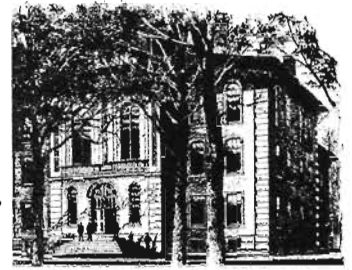


The Adviser

St. Albans Historical Society Museum, Inc.

NEWSLETTER - NOVEMBER 2011

Jon & Louise Haynes, Editors



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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:

Time appears to move at a rapid rate as one becomes older. The wet however great summer is 'astern of us' and the challenges of preparing the museum for 2012 will keep the staff more than busy when the snow is falling.

The museum has recently marked a first in that our membership has passed that for 2010. This is great, and let us increase this number as this will assist in making the museum an integral part of the community.

The three spectacular murals loaned to us by Dartmouth-Hitchcock Hospital, painted by Sol Levenson, have been dedicated and are on display hanging in the southeast corner of the Bliss Auditorium. They actually look like they were painted for that location.

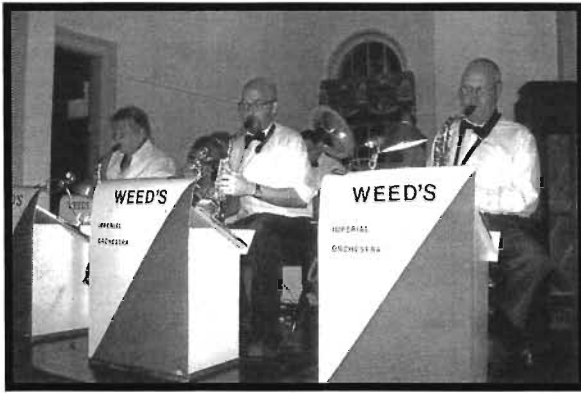
Plans for the 150th anniversary of the St. Albans Raid, to be held on September 19, 20, and 22, 2014, are coming along. We decided to hold it in September versus October to insure warmer weather. Re-enactors will appear again in Taylor Park July 20, 21, and 22, 2012, to build up the 2014 event.

I am looking for an enthusiastic individual to be the volunteer coordinator. Come join the team.

A large mural of Main Street in the 1870s is now installed on the second floor of the museum thanks to the St. Albans Rotary Club and Doug Watson. It really is a superior addition.

I certainly desire to thank all of our enthusiastic, personality plus, knowledgeable, and good looking volunteers we had this summer. They made the summer the success it was. Without you the museum could not operate. You are all truly remarkable.

Warren C. Hamm, Jr.
RAAM USN (Ret)
President



Weed's Imperial Orchestra

left to right - Joanne Scott, Eric Bushey, Jim Shepard



Left: Museum trustee, Al Weldon, cutting a rug with Helen Long at the Weed event in September at the museum.

CRANE, BRADY AND HEMINGWAY:

Contributed by Jon B. Haynes

In any book the author is never alone. He has himself and what he knows and hears about his characters. But ultimately he is the one who creates the story. Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* is an American classic, having been read, taught, and examined over and over since its publication in 1895. Stephen Crane was a Jersey boy born in Newark in 1871. He and his family were frequently on the move until his clergyman father died

in 1880. The family then put down roots in Ashbury Park. Crane attended college at Lafayette and Syracuse, but by 1881 his college career ended and he turned to newspaper writing. He was a natural writer, and writing for newspapers offered him excitement and a way to earn money quickly. Crane's first work of significance was *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* in 1893. It was the heartbreaking story of a young woman driven to prostitution and death on the streets of New York City. Its popularity, though, remains rather steady perhaps due in part to the regular use of *The Red Badge of Courage* in academia and beyond. With *Maggie* came the first of what is known as modern American realism.

Stephen Crane was fascinated by war as a boy and remained so throughout his brief life of twenty-eight years, yet he never saw the war about which he wrote. Many readers, critics, and Civil War aficionados have tried to pin down the battle site of *Badge* from Antietam to Chancellorsville, but neither one is the site of Crane's story. While there are certain similarities, Crane's war was conceived in his brain. He had never been at either battle, primarily because he had not yet been born. However, the novel contains the realism through the eyes of the central character, Henry Fleming. Perhaps Crane's experience was gained at Claverlack military school by listening to the battle stories of Civil War veteran General John Bullock Van Petten. Crane and Van Petten spent many hours talking about the Civil War. Put that with Crane's war fascinations, and suddenly he creates a book that feels real. In the mind of the reader the action stands for a "true" element of the Civil War. In addition, we see Stephen Crane's feeling about the uselessness of war. The Civil War was a war of frequent

slaughter, repulsive to Crane. Nevertheless, Crane did not preach it, he put the print in the reader's hand and let his mind do the rest. In *Red Badge* he went beyond realism into the squirmy areas which invariably attract readers, thus allowing them to make their own moral judgments. It is morals that create personal and group ethics and they are generally permanent.

Henry Fleming, the central character, was anxious to enlist and be a part of this struggle, but soon discovered that in spite of the best laid plans of the leaders, war is often a crap shoot, a roll of the dice. When under stress chaos sweeps down and both opponents are affected. Unknown forces are often the culprits. Henry Fleming represents the ordinary man in war with his shortcomings. All soldiers have visions of being a hero, but we find that Henry is the everyman, fearful of failure or desertion, and being a coward. Fleming stands for all men. How does one handle fear, if at all? This is a major motif in Crane's novel, and Henry spends much time analyzing this. Man does not have free will. There are brakes, accelerators, steering wheels, fuel, and maybe a human global positioning system aboard. As a result, Henry's internal combat stands for the conflicting armies trying to get the best of each other. Order turns into disorder, men fight or flee, and even the weather has a role in the change. Nothing seems to turn out the way Henry envisioned. Henry Fleming imagined himself the hero of a Greek-like struggle, but in the end he realized that nothing is certain in war. Man must engage in life to learn about it and gain internal peace. Ernest Hemingway once wrote, "I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it. Once you learned how to live in it, you learned from that what it was

all about." Henry Fleming's acceptance of this became his salvation. Stephen Crane's lesson for mankind and his readers showed us the way without ever firing an actual shot. Given the fact that we know Stephen Crane was not present for any of the story he created, we may wonder how he did it. It was not a sleight-of-hand maneuver. It was more.

"Brady and the Cooper Union speech made me president," said Abraham Lincoln in a New York speech in February of 1860. The Cooper Union was the site and Matthew B. Brady was a photographer destined to become celebrated for his Civil War photography. While Brady was a fine photographer, there is no doubt that he was an opportunist. Brady's star was born in Saratoga Springs, New York, but moved to the city of Saratoga where he became a portrait painter and studied photography. Photography as we know it began to peek through its lens in the 1830s through the work of Frenchman Louis Daguerre. American inventor, Samuel F. B. Morse, went to Paris to meet Daguerre and returned to America and offered classes on this new "photography." One of his most eager students was Matthew Brady. Brady went on to open his establishment in busy New York City. Brady's energy was endless. However, he was more of a set-up man who made sure that what would be seen was what he wanted to be seen. In particular, he hired Londoner Alexander Gardner, a photographic expert, and his presence sent Brady's business skyrocketing. "Photo by Brady" was almost a guaranteed sale. In April, 1861 Matthew Brady's reputation would be associated forever with the Civil War. In spite of this, Matthew Brady died broke. Newer technology arrived and Brady slid into antiquity. His Civil War photos are

the first choice of anyone who wants physical representation of the War Between the States. Ask Stephen Crane.

Ernest Hemingway was one of America's premier writers and his works dot classrooms all over America. He did not always see the places he wrote about. In particular, *A Farewell to Arms* is one of them. He was in World War I but was an ambulance driver. The reader is made to think of him as more than that. His lead characters largely resemble him in thought, word, and deed. For him, writing was not only a craft but a necessary challenge. Hemingway was an admirer of Stephen Crane and he adopted what he saw as Crane's method. About Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* he said, "He had read the contemporary accounts, had heard the old soldiers, they were not so old then, talk, and above all he had seen Matthew Brady's wonderful photographs. Creating his story out of this material, he wrote that great boy's dream of war that was to be truer than how war is than any war the boy who wrote it would ever live to see. It is one of the finest of our literature."

ARTICLE BY W.J. CHAPUT

The following piece comes to us from W. J. Chaput, a local resident who recently relocated to the Atlanta area where he discovered a neglected Civil War era cemetery. It fits nicely into our emphasis on Civil War related articles as we approach the sesquicentennial of the St. Albans Raid in 2014. Mr. Chaput is the author of *The Man on the Train* and *Dead in the Water*.

North of Atlanta by thirty miles or so, three roads converge on a triangle of wasteland in the State of Georgia. Each of the three roads has six lanes of traffic separated in threes by narrow macadam-filled center curbing. Each of the three roads stops on one of the triangle's points in an embankment of overgrown brambles, kudzu, and thick uncut grass like hay. There are five trees only slightly visible as dark shadows deep inside the triangle, all somewhat stunted: two southern maples, one scraggly pine, and two blackthorns so starved for nourishment, light, and water the blackthorns wear scabrous brittle barks and no sloes.

A driver waiting at one of the six sets of traffic lights cannot see through a wall of thick overgrowth to either of the other two roads. Just another patch of unkempt and shaggy land amid miles of butchered red-clay slopes, massive shopping centers that accommodate 8,000 or more automobiles, serene and shaded office "sanctuaries," wide asphalt loops to allow traffic to turn, twist, and throttle on to the next set of lights. All higgly-piggly without a moment's caution for planning or foresight.

There are many such criminal acts against our lands in this country. A hundred years ago a family of six or eight might have made a precarious living off four such acres of land. Gardens might struggle through the terrible heat of mid-summer Georgia. Rains might infrequently arrive, as they do even now, as wild blowing walls of tornadic water thrashing the countryside as though the land deserved the punishment. Such rains, even now, nullify human composure and charity in favor of hard people living only for themselves with little regard for how the neighbors might be sinking into ruin and foreclosure only because it rained.

I pulled the truck into a disused church parking lot. A tiny church, much ravaged more by time than human indifference. I locked the truck – this is Georgia, after all – and dashed across six lanes of hot macadam and white sticky painted lines. Standing on the curb, I looked ahead, saw nothing but tangles roots and barbs and broken branches, a litter of perhaps a dozen years undisturbed. I wondered quickly about snakes. I pushed into the tangle with my arms raised to shield my eyes. Ten feet in from the road edge, I still heard the traffic. Twenty feet and the engines grew softer – but behind me I saw no traffic, nothing moving. Only growth, only green leaves and twisted vine spirals. I pushed these away from my face until I stopped, looked for the five trees for bearings. I saw no trees. Just a savage profligacy of green, with hard lumps under my boots.

I came upon the spindly trunk of a southern maple only a foot from my nose. Hard, dark, taller by far than the overgrown understory of solid green. The trunk rose in fits and starts as though it might have been occasionally hampered by something growing in its way. But rise it did until I could see its highest boughs and leaves twenty feet or so above the hemlock and kudzu.

I was inside the triangle, sequestered, silent, the traffic drone distant. I might have been five miles inside a Georgia swamp with water moccasins and crawdads, gators and scorpions. Being alone inside that subdued welter of noise and racing engines felt wonderful. I could live here, I thought.

I sat for a bit, leaned against the southern maple, smoked a cigar.

I headed back for my truck, tripped on a metal rail short under the grass, rusted a nut brown, scabrous. I pulled at the rail simply to see if it moved. It did. I tore up

maybe two feet of iron railing, like a very short fence. Evenly spaced points about every six inches. I knew instantly what I'd stumbled over. I was walking on graves.

In 1864 the bereft chose to ornament their losses and plots. However insignificant the patch of ground over a grave, pride of purpose and resolve compelled the living to brocade their lost loved ones with iron rails, some ornate, others extravagantly curlicued, embellished with ardent good-byes, sad but practical ruminations on a life now crushed by a loved one's death. The poor rarely had a body returned to them. In the South fewer casualties were returned home than in the North where entire cemeteries were christened by the rich and worthy; in their generosity, the artful dodgers were only too glad to haul in a district's poor and bedraggled, bootless and alone as they were.

I had stumbled into a cemetery. Inside a triangle of vegetative trash and ordinary creepers, I stood on Civil War dead in the Klan's very own State of Georgia. I grew up in abolitionist Massachusetts, passed most of my life in Vermont: these were the wrong men for me. Sherman and I went to the same military school. The burning of Atlanta finished the South, and it was Vermont troops at Gettysburg who held the ground to bring that final battle's final fight to an unmitigated slaughter of Southern sons in Pennsylvania.

The truck was extremely hot when I slid across the seat. I'll be damned, I thought.

While the tiny church gave that third leg a purpose; the triangle's first leg looked across traffic at a Walgreen's, two sports bars, small lawyer's offices, and a beautician's supply outlet painted a cheesy pink, with frog-green shutters and doors.

The third leg of the triangle hosted a BP convenience store, its grubby parking lot, and a slew of truly black-skinned Nigerian men who gathered here daily to berate one another and hoot at passing women in cars. Most couldn't get jobs because they'd lied and learned a few English phrases to convince immigration officers they'd make their way in their new country like 'balls on the fire.'

Within the week I returned to the triangle, backed the truck into bushes. Very quickly I had a strong bush hog slashing roots, tearing up red clods of dusty clay. A few people waiting in traffic watched me, but most were too addled to be somewhere else fast, to forget this blighted pitch. I counted, finally, twenty-seven graves including three babies. There were clumps of sassafras, deep in under the trees; sassafras and German thyme, and elderberries almost dead center inside the loose boundaries. And wild tulip trees with their blossoms parchment white against lime green leaves. The grass became a lawn of sorts; humped and never level, but still home to those few men who had been buried here. I went to the town, or "city" as most incorporated land around here is referred to. Few records mentioned the triangle and repeatedly artful dodgers attempted to sell the triangle as business land even though they owned not an inch of the land between the roads.

Meanwhile, a local garden club showed up in silver Japanese station wagons. The women walked the land; they had few questions for me, but seemed most concerned that legal tangles would sap the strength of even a Georgia garden club. They didn't like the traffic.

I cut the grass, repaired or made new the short plot fences. I tipped up, leveled, and took rubbings from the five remaining

tombstones. Then I set them deep in the earth. Broken stones and pieces of broken stones went horizontally flat on the grass, many pieces once more near what appeared to be similar rock structures or carvings.

I considered fencing the entire cemetery with post and beam; but such extravagance was inimical, I thought, to the simple lives who called this a resting place. As well, I wondered if I wasn't just a tad too full of myself.

After the first winter I drove south on the Holcomb Bridge Road to see how the triangle has passed the cold weather. The day was warm, the sunlight still a bit blearily spring-like. I left the truck, hiked across the church parking lot to the road. I could see where someone had trimmed a few bushes, but the cuttings were gone. I stood, puzzled that anyone should infringe on my labors.

A city dump truck slowed as it passed me. Then it stopped and backed up through the triangle's asphalt roads until its heavy rear tires rocked the truck's body when the driver climbed the curbing into the triangle and parked the truck precisely where I had parked my truck on my first days here.

A man wearing a ratty PGA golf hat plunked high on his head, his face so florid with impending rumination that he seemed unable to stand for long.

"It was you, warn't it."

"Whatever you're talking about, I more than likely am responsible for it."

"Nobody give ya permission to do like you done."

"I didn't ask for permission."

"Don't take offense..."

"I will take offense if I'm gonna take guff for this."

"Let's us start again."

"Be my guest."

"This ain't your land."

"This is how you start again? What's the matter with you?"

"I got nerves. The Mayor wants to see you."

"I don't care to see the Mayor."

"No, he said if we ever spotted you, to send you in to see him. I may be off by a mile, but you sure look like a guy who's proud of somethin' he done. You done this, am I right?"

I said nothing.

"Mayor wants to give you a presentation award. And he wants to name this cemetery after your name."

"I'm a Yankee. And I don't want anything in Georgia named after me."

"And I wanna see his face when the mayor finds out you're a smart-ass Yankee."

"I am what I am. You might think I'm a smart-ass – I'm not. But let's remind ourselves that you don't have the slightest command of the English language."

"Geez, I hope you and me start getting on with each other."

I pass the triangle occasionally. The grass is always trimmed and rather lush. The small white stones still stand. The elderberries have grown thick and generous. Someone has installed a white plastic bench under the taller maples. And for the second year now the North Fulton County Horticultural society has decorated the graves with blues and grays for Memorial Day and with our country's flag for July's Independence Day.

It can't be visited much, given that interlopers must challenge the traffic. But commuters bogged snug in each day's dreadful traffic do have a moment or two to let their eyes wander into that tiny island of shade and across the triangle's other edges. It's a handsome piece of land.

I like knowing it's there.

DIRECTORS REPORT FALL 2011:

It was a very different, attendance-wise, this year. We opened early but had few visitors. We think this was due to the flooding of Lake Champlain and surrounding shoreline. June, July, and August were spectacular months and we had many visitors. Then Hurricane Irene hit! Following the hurricane our attendance dropped off rather significantly. St. Albans had almost no problems, but we think because of all the negative news coverage, almost no one was traveling into Vermont at all. Oh, well...

In spite of these weather-related setbacks, we have had some wonderful events, too. The Sterling Weed Fundraiser was a delightful evening of delicious food, fine music, and great conversation. If you were unable to attend you missed a real spectacular event!

Also, as you will read in other parts of the newsletter the dedication for the installation of the Sol Levenson Civil War murals couldn't have been nicer or gone off better. Elizabeth Gordon, the Arts Program Coordinator for Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center, spoke, as did Sol's son, Ron. Mr. Levenson, who is deceased, must have been a very interesting person, and I wish he could have been here at the museum to hear the wonderful accolades that were spoken about him. The murals will be here until approximately 2015, and following the sesquicentennial events of the Civil War, they will return to the medical center.

I would be terribly remiss not to again thank the many volunteers that we are most fortunate to have here at the museum. The number and quality of the volunteers we have is extraordinary. They really keep us

going in so many ways, from volunteers at the front desk, to those who work behind the scenes doing computer work, creating new displays, or keeping track of membership. Thank you all again for what you do. If you are not currently a volunteer, won't you please consider joining our fantastic team?

Also speaking of membership, we have hit a new high point with our membership. We now have 221 members. Ask a friend to join, and see if we can reach 250 this next year.

Hardly a day goes by that a 'new' artifact or photograph from St. Albans' past doesn't come into the museum. Please, please, please consider the museum before you dispose of something that might be of historic interest to future generations. Please consider the museum before you sell an important artifact on EBay or send it off to the auction house. Once those artifacts are sold they are usually gone forever.

This museum is truly a gem, not only for St. Albans but for the whole state of Vermont. Stop sometime and appreciate this amazing row of buildings that line Church Street of which the museum is one. This collection of architecturally spectacular buildings is unique to St. Albans. You won't see another row of public buildings anything like this in Vermont.

Sincerely,

A.J. McDonald
Director



Sol Levenson Civil War Mural

PROFILE SERIES:

The following is the first in a series of profiles about people and places in St. Albans in what we hope will be a regular feature in our newsletter. Please contact Jon or Louise Haynes about providing a similar piece on a bit of St. Albans' past.

J.A. BLOUIN'S IGA

As told by Norm and Ron Blouin to Louise Haynes, August 17, 2011.

Mr. & Mrs. Joe Blouin had a duplex at 45 North Elm St. When the south side became empty in 1937, Mr. Blouin decided to open a small store which his wife, Mrs. Cecile Blouin, would run using a utensil drawer as a cash register. Mr. Blouin continued to work as a meat cutter at J.A. Ferland's. The Elm St. store sold candy on consignment through salesman Jack Smith who would charge the Blouin's for what they sold and renew their supply. The Blouins were soon asked to carry other merchandise. Starr Ice Cream offered a freezer and cones if the Blouins would sell their product. H.A. Dowling supplied Swift Meats offered at five cents a pound on Monday mornings for about a year. Mr. Blouin lacked freezers for the meats and took a loan of \$1,000 for twenty years to purchase that equipment. The loan was paid in two years. By 1939, Arthur Soulière was hired as a full-time clerk.

Mr. Ferland soon gave Mr. Blouin an ultimatum – work for me or for yourself. Mr. Blouin never looked back and began his own store in earnest. In 1942 Mr. Blouin added a storefront to half of the house and converted it into a grocery store. Sons Norman and Ronald, who would later become partners with their father, grew up

in the grocery store stocking shelves, making deliveries, and working in sales. In 1946 young Ron Blouin learned that Mr. Gordon Trudeau would be closing his store. Ron thought immediately of Mr. Trudeau's delivery bicycle with a big basket on the front and ran home to ask his father to buy it so that Blouin's could also make deliveries as did some other groceries in town. It was also in 1942 that Joseph Blouin became a charter member of the Independent Grocer's Association (IGA).

During the war years, meat was scarce and the coupon system was in place. Mr. Blouin was known to provide as much as he could for his customers especially those with minimal funds and big families. The business did well during this time and in 1947, the Elm St. store expanded to the front sidewalk. In 1950, Blouin's expanded again, this time at the back encompassing a two-car garage. A walk-in freezer and a walk-in cooler for produce were added.

Norm officially joined the staff of Blouin's in 1948 after high school graduation, and Ron joined in 1951 after graduating from Burlington Business College. In 1951 Mr. Blouin opened Norm's Food Store at 33 High St. where both Norm and Ron worked.



Left to right: Ron Blouin, J.A. Blouin, Norm Blouin in 1975.

This satellite store closed in 1960 to concentrate on the Elm St. store. It was

then that Joseph Blouin incorporated the store with Norm and Ron as partners. Joseph Blouin retired from day-to-day operations at this time.

J.A. Blouin attended Holy Angels School where he completed the post grade-eight two-year commercial course. His business acumen was sharp, and he took every opportunity to add services to his store. Blouin's was the first to offer 'broasted' whole cooked chickens and in 1966 offered home-smoked hams, bacon, cheese, and turkeys at the holidays in a smoker they commissioned built for them in Canada. They were the first to offer pre-packaged self-service meats in 1961 and, in 1966, added a deli to their store. Up until 1965, Mrs. Cecile Blouin made Meme's Tourtières later continued by Ron's wife, Mrs. Pat Blouin, who would make 500 - 600 meat pies from October through the holidays, twenty at a time.

In 1965 the business needed more space, and Mr. and Mrs. Blouin built a house on Fairfax St. vacating their Elm St. apartment adding more space to the store. Just before the senior Blouins were to move, Norm and Ron got a deal on a truckload of potatoes, and lacking storage space in the store, put them in their parents' yet-to-be-vacated living room. The senior Blouins were not amused!

In 1973, Martell's IGA in Richford came up for sale, and the Blouin's bought the store. The store was closed for one day to take inventory and opened the next day, August 2, as Blouin's IGA. Norm and Ron took turns minding the Richford store alternating four and three day weeks. After Blouin's moved to the Switchyard location, Norm's son, Pierre, managed the 12,000 square foot Richford store followed by Ron's son, Robin.

In 1982, J.A. Blouin Market, Inc. moved from Elm St. to the Switchyard Plaza at 101 Lake St. in St. Albans, expanding their space from 5,000 square feet to 23,500 square feet. To the delight of the community, the Blouins organized a parade from their Elm Street location to the new Blouin's in the Switchyard Plaza. At this time, Blouin's had about 60 employees. The Vermont Grocers' Association named Norm Grocer of the Year the following year.

In 1988 the Blouins bought the former 10,000 square foot Prouty store in Swanton. Norm's son-in-law, Jim Desnoyers managed that store until its closing in 1999 when it faced pressure from the area's larger chain stores.

In 1990 Norm was awarded the Spirit of America Award by the National Grocers' Association. The following year, Norm and Ron jointly retired, passing the business to Norm's son, Dick, his son-in-law, Jim DesNoyers, and to Ron's son, Robin, who continued the well-known customer-friendly service for which Blouin's had come to be appreciated over the years. The new owners were mindful of keeping their stores innovative and friendly, often assisting customers with problems they encountered getting to and from the store. In 1998 Blouin's underwent some updating and celebrated its grand re-opening with a new logo.

Blouin's was the only downtown grocery after Grand Union closed in June of 2000, but with Price Chopper established in St. Albans Town along with the Hannaford supermarket, Blouin's found it increasingly difficult to compete. In October of 2001, a Lewiston-based chain, Food City, bought both the St. Albans and the Richford stores, keeping most of Blouin's employees.



Original Store on North Elm Street



IN MEMORIAM:

Mr. Robert Lowe

Mrs. Silvia G. Reynolds



TRUSTEES MEETING SEPTEMBER 14, 2011

President Warren Hamm opened the meeting at 4:30 in the future research room on the second floor of the St. Albans Historical Museum. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were accepted as presented.

The following briefly describe the committee reports. The minutes in full are available for review from Louise Haynes, secretary.

Grants: Marilyn Grunewald has reviewed the museum's goals and is searching for grants to help meet interior and exterior plans for repair and renovations.

Finance: Warren Hamm reported that the annual \$4,800 insurance premium has been paid. It is hoped that there will be increased rentals of the Bliss Auditorium. Members are reminded that there is a special rate for museum members to use this space.

Membership: Bill Cioffi reported an increase in membership. (See director's report.) The committee is investigating establishing corporate memberships.

Facilities: Richard Cummings reported that he has replaced roof slates and that Connors Construction has repaired the leak in the roof. There was a lengthy discussion regarding the impact of historical preservation and grant money for projects such as replacement of windows.

Jim Murphy is in the process of moving materials from the CVR Historical Society to Fort Ethan Allen and the X-ray equipment in the basement will be returned to UVM and eventually moved to the Warren Anatomical Museum.

Publicity: Al Weldon reported that his committee has several plans to promote the museum and its importance to the community. The museum now has a Facebook account linked to our website.

Programs: Danielle Manahan and her committee are brainstorming programs to offer at the museum and would appreciate suggestions.

The Sterling Weed Fundraiser and the annual Christmas party are scheduled, and there will be a Chamber of Commerce mixer here in September.

The St. Albans Messenger is in the process of printing the new walking tour brochures.

**Next meeting: December 7, 2011
Bliss Auditorium, 4:30 pm**



CALDENDAR OF EVENTS

DECEMBER, 2011 - APRIL, 2012

December:

Wed. 7th -

Trustees' Meeting

Fri. 16th -

January:

February:

Wed. 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th -

Osher Lifelong Learning Series

March:

Wed. 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th -

Osher Lifelong Learning Series

April:

Wed. 4th, 11th, 18th -

Osher Lifelong Learning Series



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