Special feature: NORMAN ROCKWELL’S VERMONT

That Norman Rockwell has adopted Vermont and Vermonters have adopted him, is set forth in six pages, showing Rockwell’s portrayals, in color, of Vermont people, with a few notes about the artist and his work. Picture above is Moon’s Blacksmith Shop in South Shaftsbury.
Colonel Ernest W. Gibson (shown above dictating to the head of his secretarial force, attractive Mary Hartnett) last fall scored an upset victory in the gubernatorial race which confounded the political dopesters. He then proposed to the General Assembly a program of social and economic reforms centering around improved educational, welfare and health facilities, which old hands predicted hadn’t a chance of success. But Vermont’s habitually tough-minded legislators sped the bulk of his program through with considerable majorities, and almost happily raised new sources of revenue to pay for some rather costly proposals.

And not the least of his achievements, in the course of a few months, was to prove that a virtual one-party system is not exclusive of progressive liberalism.

With this issue of Vermont Life I want to extend a welcome to you from the State of Vermont. But a magazine can convey only a part of the loveliness, the color, and withal, the peace and harmony of our Green Mountain state. The best it can do is to endeavor to portray a part of that intangible spirit which breathes the light of freedom into every individual in Vermont.

We in Vermont are individuals and we are proud of our independence of spirit and thought. We are also proud of the peace and quiet, happiness, and pure enjoyment that can be offered here in our lovely hills and valleys. We suggest to you who may be reading this, that if you come to Vermont you will find not only all the recreation facilities that you want including outdoor sports, such as canoeing, boating, or horseback riding over lovely mountain trails, but you will also find a satisfying peace of mind. I believe you will go home refreshed and strengthened from even a brief visit to this gallant state.

Governor of Vermont
NOW, for the first time, we have accumulated enough paper to meet—almost—the past known demand for copies of Vermont Life. With this issue of 50,000 copies, therefore, we hope to be able to supply enough for the Vermont newsstands, send several thousand outside the state, and at the same time reserve enough for subscribers. We hope this will dispense with some of our worst frustrations.

Our subscribers, by the way, are deserving of an apology from the “business office.” The flood of subscription orders literally inundated the Commission. Frantic attempts to get a

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To take the night train from New York and then in the early dawn to step off into a sleeping Vermont village is to enter another world. True enough, I have known that world was there all the time, the elm-shaded streets, the sedate white houses, the circling blue hills, the glittering-clean, cool air, the peace flowing like a river. But the hectic city-suburban life, with its emphasis on the pressing now, had made me forget the simpler way of life in Vermont. Like a tired child coming home to its mother. I've laid hold again on tranquil peace.

There is no State in the whole of our lovely America quite like old Vermont. Among Americans there are none more rock-ribbed than these tall, lean, sunburned Vermonters. Their straight, unyielding backs, their cool, level glance, tell you that here are free men who understand and cherish the great traditions of our country.

You must live in a Vermont village, enter into its communal life, to really know it. The tourist driving through its shady streets, or buying postcards at the drug store, sees only the picturesque surface. Vermonters are naturally friendly and kindly, but they are proud and independent. They are unerring judges of character and they hate to see money wasted. They tidy, clean little homes, thrifty gardens. They go about their work calmly, efficiently but completely unhurried. Once I saw the tall, lean postman come down the street, stop next door for a good half hour to inspect the garden and give advice to his friend.

I have never met happier or better-behaved children than in this Vermont village. They have their work to do at home or store, but they play too in field or yard. When the curfew whistle blows at 8:45 they go inside their homes. I have not once heard those ominous words “juvenile delinquency” since coming here.

Saturday afternoon is the busiest time on our short little business street. Farm people come in their cars—still good though maybe years old—for their week-end shopping. That is the only time I have seen the traffic cop, smilingly shepherding the children across the street.

Sunday morning is the time to see our village at its best. The church bells ring from hill to hill. With the wartime shortage of gas most families walked to church, dressed in their decent best, the children gloved and hatted, following primly behind their parents. Sit in the pews with them and study those quiet faces, faces browned by sun and wind. There are lines of humor around the eyes and mouths; the dry wit of these Vermonters is proverbial. Forebears of these men and women helped to build our country, to fashion its very forms of government. Sons of these men and women fought in far-flung places of the world to preserve the liberties they love. Some of these lads will never come back to this little quiet village. The storm that shakes the world has reached even this secluded place, the black shadow of war darkened its sunlit streets. But it is a storm that does not disturb the roots of living for these men and women. Like the rugged oaks, they only put their roots down deeper, down to the bed-rock of humble faith and trust in God. It is not by whim or chance that the hymn played by the Sunday evening bells is “Abide with Me.”

City people are clever, stimulating and amusing. They know about the latest plays and books, they speak of social trends and make dark prophesies for America's future. They lead restless lives, moving from apartment to apartment. The important things to them are knowing the best places to dine, the right clothes to wear for each occasion. But it is not to my city friends that I would turn when I am filled with weary doubts and vague fears. It is in living with simple village folks in Vermont I find my courage, my fears evaporating like mist in morning sunlight. I remember with a feeling of thankfulness that there are thousands of little towns all over our land where Americans live who still accept without question the great truths that have made our country great. Here are people for whom the noble words of equality, freedom, God, have the same pristine vigor and freshness they had for Washington, for Jefferson, for Lincoln. Yes, here in a Vermont village belief in America's future comes as natural as breathing.

Courtesy The Christian Science Monitor
IN THE OLD COURT HOUSE in Westminster where William French was killed resisting a New York sheriff's attempt to hold a session of the King's court, Judah Spooner and Timothy Green printed the first Vermont newspaper. That was in 1781 and they called it THE VERMONT GAZETTE, or GREEN MOUNTAIN POST BOY.

What makes the event the more notable is the fact that the press on which the paper was printed was none other than the one which Stephen Daye had set up and used in Cambridge, Mass. in 1638—the first printing press to operate in what is now the United States. Later it had followed the frontier as it moved westward from the Bay Colony into Vermont. A copy of No. 8 of the paper, dated April 2, 1781 as well as the famous old press on which it was printed are both in the Vermont Historical Society Museum at Montpelier.

Thus it was on a British made press that there were printed the brave words of defiance of the mother country under the motto:

"Pliant as Reeds, where streams of Freedom glide;

Firm as the Hills, to Stem Oppression's tide."

TOURIST BECOMES RESIDENT.

Vermont is used to having visitors from all parts of the globe. It is not at all surprising that each year some of these decide to settle down and become residents of the state. Miss Clara Gardner, teacher of history in Milton, brings to this column's attention the long-ago arrival of a tourist with a long distance traveling record. No credit can be taken by the publicity department, either, for the arrival of this visitor, or for the decision to become a permanent resident.

In December of 1876, L. H. Holcombe, living on his father's farm on Isle La Motte, heard in the early evening what sounded like distant cannonading or the "rattling of many wagons over stony roads" above their farm house. It turned out to be a meteor which all but buried itself on the shore of Lake Champlain. Mr. Cyrus Holcombe had it dug up and placed in his flower garden where scientists attested the fact that it was a heavenly tourist.

It is doubtless this same meteor which is described in the Encyclopedia Britannica as being observed by people in Kansas passing east-north-east as a ball of fire, increasing in brilliancy as it proceeded. People saw it and heard it in Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, and so on to Pennsylvania and West Virginia. According to this Britannica story it was supposed to have grounded "in New York or farther east."

Last summer Dr. L. H. Holcombe had the 880 pound meteor transported to Milton where on the lawn of The Maples tourists may view this former traveler, which has now settled down in Vermont.

MOO-SIC HATH CHARMS.

We disavow the heading. We have sins enough charged to us. Mrs. Ruth Walker is the guilty party, but she is forgiven because of the bovine story that goes with it.

It was on a quiet summer Sunday when canned religion invaded the hill overlooking North Montpelier. It was dispensed from a small truck through a loud speaker and the program consisted of familiar hymns and scripture readings. What first attracted the Walkers' attention was a loud "hello! hello!" from outside. They hurried to the door just as a rich tenor started singing an old familiar hymn.

But they were not the entire audience. No sooner had the service started than the two dozen or more cows, pastured across the road, came running from all directions. They gathered in a respectful camera. Having read of the value of music in the cattle barn we wish there might have been some record also made of the milk yield that night. Was there more of it? Did the pious cows give down better? Or was the milk richer?

THE LINCOLN PAPERS.

On the 26th day of this July, the time-lock put on the collection of Abraham Lincoln's private papers by his son Robert twenty-one years ago, will be off. On that date the Library of Congress may make their contents known to the public.

Vermonters have an especial interest in these papers, since they resided for many years in Manchester before their transfer to Washington. Earle Kinsley, of Rutland, in his recently published volume of reminiscences, tells how the transfer came about, and how near the papers came to complete destruction.

It seems that Kinsley, then Republican National Committeeman, had gone to call on Lincoln at Hildene, his Manchester home, and found him burning papers. He later met Nicholas Murray Butler at the Equinox House for lunch. Butler had already been out to the Lincoln home for the express purpose of persuading Robert from any contemplated destruction of the irreplacable documents. He had been told of Lincoln's intention by Horace Young of Albany and Manchester, a close friend.

Evidently he was at least partially successful, since the papers were later transferred to the National Library with this strange opening date attached. Whether these papers listed by Robert Lincoln as "letters, manuscript documents, and other papers" will be of sufficient value to make up for all the years of secrecy, will soon be divulged.
On Country Living
By SAMUEL R. OGDEN

Dissatisfied with the tensions and frustrations of modern living in the city, and desiring a more serene and normal existence than can be found there, many people are looking toward the country with the hope that in the country they may find a solution to their problems. This trend from the city to the country is not a hypothetical condition, but a very real situation that exists in fact, as is shown by the records of the Vermont Publicity Service. More and more inquiries are being received, more properties are being transferred, and a study of available figures indicates that the current year will surpass all previous years in the number of outsiders—city-folks—desiring to come to Vermont to live.

When a person makes the change from city living to country living he becomes involved in situations and with conditions which could not possibly have been foreseen. As a result of these unforeseen contingencies many of the experiments in rural living made in Vermont have ended in disaster and disillusionment. On the other hand many persons tempted by the attractions of rural life, but fearful of the unknown, hesitate to make the change, even though the chances might be that they would make a success of it.

It was with the idea in mind of pointing out the dangers to the enthusiastic and of encouraging the timid that the undersigned undertook to write a book on country living. Before the project had proceeded very far, and by the time the material was organized, it became apparent that those who failed in country living failed because they were unwilling or unable to change their point of view and revise their basic scale of values. Likewise those who hesitated to take the step remained where they were because of the same difficulty in accepting a new and different point of view and set of values. Simply stated, the problem boils down to the evaluating of the things in life that are most important. Actually the problem is not a simple one although it may be stated with deceptive simplicity. Questions of making a living, of education for the children, of personal self sufficiency, of social contacts, of comfort and culture, all enter into the picture. Besides the cultural and operational problems there are the purely practical problems of rotted timbers, smoking stove pipes, frozen water pipes, leaky roofs, hazardous winter travel, garbage disposal, and a hundred or more of others. To discuss the whole problem is impossible within the brief confines of this discussion. Here will be found merely the broad outline of country living for would-be Vermonters, now living in the city.

It seems to me that if any discussion of country living is to be significant it must be from the point of view of the family rather than from that of the individual. The search must be for a home, a place in which to put down roots. It must be for the place of which the young man dreams as he accepts the responsibilities of manhood; the place the parent cherishes as the ideal setting for family happiness and mutual interdependence; the place which, when having been given the best of one’s years, fits into the old man’s dream of permanence and successive generations of his own stock.

The family is still the basic unit of our civilization, even though in these days it has come upon hard times. In the city the place of residence tends to become nothing but an address at which one receives postal and telephone service, a place to sleep and hang one’s hat. As the small tasks of the home come to be done mechanically or by hirelings, home life—and this means family life—threatens to disappear. Importunate distractions, cheap excitements and convenient facilities apparently offer more competition in the city than family life can stand.

In the country on the other hand, the very nature of things makes it necessary that the place of habitation be a home. If it is not a home it is veritably a hell, and there is no such easy escape as there is in the city. Here is the challenge with which you who are thinking of living in the country are faced. Do not be discouraged, however, for if the importance of the part the home plays in country living is understood, if the necessary shift in fundamental values has been made, the most satisfying and happiest family life can be had in the country.

SAMUEL R. OGDEN first came to Landgrove, Vt., over twenty years ago. Since that time he has restored, as designer-builder, what was previously an abandoned town to a new life, socially, economically and politically. He has since served successive terms in the legislature, been candidate for Congress, and in the interval, out of practical experience he wrote “How to Grow Food for Your Family” and his recent “This Country Life” (N.Y. 1959).
The Town of Waterford is typical of the many small communities which dot the Vermont countryside.

Life in the rural communities in Vermont offers the newcomer and his family opportunities for participation in the affairs of the community to an extent not possible elsewhere. In the cities interest in community affairs has practically disappeared. The growth of the large centers of population implacably absorbing surrounding towns and villages in their spread; the gathering together of rootless thousands, the impersonal and unnatural apartment house have all contrived to bring about the complete disappearance of community spirit in the cities. On the other hand this is not so in the country. Here the individual finds himself called upon to participate in the affairs of the community in which he lives. The newcomer to country living is quite apt to find himself regarded as an outsider at first, and if accepted at all, accepted under a special set of conditions reserved for “city folks.” Some of these conditions are apt to be mildly annoying, to say the least, such as the one which stamps him as being one with more money than sense, and as such fair game for anyone. Notwithstanding this initial handicap, it is perfectly possible for the “city feller” to become an integral and valued part of his community. Furthermore the fact that he comes from the outside gives him a freshness of viewpoint which leads to greater opportunities for community service than if he were a native. It has been the experience of many of those who have left the cities and come to Vermont to live, that from this direction have come the greatest satisfactions that living in the country has afforded.

So while at first there may be sound reasons for the newcomer to feel that his neighbors “tolerate” him at best, that they hold him off as an outsider and take advantage of him, still, humility and sincerity and patience will certainly eventually break down these barriers, and he will be called upon to accept his responsibilities as a citizen of the community.
Perhaps the greatest single deterrent to making the shift from city to country, is the question of education, and the problems presented by the rural schools. In the minds of almost everyone the little old one-room country school house with its inevitable outbuilding with the moon shaped apertures, can not possibly compete with the large, generally sadly overcrowded city school. A great deal indeed could be said on this subject, and any proper discussion of it should start with the whole problem of education in the United States, for any discussion of education in our rural schools can not be wholly pertinent unless it is related to what we actually want for our children in the way of education. Related to what one finds in the way of education in the great centers of population, there is at least something different about education as it is found in rural schools. There are fewer handsome gothic edifices, fewer gadgets, fewer pupils, and certainly fewer distractions. Perhaps there is also found a less adequate preparation for the higher steps in the educational ladder, and for life itself, in the country school. There are many in the educational hierarchy having to do with rural schools who would hold this to be the case. It is a belief which, all the weight of official evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, I am firmly convinced is a false one. Any school anywhere can be just as good as the community in which the school exists wants it to be. The interest and determination of the community is the controlling factor, and the possibility for a rural school being a good one is better than of a city school being a good one. This is for the very reason that there is a much closer harmony between the community and the school in the country than in the city. Besides these formal aspects of education, one should not fail to consider those other contributions to real education which are not made in schools. A child will learn much in the country which is truly a part of his education, and which he would miss if he lived in the city. These things have to do with the realities of life, the simple things which surround him and which are a part of his daily routine. This is no roundabout reference to the facts of life, the birds and the bees and all that, although the reproductive aspects of life are certainly a part of the education of any normal child. Rather, the reference is to traits of self reliance and self sufficiency developed by country living: the box traps set for the cotton tail, the speckled beauties caught in the brook in the lower corner of the meadow, the first grouse exploding into feathers as it flashes across an opening in the thorn apples.

To sum up the question of education in the country: if you as a citizen have the interest, and are willing to assume your share of the responsibility, the best place for the education of children is in the country.

Having decided that he has what it takes for country living, the would-be Vermonter is faced with a whole series of practical decisions which have to be made. Where to live? How much to pay for a place? Is the farm suitable for farm operations? How to become a farmer? If not to farm, how far to go in the direction of self sufficiency? How to make extra money to keep the economic wheels turning? Each one of these questions is a serious one, and one which is difficult to answer. All that can be done here is to indicate how and where some of the answers to some of the questions may be found.

The first step, naturally, if you have friends in Vermont, is to look up your friends. The most important single factor in the choice of where to live is the suitability of the community from a social and cultural point of view. To be sure, to some persons these considerations are of little importance, but for most of us, our experiment succeeds or fails depending upon the completeness with which we adjust to our surroundings. Let there be no misunderstanding, this is no plea for the transfer from the city to the country of silly and distracting social inanities. Rather it is a realistic acceptance of the fact that all of us have need now and then for glimpses of wider horizons, whether these glimpses are to be gained around the stove in the village store while outside the snow sifts down endlessly; whether they are to be gained as the hunters
sit around after a day in the woods; or whether they come as a result of music made together, or from quiet conversations before the open fire. So it is that friends and friendships enter into the picture very substantially. If you have friends in Vermont, surely from their home is the place to commence your search.

Lacking friendly connections in Vermont, the first step is to address the Director of Publicity Development Commission, Montpelier, Vermont, and get from him a list of farms and places for sale, and then start on your search in person. Equip yourself with University of Vermont Extension Service circular No. 108, "Selecting a Farm in Vermont." Check with the Town Clerks in the towns which you visit. Get some idea of prices and values from recent sales in the neighborhood. Write to the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station, Burlington, Vt. for a copy of bulletin No. 391, "Prices of Vermont Real Estate."

If you have ideas for a small industry, contact the Director of the Vermont Development Commission in Montpelier and find out about raw material, transportation, labor, etc. Here you will find helpful and friendly advice and council. Collect all the appropriate state and federal bulletins on all of the aspects of country living. Get a list of books on country living and study them, particularly the bibliographies. Wherever your search leads you you may be sure of friendly helpfulness on the part of state agencies, town officials, real estate agents, and Vermonters in general.

Chances of success in farming for the raw greenhorn are very slim indeed. It is true that if one has sufficient capital, mistakes can be paid for and experience gained which in the end may lead to successful operation. Do not underestimate the importance of the need for adequate capital if you plan to start farming, which in Vermont is pretty certain to mean the production of fluid milk. If you are interested only in subsistence farming, be sure that there is some way in which the cash income of the family can be augmented. Here there are many possibilities, ranging all the way from skiing and summer camps to fly tying and dog kennels. In addition do not forget the possibilities of small towns and villages. Here, in many parts of the country, one will find a real need for services of various kinds, for barber shops, dry cleaners, hairdressers, tailors, restaurants and what not.

The newcomer to country living will find many differences between country ways and city ways. The family larder will be handled on an entirely different scale; country hospitality is apt to make more demands on the stores of provisions and the possibility of being snowed in must always be counted on in winter. There will be less money spent casually, there will be more dependence on the mail order catalogues, prices and values will be scrutinized more carefully. In spite of the wear and tear on work clothes the clothing budget will be on the credit side, for dress up clothes will have little wear and the ones you have will last a long while.

All I have said points up the matter which I brought up at the very beginning of this article. The most difficult step to take, in changing from city living to country living, is a shift in point of view and a change in values. There is no doubt but that more and more people are turning to the country hoping that there they may find a more normal and satisfying life. It has been the purpose of this brief essay to indicate some of the problems involved, to display some of the advantages, and to be of some help to those who are interested in coming to Vermont to live. It is my sincere hope as I sit here before a fire of four foot logs this morning, while the blizzard rages outside, that others may find as I have found, satisfaction and serenity among the Green Mountains of Vermont.
THE MORGAN HORSE at the W. J. Bryant Farm, on the Black River
Justin Morgan had a Horse
BY MARGUERITE HENRY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WESLEY DENNIS

There's very little interest anywhere in a "dead horse"—colloquially speaking—as Charles Crane once commented. But there is a dead horse about which, even after one hundred years, there is more widespread discussion today than over any one Derby or Sweepstakes winner. That dead horse is Justin Morgan, progenitor of a Vermont breed of horses which rivals the Kentucky Thoroughbred in importance in America.

Justin Morgan had many qualities which seem to have been passed on to his descendants with a rather remarkable infallibility. He was a small horse—less than a thousand pounds and not over fourteen hands high—but compact. This diminutive animal had developed chest and leg muscles in a stocky frame, and was capable of amazing feats of strength and endurance. Yet short legs and solid qualities not withstanding, he was a surprisingly fast horse. This represented an unusual combination of talents which has hardly been found elsewhere.

Many of Justin Morgan's descendants went west with the emigrating farmers, and were often known there simply as "Vermonters." In many ways they represented the same solid and substantial qualities of the people among whom they were bred and traded for decades. But the Morgan is now a national possession, thanks to the Green Mountain state, and—more particularly—to a singing master for whom the original Morgan was named.

Marguerite Henry has here told, in a most delightful fashion, the story of Justin Morgan, of Randolph, Vermont, and of the colt which took his name. Set in a semi-fictional framework, the outlines of the tale are quite as they happened once upon a time—say, a hundred years ago.

The version which Miss Henry develops here is the complete story, with all its delightful charm. It was broadcast way out West on school time over WLS, the "Prairie Station" in Chicago and a play version also reached the radio. It can be found in expanded book form, with the full quota of Wesley Dennis's perfect drawings, under the same title: Justin Morgan Had a Horse, published by the R. C. Follett Co. of Chicago, to whom we are indebted for the illustrations.

It is one of those rare stories written for children which adults find quite as fascinating as their juniors. And it is appropriate that you should know this story first before we attempt to describe—as we later shall—the famous Morgan Horse Farm in Weybridge, deeded to the United States Government by that eccentric enthusiast, Colonel Joseph Battell, millionaire Middlebury publisher. There are also other spots, like the W. C. Bryant farm on the other side of the state, where Morgans are bred and raised with loving devotion.

But enough of preface—turn, please, the page, and begin an adventure in story telling.
Justin Morgan was a School Master and Singing teacher in the Green Mountain country of Vermont in the days when our country was growing up. He boarded at the home of little Joel Goss. School teachers got very little money in those days; in fact, they've seldom been paid as much as they deserve, but Master Morgan's salary was a mere pittance. That's why he traveled over a hundred miles on foot to collect a debt from Farmer Beane in Massachusetts.

It was a great adventure to the barefooted little Joel who accompanied the Schoolmaster. On past tiny towns perched on hilltops or nestled in the crook of some stream, the man and boy walked. Nearly always a church spire rose from the cluster of homes and sharpened itself against the sky. At tidy farm houses the schoolmaster would remove his hat and start to sing:

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky
Long for a cooling stream at hand;

Before he reached the second stanza, the farmer's wife and children would be out on their doorstep, inviting the two wanderers to stop and have something to eat.

Yes, it was a long and adventurous journey for little Joel but for the Schoolmaster it ended in disappointment. "I ain't one to forget my debts," Farmer Beane explained, but I just hain't got the money. I've a mind to give you a colt instead of the cash."

The schoolmaster's shoulders slumped until his homespun jacket looked big and loose.

"Now this big feller, Ebenezer," the farmer pointed out two colts in the green pasture, "is a creature with get-up-and-get. He'd be just the horse to ride to school." And for a premium, he added, "I'll give little Bub. He's just a mite of a thing, but perhaps the lad here could gentile him."

Master Morgan laughed a dry sort of laugh, "In the hills of Vermont, farmers want big oxen. Not undersized horses." Joel was stroking the soft velvety nose of the little colt, "I wish it was you that was coming along," he whispered, "you and me—we could grow big together."

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The next morning Master Morgan slipped a halter around Ebenezer's head and started down the road. Without a word of command, the little colt had turned out of the gate too. Joel was almost afraid to breathe. His bare feet sank noiselessly into the dust. "Please God," he whispered, "Don't let Little Bub turn back. Don't let him turn back."

It was a month later when the little procession sighted the green mountains of Vermont. They had passed horse-traders along the way and always the answer was the same: "The big fellow looks fair to middling, but that little cob,—he won't be worth no more than ten dollars when he's grown up. Legs too short . . . just not strung up right. I'd sooner buy that weathervane horse on yonder barn." But to Joel, little Bub was the most wonderful colt in the world. If only his father would let him keep Little Bub!

But Farmer Goss had other ideas. "What in tunket do they think I am," he thundered to his wife. "Oats come high, and I don't aim to play nursemaid to two colts. It's high time the schoolmaster found a new place, and high time our Joel learnt a trade."

On the night before Joel was sent to live with Miller Chase, Justin Morgan called him into his small garret room. "The Jenks family has agreed to board me, and I've a good home for Ebenezer, but every where I try to sell Little Bub folks say he's too small, and besides he isn't broken to saddle or harness."

"Miller Chase plans to send you to night school," the schoolmaster continued, "I wonder if you would like to spend an hour with the colt each night after lessons."

Never was a colt so willing to be gentled. After two lessons, he wore a halter as if it were part of him. When ever Bub behaved well, Joel let him bury his nose in a bucket of oats, all the while telling him what a fine, smart horse he was. "Soon you'll be BIG for your size," he would say, "and then you've got to be so smart and willing that even an ornery man won't touch a whip to you. I couldn't abide that!" he added, his fists doubled.

Joel had begun to think that Little Bub might be his forever, when a new settler came to call on the schoolmaster. "I've been watching a lad drive a smallish horse in the moonlight," he said, "I'd not like to buy such a little animal, but I need a horse with get-up to clear my land. I'll rent him for a year—pay you fifteen dollars and his keep."

Joel was setting a log in the sawmill when he heard the cloppety-clop of hoofs coming down the river road. It was Little Bub, tied on to the back of a wagon pulled by a fat ox. His reddish coat glinted in the sunlight. And he held his head high. With a heavy heart Joel watched the procession as it clattered over the log bridge and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

By the time spring came on, Joel and Miller Chase were friends and when one Sunday, the inn yard began filling with big-faced dray horses and oxen and men gathering about a huge pine log, Miller Chase said, "It's a pulling bee, Joel, if I was a boy with no chores to do, I'd skedaddle right out there."

One after another, the beasts had their turn, and no matter how whips cracked or masters yelled, the log...
seemed rooted to the earth. Just then the new settler’s hired man Evans came clattering into the inn yard with Little Bub. “Let my one-horse team have a try,” he demanded! The crowd snickered. “THAT little flea? He ain’t no bigger than a mouse’s whisker! Besides, his tail is so long, he’s liable to get all tangled up and break a leg.”

“Find me three men to sit astride the log” said Evans as he hitched Little Bub to the log, “and then look to your feet, this horse means business!”

With much joking and laughter three burly men straddled the log . . . “Git up,” Evans roared slashing the whip across Bub’s back. The little horse galvanized into action. First, he backed ever so slightly, then his powerful neck bent low, the white foam came out on his body, there was a groaning of chains, the log trembled and started to move. A second try and it kept moving, moving . . . this time it did not stop until it reached the sawmill!

Everyone began shouting at once. “Hooray for Morgan’s colt! Hooray for the big-little horse.” Joel had his arms around Bub’s neck. He was sobbing from exhaustion and relief. “You did it, Bub!” he kept repeating. . . . “You did it.”

After the pulling bee, news of the big-little horse spread. Everywhere farmers were saying, “The Schoolmaster’s horse can’t be beat. Not only can it pull like living quicksand, but it can race like the wind. ‘Tis the fastest goer in all Vermont.” And when two big racing men from New York came down to try their thoroughbreds against the little farm horse, Bub showed them his heels.

His neck strained forward, he leaped out like a wild thing. His flinty hoofs barely touched the earth, and his legs were going so fast they blurred, like the wings of a humming bird. By two lengths the little horse won.

By autumn when Little Bub’s year of rental was up, the Schoolmaster had refused many offers to sell him. “My debts are all paid, gentlemen, except to a lad named Joel. If I use the horse gently, he may live long enough to pay that debt, too. Meanwhile Bub can carry me around on my singing circuit.” But the little horse’s days on the singing circuit were all too short. No one knew quite how it happened, but after Master Morgan died, his name was given to the horse. When Joel heard about this, he was glad. “Justin Morgan, The Schoolmaster would be proud to fasten his name on Little Bub.”

In the years that followed, the Morgan horse went from one master to another. He dragged logs and stones, uprooted stumps, cultivated the land, and instead of growing thin and poor, the little horse grew tough and strong. It was as if he liked the clanking jingle of tug chains, the smell of freshly turned earth. In all Vermont there was not another horse so vigorous, so full of spirit yet so gentle. Then an unbelievable thing happened. Justin Morgan was sold to a traveler, and dropped out of sight. Joel attended every county fair and farm auction hoping to find the little horse. Days stretched into years. The War of 1812 came and Joel enlisted in the cavalry. Even during the heat of the battle of Lundy’s Lane, Joel listened for the sound of that familiar whinny, but he listened in vain.
One winter’s night, in the year 1817, Joel was on his way to the meetinghouse. The wind howled like a trapped animal, and a fine dry snow pricked his face. Suddenly as he rounded the bend of the river above the noise of the wind, he heard a horse whinny. Breathlessly he scrambled up the river bank, and before the inn stood a team of six horses hitched to a huge freight wagon. The horses were miserable and old. There was not a proud head among them. Suddenly the neighing began again, and Joel’s heart seemed to stop altogether. In a flash he was beside the smallest horse combing the matted forelock with his fingers, trying to thaw the icicles that clung to the horse’s whiskers. “My poor Little Bub,” he whispered softly, “poor Little Bub.”

Later Master Chase tried to argue with Joel, “What’s the sense of getting in debt on a nearly dead beast, Joel lad, he’s liable to die soon.”

“His horse is different,” Joel answered impatiently, “he’s a friend, and you don’t turn down a friend just because he’s old.” The miller smiled, “All right, son. I’ll loan you whatever it takes.”

No human patient ever received more tender care than did the little horse. His body grew round. His eyes became lively and lustrous again. Once more he held his head high. And one fine morning—July 24, 1817, to be exact—Justin Morgan was groomed as he had never been groomed before. The President of the United States was coming to Burlington, Vermont and Joel and his horse were to be in the parade. Joel was wearing his cavalry uniform, and in his helmet he wore a sprig of evergreen to show that he was one of the Green Mountain boys.

Church bells began to ring softly, then louder until the sound seemed to roll out in great waves. From hundreds of school children came the new song—“The Star Spangled Banner” . . . and then James Monroe was escorted between the rows of men on horseback. He proceeded slowly until he came to Justin Morgan . . . then he motioned to have the horse brought forward. Joel Goss jumped down and handed the reins to the President of the United States while a little murmur of surprise rippled down the lines.

The story of Justin Morgan has not ended. He had many colts, and they all bore the marks of their sire. They all had the same round-barreled bodies and short, sturdy legs. Deep chests with ample room for powerful lungs—the same proud head—and the Morgan heart—the heart to go on forever. No less than 40 descendants of Justin Morgan became famous as trotters—Ethan Allen, Black Hawk and Dan Patch. General Custer rode a Morgan horse when he went off to fight the Indians. And in the Civil War, a whole regiment was mounted on Morgans. To the people of Vermont, the name Morgan is part of their heritage. Like the Green Mountains. And in 1939 Vermont lawmakers passed a resolution to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Justin Morgan’s birth. But perhaps the greatest tribute of all is a living one. In the tiny Vermont village of Weybridge, the United States Department of Agriculture has a Morgan horse farm. In all America it is the only farm founded so that one breed of horses shall live forever. At the entrance gate stands a life-size bronze statue of Justin Morgan.

Nobody knows whether the first Morgan’s parents were British or French or Dutch. And nobody really cares. As Joel Goss used to tell people who asked about the horse’s ancestry . . . “He was just a little work horse that cleared the fields and helped Vermont grow up. Come to think of it, he’s like us. He’s American . . . that’s what he is. American!”
GLIMPSE of CHAMPLAIN HISTORY
As seen by Frederic F. Van de Water

Lake Champlain is many things in one. It has its beginning in nothing more dignified than a muddy, marsh-bordered pond at Whitehall, New York. It presents in its deliberate northward flow the aspect of a sluggish, turbid stream, twisting through swampy land and later of a full statured river. At last, beyond Ticonderoga where the overflow from Lake George augments it, its waters move crescendo toward beauty and become an ever wider, ever clearer, ever fairer lake. With the peaks of the Adirondacks to the west of its serene, blue breadth; with the remoter ridges of the Green Mountains standing guard in the east, Champlain’s loveliness achieves apogee. It lies like a great and shining jewel in a splendid setting.

In outline and surroundings, the lake today is much as it was in mid-July, 1609, when its white discoverer, Samuel de Champlain, first saw it from the war canoe of his Huron allies. During unnumbered millenia before that year, what is now Lake Champlain had appeared in many roles. Millions of years ago, it had been a river at the feet of the younger, taller Adirondacks and it then flowed south into the future Hudson instead of, as now, north into the St. Lawrence via the Richelieu River.

In subsequent ages, the Champlain-to-be, was in turn a wider, longer body of water that geologists call “Lake Vermont” and an arm of the sea. During its marine incarnation, whales voyaged its length and skeletal vestiges of seal and walrus today are found on its shores. Fish that the lake still harbors—cusk and sheepshead and other species—are fresh water descendants of ancient salt water creatures.

Slow alteration of the land eventually barred the estuary from further contact with ocean. The imperceptible tilting of the region turned the flow of the recreated lake from its ancient southerly course to northerly; streams that fed it washed away its salt and the present Lake Champlain was born.

The geological and geographical vicissitudes of the lake are more than matched by the wide variety of its participations in history and pre-history. The birch bark canoes of Hurons and Algonquins, the heavier, elm bark craft of the Iroquois, had made it an ancient watery war path before the white man looked upon it. Subsequently, and in succession, Champlain has been the easiest route whereby British and French could get at each other’s throats in the dreary and savage succession of inter-colonial wars; a major war road during the Revolution; an inviting trail for settlers to follow to either the New York or Vermont shore; again, a course of conflict in the War of 1812; a highway for wind and steam borne commerce and, more lately still, at once a museum piece and a playground, a haunt for historians and holiday makers.
On the shores of Lake Champlain, probably near Ticonderoga, Samuel de Champlain defended with fire-arms the Canadian Algonquins against the Iroquois of the Six Nations. He thereby gained for the French the eternal enmity of these powerful Indian tribes, who later allied themselves with the British during the bitter colonial wars of the eighteenth century.

Geography ordained the red and violent part Lake Champlain was to play for more than two centuries after its discovery. Its waters, running unimpeded from the New York frontier to the Canadian, inevitably were of prime strategic importance in time of war. There literally was no other so easy a road by which enemy peoples could attack each other.

Between French and English settlements, later between American and British, lay vast and difficult wilderness, mountainous, thickly wooded and traversed only by the dim Indian trails. No proper army of those years with its artillery and train possibly could hope to cross successfully so forbidding a terrain but through the heart of this primeval barrier from its one end to its other, ran the long and lovely lake, a water-level route that hosts easily might follow. Generals might load their men and equipment on the square nosed flat bottomed bateau which early became the lake's typical craft and with a minimum of travail, disembark them deep in enemy country. Champlain not only expedited wars; it was an invitation to conflict.

Beyond the shining waters of the lake itself, lay further incitement to invaders from the north. All maps proclaimed with united voices that from Champlain's headwaters the further road to conquest was plain and simple. You need only row or sail your troops from Canada to what is now Whitehall, or else by a single portage to the head of Lake George, and a few brief marches would bring them to the Hudson's shore. With this water way as your aid, it was simplicity itself, so the maps said, to descend the river, capture New York and thus split the provincial English or, later, the newborn United States in twain.

This was the dream the maps offered to many men. Often it was attempted. Never was it realized. Generals broke their hearts, troops by the thousand perished to attain it. No southward launched invasion, though the first was planned in 1689 and the last attempted in 1814, ever succeeded. There were difficulties in the accomplishment that even military men under the spell of the maps were prone to overlook.

The road through the wilderness seemed so broad and level and easy that men ignored the fact that Lake Champlain channeled invasion. There could be no skilful maneuverings, no wide sweeping flank attacks. The wilderness forbade them. The advance must be by the lake and it alone. It must result in head-on collision between invaders and invaded. From the shock of such collision in every instance, the invasion reeled back defeated, or else surrendered.

The French were the first to see clearly Champlain's military importance. It was Frontenac who urged the 1689 campaign, though it broke apart into futility. It was subsequent governors of Canada who advanced the French frontier southward, via the lake. They pinned it down at Crown Point by the fort begun there in 1730. They moved it further south and established another fort at Ticonderoga in 1755. That was the high water mark of their permanent possession of the valley. In the following five years, they lost Champlain and all of Canada as well.

The American army that Schuyler assembled and Montgomery led went down Champlain in the late summer of 1775. It reached Quebec but there Montgomery died and the blasted remnants of his force crept back upstream in the following spring and summer. Burgoyne's counter invasion surrendered at Saratoga in 1777.

The war ended without further major action in the Champlain valley and with peace the little people, the humble, patient, valiant people, whose infant towns on the lake shores had been destroyed, turned about and returned to the charred frontier. Settlements on either side of the lake flourished and then were checked again by the War of 1812.

For two years, a dismaying succession of inanities, in the uniforms of American generals, talked loudly of projected invasions of Canada. When the invasion finally was launched, it came from the north but Downie's fleet and Prevost's army failed at Plattsburg and guns had spoken in anger in Champlain's valley for the last time.

Men turned eagerly from an unpopular war to exploitation of the valley's resources. While they endured, it was rewarding toil. The tall forests on either shore went down and vast droves of lumber rafts moved along the lake. Iron was discovered and mines developed on Champlain's west margin. In the fertile land between the lake and the ramparts of the Green Mountains prodigious wheat crops were raised. When weevils blighted this enterprise, men turned to sheep raising and when, after the Civil War, western competition grew ruinous, to dairy and fruit farming.

It was a prosperous and happy era, while regional resources endured. Champlain reflected the growth of commerce. Water whose chief burdens for commerce. Water whose chief burdens for centuries had been bateau loads of troops and fleets of warships now carried a waxing host of barges, sloops, schooners and an increasingly luxurious and swift squadron of steamers.

The heyday of lake commerce began to wane with the arrival of the railroads. It dwindled still further as the last of the primeval forests were slaughtered and the iron mines, one by one, were worked out or closed by the competition of western ore. Men who bewailed this ending of an era were blind to the valley's greatest and most nearly eternal asset—
Burlington, in mid-nineteenth century, was a center for a thriving Lakes trade in lumber and agricultural commodities. The prosperity of water transportation was already threatened, however, by the completion of new railroads to the Queen City.

the beauty of wide, blue water and unsoiled skies, the dignity and splendor of enfolding hills.

Champlain’s clean shores and mellow lakeside towns, its fair bays and islands bring to the valley yearly an increasing number of folk who in a distracted world seek ever more eagerly for serenity and peace. They find it here in ornate and humbler hostleries, in camps and boarding houses and dwellings they have rented, purchased or built themselves. The lake’s chief commerce now is carried on by pleasure craft but these are harbingers of a prosperity more enduring than log rafts and iron laden barges ever could assure.

It is not beauty alone that casts its glamour over the valley. Champlain is an epitome of history, first; a surpassingly lovely lake, second. Bays and points, hills and harbors are rich in reminiscences, romantic, dramatic, tragic, of more than three centuries. Scarcely a mile of its shoreline is not so adorned.

The ruin of Fort Montgomery, built to protect Champlain against that further invasion from the north that never has come, molders at the foot of the lake. Beyond, the channel through which his dark canoe mates paddled Samuel de Champlain skirts the intricacy of straits and inlets that separates the clustering islands. On Isle La Motte in 1666, the French erected their first lake stronghold, Fort Ste. Anne. On the hammerheaded cape called Windmill Point, Francois Foucault founded a short lived colony and built the mechanism that gave the place its name.

Beyond the islands, Champlain widens. Cumberland Head, thrusting out from the west shore, guards the bay where a long faced young man, Thomas Macdonough, smashed the last and mightiest fleet Britain ever sent into the lake. Further down the west shore is an oblong island. The British in 1776 overcame Benedict Arnold’s squadron here in the Valcour Island fight. Behind Schuyler Island, still further to the south, the defeated commander repaired his broken ships. Eastward, somewhere between the tip of South Hero Island and the Burlington shore, Ethan Allen journeying homeward over the ice on the night of February 12, 1789, died.

On the west shore, as the lake narrows, rises Split Rock Point with the cloven great boulder at its tip that the Indians regarded with superstitious reverence. Beyond it, is Grog Harbor, so called ever since patriots in 1776 dumped into the lake here liquor the British General Carleton purposed to seize.

In the shadow of the Crown Point bridge that leaps the strait further uplake lie the ruins of the French Fort St. Frederic and the later stronghold built by Amherst. Some fifteen miles below Crown Point and on the further shore is Hands Cove from which Ethan Allen launched his assault on Ticonderoga.

The fort itself, crowning a low hill on Champlain’s west side, is not the rubble heap which is all that remains of Fort St. Frederic. It has been resurrected, literally, by the present owner, Stephen H. P. Pell. He has restored the stronghold to the exact structure it was in Allen’s and Abercombie’s and Amherst’s day. He has embodied in the reconstruction a museum and library that have become the focal point of all Champlain lore.

The narrow, murky reaches, south of Ticonderoga, bore the expedition of Baron Dieskau to its defeat at the Battle of Lake George. On the shore another Frenchman, one Ramesay, lost himself and his army in the wilderness, during their advance against the English in 1709. Up the riverlike lake in 1777 Burgoyne pursued a portion of the retreating Ticonderoga garrison. From Skeneborough, now Whitehall, at the lakehead, he and his army moved out to final defeat at Saratoga.

These and a thousand other reminiscent voices recite to the student august or humble fragments of the epic that is Champlain’s history. Few entities have come after a stormy youth into so fair a peace as that which now enwraps the lake. None have preserved despite unnumbered violence more of an original great, uplifting beauty.

VERMONT Life 17
Norman Rockwell’s
VERMONT
Rockwell Paints a Post Cover

This self portrait depicts a typical illustrator’s dilemma to which Rockwell is not immune: “the struggle and agony of soul,” as Arthur Guptill puts it, when the painter faces a deadline. Magazines have to be published and if the illustration is not ready, they won’t wait.

Courtesy Saturday Evening Post ©

BY VREST ORTON

The Rockwell double adoption is no longer Green Mountain news for Norman Rockwell so naturally adopted Vermont when he left New Rochelle in 1937, and Vermont so easily adopted Norman and his family, that to us today, seems if, his roots are as deep and authentic as those of our first families.

But he almost didn’t come at all. Back from Europe in 1937, and intrigued by a catalog of farms for sale, he drove north hoping to leave far behind the typical suburban atmosphere and find an unsophisticated rural retreat where he could live and work without fanfare or artistic colony nonsense. He was first shown a community, occupied by well-endowed city folk, and was regaled with the glowing story of a contemplated flying field, a polo grounds and other improvements. He turned and fled, but fortunately stopped in Arlington on his way home. He liked it. Hunting up a real estate man, he was shown the old Parsons place on the Battenkill and straightway bought it. Intended as a summer hide-out, after the first year Norman, his charming wife Mary, and the three boys soon found they were calling it home. In 1938 they quit New Rochelle for good and have belonged to Vermont ever since.

After the tragic fire which destroyed Norman’s studio and barn, and his rich collection of antiques, costumes, books, prints, etc., he bought the old McKee house in West Arlington, built in 1792 and seated above the Green across the covered bridge over the Battenkill. Here was erected a replica of the former studio in which the New York Society of Illustrators and many friends helped him to form again those indispensable collections so necessary in the work of an illustrator.

VERMONT Life 19
There has been written a great deal of nonsense about art, and some saccharine gush about Rockwell’s work. No one denies, however, that he is America’s most beloved illustrator, for since his first cover for the Saturday Evening Post in 1916, he has done over 200 for that magazine, as well as covers and illustrations for many others. Jack Alexander, in the foreword to Arthur Guptill’s splendid book on Norman Rockwell* gives us an insight when he says:

“Rockwell’s men are not Hollywood heroes, his girls are not Powers models and his boys are not flaxen-haired angels. They are real people, marked by the attritional processes of life, and they are faithfully rendered to the last wrinkle, callus, crow’s-foot, shoulder stoop and irregular nose line. They are people who have been thwarted and have had their small triumphs; who have hungered and have sometimes feasted; who have spoken their minds in meeting and have prayed, in the confidence that their words were as important as those of a president or king; who have kept alive in their hearts the hope of a constantly improving world. They are the masses. Some other professed spokesmen for them have used the cynical paintbrush or the strident larynx.”

I am not a critic of art, but I venture the opinion that one of our great grandchildren delving into our epoch is going to discover Norman Rockwell, who will then be found to rank with George Taylor Bingham and other great genre painters whose accurate portrayals of real Americans we are just now beginning to realize made an impressive and important contribution to our vanishing folkways.


**The Four Freedoms**

Without question, no paintings by an American were ever published on such a global scale as Rockwell’s “Four Freedoms.” First published in the Saturday Evening Post, distributed by the million as reprints, used by the Treasury Department in the Four Freedoms War Bond Shows, and distributed worldwide by the O. W. I. to show what President Roosevelt’s famous charter meant in human terms, these masterpieces will doubtless stand as Rockwell’s most impressive work.

Nowhere is Rockwell’s indebtedness to the Vermont character more apparent. Norman himself says that, “As long as my fundamental purpose is to interpret the typical American, Vermont is the idea place, for here are the sincere, genuine and natural folk I like, as well as like to paint.”

For Freedom of Speech, the idea was born in an Arlington town meeting, where he saw an Arlington native get up and speak his piece. The democratic essence of our Vermont town meetings seemed to Rockwell to give more meaning to the term “Freedom of Speech” than any other American institution. His model for the speaker is Carl Hess, a gas station owner in Arlington. The elderly man in the background is the father of the Benedict boys who run the garage shown on the next page. In the foreground is Jim Martin. Others are Thaddeus Wheaton, once the Rockwell hired man, Walter Squiers, Arlington contractor, and peeping around the upper left is Rockwell himself.

In Freedom of Worship, the main characters are Jim Martin, Mrs. Rose Hoyt, Mr. Secoy, Amelia Harrington and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Squiers. In the extreme background appears Mead Schaeffer’s cook.
Freedom From Fear, perhaps of all four the one invoking the deepest average feeling, shows Jim Martin again, and Mrs. Edgar Lawrence tending to the two children of Walt Squiers. The newspaper is the Bennington Banner. The classic story connected with this picture is the suspender yarn: a manufacturer wrote Norman that he hoped the suspenders were made by him, because his product was the one article of clothing that gave man complete freedom from fear.

In Freedom From Want (and here, by the way, the turkey was an actual Thanksgiving bird cooked by Mrs. Wheaton and eaten by the Rockwells . . . Rockwell never fakes his models), the homey scene is composed principally of the two Hosington children, Jim Martin, Florence Lindsey, Charles Lindsey, Thaddeus Wheaton and Mary Rockwell, in addition to Mrs. Wheaton holding the platter. Here also appears Norman’s mother, on the right.

Continued on the following page.
Since Rockwell came to Arlington, he has influenced his old friend Mead Schaeffer, another famous illustrator to move in, and today the Schaeffers are as much at home in Vermont as the Rockwells. Some years later, Jack Atherton, also a Post illustrator settled in Arlington, and only this year the Rockwell magnet has brought George Hughes to East Arlington. These artists use each other and their charming children as models and each is always subject to a salutary professional criterion which is always helpful, especially in those anguished last moments before the deadline.

The Ration Board is probably one of Rockwell's best portrayals of Vermont types. Painted during the war as a tribute to the fine job done by this democratic institution, it is the actual Manchester Ration Board before which Norman himself had to appear, and in which picture he is seated at the left. Standing is Jesse Harrington. Seated, back row, left to right are Roger Wilcox, Will Griffith, Otto Bennett, Anna Gormley. At the end, Jim McCooey, and front row, Mrs. Reginald Reed, Clarence Hosley and Leo Cullinen.

Another outstanding Vermont work, which appeared in the Post, April 12, 1947, was Norman's portraits of one of southern Vermont's best known country physicians, Doctor George Russell of Arlington.
Winning first place in the Society of Illustrators exhibit, this scene is Bob Benedict's garage at Arlington, where both Bob and his brother John appear in the top center. The marine, a young man named Peters, Rockwell discovered at a square dance as he did Bob Buck, who became famous as the model for the popular war-time Willie Gillis series. In this illustration are two of Norman's sons, Jerry and Peter, and Nip Noyes, Justice of the Peace, a popular model, and Walt Squiers again.
Moon’s Blacksmith Shop, South Shaftsbury

Above, in black and white, a medium in which Rockwell admirably proves that he is master draftsman, is Moon’s blacksmith shop at South Shaftsbury, the interior of which is shown on the cover of this issue of Vermont Life. The double forge and anvil is a rarity in Vermont today. The two blacksmiths are Walter Squiers and Frank White. Waving dollar bills is another favorite Rockwell character, Harvey McKee who appears again at the right, smoking a cigarette and minus mustaches. Amongst the others are Emmet Smith, town clerk of Arlington, Nip Noyes, Harry Grant, Francis Rugg, Roy Cole and Norman himself.

That Rockwell’s neighbors in Arlington have helped him interpret America in terms of Vermont Character is no longer Green Mountain news. But occasionally Norman chooses a particular Vermonter like Dr. George Russell of Arlington (see page 23), and interprets Vermont in terms of an individual personality. To Post readers, this was probably a “unique” feature, but to long time residents, men such as this well-loved village physician are more typical than unique. They represent a breed of men—not uncommon in this mountain-strewn corner of New England—who have spent their entire lives in the service of others, and who have found abiding values which more than compensated for the loss of more glittering and remunerative urban opportunities.

Differing from the attitude of professional models, which Rockwell used exclusively before he escaped from New Rochelle, the Vermonters who consent to pose (and they are mostly Norman’s Arlington neighbors) do so largely, I suspect, for the kick they get out of it. Certainly there are none whose profession it is, or whose living is dependent upon it, and this is probably the most valid reason why the settlement into Arlington of Messrs. Rockwell, Schaeffer, Atherton and Hughes, has not made the town into the typical hoity-toity sophisticated artists’ colony. And on this score there is one thing sure: if Arlington ever became that kind of spot there would be four empty and very fine houses in the town, available for immediate sale.

END
In the State House it's Representative Reid Lefevre, but on the circuit it's

KING REID

Norman Rockwell, a number of whose paintings appear on the preceding pages, memorialized the King Reid Shows to about ten million Saturday Evening Post fans, in his cover of May 3, 1947. The German-made merry-go-round horse which appears in the foreground so delighted Norman with its perfection of workmanship, that Reid presented him with one of a pair. Reproduced through courtesy of the Post ©.

It isn't so strange, when you stop to think of it, that Reid Lefevre, who represented Manchester in the legislature this year, should have turned out to be a success at that job. At first glance it might seem that operating Vermont's one and only traveling carnival, known all through the north eastern states as KING REID SHOWS, would provide no special training for making laws. Perhaps if Reid Lefevre's father hadn't been a writer, (one of the Saturday Evening

By WALTER HARD

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Post’s top men) and his mother a newspaper woman, and if Williams college and the University of Vermont hadn’t given him an exposure, at least, to things of the mind, Reid might have been a good showman. But a heritage and environment of mental alertness and of cosmopolitan living combined with a natural ability to get along with all kinds of people, to contribute to Vermont government a competent law-maker. He had the mental qualifications, and his years in the show business had given him a chance to deal with all sorts and conditions of men. His 160 odd employees had to be trained in his ways, and either he picks well—most of his helpers come from New Hampshire and Vermont—or else he is an excellent educator, for his organization runs smoothly and efficiently. And show people—specialists—are often temperamental, you know.

Then, too, he has to know what the public is thinking—what it wants. He also has to be able to make them like what he has to offer which may take persuasion—good advertising—and that indispensable ingredient “good showmanship.”

He is a persuasive talker too. When he put on his miniature circus at the meeting of the Farmer’s Club of the legislature, in the House of Representatives this winter, he showed his powers as a master of unusual ceremonies. He was a Barker of great persuasive abilities.

Sit down and talk to him. The first thing you know you’ll be listening. As a raconteur he is an artist. You feel that he could sell you a gold brick or a life insurance policy if he put his mind to it. And the thing that makes him a forceful speaker in the Assembly is the fact that he uses these natural endowments of persuasive speech to honestly state a well thought out position. He backs his arguments with logic and fills them with human interest.

Manchester citizens recognized some of these things—enough of them to send him to Montpelier this year. Somebody else recognized talent too, for he was made a member of the important Ways and Means Committee, a signal honor for a freshman legislator.

He was no doubt in as much hurry to get the session ended when April came in as any farmer. His thirty bright and shining box-car trucks including his complete office on wheels, the rides and wheels and animals, and the living quarters and mobile kitchen all had to take to the road the first of May no matter what the weather. Until late autumn, up and down New England and into New York state, posters will be telling of the coming of the KING REID SHOWS. Many a worthy local cause will be helped on its way by entertaining them as they entertain hundreds of paying guests.

Reid and his wife, owners of the whole show, live in what was THE BRICK TAVERN in a small settlement a mile out of Manchester, at the very foot of the Green Mountains. They have restored and furnished the ancient inn, retaining the charm and mellowness of the old. Here they offer to their friends the warm hospitality of the days when Ethan Allen used to stomp in for refreshment. Perhaps there is something in environment after all. The small settlement of which the Old Tavern is the center has, for a century been known as BARNUMville.
Rep. Lejevre, tongue in cheek, hung a welcoming poster alongside the entrance to the House where he staged an impromptu circus last March.

Relaxing from the onerous duties of one of the General Assembly's longest sessions, legislators at their desks enjoy the antics of an "honest-to-goodness" clown.

Feterosin, son of the Asst. Clerk of the House, looks a bit doubtful, while Robert Lane, Director of the Development Commission, registers amusement.

A male representative and a woman senator stood up for a session of knife throwing without a tremor. Below: Against a background of vivid carnival posters, an aerialist executes a "death-defying" maneuver. The Chambers were packed to the last seat.

The Governor's three secretaries (front row) watch roller skaters, then were themselves swung out in a dizzy twirl. Ecstatic appreciation and skeptical disbelief are registered by two of the many children of legislators and state officials who attended. Admission was by ticket only.

Secretary of the Senate Willsie Brubin demonstrates an understandable lack of stability after a spin.

Rep. Lejevre accepts the congratulations of Gov. Ernest W. Gibson. Reid put on the show at the request of the Farmer's Club, at his own expense.
VERMONTERS have a well-deserved reputation for their ingenuity at thwarting two birds with one projectile. The characteristic is seen in their institutions as well as in the citizenry and in their business dealings. It is an honest Yankee characteristic that appears as frequently at higher intellectual levels in country store reckoning and pasture politics. Vermonters have an uncanny practical sense for accomplishing two purposes in one operation. One could go to the state house, to church conferences, to industry, to the road commissioner for less subtle examples, but Middlebury College offers an epitome.

Most of the intercollegiate and intra-collegiate literature labels Middlebury a liberal arts college. Educators refer to it as the Simon-pure variety of liberal arts institution. Its own graduates in the less academic professions occasionally like to make disparaging remarks about the "impractical" liberal education they received at Middlebury. In September 1946 a graduate of a great mid-western university called at the College Admissions Office, and persuaded the authorities to admit him as a Freshman. The fame of Middlebury as a cultural college had penetrated beyond the Mississippi. He maintained that his baccalaureate degree in science did not represent a liberal education, and he wanted that kind of an education before venturing into the world of sterner practicalities; he wouldn't even accept a waiver on required freshman courses, he didn't want to miss any small part of a liberal education. Such is the popular concensus of Middlebury as a center of the pure liberal arts.

The designation is not a misnomer, but Middlebury has also rather skillfully killed a second bird with the same stone. Mixed with the Simon purity of culture is a rather large component of the vocational, the practical, the professional. Courses in the liberal arts are bent to fit a purpose, to help train students for fairly specific careers. There can be no question about the intention of courses in the catalogue labeled: "Accounting," "Methods of Teaching French," "Institution Management," "Surveying," "Psychology in Personnel and Vocational Guidance," "Athletic Coaching," but even the Gospels in Greek can have a vocational slant for the man going into the ministry, and Engineering Drawing can be a cultural course for a co-ed planning to teach high school Spanish. It is not easy to draw a line between cultural and vocational courses, and Middlebury, along with many liberal arts colleges, does not try to differentiate between the two. Both are allowed to serve the same purpose, and a student can usually manage to put together a pattern of courses that balances fairly evenly between the cultural and the practical. For a student who must limit his education to a period of four years, it is probably as good a combination as any type of college can offer. At the same time, very little adjustment in course selection is necessary for the Ph.D. candidate who has designs on a Harvard Graduate School, for a man heading toward law or medicine or for a woman planning to study Fine Arts abroad.
Middlebury publishes a handy little manual entitled “To College with a Purpose” which graphically sorts out the curriculum for some fifty different vocational or professional objectives. Suggested programs are given in the usual careers ranging from Advertising and Agriculture to Zoology instruction. The booklet is in demand even among other colleges as a guidance facility. The introduction sets forth the object of the publication:

“Many of the nation’s greatest economic and political problems stem from the inability of leaders to comprehend and interpret the significance of events coming from more than one direction. There has been too great specialization among the educated. Never before has liberal arts training been more essential to social, political, and commercial progress. A wide variety of fields is open for men of vision, men with a liberal education who may be scientists yet have a genuine appreciation for the world’s literature and art, economic backgrounds, and social institutions; men who may be

linguists yet have looked long through a microscope, know something of geometrical analysis, of problems in philosophy, and the critical evaluation of history.

“Middlebury believes that a re-inforcement of the liberal arts plan is in order, that a college can no longer afford to support the idea vaguely or without clear definition. The student in a liberal arts college should be able to see through and beyond the plan toward a purpose. No college can become an employment agency but it must be so practical as to stand as a very definite agent in planning and preparing students for life work.”

Younger students are likely to be misled into thinking that the proposed course labeled Agriculture turns out a farmer, the Social Work program a graduate ready to take over a section of the Bowery, or the Physics course a scientist suited to go to work on an atomic bomb. It is far from the case; the programs represent a selection of the best that a liberal arts college can give by way of preliminary training and cultural education for one who is interested in these fields.

Actually there is nothing very new or different about this conception of Middlebury as a liberal arts college. The thesis is as old as Middlebury—almost a century and a half. Although the charter for University of Vermont predates the one at Middlebury by nine years, Middlebury has been in operation longer than the University. Timothy Dwight, the revered President of Yale from 1795 to 1817 called at Middlebury in 1798 and jotted down in his diary:

“Several gentlemen in the liberal professions had chosen this spot as their residence... They informed me that a college was already incorporated in the State, the intended seat of which was to be Burlington; that it had been incorporated some years, and was liberally endowed; but that for various reasons, which were specified, nothing material had been done towards carrying it into operation; that although some inelastic efforts had been made by the Trustees soon after their appointment, all its concerns had, for a considerable time, been at a stand; that there was now less reason to expect any efficacious efforts from these gentlemen than there had been heretofore; as they themselves appeared to have relinquished both exertion and hope.”

The judgment of the Middlebury gentlemen was somewhat premature. (Even in 1800 Middleburians did not hesitate to cast aspersions at the sister settlement to the north.) In any case, Timothy Dwight was taken in; he advocated the founding of a substitute college, and Middlebury was opened less than two years later. The seminary at Burlington survived the relinquishment of “exertion and hope” and set up shop shortly afterward.

It is common supposition that the curriculum of a liberal arts college in the early 19th century was composed of dull academic courses given with the sole purpose of disciplining the mind or breaking the student. There was an overdose of discipline, a high attrition rate and considerable dullness, but behind it all was a professional purpose—quite the same dual vocational and cultural purpose that is seen today. The objective was training of ministers, doctors, lawyers and legislators, diplomats, missionaries, explorers, educators, scientists.

The curriculum to which this professional purpose was threaded was awkwardly erudite in comparison with a modern curriculum, but departmentalism
had not yet cramped the process of broad learning and there were no curricular frills like modern literature, sociology, and psychology. The course titles were no genuine indication of the course objectives. Greek and Latin were the necessary linguistic tools for any of the higher professions—as necessary as Scientific German or Russian is today to advanced chemical and physical research. Theology and Moral Philosophy furnished the ground work for a career in the ministry. Natural Philosophy, the parent of our departments of Physics, Chemistry, Geology, and Biology, offered a lean but practical fare for future scientists and inventors. Navigation would prove to be indispensable to many a missionary and traveler. Even the trade school idea was accepted experimentally when schools of medicine were adopted. They at least helped to elevate the profession from quackery and promote a more thorough understanding of materia medica and surgery than could be picked up in the usual apprenticeships. Fewer of the errors in diagnosis were perpetrated and the scientific attitude was encouraged.

When departmentalism came at Middlebury, as in other colleges, it came swiftly, spurred on by the realization that specialization in vocational objective was the order of the day. Though the college might be reluctant to admit it, the practical application of knowledge in a multitude of fields was the ultimate determining factor in justifying the additions to the curriculum—not solely the demand for a liberal education.

Middlebury was started on local philanthropy. The president himself filled all the functions of Business Manager, Dean, disciplinarian, senior instructor, department chairman, and collector of fees and fines. The College was created in one building to serve the area in the vicinity of Middlebury. It never could have crossed the mind of Jeremiah Atwater, the first president, that the college would expand in a century and a half to include thirty departments with 160 courses; to comprise a student body of almost 1200 undergraduate students and almost as many more summer students; to include special summer graduate schools of Spanish, French, Italian, German, Russian, and English; to have an endowment of close to five million, and some thirty buildings including those on the Bread Loaf School of English campus; to support a teaching faculty of seventy; to enroll students from every part of the nation and from the far corners of the globe; to have a campus of 15,000 acres; to become a great business as well as an institution of learning.

Until a few years ago Middlebury was a highly personalized college: every student knew every other student and every faculty member knew every student. The College is still personalized but the great expansion since the war has temporarily modified that feature. Over eighty per cent of the men are veterans, with the result that students have less in common. They are traveled men, wise to the ways of the world. Their age averages four years older than the age of the women. Eighty of them are married. They are less interested in the extra-curriculum than the curriculum. They are intent on achieving two purposes at the same time: obtaining a liberal education and obtaining background that will contribute specifically to a career.

END

MIDDLEBURY
in the drawings of Edward Sanborn.

Opposite page, top, Mead Chapel; bottom, The Chateau (French School).
This page, top left, The Old Chapel flanked by Starr and Painter Halls; center right, Gifford and Monroe Halls; bottom left, Forest Hall.
A Medical Center for Vermont

Vermont is moving out into the vanguard of those progressive States whose residents enjoy maximum health protection. At the Mary Fletcher Hospital in Burlington, a medical center of advanced design will take its place as one of the most modern developments of its kind in New England. This new center, for which funds are still being received, not only is an augury of greater and more successful cooperation between the hospital and the University of Vermont Medical College, but also will open wide possibilities for clinical training and experience in modern medical and surgical techniques for the doctors of the whole State.

Medical men throughout Vermont, thinking in long-range terms, envision at the Mary Fletcher Hospital an outstanding center of professional leadership in specialized medical practice and hospital care of the sick and injured.

The new $1,250,000 hospital building, which has been made possible by the cooperation and public spirit of the people of the wide area which the Mary Fletcher Hospital serves, is to be a six-story brick structure, notable for efficient design as well as outward beauty. It will be built on the present grounds, a little downhill from the existing buildings, thereby providing easier access from Colchester and East Avenues.
The work of healing the sick and injured at the Mary Fletcher Hospital has been carried on under the severe handicaps of an obsolete and inadequate hospital. The new building, besides having every modern facility for advanced medical and surgical practice, will relieve the pressure of unavoidable overcrowding. The plans as drawn anticipate a normal growth of demand for hospital care in future years.

In spite of this overcrowded condition and lack of space for desired equipment the Mary Fletcher Hospital has already moved far out in the front of modern technical and clinical practice through the use of therapeutic and diagnostic equipment that has gained the most recent approval of the medical world.

Utmost efficiency in departmental locations has been a guiding factor in planning the new medical center. Facilities will be in logical proximity to each other, instead of being placed by sheer necessity, as at present, wherever available space could be found. For example, one wing of the first floor will house the entire administrative department, including all functions from the admitting office to the medical history room. The other wing will house complete x-ray facilities. All physiotherapy suites are to be adjacent in a second-floor wing, with laboratories and the pharmacy grouped at the same level. In the other wing of this floor, the blood-count and blood-chemistry laboratories and the blood bank will be grouped.

One whole third-floor wing will be devoted to the care of children, with rooms containing two, four and eight beds, as well as private rooms, an eight-bassinet nursery, and treatment and play rooms. This wing will supplant the single nine-bed room set aside for children in the present building. The main kitchen, steward’s and dietitian’s offices, bakery, food storage and refrigeration rooms, the diet kitchen and other related facilities are grouped on this floor in the short “stem” connecting the new building with the existing structures. Private and semi-private rooms occupy the other third-floor wing, and the whole fourth and fifth floors.

Four major and two minor operating rooms are to be in a sixth-floor surgical wing, with nearby anesthesia, sterilizing and scrub-up rooms; galleries, recovery and treatment quarters, and fracture and cystoscopy rooms. Often more than 20 major operations are performed at the hospital daily in the present two major and two minor operating rooms, and the latter frequently must double as anesthesia rooms. In the expanded surgical department, there will be spacious sterilizing rooms to replace the present overloaded one, which also must serve to sterilize materials for other departments.

Of prime importance will be the new emergency department, a self-contained unit on the second floor with facilities designed for speed and efficiency. Delays caused by the present separation of the ambulance entrance and emergency room by a long corridor will be eliminated. In addition to receiving and operating rooms, the suite will include a two-bed emergency room. A dental clinic also is to be located in this wing.

(continued on page 43)
Walking is Fun

GREEN MOUNTAIN STYLE

by Marion Hardy

We started from Journey's End Camp. That may sound a little like reversing things, but it was a lovely place for a start on a soft July day. Nicer to have the trip ahead than behind in such weather! Journey's End is the northernmost camp on Vermont's Long Trail, a footpath that extends along the summit of the Green Mountains, the length of the state. From the camp, the view is north toward the Canadian mountains, Owl's Head and Elephantis.

We found the camp occupied by a group of young men. But they obligingly moved out of one set of bunks to make room for the three ladies, when they learned that we intended to stay over night. They told us a man and woman had come up an hour before and decided to go on to the next shelter. They hadn't left their names, but "they knew a lot about the trail," the boys said. They sounded interesting and we hoped we might catch up with them. But we waited till morning.

When we woke next day, the mountain fog had settled down over everything. But weather doesn't mean much on the Trail, unless one is climbing summits and missing views. So off we started,—our packs slung high on our backs, blankets well covered with ponchos, and light of heart, tho' damp of foot. And not too damp either, for two pairs of wool socks and waterproofed shoes are the rule of the trail. Nor did the weather in any way dampen the ardor of the fourth member of the party, my indefatigable cocker spaniel—Patsy. I have covered the whole Trail since that day, but Patsy has done it five times trotting ahead and then running back to tell me about it.

Our first stop was at the International Boundary. Post 592 is three-fourths of a mile northwest of Journey's End Camp. A concrete post and a bee-line slash thru the forest are all that mark the Canadian-United States boundary.

Then the trail turns south over gentle wooded slopes, which should have been easy walking. And it was, except for wet ferns and branches slapping at us, for it was early in the season and the trail had not been entirely "brushed" out. It showered several times and, going up the steep north face of North Jay Peak, the fern grew taller and taller—or so it seemed. As a matter of fact, the spinulose fern, which is common to these northern mountains has a "mountain" variety, which grows only on the higher slopes and is taller and more branching than its lowland relative.

What joy, then, when we approached Laura Woodward Camp at 5:30 P. M., to see a fire burning in the fireplace in front of the shelter! The builder of the fire was travelling alone, and had stayed over at Laura Woodward all day, because he thought it too wet to travel. Apparently, he had been entertaining himself killing "porkies." I believe his score for the day was nine.

The porcupine, or "porkie" as the mountain folks call it, is the only real nuisance on the Long Trail. They are most destructive. They will eat anything. Sides of cabins and soles of shoes seem to be their preference. So sleepers in an open-faced shelter must be sure to hang their shoes behind their heads. And any careless housekeeper, who doesn't wash his frying pan after supper, may expect to hear it rattling off into the woods before morning. In fact, scraps of food thrown away by campers are the reason for the abundance of porcupines.

Patsy, the cocker, early learned that "discretion is the better part of valour," where porkies are concerned. An encounter with one the previous year had given her a mouthful of quills that we had difficulty in extracting. So when we camp in an open shelter and the porkies begin to prowl, Patsy wakes me by crawling up close to my face and shivering. And every now and then, on the trail, she will stop her usual merry racing ahead and suddenly drop behind my heels. Then I know there are porkies around. There's no danger that she will ever again play with another of those prickly wood pussies.

In the morning, the weather was still gloomy. Jay Peak lay before us but we couldn't see it, for fog. We agreed with Carl, the porkie-killer, that Jay Peak was worth waiting for. I had climbed to its summit the preceding summer, on a day when the clouds came down and down and we saw nothing but the rocks and stunted balsams around us.

So we spent the morning cleaning up camp, cutting up firewood for the next travellers, reading the camp log and watching the clouds. In the logbook, we learned the names of the well-

Marion Hardy has tramped The Long Trail many a time, and is one of that select group who have covered it end to end. But, she points out, so has Patsy (shown here with her mistress) who plays a supporting role in this story.
informed couple, about whom the boys at Journey’s End had told us—Captain and Mrs. Domey. They had stopped for lunch the day before. So now they were a full day ahead of us.

About mid-morning, we decided the clouds were going up—a sure sign of eventual clearing. But when? However, we had lunch early and while we lunched a wisp of cloud broke upward and we had a glimpse of the mountainside opposite. We reached the summit about 1:30. By this time, clouds were beginning to lift and break. But fast as they broke a little, more would rise from the valley. Obviously it was going to clear before night. So we sat down on the rocks to wait and exclaim over the cloud effects. Presently the sky cleared, but the valley below was full of clouds. Then, bit by bit, the outlying mountains began to appear—now Owl’s Head and the Elephant in Canada, then peaks to the south, which we identified from the Geologic Survey maps that I always carry. Mansfield couldn’t be mistaken. Camel’s Hump was behind it. To the west, were peaks of the Adirondacks. To the east, lay range after range with the northern White Mountains in the background and the fresh washed sunlight and big flaky cloud shadows dancing over all. When it fully cleared, we were sure we saw Montreal in the far north.

The view was too lovely to leave, but our watches said four o’clock and before we could sup at Jay Camp, south of the peak, someone had to go down two miles further to Dueso Farm. For our system of lightening our packs and still eating well was to mail food parcels ahead to ourselves, to be picked up whenever we crossed a highway. The road to Dueso Farm was hardly a highway, just a woodroad. But our parcel was there and the folks at the farm were most friendly. They sold us eggs and gave us salt and thread. By the time Ruth and I got back, Isabel had the fire burning and water hot. How we did sleep that night! One does after two days on the trail.

That evening, we learned all about the names of the mountains, for at Hazen’s Notch Camp we met the Trail Patrol—Professor Roy Buchanan and his two helpers. With the aid of an ancient truckling, these University men spent a good share of each summer before the war and as much time as they could during it, clearing trail and repairing shelters. They would stay a day or two at a camp near a cross road and work both ways along the Trail, then travel on to another section. This is partly volunteer work, partly paid for by the Green Mountain Club.

“Of course Domey’s Dome is named for Captain Domey,” they told us. “He’s done enough work on the trail to deserve a mountain named for him. The scrub balsam on its top reminded us of the stubby growth on his head, when the close shave he gets for a Long Trail trip begins to grow out.”

“Yes, he’s two days or more ahead of you now. He and Mrs. Domey are travelling light and fast. They intend to do the whole trail during his vacation. You see, he’s a mail carrier and he gets so used to walking, that he likes to take his vacation walking, too.”

“Old Splatterfoot? Yes, we named that, too—for my son,” explained Professor Buchanan.

“The boys named him Old Splatterfoot one day when we had to go down to Manchester in a hurry. He was barefoot and dressed only in shorts—not exactly Manchester style.”

“When we ran the trail over that mountain, the boys said it reminded them of Old Splatterfoot. So we named it for him.”

We had a grand sleep that night on soft hay beds and thanks to the Patrol, who woke us at five o’clock, were off early. It was well that we were, for we had our longest and warmest day of
the trip ahead of us. Over Haystack, Tillotson and Belvidere (all good stiff slopes) to Ritterbush Camp, our destination for the day, is twelve and a half miles.

Going up the north slope of Belvidere, we found a purple violet in blossom. Thus spring lasts into summer on these northern slopes. There, too, we finally saw the winter wrens which had lured us all the way with their wild, sweet trills of song, and white-throated sparrows, with their lusty cry of "Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." We had been hearing both all the way from Journey's End, but had been unable to see them. They were flitting in and out of the thick growth of young spruce and balsam that had grown up among the old trees, now fallen.

We rested a full hour on Belvidere and visited with the fire-warden. There is a fine view in all directions from the firetower. But perhaps the most interesting thing about Belvidere is the large asbestos mine on its slopes. From the fire-warden, we could look down over it and the fire-warden told us it was one of the largest asbestos mines in the United States.

The approach to Ritterbush Camp is around a good-sized pond. Arrived at camp, the first move was to start fire for tea and the second was to pick ferns for mattresses. Ritterbush is one of the newer enclosed camps but it looked as tho it had not been inhabited since winter, for the board bunks were bare. It was the only shelter we found in this condition. According to the log there, our friends the Domey's had stopped two days back but were off at 5 A.M. They probably came in late and were in too much of a hurry to bother to make comfortable beds.

The traditional woods bed is made of balsam boughs, but it is a rule of the Long Trail not to cut trees near camps and thus ruin the appearance of the place. Cutting balsam also means carrying an axe and we considered a hatchet sufficient. But around Ritterbush and elsewhere grow quantities of large ferns and we found that armfuls of these could be quickly and easily gathered and that they made softer and more lasting beds than balsam.

Ritterbush is such an attractive camp that we wanted to stay longer. It is built above a rushing brook, which tumbles over a small cliff into a rocky pool, big enough for a person to fall in and get a real wash. But we had a schedule and next evening found us at Parker Camp, two miles from the Codding Hollow road, which leads out to Johnson, Vt. and farming country. Next morning, Isabel had to leave us, but Ruth and I went on for one more day.

Laraway Mountain over which we looped that day is a wild, thickly wooded mountain with no great height, but three good lookouts. The forest is mostly maple, except on the summit, which is covered with stunted spruce. In the sags on the summits are damp, mossy spots, ideal deer grazing grounds. So we were not surprised to find tracks. But presently Ruth began to examine them.

"These look much too big for deer tracks," she said. "Could they be moose?"

Then, as we came on the tracks again, "It looks to me like it is just one animal. I wouldn't like to meet a bull moose up here. This must be just about their mating season, when they are fierce."

It was a rather desolate spot and a suffing southwest wind in our faces, as we came out on the South Lookout, did not make it any more cheerful.

It was time to lunch and the view from the Lookout was magnificent with Mansfield over the shoulder of Madonna Peak. But by this time we were quite nervous about that "bullmoose." So we kept on toward civilization. Then half way down the mountain, we came to a barbed wire fence. Suddenly instead of one big cloven hoof, there were half a dozen. We had reached the edge of a cow pasture. But who would expect to find a cow track at the summit of a mountain, as lonely as Laraway? At the edge of the woods, we sat down and ate a belated lunch, beside a spring bubbling from under a big boulder.

Barrow's Camp, which lies near the next cross road, has a beautiful cold spring. We drank but did not stay. Reclaiming our car, which we had left in Morrisville, we drove south around the Sterling Range to Smuggler's Notch and spent that night in the comparative luxury of Barnes Camp.

Next day, we reluctantly turned our faces toward home, and, as luck would have it, by devious roads. Back roads are always more fun than main roads. So we found ourselves in the town of Lincoln and felt an urge to drive over Lincoln-Warren Pass—which is, by the way, the steepest highway over the Green Mountains. It is one hundred and thirteen miles south of the Canadian border by the trail. As we reached the top, the car panting and boiled and we stopped to cool the motor. At that moment, a man and a woman were climbing down the slope on the north side of the road. We gave them one glance—the close cropped head, the couple travelling light.

"Captain and Mrs. Domey!" we chorused.

Then we had to get out of the car and tell them why we were so interested to come up with them, even tho we did have to drive to catch them. They were much entertained and interested in our adventures. I am told that in due course they reached the Massachusetts border, doing the whole Long Trail in one trip.

I, too, did the whole Long Trail, in due course—over a period of two years—and then went back over a few sections for Patsy's sake, so she could be an "End-to-Ender," too. I think I prefer my way.
Vermont housewives are writing poems and schoolchildren are even composing plays about those newly inaugurated bus study trips which unshackle them from classroom and kitchen. In scarcely a year, hundreds of children and adults have gone on chartered trips, discovering new horizons in Vermont, Eastern United States and Canada. Their “magic carpet” is the spacious, safe, Vermont Transit bus. And their travel consultant is Miss Gertrude Branon of Burlington, director of the company’s latest venture, the “Educational Service,” set up to encourage group educational travel.

Teachers contacting Miss Branon say, “Our class would like to visit famous revolutionary battlegrounds,” or “Our boys need a vocational trip to study the kinds of work done in Vermont’s largest industries.” Miss Branon does the rest. She works out best possible itineraries, arranges hotel reservations where necessary, and next thing you know—they’re off!

It might be the sixth grade of Taft School in Burlington setting out on a Monday morning visit to Vermont writers and artists like Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Norman Rockwell, right in their homes. Or it might be the Woman’s Republican Club of the state departing April 28 for a week’s study and sightseeing in Washington, D.C.

Bus shortages—the last minute need for 8 more passengers to complete some group’s busload—nothing stymies Miss Branon. Maybe it’s because of that contagious chuckle of hers.

Probably the pilgrimage of most importance, as well as size, was the transporting this spring of school children from all corners of the State to visit legislative sessions at Montpelier. How they loved it: filing into their State Capitol to witness democracy in action; receiving the warm handshake of their Governor, Ernest W. Gibson; feeling the hush come over the House of Representatives as the Speaker introduced their group by name—(only the sixth such group he had introduced that morning!).

Groups can be on the road a day or a week. Discipline problems “don’t exist” according to Miss Branon, “everyone is too busy.” She goes along herself as frequently as possible, chaperone and guidance being otherwise left to teachers and parents. One Burlington mother is so enthusiastic, she’s accompanied her own children on three trips already.

“To Learn By Seeing” is the theory behind the classrooms-on-wheels adventure. “By getting out and seeing for themselves, children learn more, and retain more,” Miss Branon expresses it.

She ought to know—study excursions went over big with her own Bellows Falls High School students. Repeated successes, and congratulations from educators were impressive facts when president Win. S. Appleyard and Vice president Robert F. Thompson deliberated last spring letting Miss Branon launch an official Educational Trip Service for the company.

“It seems to me that such a practice will vitalize the work of your classes,” Commissioner of Education Ralph Noble had written her in 1946. Principal John C. Hudon of CastletonNormalSchool thinks the idea sound enough to recommend it to all his teacher-trainees.

“These trips are actual classes, taken in class time.” Miss Branon emphasizes. “They are not extra-curricular activity done over weekends.” “Educationally they have three phases: preparation in the classroom, actual travel, and reports and discussions on the return.”

Sociology students of Hartford High School combined an itinerary of state institutions such as Weeks School, and Brandon State School, with visits to both Middlebury College and University of Vermont campuses. Two Winooski High School groups enjoyed the routine of going through customs into Canada, even took in a stop at an Iroquois Indian Reservation over the border. Girls of Mount St. Mary’s Academy, Burlington, talked to Barre quarry workers personally to learn of their problems.

Besides formal educational values, teachers remark that their students attain poise through meeting prominent people, mingling in entirely new social...
Miss Gertrude Branon (fourth from left), educational director for the Vermont Transit Company, "chaperones" adult as well as children's chartered trips most anywhere they want to go. Here she introduces her group to U.S. Delegate Warren Austin, at the United Nations Headquarters at Lake Success, N.Y. With his help they saw the inner workings of the international organization.

But Miss Branon attaches special importance to adult trips. "After all, the adults are the ones who are running things now," she points out. "Better understandings which they gain from travel can be put to immediate effect by them in their own communities."

Towards international understanding—was the November United Nations pilgrimage by the Franklin County Home Demonstration group, plus six non-members from different professions. Their cordial welcome was ensured by Senator Warren R. Austin, native of their home county, who saw that they not only attended general sessions, but enjoyed the thrill of inclusion in a session of the Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee at Lake Success, N.Y.

Where have other adults trekked to? Quebec and Montreal were toured by a busload of Home Demonstration women from Washington County. The same destinations were requested by a little neighborhood club in Middlebury, who persuaded their husbands to go along too! College students studying Government in their classrooms at Wheelock College, Boston, Massachusetts, wrote to Miss Branon asking if a trip to Ottawa could be arranged. It was, and May Day found them on their way to the Houses of Parliament, to meetings with Canadian statesmen and to receptions arranged with the aid of the United States Embassy in Ottawa.

Study and recreation seem to fuse perfectly for the hard-working adults who've gone places and seen things through the Education Division's efforts. Commenting on her first trip to Montreal, one farm woman wrote in, "I want you to know how much I enjoyed it, and what a change it was for a farm woman to get out and see the sights and not have to worry about meals and housework."

According to the company's charter list, trip-mindedness is spreading faster than they can find buses enough to keep up with both school and adult demands.

An expedition of the United Farmers' Cooperative Creamery Association went off for four days at New Year's time to tour dairy centers and scientific farms in the Boston area; U.V.M. students claimed one coach each Sunday throughout the past winter for a day's ski trip to Mt. Mansfield. An "all out" of coaches took place in May transporting students to the International Music Festival in Montreal. Ski trips to Mt. Tremblant and the Laurentians are on the fire for next winter, if groups will only ask for them.

Incidentally, living off main lines doesn't exclude anyone, Miss Branon states. Charter coaches will pick up delegations at off-the-route towns, as
School children pack the gallery of the House Chambers in the State House. Harried legislators are never too busy to fail to stop long enough to notice and applaud such visiting delegations of future taxpayers.

well as at main terminals, at Burlington, Montpelier, Rutland, Springfield, and the regular stops in between. The most important thing is to write in early when requesting reservations.

Few requests, though, have been received that were so early, or so appealing as that received in October from a St. Johnsbury Academy student stating: "We would like to reserve three buses to go to Washington, and would like to know the cost. It would be in 1948. We are sophomores now."

Fan letters to the Education Service, invariably include appreciation of the courtesy, friendliness and careful piloting of the drivers. One popular driver received a Christmas card from every member of the ladies group he had recently taken to New York City. Another was requested by a club to appear over the radio in a program describing their trip.

Who pays the fares? The individual students do, schools often subsidizing to reduce individual costs. One superintendent was sufficiently convinced of the project's educational value to request that his town appropriate a student trip fund as part of their town school budget. Other clubs and groups like a Winooski High School class, have raised funds by parties and dances.

The number of individuals who've shared the benefits of these educational trips in their first year is proof enough that Vermont Transit Company is sincerely trying to make them available to all. And in instituting a service of this kind, a business firm has thereby made educational history in Vermont this year.

Furthermore, there's a certain Miss Branon who can sit back (when she has a few free minutes) and realize that a great personal dream of hers for the people of her state is being achieved.

Cooperatively, they are proving that the Magic Carpet of yesterday travels the highways of today, on four wheels.

END
POSTBOY...Continued from page 3

During the recent and late lamented session of the General Assembly of the State of Vermont our distinguished lawmakers had set before them a rather considerable and rather costly program of necessary changes in the government’s responsibility for welfare, health and education. The bulk of the appropriated dollars went into a valiant effort to stem the tide of teachers heading for other parts and for better paying positions in other lines of activity. It surely became evident to those few who hadn’t known it before that education even in a little state is pretty big business.

By way of contrast, here is the heading of a subscription paper by which the first public school was started in Hubbardton in 1796.

“We the subscribers do jointly and severally agree to set up a school for the term of three months to instruct our children. Accordingly we agree to pay according to what we send. We likewise agree that Joseph Jennings shall employ a teacher. We also agree to provide wood and other articles that are necessary for school.

Win. Rumsey  Joseph Jennings
Joseph Rumsey   Daniel Rumsey

Paying “according to what we send” may well have hit the Rumsey family a little harder than some of the neighbors; but doesn’t that look simple when we think of today’s educational system?

EDITOR...Continued from page 1

mechanical addressograph system established in time for the spring issue, failed utterly. Actually, there is no “business office,” as you can see from the masthead—so the stenographic force of the Commission pitched in to address the thousands of copies; one by one. All of which resulted in very considerable delays in the mailing of some copies. We’re very sorry, but feel sure “it won’t happen again.”

It is with considerable regret that we are forced to increase the price for Vermont Life to thirty-five cents. But in just the first year of operation paper and printing costs have skyrocketed. A quarter is a very convenient price, and it would have been nice to have held it to. We’ll try to keep improving the magazine to give you more for the extra dime.

Incidentally, there just aren’t any copies of the Fall and Winter issues to be had from the Commission; we haven’t even an office copy of number one. One correspondent writes that he paid five dollars for a copy, so we suppose it’s on the way to becoming a collector’s item.

MEDICAL CENTER...Continued from page 35

Two hundred additional beds in the new building will bring the total for the whole hospital to 318. The expansion will enable the Mary Fletcher Hospital to bring the healing benefits of modern medicine constantly to the bedside of more than 6,000 men, women and children—estimated to be one-seventh of all the patients who will be admitted this year to general hospitals throughout the State of Vermont. Nearly 3,000 more will seek the skilled diagnosis and treatment offered by its widely recognized clinics. The hospital will play an indispensable part in protecting the health of residents of its primary service area, which comprises Chittenden County and all or part of seven neighboring counties.

Burlington’s stature as a State medical center is heightened by two factors. According to Dr. W. E. Brown, dean of the medical college, the hospital for 67 years has had a large part in training the 65 percent of Vermont doctors who are awarded their degrees by the school of medicine. The Mary Fletcher Hospital staff members go regularly to small hospitals throughout the State to consult and work with local staffs. In addition, doctors from communities everywhere in Vermont come to the medical college and the Mary Fletcher Hospital for advanced training in specialties. Thus the new building, besides enabling the hospital to supply urgently needed care to thousands of Vermonters, will help it to fulfill its responsibilities as a major part of the medical center.

“As a result of its high professional standards,” says Dr. Brown, “the hospital has not only been fully approved by the American College of Surgeons, but has also been approved by the American Medical Association for the training of residents in general surgery, internal medicine, urology, obstetrics and gynecology, anesthesia, pathology and radiology. Fifty percent of the staff are diplomates of the association in their specialties, one of the highest distinctions offered by their profession. Only about two percent of the hospitals in the United States have been approved for training in all of these specialties. The program of post-graduate education for specialists in these fields will soon include neurosurgery and orthopedics.”

The medical college enjoys equal distinction with the hospital. Chartered in 1822, it is fully approved by the American Medical Association. Its first class was graduated in 1823, and others have followed annually ever since the college was reorganized in 1853.

The Mary Fletcher Hospital, founded in 1876, was the first in Vermont and one of the first in the United States. Its steady growth, over the years, not only in accommodations for more patients, but in advancement of the healing arts, is a fitting tribute to its founder, Miss Mary Fletcher of Burlington. As the nucleus of Vermont’s new Medical Center, this historic institution enters a new period of its long and useful life.
TO PLAY, TO LIVE, TO WORK

For a surpassing vacation you’ll naturally turn Vermontward. Midst mountains and waters, there are congenial fellow guests, unsurpassed sports, friendly hosts and good country food, breath-taking scenery and an exhilarating climate. And, there’s more to Vermont. The attractive, uncrowded cities, towns and villages offer inviting and healthful inducements to a life of opportunity and plenty, of peacefulness and contentment. Vermont Development Commission, State House, Montpelier, Vermont.

FREE BOOKS. For a colorful vacation preview write for Unspoiled Vermont. There are over five-hundred places described in Vermont Farms and Summer Homes for Sale. For a summer’s stay you’ll want Vermont Cottages and Camps for Rent. Industries planning branch plants or relocation will find a refreshingly different story in Industry Lives Happily in Vermont.
VERMONT is a Way of LIFE

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