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Notes from the Editor . . .
To date our readers have not caught us in any major boners, but one slipped through in the Spring issue which we ourselves caught the moment it was too late to correct it. We had dashed off a brief introduction to the picture story on Craftsbury, in the course of which we mentioned the home of Representative Mary Jean Simpson. Of course it was her cousin, Jean W. Simpson, we meant. We know Miss Jean very well; indeed, what makes it worse is that this delightful and widely respected lady is—as a member of the Development Commission—in effect, our boss.
There are no picture story prizes this issue, since the principal picture features in this issue were all prepared under contract by those redoubtable Vermont photographers, Warren Dexter and Mack Derick. Entries for next Summer's issue should be in our hands by October 1.
GOING, GOING, GONE!

The Postboy confesses that when it comes to auctions he is wholly and completely "gone" on them. He admits he is an addict and prejudiced. However a real honest-to-goodness farm auction offers a day of delight to almost anybody who is really human.

There are three things to look out for in order to assure perfection in an auction. In the first place, study the bills which you will usually find generously plastered over the landscape for miles around the focal point. Beware of announcements which offer antiques exclusively under the guise of a farm auction. (Of course we are not warning against the honest sales of antiques at auction or otherwise, but there have been city, yes and country, slickers who have brought in a lot of ancient goods and used the old farm merely as stage setting.) To be sure you are getting the real thing pick an auction where cattle and farm machines of all kinds are offered along with the list of household articles, the family accretions covering several generations. This list naturally includes antiques and generally ends with: "and other articles too numerous to mention."

Next be sure and pick a good auctioneer. If it's a big sale you may be pretty sure one of the tried and true veterans of the auction block will be on hand. Now there are auction schools where the art is taught and the graduates do an excellent job but like any other profession, experience adds much. The follower of this profession must be quick on the trigger, witty, and very wise. He must know something about all of the thousand and one things that have gone to make up the total "too numerous to mention." He must be a psychologist who also knows about cattle and he must have a memory which holds to the last bid while he wanders off into an exchange of witticism with some recalcitrant bidder. In short he must know about innumerable things of all kinds and about people of like infinite variety. A good part of your pleasure in attending an auction will be furnished by the presiding genius who dominates the scene.

Having selected a good farm auction and a good auctioneer about the only other necessary ingredient is the blessing of fair weather. A rain-soaked auction is as much of a washout as a waterlogged picnic. What you do when you get to the scene is of course up to you. At least that's what you think. You are just out to have a good time seeing a lot of people and you have no intention of buying anything. From personal experience the Postboy wishes to warn you that once you get into the swing of a good live auction and come under the spell of a real auctioneer there is no knowing what you will find yourself carting home. For instance:

It was one of last August's hottest days when we set out for what promised to be the kind of auction which had all the ingredients listed above. It was on a farm and there were offered the accumulations of at least three generations of saving Vermonters. The auctioneer was one of the region's favorites and the day was perfect. We went for the express purpose of getting two things greatly desired by Mrs. Postboy—an old mirror suitable for our small hall, and a chest-on-chest. We faithfully tried to carry out this mission, for such it was. At least it afforded a conscience-salving excuse for taking a day off. But in trying for each desired thing the usual happened when an antique is put up. There were the dealers and the usual number of amateur collectors—usually women from the summer colony. In due time the former would reach their limit and drop out leaving the amateurs to fight it out. Often it was scratch as scratch can and the auctioneer was right in his element keeping the rivalry going.

Well, just to prove how little you know about what you are going to bring home. On that hottest day of August, as the sun was setting, we drove into our yard with no chest-on-chest tied to the back of our car and no mirror carefully stowed away on the back seat, to greet the eager gaze of Mrs. Postboy. Instead we first offered as exhibit "A" a genuine Buffalo Robe. Now anybody knows that the noble buffalo has been so near extinction for many years that this was something rich and rare. But it did not look just as it had when the auctioneer had displayed it, as we spread it out on the lawn. There were numerous spots where the buffalo was sadly in need of an application of hair tonic. Mrs. Postboy drew near. "It smells!" she said. It was no slang figure of speech she was uttering either.

Our next treasure likewise failed to elicit any show of enthusiasm. Perhaps she feared that unlike the rare bit of fur which we expected to resell at a profit, this other antique would be expected to adorn the hearth in our livingroom. It was a homemade "bee smoker." To ease the disappointment over the missing mirror and chest-on-chest, we went into the theory and practice of obtaining honey from the cache of the wild bee and the part that this very rare smoke blower played in such a delightful autumn pursuit. Seeing that our efforts were not receiving much attention we were about to enlarge on the subject when we recalled that honey is the one thing of all others that acts as a very real and active poison on Mrs. Postboy's system. It isn't just any simple allergy either. We are still attending auctions in the hope that in due time we may bag a mirror and a chest-on-chest.

Then too there are other things one may find at auctions which are quite as unexpected as those we have mentioned above. We attended an auction in Pawlet not long ago and there Anne Warner, the well known short story writer, found something absolutely unique. The odd thing was she didn't make a single bid although we noticed she was much interested in a most unmusical music-box which was finally knocked down to a pleasant looking young man. When Anne Warner left, all she had in her hand was an empty pop bottle. Some months later there was a very delightful story in one of our most popular magazines. It was written by Anne Warner. The title was THE MUSIC BOX. So you see you never can tell what you may bring home from a real country auction.

VERMONT Life
CARTOTTO PORTRAIT OF COOLIDGE, in the Vermont State House
Although Calvin Coolidge left Vermont to enter Amherst College at the age of nineteen and was from that time on a resident of the neighboring Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he remained a Vermonter in spirit to the end of his days. With his wiry nervous body and dry nasal voice, he could hardly conceal his origins. As soon as he was free for a vacation, he returned to Plymouth Notch, to the surroundings of his childhood, and contentedly settled down again on the farm. John Spargo, speaking on January 17, 1933, in the State Capitol, declared of Coolidge, "He was Vermont incarnate!" Whenever he was in high office, in Boston or Washington, he was nostalgic for the countryside where he was born. When he said, with a rare outburst of emotion, "I love the hills!", he meant Old Notch and Mounts Ambrose and Killington.

Much both caustic and complimentary has been said from time to time about the Yankee; and Calvin Coolidge, in his virtues and his idiosyncrasies, was a typical representative of the breed. Among his noteworthy traits was his simple way of living. He cared nothing for display and not very much for comfort. Not until after he became President did the family homestead contain any "new-fangled" plumbing. Off the bedroom occupied by the President and his wife was a smaller one for Miss Aurora Pierce, the housekeeper, who each morning crept silently out through the Coolidge chamber down to the kitchen, the recognized center of the house. Calvin Coolidge was not troubled because the Notch had none of the luxuries and few of the conveniences of modern civilization. He loved it for quite other reasons, outlined once in a speech charged with more than ordinary feeling:

Vermont is my birthright. Here one gets close to nature, in the mountains, in the brooks, the waters of which hurry to the sea; in the lakes, shining like silver in their green setting; fields tilled, not by machinery, but by the brain and hand of man. My folks are happy and contented. They belong to themselves, live within their incomes, and fear no man.

Coolidge had in his blood not only the simplicity but also the rugged independence of Vermont. From the days of Colonel Stark and the Green Mountain Boys, Vermonters have preserved what Burke called "a fierce spirit of liberty" and have stood resolutely on their own feet. After he started the practice of law in Northampton, Calvin Coolidge never owed anybody a cent, and his father, Colonel John C. Coolidge, who lived in Plymouth from the cradle to the grave, accumulated a small fortune in savings bank books, always available as a reserve in case he needed it,—which he never did! Vermonters, as I have observed them, have a very conscious pride, and the Coolidges were no exceptions.

Vermonters have usually been conservative in their tastes and their politics. Did they not vote in 1936 for "Alf" Landon, in that one-sided election during which it was said that, if Landon had made two more speeches, Roosevelt would have carried Canada? Calvin Coolidge liked familiar paths and well-worn roads, distrusted innovations, and had an ineradicable respect for authority and tradition. His public utterances, throughout his life, stressed his belief in law and order, his faith in the democratic principle, his trust in the Federal Constitution, his confidence in the capitalistic system. He did not like change. Although he was aware of the tremendous social and economic transformations going on around him, especially in the 1920's, he felt that humanity's fundamental objectives are well-known and permanent. Almost his last utterance, in the stormy December of 1932, was, "We are in a new era to which I do not belong, and it would not be possible for me to adjust myself to it." Like most of his neighbors in Plymouth and Bridgewater, he never voted any but the Republican ticket. Once when he was rocking in his chair on the porch at Plymouth, a group of sight-seers came around the corner and one of them said in a loud voice, "Well, I don't think much of this place!" The President merely said to his wife, "Democrats!" The contempt in his tone was obvious.

Like most Vermonters, also, Coolidge was as frugal in his speech as he was in his manner of living. Taciturnity is possibly the consequence of loneliness, but it is also associated with caution,—a conviction that garrulous people get themselves into trouble. Walter Hard, the authentic voice of Vermont, has a "man of a few words" say to a talkative "hired man":

"Sol, did you ever stop to think Every time a sheep blats it loses a mouthful?"

Coolidge confided to Dwight F. Davis, "You know, Mr. Secretary, I have found in the course of a long public life that the things I did not say never hurt me."

Friends of his have confessed that his prolonged silences were often unnerving. Frank W. Stearns, his mentor and backer, was at first greatly disturbed by his candidate's apparent lack of cordiality.

"If you could only give visitors a pleasant smile, even without speaking," he advised, "it would make the trick complete—and you can do it, because you sometimes do!"
It may not be that Calvin Coolidge will go down in history as one of our country's greatest Presidents, but the manner in which he succeeded to the office of chief executive of this nation remains one of the most highly dramatic incidents in the history of this nation.

When Calvin Coolidge, just an average American who was born on a Vermont farm, studied law and became a Mayor, then a Governor and finally Vice President of his country, faced his 78-year-old farmer father across a marble-topped table in a lamp-lighted sitting room of a Plymouth, Vt., farmhouse and slowly repeated after the old gentleman the solemn words of the oath prescribed for the President of the United States, to become the 30th President of the nation, this was not only drama but it was democracy in operation in America.

This incident, unique in the history of the world, will be commemorated throughout the Country in general and at the Coolidge homestead in Vermont in particular on this third of August, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the event.

During the past quarter of a century Plymouth has become a veritable American shrine and annually thousands visit the tiny village to see the house and the room where the 30th American President was inaugurated by his father.

Of all the treasured recollections of those who were in any way associated with Calvin Coolidge, none is more highly prized than that of the writer, who, as an obscure country newspaper reporter, scooped the world with the story for The Associated Press of Coolidge's homestead inauguration. Suddenly and without premeditation he found himself the only newspaperman to actually witness the administration of the oath of office to the chief executive's own father in the wee hours of the hot, sultry morning of August 3, 1923.

On the night of August 2, 1923, Warren G. Harding, the 29th president of the United States, was ill on the Pacific coast. The vice president was vacationing with his family at the old family home in the hills of Plymouth.

The three great United States news services knew the seriousness of Mr. Harding's condition, and this is especially true of The Associated Press whose staff man with the Harding party was none other than keen and able Stephen J. Early, later press secretary to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. As a result, the news agencies had assigned staff men to be near Coolidge "just in case," and these men were established at the Okemo Tavern in Ludlow, 12 miles from Plymouth. The Associated Press had on the Plymouth assignment, from time to time during Mr. Harding's illness, John B. Knox and William Playfair of the Boston Bureau and Francis Stephenson from the Washington Bureau. Also among the Plymouth repotorial corps were representatives of the competing services, the United Press, International News Service and Universal Service, as well as staff men from the

Colonel John Coolidge and son.

Times in New York and the Washington Post. It was not too difficult a working assignment—neither was it a particularly desirable and pleasant one for the boys.

Ludlow was a small town and a mighty quiet town. Prohibition had all of America in its grip, but after a day in the hot sun at Plymouth, watching Mr. Coolidge help in the hay field and stroll along the dusty roads, and stories had been filed, it was not impossible to have a few hours of worldly and "off-the-record" relaxation around a poker table with refreshments obtained from a nearby drug store by authority of a doctor's prescription.

The night of August 2-3, 1923, was hot and sultry. Hardly a breadth of air was stirring and on the porch of a commercial hotel in Springfield, Vermont, some 30 miles south of Plymouth, four men sat and chatted. The eldest of the quartet was Porter H. Dale, a congressman from the Second Vermont District, who was "campaigning" for the nomination—which is tantamount to election in rock-ribbed Republican Vermont—for the United States Senate to succeed William P. Dillingham.

The second porch sitter was Herbert P. Thompson, commander of the Springfield American Legion Post. Senator Dale championed the cause of the ex-servicemen in Washington and in return was warmly supported by them. L. L. Lane of Chester, Vt., was the third member of our group. Lane was a railway mail clerk and president of the New England Division of the Railway Mail Clerks' Association; Congressman Dale was a friend of the post-office boys, too, and the Congressman's candidacy accounted, of course, for Lane's presence that night. The fourth man on the porch was the writer who was editor of the weekly Springfield Reporter and string correspondent of The Associated Press' Boston Bureau.

Around midnight it was rumored about the hotel that President Harding had died. Some radio enthusiast had picked up the flash on his old time crystal set. None of the group on the porch took the report too seriously until a moment or two later I was summoned to the hotel telephone by a call from the late G. B. Littlefield, correspondent in charge of the Boston Bureau of the A.P.

"Harding is dead. Get a car and shoot up to Plymouth as fast as you can get there and lend Bill and John a hand," was the curt command that came over the wire. Then he added, "if you fellows get anything worthwhile, tie up a wire to Boston, even if you have to do it from Rutland or Springfield, but keep a wire open to this office. There's only one telephone in Plymouth and already this has been commandeered by the government."

I repeated my instructions to my porch companions. Thompson dashed across the street and was back in a flash with Dan Barney, local taxi driver who had the largest and fastest car in town. In less time than it takes to tell it, Dale, Lane, Thompson and I were enroute to Plymouth via Ludlow figuratively and actually in a cloud of dust.

What a ride it was! Dan had the throttle right down to the floor boards and that meant a plus 60 m.p.h., on tangents, on the winding road that follows the Black River to Ludlow. Dan was pretty considerate of his car and passengers on the many curves, however, for he really did cut about 10 miles per hour off the speed when rounding them, usually on not more than two wheels.

A president might be dead and a new president was surely in the making. That we all were sure of, but the fact that he was still a candidate never left the mind of shrewd old Porter Dale. At such times as he could catch his breath in the speeding...
COOLIDGE HOME (above) was setting for the simple ceremony when Coolidge took the presidential oath.

STORE (right) was originally built by Calvin's father. President was born in the rear wing, now much altered.

COOLIDGE HOME (above) was setting for the simple ceremony when Coolidge took the presidential oath.

STORE (right) was originally built by Calvin's father. President was born in the rear wing, now much altered.

PRESIDENTIAL OATH

25 years ago this August Calvin Coolidge took the oath of office as President in his native village of Plymouth.

By JOE H. FOUNTAIN


“A beat for you that will make you and a break for me,” I heard at one time. How?” I questioned. Piecemeal, I finally got what the Senator-to-be had in mind. If Dan’s car held together so that we could get to Plymouth and if we were still able to walk and talk, when we arrived, Dale would try and persuade Mr. Coolidge to immediately take the oath of office, this to be administered by his father as a notary public. “This country is without a president,” Dale insisted.

Mr. Dale was right and his plan was a beauty—if it worked but it was a long shot. It was almost too far-fetched to be possible. By this time we had reached Ludlow. The village was wrapped in darkness. “Stop at the hotel, Dan,” I shouted at the driver. I dashed into the hotel, found that Playfair and Knox had left with the other reporters for Plymouth. Then back to Dan’s throbbing four-wheeled beast and we were again tearing through the night over a curving, narrow dirt road that wound around Lake Echo, through valleys which in Vermont we call “gulfs” and so on to Plymouth.

On a particularly bad curve, a blinding pair of headlights wavering on a distant hill warned of an approaching car. We stopped. The driver of the other car, similarly warned, had done likewise, so when the two cars came to a stop they were directly opposite. Two heads emerged from the two cars, one was John Knox’s and the other mine. I rapidly told John what Littlefield’s instructions were and he replied “there’s no use going on, Joe. We’ve just left there and Mr. Coolidge has gone to bed. He gave us a statement in charge of the public telephone station a big stove which made one perspire just on the side door, aroused Colonel Coolidge to whom the message and delivered it to his son.

The President and Mrs. Coolidge dressed and came downstairs. Shortly thereafter, Geiser said, the reporters including my associates, Bill Playfair and John Knox, arrived and were handed Mr. Coolidge’s statement of sympathy and condolence. The President indicated at the time, Mr. Geiser said, that he would leave for Washington in the morning and there take the oath of office.

I could occasionally hear Dale’s persuasive voice chanting “the country is without a president, Mr. Coolidge.” It was at this stage of the proceedings that the president’s father came into the “sitting room.” He walked to the table in the center of the room and as he did so, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Dale joined him, as I did at a nod from Dale.

“Father, Mr. Dale thinks I should immediately take the oath of office. You are still a notary, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Cal, I am,” his father replied.

That’s all there was to it. Mr. Coolidge summoned Mr. Geiser instructing him to get Ted Clarke, who was to become the official presidential secretary, on the telephone and have Clarke check with Chief Justice William Howard Taft not only as to form but particularly the legality of a notary public administering the oath of office to the President of the United States.

Typical of kindly Pater Coolidge, was an answer he subsequently gave to an inquisitive visitor at the old farm who asked him: “How did you know you could administer the Presidential oath to your own son?” The father replied: “I didn’t know that I couldn’t.”

There was a gleam of victory in the eyes of Porter Dale. Both he and I were winning. In the general discussion that followed Geiser’s departure, with Calvin Coolidge a good listener, Mrs. Coolidge ventured to ask if Mr. Coolidge shouldn’t wait until the other newspapermen returned before taking the oath.

A slight smile came to his lips, and throwing a quick glance at me, he re-
marked: “Well, I think our young friend here will be perfectly willing to make the event known through The Associated Press.”

It was but a few minutes after this that Secretary Geiser returned from the village store to report that efforts were being made to complete the Washington call. Mr. Coolidge secured his hat, turned to Mr. Dale and me and asked “Shall we go over?” as he left the room. We walked over to the store, less than one hundred yards distant, with Mr. Lane and Mr. McNerney trailing along behind. Mr. Coolidge, incidentally, was born in one of the rooms in the rear of this very same store building.

It was when we reached the store that the famous “Moxie” incident occurred.

Mr. Coolidge had been inspecting with great intensity a display of shredded wheat and other cereals on a shelf near the telephone instrument which was affixed to a singularly bare spot on the wall adjoining the grocery shelves. He turned to Mr. Dale; in fact no matter in which direction he turned could he have missed the senator-to-be, and, then shifting his gaze to the writer who was at the moment wondering if a coconut bar would taste good at two o’clock in the morning, and remarked “It’s a hot night.”

Dale and I agreed that it was, the Congressman apparently taking the remark as his cue for a torrent of words dealing with plans for the morrow and the writer with a suppressed and abashed “yes.”

Then turning to Miss Cilley, who was hovering about doing nothing in particular but everything in general, the president-to-be asked her if she had some “cold soft drinks.” She produced some “Moxie.”

Mr. Coolidge took his glass first, raised it to his lips and sampled it. It must have tasted good for he then took a good, healthy drink of it. The Congressman followed suit with the writer bringing up in the rear. Both the congressman and I agreed it was perfectly fine. “It just hits the spot on a night like this,” Mr. Dale beamed. Again I said a dutiful “yes” thinking of the other newspaper boys and their “Moxie” at the Ludlow hotel. To be perfectly frank I don’t think there is a doubt in the world that Congressman Dale or I would have ventured to criticize that drink if it had been kerosene that night. At any rate we finished the drinks in pregnant silence.

Never before having associated informally with vice presidents, much less men who were to become presidents in the matter of minutes, the Vermont newspaperman didn’t know what to do about the paying end of this early morning refreshment interlude. Neither did the Congressman, apparently, because, as I recall, there was no great contest on either of our parts to be first on the counter with fifteen cents. Mr. Coolidge himself did not show any particular enthusiasm or haste in this part of the program so after what seemed hours, the 30th president of the United States slowly reached for his left hip pocket.

Action, I thought, watching in fascination. “Let’s see what happens.”

Slowly and deliberately his left hand returned from the depth of that hip pocket and in it was a small leather change purse; the kind our adults used to get for us to carry our street car fare in in the trolley car days. Holding the change purse firmly in his left hand, the right hand opened the change compartment.

By this time both Mr. Dale and I were frankly intrigued—no, fascinated is a better word. For my part I could hardly believe my eyes. Here was the nation’s number one citizen doing a most human thing; carrying his change in a pocketbook even as you and I.

With the same deliberation that marked his every physical action, he fingered the loose change in the purse and carefully removed a single coin.

With an equally unhurried motion he carefully deposited this coin on the counter beside the three empty glasses. Congressman Dale’s eyes and those of mine were glued on that shiny coin on the counter.

It was a solitary nickel in payment of Mr. Coolidge’s own drink of Moxie.

Dale stepped back from the counter bumping into me, and he was so surprised with what he had witnessed that I had no difficulty in beating him to the draw and depositing my own thin dime on the counter to cover the two other drinks.

These are the facts of the “Moxie Story.” Afterwards, Mr. Dale and I frequently recalled the occasion and we both wondered if Mr. Coolidge in his own way had not enjoyed a quiet chuckle over our embarrassment and my expense.

Upon the return to the house, Mr. Coolidge immediately called his secretary who was in the kitchen with Father Coolidge, who had shaved for the occasion. The president-to-be dictated the form of the presidential oath that he had confirmed over the telephone and asked Geiser to type it in triplicate. Geiser left, returning in a few minutes with the three typewritten copies. Mr. Coolidge carefully inspected the original after passing a carbon duplicate to Mr. Dale, who held it out so I could read it with him. It was the accepted form of the presidential oath that had been administered first to George Washington and to 28 of Washington’s (Continued on page 55)
TOWN OF PLYMOUTH, sleeping amongst the green hills, is still much as Coolidge knew it, even to the little white church where he worshipped (below). He rests today, next to his father and his son, in the Plymouth cemetery (left).
Plymouth Pilgrimage

Annually thousands journey to the little town of Plymouth to pay their tribute to the memory of a Yankee President.

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

PLYMOUTH is a better topic for an informal meditation than a scientific analysis. One could collect an impressive array of analytical data, ranging from population (432) to the area of the town (27,249 acres), and then examine every square foot of that area and every soul in it, past and present, and then by no means discover even a faint answer to the questions, What is Plymouth? and Why is it significant? The things of the human spirit transcend all slide rules, no matter how minute their scales may be.

I prefer, for my present purpose anyway, the method of meditation. Here we have a small village hidden away among the mountains, miles from railroads or large centers; yet Destiny, passing through the great cities of America, traveled these winding roads, by the little farms, into the village of Plymouth, and there marked for lasting fame as a President of the United States a small farm-boy by the name of Coolidge. Why? No one knows; but one does recall in his meditating that the famous leaders of men never seem to have come from the crowded cities; they have come from the small towns and villages of earth; and a list of them, beginning, say, with Lincoln, born on a farm near Hodgenville, Kentucky, would cover pages and pages, and end with Christ, born in Bethlehem of Judea.

Standing near the little white church in the village, the thoughtful visitor will not only ponder the theme I have casually mentioned, but he will have occasion to ponder many others. The American people, without any fanfare or trumpet-blowing, seem to have made this village with its memories of Coolidge a shrine in their memories and hearts if not in any outward way. Discounting the human and reasonable curiosity of the sight-seer and the wandering tourist, who have journeyed to Plymouth by the thousands—in one year in the late thirties the visitors numbered 50,000, according to estimates that seem to me accurate—one may reach through a little investigation the conviction that thousands of others travel to the little village for an unannounced but no less sincere purpose of recalling an American, not only a President, who was and is appreciated for the ideals for which he stood in a world that seems to have drifted far from them.

I recall, for instance, on one of my visits a chat with a visitor from a far western state. He said very simply in answer to my query: “I wanted my boys to see the place where a real American grew up—and the real America, too, is right here in Plymouth.” I did not annoy him with questions, but I am certain of his thought: here in this village he found the symbol of the Common Man—the American who has really made America with his hands, his tools, and his common-sense. I do remember that my passing acquaintance mentioned a sentence by Coolidge in which he defended his Vermont people thus—“They have performed little tasks in the light of great principles.” That sentence, I feel too, deserves immortality with many other quiet sentences that he spoke or wrote.

Other factors, of course, enter into the interest that the village and memories of Coolidge have for visitors from near and far—each one in the light of his own interest and purpose doing his own “meditating.” Suffice it to say, that a few thoughtful Vermont leaders recognized the permanent appeal that the village as the home of Coolidge would have for generations, and they organized the Coolidge Pilgrimage Society. Each year, on the Sunday nearest August 3rd, the
day on which the Vice-President took the oath of office as President, the Society arranges a pilgrimage to Plymouth. The program usually includes a visit to the President's grave and exercises in the little white church where the President worshipped. The speakers are chosen from those who in background, experience, or through study are able to reflect the Coolidge spirit and his contributions to our American philosophy of living and government.

The general mood and tone of the Pilgrimages, I am glad to say, is in keeping with the serene surroundings of village and mountains. Those who attend are free to visit the Coolidge homestead, the room where Coolidge was born in the building which houses the village store, the cheese factory in which he was a stockholder, his church, and then the little hillside cemetery where the President rests among generations of his people. The ceremonies are free from commotion and hullabaloo so often found where American crowds assemble; and I believe that those who make the pilgrimage carry away memories that far outlast memories of gatherings where the Vermont mood was absent.

A typical pilgrimage with an added feature was that of August 8th, 1942; and a brief description of it may help readers to sense what the pilgrimage is. Lieutenant Governor Mortimer Proctor gave the principal address, and other speakers included the late Governor William H. Wills, Leon S. Gay, president of the Vermont Historical Society, Henry A. Stoddard, Master of the State Grange, and the Hon. Ernest A. Spear of Woodstock. Long before the time of the ceremonies, 2 o'clock, P.M., the cars began to assemble and the church pews fill. At the time the exercises began, the little church was crowded, cars were thick around the church and in the street—nineteen states were represented—and the available space inside and out was packed with pilgrims. The hymns included not only "America" but the noble and fitting "Faith of Our Fathers." Each unit of the program was in tune with the significance of the occasion; and the visitor with any sense of his surroundings must have felt not only the meaning and dignity of the exercises but the far deeper implications of such a pilgrimage.

Senator Spear's leadership by twenty-six Windsor County Granges and a few friends.

As I have implied in these informal comments, the theme of the Pilgrimages, even if at times not too clearly expressed, does lie close to the Americanism that was at the heart of Coolidge's life and thought and work. He spoke for millions of Americans, I feel, who do not change with the changing winds of passing political philosophies. Coolidge believed in the common man, for he was one of them; and their hard commonsense and good judgment still speak through his words. When he said, "The people have to bear their own responsibilities. There is no method by which that burden can be shifted to the Government," he was speaking a truth forever and finally true in a democracy. When he said, "The Constitution represents a government of law. There is only one other form of authority, and that is government by force. Americans must make their choice between these two. One signifies justice and liberty; the other, tyranny and oppression," he was saying in simple Vermont style what others have taken volumes to say—and his words are desperately true in these fateful hours in America and the world.

When he turned at Bennington and looked northward toward his native hills while on his journey back to Washington and the increasing and difficult problems facing him as the President of the United States, he thought of Plymouth and said: "It was here I first saw the light of day; here I received my bride; here my dead lie pillowed on the loving breast of the everlasting hills"; and when he added these words, "If the spirit of liberty should vanish in other parts of the Union, and support of our institutions should languish, it could be replenished from the generous store held by the people of this brave little State of Vermont," he was not speaking for or to Vermonters alone, but to all to whom a homeland is dear, to all to whom simplicity and honesty of living, devotion to duty, faith in men and in democracy, are realities and not fictions that go with shifting creeds and wavering issues of a confused day.

No doubt there are profounder meanings in Plymouth, in the Pilgrimage, in Coolidge's love for his native village and the people there than I have sketched in this brief "meditation." Perhaps, the deepest one of all can be symbolized without comment in the immortal words of Ruth, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."
“Vermont is a state I love.

“I could not look upon the peaks of Ascutney, Killington, Mansfield and Equinox without being moved in a way that no other scene could move me.

“It was here that I first saw the light of day; here I received my bride; here my dead lie pillowed on the loving breast of our everlasting hills.

“I love Vermont because of her hills and valleys, her scenery and invigorating climate, but most of all, because of her indomitable people. They are a race of pioneers who have almost beggared themselves to serve others. If the spirit of liberty should vanish in other parts of the union and support of our institutions should languish, it could all be replenished from the generous store held by the people of this brave little state of Vermont.”

—from the Museum of the Vermont Historical Society
HISTORIC BENNINGTON

By EUPHA BONHAM

Earth and her waters, and the depths of the air—
Comes a still voice—"

A picture of this Valley was used on a publication of the United Nations and labeled "A Picture of Peace."

With a white birch here and a church steeple over there and, on beyond, farm lands stretching softly up to the woodland of pines one cannot escape, as he drives the six miles into Bennington, the feeling that Vermont is a Way of Life.

To get a brief acquaintance with the highlights of the town's history and its principal industries, the visitor should take a tour of the main streets and enjoy the old houses with their beautiful doorways and simple lines. Leaving Putnam Hotel by way of North Street (Route 7), he soon approaches the Vermont State Soldiers' Home with its deer park and Hunt's Fountain, which was built in 1886 by Seth Hunt on his birthplace. This highest natural jet fountain in the world,—196 feet, is fed from a reservoir of pure spring water on Bald Mountain. From almost any spot in the village of Bennington one can lift his eyes to this very intimate part of the Green Mountains, or, if he is really ambitious, he can hike to its summit and look out over the lowlands, tracing for himself the way of those early settlers of the 1760's as they made their paths through the wooded hills and valleys.

Following Route 7 to the first traffic signal where he should take 67A the traveler, on his way to the Stone House and Battlefield Park, passes the Paper Mill and the Polygraphic Company. Completed in 1834 the charming Stone House is the delight of more than a hundred visitors a day (from foreign countries as well as America) throughout the summer and fall months. The property of H. T. Cushman Mfg. Co., it is a display of Cushman Colonial Creations. This furniture, finished in the soft flowing, mellow Cushman maple finish, with softly rounded edges and corners gives a beautiful and unusual decorative effect.
STEPHEN FAY'S "CATAMOUNT TAVERN" in Old Bennington served as a gathering place for the Green Mountain Boys. Its substantial bulk, devoid of ornament, is typical of pioneer taverns (where the objective was to gain a maximum of interior space with a minimum of exterior embellishment). It is shown here at the time of Jefferson and Madison's visit to Bennington. (Painting by Roy Williams)

OLD HENRY HOUSE (1769) is said to have been identical with Seth Warner's house nearby. It differs radically in its architecture from the local colonial pattern. It stands next to the famous old covered bridge.

PARSON JEDEDIAH DEWEY'S HOUSE (1763) is probably the oldest existing frame house in the state. It stands simple and four-square, with its massive central chimney.
OLD ACADEMY is typical of substantial brick architecture of the early period of Vermont building.

WALLOOMSAC INN is one of the oldest taverns, though greatly changed through the years.

OLD STONE HOUSE in North Bennington now houses the Cushman maple furniture exhibits.

MONUMENT AVENUE in Old Bennington is lined with examples of fine old colonial homes.

BENNINGTON MUSEUM, under its presiding genius John Spargo, has expanded from the old Catholic Church (right wing) into two new stone additions (center and left).
From the Stone House one continues into North Bennington where he takes Route 67 to the Bennington Battlefield which is today a memorial park commemorating that battle of long ago, August 16, 1777, which marked one of the Nation's first milestones in preserving individual liberty. Much was argued about the name of this battlefield and the location of the Monument which is in Old Bennington, where were located the Continental Storehouses the Red Coasts were after. One would-be-humorous historian has said that the Battle of Bennington was fought on New York State land, under a New Hampshire Commander—General John Stark—with at least one big division of Massachusetts men. But anyone familiar with Colonial History knows that it was the Green Mountain Boys and their surprise tactics which kept those Red Coats from getting into Bennington.

Leaving the Battlefield on Baum Hill and making his way back to North Bennington, the traveler should turn left at the library, go up the hill to the gates and enter the Bennington College grounds where he will see a modern, progressive girls' college with a beautiful campus and colonial buildings. The old red barn of the Frederick Jennings Estate is today the extensive college library, the carriage barn is used as a dance studio, and the mansion itself is now Jennings Hall, performing Arts center.

Exiting by the lower gates he should cross the highway which is 67A onto a dirt road and drive through the old red covered wooden bridge named for Governor Moses Robinson who lived nearby; then proceeding South and taking the left at the top of the hill he will, after about a mile of quiet country road, come out at the Bennington Battle monument in Old Bennington.

Erected in 1886-1889, this monument, 302 feet high, is the tallest battle monument in the world and affords the climber, at its near 200 feet lookout, a magnificent view. Towering above the villages of the town this grey stone seems, somehow, to symbolize the magnificent leadership of the men who have guided its history for almost two centuries, men who have had the courage to preserve its liberty at any price.

Down the hill, bearing right at the Catamount Statue (near this statue was located the Catamount Tavern so named from the stuffed Vermont catamount standing on the sign board of the Inn, facing West and "Grinning defiance to the State of New York") one passes the Walloomsac Inn and the William L. Garrison marker. Along Monument Avenue are many lovely old houses dating back to colonial days. Across the parkway is the Old First Church and cemetery, Vermont's Colonial Shrine. Restored to its original arrangement, this church is one of the oldest in Vermont and America, and visitors are awed by its simplicity and unusual beauty. In its church yard are buried many patriots including five of the State's governors.

Nearby, halfway down the hill toward the village, is the Historical Museum containing, among its many valuable collections, the oldest known stars and stripes flag carried by troops of General Stark at the Battle of Bennington, and a varied collection of Bennington pottery, one of the town's most important industries of the 19th century. More than 29,000 visitors, last year, called at this veritable storehouse of Bennington history.

Bennington has many industries including manufacturing woolen cloth, cotton and rayon underwear, brushes, wax paper, fancy wrappings, knitting machines and needles for same, and many other items. Perhaps its newest and most colorful or glamorous industry is plastics. "Krene" brand plastic products are produced in Bennington by National Carbon Company Incorporated. "Krene" plastic fabric from which "Krene" products are made is a mixture of coal, salt, limestone and water. Starting with flour-like resin powder, pigments and other synthetic chemicals, the plastic fabric is calendered, printed,—and fabricated into shower curtains, bathroom window cur-
tains, table cloths, rain wear, yard goods, shelf edging and other attractive consumer products.

Among the gifts to Bennington by public spirited individual citizens are the Bennington Free Library and the H. W. Putnam Memorial Hospital. Organized in 1865 in an upstairs room, with a collection of books from Seth B. Hunt and money from Trenor Park, the Library had a very unpretentious beginning. In 1935 the present building on Silver Street, the gift of Trenor Park, was built, and today the librarians are kept busy serving the many townspeople and visitors who enter its beautiful white doorway.

To Henry W. Putnam's public spirit and philanthropy the town is indebted for the Bennington Village Water-works. In 1916 Henry W. Putnam, Jr. erected the Hospital in memory of his father and, at his own death in 1938, left it generously endowed. The revenue, over and above the expense of operating the water system also goes to the hospital. From its elevated grounds, entered on Weeks Street, one gets a lovely view of Bennington.

Just above the Putnam Hotel on South Street and in the area of the Village Courthouse and white marble Post Office is the Bennington Girls' Club. The building, built in 1844, and known as the Old Stone Blacksmith Shop was later purchased by the town which organized the Girls' Club Association for the recreation, education, and social betterment of the young women of the community.

During the second world war this grey stone building was the control center for Bennington's Civilian Defense, and more recently it has, in cooperation with the Girls' Club, become the center for Bennington's youth program known as "Teen Town."

The Bennington Drama Festival Inc. is the town's newest civic enterprise. Headed by Harold Shaw, this organization plans a winter and summer program of drama and of good music for the townspeople. Beginning June 28th and lasting for eight weeks, the 1948 summer festival, with headquarters in the Bennington High School Building, will offer, as one of its features, Ellis Charles as the Dauphin in "Joan of Lorraine." Charles, who played the part opposite Diana Barrymore on tour, will also direct this one production.

Summer, Winter, Spring or Fall beckons the traveler to Historic Bennington to absorb the charm of its past as well as to visualize its future.
VERMONT Farming and Living

By VREST ORTON

Photography by WARREN DEXTER

SINCE our rugged forefathers laid down their rifles and their axes in a long struggle for land and freedom Vermonters have settled down as a peaceful and pastoral people. The 19th century record of standing ahead of all other states in sheep culture and in the production of butter and cheese has given the indelible impression that all Vermonters are farmers by trade. This belief has been strengthened by the very appearance of things. The state's attractive topography with its wooded rolling hills, green upland pastures, and rich watered and cultivated valleys is indeed the very essence of a traditional and idyllic pastoral way of life.

Land use surveys show a similar picture. There are 5,937,920 acres in the state and, in 1945, 3,930,514 of these were listed as farmlands. This is roughly four out of every six acres. The census lists, in that same year, 26,490 farms. Where farming is the major interest, this last figure would probably run to 20,000.

Vermont is also an important milk shed for Boston, and some milk goes to New York city. Fluid milk, our main agricultural economy, reached a total production in 1947 of a million and a half pounds. That same year Vermont farmers took in $109,443,000 cash for farm products.

However, the majority of our people is no longer engaged in farming as a business. Today there are approximately 7,000 less farms than there were in 1900, and nearly one million less acres listed as farm lands.

If we can assume four or five persons to a family, our population of nearly 360,000 souls composes about 75,000 families, and with one family to a farm, it is simple to calculate that less than one third of Vermonters live by farming.

Still and all, whilst farming is no longer the chief pursuit, farming is I think the more typical Vermont way of life. There are thousands who do not call themselves farmers because they do not make a living that way but they do live a farming way of life. They live near villages or towns or in small villages and have jobs for cash income, but do keep a cow or two, some hens, a couple pigs, and always have a good garden. This very considerable group added to those who actually live by farming would show, I believe, that the majority of Vermonters really live a rural way of life.

According to some folk's notion of what urban life is, we are all rural because our largest city is still under 30,000.

Today there are nearly 360,000 people in Vermont, which is about as big as a fair sized mid-western city. In Vermont also live 433,000 cattle, which has long given rise to the rumor that we have more cows than people. However, we only house 296,000 cows—cattle include lots more than cows. There are oxen, bulls, calves, beef critters. Livestock statistics for 1948 reveal 58,000 heifers, 36,000 horses and colts, 22,000 hogs, and 12,000 sheep and lambs. This animal population can not fail to give to the casual observer the impression that our country-side is crowded with four-footed creatures . . . and that Man is in the very lowest brackets.

What I am really driving at is this: the chief product of Vermont farms is not animals and what the animals give, but human beings. Regardless of whether it is a one-man farm like Kenneth Walker's in Weston, or a large milk producing plant like John Pratt's of Clarendon (both of which we show in pictures here) the important and to me most interesting feature of this way of life is the sort of people it turns out.

Let me tell you a little about Kenneth Walker's one man farm. Walker has about 200 acres which includes a sizable sugar bush and wood lot. He keeps about 50 head of stock, and milks 14 cows. The average number of milk cows for a one man farm is, I am told, 6 or 7, but with farm labor difficult to get today, Walker is doing what so many others have to do . . . operating a two man farm all alone. Back 30 years or so, one could hire at will a good farm hand for $30 a month and found. Today if one can hire at all, and certainly not at will, the pay is more likely to be in the neighborhood of $100 a month and found. Found includes room, board, and other things, many intangible.

Walker gets up at 5:00 in the morning. By 7:30 or so he has the milking done and into cans so the Bellows Falls Creamery can pick it up at his cooling house by truck. He then feeds the cows hay and grain, cleans the stables, and feeds the calves and other young stock, a task at which he is often helped by the children. He also of course must remember the pigs and horses. Then the cows must be driven to pasture. The day we visited him, all this was accomplished by nearly 9:30 or so and then he worked until noon spreading manure with his tractor drawn spreader. In the afternoon he ploughed with his tractor plough, fixed fence, and did some other repair jobs around the barn.

He stopped at about 4:00 P.M. to chop and bring in wood, and then to lug baskets of sawdust into the barn for bedding cattle. He was then ready to sort and cut potatoes for planting, and do something to the tractor so it would be ready the next day. It was now time to get the cows from pasture and start the night milking; he got through this at about 7:00, had supper, did some book-keeping, read the paper, and at about 9:00 with nothing to do until morning at 5:00, he went to bed.
"ONE-MAN FARM," owned and run by Kenneth Walker of Weston, (above) is about 200 acres, including the sugar bush and wood lot. He keeps about 50 head of stock, and milks 14 cows. Fixing fence is only one of the endless tasks of the farmer, whose day begins with chores at 5:00 A. M. and ends with chores at 7:00 P. M.

TRACTOR is necessary equipment for even a one-man farm. Here Walker has hitched it onto his manure spreader. White stuff on top of the manure is lime. Walker owns and tills this meadow land, but buildings in background are part of another farm. Mountain in the background is part of Mount Terrible, dividing Weston from Andover.

VERMONT FARMS run the gamut from the "one-man" variety to highly mechanized units. Here, in pictures, are examples of each.

MODERN "MECHANIZED" FARM is run by John Pratt (center, below) of North Clarendon, with the aid of his sons Richard (left) and John Junior (right). His herd has varied between thirty and sixty milkers, but the total cattle runs to twice that figure. Portrait was at 4:15 P. M.—milking time.

AUTOMATIC POTATO PLANTER is typical of the highly mechanized equipment Pratt needs to farm his 400 acres. It digs the trench, puts in the potatoes and fertilizer, covers them, and goes on, allowing 3 men to plant an acre in 1 1/2 hours. It takes as much capital as for a small factory to set up a large farm.
FOOD for the animals is the ever-present necessity. Here Beverly Walker helps her father prepare hot mash for the pigs. Boiling water is poured over the grain and stirred.

FARM BREAKFAST is always a hearty one, yet no one takes on excess weight. Agricultural labor is hard, and requires a larger proportion of energy foods like bread and potatoes than city life. The Walker children get lots of milk, yet on many small farms where it is the only cash crop it is all too often absent from the table.

MILKING MACHINE of this type is hung from cows' back with strap, and does not rest on floor. Walker has two.

CHILDREN raise their own calves, instead of getting a cash allowance.

MACHINE has to be supplemented by hand stripping.

COWS on the main highways are a familiar sight (below). Many pastures, like Walker's, are separated from the barns.
Walker is married and the father of four fine youngsters, the oldest of which is 8. The two oldest go to the village school about half a mile away. Mrs. Walker, formerly a first rate school teacher in one of the state’s outstanding schools, if also followed through her day in the house, would keep to a busy schedule as active as that of her husband.

Walker’s father was a farmer before him and his mother lives with him on the home place. His brother is a school teacher in the south, and his sister works in a neighboring city. Their farm is on the edge of a village, so they have advantages of both farm and village life. They attend the Methodist Church, and Walker is a member of the town’s Planning Board and a Justice of the Peace.

The Pratt farm in North Clarendon is largely typical of the larger Vermont farms. John Pratt bought this place when he moved from Shrewsbury before the first World War. In comparison to Walker’s, which lies in the hills at an elevation of 1400 feet to 2000 feet, Pratt’s establishment is in a lush valley along Otter Creek. Pratt has ploughed back everything he has ever made on the farm, which is his way of saying he has not taken the profits out and invested them in stocks and bonds. As a result he owns today a piece of fine looking property which would probably fetch upwards of $50,000—several times what he paid for it.

The hay and cow barn on the Pratt place, as the illustration (right) graphically demonstrates, is a huge structure holding over 200 tons of hay and capable of tying up 60 head of cattle. Everything on this farm is highly mechanized. In use are 3 tractors, 4 wagons and trailers, 2 ploughs, 2 harrows, 1 manure spreader, 1 corn planter, 1 potato planter, 1 potato grader, 2 cultivators, 2 mowing machines, 1 rake, 1 corn harvester, 1 silage cutter,

... just to give a brief idea of the major field equipment needed on a farm of this type. There will soon be one of the new motorized stable cleaning machines which will automatically clean behind the cows and into the spreader outdoors where it will be spread over the land daily the year around. No more manure piles. This approaches the point where almost everything is done by machine.

*Top.* John Pratt (left) plows as his brother Richard harrows. Photo (center) shows only part of the huge haymow necessary to store hay for winter’s operation. View below shows the herd at the end of milking as John Pratt empties the milking machine.
NEW-MOWN HAY lies in meadow before gathering. After experiments with wheat and other bulk crops, Vermont farmers fell back on the natural grass crop, best suited to Vermont’s terrain and soil. Hay is the mainstay of the dairy industry, now the source of the state’s principal agricultural product—fluid milk.

MECHANIZATION has invaded the process of gathering hay. For a century and a half the Vermont farmer loaded his wagons by means of a pitchfork and a strong right arm (below). Today most of the medium and large size farms have a tractor mower to cut the grass, a tractor-drawn rake to draw it into wind-rows, and a buck rake to scoop it up and carry it directly to the barn. A motor driven hay fork lifts it to the hay-mow.
Another good example of mechanization is haying. Formerly hay was cut, raked into wind-rows with a hand or horse rake, tumbled into stocks with a pitchfork, and then hoisted by sheer strength over the head upon a hay rack, horse drawn. Then hauled into the barn it was again lifted by sweat and muscle to the hay mows above where the air was, as my boyhood memory still attests, too thick to breathe.

The Pratts do it differently now. The operations are fewer and easier. The grass is mowed with the tractor drawn mower, raked into wind-rows by a tractor drawn rake, and then the new style buck rakes do the rest. This combination of a rake, loader, and hay wagon scoops up the hay from the wind-rows and runs it directly to the barn floor where it is dumped. Here the motor driven hay fork in the roof of the barn lifts the entire load and deposits it way back where it belongs. Hardly a human hand touches hay any more. Sometimes, if the weather is right, the hay can be scooped up by the buck rake just as it falls after mowing, thus eliminating the process of raking.

Pratt's potato planter, which was going the day we were there, is another labor saving device. It digs the trench, puts in the potatoes and the fertilizer, covers them up, puts them down and goes on . . . allowing three men to plant an acre of potatoes in an hour and a half. Before it took three men at least a couple days.

Pratt has about 400 acres of land and 60 head of cattle. They are milking only 30 cows now, but are building the herd up again to 50 or 60—which it was before the war took off Pratt's two sons and caused him to shut down for a spell. Even with 30 cows his milk cheque will probably run to $1000.00 a month and last year he sold something like $4000 worth of potatoes.

But, with all the modern mechanical aids, the Pratt place has, as it best product, just as does the Walker place, human beings. You can not fail to be impressed with this outstanding fact as you travel around Vermont farms. The younger son, John Pratt, Junior, went to Vermont's very fine agricultural school at Randolph where they teach practical agriculture, and then four years to the University of Vermont Agricultural College where he won many scholarships and was graduated with honors. John is typical of the intelligent, clean-cut, scientifically trained and scientifically minded young Vermont farmer who has both the theoretical and practical knowledge and who will be responsible for the future of agriculture in the state.

And the same can be said for his older brother Richard, who also helps his father run the farm and who lives nearby with his family. Richard too was given the practical experience and the education. He was graduated from the Wentworth Institute which accounts for the fully equipped machine shop, blacksmith shop, welding shop and wood working shop on the Pratt farm. Here they not only do their farm repair work and build things, but they do the same for neighbors. They were building a wagon for a man in Chittenango the day we were there and they have built and sold a number of the buck rakes.

Vermont farming is no way to get rich . . . in money. For the investment required it is not an easy way of making a living. No matter how mechanized, the Vermont farm can never be run from an executive's desk, with push buttons on both sides. But to many like the Pratts and Walkers it is a good life, offering many intangible things like security. It also develops probably the widest and most versatile intelligence of any occupation known to man. A Vermont farmer has to be master of many trades and on good terms with all. His daily struggle with nature makes it imperative that he be able to make decisions quickly.

It is no longer fashionable to look down one's nose at a farmer, with the feeling that he has hayseed in his brain as well as hair. Too many city folk, coming to, or settling in Vermont for good, have followed this man around to see how he does it. They begin to be impressed with his keen intelligence, his quick response and his faith in work . . . virtues required for this way of life.

PRATT'S MILK goes to the modern Seward Creamery in Rutland, some of it to the homogenizing machine. There are 109 licensed creameries in Vermont.
A Map of the Country in which the Army under Lt. General Burgoyne acted in the Campaign of 1777, showing the Marches of the Army & the Places of the principal Actions. Drawn by Mr. Medcalf & Engraved by W. Faden.

LEGEND
—Burgoyne's route
Roads in 1777

The route of General John Burgoyne's legions is shown on his own map by the solid line stretching up Lake Champlain, Wood Creek and down the Hudson River to Stillwater. The side expeditions to Hubbardton and Bennington are not marked, but the engagements are shown by tiny crossed swords. Covering as it does almost all of the Grants territory, it is by far the most detailed map of the roads then existent. (From the author's collection.)
O
n April 18, 1775 two lights hung high in the belfry of the old North Church, and William Dawes and Paul Revere began their celebrated rides to rouse the inhabitants of every Middlesex village and farm—against the marching British. A spattering of shots at Lexington swelled into volleys at Concord's rude bridge. And while the shots may not have been heard 'round the world, they were heard in the New Hampshire Grants. Many a farmer laid his hoe against the nearest stump and set out for Boston, where an oddly assorted mob of irate colonists were besieging the redcoats.

But there were men in the Grants who had their own plans for action. As you can imagine, Ethan Allen was ready with a flamboyant proposal. Why not, he said, seize the mighty fortress of Ticonderoga before the British thought to reinforce it?

The idea was not new. At the very beginning of 1775 the Massachusetts patriots sent John Brown of Pittsfield to Canada, to sound out opinion there. He was guided down Lake Champlain by two of the Green Mountain Boys, and late in March wrote secretly back to Sam Adams in Boston that the Grants people had promised to seize the Fort in case of hostilities.

That very month, as the war clouds gathered, worried members of the Onion River Land Co. gathered at Heman Allen's house in Salisbury, Conn. What effect, they asked themselves, would armed conflict have on their promising venture? And what could be done to forestall the inevitable British invasion up the familiar Lake Champlain warpath, which bordered on their lands?

As always, Ticonderoga was the key to this northern gateway; capture of the Fort and a subsequent invasion of Canada might remove the British threat from the northern frontier once and for all. After the meeting broke up Heman hastened to Hartford, to gain aid for such a project from the Connecticut Committee of Correspondence.

Ethan returned to peddle anti-Yorker pamphlets in the Grants, where he learned of the Westminster "massacre." Dashing across the mountains, he offered his talents to the angry citizens assembled there in a convention of protest. But he had hardly arrived before the news of Lexington and Concord burst upon the delegates. His mind was "electrified," he said later, by this "bloody attempt...to enslave America." Jumping on his horse, he rode posthaste to Bennington, where the Green Mountain Boys were already gathering to debate their course. Heman arrived shortly, followed by a group of Massachusetts and Connecticut men with money and instructions from the Hartford Committee. The latter had been galvanized into action by the suggestion of a certain Captain Benedict Arnold, on his way to Boston, that the guns of Ticonderoga would come in mighty handy up there.

In Boston Arnold obtained a commission to enlist men to take the Fort, but when he arrived at Castleton ahead of his troops, the independent Green Mountain Boys refused to serve under anyone but Allen. However, Ethan permitted the furious officer to march beside him at the head of the column, as this most un-military mob straggled toward the shores of the lake. They had very little idea how they were to get across. They'd actually tried to rent boats from the British at Crown Point, which had burned a short while before, but the soldiers there were not to be hom-swoggled. By good fortune, Allen captured a scow heading down from Skenesboro. But only about a third of the two hundred men could get across in the first load.

By this time dawn was approaching, and a return trip was out of the question. Yet Ethan stopped long enough to make an extended, grandiloquent speech to his little band. Then, in a furious rush, they swarmed through the crumbling walls and scared the pitiful, sleepy garrison half out of its wits. Rushing up the stairs to the quarters of the commanding officer—Arnold at his heels—Ethan demanded the fort of a bewildered, pantsless lieutenant, in the name (he said some years afterward) "of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."1

Seth Warner took the ruins of Crown Point easily the next day.

1 The expense of which, appropriately enough, was paid by the Land Company.

2 Narrative of Colonel Ethan Allen's Captivity, written after his return, in 1779.
The capture of Ticonderoga was only the first step in the grand plan of the Onion River Land Co., all of whose Board of Directors participated in the exploit. Canada was next. Allen despatched immediate appeals for aid to Boston, Hartford—and yes—even to Yorker Albany.

There was a British sloop-of-war on the Lake, and a garrison at St. Johns. The expedition now acquired a naval aspect, and Ethan hardly knew one end of a boat from the other. Command of a schooner captured at Skenesboro was therefore grudgingly turned over to the haughty Arnold, an old sailor. Arnold raced down the Lake, overpowered the British sloop, and took St. Johns before Allen and his men could catch up in their clumsy boats. Arnold had abandoned St. Johns in the expectation of a powerful British counterattack, but Ethan decided to try to hold it. When the attack came, however, his force fled in confusion back toward the safety of the forts.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS, led by Ethan Allen (above), broke into the officers' quarters of Fort Ticonderoga in the early dawn of May 12, 1775 to demand surrender of this strategic key to the "Northern Gateway." These riotous frontiersmen—to the great disgust of the very military Colonel Arnold—promptly got drunk on the British stores of rum.

CAPTURE OF THE FORTS was announced by Colonel Allen to his Massachusetts and Connecticut backers, to the Continental Congress, and most surprisingly, to the Albany Committee of Correspondence—filled with his old enemies (letter below). But Albany was the nearest source of aid, and on behalf of his "Grand Plan," Ethan was ready to bury the hatchet—at least temporarily.
Fort Ticonderoga's Immortal Guns
go to General George Washington
winter of 1776... over hundreds of miles of roadless, trackless, snowclad mountains and valleys, through thick forests, over ice-covered lakes and rivers... on sledges hauled by oxen... in charge of General Knox and his artillerymen in their red-trimmed regimentals, who deliver the guns at Dorchester Heights. There, roaring down at the enemy, they drive him out of Boston Town.
The most crushing blow of all came when the townspeople assembled to select a commanding officer for the new regiment. By an overwhelming vote they chose the quiet, capable Seth Warner. Ethan Allen was made a captain and Ira first lieutenant. The impetuous Ethan might serve in the ranks, but there was no commission.

Ethan rocked with the punch; his dearest dream was of military glory—in fact, he was the only member of the Company who showed much inclination for the rigors of campaigning. But this severe blow to his pride and his ambitions could not be permitted to interfere with the “grand plan.” With General Schuyler’s permission he joined—without commission—the forces now gathering for the invasion of Canada. Schuyler made him promise to behave himself, but soon the irrepressible Ethan was cooking up new schemes.

Allen was not the only Green Mountain Boy with a taste for independent action. Remember Baker had served well as a scout. But one day this lean, tough frontiersman stopped a musket ball in a sharp clash with some Indians—to the great annoyance of General Schuyler, who was desperately endeavoring to conciliate the redskins. Ethan swore mightily that he would have revenge, and in the dead of night, in company with one Urieh Cross, he crept stealthily into the Indian camp and removed Baker’s head from a pole on which it had been impaled, burying it then with the body which had been left behind by the Indians. And here our story loses one of its principal characters.

But Allen himself was about to undertake an equally rash exploit. Schuyler had sent him down river from Isle-aux-Noix to raise the standard of revolt among the Canadians. But Ethan, impatient with the careful, plodding general, determined to do more. Gathering about him a small group of half-hearted Canadians, he launched a surprise attack on the strategic city of Montreal, having previously arranged with Seth Warner and John Brown for the latter to attack from the south at the same time. But for reasons no one has been able to discover, Brown never carried out his part of the bargain. Allen’s motley forces melted away before an attack by the feeble British garrison, and the Green Mountain Boy shortly found himself fleeing pell-mell with equally nimble French and Indians in noisy pursuit. Cornered at last on a stump, Ethan laid about him with his long musket, but finally surrendered to overwhelming force. The picture of the doughty Green Mountain Boy holding off the furious assault is given us—once more—by Urieh Cross, who escaped with three others, as he says, “by putting the best foot forward.” Allen was shipped off to England and for nearly three years suffered the indignities and hardships of captivity with admirable and unbroken spirit.

And now, for the moment, a romantic figure has retired back-stage, to prepare, as it were, for a triumphal re-entry.

STATUE OF SETH WARNER at the base of the Bennington Monument symbolizes the important role in the Revolution played by this big, quiet and competent man. He ruined himself physically and financially and died in poverty.
But the war went on without Ethan. The young, competent and likeable General Richard Montgomery took Montreal, with the help of Seth Warner and his regiment. He then pressed on toward the citadel of Quebec, while Benedict Arnold meanwhile led a thousand indomitable frontiersmen through the swamps, mountains and snows of Maine to outflank that city from the north. But the attack went awry. In the confusion the irreplaceable Montgomery fell dead, and Arnold retired with a shattered leg. The tattered army, half-starved and ridden with disease, began a disheartening retreat to the sheltering walls of Ticonderoga.

The British pursuit was hampered by the necessity of taking down their ships and reassembling them on Lake Champlain. Efficient General Carleton had foreseen the need, however, and ship builders were ready. By October he began to move down upon the forts. Again the naval defense of the Lake had fallen to Benedict Arnold, who had not been idle that summer. From the virgin forests of Vermont this stubborn, energetic leader had constructed a navy of his own. Laughable it was to trained English seamen, and it was manned by what Arnold himself described as a "wretched, motley crew . . . , few of them ever wet with salt water." Off Valcour Island, in October 1776, the skillful "admiral" maneuvered—and lost—his tiny fleet. But Carleton was so delayed that he postponed his invasion until the following spring, when a new Commander, General John Burgoyne, took over.
KEY
Captors and captives were exhausted alike from the battle and from the damp heat of that fierce August 16. Stark, Warner and Heman Allen all suffered from heat prostrations. Stark recovered, but Heman died shortly thereafter, and Warner, though he lived to give further service, returned to Bennington at the close of the war a dying man. In the battle Warner lost his brother, and Landlord Stephen Fay his son John. But in all the Yankees lost surprisingly few—about thirty killed and forty wounded, against over two hundred British dead and 750 prisoners.

Parson Allen returned to his ministerial duties in Pittsfield, Mass. In his diary, with true Yankee thrift, he made only the entry: "Expended on my tour to Bennington seven shillings and sixpence."
BENNINGTON DECLARATION, once thought unique, is now believed to be one of several signed throughout New York.

REBELS IN THE “GRANTS”

While the frontier waited breathlessly for invasion from the north, men were at work consolidating the political revolution which paralleled—even preceded—the fighting.

We have already seen how the rising revolutionary sentiment in the Connecticut Valley got entangled with the old struggle against New York. Although the frontier generally was isolated from the mainstreams of protest against Parliamentary trade restrictions, there was an increasing number of people on both sides of the mountains who were transferring their enmity against New York’s royal government to the King himself. But the first real steps toward revolution came not from the frontier coun-
ties of Albany, Charlotte, Cumberland and Gloucester, but from the merchant groups of New York City and the Hudson Valley, who set up a Committee of Correspondence, and later a Provincial Congress to offset the conservative New York Assembly. When these Yorkers framed a Declaration of Rights in April of 1775, the text was circulated throughout the state for signature by all good patriots. The Bennington copy contains 38 signatures, and it is known to have been approved in several other towns. Many town meetings on both the East and West-sides had given consideration to the issues of British “oppression,” and made declarations thereupon. Many of the settlers were thus ready to join Ethan Allen in his attack on Ticonderoga, and Seth Warner in his Continental regiment of Green Mountain Boys.

But there were several whose aims were more expansive, and included dreams of independence.

The Allens’ plan for a new state was double-barreled: military and political. When Ethan set forth on the road to military glory, taking Ira, Remember Baker and Seth Warner with him, political affairs were left in the hands of brother Heman—for the organization of public opinion was as important as the military defense of the Onion River sands. Ira soon returned from his brief participation in the Canadian campaign. Now a small group including the Allens and the Fays set about the task of feeling out the people on the subject. Cautiously they issued a call for a convention to see whether the settlers would “consent to associate with New York, or by themselves in [the] cause of America.”

The forty-nine who gathered hopefully at Cephas Kent’s Tavern in Dorset, January 16, 1776, were those already known for their opposition to New York. They came as “representatives” of thirty-two towns, all on the West-side, and many of them uninhabited. Still angrily accusing New York of “land-jobbing,” the rebels tempered their revolutionary enthusiasm with a declaration that they would not join hands with New York “in such manner as might in the future be detrimental to our private property.”

They gathered again in July, and decided to poll the people as to whether the Grants should not be formed into “a separate district.” Aware that they were hardly representative of even the least populous half of the Grants, this second convention selected Heman Allen, Jonas Fay and William Marsh as a committee to inveigle the East-side and its influential leaders into their camp.

3 Which included the Grant’s only representatives—from Cumberland County—Crean Brush and Judge Samuel Wells, both of whom later became loyalists.

4 Ethan had earlier conspired with Major Philip Skene to build all of northern New York, including the Grants, into a new royal province. The Allens believed that Skene was returning with his commission as Governor when he was seized as a loyalist in Philadelphia, in 1775. Ethan had also written Oliver Wolcott even before Ticonderoga proposing independence for the Grants.
Fortunately, events were conspiring to help their plans. The various groups in the Connecticut Valley were beginning to pull together in opposition to New York. The “revolutionaries” over there were divided. The radical wing was led by the religious fanatic Reuben Jones and the boisterous Leonard Spaulding, whose grievances, we have seen, were mostly economic. The conservatives looked to the widely respected Jacob Bayley of Newbury, an ardent patriot, whose inclinations were toward a union with New Hampshire. There were also the Yorkers, mostly in the south part of the county. And there was the large mass of people, as usual, who were waiting to see which way it would be most expedient to jump.

Jones and Spaulding needed no selling; the former was already involved in promoting the “new state” idea. They both showed up at Dorset in September, along with representatives from several from Cumberland County towns. Many of the latter, however, had definitely voted not to send a representative, and Gloucester County ignored the entire proceedings. The convention delegates asserted flatly their preference for a new state, and expressed the hope that everyone would get behind the project. They even agreed to ask New York State if it would be all right with her! And to strengthen their bid to the East-siders, they agreed to reassemble over at Westminster, Oct. 30.

When that time rolled around everybody west of the mountains was in an uproar over the defeat at Valcour and the expected invasion, and only six delegates out of seventeen came from across the mountains. The absence of Jonas Fay, customary clerk of these meetings, gave Ira Allen his first chance for a prominent role. He had already been working manfully behind the scenes. After appointing committees and rehearsing their manifestoes, they adjourned until January at the same place. Even fewer came at that time—from only eleven towns in the vicinity and seven from the West-side.

Yet this was the convention which declared independence for a new state, under the name “New Connecticut”—an appropriate recognition of the origin of most of the settlers. The radicals, discouraged in the attempt to draw in the moderates of the Connecticut Valley, decided to take the bit in their teeth, taking heart from the instructions of the Continental Congress to form new governments where there now were none. Still there was little support for a new state struggling to be born. General Jacob Bayley, never present, had hopefully been chosen to various committees—which he pointedly ignored.

But now New York—quite unwittingly—did her arch enemies a very great favor. She completed a constitution for the new State of New York, and in doing so alienated almost every friend she had in the Grants.

Of course, this new constitution was meant to cover the interior counties as well as the seaboard and river ones. But it could hardly have been written in a manner more distasteful to frontier democrats, radical and conservative alike. Nearly every grievance they had against the old royal province was carried over into this new frame of government. It was perfectly clear that the aristocrats, merchants and men of wealth were to dominate the new “revolutionary” state, whether the back country liked it or not. It was Bayley himself who observed that the inhabitants of Gloucester County, formerly reluctant to break away from New York, were “now almost to a man violent for it.”

The discordant factions thereupon fell into each other’s arms. Gathering at Windsor on June 4, 1777, they sat down to listen to a message from Dr. Thomas Young, Philadelphia revolutionary and old friend of Ethan Allen. “To the Inhabitants of VERMONT,” he wrote, “a free and independent state, bounding on the River Connecticut and Lake Champlain.” “Vermont” it was to be, for the “new staters” had learned that there was already a district in Pennsylvania known by the name of New Connecticut.

But the convention still felt their position to be somewhat shaky, and they adjourned until July 2nd. In the meantime, letters were sent to all towns asking that delegates be sent to Windsor on that date to select delegates to Congress, choose a “committee of safety,” and to form a constitution.

But Burgoyne had begun his invasion of the Champlain Valley, and the worried delegates who gathered on the first anniversary of the colonies’ Declaration of Independence were fewer in number, though more popularly elected. Their work was interrupted, however, on July 8th by the shattering news that Ticonderoga had been abandoned, and the rear guard of the retreating American army smashed at Hubbardton by the advancing legions of General John Burgoyne.
COLONEL BAUM, Hessian Commander of Burgoyne's sortie to collect the Bennington stores, was mortally wounded along with Colonel Pfister, leader of the Tories. They were borne to David Mathews house in Shaftsbury, where both died. (Painting by Roy Williams).

PLAN OF BATTLE is set forth on bronze plaque located at site of battlefield, over the border in New York State.

BENNINGTON BATTLEFIELD today (top, below). MARKER in Old Bennington (bottom) tells story of expedition.
GENERAL JOHN BURGOYNE, dramatist, literateur, was widely known as “Gentleman Johnny.”

“GENTLEMAN JOHNNY”

The British had used the winter to good advantage, and in the early summer of 1777 were ready to launch the giant blow which would split the new American nation in half. The route was to be the ancient warpath down the Champlain Valley to the Hudson River. There Burgoyne planned to meet General Howe who was to lead his forces up the river from British occupied New York City.

In June the great invasion began, with eight thousand men, composed of British regulars, German mercenaries—Hessians—, Indians and Tories under Colonel Philip Skene, late of Skenesboro and suitably anxious to reclaim his vast estates. The red, blue and green uniforms, the gaudily painted Indians, the scores of banners fluttering in the warm June breeze, all made a strikingly colorful—and awesome—pageant.

The residents of the West-side were panic stricken. Burgoyne had issued an ultimatum, demanding that all the people of the surrounding countryside take oaths of allegiance to the King. Royalists—and many others who had played leading roles in the struggles of the New Hampshire Grants against New York—decided to repair to the royal standard. Among these were Justus Sherwood, Green Mountain Boy, and Colonel William Marsh of Manchester. The latter had been exceedingly active in the conventions of the Grants which had been meeting periodically with the aim of establishing an independent state among the Green Mountains.

Arnold’s gallant defense of the Lake had gained for the Americans precious time. But when Burgoyne appeared before Ticonderoga, the forces cooped up inside were still badly armed and ill-fed—a poor excuse for an army. The commanding General St. Clair ignored certain strategic heights around the Fort, which, when suddenly occupied by the British, made any defense suicidal. One dark night St. Clair began his retreat across to the Vermont side, and headed for Rutland. As rear guard to his frightened, fleeing army he selected Seth Warner’s Green Mountain Boys, along with Colonel Nathan Hale’s New Hampshire regiment and Colonel Ebenezzer Francis’ Massachusetts forces.

The British under General Frazer were in hot pursuit, and shortly before sunrise of July 1 stumbled upon Warner’s outposts at Hubbardton. In the sharp clash which followed, Colonel Francis fell mortally wounded. His men began to break, and the New Hampshire men, believing themselves surrounded, threw down their arms. Helpless, a furious Warner organized the retreat over the mountains to the East, toward Rutland. But though the Americans had been defeated, they checked the British pursuit, and probably saved the remnants of St. Clair’s army to fight again—at Bennington and Saratoga.

Burgoyne’s supply lines, running way down the lakes into Canada, were stretching thinner. The supply problem for his magnificent army was getting more and more difficult. The fear of his Indians had sent the settlers in the Otter Valley and along Lake Champlain fleeing to the south. And in a de-populated country, the British general was finding it increasingly hard to feed his army.

Thus the stores which the Americans were assembling at Bennington began to look increasingly attractive to
CONTINENTAL STOREHOUSE at Bennington, to the defense of which General John Stark rallied his forces (right), is now marked by a marble slab (above), its story worn almost to illegibility.

He is reputed to have told his troops: “There stand the redcoats; today they are ours, or Molly Stark sleeps this night a widow.” A declaration for posterity to rank with Ethan Allen’s demand for the surrender of Ticonderoga—but probably equally unsubstantiated!

Baum was mortally wounded in the brief but sharp battle which followed, and his troops scattered in wild confusion. The British reinforcements under Breyman were also thrown into retreat by the timely arrival of Warner’s Continental regiment, which had been delayed in arriving from Manchester, although their leader had been present throughout the battle.

The unexpected defeat of his crack regiments left John Burgoyne puzzled and greatly dismayed. And well he might be, for his supply lines were open to constant attack from the Grants, “a country,” declared “Gentleman Johnny,” “which abounds in the most active and rebellious race on the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left.” He moved his forces ponderously down toward Saratoga to meet the main American forces. And there, after tangling with the brilliant and tireless Benedict Arnold, he surrendered his entire army in the most crushing British defeat of the war to date.

The surrender had many important effects, not the least of which was the entry of France on the American side. But to the inhabitants on the northern frontier it meant peace and a chance to resume the more tranquil pursuits of tilling the land. For the Grants it meant the virtual end of their military participation in the Revolution. Many times subsequently the British and Indians launched raids into the Champlain Valley and the Green Mountain rivers with frightening suddenness—a re-enactment of the terror of twenty years before. But Burgoyne’s was the last major army to invade the northern parts of the colonies.
BURGOYNE'S MAP of the action near Bennington, taken from his post-campaign apologia, "State of the Expedition . . ."

SURRENDER AT SARATOGA to American forces ended Burgoyne's threat to split the colonies, and the danger to Vermont's frontier.

FIRST STARS AND STRIPES, carried at Bennington. Now in the Bennington Museum.
Man's first concern is for food, shelter and clothing. Thus, the pioneer first cleared the stumps from fields, and planted some crops. He built a roof over his head and brought his family to the new home. And on the ox-cart there was likely to be a spinning wheel, for how else in the wilderness were father, mother and children to be clothed?

It was no coincidence therefore that the first industrial units in Vermont were grist mills, followed shortly by saw mills, to turn out lumber for the much wanted "frame house." And after that these enterprising Yankees began to put their racing streams to work to provide them with the makings of clothing. Out of the age-old hand spinning and weaving came new mechanical methods—"carding" mills to put the wool in shape for weaving, "fulling" mills to improve the finish of the woven cloth. Bennington boasted a woolen mill before the Revolution, and by 1781 had a fulling mill in operation.

But the industry got a more permanent start up on the Ottauquechee River, where a spectacular drop promised abundant water power. In 1771 Jonathan Burtch bought the old saw mill there and added to it a fulling mill. He was so successful that he was able to sell out only six years later for the very neat price of $10,000.

In 1794 power was applied to the carding process, and only fifteen years later there were 139 carding mills supplying wool for nearly 15,000 hand looms—which in turn could turn out a million yards of cloth.

Then came the Jeffersonian Embargo and the War of 1812. Imports of foreign cloths were virtually cut off, giving a tremendous stimulus to domestic manufacture. Perhaps nowhere else than in textiles was the activity so vigorous. Factories to produce both woolens and cottons sprang up. But the boom collapsed after peace came in 1815. English woolens flooded the markets at $8.00 a yard, while the Vermont product went begging at half that. There still was a vast difference in quality and appearance.

But a gentleman from Weathersfield—Consul to Portugal William Jarvis—was preparing a new revolution for the Green Mountain state—and, as a matter of fact, for the country as a whole. He brought back from Europe a number of merino sheep, whose long fibre wool was of much finer grade than that of the native American sheep.
EFFECTIVE CONTRAST to the Tunbridge mill is this artist’s combination of the great Cavendish (left) and Ludlow (right) mills of the modern Gay Brothers plants. In the rear runs the Black River and the Rutland Railroad, both important factors in the growth of the woolen industry in this area.

ORIGINAL MILL in Tunbridge was purchased and developed by Stearns Gay and his father in 1869. This painting by Arthur B. Wilder depicts the building as it was about 1845. Improved facilities and transportation lured Gay to Cavendish in 1886.
Merinos were widely introduced after that, especially in Vermont. The availability of this excellent wool gave new stimulus to the woolen industry. In fact, in Windsor the Essex Merino Association enlarged an old carding mill into a woolen factory of considerable size. Windsor experienced an industrial boom from 1812-15, but the Association folded in the deflation which followed.

But the experiment had a lasting effect in improving the quality of American wool, and in laying the basis for the extension of sheep raising. Within fifteen years the Vermont farmers began throwing over all other crops in favor of wool. Soon Vermont took first place in the production of raw wool, and her green slopes were crowded with sheep. Not even in the South was there so much devotion to a single crop.

The new protective tariffs of the late 1820’s had stimulated an industrial revival and the growing textile mills of southern New England were ready and willing to absorb all the wool the Vermonters could produce. But by this time Vermont herself had seen a considerable re-establishment of woolen manufacturing. Yankee will-power and water-power combined in establishing over 100 factories, to help consume the annual “clip” of three million pounds.

Markets were still few, scattered, and hard to reach, however. The industry, after its first boom, fell into doldrums in the forties. Although the capital investment shot up from $1 1/2 to 3 1/2 million dollars, and employees from 1500 to 2100, actual output remained the same!

By the fifties railroads had breached the Green Mountains, opening new markets. But they had been in operation in southern New England even longer, and the competition of the mammoth new Massachusetts mills discouraged new enterprise in Vermont.

There were several firms, however, which were steadily expanding by the process of plowing back into the business modest profits from dawn-to-dusk labor. Most of these firms originated in the family earnings of a mill worker, carefully husbanded to purchase second-hand machinery.

Such an enterprise was the Dewey Mills at Quechee. In 1816, entering young Albert G. Dewey set about the building of a mill at the falls of the Ottauquechee. At first he was not too successful, and at the end of three years, he was $15,000 in debt. But in 1841 he installed a patent rag-picking machine which had been constructed by inventor Reuben Daniels of nearby Woodstock, under Dewey’s supervision. And here in Dewey’s Mills, Vermont, was made what was probably the first American “shoddy”—that is, re-worked wool.\(^1\)

But transportation was then a major problem. Weekly a team left for Boston with cloth, returning with raw materials. Thus the coming of the railroad to neighboring White River Junction in 1848 made an immense difference. By 1856 Dewey had all his debts paid, and by 1870 had increased his capacity to 1300 yards a day. At his death in 1886, the firm was taken over by his sons— inventive, mechanically ingenious John J., and shrewd, financially minded William S. Dewey. The mills are now in the hands of the third and fourth generations, a typical family enterprise.

Similar in nature was the growth of the Gay Mills. Young Stearns Gay, an expert carder, brought his father and family from Connecticut in 1869 to establish, by dint of hard labor, a small mill in Tunbridge. Materials made in the shop were distributed locally by trading with the local

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\(^1\) Made from wool rags, tailor’s clippings and new threads.
farmers for raw wool. But they were many miles from the railroad, which failed to come up the Tunbridge branch of the White River—as many had hoped—on its way to Barre and Burlington. Furthermore, the Black River Valley, further south, was rapidly becoming the center of the woolen industry in the state.

Now, the people of Cavendish were faced with an idle mill, built in 1832 but gutted by fire and abandoned in 1869. This they decided to offer to the Gays, with six tenement houses, tax free for ten years. It was too tempting an offer to resist, and the business moved to Cavendish in 1886.

Its subsequent growth under the careful ministrations of successive Gays has been unspectacular but steady. Today one of the state's most modern and largest mills employs—in both Ludlow and Cavendish—over four hundred people and produces over a thousand miles of cloth a year. Here again a family dynasty has guided the fate of a growing business by hard-headed business administration. And like Dewey's mills, it came into the hands of brothers: Leon Gay, with his aptitude for facts, figures and public contacts, and Olin Gay, specialist in plant and processes.

Only the branch plants of the American Woolen Company in Burlington and Winooski are larger. These "Champlain Mills" had their origin also in the untamed water power at the falls of the Winooski River—coveted years before by Ira Allen. Parts of the plant date back over a hundred years, but the great expansion of these massive mills is largely a development of modern times. During World War II over 2800 people were employed, and the figure stands at 2200 in 1948—four times as many as its nearest competitor. In fact, it is thus the largest single firm of any kind in the state, and the only textile mill producing both woolens and worsteds.

There are many other large woolen manufactories in Vermont, mostly in the Black River Valley. At Springfield is the John T. Slack Corp., one of the largest shoddy mills in the United States. In Ludlow, along with Gay Brothers, are the Jewell Brook Woolen Co., the Verd Mont Mills, and the Mountain Woolen Mills, all with over a hundred employees, and several smaller firms as well. At Quechee, as well as A. G. Dewey Co., is the Harris Emery Co., which dates back to some of the earliest mills in that area. This firm also runs an even larger branch at Penacook, N. H. Further up the river is the Vermont Native Industries at Bridgewater. This was one of the first firms to undertake—in 1925—direct retail sales from the factory, a practice now adopted by most of the other companies.

Large mills also operate at Hartford, Northfield, North Montpelier and at Bennington, where began some of the earliest textile firms. From its first underwear factory in

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2 Woolens are produced through "carding" wool, worsteds through "combing," using only long staple product.
1802, Bennington has developed into one of the nation's important producers of knitted goods.

The textile industry in all of contemporary New England has suffered from southern competition. Low taxes, cheap labor, and (with cotton) proximity to raw materials has drawn many plants into the deep South. But Vermont manufacturers still claim many advantages. While water power has ceased to be an important factor since the advent of electricity, abundant, good water is needed for processing. New England mills lost the advantage of proximity to raw materials when sheep raising moved westward. But mills no longer obtain raw wool direct, scouring it themselves. Instead they buy scoured wool in large lots from the great Boston market—first in the nation—which is close by. And while federal taxes are the same everywhere, state taxes have traditionally been modest in Vermont. And even more important, local communities of which the mill is often the economic mainstay, have refrained from heavy taxation, chiefly through conservative valuation of the industrial properties.

But most important has been the labor element. Like their employers, workers in the woolen mills have often remained for generations, building up a vast reservoir of skilled and generally contented laborers. Northern New England has suffered much less than Southern New England from the modern industrial migrations.

Furthermore, the relatively small size of the plants and their scattered locations has largely avoided the creation of conditions which caused industrial strife in metropolitan centers. When, however, depression hit Vermont in the 1930's, insecure workers turned to labor unions—though less violently and enthusiastically than elsewhere.

The great mills at Winooski were well and completely organized by the new CIO Textile Workers Union, which is now very influential in the area. In the Black River Valley unionization came more slowly. The Gay Brothers did not welcome all the implications of union activity, but gave in to the inevitable. In a statesmanlike manner they endeavored to build a cooperative policy, and when they wrote their 75th Anniversary history in 1944, the union had a hand in the labor chapters.

Unionization ran up against a stone wall at Quechee, largely because of the policy of benevolent paternalism practiced by the Dewey’s. The company village provides comfortable housing at extremely low rentals—which go uncollected if the mill shuts down. The company provides benefits equal to those granted by the unionized companies, including vacations with pay, health and accident insurance, and free pension trust and retirement benefits—all at the expense of the employer. The record of continuous employment is high; nearly half have been there over five years, and some over twenty-five.

Industry is playing an increasingly large role in the over-all economy of the state, and the woolen industry, with over 6000 men and women, constitutes 15% of the total manufacturing employment. The industry today has entered a new era—unstable, competitive, with large advantages for the “big” enterprise. But its leaders remained convinced that both tangible and intangible benefits of operation in Vermont will maintain and increase its prosperity.

Mills of the A. G. Dewey Co. at Quechee Gorge occupy a site of spectacular beauty. Homes of the workers are grouped nearby in company houses.

SPINNING MACHINE provides effective contrast to the old spinning wheels of the pioneers, which were used well down into the 19th Century.

SHOWROOM and restaurant at Quechee won for the architects an Annual Award from the magazine "Progressive Architecture." Built for the A. G. Dewey Co., it features their finished woolens as well as those of other producers. It represents the increasing tendency of the Vermont mills to take their colorful product directly to the consumer.
This simple, unadorned church still breathes the spirit of the sturdy Yankee pioneers who built it in 1787

By FRANCES STOCKWELL LOVELL

I sat uneasily in the right-angled seat of one of the old wooden pews that are buttoned in like cupboards and which, from the balcony, look like miniature stock yards. It was a hot Sunday afternoon, the first Sunday afternoon in August and the sun slanted through the old windows, each with its forty panes of glass, making the people stir uneasily, the speakers dab at their foreheads and wipe under their collars.

The old Meetinghouse in Rockingham had been shined up for its annual pilgrimage. The year’s accumulation of flies had been swept out and the open windows and doors let in the sweet air of the summer day. I sat in the old Lovell pew, commemorating one family which had helped to build this church, now sleeping outside in the graveyard under slate stones which have cherubs sprouting wings behind their ears. I wondered if those valiant souls knew that their descendants walked here today! I could see, from the windows, the hillside which slumbered in the dusty haze of mid-summer, hills marked with fallow fields, stonewalls, neat white farms and big red barns. Two hundred years ago the fore-fathers of many of today’s pilgrims, watched from these same windows for the first sign of the treacherous red man. Here it was they held their first meetings for the good of the little community on the Williams River. It was near here that the Deerfield pastor who gave the river his name, paused on his terrible trek to Canada to preach the first Protestant sermon in Vermont. Now the summer clouds rolled lazily above the green hills. Motors purred below the Meetinghouse on the broad macadam highway. The settler’s road was a path following the Connecticut River under the hill.

Governor Gibson of Vermont was speaking. He was telling of the bravery of the pioneers who settled this valley amid its hardships and terrors. He was telling us that we must drive fear and greed from our land and replace it with the courage and convictions of our forefathers—men and women who labored to build this house on the hill two hundred years ago, when these fields were virgin timber and every man carried a musket to religious service!

The floor below the high pulpit is worn into a hollow by the feet of the generations who have been christened, married and buried here. Above the pulpit is the sounding board so that everyone in the meetinghouse may still hear the message boomed forth above their heads. The great Bible is open today as it was before the first pastor, before the many eminent men and women who have stood here over the years. Dr. Caroline Woodruff, head of Castleton Normal School, spoke there in 1936 and four years later, Gov. Aiken stood in the high pulpit. Always there are two speakers, one civic, one religious. In 1946, Ralph Flanders of Springfield, now U. S. Senator, gave the address.

This meetinghouse, built in 1787, is the second edifice erected. It is today, one of the two oldest in Vermont. In Thetford, its contemporary has the advantage of being still used for weekly services. The first house was a log cabin at the foot of the hill, about where the Grange Hall stands today. The present edifice is considered by some of the best authorities to be the most perfectly preserved example of a colonial Meetinghouse, externally and internally, in New England. Four-square as its builders, it faces the elements staunchly; no spire, no steeple breaks its severe simplicity. Its makers had no stomach—not time—for ornament. Until 1869 it was variously used for religious

FIRST IN A SERIES OF VISITS to the historic shrines of Vermont.

Next issue: The Old Constitution House.

VERMONT Life
Rockingham Meeting House was raised in 1774 with the aid of 40 pounds and "4 gallons of rum." It was replaced in 1787 by this second, larger structure (right). Its severe simplicity contrasts markedly with the delicate and elaborate detailing of Lavitt Fillmore's "Old First Church," built over 20 years later in Bennington.

Interior retains the straight-backed solemnity of old box pews and the high pulpit with its sounding board. Restoration was undertaken in 1907. Care of the building originally carried a munificent $2.50 annual salary, with fifty cent fines for delinquency.
services and community affairs. The first church in Rockingham met here until 1839, but since then it has been used only for occasional services.

After 1868, when it was no longer used for anything, it gradually deteriorated. Souvenir hunters carried off many of the wooden spindles in the old pews. Many pew doors were missing and the walls were disfigured. So in 1907 the town rose up in arms and, led by some public-spirited citizens, entirely restored it to its former condition. A rededication service was held that summer and since then it has been held each succeeding year.

On August 17, 1907, on that first pilgrimage, the people flocked up the hill to the church in buggies, surreys and wagons. Many families held reunions under the old maples as they do today. A few cars chugged up the dusty five miles from Bellows Falls. Some more came from surrounding towns. Others came by train. It was a gala occasion. I remember it well although I was adjudged too young to attend. But I remember the swish of long black skirts, the starched dignity of shirtwaists, the proud sweep of pompadours and Merry Widow hats as families piled into buggies or walked to the train.

The Hon. Kittredge Haskins of Brattleboro spoke on that historic occasion. Since then the roster of speakers has included Pres. John Thomas of Middlebury College in 1910; Charles Darling, of Burlington in 1918; Charles Plumley, President of Norwich in 1922; John Sparge of Bennington in 1925 and Warren Austin, Walter Hurd and many including several governors. Men of eminence from all over the land have come to this square white meetinghouse on the first Sunday in August to carry out the tradition.

It was back in March, 1753, that the proprietors of this new town, at their first meeting, having in their Puritan minds the necessity for religious instruction first of all, voted that six acres of land be allocated “for a Meetinghouse place,” also that 20 acres be “laid out For the Use of the First Settled Minister.” This land was given by four men, including Nathaniel Davis, ancestor of Calvin Coolidge. The first minister to take charge of this little congregation was the Rev. Andrew Gardner, an original grantee of Rockingham. Ministers of the gospel were an ambi-dextrous race in those days, for they often acted in the capacity of physician, surgeon and even dentist, as well. Gardner never occupied his 20 acres of land, as he also served Fort Dummer and various settlements in the Connecticut valley. A perambulating parson, indeed. But he held many town offices and lived in Charlestown, N. H., which was reached by fording the river. Later there was a ferry across the Connecticut at this point, but ferry or ford, people always got across the river, to church and town meeting, on time!

In 1773 the Rev. Samuel Whiting came to town, aged only 23 years. Even at that tender age, he held degrees from Harvard and Yale. He lived in the square white minister’s house on another hill opposite the Meetinghouse. They called him Priest Whiting and it was under his hand and in the same year that it was voted “to Raise 40 pounds York money to Defray the charges of building a meetinghouse.” He served his parish long and faithfully for thirty-six years.

In October, 1774, they voted “that the trustees find 4 Gallons of Rum to Raise and frame said house.” In December of the same year they held their first meeting under the roof of the new building but it was evidently not in a finished state, for at that time they voted “that there be a Row of Wall Pews Round the meetinghouse and eight pews in the middle and three seats each side the Alley next the pulpit.” The care of moneys raised from these proceedings was given into the care
of Oliver Lovell, Esq., Ensign Peter Evans and Sergeant Jonathan Burtt.

The original church was composed of an amalgamation of Congregationalists, Baptists and Episcopalians. This was after it separated from the town as a town affair. Each sect had an allotted time for services. But the Universalists were the black sheep; they were not let into the fold until some years later! Priest Whiting must have been an uncommonly wise man for those inhibited days, for he officiated at all and sundry services for all and sundry denominations!

Many are the family names on the ancient stones in the burying-ground behind the church: Pulsipher, Webb, Lovell, White, Olcott, Roundy, Evans and many other names which are also on the list of charter members. Their children were baptised here and married here, their dead buried here. Descendants of these families still reside in the valley of their fathers, still sit in the old pews on pilgrimage day, still carry on their business near the meetinghouse. It is like touching hands across the years!

The Old Rockingham Meetinghouse Association has a list of active and efficient officers who provide speakers each year. Paul C. Roundy of Eludson, Ohio and Rockingham, son of a pioneer, is president and Mrs. Charles Vilas of Alstead, N. H. is vice-president. On the executive committee is George G. Wilson, of Grafton, noted educator and Ralph Flanders of Springfield.

Today the Meetinghouse still stands on its quiet hill, with its dead, above the village to which it was once alpha and omega, the beginning and end of life, its fortress and its God. Severe as a Puritan bonnet, inside and out, clean-lined and true, epitome of our fathers' ways, the old square pews can still button in a large family where once fathers sat in beetle-browed dignity through sermons hours long and mothers propped cold feet on foot stoves in winter and fanned away hordes of flies in summer. High above them, the pulpit is reached by narrow stairs where once a winding stairway rose to yet a higher level. A small ell called a "porch" juts from each end from which stairs rise to the gallery—from which many a small boy must have often wished to drop spit balls on the bald heads below. But the tithing man was everywhere with his rabbit-footed wand! Who could blame a small boy, or girl either, when a sermon was four hours long and the prayers almost as lengthy—and where everyone stood up through-out the praying!

The janitor bid off his job. James Marsh had it one year for the princely wages of two dollars and a half! He had to open and close the building each time it was used and sweep it out four times a year. If he renegged on his sweeping, because of a blizzard or maybe trout fishing, he was fined fifty cents! The front door was the town bulletin board! It was newspaper, radio and books to a people building in a raw and primitive land!

Yesterday there were weddings and funerals and christenings. Today an occasional bride kneels in the church of her forefathers, in the hollow worn by many feet. Today some member of the village is carried to his last rest from the wide front door to sleep with his fathers. Children come back to be christened in the old church. Perhaps it is sentiment, but we who live here believe they are twice blessed who come back to the Meetinghouse. And almost, sitting here today, you can hear the swish of full skirts, the turn of wagon wheels up the hill to where the windows hold the light of the setting sun like a heavenly fire. The Meetinghouse is a sign of the integrity and fortitude of those who carved a life from the wilderness and looked for spiritual help from the church on the hill.

End

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STEPHEN DAYE PRESS, now in the Museum of the Vermont Historical Society, is believed to be the original press brought from England to Cambridge in 1638. From it came the first printed word in what is now the United States, and it later issued the first Vermont imprints.
FROM ALDEN SPOONER’S PRINT SHOP, first in Dresden, Vermont (now Hanover, N.H.) and then in Windsor, came the first official state printing and early Vermont imprints. He was then using the old “Daye Press.”

Canny President Eleazar Wheelock of the new college at Dartmouth was thoroughly sold on the power of the printed word. In fact, he thought that if he could only get a printer into town, he could easily convince the people of Vermont that the whole Connecticut Valley—including his private province of Dresden—might well be a part of that brand new state. So in 1778 he persuaded that eminent Connecticut printer, Timothy Green, to send him a protégé—one Alden Spooner.

As the autumn leaves drifted downward, Spooner loaded aboard an ox-cart his types and an old press the Greens had brought from Boston years before—outdated, but still mighty serviceable. A reputable press, too, for it had had the honor of giving to the continent north of Mexico its first printed word, in 1639.
Even more significant was the founding in Rutland, December 8, 1794, of one of the state's greatest modern papers, the Rutland Herald. Its editor, a distinguished Harvard professor and scholar of international reputation, Samuel Williams, had fled to the frontier to escape financial difficulties. Six years of frustrating labor as a preacher had brought him only one convert—his wife. In company with a Rutland judge of—oddly enough—the same name, he produced a newspaper notable for excellence of style and a rare lack of personal animosity.

Not satisfied with his weekly paper, he also published for a brief period during 1795-96 the state's first periodical, the Rural Magazine, devoted to literature, popular science, and history. The good doctor's historic talents had already been demonstrated by the publication in 1794 of his Natural and Civil History of Vermont, a surprisingly well balanced narrative.

His tremendous energy and intellectual brilliance had also involved him importantly in the founding of the University of Vermont, and in many philosophical and scientific inquiries. He sold the Herald in 1805, and died in 1817, one of Vermont's most brilliant intellects.

Samuel Williams was a rarity in his times, an editor who was not a printer. Most were, like Alden Spooner and Anthony Haswell. And in those days of poor communication, few books, and widespread illiteracy, your printer-editor was the intellectual center of the region in which he resided. It was no coincidence that Alden Spooner served for many years as postmaster at Windsor, and that Anthony Haswell became the new state's first Postmaster-General. For the mails were the principal means of spreading information, the printer's principal source.

With the coming of the printed word, and its widespread circulation, began the cultural history of Vermont.

DR. SAMUEL WILLIAMS, minister, scientist, philosopher, editor, historian, had made an international scholarly reputation before he came to Rutland to preach, and then to edit a weekly paper.

And then, on October 15, 1778, in Dresden, Vermont, he began work. That same month he was appointed official printer to the State of Vermont. But when the towns east of the river were unceremoniously booted out of the new state early in 1779, the state printer found himself back in New Hampshire. Nevertheless he persisted in his intention of starting a newspaper, and in May of 1779 there appeared the first on the northern frontier: the Journal and Universal Advertiser, or Green Mountain Postboy. When the new firm failed, Alden picked up the pieces and began anew at Windsor. Here, in addition to the state printing, he began the Vermont Journal and Universal Advertiser, still in circulation.

But Spooner had delayed too long. The Benningtonites had brought to that town Anthony Haswell, who in June 1783 issued his own Vermont Gazette, or Freeman's Depository, the state's second newspaper. He was also granted a share of the state printing.

FIRST NEWSPAPER in Vermont was printed in Westminster, possibly also on the Daye Press.

1The New Hampshire towns east of the Connecticut River had been admitted to Vermont June 17, 1778.
Some VERMONT Ways of Life: By Vrest Orton

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN:

There exists a great deal of nonsense and loose talk today about life in the country, the methods of subsistence living, and bucolic occupations as a way of life. The market is flooded with books of advice, instruction, and recipe. Many of these authors have made more of a success writing about country life than living it, and it is always a matter of profound pride to note that the finest exception is our neighbor Samuel R. Ogden of Landgrove, who lived his book on life in the country before he wrote it.

But I must not impinge upon the domain of my friend Arthur Peach, whose grove, who lived his book on life in the wild frontier country after the American century—and, if one is to make a good living here today, is still no place—for any but those who will work and work hard.

We still have that kind of man around these parts. I talked with one the other day who is probably typical of the old-time Vermonter and, thank the Lord, a race of giants not entirely vanished. On his farm, near Springfield, this man has three cows, a few sheep, some hens and a garden. This accounts for the meat and vegetables, as well as the wool for his daughter who practices hand-weaving. From his apple trees he gets fruit and later cider. He cultivates berry bushes, the fruit of which his wife cans for winter use. He raises buckwheat, corn and rye, and has it ground at the Weston mill, so he doesn't have to buy the worthless commercial white flour. This man, his one wife, and three daughters carry on this farm all alone.

In addition, he drives six days a week to Springfield City, about 15 miles off, and puts in 8 hours a day working in a factory.

This Vermonter is over 60 years old, and in the hour he spent with me exhibited more genuine interest and curiosity in new things than would arise from all the intellectual dialectic and chatter one could pick up at a large cocktail party in New York City. Further, this man had a great deal of personal charm, because he exuded a sincerity which was as refreshing as it was spontaneous.

I know that Vermont Life is not a magazine of opinion, nor is this column a vehicle for philosophical comment, literary reflection, or economic speculation, and so I must stand convicted of breaking all the editorial rules in writing about my friend near Springfield. But I could not help use his case to emphasize what seems to me a message urgently needed by all and sundry who are falling in love with Vermont because they want to partake of our way of life.

For those who would join us, here in the fastness of the Green Mountain country, in our attempts to create and maintain a working republic of men who work, I would send this word: if you are willing to work longer and harder than ever before you will not only succeed in Vermont, but you will discover the Vermont way of life for the real secret of this magic elixer is this: working hard IS the Vermont way of life.

* * *

NOTES ON NEW WAYS

There is room in this issue to note only a few ideas of other methods for making a good Vermont living, and there is nothing especially unique about them except the fact that the individuals were ready to grasp the opportunity.

For example Jack and Marion Ayres who live on a farm near Woodstock began with only an old fashioned candy recipe written down on a piece of paper by Jack's grandmother. Today that piece of paper has been turned into the thriving business of making a maple butter-nut fudge that has gained friends in all 48 states where the Ayres have mailed their product. Last year they made and sold 2,500 boxes, and got favorable notices in national magazines for the quality of this Vermont delicacy.

* * *

A former New York secretary, Marjorie Niles, dreamt of living in Vermont. For years Marjorie and her sister had made sugar cookies in their apartment when friends dropped in. So when they settled in Dorset, they figured that this old-fashioned edible might suit a lot more people and might as well be made and sold. After some months of trial and error, they got the right sort of container, and licked the problems of large production, and so today are turning out thousands of what they call Aunt Maria's Sugar Cookies, named after Marjorie's remote ancestor who lived in Ludlow. The business has grown so fast that already the two girls have achieved independence—and therefore the Vermont way of life.

Readers are urged to send to Vrest Orton, Weston, Vermont, notices of unusual new businesses and ways of earning a living which have news and human interest value. Mention here in no way constitutes endorsement by either Mr. Orton or Vermont Life.

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COOLIDGE State Forest

Calvin Coolidge State Forest is reached via Route VT. 100 and 100A from VT. 103 at Ludlow or U.S. 4 at Bridgewater Corners, which is 23 miles east of Rutland. The forest is approximately twelve miles from Ludlow and four miles from Bridgewater Corners over good country roads. This forest of 9141 acres was established in 1925 and is chiefly situated in the towns of Plymouth and Sherburne with other tracts in Bridgewater, Reading, Shrewsbury and Woodstock. It is bounded on the south by the Coolidge Homestead Farm, in the nearby tiny community of Plymouth (El. 1420'), the birthplace of Calvin Coolidge.

At the entrance (El. 1200') to the Pinney Hollow-Bradley Hill recreational areas of this forest is a large log picnic shelter with a stone fireplace and sanitary facilities. This shelter is an ideal place for group picnics. A good road makes the picnic and camping areas accessible at the top of Bradley Hill. These sites are upon a fairly level plateau. Upon reaching this plateau one will approach the caretaker's headquarters nestled in a grove of old maple trees. At this point visitors are required to stop and register for picnicking and camping.

The visitor then proceeds to the summit of Bradley Hill (El. 1940') arriving at the parking space for the day outing area. Here are facilities for picnicking including running spring water, single and double fireplaces, tables, a semi-open log shelter with two fireplaces and fuel wood available at convenient locations. Sanitary facilities are provided at the north side of the picnic area.

This picnic area is located in a spruce grove. An excellent view to the west from the log picnic shelter is to be had of the forest clad Green Mountain Range. From here one may see Killington Mt. (El. 4241') the second highest peak in Vermont and Shrewsbury Peak (El. 3737'). In this day outing area for the pleasure of the visitor are swings, slides, teeters and horseshoe courts.

At the caretaker's headquarters camping parties are directed to Shelter Village (leantos) or the tent camping areas. Shelter Village (El. 1640') is located in a white birch and spruce woods. The leantos are located on the rim of the plateau so that each has an individual vista overlooking forests, hills and valleys, and are so situated to afford privacy yet near enough to the next to be neighborly. Each leanto is provided with conveniences such as reflector fireplace, table, half-log benches, movable shelves and fuel wood. Campers must supply their own food. This camping area has piped spring water and two toilet buildings, one with showers and laundry trays.

Additional leantos are available near the sheltering area.

For those who desire to pitch their own tent, a camping area located halfway between the caretaker's headquarters and Bradley Hill picnic area is available. Each camping unit has wood platform, reflector fireplace and table. Sanitary facilities and running spring water serve the area.

Bathing may be enjoyed in a mountain brook near forest entrance.

To reach the Northam area (El. 2400'), turn off VT. 103 at Cutsingsville via road to Shrewsbury. At this area in the Coolidge Forest are picnic facilities in wilderness territory. Nearby is Preachers Rock where in the olden days religious services were held.

The forests on this area are representative of the growth in this region, being mixed forests of red spruce, hemlock, balsam fir, yellow and white birch, beech and sugar maple. There are about 400 acres of plantation composed of white spruce, red spruce and red pine.

Interspersed along the outer fringes of the forested areas the Amelanchier or Shadbush, a small tree at maturity, displays in the springtime a veritable cloud of white flowers. When in flower it is one of the most beautiful and conspicuous objects in the landscape. Also but somewhat sparsely scattered, in the semi-open areas is the Pinxter bloom azalea with its show of beautiful pinkish flowers emanating a delicate cinnamon fragrance.

Visitors and campers frequently see deer in this forest. The cottontail and snowshoe rabbits, red squirrels and chipmunks are present in this part of the state. On rare occasions one may see a red fox. Grouse (partridge) and many other common northern birds inhabit the region.

Streams in the vicinity are stocked with speckled and rainbow trout, thus offering good trout fishing nearby. The headwaters and tributaries of the Ottauquechee River above Quechee Gorge also offer good fishing for squaretail and rainbow trout.

The chain of small lakes between West Bridgewater and Ludlow are popular spots for anglers. These lakes afford fishing for yellow perch and small mouth bass, some pickerel and pout.

The forest lies on the eastern foothills of the Green Mountains. The rocks are of a class called metamorphic in that a change was made in the constitution of a rock due to pressure, heat and water resulting in a more compact and more highly crystalline condition. They consist of gneisses, having their constituents especially the mica, arranged in cleavable planes; various varieties of schists which split readily into slabs or sheets; together with dolomites or white marble, cut by igneous rocks; basalts, a dark basic igneous rock without vitreous luster; and granite, a hard crystalline, granular rock consisting essentially of quartz and feldspar.

The region was glaciated during the Great Ice Age, which came to an end some 30,000 years ago and glacial valleys and glacial accumulation are much in evidence. Gold was mined in Bridgewater years ago but is present in too small quantities to be commercially valuable.

A service and maintenance fee of 35c per day is charged for groups of five persons or less entering the area with or without car.

Camping fee: tent camping, 50c per day; leantos, 75c per day for groups of five persons or less. No weekly rates. Tent and leanto sites can be reserved in advance by applying to the Vermont Forest Service or the Caretaker at the area. The camping fee must be paid in advance for the period during which reservations are made. No refund will be made unless cancellations are received five days prior to beginning date of the reservation.

More detailed information in regard to Vermont State Forests and Forest Parks can be obtained from Vermont Forest Service, Montpelier, Vt.
COOLIDGE . . . Cont. from p. 3

Calvin Coolidge was undoubtedly a shy man. In his middle age, in one of his rare confidential moods, he remarked to a friend:

Do you know, I've never really grown up. It's a hard thing for me to play this game. In politics one must meet people, and that's not easy for me. . . . When I was a little fellow, as long ago as I can remember, I would go into a panic if I heard strange voices in the kitchen. I felt I just couldn't meet the people and shake hands with them. Most of the visitors would sit with Father and Mother in the kitchen, and the hardest thing in the world was to have to go through the kitchen door and give them a greeting. I was almost ten before I realized I couldn't go on that way. And by fighting hard I managed to get through the door. I'm all right with old friends, but every time I meet a stranger, I've got to go through the old kitchen door, back home, and it's not easy.

In his official positions, where he could control the situation, Coolidge found reticence very useful. His successor as Governor of Massachusetts, Channing H. Cox, noticed that he was spending far more time in the executive office than Coolidge did, and commented to the latter on the subject. All Coolidge replied was, "You talk back!"

Beneath his outward impassiveness, which seemed habitual, Coolidge hid a genuine depth of feeling. His grief for his younger son, his namesake, who died of blood poisoning in 1924, was tragic. "When he went," the President wrote in his Autobiography, "the power and the glory of the Presidency went with him."

One evidence of what he felt is revealed in the inscription in a book which he sent to his friend, Edward K. Hall, who had also lost a beloved son:

TO E.K.H.
Whose boy and my boy, by the grace of God
Will remain boys through all Eternity

Like most undiluted Yankees, Coolidge had a dry humor which was both pointed and whimsical. When Rupert Hughes's "debunking" biography of George Washington was being discussed by several people in the White House, the President looked out the window and remarked, "I see his monument's still there." A group of newspaper men were reminiscing in his office about great orators and one of them said, "A man of eloquence can get away with anything. Only last week I heard 'Jim' Watson of Indiana shout at a political rally, 'My friends, I have told you all the facts and you can vote for me or go to Hell!' Everybody laughed, but Mr. Coolidge merely swung around in his swivel chair and said, "It was a difficult alternative." After his death, many stories were attributed to him which had formerly been ascribed to Lincoln or "Uncle Joe" Cannon; but enough that is original remains to give him a reputation as a wit. Senator Spencer, of Missouri, once came back from an evening stroll with the President. As they drew near the White House, Spencer said jovially, "I wonder who lives there?"

"Nobody," was the reply, "They just come and go." And then there is the tale of the too-efflusive clerk who brought Coolidge his first salary check in the White House. He began, "Mr. President, it is indeed an honor and a privilege," and went on in the same strain for a minute or two. "Never mind," broke in the President, "Only just come again!"

Mr. Coolidge maintained a Vermont tradition by being the master in his own household. But he was also proud of his attractive wife and occasionally jealous of her. He had his full share of husbandly inquisitiveness and actually bought some of her hats and gowns. Indeed he was far more human and much less irritable than the public realized. Nevertheless he did not care for games, either golf or bridge, insisting that they were a waste of time; and at social functions he was frankly bored, not even attempting to conceal his lack of interest. He was perfectly contented while performing his routine duties as legislator and governor and president. He cared very little for art or music or poetry,—or indeed for beauty as such except in nature. Like his ancestors for many generations, he had a practical mind, with no inclination to dream dreams or see visions.

But if he had little imagination, he had more than his share of common sense,—a quality which helped him as a professional public servant. Chief Justice Taft wrote of him in 1925, "He is nearly as good a politician as Lincoln." He knew how to attend to the small details which in the aggregate mean so much. As he moved along the path to success, he had to deal with knaves and self-seekers, but he never became the tool of unscrupulous parasites and even amid the conspiracies and disgraceful compromises of the Harding administration, he kept his record clean. Although he had a strong sense of dignity, he never made the mistake of putting on airs or trying to show off. He had sound judgment, knew how to distribute responsibility and choose and trust subordinates. He may not have been brilliant, but he was safe.

Vermont, for a small state, has had an unusually large share of distinguished sons. Stephen A. Douglas and Horace Greeley were in their day presidential candidates, although unsuccessful, and other Vermonters, like John Garibaldi Sargent and George Harvey, have attained high office. Calvin Coolidge was, perhaps, even more typically a Yankee than any of these,—thriftty, conservative, practical, honest, taciturn, and self-respecting. Some of his portraits by discerning artists have depicted a rustic turned statesman. And this is a right estimate! Wherever he went, to whatever heights he rose, he was always at heart the simple, straight-forward, unassuming Vermonter, who had been lifted by Fortune into the most exalted office in the land, indeed in the world; and after having sat with the Great, he resumed without regret his status as a plain American citizen. It is most fitting that his body should rest in Vermont soil, close to the spot where he was born.

END
OATH . . . Continued from page 7

successors. Mr. Coolidge finished first with the original and waited until the Congressman and I had read the carbon. He spoke no word to Mr. Dale, but his eyes asked the question: "What do you think of it?"

"This is the correct form, without doubt, Mr. President," Dale replied. Mr. Coolidge nodded, and handed the copies to Geiser remarking, "Be sure and get the signatures of the witnesses."

Slowly Calvin Coolidge approached the marble-topped table in the center of the dimly lighted and stifling hot room. As I check a pencil sketch of the location of those in the room on this historic occasion; a sketch I made at the breakfast table in a Springfield hotel later that morning, my recollection is confirmed of the president-elect facing his father across the table on which reposed a Bible, along with a copy of the revised statutes of Vermont and a farm tool catalogue. The back of Calvin Coolidge was toward the bay window which faced Plymouth's side street while his father faced his son across the table. To Calvin Coolidge's left stood his gracious wife and slightly in the shadows to the left of Mrs. Coolidge and almost in a doorway leading to a small room which he used as an office, stood Secretary Geiser. Congressman Dale stood at the right of Calvin Coolidge, and slightly to the rear, I occupied a position at Mr. Dale's right, directly in front of the closed screen door, outside of which, with their faces pressed to the screening, stood Messrs. Lane, Thompson and McNerney. There were but six persons within the room proper, including the President, when the oath was administered.

A single bright, clean and gleaming Tluj lamp gave the only illumination in the room as father and son raised their right hands. There was not a sound to disturb the pregnant silence; in fact there was no marked expression on the President's face other than a possibly more determined grimness as the lips seemed even more tightly pressed together. He most certainly must have suppressed his true and genuine feelings of the moment; it most certainly was the supreme moment of his or any man's life; the ascendency from the suppressed, isolated, secondary banishment of the vice-presidency to the first citizen of 150 millions of men, women and children. Did not the same Coolidge in but a few years, when he was President of the United States by the vote of the people, insist upon including around his own cabinet table, the man who occupied the post of vice-president? Calvin Coolidge knew from personal experience the anonymity of the second in command and as a result of his personal experience he did not inflict exile on Charles G. Dawes.

The next move in that room was made by the President. A glance in the direction of Mr. Geiser was sufficient. That efficient young man stepped forward, an open fountain pen in his hand. He passed it to the President, who, bending over the table, signed his name at the bottom of the typewritten words. A flourish and the name "Calvin Coolidge" was affixed to a historical document.

His father came around the table and the President handed the pen to the old gentleman. He, too, affixed his signature, "John C. Coolidge," and added to the document the notarial seal of the State of Vermont. It was official then, save for the signatures of the witnesses.

First, Mrs. Coolidge signed: "Grace G. Coolidge;" then Mr. Dale; next Mr. Geiser and then, in a shaking hand, I scrawled my signature at the bottom of this list. I was followed by Mr. Lane. To this day, I do not know why the other two men on the porch, whose faces, too, were pressed to the screen of the door, were not invited to sign this document. They most certainly witnessed it.

I've always wanted to see that signature of mine again and inspect it when less excited. The signatures having been affixed to the historical documents, the sleeve of Mr. Dale's coat having been plucked several times by my nervous fingers, the President slowly moved toward the stairs leading to his sleeping quarters. Mrs. Coolidge followed him. At the foot of the stairs, as he paused to let his wife pass him, he turned his head toward our little gathering still grouped around the table; a slight smile relaxed to the tightly pressed lips and lighted the sharp face and he said "Good night"—his first presidential salute. Then he and Mrs. Coolidge had gone.

Quickly, I paid my respects to Colonel Coolidge, who still stood by the table, his eyes looking into the dimness of the doorway leading to the kitchen. The grand old gentleman graciously acknowledged my thanks and the subsequent "Good night, sir." Then I hurried from the room, as fast as I could, while Messrs. Dale and Lane followed. I found that Thompson, with foresight, had arranged with Barney to turn the car around; the motor was purring and the lights blazing. Thompson had the rear door open. "I'm staying here, Joe," the Congressman told me as I hustled down the three steps to the ground, "and I'm returning to Washington with the President soon after daylight." I hardly heard him as I jumped into the car, followed by Thompson, who closed the door, and Barney let the clutch in with a suddenness that threw both Thompson and me back into the seat. The car tore around the corner of the Cilley store and on to the narrow, winding mountain "main road" to Ludlow.

We had in that car as it rushed through the sultry blackness, news the world was waiting for.

END

VERMONT Life 55
Dope for Dianas

By PERLEY P. PITKIN

Is it your purpose, Madame, to take the field this Fall and become an upland gunner? I hope so; for ladies adorn the gamefields as effectively as they adorn golf-courses, tennis courts, or magazine pages, and not nearly so often. I don’t know why: certainly they do not lack the necessary physique or stamina, for a day in the bird-covers takes no more energy than a day on the courts or the ski-trails—except that a hunter doesn’t climb hills on a rope or in a sky-chariot—nor do they lack the ability to acquire shooting skill.

And that’s what shooting is, an acquired skill. Some learn more easily than others, but every shooter had to learn. People are not born with the ability to shoot, serve and enjoy many savory game dinners. But usually you start earlier, when the grass and goldenrod are wet with frost or dew; usually some part of your day will be spent in boggy places which will coat boots and sneakers with a black mudpack; usually you will have a walk of a mile or so back to the car in the chill that comes with sunset in October; and you’ll wish that you had worn boots. Riding-boots are handsome but they are vile to walk in: leather-topped rubber packs are wonderful to walk in, perfect for bog work, but are not handsome. Probably you’ll compromise on a pair of twelve-inch leather moccasins, which are very good but less practical than the rubber ones. Whatever your shoes, be sure to wear good, firm, wool socks.

Riding-breeches, like riding-boots, were not made to walk in: they are too tight at the knees, and the pull of them is tiring. Slacks are better. Wear them outside your boots, or tucked into them and bloused. There is less pull when they are thus bloused, and they are warmer. The material can be what you like; but tweeds and flannels are easy picking for brambles and thorns, and tough poplin or canvas will serve better. Flannel shirts may be as flamboyant as Joseph’s coat, so let yourself go: nobody will object. Most of the time, however, the shirt will be covered by a cheap, strong, canvas or poplin hunting coat which will resist briars, unless you expect to stroll about in the open while Henry and Rover do the bush-whacking for you. If you do go into the brush you will find long hair a nuisance, so, if yours is that kind, wear a cap that will cover it. And take along a pair of unlined leather gloves; you may need them.

Footgear is important. If you are not going out before ten in the morning, and propose to stop hunting before sundown, and the weather is warm, common sneakers are about as good as anything.
It's a far cry in distance and atmosphere from the quiet Vermont scene to the Klieg-lighted glamour of the movie industry, but the state of Vermont is in the movies. It started at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts.

It was a hectic night in mid-September of last year at the Vermont building. The big event of the Exposition was approaching as the evening wore on. At the Vermont Fish and Game Exhibit the Mama beaver was about to become a mother. Then, just after midnight, three, new baby beavers were born and became the sensation of the show.

An interested visitor next day was the famous nature writer, Thornton Burgess. Vermont officials, casting about for a means of recording this event, unusual in captivity, got in touch with Bay State Film Productions, Inc. there in Springfield, New England's foremost producer of fine motion pictures.

And there, when the beavers were less than a day old, they were filmed in color with Thornton Burgess, who gave his services and later lent his voice for the sound track of "Our Amazing Beavers." Then the State Development Commission decided to tell the story of Vermont in a sound and color motion picture.

By WALTER R. HARD, JR.

Ever since the first pioneers made their way up the Connecticut River to the land of the Green Mountains the story of Vermont has been told in an endless variety of words and pictures. For Vermont is a story in itself. It always follows the same pattern of tranquility and beauty, but the story changes too.

It changes in every season of the year and it changes town to town and city to city. And now, in this new way, the people anywhere in the world may see the full beauty of Vermont and learn the spirit of the people who live there.

In one half hour of screen time, the audience will see for itself just why Vermont is different, and why it is the place to vacation or to live.

It was a surprise to the state to find in New England all the complexities of Hollywood, on a smaller scale. At Bay State they found the busy sound stages and film recording facilities, great banks of powerful lights, sound engineers and script writers. The company, founded several years ago by a group of New Englanders, is producing motion pictures for business, industry, television and films such as those just completed for Vermont.

The producer chose as a cameraman for the Vermont films Charles DuBois Hodges, who comes from a long line of Vermonters. His grandfather, William H. DuBois, once was Vermont's State Treasurer.

"Filming the Vermont story," Charlie Hodges says, "was one of the biggest thrills of my life. Although I've worked across the country in many, many fields, none can supply the satisfaction of working in and for the benefit of my own state."

The filming for "Background for
a boys' summer camp nature provides a vantage point for cameraman Charles Hodges, the young craftsmen watch usually as their clay figures are arranged for firing in the outdoor kiln.

At another setting, a low camera angle emphasizes the laying process of even the youngest summer camper.

Morgan colts prove friendly photogenic subjects for the motion picture camera. At the Morgan Horse Farm in Weybridge.
Living” began last summer. First came fly fishing for trout, flights of wild ducks, the fall foliage and then the winter ski season. It was decided to produce a separate ski movie, also in sound and color. This shorter film, “Ski Vermont,” combines remarkable skiing scenes with shots of the winter landscape.

Part of “Ski Vermont” was worked into the year 'round film. Then came shots of boys and girls camps, state parks and camp sites, bathing beaches, the Long Trail, boating, apple blossoms, Morgan horses and trail riding, and scenes with well-known residents of Vermont telling what the state means to them. These varied subjects are tied smoothly into a running narrative with the story of a Vermonter who wants to be sure his home goes to a family who love the many things that Vermont offers.

There were some trying times during the filming, as when a playful colt tried chewing on the skirt of a young miss who was appearing in the Morgan Horse Farm sequence. But the cooperation and naturalness of the impromptu actors is what made possible the smooth flow of the films, Charlie Hodges says. When the ski script called for a tumble, the convincing performance of a ski patrol member rivalled any Hollywood stunt man.

The baby beaver picture is ready now and the “premiers” for “Ski Vermont” and “Background for Living” are planned in late September.

The movies will be available free of charge for showing by interested groups and associations after September. Shipping charges will be the only costs to groups, which must provide their own 16 mm. projectors and sound equipment. Organizations interested in the films should write the Vermont Development Commission, Film Service, Montpelier.
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Development Commission
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