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# GROTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## Newsletter

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Volume 24 Issue 1

Groton, Vermont 05046

Winter 2011

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# 1920 GROTON CENSUS

## Enumerated in January by Burton L. Brown

### MEETING SCHEDULE

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

### 2011 OFFICERS

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

### APPOINTED STAFF

Web Site Editor	Donald Smith
Newsletter Editor	J. Willard Benzie

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Groton's population was 915 in 1920, the year (John) Calvin Coolidge was elected Vice President of the United States. Coolidge was the second Vermont native to become President when President Harding died in 1923. President Coolidge focused his policies on limited government, balancing the budget, and lowering taxes. He believed "the business of America is business," and the business of government is to balance the budget, pay the debt (from World War I), cut taxes (which he did from 57 to 25%), make credit available (through the Federal Reserve), and otherwise not interfere with the private enterprise system. He was easily elected President in 1924, but did not become addicted to presidential power and left politics in 1928 at the peak of the "Roaring Twenties",

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a most prosperous and peaceful period in U. S. history, by simply announcing he “did not choose to run”. With the increase of the money supply in the private economy and the availability of many technological advances, the less disciplined citizenry gave in to the temptation to “keep up with the Joneses” and greatly overspent so as the national public debt was reduced, private and municipal debt increased. Telephones, radios and many electrical appliances like washing machines, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, toasters, and food mixers were marketed to improve living experiences. Automobiles were becoming more commonplace and roads needed improvements to accommodate them.

Some other happenings about this time included the first flight across the Atlantic Ocean by John Alcock and Arthur Browne in 1919, the same year the eighteenth amendment to the U. S. Constitution was ratified, initiating a 14 year period of prohibition, ending the legal sale of alcoholic beverages. The first radio station began broadcasting Nov 2, 1920 in Pittsburg, PA, and the 19<sup>th</sup> amendment was ratified giving women the right to vote. The 1920's also saw: America's Unknown Soldier buried in Arlington Cemetery in 1921; the Lincoln Memorial dedicated in 1922, the same year the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was formed; the Teapot Dome scandal of former President Harding's administration was exposed in 1924; the controversial Scopes evolution trial was held in TN in 1925; and Charles Lindbergh flew solo across the Atlantic in 1927.

The influenza epidemic was rampant in Groton following the War. And Groton High School was started up again in 1919 after no graduations for a decade. In the 1920's the School Board began the practice of employing only trained teachers in the local schools. Fires in the 1920's destroyed the Coffrin Opera Block, Groton Turning Works, and Charlie Ricker's barn among others. Groton Grange Fairs (later Wells River Valley Fairs) began in the 1920's and were held annually until discontinued due to World War II.

Reverend Eugene W. Puffer was the Baptist Minister and Reverend Stead Thornton was the Methodist Minister in 1920.

### Family Names in 1920 Groton Census

(Number of individuals counted and new family names *italicized*)

Adams (4)	<i>Andrealetti</i> (1)	Annis (7)	Ashford (6)
Bailey (11)	<i>Bain</i> (3)	Baldwin (2)	Beckley (3)
Benzie (3)	Bixby (5)	Blanchard (12)	Boomhower (6)
Bowen (1)	Bowles (2)	<i>Brignola</i> (3)	Brink (1)
Brown (11)	<i>Bullock</i> (1)	<i>Buzzi</i> (6)	<i>Caldwell</i> (3)
Carbee (3)	Carpenter (22)	Carter (5)	Cassady (4)
<i>Cerutti</i> (1)	Chalmers (3)	Clark (11)	<i>Cleveland</i> (1)
Cochran (2)	Coffrin (4)	<i>Collins</i> (1)	<i>Coravatti</i> (1)
Corruth (8)	Crown (7)	Dana (2)	Daniels (10)
Darling (24)	Davidson (6)	Dean (4)	Dennis (10)
Digby (1)	Downs (1)	<i>Dugad</i> (2)	Dunn (5)
Eastman (19)	Eggleston (4)	Elmer (3)	Emery (31)
Evans (6)	Fellows (4)	Fifield (8)	Foley (6)
<i>Forhan</i> (1)	Foster (4)	<i>Freer</i> (3)	French (4)
Frost (20)	Gibson (4)	Glover (3)	Goodwin (12)
<i>Goslant</i> (5)	Graham (9)	<i>Hadlock</i> (1)	Hall (9)
Hanchett (3)	Harris (2)	Hart (6)	Harvey (1)
<i>Haskell</i> (5)	<i>Hastings</i> (3)	Hatch (9)	<i>Hatt</i> (1)
Hayes (4)	Heath (20)	Helie (3)	<i>Henderson</i> (3)
Hendry (3)	Hood (15)	Hosmer (9)	<i>Houghton</i> (2)
<i>Hutchins</i> (6)	<i>Ide</i> (1)	James (4)	Jones (3)
Keenan (5)	Kittridge (3)	Knox (4)	Leavenworth (1)
Legare (7)	Leonard (2)	<i>Lindsay</i> (2)	Lund (6)
Main (13)	Markham (1)	<i>McAllister</i> (3)	McCrillis (2)
McKay (1)	McLeod (1)	<i>McLillan</i> (1)	<i>McNamara</i> (1)
McQueen (7)	Miller (2)	Millis (3)	Morrison (17)
Morton (2)	Moulton (2)	Murray (5)	<i>Nesbitt</i> (3)
Orr (3)	Page (56)	<i>Palmer</i> (1)	<i>Pampula</i> (2)
<i>Paris</i> (1)	<i>Perry</i> (1)	Philbrick (1)	Pierce (7)
Pillsbury (6)	Plummer (1)	<i>Puffer</i> (7)	Purcell (2)
<i>Rabitol</i> (1)	Ralston (3)	<i>Rattuzzi</i> (1)	Renfrew (4)
Richardson (8)	Ricker (23)	Sanders (2)	<i>Secchiari</i> (5)

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<i>Seratore</i> (4)	<i>Silva</i> (4)	<i>Smith</i> (14)	<i>Stebbins</i> (1)
<i>Taisey</i> (3)	<i>Taplin</i> (1)	<i>Taylor</i> (6)	<i>Tellier</i> (4)
<i>Thornton</i> (4)	<i>Thurston</i> (13)	<i>Tonelts</i> (1)	<i>Towles</i> (1)
<i>Vance</i> (18)	<i>Venturini</i> (3)	<i>Walbridge</i> (4)	<i>Welch</i> (56)
<i>Wheeler</i> (5)	<i>White</i> (4)	<i>Whitehill</i> (19)	<i>Will</i> (5)
<i>Williams</i> (3)	<i>Wilson</i> (3)	<i>Wormwood</i> (1)	<i>Wrinkle</i> (1)

Twenty three of the 152 family names accounted for almost half (49.9%) of the people living in Groton in 1920—457 of 915. Family names with 10 or more individuals were Page and Welch 56 each, Emery 31, Darling 24, Ricker 23, Carpenter 22, Frost and Heath 20, Eastman and Whitehill 19, Vance 18, Morrison 17, Hood 15, Smith 14, Main and Thurston 13, Blanchard and Goodwin 12, Bailey, Brown and Clark 11, Daniels and Dennis 10. Forty two family names in 1920 were new since the previous census in 1910.

A review of life in Groton in the 1920's was in the Fall 2001 GHS Newsletter. Copies of it (volume 14 issue 4) can be read on the GHS web site by accessing the Town web site at [GrotonVT.com](http://GrotonVT.com) and selecting Historical Society in the right hand sideboard.



Teacher Olga Caruso with her class in 1920

## **WORLD WAR II STORIES – PART V**

### **Sinking of the American Steam Ship West Kebar in 1942**

**By Captain Dwight A. Smith (1888 – 1962)**

*Condensed from a 1988 typed copy of Captain Smith's handwritten 1944 report donated to the Groton Historical Society in 1995 by his son, Dwight A. Smith Jr. a long time member of the Society. Continued from the Fall 2010 Newsletter which described the last voyage of the ship up to the time of the torpedoing.*

When I saw, heard, and felt the explosion, which badly jarred me but did not throw me off my feet, I said in no uncertain tones, "Well Jesus Christ that's it". My first reaction after that was one of deep anger, and said to myself, "You dirty bastards; you can't do that to me and my ship". When one realizes that I had command of the "West Kebar" for eight years to the day they know that my unspoken remark was fully justified. As soon as I recovered from the jolt of the explosion (which was in a moment) I went at once onto the bridge to stop the main engines and sound the alarm, neither of these actions being necessary or possible as the main engines had evidently been blasted to a stop and wrecked by the explosion, lights blown out, and all circuits broken. The engine-room telegraph, by means of which signals are transmitted to the engineer on watch, was twisted 45 degrees on its base and of course entirely useless, the chartroom completely wrecked, and the seaman who had been at the wheel was standing about 3 or 4 feet away from the wheel standard holding the wheel in his hands, and looking both foolish and dazed. There being nothing to accomplish on the bridge, I dismissed the watch (second Officer, Wheelman, two Lookouts, and one gunner) and instructed them to "Stand By" their boats. The wreckage made in the wheel-house and chart-room is remarkable when one is told that the entire bridge house was entirely sheathed on all sides and top with 5/8" steel plates welded into one piece.

From the bridge I went direct to my office to get a flashlight and my life jacket, and turning on the light, took a look at my surroundings; nothing in place other than some pictures which were fastened in place by two screws. It not being either the time for me to endeavor to save my belongings or fitting that I should even attempt it; I left things as they were and proceeded immediately to inspect the damage done and to find

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out the condition of the life-saving equipment. By going along the starboard side I saw that Nos. 1 and 3 lifeboats, which in common with the other two were at all times kept swung out in a position for instant lowering, had been blasted to bits; or in any case were not in position, there being nothing on that side of the boat deck but the empty blocks and falls swinging to and fro with the motion of the ship, a badly smashed boat deck wooden awning, various pieces of gear thrown around by the explosion and the descending cascade of water that had been thrown shipwards by it. In fact at the time I was making my inspection (at least 3 or 4 minutes after the explosion) water was still pouring off the boat deck and running down the passageway on the starboard side.

The Radio Operator told me later that at the moment of attack he was sitting at his operating desk, and inside of a minute his room was flooded with at least a foot of water. This caused him at first to think the ship was already well on the way under the surface, and he naturally made his way to the open deck, where he found that the ship was still apparently well and more or less safely afloat, although the boat deck was still flooded. The radio shack is, or was, located on the after end of the boat deck.

In addition to the starboard boats being blown away the heavy fire room ventilator had been blown off its base and was sitting upright by the number three hatch, on a deck about nine feet lower down. This ventilator was a large one, about 4 feet in diameter with a 5.5 foot cowl. The fire room ventilator on the port side had also been unseated, and landed on top of the forward lowering gear for the number 2 lifeboat. This boat was the one with which so much difficulty was encountered while lowering it.

From viewing the damage on the starboard side of the boat deck I proceeded aft to see what had happened to the two large life rafts in place on either side of the main rigging, and found they had already been launched (without orders) and out of sight in the darkness. At the time it of course was not known how many men got away on the two rafts. I then went back to the bridge deck, (center castle) and around to the port side. No. 2 life boat (forward port) was in the water, and from one half to three quarters full of water, this having been caused by the difficulties mentioned before in lowering away. In the boat were 3 or 4 men trying to bring about some semblance of order and to bail out the water. Just aft of the No. 2 boat was No. 4 boat which at this time was about four feet above the water and being properly lowered. After looking over the situation here I went forward to the main deck and had a look in the gun crew's quarters to see if by any chance any of them had been injured (these quarters being almost in a direct line of the explosion) and left behind, and when finding the place empty went along the

deck and launched the port life raft, and then the starboard raft. My reasons for launching the two forward life rafts were: first, they were certainly of no use while still in position, and if they were in the water some straggler might be so fortunate as to find one, and in that way save his life; second, there were plenty of indications that the only means left for me to save my own life would be on one of the rafts. As the ship was still moving through the water, (in nautical parlance had “way on her”) both the rafts broke their painters and were at once lost in the black of the night.

From the forward deck I returned to the bridge deck, looking in the passenger quarters for any laggards or injured, then along the port side, to find that No. 2 boat had left the side and was out of sight, with an unknown number of men in her, No. 4 boat was in the water completely filled with people, and there being no means of holding the boat along side was steadily moving astern. There were no signs of anyone on deck, and as it would be impossible to get into the boat from where I was standing I went down to the after main deck abreast of No. 4 hatch, climbed up to the top of the bulwark, which is a flat about six inches wide, with the intention of getting into the boat which was at that point, although slowly moving astern. Due to the sea being quite choppy, causing the boat to bob up and down, as much as five or six feet, I decided against jumping into the boat, in spite of the many shouted advises to do so, fearing that if I did jump I might either injure one or more of the occupants or seriously injure myself. Having decided against this move I got off the rail, went into the crews quarters in search of any left behind, and finding none went to the port rail abreast of No. 5 hatch to find that the boat was clear of the stern and invisible with exception of a flashlight or two blinking.

At this moment it was brought home to me that a dead and dark ship with no soul other than oneself on board was indeed a lonesome and drear place. I went to the rail, shouted into the darkness that I was coming over the side, made sure to remove the tape from over the holes in the life jacket light, got on top of the rail and jumped in. I will always remember how, when well under the surface, I remarked to myself that the water was certainly crystal clear, and of a beautiful color. Mr. Brown, Second Officer told me afterwards that he will never forget the sight when I climbed on and off the rail of how much care I took to keep from soiling my natty uniform shorts; as he expressed it “running true to form”. When I jumped into the sea my uniform cap naturally came off, upon coming to the surface I made a few attempts to recover it, but as such an object is extremely difficult to grab hold of I gave up the attempt, said “to Hell with it”, and turned around heading for the boat. A couple of minutes swim brought me to the boat, during

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## 2010 Fall Foliage Photos from Town Web Site



New Town sign



Blue Mountain Union High School Band led the parade





The Lumberjack Breakfast started the Day



The Chicken Pie Supper delighted 800 hungry visitors

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which time my red life jacket light showed the boat's occupants my position very clearly, and they gave me their location by means of flashlights. I scrambled and was dragged over the bow into the boat and found that it took a few minutes to regain breath sufficient to allow me to make my way to the stern where I took over command from the second officer.

Shortly after taking over the boat command and at the time some sort of order had been brought about, a parachute flare was fired off not far away, and shouting was heard, which signified that help was wanted. The oars were manned and the boat headed towards the location of the difficulty, and within a few minutes we were along side one of the smashed life boats, in which was A. B. Seaman Velez; always afterwards called "Lucky Velez". In some unaccountable manner (never clearly explained) this seaman, was last seen by me holding the broken steering wheel in his hand, found himself in the water, on the starboard side and in the midst of a heavy layer of palm oil which covered the sea, and after swimming around for some time found the smashed boat and clambered into it. He luckily found the canister of flares and proceeded to shoot one off, which attracted our attention, and certainly saved his life. Before taking him into the boat we had him hand out the compass, one water cask, and one large metal provision container. The boat was entirely crushed, being kept afloat by the few remaining intact air tanks, with which all life boats are fitted.

While the rescue of Velez was being carried out, shouts were heard and lights seen in another direction, and upon proceeding there we found one of the large rafts with eight men on it, the ship's carpenter, one seaman, and six gunners. We gave them a line in order to keep the raft close by, the idea being to hold it until the next morning when, if as I expected, the other boat could be contacted, and a distribution of men made to equalize the number of persons in each boat. There was sufficient capacity in the two boats to fairly comfortably accommodate all survivors. After instructing the occupants of the boat and raft to make themselves as comfortable (or the least miserable) as possible, I told Mr. Brown, "Seeing that the Good Old Girl was riding so nicely and isn't going to sink, we will remain right here until daylight, and go back on board to see what we can do towards saving her. In any case the emergency aerial can be rigged and messages sent for help, and we can take off our valuables and ship's documents." To which he fully agreed.

But at that very moment (about 8:00 PM) there was a terrific explosion, a burst of flame lighted up the sea; the Poor Old West Kebar had been torpedoed again, this time from the other side.

The submarine had evidently remained to wait for the sinking.

Becoming aware that the one torpedo wasn't going to do the job they were forced to expend another. I surmised that the fact the West Kebar remained so nicely afloat after the first torpedoing surprised the Sub's Commander as greatly as it did me, because due to the nature of the cargo she should have, according to all the rules, sunk immediately, with disastrous results to all on board. Our boat was no further away from the ship than a hundred yards, and exactly opposite the second explosion. This gave us a ring-side at the death of a good ship, which death nearly broke my heart, because after one had command of a good faithful ship for a period of eight full years the sentiment towards it is far more than towards "just another job". It was some moments before I could trust myself to speak, but as soon as I could I told Mr. Brown, "You cancel my last statement". However, I decided to remain in the vicinity until daylight in order to contact the other boat.

About fifteen minutes after the sinking, and while everyone was getting settled for the night (steady rain), a sound of rushing water was heard, and a long gray shape loomed up through the rain not more than thirty yards to starboard of the boat. The sub had surfaced. The instinctive reaction to this was to duck, which was done by one and all. Of course one quickly realizes that crouching down would be of little protection so all straightened up again; having heard no machine gun bullets. What we did hear was a very precise voice asking in stilted English "What is the ship's name?" I answered "West Kebar" but only after overcoming a strong desire to say that the speaker's question was not correctly worded: that it should have been "What was the name of the ship?" The speaker then asked "Is the Captain in the boat?", and upon my answer, "Speaking" he said "Come aboard, starboard side".

That was the moment I felt sure my number was up, and that the future for me meant I would, if I survived the passage, find myself in an internment camp either in Germany or Occupied France. As it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to put the boat alongside the Sub with the heavy raft in tow, it was cast adrift, with intentions of course of picking it up again later on. We managed finally, after dint of hard work, the boat's crowded condition making it difficult to handle the oars, to get around the Sub's bow and along side just abaft the conning tower. On the way around, flashlights were used to assist the second officer steering; that is, they were until a shouted order in no pleasant tones to, "Put out those lights" was sung out from the conning tower. As I scrambled out of the boat and onto the semi-awash deck of the Sub, Mr. Brown said "Good luck to you, Captain", to which I replied "Thank you, I think I will need it". I went up onto the

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conning tower where I found the Commanding Officer, two officers, a lookout, and one other I took to be the Radio Operator.

It being very dark and raining I was unable to get a proper view of the surroundings, and the men grouped around being heavily clothed in rain clothes and sou'westers were simply so many dark shapes in the gloom. The Commander was not in rain clothes, having just a uniform on, with a peak cap. I judged he was a man in his early forties, but as he had a torpedo (very appropriate) beard and mustache I could easily miss guessing his age. While one of the officers wrote my answers on a pad, with the help of a dim blue light, the Commander plied me with questions; name of ship, where from, where bound, ports called at, nature of cargo, tonnage of ship and cargo, where cargo was loaded, number of days out, ships sighted, if in convoy at any time on the passage, courses followed, course last steered, etc., etc., etc. One question he asked me three times, had I seen a tanker that day, and upon my insisting that I hadn't (the truth) he said, "We did." I got the point of that easily, they had sighted her and that was that; one less ship afloat. The next questions were on radio, how often was the transmitter used and with whom did we communicate, what watches did the operator stand, etc.? These I could and did answer but when asked questions of purely technical nature, such as the frequencies used and times of their use, I plead ignorance, (although I could have answered fairly correctly) which caused the Commander to say "What! You don't know?" I told him that being a Seaman and a Navigator, and not a radio technician, I did not know.

He then asked if the Operator was in the boat and upon telling him that because of the darkness and the short period I had been in the boat that no check of the boat's occupants had been taken, but that I didn't think he was there. He spoke in German and one of the officers hailed the boat and found that the man they wanted was there alright. I could have told them that the Operator was in the boat, but figured a bit more delay would do no harm, still figuring that as soon as the list of questions ran out I would be stowed down below for a while. In a few minutes after being called for, the boat came along side and Mr. Suchocki joined the group on the conning tower, and was dismissed after answering about a dozen questions, each of which he apparently answered very truthfully, because the Sub's Commander appeared quite satisfied with it all.

After the Operator had gone I had a very few more questions put to me, and some typical Axis information volunteered about the U. S. progress, or lack of it, in the war. This mostly was to the effect that our fleet in the Southwest Pacific had been wiped out entirely, and all in all we were sunk in

more ways than one. I tried to give the impression that the news was very disheartening, but did not tell the bird that I had all the press news daily and therefore knew as much if not more than he did. The next questions put to me, which proved to be the last, were did I know the ship's position when sunk, and the direction of the nearest land. I answered both by saying emphatically that I did, and then the surprise came when the Commander said "So, you may go now." My own answer to that was a most genuine and heartfelt "Thank you." I can remember of no time ever saying thank you with so much meaning, because I certainly never expected to return to the boat, and had already begun to picture to myself what the future was to hold for me; possibly in occupied Europe, or in Germany, always providing I lived long enough to reach those shores period. The fact that one has been taken aboard a Sub is no guarantee that life is thereby saved, because if the Sub is successfully attacked the prisoner loses his life along with the rest, and if not attacked at all but food runs short it is not outside the realm of possibility that he be left on top to enjoy fresh air while the craft takes a crash dive – and then where are you?

Having stood for all the questioning facing a light I was quite blinded by darkness when I turned to leave the conning tower, and as a consequence fumbled considerably with my feet, trying to locate the top rung of the vertical iron ladder leading to the deck. One of the officers, a tall and evidently very powerful young man, seeing that I was having difficulty in finding the ladder took a handful of the back of my life jacket, and holding me out at arm's length (150 lbs.) dangled me about until my feet touched the ladder, letting go when I said, "OK friend." During those few moments I certainly felt like an infant and silly ass, but my departure was expedited by the young Hercules. I thought at the time it was a good thing that the man was assisting and not obstructing my progress. The instant I got into the boat I sensed the Sub was going to crash-dive, because I saw that in the short time it took me to get off the conning tower and into the boat there was no one left in sight, all having gone below, indicating that the Sub was most certainly about to move off. I immediately gave orders, in most decided and salty terms to "Shove off", which orders were quickly obeyed, and luckily for us, because the Sub did as expected and if the boat hadn't been as clear from her side as fortunately was would certainly have been swamped, if not altogether smashed.

***Continued in next issue: Adrift at sea in a lifeboat***

## GROTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

Visit GHS Web page at Historical Society on <http://www.grotonvt.com/>

### Lifetime Membership is \$100

Annual dues are \$10 for individuals and \$15 for families

Lifetime memberships		2
Annual memberships		
Individuals	paid 2011+	13
	paid 2010	31
	paid 2009*	5
Families	paid 2011	6
	paid 2010	5
	paid 2009*	5
<hr/>		
+ one member has also paid ahead for 2012		
* 2011 is the last year of their Grace period		
Five annual membership dues (4 individual and 1 family) were last paid for 2008 and their memberships have now lapsed.		

At the September meeting Peter Haskell agreed to get information from the VT Historical Society on preserving our historical papers. Peter Lyons agreed to download the work Dick Kreis had scanned of "*Mr. Glover's Groton*" so it can be completed and posted on the GHS web site. Members present agreed to write down memories of things that happened in their lifetime so *Mr. Glover's Groton* can be updated in the future. Richard Brooks reported the Edison phonograph donated by Janet Puffer, in memory of Helen Peck Benzie, needs repair.

Fall Foliage Day on October first was a success again this year! See pictures on pages 8 & 9 and be sure to visit the Town web page, [www.grotonvt.com](http://www.grotonvt.com) to see many more pictures by clicking Town Events Archive. Six people signed up for a free one year membership in the Society: Patrick Shattuck, Earlene Weatherbee, Lisa Hill, Karen

Bostrom, Ken Smith, and Sharon (Morrison) Stumph. None of those who signed up for a free one year membership last year (9) have renewed yet for 2011.

At the October meeting, Bing Page read a short story written by her cousin Joan Schwarz entitled "*The Good Neighbor*". Fall Foliage Day activities were reviewed. President Richard Brooks has a new e-mail address: [richardrobertw@charter.net](mailto:richardrobertw@charter.net).

All known issues of the GHS Newsletter, except the first two, are now available on the GHS website. If anyone has copies of the first two issues or knows of other issues that are not listed, please make a copy for the Historical Society so they can be posted for others to read.

Several members have requested their newsletter by e-mail in PDF (portable document format). It can be read by internet explorer, acrobat reader, or any PDF reader. If you wish to receive your copy by e-mail, send a request to [jwbenzie@mchsi.com](mailto:jwbenzie@mchsi.com) and future issues will be sent by e-mail saving the Historical Society the cost of printing and mailing.

### Correspondence

Karen Sims asked about John Payne Jr. and Nathaniel Tisdale Payne who are listed in the 1789 Groton Charter but our records didn't have any more information about their families.

Jerry Eldred of Texas sent a photo of MT KNOX TOURIST HOME for our records. His wife is a granddaughter of Hector and Florida Chaloux who purchased the farm from Ray and Sadie Bargin in the mid 1940's.

Dottie Hutchins of Maine sent family history of Louis and Adelaide (Caron) Lavoie who came to Groton from Canada and their first two children were born here in 1877 and 1879. She wanted to document their lives in Groton.

Carrie Comley of Stowe, VT sent pictures of Groton in the 1970's for posting on the GHS website.

Doug Lindsay of New York inquired about the coding for marital status in the Groton Census Records that are available on the GHS web site.

Groton Historical Society Newsletter  
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