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# GROTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## Newsletter

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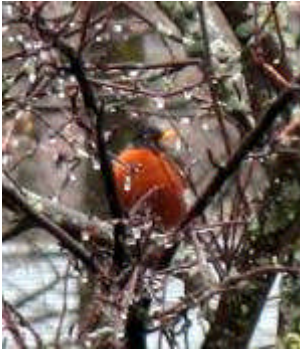
Winter 2013

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# IT'S SUGARING TIME

By Waldo F. Glover

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## CONTENTS

	Page
Sugaring Time.W.F.Glover..1	
Civil War...S.N. Eastman ...4	
Pictures .....	8
GHS News .....	14

"The robins have come" exclaimed my cousin, as he bolted into the living-room with me at his heels.

"I think sap will run today, don't you, Grandpa?"

But Grandfather, conservative by nature, and doubly so by long practice, was loathe to admit any belief that the maple sugar season was knocking on our door. "Too cold yet," was his curt reply; and he kept on reading his newspaper.

"But it's the 21st of March - spring began this morning, so the almanac says," persisted my cousin; "and you know March came in like a lion, so it'll go out like a lamb. That means that sugaring's right here!"

"Many a time I've seen March come in like a lion and go out like Beelzebub!" retorted Grandfather, looking over his glasses; and he returned to his reading.

We were disappointed, my cousin and I; but that was no shock to us - we expected to be, for we knew our grandfather. Just the same, we wondered how he could be so stubborn when all the world was fairly bursting with new life. We could feel it surging within our bones, and why couldn't he? Even the cows had felt it that morning as we drove them down the snowy path to the spring for their daily drink. One young heifer spied

*(Continued on page 2)*

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*(Continued from page 1)* **SUGARING**

a patch of bare earth the size of the kitchen floor, on a sunny pasture slope, and forthwith made for it. She ran and kicked with tail erect, and fairly spun on her toes. She uttered a wild, blood-curdling howl, very uncowlike in quality - neither a moo nor a bellow, but undoubtedly an expression of pure ecstasy. The contagion spread, and we stood there helpless until each animal had taken her turn at dancing her spring dance on that patch of brown earth. Even Old Speckle, advanced in years and stiff in joints, lifted her tail and kicked with one foot to show that her spirit was willing though her flesh was weak.

What's more, my cousin and I knew something that Grandfather didn't know: we had jabbed our jackknives into a maple close by the cow-path, and the sap started! But of course we couldn't tell that to Grandfather; he'd accuse us of mutilating one of his fine maples, and that would gum up the works and delay still further the start of sugaring.

But something was stirring inside Grandfather. He laid down his newspaper, put his glasses away in their case, and went over and opened the front door. He looked at the sky, then at the thermometer, then at the sky again. A fairly sharp wind from the west smote his right cheek; but the caress of the ascending March sun on his left cheek was more convincing. He took a deep breath just as a robin flew into the big maple to proclaim the end of the long Vermont winter. Yes, something was stirring inside Grandfather; the spring fever was slowly but surely oozing right through his marrow; but he must not make a show of it - not yet especially to a couple of grandsons who were steeped in the perverse habit of getting excited over nothing at all. So he put on his glasses again, and returned to his newspaper which, as my cousin afterwards solemnly averred, he held upside down.

With a sigh we started for the barn to yoke up the steers and to administer their first lesson in the mysteries of "gee" and "haw" and "wo-hishe-buck!"

"Where ye goin'?" asked Grandfather.

"To yoke up the steers," we replied.

"I've jest been a-thinkin' it over," he began slowly, "I don't think it's sap weather yet - not by a long shot. But I dunno's 'twould do any hurt to shovel away the snow in front of the sugar-house door, and take down the sap buckets; and I dunno's 'twould do any hurt to start a fire in the arch and heat some water to wash 'em." All of which was a 'Very Vermontish way of saying it would be a darn good thing to do so.

A shout of joy, a bolt for the door, and two boys, one of them fourteen and the other eight, were on their way, shovels in hand, to make a frontal attack on the snowdrift blocking the sugar-house door. In but a little more time than it takes to tell, we were inside the sugar-house and ready for business. I, being the smaller, ascended the loft where the old cedar buckets were stored.

A semi-musical "tink" resounded as I placed a bucket on the end of a stick which my cousin upheld from below. "Plunk" went the bucket as it landed on the floor.

For the next few minutes it was "tink, plunk; tink, plunk; tink, plunk"; until all the Ricker buckets, all the Renfrew buckets, all the Hooper buckets, all the Heath buckets, all the Lyford buckets, so-called from the craftsmen who made them, or the men at whose venues Grandfather had purchased them, were on the floor below and ready to be washed. Then there were, as reserves, the old Hodgdon buckets, small at the top and big at the bottom, said to have been a hundred years old even then. They all had personalities - those old buckets, and we knew them all as if by name. There was the bucket with the peculiar twist in the hoop, the bucket with the bulg-ing bottom, the bucket on whose bottom a great-uncle - forty years in his grave, even then - had carved a fox-and-geese board, so that he and a chance companion might while away a pleasant hour in a game while b'ilin' sap.

A fire was started in the arch; with the help of Father and Grandfather the buckets were washed and scalded; and, next morning, on the hard, glistening snow crust, we whisked the buckets over hill and dale on a crust hand sled, and "scattered" them among the maples. The trees, too, had personalities, or so we thought, for we treated them with discrimination. The Old Corner Tree had to have two big buckets, for she had a reputation for largess; and Old Sweety had to have the whitest, cleanest-looking bucket, for her sap was sweeter than that of any other tree.

My cousin and I didn't tap the trees; Father and Grandfather did that, for they knew, through years of experience, the most "likely" places to drill for sap. However, we were allowed to drive in the spiles and the nails, and hang on the buckets, and linger for a moment to watch the sap start.

All this is to show the eagerness with which country youngsters of forty to sixty years ago hailed the advent of sugar-making. More than any other season-al work on the farm, sugaring marked the close of one season and the beginning of another - the close of the most confining of all seasons (although it had its bright days), and the beginning of the most expanding of all seasons, when all the world seemed young again, and everybody seemed so full of faith and hope and courage.

But there was another reason why the advent of sugaring made such a dynamic appeal to most youngsters - yes, the plain truth is, we liked the sugar. Doctor Holmes has said that every Green Mountain Boy has eaten a thousand times his weight in pie. I'll wager that the same holds true of maple sugar.

The dis-graceful part of this story is that after a week or two of sugar eating, when we had reached the saturation point, and had become pillars of sugar as truly as Lot's wife was of salt, we were not so eager and efficient in our work. We had sometimes to be called the second time in the morning, or we dragged our heels when sent on an errand. But that, of course, was when we were passing through the small-boy stage. We improved with years - I hope.

*(Continued on page 5)*

Excerpts from  
**THE CIVIL WAR**  
(As Recollected by an Ordinary Soldier)  
By  
Seth N. Eastman M.D. (1843-1913)

*In observance of the sesquicentennial of the Civil War another excerpt from Dr. S. N. Eastman's story is given here. The first four excerpts about his experiences in the Civil War were in previous newsletters and covered his enlistment at St. Johnsbury, basic training at Montpelier, deployment to Washington, D. C., involvement in the battle at Lee's Mills, and their advance on Richmond.*

The terrible battle of Fair Oaks was going on and we could look across the river and see the long lines and hear the continuous roll of musket fire with the deep roar of artillery which lasted nearly all day. It was the most sublime and majestic night that I ever saw during my career as a soldier. After we got our clothing and cartridge boxes dry from spending the previous night in the water, it was nearly night, but we were put in motion and crossed the Chickahominy River on what, at that time, was called a grapevine bridge, a temporary affair made of logs and floating on the surface of the water. We got across after a fashion, many of the men falling off the flimsy structure and getting wet, but fortunately no one was drowned. Our army was victorious in the battle of Fair Oaks and we joined in the pursuit of the rebels who were retreating towards Richmond. This march brought us to the camp we were shelled out of by the rebels three weeks later. Following being shelled out of our camp, we began a seven day retreat, and following is what I remember, and the part I took in it and some of the things I saw and heard on that ever memorable retreat.

At about this time, General R. E. Lee, having assumed command of all the armies of the southern Confederacy, decided something must be done for the relief of Richmond, and there was fighting and battles all around us. We lay quietly in camp until

*(Continued on page 10)*

*(Continued from page 3)* **SUGARING**

To Vermonters who were brought up on farms where sugaring was an established custom, as regular in its recurrence as seedtime and harvest, and especially to Vermonters in exile, there is no other industry that calls up so many memories that stretch back into the nebulous haze of babyhood.

The delightful memories of the sugar season do not lose a bit of luster when seen in contrast, for there were also days of sore disappointment, like the one, for instance, when, upon seeing some stir about the sugar-house, probably a smoke from the chimney, I had run my stubby legs to Grandmother's kitchen for a saucer and spoon to try the sugar, only to be told by her that they were not making sugar at all, but were boiling soft soap in the old cauldron kettle which Grand-father had installed for the purpose in back of the arch, and that I would have to "wait a spell" - And what a spell of waiting it was, two weeks, perhaps; before sugaring time came; but it seemed half an eternity!

Yes, and there was another day of keen disappointment, after I had become a boy of some size, big enough to help with the work. It was in that year when the sugar season was so late in coming - so exasperatingly late that April Fool Day came and found us fooled indeed in our attempt to beguile sweetness from the ancestral maples. The trees had been tapped for two weeks, and my cousin and I had waited and waited, not patiently to be sure, but sourly, grumblingly. Neighbor Hooper remarked, as he drove past:

"That ol' sun up thar hain't got no more warmth in his heart than a snowball!" And neighbor Whitcher, tall, erect at three score and ten, picturesque in his great shock of white hair, as he dropped in for a friendly chat in com-miseration, exclaimed: "Conscience! Never see nothin' like it! Why, I've sowed wheat same's next week, and now look at them fields, two - three foot under snow!"

But there came a day at last when "The sun up thar" did repent of his stubbornness, and began to send the snow down the hillsides in trickling little rills, and brought a robin to our maple, a bluebird to our sweet-apple tree, and a purple finch to our basswood, yes, and warmed the sweet life blood of all our maples.

Shall I ever forget the day my cousin and I lugged pailful after pailful of sap - the precious "first run" of the season - over the slumping snowdrifts, to our big store tub in the sugar-house until it was swimming full - lugged until our legs were ready to drop off from weariness and our arms all but pulled from their sockets, impatiently longing for the morrow when we would touch a match to the crisscrossed kindlings in the arch, and start the flame that would turn our sap to sugar? What unspeakable dismay settled over us like a pall, when, next morning, upon gloating over our store of sap, we discovered the floating carcass of a grandfather rat (there's no fool like an old one!) who, disappointed in love or broken in fortune, chose our precious sap as the most desirable liquid in which to commit suicide. With what regret we poured upon the ground all that hard-earned sap, and scrubbed and scoured that old tub as if we were trying to rid it of the germs of bubonic plague, mumbling under our breath all the swear words we

*(Continued on page 6)*

*(Continued from page 5)* **SUGARING**

had stored away in our youthful vocabularies, wondering all the while why the cussed old dotard hadn't by some mistake tumbled into the rain barrel!

Then we waited again, for the "run" was over; but after another storm and freeze there was another run, and we actually boiled it down to sugar; and, believe me, no other sugar ever had such a come-hither appeal. We sampled it every few minutes as it passed through the syrup stage, and at the sugaring off we surround-ed saucerful after saucerful either "stirred off" or made into wax on snow; and when from very fullness we could hardly pull the lids over our popping eyes, we followed the advice of Rowland Robinson's Uncle' Lisha, "Take a pickle. Joseff, if yer cl'yed. and begin agin."

Then, to add insult to injury, we whittled out spuds" from a spruce slab, and with these, we had the courage to scrape the sugaring-off pan clean and eat the scrapings after Father and Grandfather had taken out the "heft" of the sugar to store away in tubs for family use or to barter at the village store for other things we needed more than sugar. Is it any wonder that a Vermonter in exile, accustomed as he was in boy-hood to such an unrationed quantity of maple sugar, even now, with appetite under control feels a certain "hankering" for a taste of maple sugar when the year rolls round to March? Is it any wonder that his heart beats a little faster when the postman hands him a can of syrup or a box of maple sugar cakes sent by somebody back home?

Is it any wonder that his heart sinks when he reads in the home-town paper that neighbor Jonas and neighbor Jake have sold their sugar orchards to a company of swindlers who propose to whittle all their stately maples into last blocks, croquet balls, or pipe stems? To him the removal of the ancestral maples is as sacrilegious as was the profanation of the household gods to the ancient Roman. Think of a hungry man beginning his day's work without a breakfast or of a religious man beginning the day without a prayer. Fie on the Vermont farmer who begins his spring without a season of maple sugar making. Let no one imagine, however that all the pleasure of the maple sugar season was confined to the satisfaction of a sordid over-developed appetite for sugar. To be sure this feature played an important role during the small-boy stage. Nevertheless, there were certain other experiences, adjuncts to sugaring, so to speak, which, though they seemed inconsequential at the time, now, in retrospect, seem altogether delightful.

There was the fun of helping to boil the sap by lantern light, and listening to the stories told by Father, or Grandfather, or Uncle, or an occasional neighbor who had dropped in to compare notes, stories of how a great-grandfather dragged cauldron kettles on a handsled from a distant settlement, and chopped down fir trees from which he hollowed out small troughs for catching the sap, and larger ones for storing it; stories of combats with bears and mountain lions, and of living in dread of the Indians; stories of sugaring to the halves, when somebody always got the larger half - and somebody else the smaller; stories of how old Jeb Jones mixed butternut syrup

(potent stuff!) with maple, in order to cure irresponsible neighbors of sneaking up to his sugar-house by night and filching his hard-earned syrup.

Then there was the fun of stealing off to the woods in the "stilly night" with only a great horned owl and the friendly moon peering through the leafless branches as witnesses; of listening to the roar of the spring-swollen brook in the valley, and the silvery tinkle of the maple sap dropping into a hundred buckets all around.

There was the fun of waking up in the morning and viewing a landscape transformed to fairy land by a "sugar snow," one of those last kicks of winter, so soon healed by the kindly April sun; of feeding the newly arrived migratory birds robbed of their breakfast by the mantle of snow - song sparrows, fox sparrows, juncos, to say nothing of the shy nuthatches and the friendly chickadees who came back for a farewell peck at their doughnut or suet before going into the deep woods for a summer sojourn; of watching a sapsucker as he carried on the business of sugaring all by himself by drilling a hole in the old dooryard maple and sipping up the sap as it slowly oozed from the tree; of playing hide-and-seek with a pileated woodpecker, king of all the woodpeckers, the bird of the tall crimson hat, who always managed to keep himself on the other side of the tree when under observation.

There was the fun, also, of visiting often a sunny bank at the forest's edge where the snow went earliest away, to watch, at the foot of a huge beech tree, the un-folding of spring's earliest blossom and oh, the joy at her appearing, - that first hepatica!

Then as the days grew warmer and the sap turned sour and slimy there was the fun of gathering up the "last run" and taking in the buckets to the music of the frogs, and the honking of the wild geese as they drove their great wedges through the sky on their merry way to the lakes of Canada.

Yes we took in the sap buckets but not with the dispatch which I have indicated for as Grandfather had to be reckoned with at the beginning of sugaring, so too, did he at the end.

"We'd better take in the buckets today hadn't we?" suggested Father.

"We ought to get on with the spring plowing."

"No hurry yet," replied Grandfather. "There'll be another cold snap and another run o' sap. Better leave 'em out a spell - jest a leetle longer."

"But the buds have started, and the sap would be sour, and the sugar of poor quality and black as tar." persisted Father.

"Twon't be fust rate fer the market." replied Grandfather, "but it'll be awful good sweetnin' fer mincemeat!"

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This is one of 16 separate stories written by Waldo Glover in 1946  
copied by Deborah Jurist in 2005 and given to GHS by Jim Dresser

**Pictures from the Past**



Collecting maple sap



Boiling the sap





Sap buckets and muddy roads



The sugar house in summer

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*(Continued from page 4)* **CIVIL WAR**

June 27, 1862, when trouble began for us and we had to pack up and move after destroying everything we could not carry. We left our camp amid scenes of the greatest confusion. Wagon teams were stalled, artillery teams wrecked, and the guns spiked and otherwise made useless. We saw on all sides evidence of disaster and ruin. Very soon after the retreat began, the rebel infantry appeared in our rear and fired into us. We were not allowed to return the fire as it might lead to a general engagement. They fired at us from behind trees and stone walls. They even dragged small cannons by hand on the road behind and fired as fast as they could. They also had cannon on flat cars and anytime we came anywhere near the railroad, they fired great shells at us and grape and canister often flew into us and over our heads as we hiked along the road. Taking everything into consideration, it was very unpleasant. There was no water to drink and nothing to eat and no time to eat anyway and so ended the first day of our retreat as we lay down to sleep, with our muskets on our arms and our equipment all buckled onto our bodies, ready to jump and run or fight at a moments notice. We expected the rebels to be on us at any time, so did not sleep much that night. The next day was June 26 and it was much the same. The rebel army followed us very closely as we marched all day. No water or time to eat and all the roads were dry and dusty with our prospects very uncertain. As you can imagine, this made us very unhappy soldiers. The next night was the same, sleeping with our arms around our muskets and all our equipment buckled on. June 29 came and we were still on the run towards the rear and it continued all day. We passed the White House, landing where there was a depot of supplies and a hospital, but it was all deserted, leaving the tents still standing. We were ordered to destroy them. The tents were all nice and new, of the Silsby pattern. They looked so nice and new and inviting that it was very hard for us to draw our knives and slit them, thus destroying them, but I did as many as possible in the short stop that was made for that purpose. We also set fire to the supplies, such as barrels of pork, hard bread, clothes, saddles, and ammunitions. The rebel skirmish line came up and fired into us while we were engaged in destroying our property and we had to start again in a very short

while. We passed on by Savage Station. We went back over the ground as fast as we could with hurry-up orders. All the time it was "Hurry up. Hurry up." The rebels were making a flank movement and we must stop them. Just as we passed Savage Station, we were formed in line of battle or put in battle array, and went forward. It was about 5 p.m. when this happened, and very soon we were in a battle with the army of northern Virginia. They were also in battle array and the music began. I fired as fast as I could and had men for targets and they did the same, so we pushed this way and that way, now falling back and again advancing, firing all the time amid great confusion, the officers nearly crazy with excitement. One would shout an order and another an order exactly opposite. As the battle went on, I hardly knew what to do but kept loading my musket and firing it in the direction of the enemy. Some of our men got frightened and ran away, but most of us kept in our ranks and continued to fight. It lasted until about dark, when the enemy appeared to fall back, and we began to feel that we had whipped them. The firing had almost ceased and it was twilight. I thought I would fire just once more. I could not see any of them, but I stepped to the front and fired in their direction. Just as I fired, I saw a flash from the edge of the timber and the next instant a ball struck me in the right thigh, and I fell. I got up and found that my leg was not broken. I could walk, but the blood flowed freely and soon my shoe was full of blood. At about this time our men began to fall back. We were ordered across White Oak Swamp as soon as we could go. I tried to keep up but soon began to grow lame and I kept getting weaker. Some of my comrades helped me along but they had all they could do to keep up themselves, and so after getting along about two miles, they had to leave me, as they were too tired to help me any further, so they laid me down beside the road and bid me good-bye, and went along. I was near the blacksmith shop at Savage Station and managed to crawl into the shop and laid down to await I knew not what. There were many wounded men here, some much more seriously wounded than I. One man that I knew had both of his legs broken, another had one of his broken. I was comforted to a certain extent, thinking I was much better off than they. No tongue can describe, no pen can portray the scenes that I saw in and around that

*(Continued on page 12)*

*(Continued from page 11)* **CIVIL WAR**

blacksmith shop that night. All forms of human suffering, pain and misery was about me during that night. Men were slowly bleeding to death without any help or sympathy. Some were praying, cursing and swearing. Many were thirsty and begged for water in vain, others called for their friends and relatives, and cries for help could be heard from all directions. I could not sleep from pain, thirst and thinking what the morrow would bring. In the morning, many of the wounded were dead, having bled to death in some cases. I saw several men stone dead, sitting up against a stone or a tree. Many were almost dead with no one to wait on them. This was the only time I saw the rear of our army after a retreat during the whole war. About 7 a.m. the next morning the rebel skirmish line passed the shop. This was June 30 and I was a prisoner of war. They halted and talked with us about the war and asked us what we were down there fighting them for anyway. They said they were fighting for their country and that we had brought war upon them. We told them that we were fighting for the Union. They then said we would get all we were looking for before it was over. Some would ask in derision, "Where is McClellan at?", or say to a wounded man. "Here you, I am the man that shot you, don't you wish you could see your mother, now?" As I was a very young lad, that is one of the remarks they addressed to me. They laughed as they said it and appeared to be joking, but I was not in a joking mood, and did not appreciate the humor. They offered us no ill treatment, however, but picked up everything of any value. If a fellow had a hat or coat or pair of shoes that they wanted, they took it, saying it now belonged to them. I made no resistance as they took my coat and shoes, canteen and pistol, feeling lucky to get out of it for that.

Now Savage Station, where this battle was fought, was a Union supply depot. Provisions of all kinds, ammunitions, clothing, forage for horses, were accumulated at this place in large quantities. Millions of dollars worth of it we had destroyed, along with hundreds of wagons, ambulances, etc. The rebels were very disappointed to see so much valuable property destroyed, as they expected to get it. They scolded us prisoners some, but did us no bodily harm. In about an hour after the skirmish line passed, the main army commenced to file past us. They had business on their hands, however, and did not stop to talk

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except occasionally, to rest, then they would ask us, "Where is McClellan?" or some other humorous remark. I sat or laid beside the road and looked at them as they marched along. They had perfect discipline and respected orders as well as any soldiers that I ever saw. I do not know how many went by, but it seemed as though there was a very large number. I lost hope for the rest of our Army and thought that none of them would escape. It seemed as though enough men passed to defeat the whole world. Of course my courage at this time was very poor. Anyway it took a long time for the rebel army to pass me. I saw all the leading rebel generals, such as Lee, Beuregard, Jackson, Hood, Longstreet, and several others that I do not remember. After the soldiers came the artillery, the supplies, etc. It took all day and far into the night before they were all past. After they passed all was quiet. By this time, as I found out later, our army had crossed White Oak Swamp and was safe. The rebel army was pressing on, trying to renew the attack that had failed the day before. The rebel army was very confident, thinking they could defeat any force in the world.

Sometime in the afternoon of June 30, as we wounded men lay at the blacksmith shop at Savage Station, we heard the most terrific roaring of cannons, two or three miles away, that I ever remember of hearing. At that time, I did not know what it meant, but afterwards I learned that it was Jackson cannonading the old Vermont Brigade at the bridge in White Oak Swamp.

Very little attention was paid the wounded men at this place. We had no food or any other necessities of life. Any of us could have escaped at any time, as they posted no guards and hardly any attention was paid to us until after the great battle of Malvern Hill, which happened July 1st. A day or so after this, the defeated and humbled Confederate Army began to pass us on the way to Richmond. The relief of Richmond had been accomplished, but at a fearful cost.

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# GROTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

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

## NOTICE

Ann Winter, Chair of the GHS Reunion Committee announces: A "Special" Groton High School All-Class Reunion will be June 29, 2013 at the Groton Community Building. A letter from the Reunion Committee will be sent to all the GHS graduates (up to 1968) in February. Watch for more details in the spring newsletter.

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**Annual membership dues are payable January first.**  
**Annual dues are \$10 for individuals and \$15 for families.**  
**Lifetime Membership dues are \$100**

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We hope you have enjoyed and benefited from membership and invite you to renew for 2013 or become a life member. The last year your dues were paid is shown with your mailing address. Those who last paid for 2011 will be removed from the mailing list at the end of this year. Please let GHS know if there is an error with our record of your membership.

All members who provide an email address will get an advance copy of the newsletter. If you want to opt out of getting a printed copy, please send a request to [jwbenzie@mchsi.com](mailto:jwbenzie@mchsi.com) This will save GHS the cost of printing and mailing.

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Michael Bane from Galway, Ireland found the 2011 summer Newsletter on the internet and enjoyed Captain Smith's WW 11 story. His Uncle, Father Martin Bane was one of the survivors in lifeboat 4. He asked for the other newsletters with the rest of Captain Smith's story which I sent him. I also sent a copy of my reply with his e-mail address to Dwight Smith, Captain Smith's son, who was able to contact him and learn more about his Uncle and what brought him to the ship.

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Donald Smith has started the job of digitizing the Historical Society photos on his scanner so they will be available on our web site. He has scanned all the photos and is now in the process of restoring the damaged ones in preparation for posting them.

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George Hall has completed scanning the Groton History book, *Mr. Glover's Groton* and the Historical Society is now deciding about printing more books or making it available on line and publishing an updated Groton History expanding the 20th century information and adding the family records.

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Terry Rielly has been working on stories about Groton in the 20th century and the family records of those in the 1790 census of Groton have been posted on the Society's web page. Additional families in the 1800 census are being prepared for posting.

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Several neighboring towns are celebrating the 250th anniversary of NH Gov. Benning Wentworth granting their Town Charter. Ryegate, is celebrating theirs this year (1763-2013) by planning 4 events throughout the year, based on the four seasons. The first event is a winter carnival and chili cook-off to be held at Ticklenaked Pond in January.

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The Northeast Document Conservation Center offers training programs in collection care (not that we need it). Webinars in care and handling of paper-based materials (Feb 5, 2013), care and handling works of art (Feb 26, 2013), care and handling multimedia materials (Mar 26, 2013), and preserving personal digital collections (May 7, 2013), are scheduled. Webinars are 2-4pm and cost \$100 (\$85 early registration) . Contact Jessica Bitely: [jbitely@nedcc.org](mailto:jbitely@nedcc.org) or visit [www.nedcc.org](http://www.nedcc.org) . A free webinar during Preservation Week is offered April 23, 2013, on preserving family collections.

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Groton Historical Society Newsletter  
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File Copy

Groton High School All-Class Reunion will be June 29, 2013, watch for details from the reunion committee in February.