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# GROTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## Newsletter

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Volume 23 Issue 3

Groton, Vermont 05046

Summer 2010

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# 1900 GROTON CENSUS

### MEETING SCHEDULE

10 AM the second Tuesday  
of May through October  
at the Peter Paul House  
1203 Scott Highway  
Groton, VT 05046

The population of Groton was 1,059 in 1900 and a good synopsis of the town was published in the spring of 1901 by Charles C. Lord in a special Groton-Ryegate edition of the Groton Times.

### ELECTED OFFICERS

2010

President	Richard Brooks
Vice President	Deane Page
Secretary	Josephine French
Treasurer	Joan Haskell

### APPOINTED POSITIONS

Web Site Editor	Donald Smith
Newsletter Editor	J. Willard Benzie

*The three great pillars on which the prosperity of the village rests are the granite industry, the lumber business, and local trade. Groton is the shipping point for half a dozen sawmills, each of which cuts half a million feet or more per annum.*

*There are three large general stores, a hotel, two boarding houses, a meat market, hardware store, two harness shops, drug store, jeweler, two barbers, two painters, three blacksmiths, two firms of drovers, sawmills, a gristmill, a carriage repair shop, a milliner, a photographer, an undertaker,*

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*and three granite sheds where five firms operate. More than 100 men are employed at good wages in the granite sheds on the north side of the tracks. Groton depot is the largest shipping point between Montpelier and Wells River. It is the trade center for no fewer than 80 farms shipping dairy and other farm products to market and bringing in farming supplies and other goods that are not grown or made locally.*

Groton High School established in 1897 had its first graduate in 1904 when Inez Ricker earned her diploma. Twenty four students matriculated before the high school graduations were discontinued from 1909 until 1923 when the High School was reestablished after World War I. In 1900 the town had six rural schools, each with 15 to 20 pupils in grades one to eight, plus the village school with 120 pupils in all 12 grades.

A more detailed description of Groton in the first decade of the twentieth century 1900—1909 appeared in Volume 14, Issue 2 of the newsletter printed in the spring of 2001.

Only 72 individuals of the 1,059 people living in Groton were single representatives of their family name. There were 84 people named Welch living here, 49 named Page, 43 Ricker, 33 Heath, 27 Darling, 23 Emery, 22 Clark, 21 Morrison, and 20 Carpenter. Other family names with 10 or more people were Frost 19, Vance 17, Hatch 16, Smith 16, Whitehill 16, Dennis 15, Thurston 15, Lund 14, Corruth 13, Goodwin 13, Orr 13, Taisey 12, White 12, Gambell 11, O'Neil 10, and Purcell 10. There were 35 family names with 5 to 9 members each. Those with 9 individuals were Benzie, Crown, and Williams; with 8 were Brown, Carter, Chalmers, Hall, Hayward, and Jones; with 7, Blanchard, Donald, Evans, Glover, and Millis; with 6, Ashford, Coffrin, Downs, Fellows, Graham, Hanchett, Malone, Pillsbury, Scott, Stevens, and Webber; and with 5 were Adams, Annis, Antonio, Clough, Hayes, Knox, MacIntosh, Pierce, Plummer, and Tellier. Another 27 family names had two to four individuals.

Family Names in 1900 Groton Census  
(with number of individuals counted)

Adams (5)	Aldrich (1)	Allston (1)	Anderson (3)
Annis (5)	Antonio (5)	Aors (1)	Ashford (6)
Bagonisi (1)	Bailey (2)	Baldwin (3)	Bank (1)
Bararini (1)	Barnet (1)	Benard (1)	Benzie (9)
Bergeson (1)	Blanchard (7)	Blodgett (1)	Bolton (1)
Booth (2)	Borcin (1)	Briggs (3)	Brown (8)
Buckham (1)	Burton (2)	Butler (3)	Butson (1)
Carbee (1)	Carter (8)	Chamberlain (1)	Carpenter (20)
Chalmers (8)	Chase (1)	Clark (22)	Clay (2)
Clough (5)	Cochran (2)	Coffrin (6)	Coldin (1)
Cole (1)	Comitte (1)	Corruth (13)	Costello (1)
Cowles (2)	Crown (9)	Cunningham (1)	Cutts (3)
Cuttul (2)	Daniels (3)	Darby (1)	Darling (27)
Davidson (4)	Davis (4)	Dennis (15)	Digby (2)
Donald (7)	Downs (6)	Dunn (4)	Dunnett (1)
Eastman (4)	Egetel (4)	Elmer (3)	Emery (23)
Evans (7)	Fellows (6)	Fifield (3)	Ford (3)
Forder (1)	Fowler (1)	Fraser (4)	Frechett (1)
Freeman (1)	French (4)	Frost (19)	Fuller (1)
Gambell (11)	Gilman (3)	Giovanell (1)	Glover (7)
Goodine (1)	Goodnow (1)	Goodwin (13)	Graham (6)
Hall (8)	Hanchett (6)	Hanscom (2)	Harris (2)
Hart (4)	Harvey (2)	Hatch (16)	Hayes (5)
Hayward (8)	Heath (33)	Hendry (3)	Hill (1)
Hitchcock (1)	Hood (9)	Hoyt (1)	James (1)
Johnson (4)	Jones (8)	Jordan (1)	Keiv (1)
Keniston (1)	Kent (1)	King (1)	Kittredge (4)
Knox (5)	Ladd (1)	Lamphere (1)	Larro (4)
Lavois (3)	Legare (2)	Leighton (2)	Lord (4)
Lovell (2)	Lund (14)	MacIntosh (5)	Malone (6)
Mather (4)	McCabe (4)	McCrillis (3)	McGudlin (1)

*(Continued on page 4)*

(Continued from page 3)

McKellop (1)	McKeve (1)	McLoud (1)	McRae (3)
Miller (2)	Millis (7)	Minard (1)	Morrison (21)
Morton (3)	Moulton (1)	Mundy (1)	Murphy (2)
Nixon (4)	Noyes (1)	O'Neil (10)	Olney (2)
Ordway (3)	Orr (13)	Osburg (1)	Page (49)
Paiko (1)	Parker (2)	Parks (3)	Paterose (1)
Philbrick (1)	Pierce (5)	Pillsbury (6)	Plummer (5)
Prevo (2)	Pullett (2)	Purcell (10)	Ramsey (4)
Raymond (1)	Reed (1)	Remington (2)	Renfrew (3)
Ricker (43)	Robbins (1)	Robinson (1)	Rogers (3)
Rollazzi (4)	Ross (4)	Rowe (4)	Russell (4)
Sanborn (1)	Scott (6)	Shaw (3)	Sherry (2)
Smith (16)	Snow (1)	Somers (1)	Speare (1)
Stevens (6)	Stephens (1)	Stuart (1)	Symes (2)
Taft (1)	Taisey (12)	Taro (1)	Taylor (2)
Tellier (5)	Thurston (15)	Tillotson (3)	Tory (1)
Vance (17)	Webber (6)	Weed (2)	Welch (84)
Weld (3)	Welton (1)	Westerly (1)	Whitcher (2)
White (12)	Whitehill (16)	Williams (9)	Wilson (2)
Wood (1)	Wool (1)	Wormwood (2)	Wrinkle (2)

A complete listing of individual names in the 1900 Groton census can be seen at the Peter Paul House or on the Groton Historical Society web page. The web page is easily accessed from the Town Web Site on the internet at <http://www.grotonvt.com/> and then clicking on the Historical Society link in the right sideboard on the Town's home page. Scroll down the GHS home page to find Groton Censuses 1790—1930 and then select 1900 census.

On the Historical Society web site maintained by Don Smith you will also be able to take a virtual tour of the Peter Paul House, view pictures of Groton, see the cemetery listings, read some past issues of the newsletter, and much more. Before his untimely death, Dick Kreis was digitizing *Mr. Glover's Groton* for posting on the web site and plans are to complete it soon, then you will be able to read it online.

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## WORLD WAR II STORIES—PART III

### Russell Page's Adventure

*By Dale Brown*

I grew up in Groton associated with cars and machines because my father owned the Square Front Garage and manufactured Page Chains . I was always interested in mechanics and wanted to know how things worked. In 1941 I was employed at Cone Automatic Machine Co. in Windsor when I realized war was inevitable.

Gene Dennis and the other boys enlisting in the National Guard kept bugging me to join them. My argument was I didn't want to be in the infantry, flogging around in muddy fox holes and carrying heavy packs on my back. I would rather be an aircraft mechanic in the Army Air Corp and enlist before being drafted.

My enlistment was on October 29, 1941 at Rutland and I was transported to Camp Devens by train. Devens was a dispersal area for New England and I was assigned to Sheppard Field in Wichita, TX for training in aircraft maintenance.

I was at Sheppard Field when news of Pearl Harbor was announced. Even though we were confined to quarters, this gave cause for celebration and a group of us sneaked out the North Gate to tie one on in town. The Military Police were waiting for us and others who must have had the same idea, because all the prison cells and the orderly rooms were filled for the night.

A number of transfers were made prior to our tour overseas. From Sheppard, it was gunnery school at Nellis Airforce Base at Los Vegas. Then it was Pueblo CO, later being Pueblo Memorial Field, to work with the Boeing B-17 aircraft. At Boise ID, I was promoted to Tech Sergeant and introduced to the B-24.

The B-24 Liberator had a wing span of 110 feet, a length over 66 feet, a height of 18 feet and a wing area of 1048 square feet. The weight empty was 32,600 pounds and the gross weight was 55,000 pounds. The bomb bay could carry eight, 1100 pound bombs and have a range of 2300 miles. The maximum speed was 303 mph, but cruising speed was nearer 200 mph for maximum range. The Liberator was powered with four Pratt and Whitney engines, each rated at 1200 horse power when flying 23,000 feet. (I found out later that Dale Brown had worked on the design of the wing and installation of bullet proof fuel tanks.)

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*(Continued from page 5)* **World War II Stories**

Wendouver Airforce Base in Utah was my next assignment. It was an assembly area for the B-29 and the range for aircraft gunnery practice. A bulletin board notice was asking for volunteers to man the tow target lines from tow planes. It proved to be an interesting project until I found four bullet holes in the tail of my aircraft. I told the C. O. others were interested and I should give them a chance.

In December of 1942, a B-24 Liberator Bomber came off the assembly line in California and simultaneously ten crew members, having completed their training, met at the Davis Monthan Airfield in Tucson AZ. We threw a beer party that night to get acquainted, for we would be going through this conflict together. The team consisted of Gilbert Hadley, pilot; James Lindsay, co-pilot; Leon Storms, bombardier; Harold Tabacoff, navigator; William Leonard, radio; and Leroy Newton, assistant; Frank Nemeth, tail gunner; Christopher Holweger, armor gunner; myself, Russell Page flight engineer; and Pershing Waples, assistant engineer.

Our B-24 Liberator was made battle ready in Selena KS and christened the "Hadley's Harem" with the gremlin insignia at Topeka KS. Before going overseas, I was granted an eight day leave to return home and marry the girl I had known since the second grade. After my return from furlough, our planes had been loaded with crew equipment and we left Topeka, landing at Palm Beach FL. Our group took off for overseas duty on March 26, 1943 with seven other B-24s and the flight leader, flying a P-38.

We landed in Georgetown, British Guiana on a landing strip carved out of the jungle. The pilot, who we said had no depth perception, overshot the field in a torrid rain and tore out the nose gear and some skin on the fuselage. Visualizing that we might be stuck here for a length of time, I jury rigged the nose wheel with help that could sustain the load but would not retract.

It was a no-night-lighted airstrip, but with landing lights on the bomber, an unauthorized take off was executed. I acted as co-pilot and on touch down at Palm Beach the Military Police were waiting for us. Fearing the worse, my plea was that I was just taking orders from my superiors and not responsible for the incident. As a result, the commissioned officers were reprimanded and the enlisted personnel were placed on furlough. I came home and stayed until the plane had been repaired in Mobile Alabama and returned to Palm Beach.

On May 26<sup>th</sup> the Hadley's Harem hopped off again, flying solo, for Africa. The first landing was in Trinidad, just off Venezuela, then after refueling the stop was Belem in Brazil. Belem was an exciting place for some of the crew. Housing was real cheap, around 600 collars for a good size house,

and they thought it would be a good place to live. From there it was the big hop across the Atlantic to the Ascension Islands where I had breakfast at the same table with General George Marshall. Crossing the Sahara, we arrived in Cairo on June 5<sup>th</sup>. We spent a fortnight overhauling the aircraft and visiting the Cairo Bazaars before orders assigned the Hadley's Harem to the 14<sup>th</sup> Bomber Squadron in Benghazi, Lybia.

In the desert, sand was hard on people and equipment. An aircraft engine would last 60 hours before sand scoured cylinders and fouled spark-plugs, requiring replacement. In fact 700 Pratt and Whitney spares were shipped to this area for replacement of the damaged engines. Sandblasted glass and Plexiglas would become translucent and impossible to see through. In July the temperature averaged 125 degrees and one stayed out of the tent after sunrise. To keep cool, a trip to "The Med" for a dip; or the beer call of ice cold suds, after a B-24, loaded with the beverage, required a high altitude test hop.

For food there was always the powdered eggs, dried beef and of course spam. The government delights were dehydrated cabbage, powdered spuds and peanut butter. Although there was sand in the chipped beef on toast, it was not called sand-on-a-shingle. This was not the best of living, but according to the author of "Black Sunday", I was quoted as saying "Home is where you hang your hat".

On July 2, several of our crew, including myself, were taken on a bombing mission as passengers to get the feel of the real thing. Two days later the Hadley's Harem took off on their first sortie to bomb Vibo Valentia in Italy. There were few fighters or enemy flak to contend with and the gunners had some practice.

The Harem's first mass raid was on Rome. The commanders advised those who did not wish to participate for religious reasons were excused. Some smart joker yelled that he would bomb New York City for 15 hours of flying credit. Take off was at 8:10 but the Harem lost it's generating power. A quick trip back to the parking line and ten minutes later we were back in business. Our target was the landing field and the railroad yard. The mission was a success for the bombs dropped straight into the hangers and the railroad cars on the tracks.

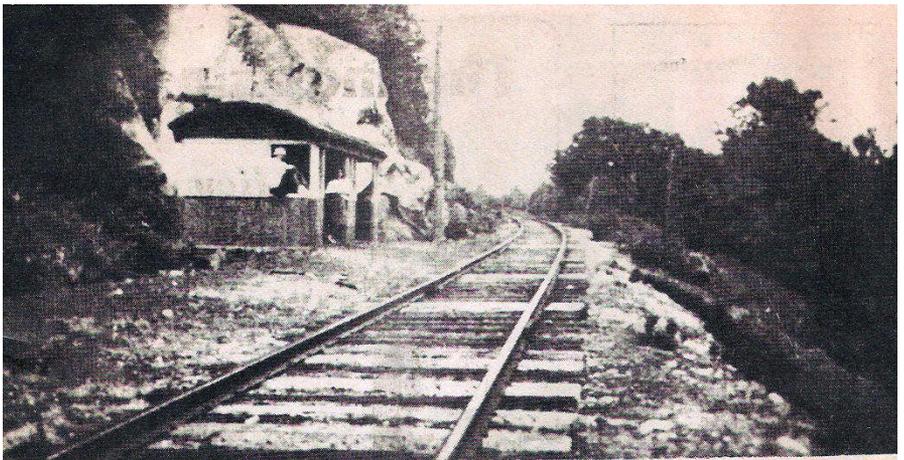
On July 29, we were briefed for the next sortie; the oil refineries at Ploesti (pronounced Plo-S-T) in Romania. Oil had been discovered there years before it was found in Pennsylvania and it supplied 40% of the oil used by the Axis Forces. The B-24 was a high altitude bomber and this strike was to be a low level attack. The aircraft for this mission were B-24s. Most of them had been flown in from England and their crews had been practicing

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## SOME EARLY GROTON SCENES



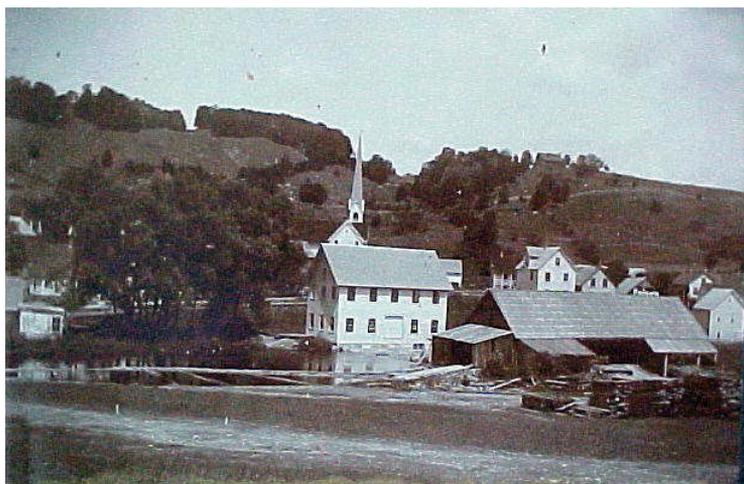
.Transportation was mostly by horse and buggy in 1900



Or by catching the train at the Rocky Point M&WR RR flag stop!



Main Street in Groton looking west



Isaac Ricker's sawmill in the village

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*(Continued from page 7)* **World War II Stories**

for weeks. We had just arrived from the States with the latest B-24Ds available. So it was two weeks of extensive practice, setting up dummy targets, studying movies, learning escape procedures and given money. All of this had seemed unfounded and now we knew the reason.

At 4:15 AM, August 1<sup>st</sup>, the crew was up. I remarked that it was darker than Hell, as we ate by flashlight. It was a special breakfast of fried eggs, bacon, coffee, and bread with apple butter.

At 7:30 the Harem roared down the runway and at altitude circled for an hour to establish formation with the 98<sup>th</sup> Bomber Group. The group was led by Col. John Kane with our pilot, Hadley, flying as wing man. At 8,000 feet, we were over land at Greece around noon. From there, bearing northeast, we could see black smoke at 3:30 coming from our target area. At one minute from target, the altitude was 150 feet. As we approached the target a freight train was headed toward the refinery. It became a living hell when the top and sides dropped away and an arsenal of flak and antiaircraft guns on the flat beds opened fire. Flames from the huge fires licked up at the belly of our plane. Amid this confusion, as the plane roared on, a terrific shock sent quivers through the aircraft as a large chunk of flak blew off the nose of the Harem. Another piece of flak lodged in the chest of the bombardier, killing him instantly. The navigator was also badly wounded and shouted into the intercom for someone to send down first aid. At the same time, Leonard, the radio man, noticed that No. 2 engine was burning. It had been hit in the oil tank by flak and the pilot was feathering the prop to prevent the spread of flames. Hadley asked me to go down to the bombardier compartment, but on the way, seeing that the bombs had not been dropped, I released them over the target from the cockpit, and then continued down to the nose. Storm's chest was blown to ribbons and I never wanted to see a mess like that again.

I approached the navigator, who was in shock from loss of blood, removed his shirt and bandaged the arm, then suggested that he go to the flight deck. Air was screaming through a hole big as a man-hole cover and I wondered if I should stay there to man the forward guns in case of a fighter attack? I was ordered to return to my station and in a matter of seconds, the plane lurched and began to nose down. I thought we were goners as the ground came rushing up. Both pilots managed to right the plane as we flew into a 4<sup>th</sup> of July fire works with waves of flames and flak shooting upward. Since the bomb bay doors were open, one lucky hit with flak drove the floor in the rear of the Harem into a nasty "V" shape. Newton, the tail gunner was knocked down but didn't seem perturbed because he helped Holweger heave the rest of the incendiaries through the waist win-

dow. Enough altitude had been lost for the plane to be staggering along at 25 feet above the ground and the bomb bay was filling up with limbs and leaves. When we cleared the area, I saw two B-24s settle on the ground with bomb bay tanks burning. Another was climbing, possibly for altitude to bail out. It was burning from wing tip to wing tip. Our hydraulic system was out and the No. 1 engine was leaking fuel badly, so I started pumping gas from the No. 2 dead engine to No. 1.

We finally joined the lead ship and our remaining five planes in the group headed for home. Somehow our under powered plane made it through passes in the 6,000 foot Mountain range in Bulgaria and Greece to the Aegean Sea. Just as we came out over the water, the No.3 engine went out after loosing all its oil. I feathered the prop and the plane was now at 5,000 feet. Hadley ordered us to be ready for bail out and I rushed back to the tail to inform the gunners not to smoke because gas fumes were getting pretty potent. Then, to make matters worse, the No. 4 engine supercharger began to burn and the pilot banked toward the Turkish coast while the remainder of the group continued south.

Over the intercom the consensus of the group was to stay with the ship. The altitude was really dropping fast and the crew took off their shoes. When the plane was only a few feet above the water, I opened the escape hatch and braced myself against the armor plate behind the pilot. The remaining engine sputtered out and the plane went in at a steep angle with only the trailing edge of the wing sticking out of the sea. I took a beating, bouncing back and forth like a spring between the plate and a support and the escape hatch slammed shut in a wedged position. The crew was trapped in a water logged coffin. Hadley and the co-pilot tried to move from their seats, but failed. I was completely under water and felt my way to the top gun blister. I tried to break through the Plexiglas, but couldn't. I kept saying in my mind, "My God, am I going to die this way?" Down behind the nose, I saw the pilot and co-pilot flaying the water, trying desperately to free themselves. Then I saw a gleam of light which proved to be where the tail had broken off. I don't know how the others escaped but Holweger and Waples slipped through the "V" shaped space in the floor cut by the exploding flak. With life jackets and oxygen tanks, we made it to the shore and found 15 ragged peasants with ancient guns staring sternly at us.

The seven survivors were Tabacoff with a big chunk of flak in his arm and back plus a hurt leg. Newton had a compound fracture of the ankle and Nemeth had a real deep gash in his knee cap plus torn ligaments. Waples had a broken leg with a hurt back and Holweger had black eyes,

*(Continued on page 12)*

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*(Continued from page 11)* **World War II Stories**

bruises, cuts and battered ribs. Leonard and I received cuts and bruises all over our bodies.

The peasants took from our crew, anything that appeared to be dangerous, then provided us with cigarettes. One of our rescuers went to some woods, a distance away, and built a fire to warm us. It was built under a huge tree, which helped to relocate our rescue site when it was revisited after the war. In a while Turkish soldiers arrived with ox carts to take the three remaining wounded to the fire. One of the natives had already carried Newton to the area. (In later years Newton returned to Turkey and spent some time with this kind person). The three of us gathered firewood and kept the flame going all night. In the meantime, with no success, I continued trying to explain that we wanted to see the U.S. Council or a doctor, but no one understood our language.

At 11 o'clock the next morning, an English Wellington bomber came into range and running to shore waving our Mae West life vests, attracted the plane. Dropping a can with a message, they asked if we were the crew from the oil field raid. We responded through signals and in a short time they dropped a red flare to establish our position. An R.A.F. rescue launch from Cyprus arrived at the flare and rowed a small boat ashore with three men, one who spoke Turkish. They had medical supplies and with the help of a local doctor, treated the four wounded men.

After our first meal of fried eggs and beans, supplied by the villagers, the authorities, who spoke our language, permitted the English to leave, but refused our release. We were taken to the city of Antalya on the southern coast of Turkey and hospitalized. Our group was interned (not made prisoners) because by stretching the imagination, we were retrieved in international waters.

I had developed a bad case of malaria and we were in the hospital for nearly a month, before being sent to Ankara, the capital of Turkey. At the hospital I had received good care; however, the equipment seemed crude. I recall the hypodermic needle that could have been made from an eight penny nail with a hole drilled through the center.

In Ankara, we were dressed in civilian clothes and stayed in a vacant dormitory, used during officer training. Speaking of bed bugs, I never knew that such a concentration existed. We bought Turkish newspapers that we couldn't read; however burning them under the bunks alleviated the bed bug situation. We also used them for toilet paper instead of depending on water, which was the custom in their country. Natives complained because it plugged their sewer system, but we just pleaded innocent of this fact.

For some reason, maybe because of good riddance, we were sent to Istanbul, as civilians and allowed to work. We were paid twice a week and given one meal a day. I bought my own breakfast and that lasted until a seven course dinner was served at night. I call it a seven course meal because it consisted of seven dishes stacked on each other. They may have been different foods, but I couldn't tell. Istanbul is noted for its old taxis. (Dale Brown was there in the seventies and he thinks they were the same vehicles.) They didn't seem to have much know-how in maintenance and I was employed as a mechanic to keep these taxis running.

Mr. Sulzberger, a reporter for the New York Times, was sent to get a story of the Romania oil refinery raid from personnel involved. He found the remains of our crew and wrote his article pertaining to our back ground and flight. The story was censored and not released until hostilities had ceased in this area. I believe he made arrangements for us to be returned to our outfit in Cairo, for we were transported to British controlled Syria in a deluxe parlor car with service that exceeded anything I could imagine.

The trip from Syria to Cairo was another story. The distance was around 600 miles, passing through Syria, Jordon, Israel, and the Sini Peninsular into Egypt. It seemed as if it took forever. Our luxury train had been replaced with a four-wheel railway car, with something called seats, which ran on a bumpy track with minimum maintenance. The delays at border crossing and the "there's-always-tomorrow" attitude, didn't improve our spirits.

There was a great reunion, having met our old buddies and Col. "Killer Kane" who had been our flight leader and very popular with the Harem Gang. It was there that we received our medals (Russell's included the Distinguished Flying Cross) and Kane was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Although air strikes did continue from Africa, our group was relieved of further missions. We were asked if we wished to volunteer for service in Russia. It would be an \$8,000 bonus, to provide flight maintenance on the B-25 bombers that were part of the lend-lease program. To me that was a lot of money, but the malaria was having it's toll and I was returned to the States. A Douglas four engine cargo plane flew us directly to Brazil and a C-46 transport flew us to Atlanta, Georgia.

My hospital stay in Atlanta lasted about one month and then I was sent to Coral Gables in Florida for R&R at the Hotel Miami. Henry (Hap) Arnold, commander of the Army Air Force and General of the Army, was there at the time.

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## GROTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

The first meeting in 2010 was held May 11th at the Peter Paul House in Groton. Members present discussed the unfinished digitizing of *Mr. Glover's Groton* by Dick Kreis before his untimely death. Plans were made to find someone to complete this project and post the Groton History on the GHS website for visitors to read.

Other business included a donation of five hundred dollars to the town towards signs for the Community Building and the Town Garage.

The Vermont History Museum, located next to the State House in Montpelier, was voted "Best Place to Time Travel" by Yankee Magazine editors and contributors. The museum's permanent exhibit, *Freedom and Unity: One Ideal, Many Stories*, opened in March 2004 and won a national award. The multimedia exhibit, which represents Vermont's history from 1600 to the present, fills 5,000 square feet in the Pavilion building in Montpelier. Visitors walk through time and experience a full-sized Abenaki wigwam, a re-creation of the Catamount Tavern where Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys gathered, a railroad station complete with a working telegraph and a WWII living room furnished with period music and magazines. The Vermont History Museum is open Tuesday - Saturday, 10:00 am - 4:00 pm.

The Vermont History Expo was voted one of the "Top 20 Vermont Events" by Yankee Magazine. At the Expo, a collection of 150+ local historical societies, museums, and heritage organizations meet annually to create a fresh picture of Vermont history with exhibits, music, family activities, food, presentations, performances, and lots more! This year, the tenth annual History Expo has a theme of "Back to the Land, Again," featuring heritage animals, exhibits from 100 Vermont communities, re-enactments and other history presentations, and children's games. The dates for this year's History Expo are June 26 and 27.

## Remember when Blue jeans were work clothes?

In the late 1800's, the term "waist overalls" was the standard name for work trousers because they were worn over street clothes like "bib overalls" but lacked the bib portion. People began wearing blue jeans like regular pants only in the 1900's according to Lynn Downey, Levi Strauss & Co.

We used to call them "dungarees" (you can guess why) before they became fashionable and were called "Levis" or by the more general generic term "Blue Jeans".

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*(Continued from page 13)* **World War II Stories**

When reassigned to active duty, I was sent to Smyrna, TN a town about 15 miles southeast of Nashville. I had a position in Production Maintenance at several of the Hangers located there. My main function was installation of engines on aircraft being assembled for delivery. I remained there until my discharge on October 19, 1945, just 10 days lacking four years in the service.

Today there is just one B-24 bomber operational and certified by the Federal Aeronautic Assoc. My name appears on the fuselage and I have flown in the aircraft on a short flight.

One of our crew, Roy Newton, became financially successful and helped with the cost of raising the plane from its watery grave 100 feet deep. Newton passed away in the early nineties before he could make the plane airworthy. At present the damaged B-24 aircraft is on display at a museum in Istanbul.

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After the war, Russell operated a carnival that traveled to fairs and shows around the country. He now lives in North Haverhill and I keep in contact with him. /s/ Dale

*An article about Russell and the Ploesti Oil Fields raid was in the Bridge Weekly Sho-Case on November 12, 2009. editor*

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