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35 cents

IN THIS ISSUE
Middlebury Sesquicentennial • Historic New England
Welcome Summer Residents and Vacationists:

Among the many pleasant opportunities which are mine as Governor of the State of Vermont is the privilege of conveying on behalf of each and every individual within our state an invitation and welcome to all from without our borders to come and call upon us. We will be most happy to hear your knock on our door.

Feeling as we do that we are indeed blessed with that heritage which we quite fondly characterize as "unspoiled Vermont" and "the beauty corner of New England," we are understandably happy and proud to beseech you to share it with us and join us in our way of life.

Historic and scenic Vermont has its welcome mat out the year around and we have every confidence that all those who find themselves able to accept our invitation will greatly enjoy the sightseeing, recreation and relaxation which we offer in such an abundance. That has been the happy experience often and gratefully expressed almost universally by our many vacationists and summer residents in other years.

We cannot guarantee that our fish will bite or that the sun will shine quite every day, but we can and do assure you of an ever present atmosphere of serene cordiality.

Harold J. Arthur, Governor
That one might suffer from thirst—the kind that plain wet water can slake—in regions mostly made up of mountains and hills, seems to the Post Boy to be incredible. However we are told that the supply of water is becoming more and more a serious problem in many a city. New Yorkers with bathless and shaveless days may not suffer from an inward lack but exterior comfort might well be seriously impaired. But what seems stranger is the unhappy condition in which many a Vermonter has found himself in recent dry years. Many a farmer has been forced to spend hours either carrying water to his cattle or driving the cattle to streams or water holes. Perhaps less serious but certainly not very happy has been the situation of recent comers to the state who have bought places in the country, many of them equipped with springs that the oldest inhabitant never recalls having failed, which in recent years have either lessened their flow or dried up entirely. Well diggers' rigs have been working day and night to get down where a new supply may be tapped.

In short everybody is getting water conscious. Obviously national habits which are far removed from the ancient Saturday night rites have put much heavier demands on the water table. Nobody has suggested as far as the Post Boy knows, that as a nation we are quenching our thirst with plain aqua pura any more exclusively than has formerly been the case. In Vermont in times past it was water to drink which brought people to the springs many coming with their trunks found accommodations in the vicinity of the springs. The House being large and commodious is well adapted for the accommodation of individuals and families—the valetudinarian, and parties of pleasure. The wants of all who call upon him shall be consulted and by strict attention he hopes to merit the patronage of the public."

And to the newly opened caravansary they came "valetudinarians" and "parties of pleasure" from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and points south, prepared to be made well by the healing waters. Thompson in his Natural History of Vermont, 1842, was furnishing some free advertising. "These waters most closely resemble the German Spa Water" he says. "For their curative properties they are believed to be indebted wholly to the gasses they contain. They are highly efficacious in affections of the liver, dyspepsia, and all cutaneous complaints, rheumatism and invertebrate sore eyes." Five hundred visitors are reported to have found accommodations in the vicinity of the springs many coming with their trunks for a summer's stay. A few came with carriages and liveried coachmen who would be seen in open vehicles holding lacy parasols to guard their complexes, doubtless being made spotless by the waters, from exposure to the destructive rays of the summer sun. The valetudinarians might be taking constitutional up and down the verandas while discreet young ladies in merino (the Post Boy is not to be held responsible for these feminine details) "outing dresses," with doubtless several layers of various unmentionables beneath, their faces protected by broad brimmed hats tipped forward to display "water-falls," "chignons" (that's what it says) and curls, which add up to hair-do's obviously,—went picnicking with young men in skirted coats, linen pantaloons and tall beaver hats. Properly chaperoned, of course:

"In the late afternoon, when the sun's rays were less devastating to delicatecomplexions, yards of dainty flounces were lifted to just the correct and modest height, while small exquisitely shod feet were placed firmly on croquet balls while the excited players lifted mallets and drove the opponents as far as a ladylike whack could properly drive them. In the evening the CLARENDON HOUSE twinkled with lights. Music and laughter, the swish of starched silk and satins, of crisp poplins and embroidered muslins floated out among the fireflies to mingle with the splash of the fountain on the lawn." Verily the shades of Queen Victoria were hovering over the writer's desk that day.

All over the state, waters offering cures for most of the ills that flesh was heir to, were bubbling from the ground to be downed by the summer visitors. Considering the probable quality of the water obtainable in most urban areas at the time, doubtless a few months of internal bathing with any pure water would prove beneficial. Add to this faith and the hope which springs eternal, plus whatever mineral qualities might be present, there is little wonder that the few privileged ones who could escape to the green hills found refreshment and health.

By way of contrast the Post Boy recalls a miniature revolution which took place in one of Vermont's oldest resort hotels. It was when golf had come in to chase away the last traces of the Victorian era's inanities. Two elderly matrons not only complained bitterly of the breach of etiquette, but told the proprietor that, in spite of the fact that they and their parents had for years patronized his inn, they simply could not ever come again. Moreover over they were leaving just as soon as other plans would be made. All because men, they would not call them gentlemen, had appeared in the dining room not only not dressed for dinner but wearing those outrageous new golfing garments known as knickerbockers. They simply could not endure such a breach or, more specifically, such breeches.

(continued on page 57)
Mrs. Earle Curtis, wife of Earle Curtis, farm planner for the Winooski District, practices what her husband preaches. The vegetable garden on their farm in Marshfield is planted and sown on the contour to check the washing away of soil and to conserve rain fall. They raise a year-round supply of vegetables in this garden. Strip cropping and contour plowing prevent erosion and insure more to eat and more to spend for future Vermonter.

Question: "And what has this to do with soil conservation?" Answer: "If this pond hadn't been built by the Soil Conservation District on Harold Weed's farm in East Montpelier Center to conserve the water supply, these two girls would not have been here. They are part of a paying crop brought by the pond all the way from New York to increase the revenue from Mr. Weed's land—summer visitors."
SOIL SAVERS
Ceres on the State House Dome Has Reliable Right-Hand Men

WHERE Father Abraham pastured his flocks, the desert stretches a hundred miles in every direction. And perhaps only wilderness reigns where your Vermont grandfather pastured his, but Vermont is so far from being a desert that it daily pours a veritable flood of milk into the Boston milkshed, while at the same time sending flocks of turkeys, gallons of syrup, truckloads of Christmas trees, and lumber by the millions of board feet to market. The widely prevalent picture of a land of gaping cellar holes and abandoned farms scarcely explains a State with so much wealth to export. Vermont is actually a place of fertile farms and fruitful forests, and there are men whose business it is to see that it stays that way.

Two of these are the forester and the soil conservationist. Their jobs dovetail as neatly as do the meadows and woodlands of the typical Green Mountain farm.

"It's ideal farming country—Vermont," says Earle Curtis, soil technician in the U. S. Soil Conservation Service. "Woods, hills, valley bottoms combine to form the kind of farmland that has and will continue to produce if it is properly treated. The steeper land grown to trees serves as a natural wood growth, at right, man assists her by setting out small trees. The surplus he hauled downhill to market. Today those same river valleys are fertile farming land, and they and the level lakeshore lands produce the "highest per capita gross farm income from dairy products in the Union" to quote from Ayer's Directory. Vermont's 300,000 products in the Union" to quote from Ayer's Directory. Vermont's 300,000 cows should be as contented as cows anywhere for their masters hold their own in Green Pastures contests, use the most modern dairy methods, and keep up with the latest scientific advances with the county, state or Federal agency. Let's see, for example, where Earle Curtis fits into the farmer's picture. Earle works for the Winooski Soil Conservation District.*

"What's the district?" asks a farmer in Middlesex.

"The district," Earle explains, "is where for their masters hold their own in Green Pastures contests, use the most modern dairy methods, and keep up with the latest scientific advances with the most up to the farmer and the supervisors."

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Aides, Donald Dwinnell, George Knight and Charles Helfrich; a Soil Surveyor, George Allen.

*The Winooski Soil Conservation District is a watershed district extending from Cabot to Burlington. Most other districts in Vermont are by county. The Soil Conservation Service has assigned the following personnel to help the Winooski District supervisors: a District Conservationist, Reuben R. Zile; an Engineering Specialist, Kenneth D. Wilson; two Farm Planners, Earle G. Curtis and Robert Towne; three Conservation Aides, Donald Dwinnell, George Knight and Charles Helfrich; a Soil Surveyor, George Allen.
The trunk of this elm tree on Allen Clark’s farm in Fayston shows the scars of its battle to hold off the swift waters of a stream that tumbles down from General Stark Mt. each spring. The washing away of soil from this farm should be checked by riprapping and other measures.

“Well, I don’t know,” the farmer reflects. “Don’t think much of the Government coming in and telling me how to run my farm.”

“Well, now. You asked Ed Walker to come up and look at your woodlot, didn’t you?” Ed Walker is the Washington County Forester. “What did he say?”

“He said I should talk to you first.”

“He said what?”

“Well, he said something about looking at the farm as a whole. He said he could give me a better tree-planting program after you had worked out a plan of the whole place.”

Joining the district to get the benefits of sound soil conservation knowledge is a purely voluntary act on the part of the individual farmer, Earle is careful to explain. But every farmer who wants to build up his farm, to invest in its future, has free and expert advice ready to hand. He can get mechanized help at cost, too.

Let’s follow Ed Walker and Earle Curtis on one of their visits to a farm in the district. If this call is a little out of the ordinary, it’s the more interesting because it ties together the State’s two largest industries—recreation and farming.

Down in Fayston on the Mad River, a city couple, Allen W. Clark, Jr. and his wife Nancy, bought one of those abandoned farms we’ve been hearing about. They planned to make a small ski lodge out of it. But since skiing, like farming, is a slave to the weather, they wanted to find out what they could do to make the farm provide an income the year round. Last January Allen Clark called in Ed Walker to ask about his woodland. Ed made some suggestions about the sugar bush and timber. Then Clark applied to the District for help. The District sent Curtis to look his place over. This time Ed and Earle went together. They climbed up into a hillside clearing that had once been pasture.

“Now, this soil,” Earle pointed out, “is mostly sand and small rocks. The slope is too great for good pasture.” He smiled. “I’d say give this piece of land to Ed Walker.”

Ed, who had noted two seed spruces on the borders of the clearing and spruce seedlings growing amid the birch thickets, remarked drily, “And I would say, give it back to Nature. She’s already taken over.”

But not all of Clark’s farm was rocky hillside. A preliminary estimate suggested that it would support perhaps seven cows. Clark asked about raising vegetables, about freezer lockers and about food for the lodge’s guests. Earle cited his own farm in Marshfield and how savings in food paid for his freezer locker in one year. The question arose as to whether fruit and vegetables wouldn’t be more practical than livestock.

All this was preliminary. Later, through the work of the farm planner and the engineer of the Soil Conservation Service, Clark got a Soil Conservation plan based on aerial photographs of his farm, a color map of his soil capabilities and an integrated analysis of the land’s present potential, and future possibilities. Actually Allen Clark will have one more crop than the typical Vermont farmer. The typical farmer’s land produces in the order of importance—milk (i.e. hay and pasture), timber and maple syrup. Clark’s farm will eventually “produce” in the same order—skiers (i.e. vegetables and meat), milk, timber and syrup. As hay and pasture support cattle so Clark’s vegetables and milk will support his skiers, and perhaps another crop, summer visitors.

This last is a crop that might sometimes be called a byproduct of soil conservation work. On Harold Weed’s farm the soil experts, using the District’s bulldozer, constructed a farm pond, and the pond is now one of the lures that draw summer visitors to Mr. Weed’s farm each summer for it provides swimming right at his doorstep. Mr. Weed is a professional farmer and summer visitors are an additional rather than a main crop.

Earle explains the Soil Conservation plan to each new farmer member of the District. “We’ll make recommendations for every acre of your farm. You can put them into effect, as soon as you are able. You’re under no obligation to do it immediately. Our only point is that the sooner you do it, the better for the nation.”

That’s a startling concept, perhaps. A farmer begins strip cropping, good drainage practice, and contour plowing near a small Vermont village. He harvests his trees as a continuing crop, instead of “mining” his woodland. He fences his cattle out of his sugar bush and other timber. He’s helping himself, obviously, but “the better for the nation?” Earle Curtis explains that twice in a hundred years the earth’s population has tripled, while soil productivity has declined. Earle’s statement is a restrained one. The issue at hand is the survival of humanity. It takes 2 1/2 acres to support one person. There’s not that much arable land left in the world. The United States has perhaps 3 acres per person, but we waste soil faster than any other people on earth. There’s no question about it. The course that brook takes through your property has a bearing on the future of humanity.*

Private ownership carries public responsibility as it never did in the past, yet, with the exception of really violent depredations, it is left to the individual owner to decide what he should do. If you will take the word of a farmer of olden days, it’s a simple matter of

*The Supreme Court recently recognized this fact when it upheld the State of Washington in its claim that it had the right to restrain a private owner from depleting his own forest resources.
patriotism. “He is the greatest patriot who stops the most gullies,” said Patrick Henry.

By this criterion, acts of patriotism are being practiced every day on Vermont farms. Let’s take a look at some of them: contour plowing to catch rainfall and prevent sheet erosion which takes layers of topsoil off with every rain; the digging of drainage ditches to lead runoff water away from cultivated fields into grassed waterways with a controlled grade; the shifting of land too steep for safe cultivation to permanent pasture; the shifting of land too steep for pasture to woodland, by the planting of trees; “riprapping”—the practice of placing layers of stone along a stream bank as a protection against erosion, and the planting of willow for the same purpose; intelligent cutting of trees to provide a continuing crop and a continually covered hillside.

Soil “patriotism” is an individual matter, but in some cases it reaches national proportions. In the picture of Harry West and Earle Curtis standing in the middle of the frozen Winooski River one can see a problem too big and costly for farmer, forester, soil expert, district, or even State. Harry West’s farm on the border of East Montpelier and Plainfield is largely level land yet the turbulent Winooski is stealing soil from him nevertheless. The problem of preventing Mr. West’s farm from flowing swiftly into Lake Champlain, forty-odd miles to the west, is repeated nation-wide. The control of river bank erosion is too big a matter for any individual. It requires the cooperation of the farmer, the State, and even the Federal Government. If all three get together the problem can be solved.

By large, though, soil conservation is a matter of simple democracy, a common working out of problems in the manner of town meetings. Such a problem is illustrated by Shelburne Pond. Nineteen farmers who own land around Shelburne Pond claim that the plugging up of the pond’s outlet has flooded some of their good land, perhaps two or three hundred acres of it. They asked the District supervisors for help. The supervisors in turn called on the State Water Conservation Board and the State Fish and Game Service for assistance inasmuch as the waters of the pond are State property, and any change in level would affect the habitat of the fish. The Department of Highways was also consulted as a town road was involved. Selectmen of the town were also interested. These groups met with the supervisors, and, after a thorough discussion, the Water Conservation Board agreed to hold a public hearing. It is not a matter to be settled in a few moments, but it is meetings such as this that bring agreement.

No one has more respect for the farmer than the soil technician. As Earle Curtis puts it, it’s a comparatively simple matter to run a store or a steel mill. It requires only a specific amount of knowledge and experience to be successful in most lines of business, but the farmer must be a specialist in half a hundred different lines. His job requires unusual intelligence coupled with practical application. He must be a scientist and a bookkeeper, a mechanic and a merchandising expert. He has to know real estate values and banking procedures. It is the respect that men like Curtis feel for the farmer that wins them a like respect from the most suspicious landowner. It might surprise most men with whom Earle talks to realize how many of the recommended changes in their farm practices were actually made by themselves. To an extraordinary extent, Earle leans on the intelligence of the farmer himself, supplying technical information to supplement what the farmer has already learned by observation. The farmer already knows his cows do better on good pasture. He may not know, as Earle does, that the amount of protein in the pasturage directly controls the quantity of milk regardless of the number of cows or the number of acres, he may not know that the condition of the soil controls the supply of protein, but he must have come to a similar conclusion or he wouldn’t be talking to the soil technician. He knows his hillside pasture isn’t producing sufficient feed, but he may not be sure whether it is best to plow, fertilize and reseed or plant it to trees.

“In general,” says Earle in discussing one hill pasture, “I’m against making cows climb hills. When they do, only one mouthful of grass out of three produces milk. The other two are used in climbing to the pasture. And I’m against having the farmer climb, too. The cost and time involved in hauling fertilizer and seed into an upland pasture can usually be better spent in improving the more level acreage. You could put in a drainage ditch and then plow this field across the slope in this direction as you suggest, but it’s up to you to decide whether it’s worth it. Or, as you just said, you could leave it to reseed itself in pine. Your profit from this field might well be larger over a ten-year period if you planted trees. It’s something we’ll have to figure out.”

It makes sense to the farmer, or there wouldn’t be any districts. Soil conservation is good business practice applied to farming and most farmers realize it. They also realize that there are jobs they can’t do alone. Through the district they pool their resources to buy bull-dozers and other equipment in a cooperative venture that means larger returns for each individual. With the technical advice of the forest and soil services they can be sure they are not wasting money, time and effort.

How far is Abraham’s desert from Vermont? To steal a story recently told in a national magazine, the distance is only six inches, the six inches of topsoil left on a good farm. That’s not far away. The time it takes to get there depends largely on men like Ed Walker and Earle Curtis.

Ed Walker, Washington County Forester, left, and Earle Curtis, farm planner with the Soil Conservation Service, center, at the farm of Allen Clark of Fayston, right.
by Stephen Greene

The morning sun shone hot on Keene's Corner, near the present town of Glover, Vermont, where 50 or so men and boys gathered with shovels and picks, first to dig and then to celebrate. Everyone was in high spirits. It was election day back in New Hampshire, the former home of most of these pioneers, so they could call it a holiday for old time's sake. Moreover Aaron Wilson, the miller, was furnishing the whiskey.

On Wilson's part this was not purely an act of generosity. It was his suggestion to hold a bee and he stood to benefit by it as much as anyone. The Spring of 1810 had been dry, with scarcely enough water power from the Glover branch of Barton River to turn his saw and gristmills. But five miles to the South of the mills, in a wooded pocket high in the hills, lay Long Pond, one and a half miles long, three quarters of a mile wide and more than 100 feet deep. In the memory of man the outlet of Long Pond had been to the South; it had formed the headwaters of the Lamoille River which flowed into Lake Champlain. But since the Northern bank of Long Pond was only a foot or so high, Wilson reasoned, why couldn't the pond's overflow be reversed? A little digging at the North end would cause the water to flow down past his mills into Lake Memphremagog, and so increase his power supply during the summer and during subsequent periods of drought. Wilson was able to convince his neighbors that this simple engineering project would rebound to their mutual advantage.

The Pond that Moved North

Aaron Wilson's scheme to change the flow of Long Pond and increase the water power for his grist mill was a disaster for residents along the Barton River in 1810, but probably a godsend to later inhabitants of this Orleans County valley.
And so shortly after eight on the morning of June 6, 1810, the little task force of pioneers set to work, and before long had cut a shallow ditch through the natural dam which separated Long Pond from Mud Pond, below it and to the North. To prevent new water from interfering with the shovel work, they had left until the last the portion of clay and hardpan immediately bordering Long Pond. Digging on a windless and sunny June day makes a man thirsty. When the settlers had cut a four foot slot to the lake's shore, shortly after noon, they adjourned to partake of the miller's refreshments.

The hero of this tale—according to the best information available today—is a tall, wiry young man named Spencer Chamberlin, a formidable wrestler and a runner of speed and endurance. Whether Chamberlin was standing by the ditch because he had earlier consumed his share of the treat, or because he was a teetotaler, or merely out of curiosity, is not known. In any event he was among the first to notice that the water from the pond was not flowing down the new trench, as it should have been doing, but was seeping out of sight into the ground. He jumped into the excavation to investigate—and yelled for help. The bed of the ditch was quicksand and Chamberlin had to be pulled out by the hair.

Soon the hole into which Chamberlin had jumped deepened and yawned as the adjoining land, trees and all, toppled into it. The hardpan edge of the pond held for a moment, then with a roar gave way.

Over their shoulders the fleeing holiday makers saw opening behind them a pit 50 feet deep and almost as wide. The peaceful little lake was transformed into a vortex as the water thundered out through the new exit.

Long Pond had started on its journey North.

Then Aaron Wilson remembered his mills. Knowing that whoever was there could not hear the descending water for the noise of the grinding, he set out with several other men to give warning. But Chamberlin soon distanced them all. Two miles the young runner beat his way through the trackless woods, dodging those trees and clambering through underbrush, before he got ahead of the torrent. He had hardly dropped to lower land, where the running was easier, before the angry water charged him and caught at his heels, forcing him again to higher ground. For three more terrible miles on that sultry June day, Chamberlin ran as he had never run before.

The column of water roared down through Mud Pond, tumbling whole chunks of forest in its headlong flight. Giant softwoods snapped with reports which could be heard for miles. In narrow parts of the twisting valley, the deluge would be stopped for a moment as shorn trees jacknifed to form a dam. Then the water built up behind it, the barrier collapsed and the water was on its way again.

Just in time, Chamberlin reached the mills. He shouted a warning in the door and the occupants scrambled to safety up the nearest slope and watched the waters ram the mills to splinters and dance off with the remains. So complete was the destruction of the building, according to one source, that not even the huge millstones were ever seen again.

Although this is as far as Chamberlin went—it is said that he felt the effects of his run until his death 40 years later—Long Pond kept right on going. It cleared out every bridge on the Barton River. It rolled ahead of it for one mile a boulder estimated to weigh 100 tons, cut channels out of hillsides, uncovering great sheets of ledge. It carried off forests of trees, standing upright as they grew, and buried hundreds of acres of growing crops under four to twenty feet of earth, rocks and timber. Wild animals, domestic cattle, at least one horse were swept away; but by some miracle not a human life was lost.

It took four hours for the water to reach Lake Memphremagog, 20 miles from its starting point. Long Pond was a pond no more but a sea of mud where the fish flapped and died.

One hundred years later to the day, some 2,000 people gathered on the site of the original excavation, had a picnic lunch and listened to an historical address. The meeting of that band of pick-and-shovel pioneers, the speaker pointed out, was one of the most fortunate meetings in the history of the state. For the thin and treacherous Northern shore of Long Pond was bound to give way sooner or later. Better that this should have occurred in 1810 when the valley was sparsely settled, he said, than 100 years later when three towns and hundreds of farms would have lain in the path of the galloping water.

At these same centennial exercises a granite monument was unveiled and the field which had once been a pond had a new name. The inscription on the monument, which can be seen today on State Route 12 South of Glover, says:

**RUNAWAY POND**

**IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BREAKING AWAY OF LONG POND JUNE 6, 1810, ERECTED BY THE TOWN OF GLOVER JUNE 6, 1910.**
A light dew on your face and soaking into your clothes, a sock-clad foot protruding downhill from one corner of your blanket-roll, the rustle of your horse in the bushes a few feet away—and you awaken to one of the mornings we spent on Vermont pack trips. For two summers, I was one of about twenty girls from all over the United States who signed up for the after-camp horseback trips organized by the riding staff of Ecole Champlain, a French camp for girls near Ferrisburg on Lake Champlain. The two eight-day trips have blended into one in my mind, and instead of painting a distinct route I can only sweep a rather wispy brush among some familiar names and scenes. Starting near Ferrisburg, on horses assigned to us by our riding master, a former White Russian captain, we trotted, double-file, down the roads and up the paths of Vermont, over a thousand miles of which have been marked and mapped by the Green Mountain Horse Association in Rutland.

A truck which drove ahead with sleeping and cooking equipment, food supplies, and straw and oats for the horses, joined us in the evenings in our search for a camp—a spot on a fresh stream or lake, with open space for cooking and in which to spread out our sleeping bags, and with trees to serve as hitching posts for the horses.

By the first evening, we had covered about fifteen miles, going northeast near Cedar Pond. We walked our horses to water, using them as an excuse to get our sweltering and rather numb feet out of our boots and into the crisp, soothing coolness of a Vermont stream. Each rider fed, curried, and brushed her own horse, for which she was entirely responsible during the trip, and bedded him down for the night. Then volunteer cooking, fire, clean-up, and lunch crews were formed.

With each crew doing its share with a song and enthusiasm, the supper was soon prepared. After the meal, we usually realized we had overeaten as, tired but satisfied, we lay on our backs around the dying fire and watched the stars or listened to our leader sing Russian folksongs.

And in the morning, the tantalizing odor of boiling coffee and long strips of crackling bacon hurried us through our chores. Often there were pancakes or French toast à la pack trip—a little mil from a nearby farm, a great deal of egg.
and slices of bread, tossed together, fried, and then drowned in Vermont maple syrup.

As the breakfast fire died down, we packed the equipment in the truck, loaded oats onto the pack horse, strapped sandwich lunches in our raincoats across the front of the saddles with rawhide, and hooked the coiled tie ropes onto our saddles. The horses danced a little as we reached the road, and the hills were still enveloped in a cool, fresh mist that withdrew slowly, inviting us to trot into the cool paths which had slept beneath its veil.

We passed down near Stark Mountain, and, crossing the Green Mountains through the Lincoln-Warren pass, we spent the following night on the other side. We usually covered up to twenty miles each day.

Soon we began to know our horses and vice versa, one of the main objectives of the trip. My horse on the last trip, "Question Mark," had a perfect but backward little white question mark on his forehead. He was a spirited Morgan with a beautiful form and coat; but he was nervous with his heels, car-shy, and half-broken as a pacer so that we were forced to take the rear of the column.

Although it was great to see "Question" break loose and glide across the fields with head and tail held high and sun glistening on his red coat, it was not very desirable on a pack trip. When we prepared to pass our truck at the entrance to our camping spot, the horse would suddenly quiver, seeming to send his legs in one direction while his body slid in the opposite, and we'd find ourselves back on the other side of a bridge we had carefully crossed only a few minutes before. There were several such un-scheduled romps. With firmer reins and heels, friendly pats, and soothing whistles, I would guide him back to the obstacle, where there would be a second of balance between retreat and advance followed by a burst which would carry us up to the group or back to start over. We were much like a blind man and a Seeing Eye dog, I guess; for they say it is often the man who is the more difficult to train.

We then went through the Ripon-Hancock Pass, down past Bread Loaf Inn, and through Green Mountain National Forest, heading toward Lake Dunmore. Lunch that day may have been in the long-grassed patch near a small lake, in the little meadow next to an old covered bridge, or above the saw-mill which buzzed noisily among trees in the valley below, like a bee digging feverishly into the natural wealth of a blossom.

Sometimes, we unstrapped the lunches to find bread and butter sandwiches with whole tomatoes and Toll-House cookies, all squashed together in a mass which had been bounced in the hot sun and occasionally sat upon during the morning. But our appetite never failed us.

Both horses and riders had been seasoned by daily riding during the two months at camp, and we did not feel the effects of riding—until it rained on the fourth day. As we tightened our girths that morning at Lake Dunmore, we watched the clouds roll into the sky. When the rain hit us at mid-morning, some of us discovered that there are two distinct kinds of raincoats—those that look sporty and those that are waterproof. At first we enjoyed the sensation of warm, late-summer rain driving through the branches overhead, beating into our faces and shoulders, and bringing out the rich smell of the horses that moved along faithfully under us. Towards late afternoon, however, the novelty had worn off, and we began to feel tired and sore, our sticky clothes and the rhythmic motion of a trot giving some of us visions of the adhesive-taped sores which we affectionately called "fannyitus."

As we reined in our horses around a small watering trough in the center of a little town near Chittendon and attempted to calm the extra horses on lead ropes, a limousine drew alongside and invited us up to what I believe was called the Hilltop Tavern, not yet opened for business. The building was soon echoing with screams.
... and visited the U. S. Morgan Horse Farm in Weybridge, the ancestral home of Justin Morgan and of many of our camp's forty Morgans. There we read the inscription on the Justin Morgan monument:

1921
Given by
The Morgan Horse Club
to the
U. S. Department of Agriculture
In Memory of
Justin Morgan
Who Died In
1921.

Our horses loved the cooling waters of Lake Champlain.

... Martha Churchill of Madison, N. J., and her pal were with us. Martha is a senior at Smith.

... Hot showers!" and "Beds with mattresses!" Our fairy godmother from the limousine sent us a roast turkey, a case of corn, milk, and two grills.

Warmed by the comforts of the tavern and by the generosity of the owner, we circled to the west with the sun the next day. Grabbing at berries and small, green apples along the road, singing, and joking, we arrived at a stretch of road that ran close to the Rutland Railroad. As a huge train was about to charge by only twenty feet from us, we were ordered to dismount and to hold our horses parallel to the track with their heads turned a little away and then to pet and talk to them. Trembling a little, I thrust the apples at "Question's" nose, calling him various flattering names. He started, danced a little as I hung on his reins, and then he stood.

We circled over to Lake Champlain, rode along the hills by its side, and then turned inland, spending the seventh night at Weybridge, where we visited an old but famous champion sire at the U. S. Morgan Horse Farm, the origin of many of our camp's forty Morgans.

As we started our last day of riding, we realized that we had received our second wind. Material comfort was unimportant as a mingled feeling of cooperation and independence, of good clean fun, and of thoroughly tiring sport filled us with a more complete satisfaction than we had previously known.

All too soon, we had to leave our horses at pasture south of Ferrisburg. I had grown to love the way my horse nipped at my shoulder when I was straightening the saddle and the way he threw his head up when he was bored with the slow pace of the group. But most of all, I felt a personal pride in the gradual progress he had made in losing his fear of machines. As we filed past a red truck at the entrance to the pasture, however, the driver slammed the door and started the motor—

It was the first ditch that either "Question" or I had ever jumped—quite a sensation. I realized that an eight-day trip is not long enough to teach one all there is to know about horses. But a wealth of memories returns with the Captain's shrill whistle and his deep-throated command: "Saddle up!" End
Evidences of the original barns from which the Saxes built their vacation dreamhouse are still visible. And they are the charm, beauty and story of a Grand Isle RENAISSANCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer P. Saxe hail from Baltimore, Maryland and Mrs. Saxe thought she would never be content in summer anywhere but on Long Island. When her favorite haunts became too suburban, her husband’s family, originally from Vermont, suggested that she try a summer here.

Mr. Saxe feared she would not like the country and, when they arrived in Grand Isle in a pouring rain, Mrs. Saxe was sure her husband was right. When she awoke on her first morning at the Inn, however, and looked from her window to see the sun sparkling on the lake with the mountains in the distance, she promptly fell in love with the place.

Anyone who has traveled through Vermont cannot fail to be impressed with the many old barn sites having spectacular views. Just why this should be so is open to speculation; but the observation caused the Saxes to search for such a site, with the idea of saving part of the cost of building a new home by converting an old barn into a house and at the same time securing a location with a beautiful view. The money saved in this manner could be applied to the cost of developing the new home site.

In November they found such a location. At Grand Isle they discovered two very old barns on a rise above Lake Champlain, about six hundred feet back from the lake. This site was directly east of Cumberland Head in New York and had a long southern view of Lake Champlain and of the entire Adirondack Mountains system starting with Lyon Mountain in the North. On a clear day Hotel Champlain can be seen and there is a view some sixty miles to the south.

The results of the Saxes’ adventure are shown here as an example of how rebuilding in this manner can result in a very pleasing, substantial and comfortable home with an unsurpassed view.

The view from the west windows include a striking panorama of the Adirondack chain. From right to left are seen Wilmington (large mountain), White Face (small peak), Street Mountain and Jay Mountain with March and McIntyre looming in the background over the barn. Some of these are over sixty miles away.
Fortunately, the sizes worked out so that only a small area of new foundation wall had to be built to accommodate the I of the small barn. Old lumber was reused as far as possible, the house being covered with the original unpainted oak barn boards which through years of aging had weathered to a beautiful color. Due to lack of sufficient good old boards, new sheathing lumber was used on the south and east sides of the house and painted white. The house was laid out from the measured barn dimensions, having the same height from the first floor to the roof. The second floor was worked in about four feet below the eves—the old hay loft area.

Two disreputable barns, boasting spectacular views of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, were put to use by the Saxes in developing their lovely summer home. The larger barn, on higher ground, had a cellar. This superstructure was torn down, leaving only the floor. The smaller barn whose only redeeming feature was an attractive shape, was moved over this base.

This view of the house faces East. On the inside of the house none of the timbers show except in the cellar and in the corners of the living and dining rooms where the 10 x 10 hand hewn oak posts were too good looking to cover. The wall paper stops at these posts which are left without finish in their natural wood appearance. Considerable money was saved by using the old barn timber structure and frame and siding.

The west side of the house overlooks the lake with the Adirondacks in the background.
Rich in history and natural beauty, Essex, Orleans and Caledonia Counties band together to develop their corner of the State

by Wallace Gilpin

Undoubtedly more people know less about The Northeast Kingdom of Vermont than any other section of the state. This name was given Caledonia, Essex and Orleans counties by United States Senator George D. Aiken in an address at Lyndonville last November.

The first white men known to have visited the region were Rogers Rangers in the fall of 1739. Having burned the St. Francis Indian village near the St. Lawrence river in reprisal for the tribe’s massacres in white settlements far down the Connecticut, and learning that their retreat to the North ends of Lake Champlain was cut off by the enemy, the Rangers were seeking an uncharted way southward to the nearest fort-settlement.

Reaching the east shore of Lake Memphremagog, starving and pursued by Indians, one group turned eastward, and reached the Connecticut following the general direction of the wild Nulhegan river. Another group continued southward up the Barton river to Crystal Lake and over the heights to the Passumpsic down which they followed.

This is the dramatic background story of the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont—Caledonia, Essex, and Orleans counties—as told in detail by Kenneth Roberts in his great historical novel, Northwest Passage. A vivid portrayal of the story in colored movies, based on the book was produced some 15 years ago.

Rogers Rangers passed through this region nearly 200 years ago, yet many Vermonters know little about the modern Kingdom today, more because of its geographical situation than by neglect or design.

After land pioneering days are over and the number of people engaged in agriculture begins to decline, history reveals that business and people everywhere follow the course of their streams downward for industrial purposes. The Connecticut river, New England’s longest and most important stream, courses southward the entire length of Eastern Vermont and draws the current of human migration with it toward the larger centers of Southern New England and New York. Thus it is modern Green Mountain folks naturally travel southward, and since The Northeast Kingdom lies northward and
Echo Lake, East Charleston, Vt.
In St. Johnsbury (Caledonia County) the platform scale was invented. Today from the Fairbanks plant (above) scales go to all corners of the world.

The creamery of H. F. Hood & Sons (above) at Newport (Orleans County) is the company's largest in New England. The Kingdom is a lush dairy region.

The Canadian border passes through the yards of the Beecher Falls Furniture Company (Essex County) and the custom houses lie beyond the plant.

upstream, Vermonters require special reasons to call them to this fascinating section of the state.

Hence today the source-areas of rivers likewise become the source-regions of human beings, who congregate in larger centers and metropolitan districts to become leaders. That is why an intelligent, vigorous and healthy rural America is so vital to the future of the nation.

Let us then examine this Northeast Kingdom of Vermont from which flows so many rivers and so important a current of human beings.

It is a highland region, lying along the crest of the Connecticut-St. Lawrence rivers divide. The Lamoille river rising in the town of Greensboro and the Missisquoi in the town of Lowell, cut through the range of the Green Mountains and flow westward across Northern Vermont into Lake Champlain enriching the agriculture of the valleys through which they flow and contribute greatly to the industrial and commercial worth of the state. The Black, Barton, and Clyde rivers rise within the Kingdom and flow northerly into Lake Memphremagog and thence through the St. Francis river to the St. Lawrence. The Nulhegan flows easterly and with three branches drains much of the vast forest area of Essex county into the Connecticut. The Patsumpsic river with its Moose river branch drains a large area of Caledonia county, flowing southward into the Connecticut.

The Vermont Year Book lists exactly 50 lakes by name in the 49 organized and three unorganized towns, and gores, of the Kingdom. This includes Seymour in the town of Morgan, largest natural body of water wholly within Vermont. Many of these lakes have excellent natural sand beaches, several with adequate bath houses. The white sand beach on Crystal Lake at Barton has a beautiful granite building with recreation deck, maintained by the state with attendants in season. On the shores of many of these lakes are private summer homes and cottages and modest public stopping places.

There are nine mountain peaks of more than 3000 feet elevation in the Kingdom, and innumerable others in the 2000 foot range. Jay Peak in the northwest part of the area is highest at 3861 feet and is said to be the "pickiest" peak in New England. It, with Monadnock close to the Connecticut river in the northeast section of the area, and Burke in the central south part of the Kingdom form a huge triangle within which are the larger of the lakes and much of the huge forest section in Essex county. There is a paved road
winding up Burke Mountain with parking space and tower at the top from which is a magnificent view.

Notwithstanding the highland location of the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont with its rivers flowing north, east, south and west; with its many lakes of placid sky-blue waters; its marching mountains and rugged peaks, and 300 square miles of almost unbroken forest, the river valleys support some of the finest farming sections of the rich dairy state of Vermont.

Besides being a lush dairy region from which fluid milk pours daily to the Boston market by train and by truck, Troy is credited with having the largest cheddar cheese factory in Vermont, Newport the largest Hood milk plant in New England, Barton a Greek cheese factory shipping to customers all over the United States, and St. Johnsbury a large ice cream plant. Dairy products are the source of the single largest cash income in the Kingdom.

Farmers of the region are generally prosperous. Many are of Canadian-French stock, hard working, thrifty and progressive. Much of this stock came to the Kingdom a generation or more ago and the sons and daughters are civic minded, enter into business in the centers and today nearly equal the population of the descendants of the older British, Scotch and Irish stock which gave the area its original vigor.

To leave maple products out of the story would be neglect. Delicately flavored golden maple syrup made from the sap of the sugar maple, which flows but a few weeks in early spring, is known the continent over. In St. Johnsbury, Maple Capitol of the World, is the largest maple products processing plant on earth.

The sugar maple is the official Vermont State tree. Its symmetry and foliage make it easily one of the finest shade trees in existence and the state’s handsomest’s tree in summer. In fall the leaves turn to mixed scarlet, brown and yellow thus transforming hillsides into sweeping panoramas of mosaic pattern.

The wood of the sugar maple is fine grained, making it one of the most sought after in North America. Its use in furniture and for many other purposes has forced the market for the wood of the maple to compete with the production of its famous maple syrup and sugar. The Kingdom is thus made beautiful and enriched by the natural heavy growth of the sugar maple.

Thus it is that the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont, jutting eastward on the map of Vermont, simulates the “snout” of a pitcher, from which pour rivers, men, milk and maple syrup to enrich Southern New England and the nation.

Unique Brunswick Springs located on the banks of the Connecticut river pour forth three distinctly different mineral waters within a radius of a large cart wheel. For many years natives for miles distant have taken water from these springs to their homes where its use is alleged to have improved health and brought cures. Three attempts to house and develop the springs on a commercial basis have brought disaster by fire, and there has gone out the legend that a curse goes with attempts to commercialize the strange and varied waters. Others say there is fame and fortune awaiting one who has the vision, courage and capital to develop the springs—and that the curative properties of the waters would be sung by untold thousands.

Groton State Forest Park is the second largest Vermont State Park, with more than 15,000 acres devoted to various types of recreational facilities and timber growth. Groton Pond of 1,100 acres is nestled in this wild region and is overlooked from a height easily reached from a highway which penetrates the park.

Industrially the Kingdom has more plants making wood products than any other type of manufacture. Here are plywood, bobbin, piano sounding board, paper, furniture, lumber, and desk factories and wood novelty making concerns. Strangely enough the next largest type of industry is working metals. It was in St. Johnsbury where the platform scale was invented and where the famous Fairbanks scales are still made and shipped to all parts of the world. At Derby Line is the Butterfield Division of the Union Twist Drill Company, makers of quality taps and dies. This plant spreads across the Canadian border and the same concern makes taps and dies for Canadian and British users. Their product goes from Derby Line to some of the well
known automobile manufacturers in the Detroit area. Another flourishing tap and die business is located at Lyndonville.

Oddly the Kingdom is provided rail transportation largely by Canadian Railways. The Canadian Pacific with all trains newly Diesel-powered traverses the area from North Troy to Ryegate. The Canadian National operates across the northeast section of the Kingdom through Island Pond with division headquarters there. The Quebec Central railway operates into Newport from Sherbrooke and Quebec City. Out of St. Johnsbury easterly runs the Maine Central, and westerly the St. Johnsbury and Lamoille County intra-state line.

The Kingdom is rich in history. As settlers pushed up from the south they first settled in Peacham and Danville. It was in this region Indian Joe and his squaw, Molly, became famous and from them is named Joe's Pond in Danville and Molly's Pond a bit farther south. The famous Hazen Military Road passed through Peacham, Greensboro and Hardwick and had reached the top of the mountain now known as Hazen's Notch when the war of 1812 ended.

During this war with Great Britain there were disturbances along the Canadian border and the story is told of threats and counter-threats at Derby and Stanstead. Masonic history relates that but for the "brotherly" exhibition of good will between lodges of masons in the two places there might very readily have been bloodshed and violence. Today Golden Rule Lodge of Mason of Stanstead has the only chartered outdoor lodge room in New England located on Owl's Head rising beside Lake Memphremagog, where a meeting is held once each summer.

Iron ore was once mined and smelted in the town of Troy and the line posts marking the border between the two nations were made from this iron. Incidentally it might be stated that the 4th parallel, exactly half way between the North Pole and the Equator runs just a few yards south of Derby Line, North Troy and Canaan villages.

The town of Wheelock was granted to Dartmouth College and named after the college's first president, John Wheelock, and Dartmouth still owns the town. However, land-holders pay a small lease to the college yearly and can transfer titles at their pleasure. In 1930 the trustees of Dartmouth voted free tuition to Wheelock young men, by birth or by residence.

The Old Stone House in the town of Brownnington, home of the Orleans County Historical Society, is one of the most interesting buildings in the Kingdom. It was constructed well over 100 years ago as a girls dormitory for then-flourishing Brownnington Academy. The granite blocks for the building were split from boulders in nearby fields and hauled into place by an ox which was kept atop the building as the massive structure rose four stories. The ox was then slaughtered on the top story. This building was erected by the indomitable labors of Alexander Twilight, graduate of Middlebury College, then principal of the flourishing academy. All but the old building has vanished, and this is now filled with early Vermontiana.

Smuggling from Canada has long been an item of interest along the border crossed as it is by three rail lines within the Kingdom and by a dozen highways including U. S. route 5. During prohibition days there were lively times in this region and legion are the stories of those times. Automobiles sped through the night, often with Custom's officers madly following.

The border in everyday life has many fascinating oddities. The Old Line Houses as such have long since disappeared but there are still undivided buildings resting on both sides of the line. Through one house in Derby Line for example the line runs between the bath and living rooms. When a member of the household takes a bath he leaves the country. The Haskell Opera House in the same village is so built that the speaker stands in Canada while the audience sits in the United States.

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Here are many interesting international organizations—The Rotary Club of the Border, the International Chamber of Commerce, churches of various denominations with communicants from villages each side of the line. With it all, however, there is a well defined mark of distinction at the border, with system, order and understanding, but different flags flying from adjoining buildings on the same street of what would be one village but for the fact that it is built astride the Canadian-United States line.

In these days of ever increasing appeal of vacations close to nature (with shorter work weeks and longer and more frequent vacation periods), this Kingdom of mountains, lakes and 300 square miles of almost unbroken forest area, holds a unique appeal. Rapidly improving roads and ever better cars makes the few miles of travel necessary for doubtful Vermonters to visit the Kingdom decidedly worth while, and the fraction of a hundred miles extra for out-of-staters to push north farther than common, into this unique Northeast Kingdom of Vermont would be richly rewarding.

The possibilities for commercial or private development of recreation spots in the upland hills and abandoned farm areas, adjacent to the many lakes, is beyond compare with any other part of Vermont. There are opportunities also for farming, perhaps away from the beaten path of dairying—and the woods area of Essex county holds limitless opportunities for exclusive hunting and fishing club development.

A paved road leads to the top of Burke Mountain in the Darling Forest and a broad view of the Kingdom.
The cornerstone of the new state office building, located directly across State Street from the Capitol building, was laid November 8, 1949. An historic repository, it contains a small sealed copper vault honoring Admiral Dewey with memorabilia of the Admiral and a copy of the Dewey Memorial issue of Vermont Life. A portion of the building stands on the former site of the house in which Dewey was born. The ceremony was the culmination of the efforts of three governors to provide necessary space for state employees—Governor Wills, who recommended the building in 1941, Proctor who pushed the project and Gibson under whose administration construction of the $1,250,000 building was completed.

(Above). The completed building of marble from the Vermont Marble Company in Proctor and granite from the Anair Granite Company in Hardwick. Lots were drawn to decide positions the names of the state's fourteen counties would occupy on the frieze between the fourth and fifth floors.

Embossed on the front of the massive aluminum door (left) is a likeness of Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, whose statue stands atop the golden dome of the Capitol across the street.
The Smilie house, the third on the site of the new building, which had been used in recent years only for storage was moved back from its former location on State Street after the rear part was torn down and was used as temporary office quarters for Perini and Son, Inc., the contractors. At right workmen reinforce the steel foundation on the cleared site. The State House annex which houses the Historical Society, State Library and Free Public Library Commission is across the street.

FIFIELD HOUSE which for many years housed the Motor Vehicle Dept. (above), one of the three houses on the site of the new building, was completely demolished and the old 1500-ton-3-story brick HOWLAND HOUSE (below) was moved 350 feet up the street to the site of demolished "Riverside."

Above, a framework of heavy timber and iron was built under the house. Below, railroad tracks, parallel and only a few inches apart, were mounted on an elaborate system of wooden blocks. Iron rollers between the rails and steel-faced oak planks placed beneath the framework served as "wheels" for the moving house. Motivation was supplied by a cable attached to a truck-mounted winch.

PHOTOS BY OREN HILLS

(Below). Persons entering the front door of the completed building find themselves in a sunken lobby with a short flight of steps leading to the first floor corridor, the black marble of the floor contrasting pleasantly with the white of the walls. Offices are fitted with moveable partitions which can be changed to suit the space requirements of the occupants. In the basement is a stand and small cafeteria supervised by the Division for the Blind of the Department of Social Welfare, under a cooperative agreement with the Blind Artisans of Vermont, Inc. And up the street a ways, looking as it always did, excepting that the number on the door is 128 instead of 124, the old Howland house goes about its business as headquarters for the Department of Social Welfare—oblivious to the grandeur of its successor down the street.
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, which is celebrating this year the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its birth, has often been called the child of Yale. In a certain sense this is true. It is probable that the College would never have been founded had it not been for the active interest and friendly counsel of Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, from 1795 to 1817, who in 1798, made his first visit to the town, most of which was still covered with a dense forest. There he met "several gentlemen in the liberal professions," who, being themselves mostly graduates of Yale, Harvard or Dartmouth, were desirous of providing opportunities for a college education for their children and those of their neighbors. Dartmouth College had been founded in 1769 and Williams in 1791, but these institutions were not only in "foreign" territory but were located at what were then considered, because of the lack of roads and transportation facilities, prohibitive distances. The University of Vermont had been chartered for nearly eight years but because of the personal and political enmity which had developed toward its founder, Ira Allen, and because of what seemed like apathy on the part of the inhabitants of Burlington, no relief seemed in sight from that quarter.

Furthermore, a nucleus for the College was already in existence. The Addison County Grammar School had already been established and had prospered from the beginning. A three-story building, eighty feet by forty, had been constructed, built by donations from the citizens of the town, a building which seemed of ample size for the beginnings of a college. The principal of the Grammar School, Rev. Jeremiah Atwater, had, in the judgment of President Dwight, all the qualifications which seemed requisite for a college president. Application was at once made to the legislature for a charter, which was granted in 1800, and the College began to function on November 5th of that year, when the first seven students were admitted and in 1802 Aaron Petty became the first recipient of an academic degree from a Vermont college.

It is true that Timothy Dwight was a citizen of Connecticut when he made the first of his three trips to Vermont in 1798, a trip which resulted in the founding of Middlebury College. A fact not so generally known, however, is that his family was among the earliest to appear in the history of what was later to become the State of Vermont. In 1724, long before any settlement had been made in the New Hampshire grants and when, indeed, the southern portion of the grants was then a part of Massachusetts, a certain Timothy Dwight was commissioned by the latter colony to build a fort near the present site of the town of Brattleboro as a protection for the northern settlements of Massachusetts against raiding parties of French and Indians. Timothy Dwight not only built Fort Dummer, as it was called, but was for some years stationed there as its commander and his son, born in 1726 and named for his father, was the first child of English parentage known to have been born within the limits of the present state of Vermont. This son Timothy, who married in 1750 a daughter of Jonathan Edwards, was the father of the Timothy Dwight who became the chief sponsor of Middlebury College. It is altogether probable that Doctor Dwight's great interest in Vermont was largely inspired by the fact that the State had been the birthplace of his father. That he never had occasion to regret his share in the establishment of the College is shown by the fact that he wrote, after his final visit to Middlebury in 1810:

"It (the College) has continued to prosper, although all its funds have been derived from private donations and chiefly, if not wholly, from the inhabitants of this town. The number of students is now one hundred and ten, probably as virtuous a collection of youths as can be found in any seminary of the world... The inhabitants of Middlebury have lately subscribed eight thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting another collegiate building. When it is remembered that twenty-five years ago this spot was a wilderness, it must be admitted that the efforts have done the authors of them the highest honor."

As was natural, the majority of the students in those earlier years were either native-born Vermonters or were prepared for college in Vermont schools or by Vermont clergymen. Indeed, this was true for practically the whole of the first hundred years of the history of the College. An average of the classes entering from 1811 to 1890, for example, shows that around seventy-six percent of the students came from such sources. This does not include a large number who were (continued on page 28)
A century ago Middlebury College consisted of only two buildings—Old Chapel and Painter Hall. Members of the 1950 student body and the cast of the sesquicentennial play, “Middlebury Parade,” a historical satire written by Vermont’s own William Hazlett Upson, are shown (above) leaving Old Chapel in the dress of Middlebury students of one-hundred years ago.

Old Chapel was built in 1876 during the administration of President Joshua Bates. For over Sixty years this building was used solely for academic and religious purposes. Within its grey limestone walls have been housed at various times, the library, science laboratories, recitation rooms, the museum, president’s office, and the college chapel—for which purpose the large room on the third floor served for eighty years. Little by little, however, as new buildings were added, Old Chapel came to be used more and more for administrative purposes, until in 1941 the interior of the building was entirely remodeled and the structure converted into an administration building. To many, many generations of Middlebury Alumni this building will ever remain “The Chapel” and will awaken nostalgic memories.
The Old Campus as it appeared in 1865.

MIDDLEBURY IN THE PAST

East College (lower left), originally built in 1798 for Addison County Grammar School, was used by the College until 1861. Old Chapel (below) was built in 1836.
Hepburn, Mead Chapel, and Gifford top the new Campus on the hill.

AND PRESENT

To face the changing curriculum needs, the Middlebury of today is prepared to meet the demands of modern science. The Chemistry Building (below) is the home of many of these courses.

The enrollment of women at Middlebury has grown with the rest of the College. Forrest Hall (below) houses many of the women students.
Le Chateau is the center of Middlebury's French School.

Warner Science Hall, like the Chemistry Building, houses scientific study and research.
Painter Hall, now a men's dormitory, is one of Middlebury's oldest buildings.

The Memorial Field House and Gymnasium honors World War II veterans.
encouraged to enter Middlebury by graduates of the College, or by former inhabitants of the State who had taken up their residence elsewhere. Boys from humble homes and back-country farms, children many times of almost illiterate parents, often without money enough to pay the ridiculously small fees of the College, were given scholarship aid and opportunity to earn their living through the generosity of the public-minded citizens of the town, who by their benefactions had made the College possible. Few, if any, boys who were determined to obtain an education were ever turned away, even when the institution was almost entirely dependent for its existence on the dole of charity and the salaries of the faculty were being largely paid by the inhabitants of the town, who were determined that the College must not fail.

The College grew steadily both in numbers and material resources until 1837, when a student revolt against what was considered over-emphasis on the place of religion in the academic life, coupled with dissatisfaction with the narrowness of the curriculum, nearly wrecked the institution. At that time the College had been graduating classes nearly as large as those at Harvard. The result was that within two years the number of students had shrunk from about one hundred and sixty to less than fifty and every member of the faculty, including the president had resigned. Not only were the internal affairs of the College involved but popular support of the institution, which had hitherto been gen erally enthusiastic, began to weaken. The work of rebuilding confidence had hardly begun to show promising results when the Civil War occurred, to further deplete the number of students and dry up sources of revenue. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that the College was doomed to a period of lean years which lasted, indeed, until nearly the turn of the century, when the steady growth began which was to culminate in the Middlebury College of today.

It is interesting to trace the careers of some of the earlier graduates of the College. During the first fifty years of its history Middlebury sent nearly four hundred and fifty men into the Christian ministry, many of whom spent either a part or the whole of their active lives in the missionary field, either at home or abroad. Many of these filled Vermont pulpits or served as missionaries in the State. Out of forty-three original members of the class of 1835, for example, twenty became clergymen. Five Middlebury men became bishops, one of the Roman Catholic Church.

The teaching profession claimed many graduates. There are few schools in Vermont that have not been staffed in part, at least, during their existence by Middlebury graduates, especially since 1883, when women were first admitted as students. An extraordinarily large number of alumni have become college professors and many, indeed, presidents and founders of colleges, especially in the South and West. Although Middlebury never had a law school—withstanding the fact that

\[\text{Starr Hall and Old Chapel today.}\]
the first full professorship established by the board of trustees was a professorship of law—the College has furnished to Vermont and other states many of their ablest lawyers and jurists.

In 1820 the corporation voted to establish a medical department at the College. While this department never became an accomplished fact, through a later connection with the medical schools at Castleton and Woodstock over two hundred and fifty men who were not graduates of the College received their medical degrees from Middlebury, many of these devoting their lives to practice in the State.

Seven Middlebury alumni have served as governors of Vermont and several as governors of other states and territories. Among the graduates who have served in the U.S. Congress seven have represented Vermont in the House of Representatives and three in the Senate. Two alumni have brought credit not only to the State but also to the Nation, one as a Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court and the other as U.S. Minister to Great Britain.

It is a far cry from the College of one hundred and fifty years ago, with its seven students, to the institution of today, with its registration of approximately twelve hundred and its summer schools of about as many. Today, instead of drawing most of its students from the immediate vicinity, Middlebury, like all New England colleges, has registrants from nearly every state and territory of the Union, from Canada, Mexico, South America, Europe and Asia. However, a check of the current student directory reveals the fact that nearly one hundred and fifty of those registered give Vermont addresses, a larger number than the entire student body enrolled a hundred years ago. To this must be added the fact that many of the present students are sons or daughters of former natives of the State who have sought larger opportunities of life in other parts of the world.

Middlebury has never aspired to be called a University. It has always been a liberal arts college. The curriculum has been broadened to meet modern needs. No longer are “Latin and Greek and the abstract mathematical sciences, those bones and sinews of liberal education,” as President Joshua Bates called them in the middle of the last century, the main elements in the course of study. Elective subjects have largely replaced prescribed ones. Programmes have been planned for students who have in mind widely different careers. But the belief is still held that the best training for life work which can be given in any college consists, not in early and narrow specialization but in the general cultural course as it is interpreted in our day.

For one hundred and fifty years Middlebury has been serving the state of Vermont. In churches and schools, in the courts and legislative halls, in the busy life of city and town, Middlebury graduates have taken a prominent part. No document can ever record what influence the College has had on the thousands of young Vermonters who have passed through its halls, nor the contribution made by them to the life of the State. It would seem that there can be no question to the claim that Middlebury College is truly a Vermont institution.

Gamaliel Painter is looked upon as the patron Saint of Middlebury. Under his superintendence, Painter Hall, above, was built in 1815. It is the oldest Vermont college building still in use.

The program of the commencement exercises in 1802 (left below) points out the prominence of classical studies in the early days. The Catalogue of students indicates Middlebury’s size in 1815.
HISTORIC New England

Yankees reconstruct their heritage in unique “outdoor” museums.

NEW ENGLAND, one of the nation’s first settled areas, has long been very conscious of its historic past, and has expressed its pride in extensive preservation of historic sites and buildings. But within the last decade there have sprung up all over Yankeedom a number of unusual “outdoor” museums of history which do more than preserve a single remnant of the past; they actually strive to
recreate the architecture, atmosphere, and artifacts of another age.

As the oldest of the six states, Massachusetts leads in a number of such major projects, with Vermont second. Best known in the latter state is the hill village of Plymouth, birthplace of Calvin Coolidge, whose principal structures remain almost untouched. Nearby is Weston, where the mill and museum of the Vermont Guild are joined by the Farrar-Mansur Tavern, the Vermont Country Store, the Weston Theatre and a scattering of craft shops. Newest is

Coolidge home, in which Calvin Coolidge was sworn in as President 27 years ago, attracts thousands to Plymouth each year.
MYSTIC, Conn. At the Marine Museum a seafaring town is being recreated. Above, the Stillman Museum Building; right, the Counting House. On the next page, the two ships which constitute a part of the museum.

the Shelburne Museum, only just taking shape near Burlington.

Largest in all of New England is Old Sturbridge Village, at Sturbridge, Massachusetts, where an entire 18th century village of over thirty structures has been recreated, complete with an amazingly extensive collection of New England antiques, as well as numerous working craftsmen who ply their trades of cabinet-making, metal-working, pottery, printing, weaving, etc., much as did their predecessors of 150 years ago. Earliest in time is the reconstructed Pioneer Village at Salem, depicting the buildings constructed by the first settlers before 1630. To the south at Plymouth the first unit of a projected reconstruction of the original town has gone up. At Deerfield the magnificent old homes of the pioneer settlement are being restored one by one. At Sudbury, Henry Ford many years ago grouped several New England buildings around Longfellow’s famous Wayside Inn, and on the grounds of the Eastern States Exposition at West Springfield is another such grouping known as Storrowton.
Connecticut boasts the Marine Museum at Mystic, where an old seaport town is rising in the shadow of two old sailing ships. And in Rhode Island archaeologists are digging around the puzzling “Newport Tower”—an actual historic structure—to see whether it was built by the Norsemen long before Columbus, or was merely a stone windmill put up by an early colonial governor. Up in New Hampshire is the unusual Goyette Museum at Peterborough.

Through these projects the traveler can view the past recreated for the present. Thousands who never touched a history textbook are getting—and liking—new and lively lessons in the American heritage.

PLYMOUTH, MASS. “First House,” start of the restoration of the ancient settlement.
Aids To Tourists

There are many outstanding aids to New England tourists, of which the Esso Road News, which gives points of interest and current road conditions, is indispensable. For mapping your tour, try the excellent Shell Touring Service in New York City, the Gulf Tourguide Bureau at 1515 Locust Street, in Philadelphia, or the Continental Oil Company's extensive service in Denver. Commercial booking agencies like the Ask Mr. Foster Service and the AAA and ALA offices will be helpful.

Historic New England
STORROWTON

Grouped on the grounds of the Eastern States Exposition at West Springfield, Mass., are a number of fine old Yankee structures, which serve as a base for the Home department of the Exposition. The quadrangle was built largely during the years 1927-1930 under the direction of Helen O. Storrow.

OLD DEERFIELD

Foray House (right) is one of the buildings belonging to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association at Old Deerfield, Mass. Part of this building dates back to the 17th Century. The Association also maintains a museum open to the public six days a week in old (1799) Memorial Hall, first building of nearby Deerfield Academy.

The wall paper and pewter shop (right) at Old Deerfield is housed in Hall Tavern, built in 1760. The wall paper shown on the left consists of about 15 designs taken from old band boxes, trunks and walls of Deerfield houses and all date prior to the first quarter of the 19th century. The pewter shop contains many samples of the work of Samuel Pierce who worked in Greenfield in the latter part of the 18th Century. On the tables in the background are his original tools.
The Editors of Vermont Life present

Green Mountain Land

In July Vermonters, as well as a national audience, will witness the premiere of a new all-Vermont film "Green Mountain Land," produced by Robert Flaherty, well-known "father of the documentary film," and directed by David Flaherty. A presentation of the editors of Vermont Life, the film is a joint project of the Vermont Development Commission, Vermont Historical Society and the Vermont Historic Sites Commission. It is based on the book The Vermont Story, by Earle Newton, Director of the Vermont Historical Society, and carries an original musical score by Alan Macneil, of Springfield, played by the state's own Vermont Symphony Orchestra.

The story of both book and film is that of the Vermont land—how it was settled, fought over, and brought to the uses of its inhabitants; how the state's entire economic life springs from the soil—its agriculture, its forest industries, its mining industry and, in modern times, the recreation industry—built on the beauty of the land. Even its more recent machine industries stem from the Yankee ingenuity of yeomen turned mechanics.

Prints of the film are available without charge to clubs and organizations from the Vermont Development Commission, in Montpelier.

Filming "Green Mountain Land." Upper right, Director David Flaherty and cameraman Leonard Stark begin first days shooting early last spring, on the heights above Moretown. Upper left, joined by assistant Director Stefan Bodnariuk, they maneuver for a shot of the Capitol dome at Montpelier. Below, Bodnariuk (left) and Flaherty (right) discuss next day's shooting with Mrs. Earle Newton at the Flaherty farm in Dummerston.

→ Down the right margin are scenes from the film.
At the Sign of the Quill

A Department of Literary Comment

By Arthur Wallace Peach

We live—as my father used to say laughingly,—we have lived for the last hundred and eighty years—in a pleasant, long valley in Vermont. Summer and winter, this tranquil scene is bathed in the mild, north-country light, which grays a little all it falls upon, and blends into one peaceful whole the subtly varied colors and forms of a well-watered, time-honored landscape. This is the way it looks to us. Evidently, it does not look like that to the people who come in from the high-speed, modern world outside. They look up and down and all around, and inquire with a razor-edged intonation, "For heaven's sake, does anything ever happen here?" We know what they mean. And we know that what they mean would stand in the way of understanding our words, if we tried to answer their question. So we just change the subject and let it go.

—Dorothy Canfield Fisher in Four-Square

Authentic Stories

"No general statement is ever true," a witty Frenchman once remarked, and then he added, "—not even this one." And the youngster who when asked to define "taste," said that she did not know what "taste" was, but she did know "what tasted good," was phrasing another horn of the perpetual dilemma on which a reviewer or interpreter of books tends to impale himself. Moreover, the mysterious areas and recesses of the human spirit must, in the end, defy all probing techniques in view of the modern, established fact that no one individual resembles another completely, or ever has or ever will in all the endless ages past or to be.

Hence, in answering a correspondent who asks, "Please tell us who in your opinion among Vermont authors really expresses the inner human values of the state," I assume that I am about to recline on one of the horns of the dilemma, for it is most difficult to isolate those inscrutable qualities that distinguish the people of one area from another—particularly the dwellers in a mountain state, far distant from "huddled cities old in sin." Nevertheless, for many reasons I cannot sketch in these brief paragraphs, I would nominate Dorothy Canfield Fisher; and to my questioner I would say and to all others of like interest, "For your summer reading, journey through the novels and sketches by Mrs. Fisher, and you will find the inner Vermont at the journey's end."

One of the reasons for my dictum goes far back in time. One of Mrs. Fisher's ancestors was an early settler in Arlington, arriving there in 1764. Her mother was also derived from a long line of Vermonters. Her home is only a stone's throw from the brook where the first Canfields settled. In this restless America of ours where only a few of us have a sense of depth and tradition under our lives, a continuity of blood and background is really essential to the type of wisdom that gathers in its quiet hands the abiding meanings of the peopleled years. As her friend, the Vermont essayist, Zephine Humphrey (whose little book, Over Against Green Peak should not be missed by Quill readers if a copy can be located) says of her, "Vermonters are proud of her international fame and of the fact that her books have been translated into many languages... Certainly, it is true that the little house on the hillside, with pine forests about it and Red Mountain looming above, encloses as warmly vibrant a bit of human experience as our state has ever known."

To the somewhat troublesome "sophisticate" who appears among us, coming from one of the "huddled cities," who lifts a skeptical eyebrow at our "quaintness," I should like to say by way of a hint that Mrs. Fisher writes from a viewpoint, not only of a Vermonter, but a Vermonter who knows her Europe, its cultures and its languages and its life, as few "sophistacates" do. This hint should be pondered in certain quarters—a mild, friendly suggestion that may open some closed doors.

Four-Square, Mrs. Fisher's latest collection of stories, carries a theme from Tennyson—"... that tower of strength/Which stood four-square to all the winds that blow." In terms of history, through the shifts, changes, and vicissitudes of two hundred years Vermont has stood in that fashion, and will, I hope, through many a year as the old age in which we live dies and a new age is born. In terms of fiction and the motives that lie in the hearts of men, Four-Square follows the theme faithfully.

There are fourteen stories in the book; and I do not intend to "give away" any of them. But here are some hints. In "Nothing Ever Happens," the author tells one of our Vermont "plain, old tales," which definitely answers in characteristic Vermont understatement the query of our puzzled city friends, "Goodness, how ever do you stand it here, with nothing to do, and nothing ever happening?" "The Old Soldier" is another "small, plain tale" of the long ago, of an old man whom the citizens found to be actually a Hessian, and what happened when they made the discovery; in it is the echo of a great tomorrow born of a "quaint" yesterday in a Vermont village. "As Ye Sow..." is the moving story of what happened when a mother discovered that two of her children were tone-deaf, and what with real Vermont stubbornness she did about it.
“Uncle By’s Schoolteacher Wife” is more revealing of the streak of idealism that runs through Vermont character than any of the scholarly essays on the topic that I know. Uncle By grew tired of his schoolteacher wife, but in his hours of extremity and despair, she . . . But the story must be read, and it will be remembered. “The Apprentice” sketches the reaction of a teen-age girl to the dread fear that her beloved collie has vanished from home to chase and murder sheep—as dogs did and do, now and then, in the farm sections. The two old friends managed to get hold of a radio which they placed in the back of the store; the radio opened “far horizons” that ended their continuous checker game; albums of records came next—and “Grand Opera” illuminates the discovery.

I have touched lightly on the essential ideas of seven stories. There are nine more. In the nine as in the seven, the author shows the authentic touch of the greatly skilled story-teller—the small, accurate detail that only close observation can command, and then the detail is tinted and limned with the unfading color seen and recorded by the imaginative mind. In these stories one can escape the jargon of the author turned psychoanalyst, the muddy exploring of frustrations. The fresh winds of the hill country blow through the book. It is wise, human, and appealing. In it you will find the real Vermont.

Four-Square by Dorothy Canfield. Har­court, Brace and Company, New York. 1949. $3.00

A Vermonter Writes a Western Tale

Those of us who like yarns of the wild West often are greeted with a sniff of disdain; in my own case, I sniff right back. Whether some of us have a longing to pack a six-shooter and slay a villain—see reference to psychoanalysis above—and we must enjoy that pleasure vicariously, I do not know; but I have read a tale entitled Conestoga Cowboy with genuine pleasure. Summer readers who are a bit weary of other types of novels say one, written by an author who—this theory has just been announced—turned into an author because as a baby he didn’t like his mother—can head for an easy chair under the elm, and cut loose from all inhibitions.

The novel has as a character a reckless young ne’er-do-well, gunman and gambler on the Mississippi, who is shanghaied on a wagon train and matures into solid manhood and leadership on the long grinding trek west from Independence, Missouri, to Utah Territory. His closest comrades are the Romney brothers of a fine Vermont family; and Molly Romney is the gunman’s sweetheart.

Some opinions to the contrary, one is always turning up some pleasure in Vermont, and the idea of a Vermonter writing “westerns” needed looking into. Here are my findings. The author is Roe Richmond of Rutland, Vermont. His story is so typical of the wandering young Ver­monter who at least is wise enough to return to his native hills that I sketch some of the details here. The author was born in Barton, was graduated from the University of Michigan, went into journalism, captured a $250 prize for a story, and another story won a place in O’Brien’s Best Short Stories, O’Brien calling it the “best story of the year in the Hemingway tradition.” After a year in Europe, Mr. Richmond returned to Vermont.

Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher

As for the western angle, it seems that he spent a summer on a ranch in Wyoming—and not a dude one—and roamed around the sheep and cattle country there and in Colorado. He has always been a lover and student of the West and is an old Zane Grey fan—as I am myself—and any reader sniffing, remember, is getting a sniff back. To be serious, the background and interest I have mentioned, combined with the evidence of writing knowledge shown in the earlier stories, justifies me in suggesting that Conestoga Cowboy is worth reading. With the usual ineptitude of publishers, the original title, Wagon Wheels West, suggested by Mr. Richmond, was changed to the worn old combination of Conestoga Cowboy, but the story is fresh and vital.

Conestoga Cowboy by Roe Richmond: Phoenix Press, 419 Fourth Ave., New York. 1949. $2.00

Who Said So?

I am often surprised at the attitude of many citizens of a state suggestive of a feeling that state reports of one kind and another are “dry as dust.” Possibly they are, in a sense, but, intrinsically, the significant material in them, telling the inner story of a state’s progress and plans, has values that fiction and other literary forms do not cover. For instance, here is a booklet entitled Directory of Vermont Manufactured Products and Industries. It is compact in format, clearly and accurately compiled; and I am certain that not only will business men among my readers be interested in it, but also others who know that through such a directory a picture of Vermont comes sharply into perspective, and a lot of false ideas about the state are dusted off.

Vermonters have heard until they are weary of it, I think, the widespread summation that there are more “cows than people” in Vermont. Personally, I much prefer cows to some types of folks who might appear in the state—particularly those misguided tribesmen who hurl their lunch boxes and cans into the sides of our roads or drop them anywhere after feeding themselves and hurry along, serene, satisfied, and dumb.

In this booklet of 100 pages no cows are mentioned, but all the manufacturers of the state are listed,—manufacturers of food and food products, textiles, wearing apparel, wood products (except furniture), furniture, paper and paper products, printing, stone and cement products, machinery, tools and other metal products, and miscellaneous products. The total array settles once and for all a lot of misinformation and definite ignorance about what is going on in Vermont besides milking cows, valuable as cows are in Vermont’s economy. In addition to the above detailed list, there is a list of all Vermont manufacturers with a key which shows location, classification code number, number of employees.

I feel confident that business men, investors, students of economic conditions, readers, and others wishing to know where certain articles can be purchased or desiring to know what products are manufactured, will find the booklet of marked value. Several pleasant and profitable hours can be spent in a study of the booklet. Readers of Vermont Life who are interested will receive a copy promptly by simply writing the Vermont Development Commission, Montpelier, Vermont. There is no charge.

Believing that other state documents and

(continued on page 57)

VERMONT Life 41
Busy parishioners in small towns have little time for social life excepting on Sundays after church services are over. Here a group mingles, catching up on world and local news.

Wardsboro Goes To Church

Enthusiastic parishioners transform the Churches in a Vermont hill town.

By Dayton Snyder

The rural church is an object of concern among all denominations which support any number of them. Old buildings sadly in need of repair depress the spirits of all who attend. Tired retired ministers, or raw young divinity school graduates who feel resentful at having been called to such a small church, these are usually the guiding lights of the church-going community. The rural church must have great vitality to have survived these handicaps.

Where there is good leadership, there is no rural church problem. This has been proved in Wardsboro, Vermont. Douglas Pierce, but lately recovered from a nervous breakdown, and willing to take on a small church as his first job after semi-retirement, has had ideas and initiative, and has brought out the same qualities in his congregation, with remarkable results.

Wardsboro is really three communities, Wardsboro "City," West Wardsboro and South Wardsboro. The total population of the three is not much over four hundred, not counting the summer people. Each has its own church, of Methodist, Baptist and Congregational denominations, respectively. West and the "City" churches are fairly active, with women's groups which put on sales and suppers. South church at the present time, is merely being kept open with services twice a month in the summer time.

When the minister had an idea that the "City" church could be renovated by the members themselves, at a fraction of the cost of professional labor the people backed him to the limit. Everyone pitched in. The older they were, it seemed, the harder they worked. Two men in the
congregation, aged 63 and 79 jumped the opening gun by sneaking in at daylight the first morning and ripping up the old carpet before anyone else arrived to work. Such enthusiasm was typical of the project. Contributions poured in, as people saw what was being accomplished, from residents, week-enders, and total strangers. A local lumber company gave lumber, the local store, a large discount.

The work was started on January 10, and on Palm Sunday, April 10 the church was rededicated.

The amount of work accomplished in three months was prodigious. The electrical work was done by local maintenance men, who discovered 150 feet of defective wiring and replaced it with 600 feet of new. The interior layout was greatly changed by the addition of two robing rooms on either side of the front. Two new pulpits were made of salvage material—the backs of old seats, a 150-year old preserve cupboard discovered in the parsonage cellar, and the side panels of the old piano. The old pulpit was refinished and put at the back as an altar, beautiful birdseye and curly maple coming to light under the mud-brown varnish.

The ladies worked from morn 'till night. They sent the old carpet to be rewoven, turned all the seat covers, and made new curtains. The minister's wife was in the thick of it, contributing time, ideas, and general leadership.

The only paid work was the plastering done on the walls and ceiling. A plasterer from a neighboring village who had been sick and out of work for several months, did the work for half the usual rate. He slept and breakfasted at the parsonage, and ate around the village. It took six weeks, and he had a wonderful time.
When it was done, he wrote a letter back, telling how much he had enjoyed the job, and the meals.

When the ceiling was painted, an old stencil struck thru from several redecorations back. While causing consternation at first, it was suddenly discovered that nothing planned could have been lovelier than the slightly tarnished dull green ivy border, which went perfectly with the soft green hangings, grey-green paint, and light pinkish walls.

Nearly everyone in the village had some part. Those with more time, gave more, those with less, gave what they had. Summer people who came after the job was finished, contributed money in varying amounts.

The job to date has cost $1689. A casual estimate by an experienced contractor put the market value of the labor at not less than $6,000. But even the first amount, which would have seemed tremendous to attempt to raise for church repairs, has all been met. The money poured in when the results became apparent. No one begrudged a little extra when they saw how well it was being spent. Later, when the steeple is fixed, there will be a painting bee—everybody invited—and the exterior will blossom with a fresh coat of paint, most of which has already been contributed.

West needed no such extensive repairs. An excellent job had been done on their meeting-house several years before. But money-raising is always a problem in any church, so, encouraged by the minister's receptiveness to new ideas, one of the congregation suggested a "Lord's Auction." Patterned after a similar venture held in a little Carolina church, now a highly successful annual event, it proved equally successful in West Wardsboro. Donations were not supposed to be cast-offs, but something of value. Carried out on a yearly basis, a housewife would save the best of her canning, a farmer his prize pig, and an old lady her prettiest quilt. These would be dedicated to the Lord, then sold at auction. Because of the value of the offerings, the amounts raised would be substantial.

West, with a late start this year, felt well satisfied with the result. In three hours they raised nearly $300, with the auction and a luncheon. They never made so much, so quickly, before. Starting now to plan for next year, they have set their sights higher, and expect to at least double this year's take.

South, with a total membership of six, can do less, and needs less. Some repairs will be undertaken there next year. But the church is still open, not closed and sold, as could have happened a few years ago, when no services were held there for over a year.

Old Home Sunday was celebrated in the three churches in August, and each was filled nearly to capacity. After the services, picnic lunches were eaten on the church lawns, and an informal fellowship was enjoyed by all who stayed. But best of all was the feeling that these three churches were not three of the problem churches of the rural conference. They had recently rediscovered the fact that ideas, prayer, and hard work can produce anything a community needs.

At the "Lord's Auction" conducted by the West Wardsboro Church, an unexpectedly large sum was realized. Delighted with the results, the members plan to make this an annual affair. These three churches prove that a pastor with ideas and initiative can bring out the same qualities in his congregation and with prayers and hard work remarkable results can be produced.
BLUNDERBUSS ACADEMY

or

The Strange Case of
Brookline's Round Schoolhouse

by Hal L. March, Jr.
One hundred and thirty years ago the West River valley, a peaceful, verdant land of river farms and high flung pastures, was an ideal place to avoid the nervous demands of city living—and perchance the heavy hand of British justice. Vermont was but thirty years a state and the war-cry was unforgotten, but already the little towns, strung like beads along the fifty miles of rollicking water, dozed peacefully under the guardian hills.

Brookline, fifteen miles up the valley from Brattleboro, was such a town in 1821 when Doctor John Wilson appeared with a plan for a new schoolhouse to replace the worn log structure which had served its time.

Unique but practical, Doctor Wilson’s plan was accepted and land for the school was deeded to the town by Peter Benson for five dollars. One year later Brookline had its new school—the only round schoolhouse in the country—destined to serve for over one hundred years and become one of the most fascinating legends of the valley. Doctor Wilson himself taught the first term in the new schoolhouse before repairing to the larger town of Newfane to take up the more lucrative practice of medicine.

Of brick construction, with a shingle roof and heavy hand-hewn rafters rising to a central peak, this unique building had five windows and one door, evenly spaced about its round outer wall. A small entry-way, also of brick, was the only deviation from such unusual construction and a great iron rod, similar to those used to bind silos, girded the whole building above the windows. A portly, sheet-iron stove stood in the center of the single room and gave red-taced encouragement to the children ranged in a circle on oak benches around the room. The master’s desk, sixty smaller desks, a blackboard, and a handful of stout hickory discouragers comprised the rest of the appurtenances. And thus they taught school in Brookline during the 1800’s.

From Grassy Brook and Lily Pond and Hedgehog Hill, lethargic steps led to the little round schoolhouse and for eighty-seven years it taught them all with no alterations and few repairs. However in 1910 a new floor, new windows, a new chimney, and twenty-five new desks, together with the addition of a large woodshed, improved things considerably.

In 1923 Brookline celebrated the Centennial of its round schoolhouse, and quite an event it was for the quiet little town. People came from far afield—some returning to a nostalgic remembrance of sufferance under the three R’s and others to hear first hand some of the strange story of Doctor Wilson and his round school. But one and all they admired the quaintness and rough simplicity of the place. And like a pebble thrown into a still pool, the fame of Brookline’s schoolhouse spread.

By 1928 light and seating arrangement had become important to education, and the round schoolhouse, structurally as sturdy as ever, could no longer qualify as a stronghold of elementary learning. A new school was built and the old one was given to the town for a meeting house—in which capacity it still serves ably and well.

This is, in part, the story of Brookline’s round schoolhouse. The rest is a strange mixture of conjecture, history, and legend—in which the truth is difficult of apprehension.

When Doctor Wilson first presented his plan for a round schoolhouse he was residing in the nearby town of Dummerston, having moved there some two years earlier from his brother’s home in Boston. A tall man, of commanding appearance and obvious education, he was strangely averse to public gatherings and noticeably reticent about his former life. An urbane and polished conversationalist, he would, upon occasion, speak interestingly of life in Ireland, Scotland and the West Indies but uneasily avoided any reference to his own activities in these far away lands.

During his term as schoolmaster at Brookline this reticence and unnatural aloofness became even more apparent. From his desk at the back of the schoolroom he could keep a watchful eye on his sometimes rebellious disciples—and also on all the approaches to his little domain. And from this vantage point he evinced an unusual, almost furtive, interest in any strangers to the valley. And withal his conduct was otherwise decorous and beyond reproach.

Naturally people began to talk—as they do in every small town in the world. Why did Doctor Wilson act so strangely? What was the secret of his former life? And what was he afraid of? Idle wonder and speculation soon became crackerbox conjecture when the good Doctor was not about. But if he heard any of the talk, he gave no sign as he went his enigmatic way.

In 1823 Doctor Wilson transferred his activities to Newfane, where he hung out his shingle and built up a substantial practice. His antecedents may have been obscure but his medical knowledge was not and his success considerably enhanced his standing in the valley.

In this same year there appeared in print the confession of one Michael Martin, better known as Lightfoot, who was hung in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1821 for the armed robbery of a Major Bray. Lightfoot’s confession dealt at length, and with no little color, upon the nefarious activities of himself and a companion up and down the Irish countryside for several years prior to his apprehension in this country.

Apparently Lightfoot’s chief contribution to this unholy team was a fleet foot and an agile mind. But his companion—known as Captain Thunderbolt—was a man of no ordinary talents. Tall, of commanding appearance
and obvious education, he was equally at home among the lower classes or the chosen few, and had a better than average understanding of several respected professions of the times. A decided asset in the successful practice of highwaymanry, Thunderbolt made the most of this—passing undetected at one time or another as a doctor, a lawyer, a schoolteacher or a humble cleric of the Church of England.

For almost a decade these two—sometimes mounted and sometimes afoot but always on the business end of a brace of brass-bound pistols—haunted duly constituted authority and brought a touch of Sherwood Forest to Kilkenny and County Cork. They robbed the rich and gave to the needy or distressed. They were at once the scourge of pompous law and order; the fear of unearned wealth; and the toast of the little people. And in all this time they never took a life or even seriously wounded a man—notwithstanding an occasional dire threat or a re-sounding clout upon the head of some recalcitrant victim.

They themselves were not quite so lucky, and upon one occasion Thunderbolt received a musketball in the calf of his leg, which Lightfoot later dug out with a jackknife.

But stodgy British justice could not condone such free-handed goings on and eventually the trail grew so hot that Lightfoot skipped to America, while Thunderbolt betook himself to the comparative security of the West Indies. Here the trail ended. Lightfoot went on to meet the hangman, but Thunderbolt dropped from sight as completely as if he had never existed except in the fancy of a condemned man.

In due time a copy of this strange confession reached the narrow horizons of the West River valley—and suddenly speculation and idle wonder became suspicion and then discreet accusation.

In age, height, size, demeanor and accomplishment, Lightfoot’s clear-cut picture of Captain Thunderbolt described Doctor Wilson precisely, even to his little peculiarities and the Scotch burr on his tongue. And that was not all. Did he not admit to a brief sojourn in the West Indies prior to his coming to Vermont? Did he not have a surprising knowledge of legal procedure and a distinct aversion to any involvement therein? And did he not, upon occasion frighten an overbold wildcat from the vicinity of his residence by the blast of an old English blunderbuss—an unusual possession for a quiet man of letters?

In reading of the musketball in Thunderbolt’s leg, the valley folk remembered that Doctor Wilson developed a slight limp in wet weather, and never could cut a “pigeon wing” at a neighborhood dance without a tumble—a fact which he wryly explained by declaring that dancing addled men’s brains while the bonnie lassies were so surcharged with vanity that it had but little effect on them.

They also remembered that Doctor Wilson had made a sudden and unexplained visit to Boston during the time of Lightfoot’s incarceration in the Cambridge jail. Lightfoot subsequently made an unsuccessful attempt to escape after filing off his leg irons with a file and a hacksaw smuggled in to him by a friend. And the valley wondered where Martin, a stranger to these shores, found a friend close enough to run such a risk.

In 1836 Doctor Wilson removed to Brattleboro and built a secluded home on the banks of the Connecticut River. His marriage to a Brattleboro girl was short lived, his practice failed, and he gradually became devoted to the demon rum. Even this last accomplishment failed to loosen his tongue and he became more of a recluse than ever.

Doctor Wilson died in March, 1847—and if concealment had been an abiding passion during his life, it became doubly so during his last illness. At no time would he allow his attendants to remove any of his garments—not even his shoes or the thick cotton cravat which he always wore, summer and winter, knotted high about his neck. By his own will, Doctor Wilson literally died with his boots on.

After his death some things were explained and more were surmised. Doctor Wilson had a cork heel, which cleared up his steadfast refusal to ever try on a new pair of shoes before purchase. His left leg was somewhat withered and the calf bore a round scar, about the size of a quarter and branching off in one direction for almost an inch. And a long ragged scar on the back of his neck gave reason to a muffler in the heat of summer.

An examination of the Doctor’s house revealed, among other things, three old English double-barreled guns; three pairs of brass-bound pistols; several old swords, one with a broad, well worn blade and a basket hilt; eight or ten heavy gold watches; and a quantity of powder and ball shot—a remarkable collection for a peaceful, law abiding member of nineteenth century society.

What few papers were found proved that John Wilson was the son of an honest blacksmith of Muirkirk, Scotland—and not much more.

We shall probably never know whether Doctor Wilson and the notorious Thunderbolt were one—they kept their secret well. But up in the quiet hills of Brookline a round schoolhouse still stands as a colorful monument to a strange tale. And Thunderbolt or no, Doctor John Wilson brought much more to the West River valley than he ever took away.

Dr. John Wilson was buried in Prospect Hill cemetery in Brattleboro where his grave and headstone may be viewed today. And a copy of Captain Lightfoot’s confession may be examined at the Vermont Historical Society Library in Montpelier.
Mr. Vermont

A Few Notes on James P. Taylor, Called Vermont's Most Useful, Most Enthusiastic, and Most Public-Spirited Citizen.

By Vrest Orton

When Jim Taylor, as he was affectionately known up and down the state for forty years, died last September, there ended one of the most selfless and most useful lives of any public figure in Vermont. Yet this man was not a public figure in the political sense, for he shunned public office and never held an elective position. But, as a private citizen, he played a fervent foremost role, both as a leader and a pusher, in nearly every major cause for the betterment of the Green Mountain state from the day he stepped across the New York border in 1908 to become assistant principal of Vermont Academy, to that tragic day, in 1949, when he was drowned in Lake Champlain, the body of water he was even then fighting to free from steam pollution.

His Dreams Came True

To many hard-headed citizens of our mountain republic who had coped all their lives with the sterner realities, Jim Taylor was a dreamer. But as time passed it was disclosed to most of us that Jim was a man whose dreams came true. And in a way to benefit us all. No one has summed up in more succinct and felicitous fashion the real character of this adopted Vermonter than Edward Crane, editor of the Burlington Free Press. Crane said of Jim that

"In him were combined the vision of a prophet, the determination of a bulldog, and the driving force of a battering ram. He believed in the power of ideas!"

The vital statistics about Jim can be set down quickly. He was born in Hamilton, New York in 1872. His father was a distinguished college professor, his mother a talented musician. Jim himself, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Colgate, with four years of graduate work at Harvard, Columbia, and in Europe, had prepared for the cloistered life of a scholar. In 1908 he joined the faculty of Vermont Academy, a small secondary school in Saxtons River.

He Made Them Climb Mountains

It was here that he began to sense the intimations of Vermont's natural beauty. He spent all his spare time roaming the mountains with the boys, introducing, by ever widening their horizons, the idea of a "greater Vermont Academy Campus." He waved his hand and gave them the whole state as a playground, rather than a fenced off yard.

Jim startled not a few people in those early days by announcing that no boy should be handed a Vermont high school diploma until he had climbed at least one Vermont mountain. Jim wanted him to have some vision, along with the diploma. It was here that Jim discovered there was more to life than sermons in books. He caught the vision of a greater Vermont. As his love for Vermont grew, he began to seek a larger field for this new exaltation.

He found it first as secretary of the Greater Vermont Association which, in 1922, was succeeded by the State Chamber of Commerce with Jim as secretary, pilot, steward, and general factotum. It might be said in all conscience that in 1922 Jim became a one man State Chamber of Commerce which never confined its efforts to promoting commerce. For 37 years, as the most versatile state chamber in the federal union, Jim zealously promoted everything that was Vermont in the fields of sports, aesthetics, agriculture, fiscal affairs, government, business, industry, literature, health, and general welfare! He kept at this one job for the rest of his life.

These are the cold facts. The meanings are not so quickly delineated.

Founder of the Long Trail

As a state where many have done many things first...a record we find prouder...practically everything Jim did became a "first." The most notable first of them all, some think, was the founding of the Green Mountain Club and the Long Trail. Jim had known the salutary therapy of our unspoiled wilderness areas and remote mountain tops. Jim had often experienced, as Dorothy Canfield Fisher so well points out in her evocative foreword to a book about the Long Trail, that ineffable and mysterious renewal of strength that comes from partaking nature's bounties. One fortuitous day in 1910, Jim Taylor sketched out a rough map of a foot trail he thought might some day reach from the Massachusetts line to the Canadian border. It was a wild dream. But going around the state he kept talking about it until others caught his enthusiasm. His first converts, and in fact the first to take axes and actually begin to cut the now famous Trail were two young law partners in Burlington, Judge Clarence Cowles and the late Chief Justice Moulton of our Supreme Court. No one questions that Jim Taylor was the father of the Long Trail, the founder of the Green Mountain Club, the inspiration for the larger Appalachian Trail, and the first Vermonter to sell the munificence of the outdoors to the people. In fact, his lifetime slogan was "to make Vermont mountains play a larger part in the life of the people."

*A Footpath Through the Wilderness, Middlebury College Press.
Founder of The Winter Sports Idea

This slogan had paid off a few years before at Vermont Academy in a larger way than perhaps even Jim had dreamt of. For he had there inaugurated, it is said, the first winter sports carnival in the U. S. Today we take winter sports for granted, but we must realize that it was Vermont's Jim Taylor who set in motion the idea that has now spread across the land, dotting fields and mountainside with thousands of ardent outdoor enthusiasts, as well as being good for business.

Jim was not a dreamer lost in the stars. He aimed to have the dreams pay off.

Jim was the first to organize and put over the better roads movement. His long campaign for hard surface roads in Vermont and the first state gasoline tax to support the costs, was dramatized and rammed home by all kinds of pamphlets, maps, graphs, bar charts and pie charts. One map showed all the state covered with only short pieces of roads here and there, emphasizing what Jim aptly called the "gaps and stretches." Along with good roads, Jim moved for more beautiful roads. He got laws passed in the General Assembly and saw to it that public officials worked to clear away roadside eysores and to reduce the presumptuous and blatant billboards. Jim was one of the pioneers in the Vermont County Farm Bureau movement and indeed, in the wider program for conservation of all our natural resources...

not only trees and mountain tops, but every lake, pond and slash.

Jim was a great hand with words, as well as visual aids, and this was where his pedagogic training helped him. Many of us, at times, did not know exactly what Jim was talking about, but in the end his sometimes exotic and abundant prose hit home. Speaking once about the better road idea to the Vermont Federation of Women's Clubs, Jim said to the girls there assembled:

"We welcome you as students of the road question because you are debutantes in public affairs and debutantes are always the life of the party. . . . We welcome you because of your largess of vision, and your sense of romance. . . . Mere man looks at a patch of roadway as a convenience to get him to his job . . . but you, as priestesses of hospitality whenever on an automobile ride you pass a raw slope by the roadside, plunge a dimpled pointed elbow into the ribs of your chauffeur husband, so that after a day's trip the roadside will not be the only side that is wounded and raw. And when you pass automobile graveyards by the roadside, please use both elbows."

Imagination, Guts and Gusto

Jim always claimed that all a man needed to get things done was "imagination, guts and gusto." He had all three. He put Vermont on the national map so many times for the things he did that outside leaders began calling Jim "Mr. Vermont." There were times when he was better known than some of our governors. His slogan of "Women and Children First" was a twist typical of Jim's way of working. For with these familiar words he introduced, promoted, and put over a statewide campaign to inspire towns to publish better Town Reports so that they would be "interesting to women, clear to children." When New York and other metropolitan papers began to print editorials about the fine town reports in Vermont, Jim's point was made.

"Keeping Unspoiled Vermont Unspoiled," was not, as one might suppose, a cry to push Vermont back to the old days. In Jim's fertile brain, it was a guido he carried in the charge against stream pollution. (This battle he began and the rest of us are going to finish, because Jim died in the middle of it.) Jim often compared his love of the Vermont outdoors with his then active part in the pollution fight by throwing off the phrase that "I used to revel on the sun-kissed heights . . . now I grovel in the sewers!"

There was hardly a public-spirited movement in Vermont that he did not throw himself into and introduce some dramatic fresh idea with words and maps, pictures and charts. Jim's methods he explained by saying that we must always "go graphical; see in the large both as to time and space, magnificate benefits (one of his purple words), dramatize, use motion, emotion, color . . ."

In the end, it may be summed up by suggesting that Jim's task, as he saw it, was first and last to make Vermonters live up to Vermont's national reputation.

Yet, I would not want to give the impression that Jim was the typical booster and ballyhoo artist of the superficial kind we sometimes hear about. At bottom Jim was a scholar, and down deep a reticent and modest man. Sometimes he had to push himself forward to do what he did. When he was offered a professorship at Middlebury College by Doctor John Thomas, then president, and turned it down, Jim chocked up one more fact for the record that we now realize stands thus: Jim Taylor gave everything he had to Vermont.

His Faith In Vermont

Jim had sublime faith in Vermont. He possessed and lived by that kind of faith people had in the 19th century when they believed in something. Jim believed in Vermont. And he exhibited a constant devotion to this belief that made him what he was. He always went ahead on the assumption that Vermonters, under-
Vermont
Hard Surface Roads
FALL, 1929
at close of the construction season

GAPS and STRETCHES

The famous drawing Jim used to show how much we needed to fill in the Gaps and Stretchs with hard-surfaced roads. Lines in the picture show the hard-surfaced roads Vermont had in 1929.

Jim was wed to only one cause, Vermont. He never married, acquired no property and died poor in worldly goods.

THE MEANINGS

I have been asking myself, what are some of the meanings hidden in Jim's life? The most notable, I think, is this: he did not slop over and promote Vermont as others were promoting their states to get bigger business, greater industry, and more and more people. He held to the illumination of Vermont's real assets . . . the beauty of the landscape, the value of our habit of plain living, the interest in our old-fashioned careful and sometimes cautious attitudes. Understanding the theory of diminishing returns in economics, Jim knew that Vermont would not prosper if we were to get too much of everything. The pot that runs over puts out the fire.

I don't know if this is a meaning . . . but in the world we seem to have made, where the political configuration has become more important than the individuals who begat it . . . Jim was an old-fashioned rugged American individual. And as such he made upon his time an indelible impression, not as a segment of some great political power, but as a private citizen who had no duty except that posed by inner compulsions.

I like to think that in no other state could Jim have put over so many good causes. It is good to contemplate that it is still possible in Vermont to be an individual and play the part always with honor and sometimes with fame. We Vermonters have often been accused of an independence too potent for our own good. Yet it may well be that in the all too imminent future, this potent drive of individualism may form a nucleus of some value.

JIM'S PHILOSOPHY

I think of Jim as one of those men who stood up for what he believed in and never counted the cost if he lost. He never hesitated to join the battle. Jim used to tell me that he could not understand some folks these days (after World War II) who seemed to want nothing but security. Jim believed in adventure. He was puzzled as to why so many people sought permanent jobs where they would be safe, and could work only a few hours a day. Jim worked night and day, and spent most of his small salary to print pamphlets and to send them out where they would do the most harm.

Jim was appalled, he once confessed to me, that people actually seemed to want protection, by government hand-outs and public charity, against the elements of chance. That was the kind of thinking Jim ignored, as he ignored fine clothes, beautiful houses, sleek cars, and other things that money can buy.

Jim once put an advertisement in a Burlington paper, to say something he wanted said. It was not printed as poetry, but I am quoting it, set up in print this way because not only did it express his philosophy but it was indeed almost poetry. He wrote

"The only city worth living in
Is the city of the future . . .
The city of our dreams
The only spirit worth while
Is the spirit of Dare . . .
The spirit that ventures
And takes a Chance"

Calvin Coolidge once said, when he was vetoing the first bonus bill, "No person was ever honored for what he received. Honor has been the reward for what he gave."

This can be truly said about Jim Taylor . . . he was honored and is honored, for what he gave.

This scene on the road between Bloomfield and Island Pond combines much that Jim Taylor loved and fought for—good roads, sans billboards, and the hills and mountains of Vermont.
It was about eight o'clock on a rainy June morning when we turned off the main road onto the narrow dirt road shown above. If we hadn't been looking for the turn off we would probably have passed it by unknowingly; for like the little hill village it points out, the sign is inconspicuous. There is no indication that it leads to the home of a cheese known the world over.

On entering the town the sign of the Margaret Crowley Beauty Shop, left, a little incongruous in such a small village, attracts the attention before the cheese factory downstairs in the weathered frame barn-like building.

In this age of large industry, mass production and modern machines, how many of us have dreamt of having a small business of our own where we would be our own boss and make a decent living for ourselves and our families? In a small southern Vermont town a family, by hard work and ingenuity, have made this dream a reality in the manufacture of cheese.

The Crowley Cheese Factory was started and is maintained strictly as a family affair. Cheese was made on the Crowley farm as early as 1824 and in 1885 Winfield Crowley, who learned the art of cheese making from his mother, built the present plant. Though most of the contemporary cheese makers turned to making regular cheddar cheese in the early 1900's the Crowleys still make a soft cheddar known as Colby. They are among the very few small time cheese makers left in this part of the country and their business retains the touch of the olden time, the homespun and the labor of love.

We stopped in at the factory one day to see for ourselves this thriving small business and were greeted by George Crowley, son of Winfield, and his son Robert, management and labor combined. The elder Crowley is past middle age but is still a

Below. The whole milk and cheese curd must be heated by steam, and Robert Crowley hand-stokes the stove to get the boiler underway.
powerfully built man. He is a Vermonter—shrewd, reticent, and soft-spoken. At first glance the only difference between father and son seems to be in years, so marked is the resemblance.

We thought that perhaps the family might be flattered in a small way to be the subject of a picture story but when we mentioned that we would like to feature them in Vermont Life Mrs. Crowley remarked that it would probably only mean more trouble, "We have never advertised and we have more business than we can handle." She told us that one of her sons runs their farm, while a daughter operates a beauty parlor upstairs in the factory. We must have looked our doubts as to the soundness of such a venture in so remote a region but were assured that she too had "all the business she can handle."

As remote and inconspicuous as its origin may be, Crowley Cheese travels far and wide to almost every state in the union and several foreign countries, gaining from the outside its share of respect for another product of Vermont. The Crowleys' example of success convinced us that profitable small business is not necessarily a thing of the past.

Below. From the outside platform each farmer pours his milk into the large weighing tank, a round container set on scales.

Above. As this young farmer delivers his milk for the day Robert weighs it. He keeps a record on the wall chart at his left.

Right. From the weighing tank milk is transported to the large vats by a simple pipe arrangement.

Below. When the whole milk has reached a temperature of 85° Robert adds sour milk and rennet, a coagulating agent.
Above. When the mixture becomes firm it is cut into 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) inch cubes with a cutter made of wire to separate curd from whey.

Above. All utensils are carefully cleaned after each batch of cheese. Here the elder Croxley performs the clean up job.

Above. The curd, agitated constantly by hand raking, is heated to 100° and as acid develops the curd grows firmer. The length of time required for this action to take place depends upon the lactic bacteria count in the milk. Approximately three hours after the rennet has been added the liquid whey may be drawn off. (Note the proverbs on the wall in the background and the cheese packed and ready for mailing—the address on the labels was in Scotland.) Below. The curd is salted, weighed and placed in molds.
Above. Cheese is pressed in the molds by a screen arrangement operated by hand. Farmers feed whey which runs off to pigs.

Above. After the cheese is removed from the molds it is stacked on racks for aging. Each cheese is dated.

Below. After drying for five days each cheese is dipped in melted paraffin and then joins the others on long shelves where it cures and ages. The amount of aging determines the degree of its potency. A month old cheese will be very mild while a cheese that has aged a year will be inclined to walk away under its own power.

Below. The office consists of a desk piled with ledgers in one corner of an aging room. Here Mrs. Crowley, aided momentarily by her young granddaughter, takes care of the office work, for even the ancient art of cheese making as practiced in a Vermont hill town has its share of book work.

Below. Before buying cheese, one samples it. Here the elder Mr. Crowley serves it from his large cutting knife. In the old days Crowley Cheese was sold wholesale but now most of it is sold at retail at the factory or by mail though some is bought by hotels, clubs, and nearby Vermont stores.
Some VERMONT Ways of Life: By VREST ORTON

Vermont Cooking

The delectable stories they tell about Vermont cooking, do, I sometimes suspect, merely strengthen the growing myth that Vermont possesses a considerable indigenous cuisine worthy of preservation. The pies that “mother-used-to-make” now have added to the recipe two cupsfuls of nostalgia and a sauce of sentiment. I can still evoke the boyish awe and wonder at the breakfasts my grandfather used to eat: a couple of thick pork chops, a plate of hashed brown potatoes, four thick slices of bread, a piece of mince pie, all topped off with two doughnuts and washed down with three cups of coffee laced with cream and sugar. Then there were the suppers Grandmother used to cook...loads of salt pork and milk gravy, and sauce (as we used to call canned berries), along with more bread and a heap of warmed-over potatoes. Yep...these were meals for Paul Bunyan all right, but I wonder about the contribution to the art of cooking.

But...I know this is lese majesty! I remember years ago when your correspondent was a newspaper columnist. Those were the days when I used to write about world-shattering subjects like my attacks on Fascism and Nazism...the early days when many thought we could and should do business with Hitler. I never got any reactions about those attacks. But once I had the audacity to print a recipe for mincemeat! Straightway the returns began to come in. I received so many indignant letters that I feared for my life and the security of my family. Food, it seems, is a fighting subject!

So, just to start an argument and bring some new ideas to the surface, I am willing to be shown whether or not there are any unique Vermont foods, or dishes. I doubt if there exist any such, but as I say, bring on the proof and beat me down if I am wrong.

—&—

A Vermont Dish

However, I do remember that one of my grandmother’s culinary accomplishments was a dish that always stuck by me and one I never tired of. I refer to that old-fashioned Vermont concoction, Chicken and Biscuits. Grandmother would cut up the chicken and fry it in butter in a heavy iron skillet (why did we call them spiders?) for a few minutes to get a nice brown color and richer taste. Then she made flour thickened milk gravy from the skillet. She next took the chicken and boiled it in water for quite awhile...maybe two hours...slowly.

In the meantime she had made some light biscuits, but baked them so the outside crust was crisp and brown...eliminating any chance of their getting soggy.

Now she put all three together. The chicken, cooked tender, was brought to the table on a big platter. The biscuits were placed in a big covered dish and the milk gravy poured over them. This was set on the table.

As the loaded platter of chicken was passed around, you took some, ladled out four or five biscuits, poured milk gravy over them, and you were ready to partake of a dish that was not only good, but good for you. The chicken tasted fine, because it was cooked through. I still have a four or five biscuits, poured milk gravy over them. This was set on the table.

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Mock anything

I don’t like Mock Mincemeat, Mock Turtle, or Mock anything when the real thing is obtainable. I guess the dish I like the least is Mock Mincemeat which is made without any meat, and by the substitution of a welter of green tomatoes. There should be a law prohibiting the cooking of tomatoes in anything.

The mincemeat I like was the kind my grandmother used to make. It had substance, abiding taste, and genuine authority. The main component was 20 lbs. of chopped beef and 1 5 lbs. of raisins, to which were added maple sugar, boiled cider, lemons, suet, currants, chopped apples, candied orange peel, whole cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon sticks and molasses, as the spirit moved. To this entire concoction were added the spirits. One quart of Medford Black Strap Rum, one quart of the best cognac, preferably Otard, though my grandmother had to take what was available in those days, and about two full cups of creme de menthe to give it piquancy.

It was considered sacrilegious to touch the stuff until it had stood in a big earthen crock for at least 8 months, after which curing process it began to get ripe and ready for pies. Then she made up a batch of 15 pies, using not white flour but good wheat, ground on the stone mill, with pure lard shortening. After the baked pies were cooled off by placing them on the buttery shelf, she hung them in bags in the woodshed chamber where they quickly froze and became always available throughout the winter, as needed.

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Button Box Cake

There are many folks with ingenuity scattered all over the state who are making good things to eat in their homes and selling them for a part or a whole-time living.

A good example is Wesley Pope of Jeffersonville, who makes a rich fruit cake he calls the Button Box Cake because he has made a neat wooden box to keep it in. When you eat the cake, you have left a useful button box...and you can even keep your Canasta set in it.

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The Real Thing

I am going to tell a story on my old friend George Crowley, the cheese maker who has more business than he knows what to do with.

(continued on page 57)
A couple of years ago, I wanted some sage cheese. Since I figured George was too busy to bother with such, I asked another cheese maker if he could make some because many of my friends were clamoring for it. (Maybe sage cheese is a genuine unique Vermont product.) Anyway, the other cheese maker said he could not make any at the time because the alfalfa was not ripe. 

"What in God's name has alfalfa got to do with sage cheese?" I asked. His answer was that to get the green sage color, he used alfalfa and to get the sage taste, a sage flavoring. It kind of puzzled me so the next time I saw George I had the nerve to ask him. I was a little surprised to have him say sure, he could, and would (and did) make me some sage cheese. So I said: "George, what do you use to color and flavor your sage cheeses?" "Sage," George said. "Real sage?" "Yep." "Why?" "Well, because real sage is cheaper than imitation sage!"

Incidentally, I want to utter a warning that George is the hardest working man in this part of Vermont and if you want to visit his charming old-time cheese factory in Healdville, the other side of Weston's Mount Terrible, please don't go on Sunday. George and his good wife Lillian need Sunday off, and I am going to see that they get it.

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Queries to Quill

From Massachusetts: "We are a reading family, and we plan to spend the summer in Vermont. Please name a few books, fiction, poetry, essays, that might be interesting to us. We know the recent writers. How about some of those not so well known?" Try these: fiction—The Wood Carver of Lympus by Mary Weller, The Greater Glory by William Dudley Pelley (never mind if he mixed his shirts), any of the stories by Rowland Robinson but preferably Uncle Lisha's Shop; Hester of the Grants by Theodora Peck; poetry—Rhymes of Vermont Rural Life by Daniel Leavens Cady (the author knew the older Vermont thoroughly, and the 'rhymes' are entertaining and informative); Portraits and Protests by Sarah Cleghorn; essays and sketches—Winterwise by Zephine Humphrey (any volume by this essayist is worth while), The Lone Winter, Dipper Hill, by Anne Bosworth Greene, Winged Seeds by Bertha Oppenheim. The competent librarians of the Free Public Library Commission, Montpelier, Vt., will make every attempt to locate and forward books you may want to read, at no cost save postage. The Commission is a state department, located in the State Library Building, and readers will find a welcome there. The Vermont State Library is also in the same building, and the service of that library and its staff is always available and gladly given.

From New Jersey a slightly caustic query or one made with raised eyebrows, methinks: "I have a compilation covering significant writers of the country, and I find only two credited to Vermont—Dorothy Canfield and Sarah Cleghorn. Are there any other writers of importance in any field in the past you could be willing to mention?" Answer: Your compilation was entitled Contemporary American Literature, and it was published about twenty-five years ago, I tossed my copy away long ago, and you better do the same with yours: it's entirely out of date, not only for Vermont but other states. You ask about the past, and here are some interesting names: Royall Tyler, the first New England novelist, who wrote The Algerine Captive, published 1707, and the first American comedy, The Contrast; Rufus Griswold (1815-1857) published three volumes on poetry which are essential in the study today of early American poetry; John G. Saxe (1816-1870) whose poems still survive in anthologies; Henry Hudson (1821-1886), Shakespearean scholar whose studies of Shakespeare's plays are still valuable... So the list might go on for pages; you will get the drift even though I pause at the year 1886.

From a Vermont Book of Memories

Quoted from the book, Portraits and Protests by Sarah N. Cleghorn.

A Saint's Hours

Her Matins

In the still hours before the sun
Her brothers and her sisters small
She woke, and washed and dressed each one.

Prime

And through the morning hours all
Singing above her broom she stood
And swept the house from hall to hall.

Vesper

Then out she ran with tidings good
Across the field and down the lane
To share them with the neighborhood.

Sexs

Four miles she walked, and home again
To sit through half the afternoon
And hear a feeble crone complain.

Nones

But when she saw the frosty moon
And lakes of shadow on the hill
Her maiden dreams grew bright as noon.

Evensong

In the late hours and drowsy house,
At last, too tired, beside her bed
She fell asleep—her prayers half said.

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Green Mountain Postboy

(Continued from page 41)

BERTHA OPPENHEIM.

In closing the Post Boy wishes to pay tribute to one of Vermont's adopted daughters whose long, interesting and valuable life came to a close near the end of last year. When Dr. and Mrs. Oppenheim, who had chosen a shore farm on Lake Champlain in Ferrisburg, built their stone house and brought their horses to the stables, they planned for a life of comfortable country living. An eminent child specialist, Dr. Oppenheim had earned some years of respite. The story of those years Bertha Oppenheim told in Winged Seeds published in 1923. The book caused a mild sensation and no doubt showed the way for many others to a new way of life.

Tragedy soon came to the farm on the lake and Bertha Oppenheim found herself alone to carry out the plans she and the Doctor had so carefully made. In the stone house she lived more and more devoting herself to continuing her husband's work in helping children. Her interest was in the Vermont Children's Aid Society to which organization the farm was left. In spite of ill health, during the latter years Mrs. Oppenheim continued to visit many of the groups of out of state children in camps around Lake Champlain and elsewhere, to tell them about Vermont and the Vermont Society which befriended those in need of help. Who can tell where those winged seeds may take root? Coming generations will feel the gracious influence of Vermont's Lady of the Lake. In the words of Dorothy Canfield Fisher "Bertha Oppenheim made an occupation of loving Vermont."
With the celebration of their Silver Anniversary Guernsey Sale at the Rutland Fair Grounds last September, in which a number of Vermont Guernsey cattle fetched record prices of $1000 to $1500 apiece, the Vermont Guernsey Breeders' Association climaxed a series of twenty-five annual auctions held since its birth in 1914. For since that time this unique breed of dairy cattle from tiny Guernsey Island in the English Channel has increased in Vermont from a few importations to approximately 15,000 head of both blended and pure bred stock. It is their rich milk, highly colored and of superior flavor, that makes Guernseys a "must" for those who enjoy quality dairy products. For example: the Hon. Stanley G. Judd, Vermont's Commissioner of Agriculture, brought his Guernsey heifer with him across Lake Champlain in a boat when he came to Vermont in his youthful days. He came ashore at Addison and parked the heifer at the nearest farm, the old Fisher Homestead, where an entire herd of her descendents continues to carry on.

It is through their state association that Guernsey breeders promote social activities, field days and the business of exploiting their favorite breed. Across the state line in Peterborough, New Hampshire, is the national organization, Golden Guernsey Incorporated, through which the high quality milk and cream are inspected and advertised for distribution at premium prices throughout the United States under the copyrighted label GOLDEN GUERNSEY MILK.

The annual Guernsey Parish Show, copied from the Guernsey Islanders, is a popular summer gathering for breeders and their families at the Montpelier estate of T. Redfield Phillips, prominent breeder, banker, and Vermont's oldest living Guernsey pioneer. They come from all over the state, bringing a basket lunch and their finest Guernseys for a day of competitive exhibition under the guidance of a nationally prominent Guernsey judge.

September brings the crowning event—the annual public auction—widely attended and reputed to be the oldest state Guernsey sale in the country. Breeders consider it their "show window" where they present collectively a selection of fifty or more of their best cattle for public acclaim. A committee from the state association makes the selections, usually one or two from a herd, with the utmost care to uphold the enviable reputation gained for Vermont Guernseys by this long series of sales. The sale
cattle are brought in from pasture early for special fitting, training and even manicuring—that they may be paraded in immaculate condition before the buyers on sale day. So particular are some owners that they sleep with their cows at the sale grounds to prevent homesickness (for both) and to keep them clean and contented.

On sale day buyers arrive at the grounds early and in large numbers to study the cattle. They come long distances from many states because numerous herds in this country have been founded with Vermont Guernseys and the catalogues of the sale have been widely distributed. Promptly at 1 o'clock the auctioneer hog-calls the crowd to the ringside seats and as the virtues of Vermont Guernseys are extolled from the auctioneer's stand the cattle are lead one by one before the assembled buyers and struck off to the highest bidder. At the final parting tears of joy as well as sadness are shed as Vermonters help load their favorites for the long trip to a new home. One self-conscious first timer to an earlier sale, after hearing her build-up by the auctioneer, promptly led his cow out of the ring and home without waiting for bids. Said he: "If I'd a known she was that damned good I'd never brought her."

END
A Word About Subscriptions and Single Copies

The following information is presented in answer to numerous questions we have received:

1. The price of Vermont Life is extraordinarily low because we manage to operate with a small staff and to keep our circulation methods simplified. For these reasons we operate on a cash-in-advance basis with no billing department.

2. We cannot send a subscription to more than one address (subscribers should arrange with the Post Office to forward their copies when moving to a temporary address).

3. In the case of duplicate subscriptions (one or more being gifts) we automatically add the additional subscription period on to the end of the original subscription. We cannot transfer duplicate subscriptions to another person.

4. It takes from four to six weeks after we receive your order before we can mail your first copy.

5. Subscription prices will be found on the inside front cover. Please note: There is no reduced price for more than one subscription. For example, two 1-year subscriptions cost $2.00, although one 2-year subscription costs $1.75.

6. We send gift cards to recipients of gift subscriptions.

7. The following back issues are still in print and available at 35¢ per copy:


8. Green fabrikoid binders are also available at $1.00 each. Each holds eight copies.

Please note also: Certain of our procedures may differ from those of the usual commercial magazine. In most cases this is due to the fact that we are an official state publication operating under legislative acts of the State of Vermont.

“Opportunities”

The purpose of this column is to assist persons seeking special types of opportunity in Vermont as well as special types of opportunity seeking people. It is for the particular use of the many still outside Vermont who wish to employ their talents here and for those within the state who have use for persons with special talents. It is not, however, a general employment service. After use in this column all letters are turned over to the state office of the Vermont State Employment Service. When writing us regarding “Opportunities” appearing in this column please address box number which appears before the particular item and your letter will be forwarded to the person in question. Vermont Life assumes no responsibility for the statements made in letters to it.

VL37. A wife (whose home and family are in Vermont) and her daughter were stricken with polio in 1943, the child being most severely handicapped resultantly while the mother is able to live quite normally despite certain definite weaknesses. The father is a public school teacher who has a master's degree with experience in handling children, understanding their problems and psychology. Through personal experience these parents learned much of the treatment for polio victims, having given their daughter Kenny packs and physical therapy. Because they know how wonderfully healthy Vermont's summers are for youth they hope to locate a children's camp where they may use this experience and at the same time get their child outdoors with other children.

VL38. A wife and two young children are living in the northeast corner of Vermont while the husband and father who wants to be in Vermont with them finds it necessary to continue working in Massachusetts. They have recently purchased a guest and sportsman's lodge on Lake Seymour but need capital to develop it further. (Incidentally that's a nice spot for a deer hunting trip). He has had 25 years experience at building,—cabinet work and scale modeling—has some power tools and a 20" x 40" workshop. Is there anyone who wants something built?

VL39. A husband wishes to settle in Vermont with his wife and baby. He is forty-four, has had twenty-one years experience selling office supplies and duplicating devices, the last eleven of which have been devoted to management and the training of salesmen. His wife is a moderately successful artist, her favorite subjects being Vermont scenes and old Vermont houses. He is prepared to buy a small business—preferably stationery.

VL40. A young man who graduated from a state university's school of journalism is in search of a public relations, publicity or newspaper job in Vermont. His experience includes volunteer publicity for community organizations, writing of radio scripts, public relations work during his army career, three years of reporting and feature writing for a metropolitan daily and four years as a college public relations director.

VL41. A family—mother, father and five daughters—born and raised in New England, own property in Vermont and would like to make their permanent home here. Even though they live in very comfortable circumstances they once spent over a year of very happy life in Vermont and will make sacrifices to return. Mother has had art school training and is capable of teaching children's classes. Father, 37 years old, has worked in textiles for 3 years and holds a high executive position with a large firm of blanket makers. He has had exceptional experience in the woolen, rayon and cotton fields and would like to make a suitable connection with a good mill in Vermont. Has a proven record in his field and can furnish highest type references. Is a Mason and a member of prominent New England textile clubs.

VL42. A dentist would be welcome in a small community where equipment is available and waiting to be used. Complete information and assistance will be given interested persons.

Post Box

(Continued from inside back cover)

you will remember it was freely used on all signs in colonial times.

The binders are another fine new idea, and I enclose my check for one.

So, keep up the good work. If I have any suggestions for future issues it would be on the side of just a few less color plates (their cost must be fearful, and Lane never was a cheap printer, aho those prices are worth it).

To date you have done a wonderful job in luring articles from first-rate writers, in presenting fine pictures, and (what I like best) in telling Vermonters all those hundreds of things they've always wanted to know about their own state.

If suggestions discourage you, please ignore those I have made, for your work has been so fine that I do not wish to discourage it in any way.

With appreciation for a great job,
Kendall Beaton, Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

EDITORIAL NOTE

The editors are searching for pictures showing Vermont deer herds. These should be at least 5″ x 7″ if in black and white or larger than 35 mm, if in color. They should be clear and sharp and the black and whites should have a glossy finish. The name of the photographer, location where the picture was taken, approximate date, and any other pertinent information should be given. A picture story about duck hunting would be welcomed as well. This would require a short introductory text and caption material for the pix. Readers who send either type of material to this office will be reimbursed at our usual rates for any of the material used in Vermont Life.

And since we lean heavily upon our readers for support we would particularly appreciate their sending us names of persons who are interested in Vermont who might want to subscribe to Vermont Life.
More on Human Hibernation

Sirs:
The article in your Winter issue on Vermont “hibernation” was read with much interest, and particularly so because my father told this story when I was a small boy. This would make his telling of it about sixty years ago. It was an accompaniment to making molasses candy of a winter Sunday afternoon.

As I understood it then he told it for a true story. But of course he might have had his tongue in his cheek.

He told of the incident as having happened near Montpelier. My father came from Berlin Corner and our family came there soon after the Revolution. This no doubt seemed to add veracity to the tale.

His version was slightly different in that the traveler, lost on the mountain, begged shelter for the night and soon found himself participating in the strange goings-on. As I remember it the stupified bodies were carried out to the woodshed to congeal. This seems more reasonable as doubtless wild animals would soon have made trouble had they been left in the open as the newspaper account would have it.

It is only fair to add that my father was a subscriber to the Argus and Patriot, it being you might say his “home town paper.”

I have always regarded the story as a sort of legend—half fancy, half true, with a whimsey all its own. Very unlikely, but . . .

Respectfully yours,
Erwin Pearson,
Barton

From a Long Island Vermonter

Sirs:
I don’t suppose you are withering away for lack of praise, but I’d like to add my own voice to the chorus. You have done a perfectly splendid job with Vermont Life, far better than I (being a Vermonter) had expected. The first issues were good, but I said to myself “This won’t last long. They’ll run out of material in two or three more issues.” But you haven’t, and the quality of the writing, the photography and the printing have been unbelievably high.

The autumn issue is a beauty, with far more colored photos than even tourists have a right to expect. If I were allowed to criticise it in any manner, I would comment on the skimpiness of text in relation to pictures, a deficiency of which you are probably more aware than anyone else. As a former editor, I know it’s easier to get good pictures than it is to get good copy, since picture taking requires less effort than research. I have enjoyed most of all the splendid articles on Fairbanks’ Scales, Vermont Marble, the Champlain S. S. Co., and the building of the railroads. These, plus articles on outstanding individuals such as Snowflake Bentley, Coolidge, and the Mormons, should certainly appeal to the people we most want as prospective new Vermonter. The series on Vermont History was excellent.

For whatever part you have played in the new historical marker signs you should be congratulated. I have not seen one “in the flesh” but from the pictures in the Autumn issue would certainly say they have beauty and grace with typography admirably adapted to the subject matter. Bless your heart for picking u. & l. c. type, too, for in addition to its greater legibility.

(Continued on page 60)
VERMONT is a Way of LIFE