew her dad was disappointed that he was not going to run the Boston Marathon that year—he was just shy of the qualifying time. When she heard about the Olympic torch relay on the radio, she called for details and wrote a letter to nominate her dad to be a carrier of the torch. Over 2,000 former Olympians took part in the relay, and then another 2,500 were chosen randomly.

Jim initially took up running to improve his health, and immediately he was hooked. He looked for races, and traveled far and wide to run. His longest run, done when he was in his late 50s, was a Vermont 100-mile Endurance Run, routed on mostly dirt roads and trails and ending at Mt. Ascutney, which he completed in 24.5 hours. Because at about mile 70 runners can start to not think as clearly as usual, runners were directed to have a pacer for the last 30 miles; his neighbor Mike Ladd volunteered for that job. "Unbelievable!" he remembers Mike cheering him on. As he got older, Jim took up biking, and now he takes regular long walks. But he has never lost the love of running. "If I was younger, I would run across the country, I would! I would love to do that! Just like *Forrest Gump*."

Music filled lots of the void that was left when he stopped running. For years, he has volunteered in five area nursing homes—in Glover, Coventry, Greensboro, Derby Line and Barton—playing his guitar and singing, and he looks forward to nursing homes opening up again for visits.

Jim must have been burning the candle on both ends all those years running the store and running the roads, for who doesn't picture him in the store, greeting customers with a smile behind the counter or pumping gas. It was no different the day in June that he passed his Olympic torch on to GHS. People were coming in and out of the store, and he greeted each one by name. "People have been awfully good to me," he said. From the recognition and heartfelt thanks he's been getting on the closing of his store, and his 80th birthday, it is clear that he's been awfully good to us all.

(Continued from page 8.)

Caledonia Community Work Camp who installed the fence eight years ago hadn't ever mentioned them. Obviously, the metal pieces were making their first appearance this spring, working their way up out of the ground just as rocks do.

There have been other discoveries found in the dirt this summer. To reset down or leaning stones, the diggers first dig a hole a third the length of the stone, then dig an additional nine inches to allow for a bed of pea stone and gravel. The boys have unearthed many old footstones—when lawn mowers began to be used in cemeteries rather than scythes or myrtle ground cover, many footstones were removed from the cemetery and later recycled to add stability to new or reset headstones.

Most of these footstones have no inscriptions, but any with initials we have set in the vault in our pop-up cemetery museum. An elaborately carved marble headstone for two-year-old Ralph Willey was found underground in two pieces—we realized the family had erected a granite monument in a different part of the cemetery years later, and these pieces had also been used as foundation for someone else's headstone. (Ralph's stone is now also in the vault museum.) Other finds: lots of pieces of old broken bottles, which we imagine once held flowers, but one bottle from the 1880s was found without a crack or chip in it!

But, by far, the most intriguing relics dug up were the metal mysteries. If you can add to our understanding of them, please let us know!

A shortened school year of "What is it?" winners

The 2019-2020 school year came to a screeching halt when the "stay at home" pandemic charge hit. Whatever it was in the "What is it?" box for the March contest is still there, waiting for students to ponder over it when they return to school for the 2020-2021 year.

But, there are winners to announce for the first half of the year! There was no shortage of creative, logical guesses as to what the mystery items were on display in the school lobby, even when the guesses were not correct! Each month an average of 30+ students participate in the contest.

We now present the winners, randomly chosen from all the correct entries each month. (None for September as we got a late start!) All students who correctly guessed received one of the Glover History Cards for their collection (there are now 21 in all), and the grand prize winner, randomly chosen each month from the correct guessers, also received a book of their choice from our Glover Historical Society publications, or a souvenir from the 2010 Runaway Pond Bicentennial.

Congratulations to all!



October 2019: Autumn Ercolini, gr. 3, guessed that the narrow leather cases held eyeglasses.



January 2020:
Mckenna Rowell, gr. 5, (pictured below) with an iron ladle.

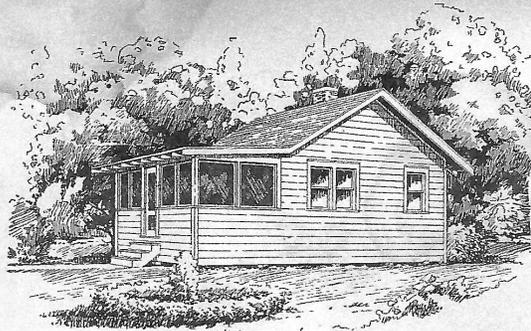
December 2019: Trent Young (left) and Jayden Choquette, gr. 6, teamed up for their guess of a blow torch.



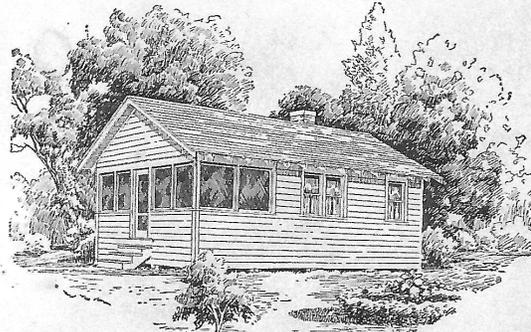
February 2020: Dominic Powers, gr. 4, a tool to help you button your buttons!



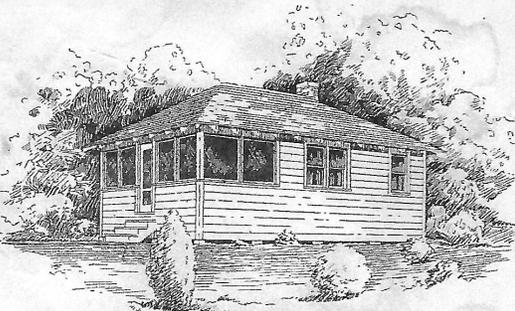
November 2019: Matthew Bousquet, gr. 3, with Eleanor Alexander and Richard Jacobson's wedding cake topper from 1946.



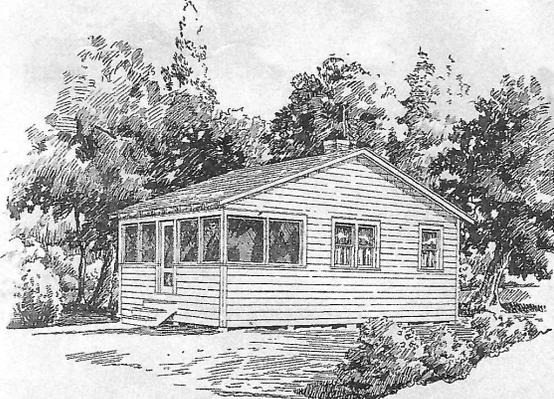
THE WILMETTE



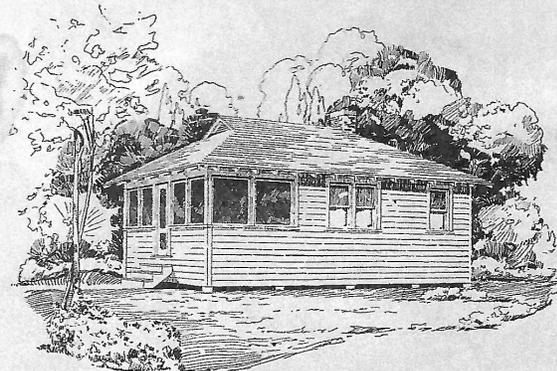
THE PENBROOK



THE HINSDALE



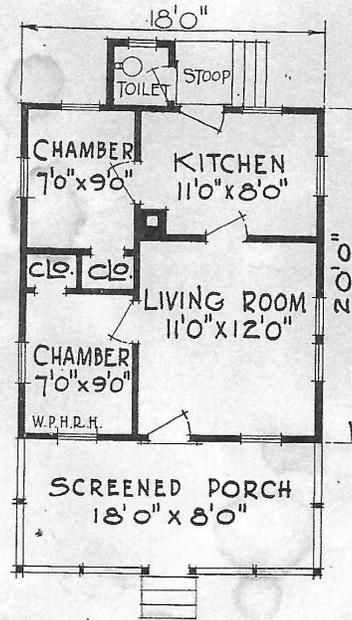
THE ROSEDALE



THE HOMEWOOD

Your Choice

NOW—which shall it be? Could more attractive summer Homes be presented, or more practical ones than those illustrated? And their cost, completely built, is surprisingly moderate.



IMPORTANT!

THE floor plan shown is adapted to any design of this group. Should any changes be desired, consult us as we want you to be satisfied.

When Sylvia Cannizzaro rummaged around in her attic to get ready for insulation work a few months ago, she discovered some old treasures in the corners, including a Ouija board, a collapsible music stand, a bas-relief carving of a dog's head, and two cottage building plan books. This was the back cover of *Our New Book of Summer Homes*, published by the Building Age Publishing Co. and distributed by the T.A. Haigh Lumber Co. on Pine Street in Burlington, (whose telephone number at the time was simply 43). The 32-page booklet, without a publication date, was filled with plans for cottages and camps, some of them looking very much like the early camps along Shadow Lake and Parker Pond (now Lake Parker) and Daniels Pond that still stand today.