It is easy to take history for granted in Old Lyme, where ship captains’ homes, weathered barns, abandoned quarry sites, and meandering stone walls blend into a familiar landscape. But spend a few moments glancing through the old letters, maps, ledgers, and photographs in the Lyme Historical Society Archives housed at the Florence Griswold Museum, and the past comes vividly to life. The pastel portrait of a local woman, a sepia-toned photograph of reeled shad nets near the ferry dock, an exchange of family letters during the War of 1812, bring shadowy individuals and experiences sharply into focus.

To highlight the resources of its Archives, the museum launched a new website, From the Archives, that selects individual documents, photographs, and works of art from an earlier era to tell stories about people, events, and a changing landscape.

Please attend the Mystic River Historical Society Program at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, February 27th, 2013, presented by Carolyn Wakeman, a Trustee of the Florence Griswold Museum.

Carolyn grew up in Old Lyme and has recently returned after a distinguished teaching career in China and, more recently, at the University of California at Berkeley. She is the author of The Charm of the Place: Old Lyme in the 1920s, published in 2011 by the Old Lyme Historical Society.

On January 23, 2013 Mystic River Historical Society member and author Kate Dimancescu will speak about her forthcoming book, “The Forgotten Chapters: My Journey into the Past.” One part of Kate’s talk will center on Williams ancestors who called Mystic home starting in the 17th Century and also Appelman ancestors, who settled in Mystic in the early 19th Century. Highlights of her talk will be stories of Indian captives, sea captains, war veterans, fellow writers, and ‘The Great Gale’. The other half will be about genealogical research, resources which helped her ‘connect the dots’ and could help you, and the importance of archives and historical societies. A key goal of her work is to get people excited about New England’s rich early colonial history and also about researching their own family roots!

Kate Dimancescu is an author who resides in Massachusetts. She is a graduate of Denison University where she was awarded a B.A. in History. She was awarded masters’ degrees in international relations from the University Of Westminster, London and also the London School of Economics and Political Science. Her first book, “The Forgotten Chapters: My Journey into the Past” will be published in 2013. This book examines her early colonial American roots and ancestors whose lives helped shape the New England communities they called home.

Winter transport in New England ~ James L. Reynolds’s sleigh. Image from the Bill Family Collection, Lyme Historical Society Archives
In a recent column I mentioned the need to start reading a Lincoln biography that has been beckoning gently for some time now. Having seen the movie, “Lincoln” (I highly recommend it), the biography beckons even more strongly.

Before reaching for the 2-volume set, it occurs to me to consider: given the thousands previously written, what on earth can yet another book about Lincoln possibly add to our knowledge of the man and his time? He is, arguably, the most written-about figure in our rather short history as a nation. Hasn’t it occurred to many of you that repetition is hardly the stuff of riveting reading? It certainly has to me, and not just as a justification for procrastinating about pulling that Lincoln biography from the shelf.

Maybe repetitive scholarship is not something to be avoided. How often does it occur that just when we think we know something as a certainty, some new piece of information jumps up and changes things? Yet too many are guilty of cynically acting as if the things they “know” are known perfectly and without contradiction. It’s an attitude that interferes with understanding and impedes the acceptance of new knowledge.

The last 100+ years have certainly included episodes of some scientific and scholastic embarrassment. For instance, as late as the end of the 19th century, the overwhelming majority of scientists knew one thing was absolutely true—that without a balloon or other lighter-than-air contraption, man would never learn to fly. Well, that “truth” lasted just 3 years into the new century, when Wilbur and Orville stunned a “knowing” world into disbelief. Although not as mind-shattering, more recently how many were surprised to learn that our grade-school certainty of the existence of exactly 9 planets orbiting our Sun is wrong? We now accept the existence of only 8 planets—that errant, additional rock named “Pluto” has lost its planetary status.

A recent issue of the New Yorker (10/22/12) presented two articles that necessarily compel a reconsideration of the things we “know”. The first, entitled, “Germs Are Us” by Michael Specter, tells the story of the discovery in 1982 that a pathogen named “H. pylori”, a bacteria found in the human gut, was the principal cause of gastritis and peptic ulcers and was associated with an increased risk of stomach cancer as well. The war was on to fight and eliminate the bacteria with antibiotics, and the author was one of the doctors engaged in the battle. However, as he rather ruefully recounts, recent research now indicates that some of the bacteria known to be bad are not so bad after all. Even H. pylori may, surprisingly, have a good side. In fact, as Spector explains, he is now worried that the battle to eliminate it could be causing us lasting harm which may actually outweigh the significant dangers posed by the bacteria. Uh oh.

The second piece, “Back in Style” by Alex Ross, a commentary on modern symphonic programming, does not present itself so directly to our theme of certainty being overturned by new knowledge. Instead, it reflects on how one generation could tout a composer like Cesar Frank as the heir to Beethoven, only to drop him as a creaky relic in the next. Ross notes that, after his death in 1890, Frank’s Symphony in D minor was a perennial favorite on concert stages for years, but was hardly ever played in the last decades of the 20th century. It is being “rediscovered” as a masterpiece. As times change, so do our tastes, interest and knowledge of the past.

Having discarded the excuse that it can’t possibly add anything new to what we already know, my gaze now returns to that (damn) Lincoln biography. We can bet with near certainty that it contains some new content, whether factual, interpretive or both. As do those two recent Churchill biographies peeking from behind the Lincoln biography’s shoulder on the same shelf, both patiently waiting their turn to be read.

So, let’s all concede that if anything is certain about history and the human condition, it is that no matter how certain we are of the “facts”, we shouldn’t duck when those facts unexpectedly come winging back at us for reconsideration. That’s the reason we continue to read history, even if it appears repetitive—it’s part of our desire to always be open to new ideas and information and, at the same time, provide a skeptical challenge to the cynics who are satisfied with what they already know.

Mystic River Historical Society Mission Statement
The Society exists to collect, arrange, exhibit and preserve records, papers, photographs, artifacts, relics and related archival materials that document the history of the people who lived in the area around the Mystic River from the first settlement in 1634 to the present.

Officers: President - Lou Allyn • Vice President - Bill Everett
Treasurer - Barry Thorp • Corresponding Secretary - Lois Glazer • Recording Secretary - vacant

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Civil War Sesquicentennial Series - Life on the Homefront

January 1863

My country weepeth sore
Above her fallen brave,
By field, by grove, by stream they lie,
Their faces toward their native sky,
And scarcely find a grave.


The New Year brings no relief from the burdens of the war. Rather than celebrate the Emancipation Proclamation, the January 3 edition of the local paper leads with an obituary for local soldier John L. Edwards, who died of wounds sustained in the Battle of Fredericksburg. Poems such as “The Dying Soldier to His Wife” and “Sympathy” [quoted above] reflect the community’s feelings of grief and loss. The grim roll continues throughout the month. Captain Benjamin Burrows travels to Virginia to escort the bodies of Leonard and Chauncey Wilcox, both aged 21, home for the last time. News arrives that John Briggs, age 20, has also died in Virginia of typhoid. Reverend William Kellen, formerly the pastor of the Mystic Bridge Methodist Episcopal Church, writes to his friends in Mystic to announce the death of his son, Sergeant Charles H. Kellen, from wounds he suffered at Fredericksburg. Surely many local families could empathize with the father’s anguished testimonial to “our beloved Charlie,” and be alarmed by Rev. Kellen’s description of the poor medical care his wounded son received.

Happier news arrives from the 26th Regiment, recently landed in New Orleans after a difficult journey from New York that gave the seamen and fishermen in the ranks an opportunity to laugh at many of their officers who were forced to “pay their debts to old King Neptune” during the rough voyage. Despite the confusion and uncertainty of a long and dangerous passage to an unknown destination, the letters from Company K reflect a marvelous sense of wonder at the new world many of these New Englanders are glimpsing for the first time. One correspondent describes the last leg of the voyage up the Mississippi, where both blacks and whites run down to the river bank to cheer and welcome the boys in blue, as “the most delightful trip I ever took.”

[Author’s Sidenote: Some issues are eerily familiar, even after 150 years... On January 30, 1863, the Mystic Lyceum debated the question “Is the daily press of the United States more injurious than beneficial to the public morals?” The question was decided in the affirmative.]

February 1863

The war has brought boom times to Mystic. In mid-February, in a burst of civic pride, H.G. O. Adam, the editor of the Pioneer, publishes a lengthy examination of the state of the local economy, arguing that this era of prosperity “is enjoyed not, we believe, in consequence of the war, but in spite of it.” In fact, Adam is so sure of this that he expresses his hope for “a speedy and righteous peace” to demonstrate that “the prosperity of Mystic would be lasting.”

Shipbuilding is the engine that drives the local economy. The three major yards, Greenman’s, Mallory’s and Maxson & Fish, are fully employed, and have orders waiting “that will test their capacity for rapid and heavy workmanship.” “To be a ship carpenter now, is to have plenty of work and plenty of money, for wages are high and proprietors are prompt,” Mr. Adam of the Pioneer opines, “The machine shops and the boiler works... have more orders for engines and boilers than they want to fill, and employ a large number of hands... Messrs. W. & J. Batty, spar and block makers, are not idle, having to make the spars for all the Mystic built vessels... Ship joiners, caulkers, painters, boat builders, riggers and blacks mallsm all fully employed.” Other manufactories and businesses are impacted as well. Wagons are needed to haul ship timber and coal. The increase in work draws men from other communities to Mystic, making tenements “in great demand,” providing work for local house carpenters, sash and blind factories, and planing mills, and driving up the prices for building lots on both sides of the river. In February 1863, there were eight houses under construction on the Stonington side of the river. In February 1863, there were eight houses under construction on the Stonington side of the river; on the Groton side several more houses and commercial buildings are going up. The market for consumer goods is also strong. The Greenman steam woolen factory is going “full blast.” The meat market and blacksmith shop are busy.

If the war is not responsible for this widespread success, what is? According to the Pioneer, it is the enterprising citizens of Mystic who deserve commendation. “Self-made men, our wealthy citizens have not yet learned to hoard, but venture their capital and meet their reward, while the men of less means, but of sterling business habits, follow on thriftily, and the poor, (if any will own themselves to be so) are blessed with good wages.” Whether in spite of the war or because of it, the economy of the village is thriving.
As mentioned in the article below, the Historical Society’s services and resources are woven into the fabric of our community on many unique and surprising levels. A recent article (12/13/12) by Joe Wojitas in The Day highlights MRHS’ GeoHistorian project - an enterprise spearheaded by our own Cathy Marco - which integrates history and modern technology with hands-on student learning. Online readers can click here or visit theday.com, search for 312139950 and select the result “Students Use New Technology to Tell Old Stories.”

From the Collections Manager  Dorrie Hanna

I’ve started work on the 2012 Annual Report of the Collections Manager, to be submitted to the Board of Trustees, which will include among other facts and figures, a summary of research questions & image requests.

Right now, I have plenty of names and numbers flying around in my head. Hopefully the final report will make sense out of all of them when I get it put together and will document my sense that we had a productive year. As I have been working on it, I’ve noticed something interesting that speaks to the role of MRHS in our community.

Besides requests from students, homeowners, family history folks and the generally curious, we had a significant number of questions from local organizations. Among these were the Mystic Art Center, the Coogan Farm people, the Old Mystic Fire Department, the Groton Streetscape project, the Avalonia Land Conservancy, the Stonington Historical Society, the Road Church and Union Baptist Church.

While we are always happy to assist researchers on many different topics, it is especially rewarding to help out our fellow non-profits and other groups and businesses that are active in our area. It’s all part of what makes Mystic a special place to live with a history worth knowing & sharing.

From Education Outreach  Cathy Mauritz

Letters to local elementary schools will be going out soon regarding registration for our Spring program at Portersville Academy. Our education program includes about a 50 minute reenactment of life in the 1840’s classroom upstairs and an activities hour with a hands-on project in the downstairs. The children experience how lessons were taught back then as well as how school manners and behaviors were practiced by our ancestors. The program usually runs for a few weeks in May and possibly the first two weeks of June. The exact dates have not yet been determined.

This year we are expecting a greater participation due to grant monies available for bus transportation. Anyone interested in volunteering for a few hours in the morning, usually 9:00am to 11:30am on one or more weekdays, should contact Cathy Mauritz at 860-333-4876 or email cemauritz@yahoo.com.
The Board of Trustees of the Mystic River Historical Society met on Monday, November 19, 2012. Board members in attendance were Lou Allyn, Dave Evans, Sally Halsey, Betty O'Donnell, Cathy Marco, Aimee Allaire, Cindy Allyn, Bill Everett, Alan Greener, Stephanie Thorp, Lois Glazier, Cathy Mauritz, Richard Semaaravo, Dave Scott, and Barry Thorp. President Lou Allyn called the meeting to order at 7:05 pm. Minutes of the previous meeting with the inclusion of the Finance Committee report were accepted.

Treasurer’s Report (Barry Thorp): All bills are paid (including payment for contractor services and routine utilities and services); deposits are made (including donations, membership dues, and a transfer made from investment money market to cover expenses); and the checkbook has been reconciled. The Balance Sheet and the P&L Budget vs Actual reports were provided. • The motion carried with L. Glazier moving to accept, C. Allyn seconding.

Finance (David Evans): The final budget for 2013 was submitted, with the Finance Committee’s recommendation to approve. An ongoing discussion addressed the issue of income shortfalls and the need to fund them. A primary source of this funding has been the Society’s endowment. Dave provided an analysis of the impact of annual withdrawals and a prudent approach to making those withdrawals. • Evans moved that the Board accept Version 2.5 of the 2013 Budget as submitted, A. Greener seconded, and the motion carried.

STANDING COMMITTEES

Buildings & Grounds (Alan Greener): Greener thanked everyone who participated in this year’s cleanup day - work was completed in record time, and the Thorps won the prize for largest family group to participate. • The Schoolhouse sustained some paint damage and considerable damage to its gutters due to Superstorm Sandy. Barry Thorp has obtained a quote for damaged gutter replacement and Alan will pursue a second quote. Barry recommended replacing existing fascia boards with aluminum as a practical way to avoid expensive repairs in future and Alan is pursuing the need for Historic District Committee approval of aluminum use. • Alan is awaiting a quote from Allied Snow Removal for winter plowing, and will pursue a second bid if necessary - asking candidates to plow high to avoid removal of gravel. Barry suggested plowing only in the event snowfall exceeds four inches.

Curatorial (Lou Allyn): The Committee has agreed they can manage with the reduced amount for paid staff in FY2013. The Downes Building will be closed Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year’s weeks.

Education/Outreach (Cathy Mauritz): A request was submitted for MRHS to fund a grant program to offset the cost of bus trips for local schools, in order to get more participation from the schools, since the school systems are eliminating or reducing field trips to meet budget goals. Finance Committee has agreed to fund the Education Committee an amount ($500) equivalent to the amount of revenue from participating students; thus making the bus grant program self-supporting.

IT Committee (Stephanie Thorp): The System Manager had performed monthly backups and updates of all computers; that Norton Internet Security software, on expiration, had been replaced by Microsoft Security Essentials; and that all equipment was left in fully functional condition and operating as expected.

Marketing (Sally Halsey): The November program has been advertised & added to electronic calendars and Facebook.

Program & Membership (Aimée Allaire): The Committee met to review speakers for upcoming programs; all remain on track. Almost 40 members attended the October meeting. Norman Brouwer will speak on Nautical Folk Art in November. • The Society has gained seven new members and plans to include an appeal for more support in the January Renewal Drive, with a suggested additional donation of $40 to celebrate MRHS’ 40th birthday. • The committee also discussed ways to feature MRHS’ archives through holding archival workshops and scheduling a program highlighting our collections.

Special Events (Sally Halsey): The Historic Plaque project is moving forward. The committee has identified buildings that they believe should be marked and are contacting the two towns, Groton and Stonington, for permission, including the Groton Historic District Commission. This project is not to the point of developing cost estimates.

Special Project - GeoHistorian Project (Cathy Marco): Data gathering for the project continues in spite of the weather. The November 8 event was rescheduled to November 29, with all volunteers making themselves available once again. Geohistory staff are participating in a program at Mystic Middle School, to discuss downtown locations assigned to the students, as well as volunteers discussing other historical issues as well. Cathy is investigating ways to publicize the launch of the QR Codes project.

~ No unfinished or new business. ~

Next two board meetings are January 14 and February 11 - earlier than normal dates to avoid the holidays.

*There is no December board meeting.

ERRATUM: In the November-December issue of the Portersville Press, the MRHS October Board Meeting Minutes were mistakenly titled as “September Meeting Minutes”. The editor apologizes for any confusion.
In the interest of making MRHS collections available in digital form to the world via the internet, we’ve begun a series to republish archival materials in the newsletter and online.

The first choice is a little pamphlet tied with a red ribbon with the cover “Haley Farm Souvenir.” The title page reads The Haley Farm, Noank, Conn. Near New London, Caleb Haley, Proprietor.” An additional local resource cites a name & date at the end of the document: Walter Hill, October 1898.

In the first installment, the author tells of his invitation to visit Noank from New York and of surveying the operation of Haley Farm. Part two included a visit to Mystic, including Cpt. Williams of the Andrew Jackson, the Cpt. Mason statue, the Fishtown Cemetery and Chester family burial grounds.

We continue with a Sunday visit to the host’s mother in bucolic Center Groton:

Centre Groton consisted of a few houses on a cross-road and proved to be both historical and interesting. It is situated on the main post-road between New York and Boston, and in ante-railway times was the scene of daily battle and traffic; in fact the house to which Whitfield, the great minister of the Gospel, preached to a large crowd, assembled in the garden believed. The Daboll homestead was equally interesting. England Almanac and Farmer’s Friend had been printed and published by the Daboll family, who for generations were noted for mathematical and astronomical ability. In 1895 another generation of this respected and able family passed away in the person of David A. Daboll, A. M., at 82 years, to whom for over 30 years the preparation of the Almanac had been a labor of love. It was here in this interesting hamlet that a revelation began to unfold itself, and I began to understand, as never before, some of the underlying causes for the solidity, resolution and earnestness of the New England character.

At dusk we returned home over Candlewood Hill (more of the wilderness country), so called from having been so often on fire, Mr. H— said, while Mrs. H— thought its name was referable to certain luminous phosphoric lights to be seen at times proceeding from the trunks of certain of the trees— “You pay your money and you take your choice.” When our nimble team of roadsters brought us to the heights over Long Point, the evening being clear, we paused to count the lights and identify them separately, there being 12 lighthouses and lightships visible from that position.

The following morning, being Monday, I took another stroll before breakfast down towards the point where the fresherening breeze was urging the sea to turbulence, a role it seems ever too ready to play, and as I stood watching the billows dashing themselves into spray on the rocks and boulders so plentifully distributed along the shore, or rolling in endless phalanx upon the short stretches of silvery white sand, I fell to wondering what good luck—or bad luck—had kept such beautiful and diversified fore-shores, in this age of improvement, so completely walled to the past, in fact, much as it might have appeared in revolutionary days, except, indeed, as the Shore Line to Boston runs right through it, and as I wondered the breeze seemed to moan more and more sadly among rocks until I fell into abstraction and presently imagined that old Ventosus was answering my mental queries. No—o—o—o (with rising inflexion) Anch—o—-o—o—o—rs (with falling inflexion) in that melancholy voice with which he sometimes calls to us down the chimney—on a stormy Winter’s night. “No anchors!” Abstracted as I was, this seemed to puzzle me the more, and the more I puzzled, the louder and sadder Ventosus seemed to repeat: No—o—o—o Anch—o—-o—o—o—rs.

“Ventosus you’re only fooling,” I almost ejaculated. “No anchors,” indeed! “Too many anchors, mooring the spot to the past would be more likely.” “No—o—o—o Anch—o—-o—o—o—rs” again, with a shrill and extra vehemence that took my hat off and set me running to save my head-gear and myself from an involuntary bath on that first November day. A lucky grab saved us from such unpleasant possibilities; and as I replaced it with a vigorous pull down over my ears, the true meaning of Ventosus flashed on me—it was the fault of the Noankers themselves that their neighborhood was not in the front rank of Sea Shore Mecca’s. For myself I should be contented with the present state of affairs for all time, and feel that I am heartily in accord with the dwellers of Noank, if they are really wedded to the present conditions, for I would choose to end my days amid just such surroundings. “Far from the madding crowd,” for real rest, relaxation, and sea-shore enjoyments, it is about my personal ideal.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. H— ordered out his buggy and invited me to drive with him to Noank for his mail, and to afford me an opportunity to inspect the shipyard at that point—about the one industry of the place, and important enough, at busy times of the year, to employ 450 hands. Many sailing craft used to be built here, but the work is now largely confined to building steamboats, tugs, railroad floats, and repairing of all kinds. I was introduced to Mr. Robert Palmer, the proprietor of the yard, a fine and able man of unassuming manner, who has done a world of good for his town and is beloved & respected by all.

On our return to the Farm we proceeded to the work of wall-building—that being, always in order, and in which I found myself becoming more and more interested, and am thinking there must be something contagious about it. In this connection may be mentioned a sally Mrs. H— made on our visit to Centre Groton, on Sunday. Of course inquiries were made as to how the wall was progressing and I was descanting on the advantages of such a useful hobby, when Mr. H— said, with an appropriate sigh, “That was quite reconciled to Mr. H’s pre-occupation with the wall-building. As long as it didn’t strike in.” At this we all had a pleasant laugh, in which the elder Mrs. Haley joined as heartily as any of us.

Dinner being over and the weather fine and breezy, albeit a little chilly, Mr. H— arranged for Mrs. H—, a young lady visiting at the house for a few days, and myself to drive to Eastern Point, Groton, and to take in generally everything of historic or other interest.

We drove to the village of Pequotnocom, its name suggestive of Indian massacres and legends on and around Eastern Point (the Summer home portion of Groton) to the town proper, an interesting stop on the shores of the historic Thames River, nearby opposite New London. The driver having purchased some needed articles at the store we proceeded to Mother Bailey’s homestead. Here is the story of this woman of national celebrity.
Anna Warner, aged 23, was the adopted daughter of her uncle Edward Mills, who resided 3 miles east of Groton, near Candlewood Hill, before mentioned. On the morning of the massacre at Fort Griswold her uncle proceeded on signal, like so many other unfortunately to the defence of the fort.

The day after the battle, having had no news meantime, Anna went alone on foot to fort, found her uncle wounded and dying, moaning for his wife and children. She hastened home, saddled the horse, put the wife and oldest child upon it, took the youngest child in her own arms and went with them to the dying father. She placed the baby in his arms, thus gratifying his last wish. After peace was declared she married Elijah Baily, subsequently post-master of Groton for 40 years. It was here that the incident that made her famous took place. Decatur and his fleet were closely blockaded by Commodore Hardy, of Trafalgar fame, in full view of Fish's Island. The Americans ran short of gun wadding and boats were ashore lacking for suitable material. All house-bold goods, it appears, had been sent off to places of safety for fear of attack by the hostile fleet. Mrs. B--., coming out of her house, and being acquainted with the state of affairs, loosened the strings of her petticoat, let it drop, and picking it up handed it to the officer in quest of material. This became noised abroad and the name of Mother Baily became a household word. Two or three Presidents visited her here, and her house was the Mecca of numerous prominent men. Undoubtedly this Connecticut Wilderness, however, forbidding and unpromising in other respects, was the ideal soil, on which to raise resolute men and women—dangerous people to fool with, and George of England must have been three times a fool, as well as the third of his name, to attempt to curtail the liberty of, and to coerce a people, who for a hundred and twenty-five years had constantly been engaged in fights with Indians and French, and who had frequently to exchange the plough for a musket and always to have one at hand.

Two or three generations of this kind of training had made self-reliance a common, nay, universal trait among them. Had the British beaten their armies entirely out of the field, it is a question whether this people would ever have been subdued.

And now we were mounting the hill to the Fort—Fort Griswold—a steep ascent, indeed. We are on the top of the hill now and alongside a tall granite column, commemorative of the heroes who fell or were engaged in the battle.

A picturesque cottage of stone stands close to the column, built by the daughters of the revolution, where relics are kept, but it is not these that absorb my attention; but the old fort itself, grass grown and not at all formidable looking as Fortresses go now, and I get out of the carriage; the ladies waiting

October, 1898. WALTER HILL
Dear MRHS Members,

You will soon receive our 2013 membership renewal letter. Be sure to read Jim Kimenker’s message; it reminds us all of the contribution that MRHS makes to the enjoyment and understanding of our local history. As you renew your membership, please consider an additional contribution of $40 (or more?) in celebration of our 40th Anniversary. This money will be used to fund popular new activities such as our GeoHistorian project with 5th and 6th grade students along with other school outreach efforts as well as continued growth in the quantity and quality of our collections database.

Thank you.

The Historical Society regrets the recent passing of MRHS members William Thorp and Dan Fuller.