“THAT FREQUENT RECURRENCE TO FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES AND A FIRM ADHERENCE TO JUSTICE, MODERATION, TEMPERANCE, INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO PRESERVE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY AND KEEP GOVERNMENT FREE.”

Vermont Constitution

Editor’s Uneasy Chair

With great regret we report the resignation as Editorial Associate of Vrest Orton of Weston, his decision necessitated by the press of other business. Associated with the magazine since its inception, Mr. Orton’s contributions to its success have been inestimable. We’re happy, however, that his column, Some Vermont Ways, will be continued in these pages.

* * *

Photographers of Vermont, amateur and professional, will have a unique opportunity to present Vermont scenes and the Vermont way of life in pictures at the Fourth Photographic Exhibition in August at the Southern Vermont Art Center in Manchester. This Exhibition annually has attracted increasing numbers of photographers from all sections of the state.

Vermont Life in this Fourth Exhibition will award medals for the top pictures selected in both black and white and in color. Vermont Life will publish prize-winning pictures in later issues of the magazine. Simple rules govern the competition for these Vermont Life Awards:

Entrants must be Vermont residents. Black & white prints must be at least 8 x 10 inches in size. Color transparencies must be at least 2½ x 2½ inches in size. The subject matter must be “Vermont.” Suggested fields of interest include scenic, historical & photo-journalism.

Usual entry blanks will be required and may be obtained from the Southern Vt. Art Center, Manchester, or from Vermont Life in Montpelier.

ABOUT THE COVER—Violet Chatfield of Middlebury found this Spring scene in E. Shoreham near the Rollin Birchard farm. Stroller is Geo. Yerbury of Medford, Mass.
Table Troubles seem to have dogged the footsteps of the Post Boy ever since he can remember. Now another such is biting his venerable heel. His first table misery came to him when, very early, he heard his father reading frequently the Shepherd Psalm. It was that passage having to do with a table set in the presence of certain enemies. Really it was the situation of the cup running over and the effect of this seeming mishap on the table which stuck in his mind.

The next table he recalls stumbling over got in his way when, at the age of five, he was gathering more knowledge from listening to the two older classes in the same room than he was from the primer he was supposed to be coming. This turned out to be a horrendous thing called "the multiplication table"—a thing with no legs and supposed to be carried in one's head apparently. About the same time his parents took a trip to New York and a "timetable" appeared to further complicate matters. The P.B. had no sooner got set straight on the difference between tables that were sat at and those that were supposed to be coming. This turned out to be a horrendous thing called "the multiplication table"—a thing with no legs and supposed to be carried in one's head apparently. About the same time his parents took a trip to New York and a "timetable" appeared to further complicate matters. The P.B. had no sooner got set straight on the difference between tables that were sat at and those that were supposed to be coming. This turned out to be a horrendous thing called "the multiplication table"—a thing with no legs and supposed to be carried in one's head apparently.

Now it is the Water Table which is bothering many people all over the land. Even Vermont, with its surrounding forest clad hills and mountains, whose function has been from time immemorial to gather up and store water, has seen springs and wells which had never failed in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, utterly dry. The rains and snows of the past winter may have set them going again this spring but many a householder who has been complacent about his water supply is seeking to augment it. He may never before have paid any attention to the scientists' reports on the falling water table and the Water Witches and well drillers are run ragged.

Looking Backward for Causes of this ominous decline in the national water table the P.B. finds no cause for surprise at the shrinkage. Living as he did in a typical, small Vermont village no such vague thing as a water table ever troubled anybody. He recalls the fearsome cistern of cement-lined brick which filled a large space in the cellar. Entrance to it was through a trap door under the carpet in the sittingroom and when the deep, dark and very wet recesses of that big storage tank right there under the spot where the P.B. was sitting came to mind, it often furnished a real spine tingle. That reservoir was filled by the rains from heaven, augmented by melting snows, which were gathered up by the coves troughs and carried by leaders down to the cellar whence they then were drawn by a hand pump located at the kitchen sink. For drinking water there was a cylindrical tin affair with a picture on its front and a nickel faucet. In it was a filter through which the water trickled. Some neighbors had wells and outside pumps and if they were not contaminated they offered good cold water for all purposes. But our method was common, and we feel no guilt could be attached to the P.B.'s family for lowering the water table. The P.B. takes no credit to himself for conserving even this supply of water straight from the heavens, when he recalls that his morning ablutions were decidedly miserly in the use of the precious fluid. Two fingers dipped in the blue pitcher, part of a small set given him at Christmas to encourage more familiarity with the purposes of such bits of crockery, would elicit an affirmative reply to the usual question, on arriving at the breakfast table. That is, if the P.B.'s mother happened to be in a hurry.

The First Drain on the Water Table came when the Post Boy's father, with a few neighbors, tapped a pipe which carried an over-supply to a boarding house from a small spring on the hill, and brought running water into the houses. Even then only one venturous soul put in a bath pipe into a tub in a shed close to the cobbler's shop. Happily that was perhaps an eighth of a mile up the street from the schoolhouse. It was a reward for good conduct and a token of trustworthiness to be sent mid-morning or afternoon, with the tin pail to fetch the needed supply. The feet which were usually hurrying slowed to a sedate walk on this important errand thus gaining longer freedom from the schoolroom. However, the timing had to be carefully arranged for loitering meant a return to the ranks of uninterrupted scholastic servitude. Often two boys were sent since the pail of water was fairly heavy. It might be that considerable spilling resulted from improper coordination, lessening the delivered supply. Any hopes aroused that thus an extra trip would follow were always in vain. Teacher knew. And the rust-spotted dipper! It had an aroma which was a compound of many. What was done about hard or face washing the P.B., probably being little interested in such effete matters at the time, does not recall. Of course it was his misfortune to live so near that he went home, but many brought lunches who had showed a care for the water table even before they left home. Ah well, as the Post Boy recalls those days, with no thought of the effect on water or any other table, surely his cup ran over.

CONNECTED WITH THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE DAYS are happy memories of the water supply in which the Post Boy served as part of the supply system. He served as a carrier of water if not as a hewer of wood. Even after there was running water in many homes the schoolhouse, just across the highway from the P.B.'s village home, had no modern facilities whatsoever. Whatever was used of the life-giving fluid had to be toted in a pail and, in spite of the presence nearby of several wells equipped with pumps, the teacher, recollected with the greatest affection, was the one who preferred the cold spring water which flowed from a lead pipe into a tub in a shed close to the cobbler's shop. Happily that was perhaps an eighth of a mile up the street from the schoolhouse. It was a reward for good conduct and a token of trustworthiness to be sent mid-morning or afternoon, with the tin pail to fetch the needed supply. The feet which were usually hurrying slowed to a sedate walk on this important errand thus gaining longer freedom from the schoolroom. However, the timing had to be carefully arranged for loitering meant a return to the ranks of uninterrupted scholastic servitude. Often two boys were sent since the pail of water was fairly heavy. It might be that considerable spilling resulted from improper coordination, lessening the delivered supply. Any hopes aroused that thus an extra trip would follow were always in vain. Teacher knew. And the rust-spotted dipper! It had an aroma which was a compound of many. What was done about hard or face washing the P.B., probably being little interested in such effete matters at the time, does not recall. Of course it was his misfortune to live so near that he went home, but many brought lunches who had showed a care for the water table even before they left home. Ah well, as the Post Boy recalls those days, with no thought of the effect on water or any other table, surely his cup ran over.

END

VERMONT Life 1

Green Mountain

POSTBOY

By WALTER HARD

was a very modest start, but it marked the beginning of a change in nature's water economy which in the end has produced the state which science now warns us is not to be passed over lightly. Not only has the use of the water supply increased to a dangerous point but, at the same time, the gathering places such as the sponge-like forest floors have been removed by deforestation and the enormous reservoirs have ceased to be filled. Yes, and contrast the old Saturday-night-only ritual of the P.B.'s boyhood with the daily shower, to mention only one flowing reason for the depletion of the supply.

TABLE

POSTBOY

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Vermont Makes Silk from Stone

By Charles E. Crane

Photography by Mack Derick

ABOVE: The modern processing plant of the Ruberoid company's Vermont operation has a typical Green Mountain setting in Lowell township.

The story of the Nation's largest asbestos operation located on a remote mountainside of northern Vermont.
VERMONT, MORE COMPLETELY than most States, is three dimensional. It has neither the length, breadth nor thickness (height) of some states, but in proportion to its small size it has so much lift of land, and so many gulfs and notches, that scarcely any section can be studied in the terms of plane geometry.

This topographical diversity is one of the fascinations of Vermont. Amid the hills and mountains Vermonters themselves, as well as visitors to the state, are constantly coming upon some small surprises—discovering activities, such as industries, of which they were completely unaware.

On any route the visitor is reminded that Vermont is a dairy state and he has his little joke about there being more cows than people (still true by a small margin); everywhere are scenic drives, tourist stopping places, little lakes, golf courses, mountain trails and other reminders of our recreational assets. In some sections maple syrup signs are so numerous, one may get the impression that syrup is the state’s chief product and so on.

All this serves to hide the fact that Vermont is quite amazingly industrial. The income from industry now exceeds that from recreation, agriculture, or anything else Vermonters do.

A new dimension is added to the state when you consider it as industrial, and Vermonters are taking a new interest in looking at themselves in this light. VERMONT LIFE has presented from time to time a number of illustrated stories of certain industries—marble, granite and talc, but this industrial interest is being developed even more intensively by the Associated Industries of Vermont, an organization of some 450 active members. It has for two years been sponsoring a “Made-in-Vermont” column in which, every other week, there is a more or less close-up study of some particular industry. Practically every newspaper in the state is printing this column and its writer professes to be so interested in discovering what Vermonters do that he hopes to keep this continuing study going “from here to eternity.”

One of the things Vermonters are probably the least suspected of doing is producing more asbestos than any state in the Union. It isn’t as picturesque an industry as quarrying and sculpturing marble and granite, but because the state’s asbestos activity is so little known it is therefore the more interesting. I am glad VERMONT LIFE has asked me to contribute a few facts about it, taken in part from my “Made in Vermont” column.

Theodore Kane, executive vice-president of Associated Industries of Vermont recently satisfied my curiosity by driving me right to the spot, the site of the nation’s largest asbestos quarry and asbestos mill. It is all on one mountain—Belvidere Mountain, which straddles the town line between Eden and Lowell, and also the line between Lamoille and Orleans counties. This surely must be the

FACTS ABOUT ASBESTOS—Asbestos is a flexible, fire resistant fiber practically impervious to water or chemical action. The fiber was formed in veins inside massive serpentine, a green, waxylike rock, in what is called the most curious occurrence in nature. The fibers are of varying thickness, can be split indefinitely. Vermont is a rare area where the serpentine was fractured and the layers slid over each other to form “slickensides” which are covered with asbestos fiber. The long fiber is the most valuable, but in Vermont it turned out the fibers were too long—up to a foot—for ordinary machines to work. The Vermont deposit accounts for 96 percent of the chrysolite asbestos mined in this country but supplies only four percent of the nation’s annual needs.

ABOVE: An example of chrysolite asbestos ore pulled apart to disclose the thin veins containing the silky asbestos fiber. On the average about six percent of the ore milled is recovered as asbestos. The remaining 94 percent is rock waste, accounting for the huge piles of tailings, some pictured on the facing page. Smaller asbestos mining is done in Arizona. Canada produces 90 percent of U. S. needs. There are other types of asbestos.
most industrious mountain in Vermont. It is 3360 feet high, and at three levels, 1050 feet, 1150 feet and 1300 feet, the Vermont Asbestos Mines division of the Ruberoid Company is operating huge open-face mines or quarries—handling 125 tons of raw ore every hour, producing approximately 50,000 tons of asbestos fibre a year. The operations run all around the clock, six days a week. Sunday is the only day the mountain is allowed to rest.

We were greeted by Michael J. Messel, general factory manager, who lives in Hyde Park. The life of a mining engineer has always appealed to me as a romantic one, and Messel has certainly been around poking his nose into many strange spots on this planet—copper mining in Canada’s northwest, various things in the Far East, asbestos in Quebec Province, Canada, and years all over South America.

At the Vermont mines he has participated in the layout and construction of what probably is one of the most modern and efficient asbestos plants in existence. He has gathered around him a handful of other asbestos-minded men (some natives of the region, who have grown up in the business) and as a group they are considered such authorities on the appraisal of asbestos deposits that their

(Continued on page 6)
RIGHT: After the blast the larger chunks of ore are broken apart by compressed air drills. But here a smaller power shovel is stripping overburden to expose a body of serpentine ore, later to be blasted, then loaded and milled. This overlying earth will be dumped some distance away from this operation. Quarrying goes on all day and at night under flood lights, except during the coldest winter months. Enough ore is stockpiled below, near the mill, to allow the processing plant to operate all year.

RIGHT: In early winter a fifteen-ton capacity Euclid truck dumps ore into the chute leading to the primary crusher. There huge jaws grind the rock to chunks no larger than six inches in diameter. From this point a conveyor carries the ore to a cone crusher. Finally the ore comes out about the size of pea coal. The next step is to dry the ore thoroughly. The Vermont plant is one of the most modern and efficient asbestos operations in existence anywhere. Asbestos was first located here in 1824.

BELOW: This is a general view of the mill looking south. (The color picture on page two faces north). To the right conveyors from the mill build up great deposits of rock waste or tailings. The present quarry operations lie above and to the right of this picture. The access road from Eden runs along the side of Belvidere Mountain at the left. The building with sloping sides, behind the big mill, is used to store dried ore. In foreground is crushing plant. Two-step conveyor enters mill.
services are sought by companies in Canada and elsewhere.

On Belvidere Mountain the company owns 2800 acres, an area 56 times that of Boston Common. But quarry operations are confined at present to the north slope of the mountain which lies in Lowell township, whereas, earlier operations were on the south side, in Eden.

From Route 100 the tourist is attracted by the distant glimpse of the activity on the mountain but it is only when he takes the mountain road for a close-up that he realizes, with amazement, what is going on. The mountain road is paved with the “tailings” of the asbestos operations, that is, the stone chips about pea size, and they make excellent non-skid road surfaces. The state uses a lot of these tailings, mountainous quantities of which are available for almost nothing.

As we arrived at the mill and office area we were struck with the evident efficiency of everything. There is the new six-story mill in construction of which asbestos cement siding was largely used; and more than a dozen other buildings. At assigned spots hollow diamond core drills were bringing up samples of things underground to a depth of a thousand feet, and the bigger, weighted churn drills were banging out blast holes six inches in diameter.

Price Freeman, young cost analyst at the mines, drove us around the whole works in a jeep. The mountain music here drowns out the hermit thrush. Up at the 1300 foot level drills were pounding away heavily. Charges of dynamite every month or so blow out some 100,000 tons of the mountain stone. After blasting, some of the rock is still in hunks too large to handle, so men with jackhammers (the hand-operated compressed air drills familiar to granite workers) go to work on holes for the final clean-up blasting.

Once the rock has been broken up, the heaps are attacked by big power shovels. We saw men assembling at the quarry the largest power shovel in New England, a Marion, costing nearly a quarter of a million dollars. Its bucket lifts seven cubic yards of rock weighing about 10 tons. A small family could set up housekeeping in it. The shovels drop the rock in Euclid trucks, which dump the rock first into big hoppers of the primary jaw crushing plant. After being reduced here to pieces some six inches in size, these then go to a cone crusher and the stone eventually gets reduced to pea coal dimensions about a half inch, and much finer. After a drying process, the product is run through the six-story mill, a maze of airducts and sifting screens, where the asbestos fibre—the silk of the mineral kingdom—is removed from the ore by aspiration, that is, by air suction. The residue, the “tailings,” is carried off by heavy wide rubber conveyor belts in covered housing, and when one big hill of tailings has accumulated another section of conveyor is erected. This gives the plant a general spider like appearance. All harm-
ABOVE: A general view of a new area being stripped of overburden. The water pumping equipment will be used to wash stripped area.

BELOW: Chrysolite asbestos veins in a "ribbon rock" structure.

ful dust is drawn off by suction and bag-filtered so there is nothing offensive in odor or otherwise. The silky fibre—the only mineral capable of being woven—is fluffed up, and then compressor-packed in 100 lb. paper bags, and trucked away for shipment. Formerly the stuff was packed in burlap bags but this new paper pack is more efficient, less costly and only one of many innovations in the industry originated by Messel and his staff.

Around-the-clock operation requires a working force of 240 men, plus about 60 men working for contractors, and just one woman—the office secretary. Company buses bring the help from several towns for miles around, and the company has the highest average hourly wage scale in the area.

I have said this is the biggest asbestos operation in the United States and it is. The catch is that asbestos in commercially workable deposits is one of the rarest of all minerals in this country and although this Vermont plant produces 96 per cent of all the asbestos in this country, that amount is an infinitesimal fraction of what is used by Ruberoid and other makers of shingles and siding, roofings, asbestos-cement, building board, papers, felts, and pipe coverings, and brake linings, theatre curtains,

(Continued on page 9)
ABOVE LEFT: After the ore is reduced to uniform small size all moisture must be removed in this long, rotary dryer. The firebox is located in the foreground. This modern mill was completed and fitted in 1949. The original quarries and plant were located further up on the mountain.

ABOVE: This view of the mill shows in the foreground the fuel oil pumping and control panel. In the background is the third-stage ore crushing plant. This is near the end of the reduction operations. Still to come is the delicate separation of asbestos fibers from the rock waste.

LEFT: The final step of reducing the ore is accomplished in these impact-type milling machines. After the drying operation (above left) the light asbestos fiber is freed from the reduced ore by aspiration or air suction. All mill and quarry operation is electric except for ore drying.
firemen's suits, cements and an infinite variety of things.

I suggested to Mr. Messel that asbestos bed clothing for smokers in bed might sell. He is taking it under advisement.

Most of the asbestos used in our country comes from the Black Lake and Thetford mines in Quebec, some 75 miles north of the Vermont operation. There are a score or so of these Canadian mines, and the serpentine masses of rock in the Canadian area are so closely similar to those in Vermont that they are probably all of one piece. They date back to the post-Ordovician period—but the outcropping in Vermont of this unburnable mineral fibre was not discovered until sometime later—1824 when a lumberman found it on Mt. Belvidere.

Small workings proceeded for a century but it was not until Ruberoid took over in 1936 that the modern big scale development began. At first an aerial tramway brought the buckets of ore over the mountain, but this has been abandoned and the tramway is for sale. Want it to haul your ashes or anything?

Surveying of the area is going on constantly and the airplane is used with magnetometer readings helping to locate ore bodies.

The Belvidere operations use electric power almost exclusively—16 million kilowatt hours a year, purchased from the Public Electric Light Company of St. Albans, with power generated at Fairfax, some 15 miles from the quarry. I imagine the plant is the largest single consumer of electricity in Vermont.

No one knows how inexhaustible are the asbestos deposits of Belvidere, but I know my space here is limited. I suggest the reader seek elsewhere the romantic story of asbestos, its mysterious geology. The name comes from a Greek word meaning unburnable. The fibres come embalmed in serpentine rock of a nature similar to verd antique marble such as is used for the dark green trim in bank interiors. Of the ore taken off the mountain only five to six per cent of the rock is asbestos fibre. The only place in our country outside Vermont where there are commercial operations is Arizona where small quantities are taken from the Grand Canyon area.

Asbestos has been known from great antiquity. Asbestos cloth was used as the last wrapper in the cremation of kings so their precious ashes might all be saved. It was used by Charlemagne over a thousand years ago for table cloths and napkins which he cleansed by casting them into the fire. But return to this very sensible practice would be death to the washing machine and dry cleaning industry, so we shall say nothing further in favor of it.

But has anybody thought of it for paper money? The government has so much money to burn, and does burn it, that perhaps the only relief of the weary tax payer is asbestos bills—made in Vermont.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Charles Edward Crane has had a varied career in writing, speaking and public relations. Son of the Rev. Edward C. Crane and Mary Jane Thomas, Vermonters, he was born in Mendon, Illinois. The family soon moved back east, first to Manchester, N. H. and then to Ludlow, Vermont, where his father purchased the Ludlow Tribune. He grew up in the atmosphere of a country newspaper and was educated at Black River Academy. He attended Dartmouth College and in 1904 began work with the Associated Press in Boston, later serving in New York and Pittsburgh. He was with the AP for nearly 25 years with exception of a year in London as an American Sunday feature writer. In 1918 he bought the Middlebury Register which he later sold, and associated himself with the Brattleboro Reformer and the advertising business. He wrote over a thousand columns of "Pendrift" for the newspapers. Some were later published in book form. In 1931 he became publicity director of the National Life Insurance company in Montpelier, and later assistant to the president. In 1936 he wrote "Let Me Show You Vermont" and later "Winter in Vermont." During the past two years Mr. Crane has written a bi-weekly column, "Made in Vermont." He was married in 1915 to Elizabeth Wilcox, and they now live at 186 Elm St. in Montpelier.
WANTED: WORK FOR FENCE VIEWERS

By Lawrence M. Howard

Illustrated by Barney Duke

Vermont's newest batch of Fence Viewers is in office. The Coal Weighers have been appointed. The Poundkeepers and the Tree Wardens have taken up their official duties throughout the Green Mountain State.

The only trouble is none of them has anything to do.

Every last one of the jobs they hold is a carryover from some of the oldest town offices in the country, none of which serves any useful purpose today.

Little known to the outsider, the custom of appointing freemen to the colorful but useless town posts is as much a part of Vermont each Spring as the gathering of sap for boiling into maple syrup.

Not all town fathers bother with the custom today. In some towns, the offices are filled in much the same way an honorary title is bestowed on a deserving citizen. In others, the choice is made as a practical joke, with all parties to it in on the laugh. In still others, where the selectmen probably see little romance in the past, the law covering the appointments is ignored.

But it wasn't always so.

A Fence Viewer was a common sight in Vermont until the last half of the 19th century. Plug-hatted and frock-coated, usually accompanied by his two fellow office-holders, the Fence Viewer was often seen sighting down a ridge line or along the bank of a brook or river while he labored mightily to decide where a disputed fence should be placed to settle an argument between neighbors.

Nor were his disputes limited to location of fences. He was also the law when disagreement arose over the share each neighbor must pay on a fence erected jointly. And he could be called in just to check whether or not there were enough fences in any particular neighborhood in the event a sectional squabble got out of hand.

Lordly though he may have seemed on occasion, the Fence Viewer was not himself above the law. He is still liable to a $5 forfeiture for failure to grant a request for examination of a fence and the $5 still goes to the aggrieved party who called for help but didn't get it.

The number of laws still on the books testify to the one-time importance of the Fence Viewer's job, particularly in Vermont where agriculture was the backbone of the economy and fences still criss-cross the state.

The records are silent about the matter, but judging from the complexities of the problems he faced the Fence Viewer must have been a superman indeed, a notch above the usual hardy Green Mountain Boy who was more inclined in those days to fight first and talk afterwards.

And, of course, he still exists. As late as 1939 the mayor of the city of Rutland took his job seriously enough to appoint three Fence Viewers as provided by law and the 1953 Legislature increased his per diem from $2 to $6.

Where did the job come from and why has the office died?

Some say it is a holdover from English Common Law, dating back to the famed Enclosure Acts of England enacted over a period of years between the 16th and 18th centuries.

The need for the job, in Vermont at least, disappeared when the task of fencing land holdings in the state was completed. Once established, few fences were ever changed. There have been dis-
...putes since then, of course, but most of the barriers set up under the watchful guidance of the old-time Fence Viewers still stand. The Viewer’s rulings, as a matter of fact, are used today to strengthen claims to disputed land holdings.

Although the Fence Viewer is perhaps the most colorful of the five officials appointed annually by town selectmen, the other four have had their day, too.

Next in importance to the Fence Viewer, judging by the space devoted to his duties on the law books of Vermont, was the Poundkeeper.

A forerunner of today’s dog catcher, the Poundkeeper of old was little concerned with the playful antics of wayward canines. His was bigger game. Romping horses, destructive cattle and swine that could ruin a garden crop were his pet hates. Farm products were the lifeblood of the community and serious losses often resulted from damage by stray domestic animals.

The Poundkeeper was jailer and referee when a landowner claimed damage by a neighbor’s animals. Although every town was supposed to have an official pound, most of the citizens preferred to take a more direct method of exacting payment for damage to their property by strays.

The law allowed any person to impound a “beast” found doing damage within his own farm enclosure. Once the deed was done the farmer had to report his action to the Poundkeeper. Then, while the Poundkeeper made his plans to “supply such beast with food and drink,” there began the ritual of settling accounts for the damage wrought by the unwelcome intruder.

The farmer who impounded the animal had 24 hours to notify the owner of his act. The owner, once aware of what was going on, had another 24 hours to put in an appearance for a barnyard conference during which two or more appraisers were selected to fix the amount of damage done.

The damage figure agreed upon by the appraisers, often arrived at under the watchful eyes of the principals, was officially turned over to the Poundkeeper who in turn presented the bill to the owner of the animal.

If the owner paid up, that was the end of the argument. Often he left for home with the wayward animal in tow. If disagreement continued, it was the Poundkeeper’s duty to see that the animal remained penned until eventual accord was reached.

Oil will probably one day write an end to the Weigher of Coal. Although the law doesn’t specify how he should go about it, the Weigher of Coal has the authority, on request of either seller or purchaser, to weigh all coal in the town.

His fee is still 10 cents for the first ton and four cents for each additional ton, hardly enough today to entice anyone into the coal bin for a second look at the pile deposited by the soot-smeared trucker.

The Tree Warden, who came into being much later than his fellow office holders, was a direct outgrowth of the Vermonters first awareness that natural resources wouldn’t last forever. During the early days of the state, trees fell like ten pins as the settlers built homes, fences and public buildings. As the settlements grew it dawned on the town fathers that some control was necessary over unrestricted tree cutting or towns would soon be turned into treeless wasteland.

Out of that need grew the Tree Warden and in his hands was placed the care and control of all “public shade trees” in the community.

Working with funds supplied by vote of the citizens, the Tree Warden was authorized to hire and fire unlimited deputies as he spread his protective cloak of office over the fast disappearing shade tree.

It was no minor matter in those days to threaten a tree within the residential section of a community. The law provided that a public hearing be held on the issue and the decision of the Tree Warden, after listening to all sides, was usually final. Appeals could be taken direct to the selectmen to overrule the Tree Warden, but they seldom were.

The vaguest of the five offices, apparently then as now, is that of Inspector of Lumber, Shingles and Wood. On request, the law states, he must examine and classify the quality of lumber and shingles and provide certificates supporting his examination.

Town officials themselves disagree on what his duties must have been. And he is the most likely poor fellow to be missing from the rolls when the modern day selectmen hand down their appointments for the year.

The best guess is that he was an early “weights and measures” man whose certificates were a substitute for personal inspection of cumbersome property that couldn’t be hauled around by the early salesman.

Whatever the case, he travels with noble company today as the state of Vermont continues to list him among the five appointive town posts that must be filled each year to keep tradition alive.

END
Focus on Tory Hill

By Allston Goff
Pictures by Country School of Photography

ABOVE: Part of the original 1000 acre grant to Major Apthorp, a Tory who fled Vermont in the Revolution. The land was confiscated.

Here in the heart of Vermont’s scenic countryside is one of the Nation’s best & widely recognized photographic schools.
IMAGINE TWO CAMERA enthusiasts—complete strangers—meeting for the first time at a scene of spectacular beauty in the Hawaiian Islands and finding that they had both attended the Country School of Photography in far off South Woodstock, Vermont. This is what happened not too long ago to Dr. Ernest Seydell of Wichita, Kansas, and James Jaeger of Red Bank, New Jersey. It was a coincidence, but not a unique one; as similar meetings by Country School of Photography alumni have taken place in Cairo, Tokyo, Paris, Bermuda, Montevideo, the Canal Zone and many other far flung places in the world.

Photography students have journeyed from forty-one different states and eleven foreign countries to attend this school located high in the green hills of Vermont. Except for one lusty picture story in “Life,” back in 1946, John Doscher, the school’s director and proprietor has consistently shunned all publicity and has no advertising schedule for the school. But like the “better mouse-trap,” each year more and more students beat a path to his door, until today he has an annual attendance of more than 200 and an enthusiastic alumni group of over 1,500.

(Below continued on page 14)

ABOVE: Eleanor Hempstead of New York and a Jersey bull eye each other in Tunbridge.

BELOW: A typical setting finds students on a field trip shooting one of the favorite subjects in the region, the red barns in Quechee.
ABOVE: The shaded Green in Chelsea makes a convenient spot for students to stop for picnic lunch. Students range in age from 17 to 70.

BELOW: South Woodstock, in the heart of the trail riding country, cooperates to provide photographers with some interesting material.
John Doscher, a big robust man never does anything in half measure. In the early 1940's, the Camera Club of New York, the oldest, the most revered—the club of all the photographic greats from Steiglitz to Steichen, had become almost defunct. Doscher became its president, and four years and four terms later the club was enjoying the largest membership and greatest working capital in its sixty-five years of existence. Doscher did not limit his club interests to the administrative. He studied photography assiduously under three master teachers and in 1945-46, the *American Annual of Photography's Who's Who* listed Doscher as the world's leading pictorialist, which was at that time an attainment of the highest distinction. During this period Doscher taught groups in New York which led to assignments in other cities and eventually to Brown University. At this time, J. Ghislain Lootens, the leading photography teacher of his time, and Richard Simon, the well known publisher, both urged Doscher to open a school of his own; but neither foresaw Doscher's decision to locate in a rural setting, a decision that prompted many to predict that "it wouldn't last six months." That was over nine years ago.

The school is located on "Tory Hill," just south of the famous Upwey Farms in South Woodstock. It is the old Kendall-Hoadley place, a beautiful old red brick Georgian mansion built in 1828 in a setting of spacious lawns and well tended gardens. A large studio building connected with the residence by an attractive breezeway houses the study hall, school laboratories, and studio. The study hall with its great stone fireplace at one end, its weathered boards and old beams, is in direct contrast with the five modern, scientifically planned laboratories and dark rooms. Here, amid the gleam of stainless steel and glass, are devices and equipment to delight the most enthusiastic and fastidious photographer—automatic temperature regulators, densitometers, voltage stabilizers, automatic timers, and numberless gadgets whose names are meaningless to the uninitiated. As impressive as the laboratories are, the focal point physically of the whole school is the large and equipment-packed photographic studio which is probably the most complete in New England. Here Doscher employs all of the equipment as teaching aids. The professional students also have an opportunity to see it employed by Doscher in the servicing of a number of national agencies which seek his pictures for use in advertising. Doscher feels that

(Continued on page 18)
LEFT: SNOW CASTLES, the old Cyrus Perkins farm on the Skunk Hollow road in Taftsville, was major award winner in American Photography contest, only print in 3000 unanimously approved.

ABOVE: The sunlit stairway framed by a doorway and the design of church pews makes almost perfect example of dynamic symmetry. This famous photograph was taken in the Old West Church, Calais.
by observing him at work, the professional can then appraise properly the effort necessary for his own successful enterprise later.

Those who seek to master the intricacies of professional photography are usually young people from high school or college and they enroll for periods up to forty-eight weeks. Doscher sets as high a standard for them as he does for himself—very critical of their work—and is striving constantly to lift photography out of the tradesman category to a truly professional level. These young students very quickly become disciples of the new photo school and understand why Doscher was affectionately dubbed “Father John” by some of his former students. That “Father John” is right in his attitude and teaching methods is proven by the ready acceptance of the school’s graduates by key companies the country over.

As much as Doscher enjoys creating a new and successful professional, he feels his real reward is in teaching students in the older age brackets—people who have retired and need a hobby to ride, people who are desperately in need of an avocation, people who have not been able to express themselves and feel the need for it. All of these people, in addition to the serious amateur who wants only to improve his technique, find the answer to their particular problems in attending one of the shorter, specialized courses in color photography, child photography, pictorial work or portraiture. The majority of these students come during the summer months and Doscher then expands his teaching staff to include many famous guest instructors, but he will only choose an instructor whose standards and ability are consistent with his own.

One phase of Doscher’s training which is always enjoyed by young and old alike is the field trip. Here the entire class is taken out by “Father John” to put into practice on location that which they have learned in class. The gay informality of one of these trips is very deceiving, because it is really serious business to the majority of the students, and more than one picture made on such trips now hangs in the permanent collections of several art museums, convincing evidence of lessons well learned.

A man as busy as Doscher feels the need for recreation and, strangely enough, his hobby is photography—portraiture. The roster of people who have sat for him for portraits reads like a who’s who of the best known in all walks of life. Just recently, Governor Wu of Formosa and his wife Edith Wu sat for portraits in both black and white and color. Governor Wu was intrigued by Doscher’s great concentration on his hands which showed a “sensitivity of character seldom seen in male hands.” He remarked that “this is the first time I have ever had my hands portrayed by a camera artist.” The overall effect of the finished picture clearly shows Doscher’s perception and feeling for his subject as the hands, coupled with the eyes and mouth make up a complete expression of character of this interesting political figure.

Doscher, world recognized, fellow of both the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain and the Photographic Society of America, has but one lament. He is highly critical of the popular commercial picture that is supposed to depict Vermont. He wishes he had the time to portray the Vermont scene through the camera the way he feels it should be done. Those who love Vermont look forward to the day when “Father John” will take a day off and do just that.

END
Town Manager

By Gerald E. McLaughlin

Photography by Bernie Lashua

ABOVE: Town Manager Les Giddings inspects a half-million dollar street widening project, one of his many municipal responsibilities.

A central boss of municipal activities works efficiently and in harmony within the framework of traditional Vermont town government.

When industrial Springfield voted last spring to get rid of its cumbersome and overlapping Town-Village type of government by consolidation of the two units in 1955, the people of this lively Black River Community gave another indication of the trust they place in a 60-year-old cow trader and former mechanic who as their town and village manager has steered Springfield successfully through the rough waters of the past 16 years.

J. Leslie Giddings in 1937 left a good job as night superintendent of the big Springfield machine tool company, Jones & Lanson, to take on the headaches of a municipality which in spite of its topography and general isolation has become Vermont's sixth largest community and the state's industrial heart.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Jerry McLaughlin, a Proctor native, has been a newspaperman 27 of his 44 years, first on the now defunct Rutland Evening News and joining the Rutland Daily Herald in 1928. In 1949 he left The Herald as managing editor to become a director of the Vt. Newspaper Corp. and editor of The Springfield Reporter, of which his wife, Helen, is assistant editor. Their son, Gerry, is 17. McLaughlin is Springfield Chamber of Commerce secretary and member of the Vt. Aeronautics Comm.

By combining good Yankee horse sense with an unfailing spirit of good humor, Manager Giddings has ridden out many a storm in the municipality which takes its town and village affairs seriously.

Only twice since the manager was appointed in 1937 have citizens tested his popularity as a manager at the polls. Under the law a petition signed by a group of citizens may be brought every year to include an article on whether or not the manager form of government is continued. On both occasions when such an article was in the warning, Giddings' popularity was such that the system won by better than 9-1.

Springfield has had the manager system since 1920, a year when affairs of the town were in a bad way.

The town expanded tremendously during the First World War and by 1920 many of the leading citizens were convinced that unless drastic steps were taken to put town affairs in order a serious financial crisis would some day have to be met. At the time the town was $100,000 in debt.

VERMONT Life 19
A committee composed of J. E. Stetson, Dana S. Brownell, Frank Abbott, B. W. Brown and W. M. White was appointed by the selectmen at the request of the citizens at the 1919 town meeting to investigate the manager plan for Springfield and they came in to the March, 1920 meeting with a report which said in part:

"We recommend that the selectmen be authorized and instructed, in case the Village of Springfield also votes in favor of a town manager, to unite with the village trustees and secure a competent man, who will handle the work for both Town and Village, the expense being divided between the Town and Village on some equitable basis.

"We recommend that a salary of not less than $3500 be paid to a suitable person.

"While we believe there is no question about the beneficial results to be obtained from the Town Manager system, we realize that it will take time to get this system into operation, and we recommend to the voters of the Town that if they favor this plan they prepare to stand back of it for a period of three years."

At what the papers described as "the liveliest town meeting in years" the citizenry of Springfield voted in the town management system in March, 1920.

Ralph Flanders, now United States Senator, seconded the adoption motion. The late Henry E. Taylor, for years a Springfield political leader, broke lances with the late Gov. James Hartness, Springfield's great mechanical genius, in what was described as "a gentlemanly and good-natured sally." Gov. Hartness was for the plan. The favorable vote was 300 to 121. The village followed suit at the April meeting of that corporation.

The selectmen and trustees hired as their first manager John B. Wright, who came to Springfield from out of state. Wright was a capable enough man but he didn't know how to get along with the highly municipal-conscious Springfield citizens who usually waste no time getting down to the town offices to jaw at the manager if they find things not to their liking.

In fact opponents of the manager system came back to the 1921 meeting with an article in the warning to discontinue the program and return to the old way of running the town and village with the town selectmen and village trustees. Angry charges of "czar" were made.

There was a heated battle on the floor but Springfielders generally were still convinced the way out of their municipal difficulties lay with the manager system, and they voted in favor of it 532 to 228.

Manager Wright parted company with Springfield after two and one-half years in office and he was replaced by a conservative, kindly man, Roy M. Wilcomb, a retired dry goods merchant, who understood Springfielders. At the end of his first year in office the town meeting gave him a vote of confidence.

Springfield had some bad days during the depression, and Wilcomb had his work cut out for him providing work, food and clothing to jobless men and their families.

One of the strong men on the board of (Continued on page 21)
selectmen during those trying years was J. Leslie Giddings, called "Les" by everyone in town.

At the end of 1936 it was quite evident that Mr. Wilcomb's health would not permit him to continue as manager. Casting about for a man, the selectmen and trustees finally decided to feel out Les Giddings on the matter.

Giddings had a good background of experience in town affairs as a two-term selectman. He had served as town representative and as night super at the Jones & Lamson shop, understood industrial and shop problems as they relate to the municipal government.

Les thought it over for quite a while before he agreed to take the job. But when the municipal officers agreed to meet the salary he asked, he accepted.

He took on quite a job. In Springfield the manager combines in his own person the offices of the town clerk, town treasurer, road commissioner and overseer of poor.

He appoints and removes the heads of all departments—Fire, Police, Water & Sewer, Streets, Highways and others.

He is purchasing agent for all departments and every invoice must bear the manager's stamp before payment is made. He is responsible for maintenance of all public buildings, including the schools.

One selectman who had opposed Giddings asked him seriously the night of his appointment: "Mr. Giddings do you think you will trade as extensively in cows as you have, in view of this new job?"

Les, who has a knack of turning away a hard question with a soft and
often humorous answer said: "I'll take care of your business and still get in time for my cow trading."

Cow trading was then and is today Les Giddings' biggest hobby. The son and grandson of farmers who lived off the South Reading road in Felchville, he moved with his family when he was nine years old to the farm in North Springfield, where he and Mrs. Giddings still make their home.

Right now he owns 44 cows and has about 100 acres of land on his North Springfield farm.

He’s a familiar sight at the cattle auctions in the area and he’s seldom if ever beaten in a cow deal. "I like to make other people happy but I like to keep happy myself, too," he says.

Giddings brought into the management of the Springfield government the thrift which had characterized his life as a farmer and the ability for trading which he had learned over years of sharp cattle bargaining.

World-wide demand for Springfield machine tools caused huge expansion of the Jones & Lamson, Fellows Gear Shaper and Bryant Chucking Grinder company shops from 1939 through World War II.

To meet the terrific demands caused by the U.S. entrance into the war, thousands of workers poured into Springfield to keep three shifts going at all of the machine tool plants. J & L had 3500 employees, Fellows Gear Shaper about the same number and the Bryant company, then under the management of Vermont's Lieut. Gov. Joseph B. Johnson, over 1,500. And these were only the large industries. Springfield has a number of smaller industries, employing hundreds of persons.

With the growth of industrial activity, municipal problems increased. Trailer camps sprang up. The government built two housing developments, providing living space for 500 persons. Contractors worked night and day erecting houses.

In constant touch with the people, the industrial leaders and federal agencies, the manager was able to help Springfield weather this crisis without lowering the municipal standards for living conditions of an always-proud town. Great progress was made in sewer and water extensions and in highway building.

Springfield, like Rome, is a town of many hills. In fact the town is built on 14 hills. Winter brings its problems. Icy or snow-jammed roads are not tolerated. The machine tools must be produced and without men at their benches this can't be done. So when winter comes Les Giddings prepares for trouble and usually meets it successfully.

Once in a while there's been a temporary blockade of main roads leading to and from the big shops, but it hasn't happened often. And when it does the line forms on the steps of the municipal manager's office to see that he "gets hell enough" so it won't happen again.

Giddings goes out of his way to see that the citizenry is well informed on how their town and village are being run. He's invariably patient with newspapermen while explaining some of the intricacies of municipal government and he gets a good press.

Springfield people are well informed on their budgets, the proposed tax rates, reasons for changes or improvements well in advance of town and village meetings.

But the people go even further than what they read in the papers, to get information on municipal affairs. It is not uncommon for the manager and the selectmen to be summoned out to from a dozen to 15 meetings of clubs and organizations in the town prior to the March town meeting. There they are faced with a barrage of questions on the

(Continued on page 23)

ABOVE: The unofficial Committee of Fifteen is made up of representative village citizens. Before a Village Meeting members study and discuss in detail the warning articles. By custom recommendations of this and a committee for the town are heard first in Meeting.
ABOVE: Farmer Walter Smith gets to his feet at Town Meeting to discuss industrial assessments. He generally is a persuasive speaker.

reasons for various articles in the warning.

"Why, Why, Why?" is the watchword at these meetings and the manager and his technical bosses, the selectmen, have to be ready with the answers.

One of the most important of the monthly meetings of the 250-member Springfield Chamber of Commerce is held in February at which the town warrant is examined and the manager and the selectmen interrogated.

Immediately prior to town and village meetings a group of citizens, appointed by the selectmen, holds three meetings to go over articles in the warrants.

In the town this group is known as the Committee of Eighteen and in the village as the Committee of Fifteen. The Chamber of Commerce president each year serves as chairman of the two committees. Members include professional men, industrialists, mechanics, housewives, merchants and farmers.

These committees scrutinize the warrants and it is their recommendation on each question which first is made to the moderator on town meeting day. Usually the people at the Springfield meetings follow the recommendations but once in a while there's controversy over recommendations of the committee, such as a full-fledged one several years ago over the building of a boilerhouse for the High School. The committee had recommended further study of the project. This battle raged for several weeks afterward in the columns of the Springfield Reporter, on street corners and in public meetings but quieted down when the old heating system collapsed and the school had to be shut down for a week. The citizens were right as usual. They had refused to go along with the Committee and had approved the new boilerhouse.

A manager has to know his business in Springfield. And Les Giddings does so. A stocky man, with a pair of twinkling blue eyes and a pink, Santa Claus complexion, he faces friends and foes at these meetings and at town and village meetings and does his best to explain what's going on in Springfield.

He's usually more than a match on the floor for the citizens who oppose some of his acts but he never loses his temper even when under severely critical cross-examination at town meeting. And he usually can get off a quip during the most critical situations which will bring on a roar of laughter from the citizens and ease a tense situation.

Furthermore he's always ready to accept suggestions which he believes will improve municipal service.

After 33 years of the manager system, 16 spent under Giddings' administration, Springfield still seems quite satisfied with its governmental operation.

When the books were closed in 1919, the town was $100,000 in debt and the future looked dark. Last year the town finished the year with $45,629 on hand and $184,640.80 invested in government bonds.

The town grand list is $195,241, representing real and personal property of $19,033,000 and over 5000 polls.

For some years Manager Giddings has advocated consolidation of the town and village governments, saving duplication of paper work in the municipal office and otherwise improving the municipality by opening up the opportunity to extend village services, such as water, to people living outside of the corporate limits.

Since Springfield's population has shown a relative decrease in the number living in the village, already built to its limits as far as housing is concerned, and a large increase in the number living outside the village, need for extension of the water, police and fire services has become evident.

The first vote on the consolidation was taken in 1930 and folks outside the village limits were not satisfied that they would benefit from such a deal, so the merger
lost by only 34 votes. But Les Giddings and the selectmen-trustees he works for put the question up again last March town meeting and this time consolidation won an overwhelming endorsement.

Springfield has been “busting out its britches” ever since the machine tool boom began in 1939. There was a slight slowdown in the industry immediately after the end of World War II as huge cancellations of orders went out from government agencies, but the Korean war and expansion of civilian production sent the big shops into extra-hour, two-shift production again in 1950 and they are still running in high gear as this article is written.

Remote from sources of raw material, chiefly iron and high-alloy steel, the industrial town of Springfield is one of the most amazing in Vermont. The town for nearly a century has enjoyed a great history of invention and reputation for mechanical skill. The sons and grandsons of its early mechanics, trained in the vocational classes at Springfield High school, have carried on the high precision skills of their forbears.

Springfield, in spite of its forbidding topography, has grown. From 1940 to 1970 the population of the town advanced to 9,100, an increase of 18 per cent as compared with 13 per cent for the United States as a whole and five per cent for Vermont.

Such growth has provided plenty of headaches for the men responsible for the municipality and the main burdens have fallen on the broad, husky shoulders of Town Manager Giddings.

During the past fall, in addition to his regular duties he was on the hop day by day overseeing the installation of a new 12-inch $100,000 pipeline needed to augment the one line which fed the village and part of the town from the Weathersfield Reservoir and pumping wells in North Springfield. It was his responsibility to see to it that all went well in the construction of a new $60,000 town garage and part of his duties include supervision of all building projects. When it is recalled that Springfield has built two new elementary school buildings and since then added seven rooms to one of them through an appropriation from the Federal Government which has two big housing projects in the town, one can see Les doesn’t have much loafing time.

The manager has some good assistants; Harland “Slim” Harris, superintendent of public works, Herbert Snide, water commissioner, Police Chief Sherman Martin and Fire Chief Miland “Moxie” Jordan. The men and women at the town office and the selectmen and trustees of this bustling community all admire and respect Les and work hard to please him.

He’s not a hard taskmaster but he insists on things being done when they should be done and without waste or inefficiency.

When the town tears down a building, every piece of wood that’s salvageable, every pipe, every brick and in fact about every good nail is put away for use in future jobs—and there are always new jobs coming up in Springfield.

It’s this kind of thrift which has enabled Springfield to continue a daily battle to ease its growing pains and still keep the tax rate down to a point where folks haven’t growled much about it.

The town manager gets a lot of help at home from his good wife, Gracie, who handles the hundreds of telephone calls he gets in the course of a week at his residence, with tact and diplomacy and finds ways and means of hauling her busy husband home for regular meals which are the pride of North Springfield.

Last fall Mr. Giddings was struck by an automobile as he was crossing Main street near the municipal building. Although he was thrown high into the air and struck the pavement with a jolt that could be heard a block away, he survived without broken bones. While he was recovering in Springfield Hospital he received hundreds of cards and flowers from the townspeople he served—all anxious that he get well and return to the job. And he did. It was hard work at first, for he was stiff and lame and he’d received a blow on the head that would have killed most men. But he beat off the after-effects of the accident, threw away his crutches and was soon a familiar sight around Springfield, supervising snow removal, explaining things at town and village meeting, watching the road gangs do their work and all of the other things which make him one of the best “hired men” a municipality ever had.

ABOVE: Political apathy is absent in Springfield. Standees at left await turns to ballot.

BELOW: As the Meeting continues, voters cast their ballots on stage for town officers.
We Loved Vermont

"Yes, indeed, we wanted to live in Vermont very much," a man who now inhabits New Hampshire told me the other day. "But," he continued, "we decided against it. We looked your state all over; we loved the scenery ... in fact we loved everything about it with one big exception. That was your income tax. So, instead of settling in the Green Mountains, we reluctantly went over into the White because they don't have any income tax there at all."

My quick answer to this friend was indeed off the cuff. "My friend, you pay for what you get in this world but in Vermont you get what you pay for." I then quoted Ralph Waldo Emerson to him. I don't recall the exact words but they went something like this . . . "Everything in life has its price," Mr. Emerson had written, "and you have to pay that price, if you expect to get that thing. If you are not willing to pay that price, you don't get that thing."

Now, we admit that we do have a Vermont income tax. This is that price, in dollars, we pay for living in Vermont.

I think it is worth it. We Vermonters are, I believe, a fairly forthright, hard-headed people who aim to pay for what we get, and also aim to get what we pay for. Now down in the United States they have a lot of implicit hidden taxes. These we don't care for. For many years the federal government has operated on the policy that the people don't want to know what hurts them! In Vermont it doesn't seem as if we ought exactly to brag about our income tax but we favor it because we believe that the graduated income tax is just about the fairest way of meeting government costs.

A Curious Fatuity

A mighty curious fatuity, it seems to me, is the reasoning of a man who loves Vermont but will, at the flip of a coin, transfer his allegiance to the state of New Hampshire just to save a few coins a year. One of the essential decisions an intelligent man should make at a fairly early age is: what kind of life he wants to live, where he wants to live it, and with what kind of folk. The person who has made this decision in favor of the Republic of Vermont because he likes our way of life (perhaps a way unique today in the world) is not, I think, scared off by a minor consideration like income taxes.

Turning down Vermont for some other place because of the explicit taxes . . . may be compared to the choice a man has of marrying one of two beautiful girls.

Now, Girl Number One says, 'Look, I will be willing to live frugally so two can live more cheaply than one. I will wear all the old clothes my mother gave me. In fact I will wear nothing but dungarees and a T Shirt. I will also do without all the creature comforts including Chanel No. 5. I will wear cotton stockings instead of nylon. If it becomes necessary I will even go barefooted the year around and never go to the hair dresser because I will cut off all my hair . . . this will save you money.'

Girl Number Two says, "Mister, I love you and you love me. But it is going to cost you money to keep me. However, I think you will get your money's worth."

Which girl would you marry?

No Thanks from New Hampshire

Now I not only believe my friend is thinking very loosely indeed about quitting Vermont because of a few dollars . . . but I regret in a way that he has chosen New Hampshire. I am very fond of New Hampshire because of Dartmouth College, Daniel Webster, and the view from our side. And I don't mind giving them a man once in a while but I don't like to have it become a habit.

But Vermont generosity can go and perhaps has gone too far. We have a record starting back in the dim past of giving things away and mostly to New Hampshire. First, of course, we gave them about a dozen towns along the Connecticut River, including Hanover (then Dresden).

Then, after a century of argument, to settle the matter we gave 'em the Connecticut River itself. This wasn't just water we gave 'em . . . and they didn't want just water . . . it was taxable power and other rights amounting to millions of dollars.

Now a Freeman of the Republic of Vermont who owns a farm on our side of the River, can stand on his own land bordering that river, and if he stands on our shore at low water mark he is, by Mighty, standing in New Hampshire.

Our Final Gift

Then there were lots of other things we gave New Hampshire including pictures of Vermont scenery, for their state magazine advertising New Hampshire scenery . . . but all this I am going to skip over because I want to dwell upon one of the best gifts of all we gave 'em.

Since my philosophy is that men and life are more important than money . . . I think the greatest thing we ever did for New Hampshire was to give 'em Sherman Adams. Sherm was born right down the road a piece from where I write and his wife was born right up the next town. Then when Sherm got grown up to where his character was shaped by the Vermont way of life, he went across the river and became Governor of New Hampshire.

If it had not been for the pioneer work of Sherman Adams in the early days before General Eisenhower entered the race for the Republican nomination, it is a fairly reasonable bet that the General might not be President of the United States today. Now Sherm is assistant to the President of the United States and we of Vermont are proud of this. He is one of our boys . . . before we gave him to New Hampshire.

And to pinpoint our charming habit of giving good men to New Hampshire, just one Vermont town (Weston) gave them: Joseph A. Gilmore, their Civil War governor; Asa Dodge Smith, president of Dartmouth College, and Aaron Harrison Cragin, U. S. Senator from New Hampshire. One little town of Weston (pop. 500) gave them three, and we have 246 towns. Multiply and see what you get.

He'll get What He Wants.

So, we don't mind, since we have built up this reputation for generosity to New Hampshire to give them a new settler once in a while especially one who prefers to live there to save 4c.

But I should like to say this final word to new comers who aim to live in the country and are planning to look over both us and New Hampshire. If you are the kind of person who likes what we have here in Vermont, I feel sure you won't mind paying for it. You will find we aim to pay our way and unless you do too, you won't appreciate our way. We don't believe in running on a deficit basis. We pay as we go. We like folks who do. To do all this we have to have an income tax.

Any prospective countryman now hesitating about coming to the Republic of Vermont because of this tax, is welcome to go over to New Hampshire. I think over there he will find what he wants.
Above: Cay Hill as it looks today, its bleakness gone. If a house is to be used in winter it is advisable to insulate the attic and install storm windows. Many of Cay Hill’s storm windows were made by the owner. Accessibility is another winter problem. Vermont communities are expert in clearing snow; but if a house is not located on a mail route careful inquiries should be made as to winter road maintenance.

There have always been fashions in architecture. The latest, ranch style modern, which avoids a cellar and an upstairs, may stand the test of time; it is too soon to know. But, in general, fashions in architecture have this in common: when the fashion changes, obsolescence is added to depreciation, and value plummets.

The tradition of early America is an exception. An authentic New England farmhouse is never out of fashion. It is not subject to obsolescence. It is an antique and when properly cared for will increase, not decrease, in value.

If Vermont is more beautiful today than it was when the settlers first came, its old farmhouses are largely responsible. Van Wyck Brooks, in writing about New England, remarks that its farmhouses rank with the skyscraper as America’s great gift to architecture. Just as the ancient Athenians built with Pentelic marble, our predecessors built with wood: they used the materials nearest at hand. There is, in fact, a kinship between the two architectural forms. It rests in simplicity; but the builders of early New England paid their respects to the Greeks in every adornment: in doorways, in the moldings that form the pediments and capitals of pilasters at the corners of houses, and in the returns of the eaves, which rest on these capitals. The variations on this Grecian theme are endless; and anyone driving through Vermont will find them a source of joy and wonder. The beauty of Vermont’s old farmhouses springs first, however, from a

(Continued on page 28)

Below: Cay Hill, Roxbury, the day it was discovered and bought. Before buying, an adequate water supply should be assured. Often a local handyman, resourceful and with many skills, can be hired. Paint is not enough to subdue bleakness. Windows with less than twelve panes were replaced, a pine and flowers planted. An old chimney, without tile lining, a fire hazard, was rebuilt.
Beauty at a Bargain

By Nelson Hayes

Photography by the Author

ABOVE: Cay Hill, viewed from the old farm cemetery, nestles naturally into the green countryside. The exterior restoration is done.

Old Vermont homes, no longer paying farms, still may be found and restored at moderate cost.
ABOVE: Cay Hill today retains its original lines, but even in winter white its bleakness is gone. A buyer's enthusiasm, once he finds the place he wants, will incline him to underestimate the true cost of repairs. If he doubles his original estimate and still spends carefully he will avoid some anxious moments. If he has not the time or aptitude to do a large part of the work himself, he should triple his first estimates. Facility with one's hands often is essential if rather high costs are to be avoided. With normal aptitude, reasonable skill soon can be acquired, especially if practice is supplemented by the use of good hand tools and the study such books as Whitman's First Aid to the Ailing House.

harmony of line, angle, and proportion—and from harmony with their setting. They belong right where they are. These hills and valleys have taken them as their own. All through Vermont and along all its highways there are striking examples of this architecture. Once there were many more. Hundreds have fallen into cellar holes in the "back beyond." Each one that crumbles takes with it forever a fragment of Vermont's beauty. But every year others are bought and restored along traditional lines, to rest secure and lift the hearts of passers by.

Only a small percentage of the farmhouses available in Vermont is ever advertised. The Vermont Development Commission, in Montpelier, offers a free booklet in which many are listed. Agriview, the bi-weekly bulletin of the Vermont Department of Agriculture, also in Montpelier, carries some listings. To choose the best buys, one should make his search an adventure: he should tour the area he likes best, exploring and inquiring.

City dwellers, on Sunday mornings, often find Vermont farms listed at bargain prices in the classified sections of their newspapers. To them the asking prices seem incredibly low. They wonder why, and sometimes mistrust the listing. Actually, the majority of these farms are offered at bargain prices because, in this mechanized age, they can no longer be made to pay. It is as simple as that. Many old Vermont farms remain profitable; but those that are not offer, as country homes, an opportunity that cannot be equaled anywhere in America—and they lie within from three to eight hours driving time of the most crowded industrial areas of the East, in one of the most beautiful vacation lands in the world.

The farmhouse shown on these pages is in the lowest price field. It was abandoned to the Federal Land Bank, who held a mortgage on it. The Bank made certain repairs and offered it for sale with seventy acres for $1000. The example is not exceptional; shortly before this article was
written the farmhouse next to it, which has great possibilities, was bought with fifty acres for $800. However, bargains like these are not found as often as they were. Most are to be found in remote, rugged hill country or in northern counties.

The owner of the farmhouse illustrated bought it for summer use but liked the life so much that he adapted the house for comfortable living in any season. The photographs and their captions tell the story of the property’s gradual improvement. Also, they point out some of the pitfalls one may encounter.

The house has electric lights, a bathroom, hot and cold running water, copper pipes, and a hot air furnace with reversible grates for coal or wood. The kitchen stove, domestic hot water, electric generator, and refrigerator run satisfactorily and economically on kerosene. A year’s supply is kept in a tank in the ell. The house was bought, restored, and made comfortable for year round occupancy for under $5000. However, this statement must be qualified. Most of the work was done before inflation became serious. Additional amounts have been spent since completion of the original program and will continue to be spent. The owner, his wife, and their two daughters did much of the work themselves. In this, however, lay the greatest of the many pleasures it gave them—a pleasure they had not anticipated. Working together, living an outdoor life in glorious surroundings, they achieved a priceless companionship, a priceless unity and closeness, and memories more precious than any heirloom.

The house onuses much of its new charm to its shutters, which are painted the darkest possible green. Shutters often are available second hand at about two dollars a pair and are sometimes offered in the advertising columns of the Agriview Rural power lines have been greatly extended in recent years. However, the extension of lines to isolated properties cannot always be arranged, and it sometimes proves costly. If public service electric power is considered a necessity, a careful examination should be made before the purchase of any property. Cay Hill’s owner, having installed a Delco system and wired the house himself, prefers it to the highline.

Below: The back of the ell, and the privy, as the new owner first saw them. The building first was trued up with auto jacks and the porch floor reconstructed. The privy was ripped out, also.

Below: The back of the ell at the present time. The ell shed supplements the barn as a garage. The roll roofing was removed and replaced by cedar shingles, for beauty and for protection.

End
St. Albans Bay

Once planned to be an industrial center, this calm refuge was missed by commerce to remain for unsurpassed scenic enjoyment.

By Ralph F. Perry

Color photography by Edmund H. Royce

BELOW: Typical of the many sheltered coves in the St. Albans Bay area is this east shore area of Hathaway's Point, near the Bay's mouth. Many of the cruisers and sailboats in this area are moored here. Summer cottages dot the surrounding shores. The morning stroller is Gen. John DeForrest Barker. Kill Kare lies to the left.

RIGHT: Seen from Bellevue Hill the water of St. Albans Bay reaches from little Ball and Burton's Islands at the left to beyond the picture's center. Lyon Mountain, 3,850 ft., rises beyond the Grand Isles in the Adirondacks. At the right is Wood's Island, beyond is arm of the larger Knight's Island. The city of St. Albans lies just beyond the right.

The St. Albans Bay Region is a western water frontage on Lake Champlain, approximately 25 miles of irregular shoreline, which presents a scenic contour equaled by few areas in Vermont. This section, which is a part of the Great Back Bay extending from the town of Milton northward to Swanton, includes not only St. Albans and Lapan Bays, but five islands, parts of two others, and two large peninsulas.

Although St. Albans Bay's early dream was that of being an industrial center, its beauty was its first recognized asset. Years ago, after completing a tour of New England which terminated at St. Albans, Henry Ward Beecher wrote in Norwood: "The scenery of New England is
picturesque rather than grand, and reaches a climax at St. Albans on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, a place in the midst of a greater variety of scenic beauty than any other I remember in America. On the cast, rise the successive masses of the Green Mountains, seemingly close at hand; on the west is Lake Champlain, swarming with green islands; and beyond its waters, westward, rise the Adirondacks, not in chains or single peaks, but in vast broods—a promiscuous multitude of forest-clothed mountains. On the north is scooped in mighty lines the Valley of the St. Lawrence; and on clear days, the eye may spy a faint glimmer of Montreal."

St. Albans Bay is the nucleus of the area so aptly described by the renowned world traveler.

It was this magnificent abundance of natural scenery which caused the people of the locality to realize its great opportunities for recreation. Close on the heels of the general awakening to the vast recreational possibilities came Kamp Kill Kare for boys, one of the largest recreational projects undertaken in this area. Kamp Kill Kare, located on Hathaway’s Point, is considered to have one of the choicest locations on the entire lake. Chartered in 1906, it has been in continuous operation since its establishment and now accommodates 100 boys with a staff of 25. The roster each year lists campers from many states—California, Florida, Canada, and a good sprinkling of Vermon ters.

The camp is a close-knit part of the congenial New England community, has a program of activities that cover a wide field of water sports and other features not generally possible in a summer camp. The activities are mainly educational but are not regimented. The staff is composed largely of teachers who have extensive experience in working with young people.

This section of the lake has an interesting historic background. The Indians had come down from the north and established themselves in various parts of the area long before the arrival of the first white settlers. Stone quarries where they fashioned their tools and weapons are still
The calm waters of St. Albans Bay and many landing places make for fine canoeing.

Below: Kill Kare’s Alumni fireplace is a favorite rallying point for boys and the staff.

Derick

Derick

Below: Sailing is the most popular sport among the older boy campers at Kamp Kill Kare.

Huff

visible. Many collections of arrowheads and other relics have been made from the plowed fields.

The claim of Indians now living in the vicinity of Montreal to original ownership of lands here and in other sections of northern Vermont is of current interest.

The first settler of St. Albans Bay was Jesse Welden, who—according to records—came from Sunderland, Vermont, and built a log cabin near the present Bay Methodist Church. Welden was of Indian descent and possessed a strong relish for the adventures of pioneer life. He proved himself a determined and resourceful figure in the new settlement, as he did later after moving three miles east to what is now the city of St. Albans. His name was perpetuated in the titles of a bank, a street and a hotel.

Brooks, Dutcher, Hathaway, Bostwick, Burton and Stevens were a few of the many other early settlers who made great contributions to the growth and character of the St. Albans Bay area. Hardships were the order of the day for the pioneers. All their belongings were brought in by ox teams. Their cabins were constructed of rude logs. Food was scarce, and consisted largely of moose and other wild game. Flour from the nearest mill in Plattsburg, N. Y. was transported in summer in a log canoe, and in winter by ox sled across the ice.

Since St. Albans Bay was located at the head of the transportation facilities as industry began to develop, it seemed the town was destined to become an industrial center. However, the coming of the Central Vermont Railroad changed conditions completely. The railroad passed through the area 2 3/4 miles from the Bay and industry moved from the Bay to the present city of St. Albans.

But the Bay area definitely did not become dormant when industry shifted. Instead it turned to the development of its own natural resources, which time has proven, were ideal for recreation. People began to appreciate the asset they had in this magnificent waterfront. They became more conscious of the beauty of the region which is enhanced by no less than eight islands within the confines of the area.

Looking down from the range of hills flanking the eastern border of the lake, the eye surveys a panorama of natural, matchless beauty. The Bay people felt that this grandeur was created to remain unmarred and to be enjoyed by posterity.

Construction has continued through the years until living accommodations for the summer visitor to the St. Albans Bay area are amply provided. Many furnished cot-
tages with housekeeping facilities are available for rent. Other resort places include, a group of cabins near the shore, a number of tourist homes in the village, and a trailer camp.

The long arm of Lake Champlain, which juts into the area in a body of water 2½ miles long and ¾ mile wide, offers not only a wide range of water sports, but a degree of protection from high winds and storms, and makes canoeing, sailing, motorboating and fishing safe for persons of all ages.

A state park with a large bathhouse has been built at the head of the Bay facing the largest of the beaches. This spot attracts many visitors from far and near throughout the summer. In addition to the state beach, bathing facilities are available at the front door of almost any cottage.

Boating and swimming are two of the favorite pastimes of visitors to the Bay. With a newly constructed concrete dock, big enough to accommodate the largest steamer on the lake, yachts find this a convenient and pleasant place to tie up for a day, a week, or for all summer. Opportunities for boating of all types are unsurpassed. Motor boating has now come into its own. There is an annual regatta and a popular beauty contest, occasions of no small importance to everyone in the region.

St. Albans Bay also serves as an excellent focal point for the motorist who desires to visit some of the attractive places in northern Vermont, Canada, and northern New York. In a single day one can make a return trip to such points of interest as Montreal, Lake Placid, Fort Ticonderoga, Mt. Mansfield, the Barre granite quarries, the Vermont marble quarries, Burlington, and Montpelier.

Not to be overlooked are the opportunities for the man who likes to “wet a line” in the St. Albans Bay area. It has long been conceded that some of the best fishing grounds of the entire lake are to be found here. Perch and some other varieties are found everywhere. The reefs in this section of the lake are the favorite haunts of the black bass.

In the deeper waters, northern pike are plentiful. Trolling along the shore for pickerel—they come in large sizes—is great fun for those who just wish to catch fish.

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ABOVE: This tree-framed view from Photographer Royce's summer home looks across the clear waters to Black Bridge in the distance, the extreme head of St. Albans Bay. The State Park area and pier lie to the right of Black Bridge.

BELOW: Beyond Kamp Kill Kare's main waterfront, here looking southwest, lie Burton's Island and Ball Island, at the far left in the distance. The beach, main grounds and buildings of the camp extend to the right of this view.
ABOVE: Every boy in camp takes part in swimming, the only required activity. Classes are held twice each day and the program, stressing safety, includes special instruction for all ranges of swimming skills, and is based on the standard Red Cross methods.

Derick
ABOVE: Horseback riding is an optional camp activity three periods a week. Trained saddle horses and ponies are provided. BELOW: The camp’s three fine tennis courts are always busy. Spirited intra-camp tournaments are held frequently all summer.

The nearby St. Albans Country Club extends a cordial welcome to those who enjoy golf. The club, located north of St. Albans City, has an excellent nine-hole course and clubhouse.

* * *

It is easy to understand how a summer camp for boys located in such an area as St. Albans Bay. Developed features of Kamp Kill Kare not mentioned previously include a waterfront program with instruction and practice in swimming as recommended by the American Red Cross, boating, canoeing, and sailing. Instruction in baseball, tennis and riflery is comparable to that of swimming, and the facilities are equally good. Individual instruction with extra practice periods are arranged for those boys who wish to major in a given sport. Horseback riding is provided for those who desire it. Music is found in great abundance at Kill Kare.

The camp’s crafts department offers opportunities to suit a wide variety of tastes and skills in shop, plastics, leather and ceramics. A boy who chooses to work in one field may do so, or he may elect as many as time permits. The broad nature program attracts every boy in camp, regardless of age. It covers identification of trees, plants, and wild flowers and there is considerable emphasis on the collection and study of insects, birds, fishes and wild animals. Work in nature and crafts is closely correlated.

Kill Kare, now almost a half-century old, owes much of its success to its location in this beautiful area, to a climate which is typically New England and to a never failing, friendly community. The camp serves as an outstanding example of the abundant recreational possibilities of the St. Albans Bay region.

BELOW: Kill Kare’s broad lawns are usually echoing with an excited baseball or softball game. Everyone gets a chance to play.

Chandler
BELOW: The crafts department finds boys working with plastics, leather, ceramics and shop tools. Nature study is included, too.
Undercover Work in Vermont

The Inside Story of Vermont’s Covered Bridges.

Why did they cover bridges? The question comes up day after day. It is answered in many ways,—from the super-technical to the super-ridiculous. Some of the myths and half-truths sound quite plausible and are believed by many. The real reason was not to protect the traveler, or keep horses from shying at the sparkling waters below.

Our great-grandfather builders knew wood, for it was the material of the age. They knew that wood rots in a hurry when it is left exposed,—alternately wet, and then dried. Wood preservatives were little used in those days, so the wooden bridge-builders’ only recourse was to cover their work with a roof and siding. They covered them to protect the sides, or trusses,—the framework that made the bridge. They didn’t cover them to protect the floors. Many a long Vermont covered bridge had snow drawn into it so that sled runners would glide smoothly through. Floors were expendable. The covering was to protect the trusses.

To most of us, one covered bridge looks pretty much like another. In themselves they are strictly utilitarian, not beautiful. It is usually their settings, blending with the Vermont countryside, that endears them to us. Artists and photographers capture on canvas and film the bulk of an old covered bridge over tumbling falls or a placid mill pond. Some pictures look out from an entrance, with an inviting hill road stretching beyond.

Longfellow described a covered bridge as a “brief darkness leading from light to light.” It is this brief darkness that so few people pause to examine in their quest of Vermont covered bridges. And yet the cool interior of a covered bridge is one of the nicest places to be on a hot day. Being inside a covered bridge gives the traveler a chance to see just what the early Vermont bridge-builders were protecting with roofs and siding. Knowing the “insides”
of Vermont's covered bridges is as much fun as knowing their outsides. Antique collectors can tell at a glance whether a piece is an Adam, a Sheraton, or a Chippendale. Thus it is with old wooden bridge trusses—they have names and can be identified.

The word “truss” when applied to humans, has a rather forbidding sound. But in a covered bridge a truss is the bones, the whole supporting skeleton that keeps you high and dry above the stream. It is an arrangement of timbers designed so as to support each other, and whatever weight is put upon them.

The simplest type of covered bridge truss is the King Post. Place your index fingers together in an inverted “V”, and you have a King Post Truss. This simple triangle served as the base for many uncovered wooden bridges of the past century, and not a few covered ones. Sometimes they were all of wood, but in later King Post Trusses, an iron rod was extended from the apex of the triangle to the base, so as to give greater strength and rigidity.

Any carpenter worth his salt could put up a King Post Truss in a hurry. It was done every day in the roofs of houses, barns and sheds. Only the manner of bracing and roofing was different.

But six of these simple King Post Trusses survive in Vermont. One is far up Sterling Brook in the town of Morrisville; another, privately owned, near Canaan. The others are in Washington County; one in Northfield, one in Calais, one in Fayston and one in Waitsfield.

A natural development of the King Post Truss was the Queen Post Truss,—the better half of a minor royal family. Take your inclined fingers again and place a match or pencil stub horizontally between their tips. There you have the basic Queen Post Truss,—broader than the King, and capable of spanning wider streams.

This truss, with various adaptations and refinements, is the second most common type in Vermont. Again, the local carpenter could, (and did) span a small stream with a Queen Post Truss almost anywhere in Vermont. There are 32 of them still standing in the state, scattered in six counties.

Good examples of Queen Post Trusses can be seen in the towns of Warren, Plainfield, Fairfield, Morgan, Johnson, Newfane, and Townshend, to name a few.

A Multiple King Post Truss was a logical next step for spanning still wider streams. This was a series of upright posts, with braces all inclined from the abutments to the center, or “King” post.

The Multiple King Post Truss bridge is common to the towns of Tunbridge, Randolph, and Weathersfield. This particular batch of bridges is thought to be the result of a design made by James F. Tasker of Cornish, N. H. Tasker, who could neither read nor write, made a large model of this type of wooden bridge and exhibited it at country fairs, where he proved its strength by driving heavy oxen onto it. Mr. Tasker had many bridge contracts both in New Hampshire and Vermont, and is supposed to have supervised the construction of these bridges. His design is a fine example of native ingenuity, devised without the aid of “book-learnin’”.

For their longest bridges, the Vermont builders considered a fine wooden arch indispensable. They used the Burr King Post Arch Truss, which was invented way back in 1804.

The “Burr Truss” bears the name of its inventor, Theodore Burr, a Torrington, Connecticut man. He used the great timbers available in the vast forested
TY P ES  OF COVERED BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION IN VERMONT
COMPILED BY R.S. ALLEN

COUNTIES

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<th>HOWE WOOD &amp; IRON</th>
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BELOW: The multiple King Post was popular in Tunbridge, but this is in Weathersfield.

region that was northeastern United States after the Revolution. These timbers went into the making of huge squared arches over the previously un-bridged Hudson, Mohawk, Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers. Burr’s bridge at Waterford-Lansingburg, N. Y. across the Hudson River became the model for his patent—great wooden arches made rigid and sturdy by Multiple King-Post Trusses and cross-bracing.

Lansingburg was on the main trade route from Vermont to New York, so it was natural that the Burr Truss bridge design should be seen and copied to the northward by carpenter-builders with a flair for work with heavy timbers.

The big Vermont rivers,—the Lamoille, Winooski, and the Mississquoi were bridged with Burr Truss Arches. The builders took the huge pines of the virgin forest and squared them off with foot adze and broadaxe. They fitted and fashioned them into arches with tenon saw and ship’s auger, and used special planes for finishing and detail. A young carpenter’s apprentice was not considered a man until he could plane a shaving in a gigantic curl up and over his back.

The biggest Burr Arch bridges in Vermont are the Pulp Mill Bridge over Otter Creek at Middlebury and the Entrance Bridge at the new Museum in Shelburne (which formerly spanned the Lamoille River at Cambridge). Incidentally, there are only two divided lane, or “double-barrel” covered spans in Vermont, and there are only six more of this type in the whole United States.

The village of Waitsfield has a Burr Arch bridge, as does Cambridge Junction, and there are smaller examples in Chittenden and Lamoille Counties. Between South Newbury, Vermont and Haverhill, N. H., a long Burr Arch bridge stretches two spans across the Connecticut River.

A few scattered Vermont builders used the arch in a different manner, for smaller bridges. They laid planks flat together and clamped and bolted them to make a crude “laminated arch.” This truss, in a rigid framework, became still another Vermont covered bridge type. It may still be seen in the little bridge by the shore of Lake Champlain in the town of Charlotte, and in two bridges over Mill Brook west of Brownsville.

By far the most common type of covered bridge in Vermont is the Town Lattice Truss bridge. It is found in 9 of the 13 counties of Vermont that have them. (Grand Isle County has none). The tightly criss-crossed pattern of planks fitted at right angles, and the protruding wooden pins make them easy to recognize.

38 VERMONT Life
The Town Lattice Truss was a real American invention. The man who originated it in 1826 was a Connecticut architect named Ithiel Town. Town made his home in New Haven, (where two of his churches still grace the “Green”), and was an astute promoter. He appointed agents for the sale of his bridge patent rights all over the country, usually choosing a good lawyer. Builders who wanted to put up one of the new-fangled lattice bridges using Town’s “mode,” as he called it, had to pay a royalty of $1 per foot of bridge. Should the agent find an eager-beaver builder who had already put up a Town Lattice bridge without payment of royalty, he would usually settle for $2 a foot.

For sizable streams, the Town Lattice was a Vermont favorite. They were usually laid out in a meadow adjacent to the bridge site. Wide pine or spruce plank was the stock material, sawed to shape at a neighborhood sawmill, and bored with an auger to receive the wooden pins. These pins, called “treenails” (and pronounced “trunncis”), were hand-hewn in the early Lattice Truss bridges, but turned on a lathe for the later ones. They were of oak or other hard wood, 1½ to 2” in diameter, and 10” to 12” long. There were two of these pins to secure every regular lattice intersection. There were three or more treenails, twice as long, where the lattices were pinned to the horizontal chords, or stringpieces.

While the carpenters built and fitted the sides of the bridge, the masons were busy building the abutments, and the piers in the river, if necessary. Another crew put up falsework in the river,—a hazardous job in some of the turbulent Vermont streams. They also rigged the primitive block and tackle derricks with which to move and raise the bridge.

The carpenters fitted their plank together and pinned them tight with the treenails, which had been treated with linseed oil so they could be driven into the augered holes with a maul.

When all was in readiness, the whole side of the bridge was moved slowly on rollers out over the falsework in the river, using horse and manpower. Then it was raised into place. With the other side of the bridge in position, the two were joined by upper and lower bracing. A floor was laid, and weatherboarding and a roof completed the boxed-in covered lattice bridge. It was a gala day when the underpinning was knocked out and the bridge stood alone.

Some builders gave their Town Lattice Trusses a little upward “hump” or “camber” so that when the weight of the
ABOVE: The Paddleford Truss was built in a small area. This one lies in Irasburg.

BELOW: The Laminated Arch sometimes was used in small bridges, this one in Charlotte.

BELOW: This, a Pratt Truss with laminated arch, is the Lincoln Bridge in W. Woodstock.

BELOW: The Howe Truss was designed for railroads but this road bridge is in Stowe.

plank settled on the pins the floor would come exactly level. The more care that went into the bridge, the better it stood the test of time. Nicholas Powers of Clarendon, Vermont’s most prominent covered bridge builder, favored Town’s Lattice plan. He desired his lattice joints to be accurate. A crayon left too wide a mark, so Powers is reported to have marked his planks with the point of a knife!

Vermont bridge builders were still using the Town Lattice Truss long after Mr. Town’s patent rights ran out, and there were no longer any Town agents looking for their $2 a foot. Mr. Town even extended his bridge design for use on the early railroads, doubling the quantities of plank and pins, and making the bridges larger and stronger so as to accommodate locomotives and “the cars.”

Five of these big Town Lattice railroad bridges are still standing in Vermont, on the St. Johnsbury and Lamoille County Railroad. These are located in the towns of Wolcott and Hardwick, at Cambridge Junction, and at Swanton. The covered railroad bridge at Swanton, by the way, is the longest covered bridge within the state of Vermont. (South Newbury and Windsor bridges are on the New Hampshire line.)

Outstanding Town Lattice Truss highway bridges stand at Salisbury Station, at Arlington Green, Northfield Falls, West Dunmister, Florence Station, Bartonsville and North Springfield. The town of Montgomery still has six Town Lattice covered spans, all built in the latter part of the last century by Sheldon and Savannah Jewett. Bennington selectmen have just completed the full restoration of the three old lattice bridges in their town, spanning the Walloomsac River.

Up in Troy and Westfield are three covered bridges on this plan, in which the unknown builder has used only a single pin at the lattice intersections, a wrinkle Mr. Town did not think of. At Pompanoosuc, and in the big bridge at Windsor, the lattices are of thick timber instead of plank.

The railroads’ demand for a cheap, easily-erected wooden bridge was answered by a Massachusetts inventor, William Howe, in 1840. Looking at Mr. Howe’s patent truss, one would see a series of wooden “X’s” in boxes. The old wooden posts of former designs were replaced by iron rods which could be adjusted with nuts and turnbuckles when a bridge began to work loose from constant use. William Howe; (uncle of Elias Howe of sewing machine fame), devised the bridge especially for railroads, and a great
majority of early New England railroads used the Howe Truss. There are only two wooden Howe Trusses remaining on railroads in New England. One is in Woonsocket, R. I., while the other, in Vermont, spans the Winooski River on the Barre & Chelsea Railroad about midway between Barre and Montpelier.

This truss for railroad bridges was easily adapted to highway use. Almost any good wood could be used—white oak, pine, fir, hemlock, or cedar. Foundries in Springfield, Mass, turned out the iron rods and nuts, and also the patent iron shoes into which the timbers were fitted. Mass production was coming into its own. All the pre-cut timbers and iron parts of a Howe Truss bridge could be loaded on a couple of flat cars and shipped direct to the bridge site in many cases.

Both the remaining Howe Truss highway bridges over the upper Connecticut River, adjoining the towns of Lennington and Lunenburg were built in the present century with comparatively modern methods. The Babbit brothers put them up in 1912, previously marking each timber as to its ultimate position, with crayon markings that are still visible in the bridges.

Over Gold Brook in the town of Stowe is a small bridge in which a local builder has adapted the Howe Truss of wooden timbers and iron rods to his own bridge site. It was inevitable that some ingenious Yankee inventor would come up with his own bridge truss in the middle of the rash of bridge experimentation that went on in the 1840's and '50's. Such a man was Paul Paddleford of Littleton, N. H. Paddleford is thought to be responsible for the unique, unpatented bridge truss that was built within an easily-bounded area of western Maine, northern New Hampshire and northeastern Vermont. This was an all-wood "X"-work truss of superimposed panels which cannot easily be described except with a picture or detailed diagram. The best example in Vermont stands over the Passumpsic River between Lyndonville and Lyndon Center. There is one of this type in Thetford, and two in the town of Iras-

Perhaps Vermont's most unique covered bridge truss design is found in the Lincoln Bridge, which spans the Ottauquechee River west of West Woodstock. This bridge uses an adaption of the Pratt Truss, invented by T. Willis Pratt, a Boston railway engineer, in 1844. In this design the upright posts are wood, and the "X"-work frames are composed of iron rods. In the Lincoln Bridge a laminated arch is used as part of the truss. This is the only existing use of the Pratt Truss principle in a covered wooden bridge known to be standing in the United States. Vermont has no monopoly on covered bridges. With over 100 to search out, at least eight types of construction to inspect, and some bridges that are unique from a national standpoint, there is certainly enough rewarding research to make any amateur historian-engineer's journeys happy ones.
ABOVE: A stretch of muddy road approaching the sugar house is no deterrent to the hundreds who make this pleasant Spring visit each year.

BELOW: Clean, early snow is stored in a freezer for the party.

When the right day comes each Spring students and faculty flock eagerly to Dean Hills' maple sugar party. It's held at the University of Vermont's own experimental maple place located in Underhill on the west side of Mt. Mansfield.

Typical of every real Vermont sugar on snow treat are the fun and the fare pictured here by Dr. Hastings. Their appetites whetted by a three-quarter-mile hike from the highway, the several hundred guests enjoy the golden syrup poured on plates of snow, and in the brisk Spring air munch doughnuts and pickles by way of contrast to the delicate sweet.

Profits derived from this sugar party, perhaps the largest held anywhere, are used to supplement the Hills Fund, which helps needy students through the University.
ABOVE: The first stop at the sugar party is this table, which provides plates of snow for the sugar, raised doughnuts and sour pickles.

the same kind of fun in a collegiate atmosphere.

BELOW: Vermonters take naturally to maple.  BELOW: The party tables are big mossy rocks and the decorations are real sap bucketts
It was a Friday afternoon in early June in some year or other of the era known as Happy Days. First Robert, then Sammie and Mary straggled up the hill to our house in the Piney Woods, each clutching a report card and shouting: "School's done, won't see high-button shoes again till fall, school's over, hurrah." Hard after them John came running with his hands full of baseball bats and gloves and added his contribution to the tumult and the shouting. After supper began the endless repetition of the question: "When we goin' to Long Point?" When I explained that as school superintendent I had to make out my reports first, the question became: "When you goin' to finish your reports?" Before too long a time, however, came a day when I announced that the reports were in the mail, all teachers including high-button shoes engaged for the fall term and my desk cleared of everything that could not wait 'til mid-August.

The generic name Lizzie had been appropriated for the family car. We spoke of Lizzie with affection and sometimes with a mixture of other emotions, but she was a faithful beast always returning from her timid journeys. True, she had a fondness for fouling her spark plugs and
balked while climbing hills, yet she always kept moving—even on three cylinders. Her birth certificate was dated before the day of balloon tires. Her collapsible top looked like those used on horse-drawn carriages. When it rained one could by infinite patience attach curtains to her sides. On these occasions Lizzie was brought to a stop and everybody got out to begin a search for the curtains which were supposed to be under the back seat. The curtains were spread upon the ground and the family submitted itself to a group intelligence test to ascertain where each separate curtain was supposed to be attached. After that, it was a disappointment if it did not rain.

Lizzie started all her journeys by the persuasion of a crank rotated in her inwards with a full choke and a retarded spark. If one forgot to retard the spark he was likely to find himself on the shed roof or in a tree top. Yet with all her faults Lizzie shared with us some of the best moments in life. Our faith never wavered even when we had to change a tire on Williston hill. At the end of her long road she died without pain and concurrently, but her soul goes marching on.

All the preliminary preparations were completed when I was ready to say “go.” Mother had patched and mended all our old clothes. The boys had visited the shoemaker and brought home all the shoes that needed resoling or stitching. Sam had his big pail of fishworms which he preserved in damp moss with a daily ration of corn meal and sour milk. On the day before our journey our suit cases, extension bags, boxes and cartons were packed and ingeniously fastened to Lizzie’s sides and both ends. From a mail order house we had bought collapsible luggage carriers which were attached to the running boards blocking off the left hand door. Inside these guards we crowded all sorts of bags, boxes and suit cases. Other tightly bound bundles rode on both front fenders. Longer bundles were tied across the front and rear bumpers. When Lizzie was finally decked out, she might have served as a model for a sculptor who wished to depict a composite symbol of faith, hope and charity.

When the morning at long last arrived, an early breakfast was devoured amid a babel of shouting, and while mother packed the lunch basket and filled the thermos bottles, the children with unwonted dispatch finished the housework. Then they put on their hats, climbed through Lizzie’s one-way entrance and piled over into the back seat. As there was no rear door through which they could fall out, we knew they would still be there at journey’s end. Mother then slid into the front seat with her hands filled with those items which are always almost forgotten. Last of all, father, having assured himself that the lunch was in the car, turned the key in the house door, gave a mighty pull on Lizzie’s crank, climbed into his seat and gripping the wheel with determination, turned Lizzie’s nose to the west where one hundred and fifty miles away lay the magic waters of Lake Champlain.

One mile out of town we crossed the Connecticut river through a long covered bridge and entered Vermont where the superior tonic quality of the air was immediately perceptible. Thence up Lunenburg hill through the dainty village at its top, past Miles Pond, through Concord where a barn-like building carries a legend that here was established the first normal school in the country, and then down Moose river to the city of St. Johnsbury where Lizzie indicated that she was out of breath.

Here all the family disembarked to shop for those ambrosial foods which are hard to find outside of Vermont. The Cross bakery sold us a large box of their world famous crackers fresh from the oven and loaves of malt cream bread. Across the street we bought a supply of pineapple cream cheese made by Speedwell Farms in near-by Lyndonville. In order to get the Vermont home feeling, we hunted a news stand and bought a copy of the Burlington Free Press.

When examination disclosed that Lizzie had her second wind, we climbed the long hill through the town in low gear making so much noise that everyone stopped to view our progress and to add their prayers to ours that we would make it. Hills and more hills were climbed till we reached the beautiful and historic village of Danville Green, famed for its academy, shady common, town fair
and a bank robbery that occurred about three decades ago. Just beyond the Green we stopped, as we did on Lunenburg Heights, to look back upon the panorama of the White Mountains, and to aver that the majesty of their beauty is more impressive from Vermont than from the nearer view. Just before we entered West Danville we pulled off the road in a grove of maples beside a spring. Here we ate our lunch and gave Lizzie a chance to cool off, refilling her radiator and her fuel tank at Mr. Hastings’ store. Leaving Joe’s Pond on our left we drove on over Walden Heights through Hardwick which was once our home. From there we followed for several miles the willow-lined banks of the Lamoille river to Cambridge and thence to Burlington which we entered near the University. Somewhere along the road we stopped at a roadside farm for a gallon of first run maple syrup.

We passed through the city on beautiful South Willard Street and at its end turned south on the main thoroughfare. Just before leaving the outskirts of the city we stopped at a store on our left to buy our home cured bacon, sausages made from little pigs, native pork chops, Shelburne creamery butter, round cheese, great balls of crisp lettuce and native berries in season. We entered Shelburne through a bridge and drove past Dr. Norton’s house and the beautiful episcopal church. Then through Charlotte and beyond until we saw Mt. Philo with its tower, and ahead of us the steeple of the church at North Ferrisburg. Here we turned to the right over a dirt road, crossed the railroad track and arrived at the farm where during the season we bought milk, ice, eggs and fresh vegetables. Then through the gate, across the field, and there in a grove of cedars and balsams on the shore of the bay we found our cottage just as we left it last year and now ready to welcome us again. We drove Lizzie into her alcove in the cedars, took one look at the lake to make certain it was still there, and then scrambled out with a din that set off the chattering of a legion of red squirrels who seemingly resented our intrusion.

Noise there was but no confusion. No military de-bouchement was ever carried out with greater precision and less direction. Automatically I closed the light switch, seized a wrench and made the water connection. Then I opened all windows, inserted the screens, and hung the screen doors. Meanwhile mother unloaded a part of our cargo, lighted the stove and put the potatoes on to boil. The children made a bee line for the boats and with the aid of rollers quickly had them in the water. The boats were hardly soaking before the boys had the Johnson motor fueled and conditioned.

In an hour after arrival mother called us to dinner. Not only was the table tastily set but mother had taken time to decorate it with a bouquet of blue, white and yellow meadow flowers. The menu was simple—boiled potatoes, pork chops with milk gravy, pineapple cheese, butter and egg bread, creamery butter, strawberries and cream served with a sponge cake we had brought from home. Over the radio a hillbilly band provided dinner music.

Our camp, which was as large and well appointed as a house, had been built by Grandpa and Grandma because their old camp was too small for their expanding family. Our children were hardly out of their cradles before the grandparents began to build this new camp on a scale that would provide for present needs and future possibilities. Let no casuist speak of extravagance where every dollar spent yielded a thousand-fold in happiness. Today grandpa and grandma were not in the window watching for the first sight of our arrival. Grandma had gone to another camping ground, and grandpa after a few years of lonely waiting, had joined her.

To grandpa and grandma Long Point had been a haven and a refuge since the early days of their marriage. Both were ardent fishermen and they knew every bay, ledge and island from Nigger Jim’s cove to the mouth of Big Otter. Leta, their daughter and my wife, of course knew the place intimately since childhood. For more than forty years the magic of its associations has held me in thrall, and to me it suggests permanence. There are so few moments in life when one can feel at home.

There is, of course, one absent now whose presence was once so much a part of the scene. Sam gave his life in the hedgerows of Normandy for a world that he loved with all his heart and soul. He loved it because to him it was a world of joy and beauty. I am certain that his spirit hovers over the scene of those happy summers which we shared together in those happy days. Let us sit in silence for an hour on the rocky shore at sunset and look across the waters, channelled with ever changing waves of color, to the darkening slopes of the Adirondacks with tops still tipped with golden light. Or Leta and I will row across the bay in the moonlight watching the lights along the shore and the flashes from the lighthouse at Split Rock. We shall not be alone for the spirits of those with whom we have shared this beauty will hold holy communion with us there, and the friend of fishermen, He who once walked the waves of Galilee, will break the bread and present the cup.

In Lizzie’s day and generation we were not yet disdainful of the use of oars. Memorable are our leisurely explorations of Lewis Creek, Little Otter and trips to Diamond Island and the pebbly beach at Split Rock. Whole days were spent fishing in Little Otter and in the West Slang where the hooking of a “bullfin” provided excitement and a topic for after dinner conversation. While grandpa and grandma were still living we frequently went fishing in the evening for bull pouts, either in the deep water off the islands or at the mouth of Lewis Creek. After dark we had to light our lanterns in order to bait our hooks with night-crawlers and to disgorge the
hooks from the gullets of the pouts. To grandpa a day was lost when he did not go poutin'. I can see him now in the stern of the boat on the homeward trip watching for the light of the lantern he had swung from a tree at the landing, and I can hear the chugging of the faithful motor as we ploughed through the darkness of early night.

Living in our camp was easier, simpler and cheaper than living at home. There was ample space to keep out of each other's way. From our dining room we could look through the tree tops straight out across the bay. Dr. Norton's camp was just across the driveway. Bakery and butcher's carts drove through the grove several times a week. Frequent trips to the ancient and quaint city of Vergennes were made on slight pretenses. There is an excellent library at Vergennes, as well as excellent markets, good stores and a bank. Urgent need for a pair of shoestrings or a yearning for a copy of the New York Times were sufficient excuses to go there. Frequent trips to the ancient and quaint city of Vergennes were made on slight pretenses. There is an excellent library at Vergennes, as well as excellent markets, good stores and a bank. Urgent need for a pair of shoestrings or a yearning for a copy of the New York Times were sufficient excuses to go there. Frequent trips to the ancient and quaint city of Vergennes were made on slight pretenses. There is an excellent library at Vergennes, as well as excellent markets, good stores and a bank. Urgent need for a pair of shoestrings or a yearning for a copy of the New York Times were sufficient excuses to go there.

Those who have caught the fragrance of the new mown hay or seen the fields of the Champlain valley in their summer riot of color, will understand why in the early morning or just after sunset we all climbed into the car and rode leisurely over the lower road which runs nearer the lake than the main highway. There were splotches of red paintbrush, entire fields white with Queen Anne's lace, others yellow with kale and mustard, some variegated with buttercups and daisies, and before the sun got too high, great meadows uniformly blue with the bloom of chicory. Never will Leta and I forget that week we spent alone in camp in early spring. All the spring flowers were at their height and the ground around our camp was covered with hepaticas and white trilliums. Near Charlotte and on the Monkton road the lowlands were brilliant with acres of yellow cowslips. We ate cowslip "greens" as proof of our Vermont birthright.

In the open field on the edge of the wood where the road turns down to the cottages on the lake, stands a little white one-room building which we used as a recreation and social center and called the community house. The wide porch faces east and looks to the long undulating sky line of the Green Mountains. Here on Sunday evenings between the hours of eight and nine o'clock were held the weekly hymn sings. There was no religious service aside from the singing, and Mrs. Crockett, an accomplished pianist, played a free running accompaniment. Dr. Norton, a handsome man past middle age still with the heart of youth, led the music. We had purchased for our use song books which contained all the historic gospel songs we had sung in the days of our youth. Anyone was privileged to call for any favorite hymn. For one hour we left our cares and worries and sang a service of worship to the Father who in that place and at that hour seemed very near to us. Leta and I always attended when we were at camp. Before entering we always lingered to look eastward to the purple tinted mountains still glowing in the light of the setting sun. Towering above the others were Camel's Hump, Lincoln Mountain and Bread Loaf in all their solemn majesty. If I were stricken with blindness I could still see them. And I could feel my way back to the cottage hand in hand with Leta over the unlighted path and not stumble. The sound of water lapping the shore, the myriad fireflies dancing through the air, the sweet cool smell of balsam, and then in front of us the light over our door. END
Lake Champlain’s Mysterious Walleyes

By Wendell Lalime

Photography by the author

While trout, salmon and bass may rate top billing in many Vermont lakes and streams, each year finds more sportsmen, resident and non-resident, looking to the expansive waters of Lake Champlain and its mysterious, unpredictable walleyes. Through the years “Ol’ Marble Eye” has steadily moved into the limelight as a valued food-fish and a high-ranking game fish.

Widely distributed east of the Rocky Mountains, and most abundant in the Great Lakes and other large bodies like Champlain, the population potential of this species is enormous. In fact, Vermont law allows for a year-round open season in a large portion of Lake Champlain, and in other areas of that lake the walleye fisherman can enjoy this sport for more than ten months of the year. There is some question whether any closed season is needed at all.

Walleyes may be taken any time in those portions of Lake Champlain lying in Chittenden, Franklin and Grand Isle Counties north of Allen’s Point railroad bridge from Colchester Point to South Hero, easterly of Alburg, North Hero, Grand Isle and South Hero, and southerly of the Vermont-Canada boundary line. Elsewhere on Champlain the season is closed for a short period, March 15 through April 30.

Thus, long before the season has opened for other popular game fish, and long after the angler has deserted the inland streams and the smaller lakes and ponds, Champlain challenges the sportsman to seek out its walleyes as well as the northern pike and other species.

In the spring, when the walleyes are on the move to spawning grounds, the greatest concentration of fishermen will be found in the Missisquoi Bay region and at the mouth of the Lamoille River. In the summer months there is good fishing off the reefs near the islands and southward in the lake. While the main harvest of winter ice fishing is of perch and smelt, the walleye is also found throughout the “inland sea” during the winter. Fishing through the ice has become a popular sport, attracting a growing number of out-of-state sportsmen in recent years.

Of the many local names by which the walleye is known, “pike-perch” is particularly appropriate. It is a member of the perch family, and not related to a true pike. Comparison shows that the character and arrangement of its fins, a tribal character, is almost identical with that of the perch. Its habit of life, on the other hand, is quite pikelike for it has the long body, great mouth, strong teeth and something of the general appearance of a pike.

For some time fishermen have believed that this fish presumably has an unusually large eye to see in the dim light of evening or deep down in the lakes. Research has shown that the eyes of this species are poorly adapted for bright light, but are very sensitive to weak light, giving a clue as to why the walleyes move more at night than in daytime. The eye has a chocolate colored iris, ringed with a narrow, golden margin next to the pupil. The cornea is large and is milky blue.

Fish of Mystery

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Type of Mystery

There is much to be learned about the walleye. It is a fish of mystery. The species has been under study in many states, including Vermont. The population status has been of concern to the Vermont Fish and Game Service which is also studying spawning habits, migratory characteristics, effect on the specie of certain existing regulations and practices, effect of fishing in spawning tributaries during the spawning season, and the degree of utilization of the Missisquoi River by spawning fish traveling through the seining grounds at West Swanton.
ABOVE: Tagging operations at West Swanton find Biologist Leonard Hanlon (center) attaching tag to fish held by Douglas Bohannon. Bruce Ladeau records tag number and other data, and fish is returned at once to the water. Walleyes, northern pike and bass are tagged.

The seining and tagging by the Vermont Fish and Game Service at West Swanton is one phase of the Lake Champlain Fisheries Investigation, started two years ago as a Dingell-Johnson Federal Aid to Fisheries project. Included in this project are the summer fishing census, the winter ice-fishing census, and a study of growth rates of the more important species.

In order to carry out the walleye study it is necessary to mark the fish that are seined and to record weights and lengths. The fish are marked by clipping a small, aluminum tag to one jaw. Each tag is numbered and also bears the address of the Fish and Game Service. When other species are taken in the seine, such as pike and bass, these are also tagged with the hope of gathering information later that will aid in the study of all species of game fish.

Personnel from the Fish and Game Service usually start seining and tagging operations late in March and continue for about 50 days. Last spring 3,544 walleyes, 280 northern pike and 99 smallmouth bass were tagged and released.

Since it is possible to arrive at growth rates for fish by studying scales, several hundred scale samples were also taken from the walleyes that were tagged and these should also yield some valuable information. A single fish scale under a microscope will reveal ringlike growths in a pattern similar to a cross-section of a tree. As the forester is able to age trees by studying the growth rings of annuli, so is the fisheries biologist able to determine the age of a fish by viewing the ringlike markings of scales through a microscope. It is already apparent, however, from scale samples studied to date, that the growth rate of Champlain walleyes is by no means rapid.

When small walleyes began showing up in the Alburg-Swanton area during the summer of 1952, the Fish and Game Service noted that this was the first time they had appeared in numbers for about seven years. This indicated that walleyes have successful spawning seasons only once in

BELOW: Small tag is clipped to fish jaw
several years, and that there may be certain dominant-year classes making up the bulk of catchable fish present at a given time.

The "mystery" part of this is that no one understands why walleyes should have such amazingly successful spawning seasons. They are unpredictable. This fact has also shown up in studies by other states. In Michigan it was found that walleyes of one area produced so many young in 1943 that fish of that year-class were still dominating the yield of 1949. As the Michigan walleyes kept on growing, the total poundage went up and up.

There seems to be no correlation between the number of breeding fish and a bumper crop of young. This example of high production in Michigan took place when the adult population was relatively low.

**Prolific Spawning Fish**

At the present time in Lake Champlain the dominant-year class appears to be the 1944 crop, fish that will be 10 years old this spring. It appears that the very next successful spawning year following 1944 occurred in 1950 since the 10- to 12-inch walleyes taken in the seine last spring were three years old. On the basis of age determination through scale studies, probably two-thirds of the walleyes taken from Lake Champlain during the past year have been seven years old, or older, up to 12 or more years.

It has been found in other states that a 16-inch walleye can produce 37,000 eggs a year while a prize 31-inch fish yields more than 600,000 eggs. Vermont biologists, however, prefer to go by poundage, figuring approximately 30,000 eggs per pound of fish in the annual spawn.

According to Leonard Halnon, biologist in charge of the operation at West Swanton, spent fish (those that had already spawned) began showing up as early as April 3 last spring, and by the 7th of April nearly all females taken had spawned. During this time nearly all the walleyes seined were females, while river fishermen were taking nearly all males.

By the 13th of April many males were being taken in the seine while fewer spent females were seen. The largest haul of the season on April 20 produced 79 walleyes not previously tagged and three that had been tagged. This haul included 10 spent females, 16 not spawned, 49 males and four that were immature. On April 25 a haul of 46 included five spent females, 4 not spawned, 24 males and three immature. Female walleyes, not spawned, were taken as late as the 13th of May.

Facts clearly show that the 3,544 walleyes tagged were only a small fraction of the available supply. Fish and Game personnel fish only one-tenth of the passage-way between the West Swanton shore and the Alburg Springs shore. Last spring the seine was out for 94 hours of the total of 1200 hours between March 31 and May 20.

Since the Fish and Game crew was operating only one-thirteenth of the time the walleye run was underway, and considering the small area of the total passage-way, it is fair to say that only one in every 130 available walleyes was seined. On May 2 and 3 a check of river fishermen revealed a count of 680 walleyes of which five had tags, or 136 non-tagged fish for each one that was tagged. A little arithmetic here
ABOVE: Fish & Game Director George W. Davis points out the perch-like characteristics of the walleye, the arrangement of the fins.

BELOW: Walleyes, northern pike, bass, all are in this seine haul at West Swanton. BELOW: Biologist Mac Martin weighs prize.
indicates a spawning crop in the Missisquoi Bay area alone of nearly a half-million walleyes last spring.

**Of Marble Eye Gets Around**

The wandering tendency of the walleye has been known for several years and has been confirmed many times as a result of the tagging operations by the Vermont Fish and Game Service. In some cases there have been amazingly long distances traveled by the Champlain walleyes.

That ol' Marble Eye really gets around was discovered on June 4, 1953, when a Canadian fisherman hooked a two-pound, 19-inch walleye near Frontenac Wharf in Montreal. The Canadian angler may have been surprised when he found a tag on the fish, and more than likely looked twice when he read on the tag: "Return Montpelier Vt. F. & G."

The tag was returned to the Fish and Game Service. This walleye had been tagged by Halnon and his assistants at West Swanton in April. The fish apparently had taken a route through the islands of Lake Champlain, on to Rouses Point and up the Richelieu River into the St. Lawrence. Other tag returns showed that walleyes traveled from 30 to 50 miles in only a few weeks from the tagging grounds to the mouth of the Winnoski River and over to the New York side of Lake Champlain.

Champlain fishermen have learned that walleyes prefer moderately deep, clear waters with rock, gravel or sandy bottoms, and that the best fishing will be found in deep holes, along reefs, ledges or rocky shorelines. It is a fish that is a heavy nocturnal feeder, and as night approaches ol' Marble Eye may leave the deeper holes to feed around the shallows.

Vermont law places a minimum length limit of 12 inches on this fish, and allows a daily limit of 25 pounds. The fishing hours are one hour before sunrise to two hours after sunset.

Champlain walleyes may not have the fight of stream walleyes or other species in streams which battle current nearly every second of their lives. However, the lake walleye, which averages two to five pounds the country over (the world's record is 22 pounds 4 ounces), is always a good prize on the end of your line whether you're casting, trolling or still-fishing.

Around the country veteran anglers claim that nearly any active underwater plug will attract the walleye. In weedy areas, spoons and pork-rind lures are fine, while surface plugs will produce in late evening. A well-known resort operator on Champlain claims that most of his guests have best results by bottom fishing with spinners and crawlers.

For bass casting the same tackle used for bass fishing is ideal. Then, there is always the same simple outfit that most of us learned to fish with—a bamboo pole, hook, sinker and a can of bait.

This article opens by calling the walleye a "valued food-fish." It seems that the nature of the walleye causes it to seek out clean, swift waters, and for this reason it is consistently delicious. There are many fishermen along Lake Champlain who will class this fish as excellent eating.

At least, there are many out-of-state sportsmen who come back to the same tourist lodge on "the islands" year after year, and they are interested in only one species—walleyes.
The career of Franklin County Agent Ralph McWilliams reflects the steady growth of Vermont's farm resources.

County Agent

By Florence C. Arms

ABOVE: County Forester John Weir (right) and Ralph McWilliams examine soil on Highgate farm of Clarence Poole. At left is son, Charles.

A county agent is a mystery to many Vermonters and probably to most of Vermont Life's readers. "What does the county agent do?" you ask. Nine times out of ten the reply will be "He helps the farmers."

The Extension Service, however, operates on the theory that people should learn to help themselves. When the county agent plans his program he places great emphasis upon the advice of local people. Since 1929 the emphasis of extension work has shifted from demonstrations of new practices to individual farmers, to discussions of policies and problems of a more general nature, using groups rather than individuals. Yes, the county agent helps the farmer; he helps him in an advisory and educational capacity. His main object is to disseminate information, through research begun at the colleges and developed on farms, to the farmers and homemakers in the county. The purpose of this voluntary educational project is to increase the earnings of agriculture and to attain a higher standard of living.

According to Dean Joseph Carrigan, head of the University of Vermont College of Agriculture, a county agent is a very important person in the welfare of the state. To quote the Dean—"There is no country in the world where people are fed as well as in the United States and where food takes as small a part of their personal incomes. This statement goes for Vermont, too, and is due in part to the educational work of the state county agents."

Dean Carrigan should know. He heads up both the Vermont Extension Service and the Vermont College of Agriculture. The Vermont county agent work comes under his leadership, along with a staff of state and county workers. This includes specialists in various fields and a county agent, home demonstration agent and a 4-H club agent in each county.
The Vermont Extension Service itself is a unique unit of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, carried out as a joint operation with the State College of Agriculture, and supported partly by Federal funds and partly by local taxes. In Vermont the active direction is by the Vermont State College of Agriculture. This service is the only agricultural unit of its kind, sponsored by a Federal agency, whose direction is carried on entirely within the state.

What then are Vermont county agents trying to accomplish? It might help in understanding their work to talk with the county agent from Franklin County—Ralph C. McWilliams of St. Albans, Vt., who has been in county agent work since 1920.

Mac is a one-man encyclopedia and general source of information about Franklin County. He is constantly consulted about what needs to be done and who could do it. The development of general leadership is one solid foundation stone of every worker in the Extension Service.

“How did you get to be a county agent?” I asked Mac.

“I was a farm boy raised on a combination dairy, fruit and general crops farm in Pennsylvania. The Dutch there had the good land and the Scotch-Irish like my people took the poor land and did what they could with it. They settled near Shamokin, just outside the hard coal region.

“I went to Pennsylvania State College, graduating in 1917,” Mac continued.

“There was land available near home and I operated there as a tenant for one year. When that farm was sold I went to Berkshire County, Mass., as assistant county agent and club agent. A year later I became a Vermonter by choice.

“I talked with the Vermont Extension Service and they told me Franklin County needed an agent and to get up there and go to work.”

“Is it always as easy as that to get a job in Vermont as a county agent?” I asked.

“Oh, no! The procedure now is to put in an application to Director Carrigan or to Robert Davison, who is assistant director and county agent leader. They will interview the man, and it is an advantage to have had experience in some line of agricultural service. A B.S. degree from an agricultural college is required also. These applications are kept on file, and when there is a vacancy in a county, the records are forwarded to the County Extension Committee, which is made up of leading farm people. This Committee then will interview and select...
their man. So it's really quite complicated to become a county agent.

“How long have you worked in Franklin County?”

“I came in 1921, and I have been here ever since. That first year I studied the county—its resources and needs and ways to promote the best type of farming suited to it. Like other county agents I spent the first year in getting acquainted with folks and the county and trying to analyze its farming possibilities.”

“The problem was the same then as it is now. There are no two dairy farms or farmers exactly alike in Franklin County. Each farm has to be considered individually. There is no single formula which will work for all to reduce costs or increase earnings. Each solution to a better income must be varied to fit each operator and the productive capacity of his farm. The farmer's abilities, his desires and financial standing all have to be considered in connection with the particular farm he is operating. Vermonters are individualists; they want to do their own planning and thinking. They don't want to be told.”

Then Mac told me about his own farm lying a mile beyond St. Albans Bay on the Champlain shore. Being a Franklin County farmer himself makes his interest even keener in the problems of other county farmers. As he says, “In the '30s I was able to keep my farm because I was a county agent. In the '40s I could afford to be a county agent because I had the farm. And no man can tell what the '50s may bring forth! Unless there is a complete reversal of trend we are headed for fewer and larger dairy farms. Smaller farmers will have to seek added sources of income. There is work off the farm for them to do. Some will do a little truck gardening, some will add poultry and some will have to live from 'lack of expense.' There will be more and more specialized farming and less of general farm operation in Vermont.”

Mac continued, “Of course, if we had big cities in Franklin County, more poultry farms, fruit farms and truck gardening would develop. We'd have more farmers who worked part time in the city and part time on their farms. We'd certainly help these fellows to develop their land to the utmost.”

Mac handed me his note book. “Speaking of farm management—we started an interesting experiment in Franklin County in 1946. We selected 25 farms in this county and records were taken of these farms and on a group of farms in another area. Then last year a comparison was made on the ones that had not changed

ABOVE: Agent McWilliams makes a soil test on Howard Hubbell's irrigated meadow.

BELOW: First Farm Tour (1923) inspected George Dunsmore's St. Albans Ayrshire herd.
ABOVE: McWilliams and Weir look over the East Highgate farmland of Mrs. M. A. Regan.

BELOW: Cornfield irrigation in W. Enosburg.

hands. We found 12 in each group comparable as to size and other details."

His notes showed that during an approximate six year period the labor incomes on these farms had increased materially, but that they had increased on some farms far more than others.

“What do you mean by labor income, Mac? Is it gross income, net income, or what?”

“Labor income is what a farmer gets for the work he does himself. He has to figure all his income, then subtract all expense, and 5% interest on the investment. What is left is labor income.”

“I see. What did you find out in the survey of these farms?”

“It was very interesting to check these farms after six years. The labor income of one area’s farmers had increased to $4600 per year average, while the farmers in the other area had only a $2600 per year average.”

“What made the difference in income?”

“The first area farmers had increased their dairies and the crop acreage per farm, while those in the other area had decreased the number of cows and their acreage in crops.”

“How about fertilizer used?”

“The first area farmers had at least maintained the amount of fertilizer used on crops, while those in the other area had reduced their fertilizer use.”

“How come the farmers in number one did the trick? Was it building up their herds and having more cows to milk?”

“Oh, no. As a county agent I visited those farmers in area one, together with the agricultural economics specialists of the Hood Foundation project who worked out long-time farm management plans for them. (This was a rather complicated piece of work of which part was done by the Vt. Experiment Station economists, part by the Hood Foundation project specialists and part by me.) The farmers in area two did not have individual management plans worked out with them. I believe that having a long-time plan made the difference.”

How does this Franklin County agent handle his problems? His services are available to all 1600 farmers in the county, and the very size of this membership makes it impossible for Mac to reach each one personally very often. Some get more help than others, because they ask more questions.

This is what they want to know. Is my farm business large enough? Are my production rates high enough? Am I using labor and capital efficiently?

“City folk, too, have questions to ask, and they must be answered because they are Vermont taxpayers. They have garden and lawn problems. They want to know how to get the skunk out from under the back porch, how to drive flies out of the kitchen, or how to control garden and other insects. These calls are time-consuming, but townfolk have a perfect right to my services, because they are taxed to pay part of my salary.”

“How do you get paid, Mac?” I asked.

“All agricultural extension work, including that of county agents, is financed in three ways—by federal government appropriations, by state appropriations, and by assessments from the towns and cities of Vermont. The federal appropriations are divided between the states in accordance with the rural and farm populations. (By rural population, I mean those people who live in towns with 2500 or less population.)

“The Federal funds received by this state are pooled with the state funds voted by our legislature and are used to supplement the funds from the towns and cities. These funds are used to employ county agents like myself, and they are also used to employ state specialists and supervisors located at the Agricultural College who work with us county agents. All of the funds taxed from the towns and cities are spent within the counties in which these towns and cities are located. None of this money is used in another county,
and none to defray the expenses of the workers located at the college.”

“Why must urban communities be taxed?”, I asked. “Is it because it is a voluntary educational project?”

“That’s it. The purpose of the tax is to increase the earnings of agriculture and to attain a higher standard of living for the farm family, and also to assure people in the villages and cities an unlimited food supply, and also insure plentiful food for all the people in the country at the lowest possible cost.”

“I believe that agriculture will be on a much more enduring basis when we have a better balance between agriculture and industry. It’s just like anywhere else in the country—when Vermont farmers are having a bad time, two-thirds of the merchants on Main Street accumulate large inventories and find growing sales resistance.”

* * *

Let’s follow Mac on a typical spring day program. Mac is on the air for his farm radio program at 7:45 a.m. This fifteen minute talk he gives in turn with the Home Demonstration agent and the 4-H club agent, covering recommendations and suggestions on farm practices. This particular morning he talks about seed mixtures. He stresses the importance of including ladino clover for silage or pasture. Then he reviews the milk market outlook, giving the production and price picture. He closes with a talk about a tour he is helping to organize in connection with the proper use of fertilizers on typical Franklin County farms.

On the way back to Mac’s office, we stop to gas up the car at the co-operative creamery. While we wait, several farmers gather around to talk about fertilizers and seed varieties.

By 8:30 a.m. he is at his desk and runs through the mail. There are all sorts of announcements of agricultural meetings and notes about individual problems. Then Mac dictates replies, plans his interviews, follows up on requests for information, and fills in his Extension reports of time spent and farm meetings attended.

After lunch, we go to a nearby farm with an all-piped sugar bush, where a committee is doing “Maple Judging.” This bright spring day is just right for a sugar orchard visit. We enjoy tasting the “fancy” maple products—the light syrup and almost white sugar. (Strange how some folks insist on the last dark product of the spring run, which has the bitter taste of the buds and is only fit for flavoring tobacco!)

Mac remarks that hay is gone on most of the farms we have visited. They will have to get to work before long on putting in grass silage. The talk goes to reseeding of meadows. Says Mac, “Seed is scarce and high. I tell each farmer to seed firm and shallow.”

“Already this month I’ve signed up 96 for the Green Pastures program.”

“What’s that?” I asked. “It’s an annual contest to improve the quantity and quality of home grown feeds, in order to help cut the costs of producing milk.”

Talk shifts to the future of farming in Vermont.

“Who am I to be pinned up as a prophet on the subject of Vermont agriculture?” Mac asks. “But I have no fear for Vermont’s farming future. Our greatest resource is grass. That we can grow, because we have natural grasslands. We are further blessed with a nearby population that must be fed. Our problem is to translate that grass into some agricultural product that this nearby population will use and that will be profitable for the Vermont farmer.”

And so Ralph McWilliams, like other Vermont County Agents, is surely helping those who make their living in Vermont, (those who, living near the soil, perhaps are happier than others), to a better life for themselves and for Vermont.

END
At the Sign of the Quill

A Department of Literary Comment

By Arthur Wallace Peach

Vermont tradition is based on the idea that group life should leave each person as free as possible to arrange his own life. This freedom is the only climate in which (we feel) a human being may create his own happiness. Nobody else can do it for him. Happiness may not be the purpose of human life. For all we know that purpose may be something better. But at least we are convinced that the pursuit of happiness is a natural human right and no temptation of the devil. . . . We are also sure that happiness comes only from within the human heart, not from outside circumstance.

From Vermont Tradition by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

A Few Words in Passing

He was an old farmer-friend, gray with years, slightly creaky in the joints with "rheumatiz." We were following a road that ran through his field of oats; and knowing that he had saved a comfortable sum over fifty years, I said: "Why don't you sell the farm and move down to the village?" After the manner of men of his generation, he said nothing for a while as he strolled along, trailing one hand through the oat heads. Then he said, his thinking over: "I like to see things grow." That was all.

I am sure my readers who love the feel of land under their feet, who, green-thumbed or not, like "to see things grow," will sense a start of recognition as they read the line—"I like to see things grow." It is a philosophy of life in a sentence.

This habit of silent thinking and laconic statement is deeply engrained in the true Vermonter, whether he be the native stock or the more recent comer who finds himself at home in the state. The older Vermonter who knows his state's history knows such a habit has been an asset for over a century and a half into the present. It was not long ago that a New York Congressman speaking to a large gathering of representative Vermonters said: "Your roads are not fit for a dog to trot on."

He advocated bonding the state for cement roads that would cost millions. They listened silently, and then said "No." If they had said "Yes," the roads would all be gone today, and Vermont would still be paying millions for them. This habit of saying "No," and nothing much more, can be irritating to the wise men who invade the state with some formula for a quick way to Paradise, for they head point-blank into the basic faith of the Vermonter that there are no quick roads to Paradise—no road except work and faith in the job being done. The habit can, also, make it difficult for sincere students of Vermont ways and history to understand the state. I am looking as I write at shelves of books dealing with Vermont—books by earnest and competent young Ph.D's, by an ex-president of a great telephone company who spent most of his life outside of the state, by an editor of a once famous magazine who also lived years in "furrin" country—and so it has gone, books and magazine articles galore, each seeking to "explain" Vermont and Vermonters. Most of them have been worth while, making some contribution, but in the end getting practically nowhere. In the end, Vermont remained elusive—a shadow on a printed page.

At Last,—the Truth about Vermont

Here is the best book written on Vermont in the last century—Vermont Tradition by Dorothy Canfield Fisher; and I might as well lay down this dictum for Vermonters and others: do not pretend to say you know Vermont until you have read this book. Suppose I try to give you a few glimpses of the book and also a few reasons for my conviction.

First of all, we have an internationally known creative writer essaying the task of explaining Vermont, and that fact is
significant, the creative writer, as against
the objective historian not trained crea-
tively, does not miss the human values,
the undertones that underlie the human
experience out of which traditions and
history come into being. Also, in Mrs.
Fisher's case, she has, as her father said,
"...lived in Vermont since 1763." In
other words, her family knowledge and
traditions go back in Vermont for nearly
two centuries. I say, simply, no other
writer on Vermont has that background—
nor such a lifetime of trained skill as a
writer nor such an abiding love for and
faith in the state and its way of life.

Fradition, it seems to me, is one of the
three or four most difficult words in the
English language to define, and Mrs.
Fisher, Vermont-like, does not attempt to
define it in so many words, but she does
not such a lifetime of trained skill as a

As the homes grew and the land was
improved, New York leaders, living on
their manorial estates along the Hudson,
and in other areas, began to have visions
of Vermont. In one of the best chapters,
"The Settlers," we have the most incisive
analysis known to me of the early pioneer
people, and as I have hinted, no one
knows Vermont who does not know this
chapter: it disposes, finally, of the wide-
spread popular opinion, fostered by end-
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three or four most difficult words in the
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Fisher, Vermont-like, does not attempt to
define it in so many words, but she does
and soon the Green Mountain Boys and Erhan Allen were in action.

What were the motives driving Allen and his Boys and men of the Grants to oppose with force, burnings, threats of violence and death the agents of the New Yorkers? Up to this time, we have argued and guessed, and every book, without exception, of the past and present, which has discussed this issue, has sought to prove that Allen and his associates were, in brief, land speculators, and they were using indirect and, at times, somewhat odorous tactics (to our noses of today), to protect their holdings. This point of view, widely prevalent, has stained the memories of Allen and others who spoke for the Vermont of their day. In her chapters dealing with this controversy between the Grants and New York, Mrs. Fisher has laid at rest finally and forever, in my opinion of course, that Allen and the men associated with him had seen enough as boys and young men, close to New York, all they wanted to see of the New York system, essentially feudal, in which a few wealthy men controlled vast estates worked by tenant farmers with few rights of any kind. Mrs. Fisher's treatment of this issue is masterly.

So we come to Allen, the leader of the men of the Grants; what about him? Quite in the mood of today, bright young men have sought to show in articles and books, that he was anything but a hero; he was, to use the phrase of a recent colorful book on him—"the original ring-tailed peeler." The older Vermonters, traditionally, who knew through family memories something about Allen, smiled and kept silent, but young Vermonters in our schools felt the impact of versions that pictured Allen as a rough-neck, bunt, drunkard, who was looking out for Allen and his pals first of all. Mrs. Fisher's chapter, "Ethan Allen," sweeps away with two firm sentences the smear of thousands of words that have been poured on Allen: "He was the voice of Vermont. He still is." And I would emphasize her words with all the power at my command, and willingly, in defense of her conclusion, take on all comers—but with the understanding that shillelaghs are to be used.

The years that followed the colonial period brought no end to turmoil and toil, but they contributed strands that were woven permanently into what we call the Vermont tradition. The highly interesting story of Vermont's first industry is engagingly told in "Potash and the Will-to-Die" in more detail and more accurately than in any discussion known to me. The potash industry vanished, but the Vermonters had other resources; and in came the vast Merino sheep business—and away that went; but I have never been able to find any record of Vermonters committing suicide or jumping out of windows because they had lost their fortunes—and they would not do it today in spite of remarkably fine examples elsewhere of what to do when your bank account hits zero and you hit a pavement. "Boom and Bust" is the title of the author's key chapter; and Vermont's calm acceptance of the "Boom" and then of the "Bust" is another element in our tradition.

There are other chapters, rich with meaning, appealingly phrased with words drawn from deep wells of knowledge and insight—"Morgans, Knee-breeches, and Moving Out of the Past," "They'll Vote Us Out of Town," "By Their Fruits—Justin Morrill, Warren Austin, John Dewey, Robert Frost, Summing Up," "Let's Look at the Record"—but I should like to leave these chapters to readers, and search for a final summation that, perhaps, is not too clearly evident in the book although it is there.

Recently, one of our ablest jurists, Judge Learned Hand, has said that democracy, as Lincoln phrased it, is a premise "wholly unproved." In one place, at least, in the wide, wide world it has been proved—and that place is Vermont. I have already sketched the outlines of reasons in earlier paragraphs, borrowing the lead ideas from Mrs. Fisher. Now for another: One of the basic principles to which Vermonters are brought up is that every human being is to be considered separately; that there are no classes made up of those foreordained to be superior [italics mine], and that such individuals are likely to make their appearance anywhere. If this principle is not a basic one in democracy, what is? And it is believed in Vermont from border to border as ample evidence proves. Another: "in Vermont, from the beginning on, there has been a purpose, both conscious and unconscious, so to run our communities that one end of the social street is as good as another."

Then there is the Vermont town-meeting. Much sentimental nonsense has been written about it and published in magazines edited by city editors living in their cosmopolitan cocoons—even as they drag to light hoary old chestnuts in pictures such as those in the book section of the New York Herald Tribune in which Vermont Tradition is reviewed; here we see an old fellow seated on his porch with his wife below and the caption reads: "When I think of what you meant to me all these years, sometimes it's more than I can stand not to tell you so;" and, of course, there is the inevitable sugaring scene—the sled, the pair of horses, the sap tub, and so on. The town-meeting theme suffers in the same manner. Actually, as Mrs. Fisher says, "They are often tiresome and vexing." Windy speakers, angry quibbling, know-nothings orating, grudge exponents, confusion experts—we know them all in town-meetings. Consider the United Nations assemblies—they are there, too, as in any democratic process, with a few trained professional liars mixed in; but when President Eisenhower in his farewell letter to Ambassador Austin suggested that the Ambassador has made the U. N. Assembly the "Town-meeting of the World," he stated the point I am fumblingly trying to make—the town-meeting idea, in spite of its faults, works; and it is a key factor in the working system that we call democracy.

So I believe that this book is far more than a study of Vermont tradition; it is a textbook on democracy—a laboratory of material that can be used anywhere from Timbuktu to Moscow with telling effect. "The test of truth," according to John Dewey, "is its consequences in action;" and we have seen democracy in action in Vermont for 150 years and its consequences, and we like 'em—but those who don't are perfectly free to think up something better and go elsewhere for it. Does our democratic code as seen in our tradition have a wider significance? Here is Mrs. Fisher's answer: "Our nation calls it the American ideal, but it is infinitely more than American. World-wide, it is the democratic spirit, and that is another name for the guess, the mighty hope, that human beings are capable of uniting to help each other live. There may be a prophecy in that statement looking to far, "uncharted shores," but it may be mankind's last hope.

There is no point in mentioning the charm, the grace, the good humor, the moving phrases, the memorable sentences that are a part of the author's gift as a writer—not in calling attention to the depth and rich quality of the meditation and study that made the book; Mrs. Fisher tells us "Vermont Tradition has been a book lived as well as written; and lived, off and on, during about all of a long lifetime." What I can say is, that, at last, I have a quick answer to the endless question, "But I don't understand you Vermonters. Why are you the way you are?" The answer is this: Read Vermont Tradition by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1953. 488 pps. [The jacket has an excellent photograph of Mrs. Fisher.] $4.50.
VERMONT IN NEW YORK...An Invitation

The Vermont Development Commission takes pleasure in announcing the opening of a Vermont Information Center, located in New York’s Rockefeller Center.

Friends of Vermont in the metropolitan area are invited to visit this complete bureau for information on all of the state’s activities and economic interests; for details on Vermont recreation, agriculture, industry and education.

The Vermont Center, located next door to Radio City Music Hall, displays seasonal window arrangements of Vermont products, both agricultural and industrial, as well as featuring Vermont visitor attractions and sports. The address is 1268 Avenue of the Americas, the telephone Columbus 5-3948. Drop in and visit about our favorite state with Vermonter Mary Jean Ogden.
Something of the ruggedness of the granite and marble has entered into the veins of the people of Vermont. They do their own thinking; they make their own decisions; they stand by their own convictions with the unyielding tenacity of their eternal hills.

—Bruce Barton