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THE RETURN TO TURNPIKES.

From time to time, the Post Boy recalls, the subject of “Turnpikes” has been under discussion in these pages, and likewise their opposites, “Shunpikes,” those more intriguing escapes from the straight and narrow path. Now history repeats itself and on the latest maps designed for the use of highway tourists, again we find stretches of road marked: “TURNPIKE.” Each year they reach out joining together some of the bigger centers of population. It’s an interesting reversion to the method employed years ago when local taxpayers could not stand the strain of building stretches of road connecting towns or settlements of the sort the traveling public demanded.

NOT SUPER ANYTHING.

The P.B. cannot get used to the application of the old term to the new speedways. The old turnpike was certainly never a speedway nor could the term “super” have been applied to it unless it was compared with the earlier wheel tracks through the wilderness. The one we knew followed the general direction of the present routes 30 and 11, by which one gets over the mountain from Manchester to Peru, known to all skiing enthusiasts heading for Big Bromley or Snow Valley. It was the last toll road and only went out of existence a few years back. The P.B. mentions this lest the reader relegate him to a too remote date in history. When any youth, born since the advent of the automobile, sees the word “Turnpike” on a map he is sure that there is a stretch of road where he may cut loose with all the speed available; where curves are long and sweeping, and grades are simply undulations and never steep enough to be called hills; where those modern mastodons, which have replaced faith as removers of mountains, have outdone themselves. But the old Peru Turnpike, except at the end knew only the slow step of four-footed beasts.

MOSTLY UP AND DOWN.

When a certain aunt and uncle made their annual visit at the home of the P.B. a day was always set aside for the trip “over the mountain.” A rig was hired at the local livery and an early start made to assure the arrival at Peru in plenty of time for the choice meal at the Bromley House, where George K. Davis presided with the expert culinary assistance of Mrs. Davis. It was only a twelve mile trip but to the youthful P.B. it seemed like a visit to a far country. A thrill always anticipated, and amazingly often realized, was the meeting with “One-

Green Mountain
POSTBOY

By WALTER HARD


Armored-Chapin” coming down a steep grade perched on top of a load of hay. Neither the load, nor the wagon, nor the driver seemed to be at all sure of holding together. 

COASTING UP HILL.

Probably the last trip of this sort was made after bicycles had ceased to be a menace on the highways. The P.B. recalls his boasting to his mates, the next day, that he had coasted not only down Peru Mountain but also up. He had fastened a tie rope to the rear axle of the surrey and holding fast to the end had, by dint of considerable effort in holding his balance during the slow progress, managed to avoid pedalling. Coming down, brakes at the moment being considered effeminate, the foot was applied to the front wheel. Needless to say when the descent was fully completed a sole was lost. In fact two went to the burning.

THROUGH THE GATE.

He also told of a large black limousine which went through his gate without a by-your-leave, to say nothing of any toll payment. He noted a large man on the back seat whose address was then the White House, that day President William Howard Taft, whose address was then the White House, Washington, D. C., had little feeling of affection for the state of Vermont even though it was rock-ribbed Republican. He’d found it had too many ribs.
LAKE in the WOODS

A trip to Little Rocky Pond in the Green Mountain National Forest

by Frances Green

Leading eastward from Danby, toward Weston and Landgrove, is a particularly scenic road traversing wilderness country practically uninhabited except by wild life. Passing through Mt. Tabor, the road climbs rapidly, reverses itself with a hairpin turn in mid-ascent, and suddenly reaches a lookout over the valley below, and west and south, to the mountains beyond Danby.

As the road continues on its eastward way along a high shoulder of land, a whole series of fine panoramas opens out to the south, deep gorges nearby and steep green hills beyond, while on the left side thick woods and great rocky ledges crowd the road. Now and then a logging trail disappears into the woods, or small overhanging ledges and shallow caves edge the road. At Ten Kiln Meadow the ruins of old charcoal kilns lie concealed by tall grass and the ever encroaching woods, mute relics of the once important lumbering operations where once Griffith was.”

Several miles out from Danby the Weston road crosses Black Branch, a great brawling brook tumbling down over smooth boulders on its way to swell Big Branch, and eventually to Otter Creek. Here, where the road and the brook intersect, the Long Trail (which has followed the road for a mile from the east) turns at Black Branch and continues north toward Canada. In about two miles, the Long Trail will lead one to Little Rocky Pond, a miniature gem lying in a secluded valley between steep hills. This section of trail was constructed in part through National Forest lands during the days of the
Civilian Conservation Corps. It includes some graded trail—which is relatively rare on the Long Trail and probably is a factor in encouraging so many people to tramp through this green forest to the tiny pond.

Little Rocky is popular alike with bathers and hikers, campers and picknickers; and deservedly so, for even in Vermont there are few ponds with as lovely a location—and none, I venture to say, with as fine an echo. Fishermen, too, find a special attraction here, for the pond has been fertilized and stocked in recent years to feed and increase its fish population, and at the present time fishing is permitted in season with a daily maximum catch of ten brook trout allowed.

A second approach to Little Rocky Pond may be made from South Wallingford, three miles to the west. This side trail follows first the abandoned South Wallingford—East Wallingford road (which once ran to the Aldrich Job and on to Spectacle Pond and so to East Wallingford), then continues on a series of lumber roads which climb steadily up through a notch in the hills, paralleling a large brook which at its source is the outlet for Little Rocky. Cars may pass partway up this road in good weather, and at least one daring jeep has even reached the pond when conditions were just right, though this is not advisable unless one has scouted afoot first.

The third route to the Pond is via the Long Trail from Route 103A, seven miles to the north near East Wallingford. About a mile from the pond, this trail crosses through an overgrown clearing known as the Aldrich Job, where broken steel sawblades and other artifacts show where once there were lumbering operations and even a village. As at Ten Kiln Meadows, there is slight trace of the people who once chopped their living out of the surrounding forest here.

Little Rocky Pond is small, probably not more than a mile around, encircled by a trail. Its cool depths seem always to reflect and intensify the blue of the sky above in ever-changing patterns and hues, and its shoreline is broken midway along the west side by a series of cliffs, partially hidden among the trees, which rise to a height of some 700 feet above the pond in a precipitous ascent to the summit of Green Mountain. Near the base of these cliffs is a tiny island reached by a rustic footbridge, and here stands Little Rocky Shelter, a three-sided, open log shelter built by the National Forest Service. This is the only permanent cover at Little Rocky Pond, and is a Long Trail shelter.

The small clearings around the shore, the lower cliff overlooking the pond, and the groups of trees on the island, however, all comprise natural places to pitch tents or to hang jungle hammocks, and many are the "jungletowns" we have set up when we found others already using the shelter. Though trees cover most of the island, bare rocks slope down to the edge of the water in front of the shelter. These rocks offer a fine spot for sunbathing, or for evening campfires, and we have long remembered one particular sing we had there some years ago. Directly across the pond, steep hills again rise though in less precipitous fashion than do the cliffs of Green Mountain. As the full moon rose over these hills and cast a broad golden ribbon of reflection over the water, we started to sing "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," and continued with other songs until, three hours later, we ran out of voices and ideas. Little Rocky has become dear to many of us who like to visit it once a year or oftener, for a weekend or more.

Although there is no really cleared trail up over the ledges to the top of Green Mountain, there is a possible and rather sporty climb which we have several times made. Someone has, in fact, roughly...
Green Mt. National Forest

ABOVE: The open front, log shelter at Little Rocky was built by the National Forest Service, is a fine spot to cook and to bunk at night.

BELOW: Tommy Griffith of Danby, several years ago, with his limit of Little Rocky trout.
invisible crevices. Royal ferns grow along the shore in several damp places, their delicate fronds nodding and dancing in any light breeze. Dainty Maidenhair ferns grow prolifically in the shade of the forest, especially along the edges of the side trail leading to South Wallingford. On the Long Trail north toward the Aldrich Job we have found Rattlesnake fern, Grape ferns, and several other varieties which are rather rare in many localities, and in the woods throughout this entire area are many Woodstars, Christmas ferns, and others of the larger varieties. So plentiful are they in this part of Vermont, in fact, that the professional fern pickers often come here.

Small, relatively unknown, unmarked on many maps, Little Rocky Pond and its beautiful environs nevertheless possess a particular charm for those who seek the unspoiled as they travel Vermont. There must be many, like my friends and me, who look forward eagerly each year to revisiting Little Rocky Pond, swimming in its clear waters, climbing its cliffs and reveling in the fun and friendships we always find there.
Way back in the year 1653, an English squire named Isaac Walton scribbled off a little tome called "The Compleat Angler." Presumably his literary endeavor was accomplished while the author was waiting for the fishing season to begin. In his book, Isaac described, among other things, how to distinguish a crocodile from a trout. More important, he advocated fishing as a sport, rather than an occupation. This was fine, but with 15-foot poles, horse-hair leaders, and flies tied from the fur of a shaggy dog, old Isaac's techniques were a little too crude to fill up many creels with wary, chalk-stream trout.

For the next 177 years, the fish got the better part of the bargain, until a Vermont lad with the improbable and poetical name of Julio T. Buel came along to put the fish in the skillet. Julio was born in the year 1812, near beautiful Lake Bomoseen in the western part of our state. At an early age he was apprenticed to learn the furrier's trade. But it would seem, looking over accounts of Julio's boyhood, that he spent more time fishing than at the furrier's bench.

One summer's day in 1830, when he was 18, he was pursuing this pastime from a rowboat close to the shore of Bomoseen. The day was hot, and only the merest whisper of a breeze ruffled the mirrored blue surface of the sparkling water. The young lad in the boat sweated under the burning sun, high in the sky. Too hot for the fish to bite, he thought, reluctantly. Carefully, he wound up his wet line, laid his tackle aside, and reached for the brimming lunch-basket in the cool shade of the boat seat.

It was not long before his healthy, young appetite had eaten its way to the dessert—the jar of plump, home-preserved cherries. He sat in the boat, savouring the tart fruit, and flipping the pits into the water with one of his mother's coin-silver spoons. Then, suddenly, the spoon flew out of his hand and splashed into the lake.

The boy made one wild, frantic grab, and missed. He shaded his eyes with his hands, and sadly watched the spoon sink with slow gyrations into the clear, sun-shot depths. As he strained his eyes he saw something that nearly made him fall out of the boat. From out of the murky darkness of the bottom rose a huge fish...
with gaping mouth and gill-slits. In one turning swirl, it swallowed the shimmering bit of silver. With an almost impertinent flip of its tail, it turned and vanished from the boy’s sight almost as quickly as it had appeared. Julio didn’t need to be dumped into the water to appreciate what had happened. Why not cut the stem off another spoon, he cogitated, attach a hook to one end and bore a hole in the other to attach a line? Thus it was, on a bright, summer’s day, many, many years ago, Julio T. Buel hiked for home to con his mother out of another spoon.

Julio’s invention worked better than anything in his wildest dream. Day after day throughout the summer, he returned to the lake, literally filling his boat to the gunwales with pike and lake trout. The lure became so popular in the vicinity of Bomoseen that the legend has it there was such a shortage of spoons in the cupboards of the good housewives of the area that for many a moon they stirred their cat-nip tea with knives.

When Julio grew older, he was forced to make a living, even as fishermen are today. For a time he worked in Rutland as a furrier, finally drifting north in Vermont, plying his trade wherever he went. Now and then—temporarily, at least—he would turn to the manufacture of spoons, making enough for his own use and for his fishing companions.

Finally, an early outdoors writer got hold of one of Julio’s products, and became so enthusiastic about it that he recommended it highly in print. This caused a demand that left Julio flabbergasted, and in a matter of weeks, Julio was converted from furrier to tackle-maker. What was it that made Julio’s lure so effective? First of all, one must consider that the chief food of game-fish is minnows, and that is what Buel imitated with his spoon. The piece of metal, with the hook attached, when pulled through the water, would wobble from side to side, throwing off a flash not unlike that of a swimming minnow. Apparently the fish struck at it with the idea of garnering a succulent dinner. Instead, they found themselves being hauled into some lucky fisherman’s boat.

Buel made a large variety of lures, some of them lightweight for surface trolling, while others were weighted for deep trolling. The latter were particularly effective on fish that stayed in greater depths like lake-trout and land-locked salmon. Surprisingly enough, spoons being made today differ only slightly from those early ones. Buel made spoons of all colors and all materials. He produced them in brass, copper, bronze, nickel, and silver. His favorite, however, was the silver one, because, as he said, it approximated the color of a minnow the closest.

In 1848 Buel started a manufacturing shop in Whitehall, New York, called the J. T. Buel Spoon Company. With Whitehall’s close proximity to Lake Champlain, it gave Buel an ideal laboratory to test out his new creations. And for twenty-two years he continued the happy and prosperous pursuit of lure-making. He died peacefully in 1870. Today the great traditions of tackle-manufacture that Julio T. Buel started are being carried on by the J. T. Buel Company in Alexandria Bay, New York.

Many people have been credited with inventing the fishing spoon. But research by numerous authorities has always turned up the name of J. T. Buel as the first man who fooled the fish with a pristine bit of metal. The late Robert Page Lincoln, perhaps one of the most authoritative writers of the great American outdoors, said, in the September 1948 issue of True Magazine, “If anyone turned out spoons before J. T. Buel, I have been unable to discover this in 25 years of searching.” Records at the United States Patent Office bear Mr. Lincoln out in that the first patent ever issued for a spoon-type lure was issued to one Julio T. Buel.

Arthur Hawthorne Carhart, author of the very excellent book, “Fresh-water Fishing” (A. S. Barnes and Co., 1949) has this to say about Buel’s discovery: “This does have good evidence of being an authentic incident, for it would explain why the metal blade that turns or wobbles on a lure is called a spoon.”

Another eminent fishing authority who agrees that it was Buel that first fooled fish with the appointments usually associated with the dinner table, is the famous American fly-typer and author, Lee Wulff.

Nowadays the manufacture of fishing lures is a big business, but with all the modern advances in technology, the use of machinery, paints that glow under water, the tackle companies have been hardput to improve upon that spoon of Mrs. Buel’s that first yanked a fish out of Lake Bomoseen 123 years ago.

And unless a lot of fishing authorities are wrong, it’s a good bet that as long as there are fish in our lakes and streams, and fishermen to fish for them, a Vermont boy’s invention will continue to fool a lot of fish.
Walter Crockett described it as a "rare combination of lake and mountain scenery, a lake five miles long and from one half to one and a fifth miles wide of exquisite loveliness set amid bold and rugged mountains, the dark greens of the evergreen forest and the delicate silvery whiteness of the birches being reflected as in a mirror in Willoughby's deep waters *** On either side at the southern extremity like giant guardians stand Mount Pisgah and Mount Hor, with their scriptural names, keeping watch over this vision of scenic loveliness."

This poetic passage is an appropriate introduction to Willoughby Lake because the grandeur of the scene is so overwhelming that its geological story sinks into insignificance. Still the curiosity of the spectator is whetted to learn how nature produced this great trough across a mountain range and then dammed up its waters to contain a lake of surpassing beauty.

The contour of the lake has been likened to a section of a giant calabash gourd with its broad end lying in the relatively open country and its curving neck penetrating and lying in a gap in the mountain range roughly in a north-south direction. A line through the summits of Pisgah and Hor is almost exactly east-west. It is a glacial lake and there is much morainal deposit at both ends. A morainal dam at the north end holds the lake from flowing away into the Memphremagog basin. At the south end bedrock is found at an elevation of 96 feet above the level of the lake (1164 ft.). The waters of the gorge have, therefore, always flowed northward. The lake lies exactly on the watershed between the Memphremagog and the Connecticut basins. Mount Pisgah rises 1654 feet above lake level and Mount Hor about 1000 feet. The summits are perhaps three fourths of a mile apart.

Willoughby is a deep lake and sixty-five per cent of its area has a depth of more than 200 feet. A gorge at the bottom of the lake has been traced northward for about three miles. Soundings over this gorge showed depths from 296 to 315 feet and at one place it is reported (Continued on page 10)
Lake Willoughby

Justly considered among the world's most beautiful lakes, Willoughby combines a colorful history with an unspoiled, present-day scenery.

By John H. Fuller

ABOVE: “The Boulders”, one of the visitor accommodations, lies at the foot of Mt. Pisgah, near the south end of the five-mile-long Lake. U. S. Route 5A skirts the eastern shoreline for its entire length. There are 155 guest cottages and cabins around the Lake.

RIGHT: Though much of Willoughby's shoreline plunges quickly into deep water, (at one point to 315 feet), at the Lake's north end is the fine, broad, Willoughby Beach. Cabins and boats may be rented here as well. Riders are from nearby Camp Songadecwin.

BELOW: A view across Willoughby beach shows its popularity as a picnic spot and for swimming. In the distance is Willoughby's outlet, the Willoughby River, a leading stream for rainbow trout fishing, which flows westward into the Barton River at Orleans.

BELOW RIGHT: Much of Route 5A, the shore drive, skirts the Lake's edge. During the Summer 1200 miles of hard surfacing of this improved gravel road will be started. Motorists may drive north to W. Charleston or swing west above the Lake to Barton or Orleans.

Color photographs by Virginia Wharton
ABOVE: Westward across the north end of the Lake is Willoughby Beach at the lower right and Camp Songadeewin on the headland of the opposite shore. Downlake, left is the abrupt face of Mt. Hor.

LEFT: Willoughby provides first-rate water for sailing, its narrower width faces the prevailing winds, making for the training of skillful sailors. These boats are from Camp Songadeewin.

BELOW: Canoists from Songadeewin paddle up the Lake toward their docks. Mt. Pisgah on the east shore rises in background to 2654 feet. It lies three-quarters of a mile from Mt. Hor.

a sounding of 600 feet was made, perhaps a giant pothole.

Geologists agree that Willoughby was not formed by a river, because no river can flow over a divide, and existed before the period of glaciation. It was caused less by gouging than by a subsidence of a huge rock section running between Pisgah and Hor. The gorge at the bottom of the lake was made later by glaciation.

The town of Westmore, in which Willoughby lies, was settled between 1795 and 1804. By 1804 both a grist mill and sawmill were in operation, but because of its exposed situation during the war of 1812–14, the town was abandoned. In 1833 it was reorganized and re-settled. The population today is 205, though in 1884 there were 480 inhabitants.
In 1876 there were whetstone and starch factories on
Mill brook; two sawmills and a shingle mill nearby. The
rough stone for the whetstones came from a quarry
north of the lake.

The present shore road past Willoughby was built by
Peter Gilman. The county road which circled east of
Pisgah was inadequate to the needs of the settlers north
and south of the Notch, and in 1850 the county court had
an east shore road laid out by commissioners. Part of the
costs were assessed on the towns north and south, and
Peter Gilman, who had established a stage coach tavern
in 1829, was given the contract. Landslides delayed com­
pletion of the road and caused additional expenses, but
Peter Gilman, true to his Yankee sense of business honor,
finished the road in 1852 according to contract, carrying
on at his own expense though the appropriation was ex­
pired long before. This new road became part of the
stage line from Derby to Lyndon, until the Passumpsic
railroad was completed to Newport.

Two notable landmarks at Willoughby have disap­
peared, destroyed by fire. The Willoughby Lake House
which stood at the south end opposite Pisgah Lodge,
burned in 1904. This was a three-story hotel with accom­
modations for 100 guests, a fashionable resort.

Of equal fame was the Willoughby House, better
known as Gilman's Tavern, situated on the shore road a
little south of the village at Mill brook. A short side road
left the old county road near Balance Rock and led down
to the Tavern, which had thirty-three rooms for guests
and a well-patronized livery service. After 112 years of
intriguing history the Tavern burned September 12, 1941.

After completion of the shore road in 1852 a thriving
business was done at Gilman's. Dinners cost twenty-five
and thirty-five cents. A stage driver named Prouty, who
on occasion was given to conviviality, was also a poet,
and this masterpiece survives:

Nestled down between the mountains,
Surrounded by rock and forest wild,
Fed by God's eternal fountain,
Sleeps the lake; 'tis Nature's child.

Gone also from the scene is the stalwart, bearded
figure of Captain Rufus Averill. He was born in Barton
in 1833, served in the Vermont Fifteenth Volunteer
Regiment and in 1877 moved to Westmore. Captain
Averill hauled a boat by horse power over the mountain
from Island Pond and in 1884 began to take people about
the lake. Three years later he bought the Alice R., a
forty-two foot boat, and used it for eight years for ex­
cursions.

In 1895 he built a new boat of tamarack cut from the
swamp at the north end of the lake. An upright steam
engine was installed, its boiler fired by 16-inch slabs. The
trip was the length of the lake and back, and the fare was
twenty-five cents for children and thirty-five for adults.
Thousands will remember their ride in the Keewatin as
Captain Averill proudly pointed out the Old Man of the
Mountain, the Big U.S., Ben Butler's Profile, the figure 112 and the Devil's Den. Nor will they forget the sound of the whistle as the Keewadin steamed in for a landing.

Botanists, both expert and amateur, find this region a most rewarding field. The sphagnous cedar swamps along the brooks to the south of the lake abound in interesting orchids and sedges. The so-called Flower Garden lies at the top of the talus under the precipitous cliff of Pisgah. Here are found a number of sub-arctic and alpine species, probably planted by soil and debris falling down the face of the cliff from the summit. At the time of writing Dr. George G. Kennedy had collected for his herbarium 690 specimens from the Willoughby area. He notes the interesting fact that a number of plants found at Smuggler's Notch near Stowe are not found at Willoughby, and many found at Willoughby are not found in the Notch.

Willoughby Lake is inhabited by brook trout, rainbow trout, lake trout and salmon. There are also some perch and smelt. The lake is fed by Mill brook, seven smaller brooks and chiefly by springs. It has excellent temperature and oxygen in all depths. The Fish and Game Service stocks the lake annually with year-old landlocked salmon and lake trout, and a larger number of fingerlings. Like all mountain lakes it has limited shoal areas for feeding, and too few tributaries for spawning, so that the fish population cannot be increased artificially above the limits imposed by nature. Patient and skilful fishermen, especially those versed in deep trolling and who know the lake, are rewarded with excellent catches.

Two to four-pound catches are average, though the lakers run to above twenty pounds. The lake's outlet, the Willoughby River, offers some of the best rainbow fishing in the country. Surface fishermen have good luck in May and June. For lakers wire line angling is almost a "must" in July and August, though salmon and rainbows are taken on the surface. September is reserved for fly-casting.

Limitation of space necessitates only a brief survey of the contemporary scene. What has been written is simply the background of the human interest which is an integral part of all natural beauty. The association of lake and mountains with the story of real people who lived beside them year after year fills out the picture and makes it more significant. It should add something to our enjoyment of this scene of compelling majesty, which needs no chrome-plated rhetoric.

On a height at the north-west "corner" of the lake is Songadeewin of Keewadin, a nationally known girls' camp owned since 1938 by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Harter. Many privately owned summer homes, cottages and modest camps are found along the shore and on the hillsides. For those transients who wish to remain for a night or a month there are some twenty lodges, small inns, farm homes, and modern camps and cottages which can be rented. Many of the latter are listed in the booklet
issued by the Vermont Development Commission. There are four large beaches all open to the public.

No visitor who is physically able and is not subject to acrophobia should fail to climb Pisgah and look down from Pulpit Rock to the lake hundreds of feet below. Long Pond, 1835 feet above sea level, is about two miles from the post office and the road is safe. On the way one can visit Balance Rock, an erratic boulder, thirty-three feet high, which rests upon a mass of smaller boulders, and is trigged into position by a very insignificant slab of rock. Diligent search here might reveal a trace of the old road which led down from the county road to Gilman's Tavern. By road from the west side of the Lake to Westmore (Kimball) one will pass at the halfway point a tremendous boiling spring in a beautiful setting of green meadow lying at the base of steep cliffs. If one can find it, there is a fern grotto a little way up from the lake shore under Mount Hor. Somewhere back from Green Acre cabins is a sulphur spring which is still going strong.

It seems a long time since a group of cocky school boys equipped with several balls of twine carried one end up to the talus under Pisgah and then led the line above the tree tops over the road and across the lake in a boat. There we carried it up the side of Hor and tied it to a tree. The line held but the sag was so great that at its mid-point it was only a few feet above the water. As we tried desperately to get the end of the string higher up on the side of Hor, the Keewaydin steamed along jauntily and without malice or aforethought snipped off the line with its smokestack.

As this pleasant journey into a country dear to my youth comes to an end I recall these verses written by Tom Hood:

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm farther off from Here'n
Than when I was a boy.

NOTE: Not so far from Willoughby's "Here'n" Author Fuller lives now in Eaton Center, N. H. A writer & educator, Mr. Fuller spent his boyhood years and many vacations in northeastern Vermont.

The author acknowledges with thanks the assistance in assembling material for this article by Mr. & Mrs. R. C. Tripp, Mr. & Mrs. Charlie Averill, Flora C. Emerson, P. M. & C. W. Daniels and E. M. Pickle.

The old photographs reproduced on these pages were supplied by courtesy of Wendell A. Mozley of Taunton, Mass. Ed.
North Danville, Vermont is not on most maps, and when you find it, it's a hard topped bend on a dirt road. The Kremlin never heard of it yet it has more to fear from it than from all the euphonious phrases flowing through the halls of the United Nations. Here is the soul of America. Here is democracy as it was envisioned by Washington and Jefferson. It is good and it is true.

North Danville has no extravagant fireworks display on the fourth of July, because it is a small town and a poor town and a lumbering town that values its forests. But in their quiet way the people are thankful for and celebrate their way of life, and that is the essence of Independence Day anyway.

Genuine friendliness and tolerance and love and respect of fellow man are fitted into the classic mold of a Vermont holiday—parade, contests and exhibits, ball game and square dancing—the ingredients of their quiet celebration.

One of their main concerns is rearing their children to be decent and upright citizens who can stand on their own two feet, keep their noses clean and respect their fellows. Town and family life in this tiny community is geared to this end. And it works. There is independence here all right, and of a kind that doesn't lose sight of its place at
ABOVE: You won’t find North Danville on many maps, a cluster of houses on a winding, country road, a place to observe democracy.

LEFT: The Fourth is always a big day for Vermont youngsters. Here, organized by their elders, they line up for the parade.

BELOW: North Danville people are proud of their drum majorettes, leading off the Independence Day parade through the village.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

home, in the community, or in the world of nations. One sees this kind of thing seldom these days, and it is beautiful to see.

Summer visitors—there are none in winter—may exclaim over North Danville’s quaintness, and the selectmen, fiercely proud of their drum majorettes, may despair over the fact that St. Johnsbury can provide more opulent costumes for theirs. The travelling salesman may not make very big sales here, and the wandering motorist may wonder where he is. But any one who spends an hour or more in North Danville will realize that here basically lies the great and only hope of democracy and America. END
ABOVE: Young nurse drawing Red Cross float smiles proudly at appreciative onlookers.

LEFT: Costumes and parade are simple. Old folks watch quietly from shade of maples.

BELOW: Men take advantage of the holiday to swap stories, light and serious talk.
ABOVE: Author's son awaits start of parade with standard equipment for Vermont holiday—ball glove and flag.
ABOVE: Bubble pipe and other prizes in hand, a Vermont youngster eyes with interest balloon prizes, weighs speculatively his diminishing store of cash against a grab. The concessions are used to defray the sponsoring Community Club's general costs.

LEFT: Children's games are a big part of the day's festivities, and, of course, a favorite is the pie-eating race. Neatness and quantity don't count—just speed. Eating must be accomplished without the use of hands. The proud winner is at left.

RIGHT: Promenade, Promenade, Promenade all! The old-fashioned square dance winds up the day's events. Other happenings included a local talent show, bean, ball game, pony rides, bicycle races and exhibits of crafts, paintings, hobbies and flowers.
ABOVE: Walter Johnson stands beneath a portrait of Harlow Hosford who was "Mine Host" of Eagle Tavern back in the eighteenth-twenties when Horace Greeley boarded there.

RIGHT: Mrs. Johnson enjoys the old Chickering Grand above which hangs a portrait of Sarah Hosford, who made the suit Greeley wore when he left East Poulney in 1850.

BELOW: Ida-Mae Johnson plans to enter Middlebury College this year. Though a native Californian, she likes to think that she is now a seventh generation Vermonter.

Californians and Vermonters alike seem to wonder why we chose to forsake Hollywood for East Poulney. It is probably futile to attempt any rationalization of such action on our part except by admitting that we are non-conformists at heart. The fact that after three years in the Green Mountain State we are more happy than ever about our choice may warrant a recital of some of the extraordinary experiences that form a background for our present contentment.

After a delightful summer on the shore of St. Albans Bay, where we had ample opportunity to taste the flavor of Vermont life—yes, and of Vermont Life, too—we decided to rent a small furnished apartment and see whether we could "take" the sometimes rugged winter climate. In California one would only have to glance through the advertisements in a daily paper to spot...
Vermont for
of Our Lives
If California came to Vermont, modern hosts of one of the hostelries in New England, East Poultney.

Photography by E. Farley Sharp

ABOVE: Eagle Tavern about 1850.

something suited to one's needs. Here the problem was a bit more complex.

Enterprising real estate men, fortunately for us, are not all on the West Coast. We found one who seemed to know better than we did ourselves what would please us. He showed us Eagle Tavern, prefacing his sales talk with a word of caution about keeping an open mind until we had seen it "top to bottom." It was furnished, having been used as a summer home for some years past, but was for sale—not for rent. It was huge and we were looking for something small where we could be free from too much responsibility. It seemed at first to be the very antithesis of everything we had told him we wanted. But it was immediately available and the agent told us that the entire second floor could easily be closed off when not in actual use.

The twelve Doric columns, supporting a hip roof, along two sides of the structure were strikingly impressive even before we learned that they had originally been cut as masts for the King's navy. It was in style somewhat reminiscent of the Georgian home we had built in California, but it had that patina which age alone contributes. Eagle Tavern undoubtedly "breathed" an atmosphere of Colonial times impossible to incorporate in any new building no matter how authentic the details.

Its setting was superb, facing a well-kept triangular Green surrounded by attractive homes that had the look of being lovingly cared for but otherwise undisturbed over a succession of decades. In the center of the Green stood the hundred and fifty year old Meeting House.
which Elise Lathrop had chosen as the frontispiece for her volume on the old churches of New England. It is unsurpassed in simplicity and beauty of design. We thought of our house in California looking out now on an automobile assembly plant though the section had been definitely rural fifteen years ago when we had taken such pains to have everything perfect. We had seen enough of change. What we sought now was the changelessness of such a community as East Poultney.

The agent drove us along the thirty-five mile shoreline of Lake St. Catherine—a gem of unspoiled Vermont which is understandably said to rival Como in the Italian Alps. He pointed out the Masonic Temple, a stately old stone building with white pillared portico. He took us past the nearby golf course and showed us the maple-shaded campus of Green Mountain Junior College.

The beauty of the Deep Rock swimming hole in the river back of Eagle Tavern and the mountain panorama which served as a backdrop helped to mold our thoughts, but we still wonder at times whether it wasn’t out of sheer curiosity that we finally consented to see what the interior looked like.

Once inside, a whole new vista of the Vermont “Way of Life” began to unfold. What fun it would be to live where one could almost hear the reverberating tavern talk of ages past! Here was one of the very oldest buildings still standing in the state, yet it was well preserved and adapted to modern living requirements. The rooms to both the right and the left of the broad entrance hall were of generous proportions with moderately low ceilings—a factor worth considering in connection with winter occupancy. One, formerly the bar, was now a Victorian parlor. The hundred year old Chickering Grand piano was actually playable. The other was a library in which we could picture ourselves snowbound, with feet propped up before an open fire reading some good book. The only rub was that when Franklin stoves were the latest thing, all the fire-places had been closed off and never reopened. If we found nothing basically more serious than that we would be lucky.

We explored the cellar with its unusual floor of hand-made brick and the former Tap Room waiting to be brought to life again. We climbed to the upper story where we were fascinated by the wide floor boards and exposed beams. But it was the vaulted “Assembly Room” that gave us the most vivid picture of the gay as well as serious events which must have taken place here. From 1791 to 1817 Masonic groups met in this room. On the wall hung an invitation to a Cotillion party in 1833. The room retained its pristine dignity and the aura of days when East Poultney had been a veritable “Cradle of Culture in the Wilderness.”

Spotting a crawl-hole into the attic we could not resist investigating. By shifting the position of a dresser and placing a chair on top we were able to poke our heads cautiously through the opening and, with the aid of a flashlight, to inspect the construction. The huge (9 x 12) hardwood beams, all notched together and fastened with wooden pegs, solid today as the day they were first raised, left little room for doubt as to the sincerity of the builders. Several of the beams extended the full width of the Tavern, forty-three feet, and gave silent testimony to the type of trees once covering this land. Their felling and conversion into such a structure spoke eloquently of the type of men who sought fortune here. How great a privilege it would be to help preserve such a record for future generations to see and emulate!

In less than an hour we had made up our minds that this was where we were meant to spend the winter. Little did we realize, however, what a metamorphosis we were experiencing. The spell Eagle Tavern had already cast over us was to grip us more and more tightly as the weeks and the months rolled by, but that night we did not sleep too well. Jumbled

BELOW: The entrance hall mural portrays life in old Salem while a quotation from Ethan Allen epitomizes his love for Vermont.

BELOW: As a printer’s devil Horace Greeley was assigned the least desirable bedroom.
thoughts flooded our minds, and some of the hurdles that had to be surmounted appeared tremendous. What use could we make of all those rooms? We fell asleep counting them!

Next morning we began to see things a bit more clearly. As stewards of a historic hostelry we were bound to reopen its portals to the traveling public. Its location (two miles off Route 30) would not be permanently a handicap. In the long run it should prove advantageous, for peace and true relaxation are not to be found on main-traveled highways. Yet that is exactly what city folk crave—and need—when they take a vacation. So without really being aware of it when we wrote our check, we were buying both a business and a home in what to us was a completely idyllic environment.

How would we manage to get our goods and chattels across the nearly three thousand miles that lay between us and them? A letter to a stalwart friend explained the dilemma which confronted us. Our teen-age daughter had already entered the local high school. We couldn’t very well leave her here among entire strangers; and we begrudged both the time and the expense that would be involved in a trip back to California to pack up our belongings there. Would he and his ever willing helpmate engage packers and supervise the emptying of our house of its contents for shipment to us? A prompt wire reply put our minds fully at ease: "AGREEABLE FORGE.

IN REPLY.

WITH NO PAIN GREATER THAN WRITING ANOTHER RATHER SUBSTANTIAL CHECK IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE A MOTOR VAN HAD DEPOSITED ALL OUR POSSESSIONS AT OUR VERY DOOR HERE. EVEN A COUPLE OF WOULD-BE ANTIQUARIANS MUST ADMIT THAT SOME MODERN FACILITIES ARE AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THEIR PREDECESSORS.

WE BEGAN IMMEDIATELY TO STUDY UP ON VERMONT HISTORY AND THE FURTHER WE DELVED THE MORE CONVINCED WE BECAME THAT THIS WAS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT FOCAL POINTS OF OUR REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE. HERE ETHAN ALLEN HAD DARED (JOINTLY WITH REMEMBER BAKER AND ROBERT COCHRAN) INDITE THE BOLD, BUT TOO LITTLE-KNOWN "POSTER OF DEFANCE" (1772) AGAINST THE KING’S HENCHMEN IN ALBANY. HERE, THREE YEARS LATER, MEN HAD GATHERED ON THEIR VENTURESOE WAY TO CAPTURE FORT TICONDEROGA. NEWS OF THE CAPTURE HAD STRENGTHENED THE DETERMINATION OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, CONVENED IN PHILADELPHIA THAT VERY DAY. HERE THERE MUST HAVE BEEN AT LEAST THE “PAUSE THAT REFRESHES” AS THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS SLEDGED THE HEAVY CANNON CAPTURED AT TICONDEROGA THROUGH THE SNOW OVERLAND TO DORCHESTER HEIGHTS TO GIVE GENERAL WASHINGTON THE COMMANDING POWER WHICH FORCED THE BRITISH TO EVACUATE BOSTON.

IN THIS VERY BUILDING CAPTAIN WILLIAM WATSON OF THE REVOLUTIONARY FORCES PROPOSED THE NOW FAMILIAR TOAST: "THE ENEMIES OF OUR COUNTRY! MAY THEY HAVE COBWEB BREECHES, A PORCUPINE SADDLE, A HARD-TROTTING HORSE AND AN ETERNAL JOURNEY!"

LATER, EAGLE TAVERN HAD BEEN AN OVERNIGHT “STAND” ON THE STAGE RUN FROM TROY TO BURLINGTON, PART OF THE LONG TREK FROM NEW YORK TO MONTREAL.

HERE IN THE LATE EIGHTEEN-Twenties HORACE GREELEY HAD BOARDED WITH HARLOW
and Sarah Hosford, then proprietors of the Tavern. Across the Green in the little "Academy" built in 1791 and still standing as mute evidence to the importance the early settlers attached to education, he had given his first political speech. When he left to go west ( Erie, Pa.) he was wearing a suit of homespun fashioned for him by "Aunt Sally" Hosford. The deed of 1835 by which she and her husband acquired title to Eagle Tavern hangs in the library, a fixture attached to the building in accordance with the stipulation of intervening owners who correctly and with really generous foresight, wanted it always to remain attached to the property.

At first it seemed rather odd for Westerners to be settling down in the East in the former home of one who has gained such wide recognition as an advocate of the reverse procedure. But Greeley, like us, had decided after a sojourn in the West that the East was where he really belonged. His autobiography reveals the depth of his feeling about the days spent in East Poultney: "I have never since known a community so generally moral, intelligent, industrious, and friendly,—never one where so much good was known and so little evil said of neighbor by neighbor."

Yes, without question, we must provide again a place where travelers could linger long enough to absorb the true charm and significance of the place. We have no superstitions as to dates, and consequently did not hesitate to purchase Eagle Tavern on the thirteenth of September. It struck us as merely an odd coincidence when our household goods arrived on the thirteenth of November. That allowed just ten days in which to get everything shipshape for our first New England Thanksgiving Day. Our mantel in the Library had been installed, copying in exact detail the splendid lines and moldings of the front entranceway—minus pediment. We had every reason to be thankful—and we certainly were! But this is not the end of our saga. It is more like an introductory chapter.

After congratulating ourselves on the good fortune that had been ours in finding a place that didn't have to have anything done to it, we realized all of a sudden that we had to make the best of a littered and shabby old building that had to have everything done to it. The hurricane of November 25, 1930 hit Eagle Tavern with unimaginable power. The sturdy slate roof that had protected it from the ravages of time and the elements had in that one night gone off like so much paper. Next morning the front yard looked like a miniature Stonehenge. Every window facing east had been broken or demolished. Water came down through
ceilings as if through a sieve. Not a single room escaped damage. Some were completely wrecked.

For five days, until electric service was restored, we lived the life of pioneers—without furnace heat, light other than candles, running water, or refrigeration. Our new fireplace and a bottled gas stove in the kitchen kept three rooms habitable. We seriously considered going back to the "Land of Sunshine" where nothing worse than a flood or an earthquake ever happens. Common sense finally gained the upper hand. We had fallen in love with Eagle Tavern and East Poultney. Now it was up to us to prove ourselves good Vermonters! While workmen struggled for months putting the building back in shape we occupied our "small furnished apartment." Too much usable space was not one of our worries. Plaster dust penetrated everything including our lungs, but they continued to function even after all our watches and clocks refused to operate any longer. And we tried to cover our true feelings with a smile.

One thing nearly got us down. People would say, "Aren’t you having fun restoring Eagle Tavern?" To be sure, even such a serious calamity can have some redeeming features. It helps a lot to believe that clouds do have silver linings, but sometimes it isn’t easy. Had it not been for having to tear away so much of the old plaster we would never have found the Lambs’ imburgh, N. Y. newspaper of March 24, 1800 which one of our thoughtful workmen salvaged for us from the debris over the ceiling in the dining room.

Nor would we have known that there had at one time been a trap door leading from every State but one), we checked hotel had last year entertained guests just wanted to say, "Thank you!"

Our first suggestion was that he tarry long enough to spend a few hours at Fort Ticonderoga which he had never visited, returning for another night with us. He liked the idea and was most enthusiastic in reporting all about his visit to the splendidly-restored battlements. The next day we recommended a trip to Sheldon Museum at Middlebury where he was fascinated by this unique collection of Americana. The following day it was the Marble Exhibit at Proctor. By the fourth day he was relaxed enough just to loaf. The fifth and sixth days he found manual labor restful and spent his time lining our daughter’s prospective studio in the barn with wallboard. Next day, thus inspired, he drove down to Manchester to view the Art Center. He had been here a whole week and hadn’t yet looked at Elfin Lake or Pico Peak, so we took a day off and piloted him to them. His eight day stay brought a remarkable change. It was fun to have a part in performing such a restoration, but what really gave us a thrill was his long distance telephone call the night following his return to the office. He said it had been the "smoothest running day in years" and he just wanted to say, "Thank you!"

Prompted by a magazine article entitled, "The Fabulous Waldorf-Astoria" (containing the boast that this famous hotel had last year entertained guests from every State but one), we checked over our own little register and discovered to our utter amazement that in our first "season" we had been privileged to extend our hospitality to residents of no less than eighteen states, District of Columbia and two foreign countries. What interesting personalities had sought out our tiny crossroads hamlet! How much they had contributed to our interest in life! And even though "operating in the red," how rewarding had been the non-negotiable returns! Very definitely we have no urge to trade places with the proprietor of the Waldorf—or with anyone else!
WE DON'T SKI, HUNT, FARM, OR TAP MAPLES—WE PAINT! A summer's vacation of painting in Stowe, four years ago, sold us on the idea of packing up and moving to Vermont for good. Our Jersey accent is fast disappearing; we left it "down country."

Why does one give up a successful business and strike out for a life in new surroundings? How can two newly married artists give up the well established for the adventurous? We didn't wait out the questions.

To find a studio, a school, and a place to live, all in one location, seemed impossible, but there it was—the perfect spot! We had set up our easels on the edge of a dirt road, painting pictures of the century old blacksmith shop, when we realized that this would be the ideal group of buildings, and location, if we could persuade the present owner to sell. We talked to the blacksmith and his wife, who surprised us by wishing to reverse our procedure and move to the city. So, the moving vans passed one another on the first of the month.

Yes, it was ideal. The blacksmith shop for our studio, the double barns for the school, chicken houses for a washroom.

Pulling up stakes in New Jersey this talented couple has made a real home and a flourishing profession in northern Vermont.

NOTE: The Wright Art School in Stowe is one of several fine art and photographic schools which each summer are attracting more professionals and beginning students. VERMONT LIFE will be happy to forward detailed information about these schools.
and guest houses, and a house, that had once been used for drying hops, for our house. The location was on a knoll en- circled by mountains, including Mansfield, and the surrounding scenery was more than a dream—it was real.

Work began. We didn’t want the place changed too much, so, in many instances the modern conveniences were sacrificed to preserve the atmosphere. Electricity and plumbing were brought in, skylights were installed, creaks were taken out of aching old boards, a hundred-year-old deposit of soot was removed from the blacksmith shop, and gallons of red paint were flung here and there. When the job was completed our workmen and their wives gave a surprise party for us. We felt more than welcome to our new home.

RIGHT: Portrait of artist as young lady. Janet Mara of Stowe takes a sight on her setting to plan the perspective of her painting. Dozens of Stowe youngsters have become enthusiastic painters under Ki and Stan Wright’s type of art teaching.
ABOVE: In the Wright's studio Dow Smith of Stowe is the model for Stuart Christian (left), Howard Sloan and Rose Marie Baine.

BELOW: Ki Wright painting in the converted blacksmith shop area, old forge at right.

News got around and soon people began pouring in from all over the state just to see what was going on. We would find complete strangers upstairs in bedrooms and closets, or, rocking in the living room, while they looked things over. We soon learned that this was the custom in our new state and have since indulged in a little of it ourselves. We also found out that an art school is thought of as a mysterious place where nude models run all around, and crazy artists, with flowing ties, beards and berets, starve themselves so they can buy a tube of paint. Once people got over the initial shock of finding us normal, they were more than delighted to take our "Cook's Tour" from building to building.

We soon learned that taking care of seven buildings in the country is very different from taking care of a house in the city. There was a large garden to plant and weed, wood to split and pile, canning and freezing to do, putting chloride on the road to keep down the dust,
popping porcupines from the trees and 
shooing deer and raccoons from the 
garden. Our neighbors came to the rescue 
and showed us their methods of attacking 
such problems, and gradually things be-
came easier. At long last we found time 
for creating paintings.

In previous travels we had found, in some states, that we could only paint 
certain seasons, while in Vermont, each 
season not only has its own particular 
beauty, but it also has its paintable occupa-
tions.

In early summer our hibernating barns 
quicken with new life. Art school begins!
Artists and students gather from many 
sections of the country but quite a group 
are drawn from neighboring towns. In 
their artsy getups, they arrive, laden down 
with easels, paint boxes, lunches, beach 
umbrellas, and stools. There is an abun-
dance of summer subject matter waiting: 
the model (a neighbor perhaps), still life 
(accumulations from attics and local 
auctions), and landscapes—the ever-
changing color of the green mountains, 
and the valleys dotted with church spires, 
sprawling red barns and covered bridges.

This is the Vermont we have found and 
love, our new home.

ABOVE: Stan Wright criticizes a still life 
done by Mrs. Arthur Dana, Jr. of Stowe.

BELOW: Ki and Stan Wright supervise a group of artists working on portraits, landscapes & still lifes. Doris Smith of Stowe poses at right.

ABOVE: A southpaw painter, Jimmy Flint 
of Stowe finishes a landscape by the barn.

Shelburne Museum

BELOW: Eagle, Columbia and Washington preside over folk art collection.  BELOW: Miniature wooden dolls grace the flying staircase.
A typical Vermont village, housing the tools and the treasures of early life in New England, has been built beside bustling U.S. Route 7 just south of Burlington.

By Ralph N. Hill

Photography Duncan Munro & the Author

The most striking feature of the American scene during the past three generations is change. That is why the treasures of early American life gathered in Shelburne by Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson Webb speak so eloquently in this plastic age.

The Shelburne Museum, already one of New England's first attractions, has formally opened. Six years ago this pastoral village of early Vermont buildings on the west side of Route 7 in Shelburne was hardly more than (Continued on page 32)
an idea. Today tourists, or even Vermonters from the east side of the state who have not happened to travel that road recently, will scarcely believe what they see. Through the greens of old lilac and apple trees appear vistas of a snug Vermont community of buildings of stone, brick and wood, appearing to have stood there for decades.

To enter you must drive through a 168-foot double-lane covered bridge with footpath, the sole survivor of its type in Vermont, looking as sturdy and weather-beaten as it did for 90 years where it spanned the Lamoille at Cambridge. Timber for timber it is the same bridge, even to the patent-medicine signs on the rafters. The Vermont Highway Department presented it to the Museum and in 1950 crews began the defying task of photographing and marking its legion hand-hewn timbers, taking them down, moving them 55 miles to Shelburne and putting them together again.

As you emerge into the afternoon sun on the Museum grounds, the busy highway seems to have respectfully withdrawn. You are in 19th century Vermont. Immediately to the right is the white Stagecoach Inn. Dating back to Revolutionary days in 1784 when Vermont was an independent republic, the Inn welcomed tired travelers off the rutted dirt road at Charlotte and sent them out refreshed in the morning on their journey between New York and Montreal. Although still sound in 1949 the two-story building, hidden by a grove of cedars, was dingy and neglected. In that year the crew from the Shelburne Museum appeared and within a few weeks the Stagecoach Inn, rising on a new foundation at the Shelburne Museum, was ready to begin a new life.

The main floor houses a collection of American folk art—decoups, turnpike signs, nine-pins, wood-carvings. One hundred years ago an itinerant wood carver named Wilhelm Schimmel traveled from farmhouse to farmhouse in the Cumberland valley, whittling for a night’s lodging strange and spirited eagles and other birds that one day came to be recognized as distinctive expressions of art on a primitive level. They may be found on the ground floor of the Inn alongside other curious objects of early craftsmanship such as a horse-drawn fire engine in copper that may have been a weathervane but was probably above the door of some fire station.

A ballroom, typical of the period of this inn and extending the whole length of the east side of the second floor, presents further examples of folk art, among them some of the finest existing. There is an immense eagle with a 16-foot wingspread that came from the marine base at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Columbia, an early nineteenth century ship’s figurehead from the Virgin Islands, leans gracefully toward a life-sized George Washington, who until 1930 stood over the entrance to the Continental Hotel in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and, long before that, was also a ship’s figurehead. Here too, in the ballroom and other rooms of the Inn’s second floor, are weathervanes and a variety of that vanishing breed, the cigar store Indian. Those who are accustomed to think of a rather standard Indian brave with a fistfull of cigars will be surprised to see a soapstone tobacco counter figure eighteen inches high, a six foot Highland Scottish Indian and a life-sized Turkish girl, who performed the same function outside a cigar or snuff store. These other nationalities were later developments of Indian carving.

In the attic of the inn under dark beams that have been holding up the roof for 167 years, one finds an assortment of deer, horses, giraffes, lions, all looking anxious to be off, as if they had once been on a merry-go-round. They were. The old carrousel will be erected soon, complete with its whistle, caliopc and steam engine, for which the Museum secured a new boiler a year ago. Before long the animals will again be carrying laughing youngsters, as they did before the turn of the century. In the basement of the Inn the massive fireplace with its original cooking ovens, a floor of red slate from the Fair Haven-Granville area and stout beams supporting the building set the atmosphere for other exhibits of early American folk art which are shown here.
To the right, as one leaves the Inn, is the 1830 schoolhouse, the first building moved to the Museum in 1946. It seems more like something out of an old print, but for a century Vergennes children learned their “R’s” inside its brick walls. With its stove, crude benches, slates, drawings and penmanship exercises on the walls, classes seem ready to start again tomorrow.

The so-called Variety Unit to the north of the schoolhouse is an example of what has come to be known in Vermont as “continuous architecture.” The heart of this structure is a nineteenth century brick building housing on the ground floor a collection of the “poor man’s silver.” In a room paneled with wide boards of chocolate hue a table is set up furnished with pewter dishes and utensils, while other specimens of this ware line cupboards along the walls, and a pewter horse prances at the entrance to an adjoining room where glass is displayed. Here one finds a decorative assortment of witch balls, akin to Christmas tree ornaments except for their large size and transparency. In Colonial times they were hung outside the door to protect a family from evil spirits. Here, too, is a variety of jugs and other early glassware, complementing a collection of china in a room off the other end of that where the pewter is displayed. Bennington Ware, Spatter Ware, Kings and Queens Rose Ware and Staffordshire, depicting McDonough’s victory on Lake Chalmain, Perry’s on Lake Erie and the landing of Lafayette at Castle Garden feature this exhibit.

Upstairs in the Variety Unit a young visitor and her mother will find a delightful collection of dolls of many periods and nationalities—American, French, English—set against a pastel background in two rooms containing also doll carriages, a music box and a mechanical French magician who with charming savoir faire makes eggs and chickens appear. Displayed here as well are miniature rooms and houses of various periods and styling, furnished with exquisite care, to the last detail of the miniature artist in the garret painting a miniature nude. (Ogden Pleissner did the picture which took him longer than a normal canvas).

Continuing toward the rear of the main floor of the Variety Unit one finds the Country Store with its thousands of items, brought together in a carefully recreated display. An hour’s scrutiny will suffice to gain an impression of the early world of patent medicines, tools, clothes, household and food supplies, many of which are not recalled even by the oldest citizens. Hot-stove leagues visiting the Country Store are treated to a functional antique, a rarity called the “jiggle chair” that has springs attached to the two front legs. These allow the sitter to teeter more comfortably than in a rocker. The inventive genius of our ancestors is nowhere more apparent than in the general store, unless it is in the adjoining toy shop. Mechanical cobbler, dancers, ferris wheels and banks make the assembly line toys of today seem prosaic.

Behind the Variety Unit is the Hat and Fragrance Shop, where the visitor is reinforced in his impression that there is no other museum in the country comparable in the taste and imagination shown in displaying exhibits. The floors and walls of the Hat and Fragrance Shop and the adjoining Quilt Room are made of the old pine fence pickets that surrounds the Webb’s Shelburne Farms. Done in parquet and sanded down, they have a mellow cast against which bonnets, parasols, the early hat boxes with their interesting designs and soft colors show most appealingly. Here, set in the walls, are two vitrines, one displaying a life-sized Victorian lady and her twin daughters in the corner of her living room, and another showing an equestrian in an 1850 riding habit. Also set into the walls of the Hat and Fragrance Shop are windowed displays of shell dolls and further miniature interiors, one of which prior to the war, was on display at the Victoria and Albert Museum in England. A large room, similarly paneled in pine at the back of this building, is given over to 100 quilts similarly paneled in pine at the back of this building, is given over to 100 quilts of the most delicate coloring and workmanship—patchwork, appliqué, hand-woven and counterpane.

On the other side of the road is the Old Stone House that came from Hinesburg, furnished as it would have been in 1840 by a family of modest means. The house had greatly deteriorated when it was secured by the Museum but an old lady was able to recall exactly how it looked when she visited there as a child. Because one tenant of the Stone House made her living by churning butter, the basement is fitted out with early butter and cheese making utensils.

Down the road to the west from the Stone House is the Shaker Shed, moved from East Canterbury, New Hampshire where it was built in 1834. In its new role at the Museum it displays a collection of agricultural tools and farm equipment. For men an equally absorbing exhibit is that of early transportation in the horseshoe barn. Modeled after a barn
LEFT: Vt. Schoolhouse, built in Vergennes in 1830 and moved to Museum in 1946 is architectural gem with classic proportions of early New England church or meeting house. Drab greys and browns of interior have been faithfully preserved, with desks from a 19th century female seminary in Burlington, stove set in a rectangle of sand and many other artifacts of the three R's.

LEFT: Stage Coach Inn (1784) came from Charlotte in 1949. One-hundred sixty-five years of New England weather had failed to destroy slate roof and hand-hewn beams. For a building dating from the Republic of Vermont when northcountry was largely wilderness, Inn is surprisingly spacious, with ballroom extending across the entire east side or the back of the second floor.

LEFT: Dutton House (1782) from Cavendish, one of very few of its type of architecture in Vermont, was tangible conclusion of manufacturing families' feud when a Dutton married a Proctor. Building was given by Vt. Hist. Soc. through Redfield Proctor, whose great-great grandmother occupied the house. Structure has flavor of very early “salt box” houses in seaport towns.
similiarly shaped near St. Albans, the semi-circular two-story structure was built of the hand-hewn beams that came out of two mills and eleven old barns, all put together with wooden pegs. Here speaks the horse-drawn America of 75 years ago with its variety of carriages, coaches and sleighs. Wooden and paper mâché horses stand waiting for the harness. There are child's sleighs and wagons, there is an original Concord coach from the White Mountains and an early sleigh with an oil tank on it used by the Standard Oil Company in delivering kerosene. Soon to arrive from a barn at Shelburne Farms will be a large number of carriages of every description used by the Vanderbilts in New York and by Dr. W. Seward Webb at Shelburne in the early days of the present century. There are many other items here, such as a horse-drawn trailer attached to a pair of enormous wheels used in transporting long, oak keelson and other timbers to the Shelburne Harbor shipyard during the construction of early sidewheel steamers on Lake Champlain.

Following around to the left one finds, facing the entrance to the covered bridge, the brick Meeting House from Charlotte, the Vermont House of stone and the red, wooden Dutton House from Cavendish. Dating back to 1782, this is a good example of an early “salt box” house (a type of which there were very few ever built in Vermont owing to the fact that the state was not settled until after their vogue had passed). The Dutton House was presented to the Museum by the Vermont Historical Society through Governor Redfield Proctor, whose mother was brought up in the house. The feat of taking it down board by board, moving it from far-away Cavendish and putting it up again without destroying such details as the stenciling on the walls of the second floor, rivals that of the bridge and of the Colchester Lighthouse standing on the hill a few rods to the south where it surveys the entire Museum.

In the summer of 1952 the lighthouse was still on its rock foundation above a reef in the middle of Lake Champlain where it had warned lake steamers and sloops since 1871. Declared obsolete by the Coast Guard it was bought by the Museum, taken down, transported to shore by a 30-foot launch pulling a raft of steel pontoons, trucked to Shelburne and put up again by the sturdy Museum crew. The roof was on long before snowfall. From the lighthouse tower you can see Shelburne Bay, which through the years has been much a part of the town of Shelburne. A shipyard that built a long line of sidewheelers for the oldest steamboat company in the world still carries on at Shelburne Point as it has for over a century and a quarter. Thus it is natural that the marine motif should be represented at the Museum. On the walls of the Stagecoach Inn hang whaling prints and a number of fine oil paintings of early sidewheelers that steamed on the waterways of the northeast. A room in the Vermont House will be fitted out like that of a retired captain.

Meanwhile the venerable sidewheeler Ticonderoga, the last but one of her kind in America, plies the Lake on regular schedule under the aegis of the Shelburne Museum, with a lake-going picture gallery of steamboating and other exhibits. As the Museum preserves he buildings and folkways of the northcountry, so the Ticonderoga preserves the traditions of the Lake.

The Museum is not yet finished. Each year additional buildings are acquired and moved to Shelburne and new items join the varied collections that tell of the day to day living of long-gone generations, of their work and play, their dress, their handicrafts. As does any artistic achievement, the Shelburne Museum bears the stamp of an individual, that of Mrs. Webb, who has paid infinite attention to every detail of planning, decor, selection and arrangement of displays. For her contribution to Vermont life the University of Vermont and Middlebury College have given her honorary degrees as Doctor of Humane Letters. But the Museum is also a product of many others, such as Vermont-born Director Sterling Emerson, Assistant Director Stanley Webster and its interested crew of Vermont builders who would now rather work with hand-hewn beams and wooden pegs, than with nails. They feel the early builders’ integrity.

As we move further into an era of mass production of materials and of thinking, the Shelburne Museum will not only become of cardinal value to a state that has retained, and is admired for its individuality, but to the country at large.
Most people see Vermont in glimpses of scenery from an automobile’s window, but a better way to know the Green Mountains, half seen in the hasty glance, is on the back country roads, riding on a bicycle.

BICYCLE COUNTRY

By Collamer M. Abbott

ABOVE: The Abbotts on the West River Rd. outside Brattleboro start their 350-mile trip.

At first glance the country roads that criss-cross Vermont seem too formidable for the lowly bicyclist who has to furnish his own motive power. But if you like to take scenery in leisurely doses and don’t mind walking a little, cycling can open new vistas.

After four years of riding over dirt roads in Windham and Windsor counties my wife and I were convinced that the “real” Vermont is far from the traffic-crowded main highways and can be enjoyed most from a bicycle.

Our ardent desire to make a longer trip and re-discover more of our native state was cooled at first by doubts. We could travel 20 miles in an afternoon over the rugged hills of southeastern Vermont, but could our aging bones stand the strain day after day? (At 30 cycling makes you feel old.) Could we carry all the equipment we would need? If we stuck to back roads would we find shelter for the night? Would it cost too much?

With these questions and several others in mind we started out one Sunday afternoon on the short first lap from Brattleboro to Townshend, 16 miles up the West River valley. The small knapsacks on our backs did not include the nightclothes, the heavy sweaters, the rubber footwear, the extra towels, nor the numerous other articles we thought we ought to take.

We had been up the West River Valley many times so that was easy. To avoid uncertainty about the first night’s lodging we had reserved a cabin in Townshend. At this point the rest of our trip, which eventually took us about 350 miles, was only tentatively sketched out. We still weren’t sure we could stand the strain.

We set our sights on Chester the second day, rose before the sun had scattered the morning mists and headed for Grafton. That morning we made our first “discovery”—a green, “unspoiled” gulf between Townshend and Grafton. Unhampered by heavy traffic that travels the main routes we enjoyed the cool, unbroken solitude as we glided down the gentle slope along the South Branch of the Saxtons River into Grafton.

In that peaceful hamlet we sustained one of our minor mishaps. While we were in the village snack shop supplementing our breakfast with a cup of coffee and a homemade doughnut we left our knapsacks on the porch outside. A playful dog apparently failed to distinguish between my wife’s knapsack and the post it was...
propped against. Slightly taken aback, but with spirits still undampened, we took to the road again.

Pursuing the shaded dirt roads, the peaceful valleys and the hilltop views we reached Chester shortly after noon in such fine fettle that we proposed to make Ludlow our stopping place. It was only 12 miles farther but we knew that heat would be a little more tiring on the paved highway and the traffic would be thicker. During a brief thunder shower we protected the bicycles with our raincoats and let the rain refresh us for the jaunt to Ludlow.

We arrived about four o’clock and easily found a room in a tourist home. We were tired but not exhausted and apparently not too decrepit to cover 30 miles a day.

The next leg of our journey—the 39-mile trek from Ludlow to Wilder—established the routine which we followed for the rest of the trip. We left Ludlow about 7 a.m. with a good breakfast under our belts and branched off to follow Route 100 along the shores of Rescue, Echo and Amherst lakes still smoking from the morning mists. The sun was breaking through in spots, but the air was cool and invigorating.

We moved along in and out of the shadows thrown from the precipitous slopes bordering the valley leading to Plymouth Union. The sun was waiting when we climbed out of Plymouth Notch to visit the simple grave of Calvin Coolidge and to pause in the village to see his home, the church he attended and the building in which he was born.

The half-mile climb to Plymouth proved to be one of the most rewarding of our trip. We swooped effortlessly for five miles down Pinney Hollow, stopping now and then to watch some bird or animal or to view the scenery. By noon we were in Bridgewater Corners. At a local store we bought some rolls, a few slices of cheese and cold meat, peaches, cupcakes and a quart of milk. We were ready to eat when a likely spot showed up.

We found a place in the shade of an old maple tree beside the Ottauquechee. A couple of plastic knives, a purse-size package of facial tissues for napkins, and a package of paper cups was our lunching equipment. Tucked away in our sacks was a bag of dried apricots for energy along the way.

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On the fourth day we were confronted with a dilemma. We wanted to follow the Connecticut River valley but we were faced with Route 5, one of the most heavily traveled highways in Vermont. From past experience we had learned that nine out of ten motorists will pass Connecticut River valley but we were faced with a dilemma. We wanted to follow the river and even while meeting another car. Such hazards we had set out to avoid by staying on dirt roads and secondary routes. So far we had been successful.

We could have arranged to send our bicycles ahead by bus or train, a trick we have tried on other occasions. This time we elected to desert Vermont temporarily and follow the New Hampshire side of the river. Despite the hottest weather we had encountered we covered 37 miles. A cool room in the Newbury Inn overlooking the village park was a welcome haven. Whenever possible we ate supper and breakfast where we stayed and at the Newbury Inn we had some of the best food of the trip.

With St. Johnsbury only 25 miles away as our goal for the fifth day we didn't expect to hurry. After some debate we decided to give Route 5 a try and hope our early bird practices would avoid most of the traffic. Not only did the weather prove sticky after the mists burned off, but so did the road as we approached St. Johnsbury where a crew of men were applying a coat of hot tar.

Being last behind a line of cars in one-way traffic, I had to carry the flag. The cars quickly outdistanced us. When we approached the guard I could see the expression on his face turn from puzzlement over where the flag could be to surprise when he saw it coming belatedly down the road in the hands of a cyclist.

Although we have become accustomed to hills we like to pick routes that aren't too mountainous. Not being familiar with the road from St. Johnsbury to Hardwick we stopped around for a topographical map of the area. Regular road maps are usually good enough but we have found that for detailed information about landmarks and the terrain in general of a specific area topographical maps put out by the U.S. Geological Survey are best.

Unfortunately the only store that carried topographical maps had sold the last one of the area. The clerk, however, assured us that there were no "bad" hills between St. Johnsbury and Danville. The next morning before we reached the outskirts of St. Johnsbury on Route 2 we were climbing. To motorists, of course, they aren't hills but we did quite a bit of walking before we reached the height of land above Walden, 14 miles out of St. Johnsbury.

It wasn't difficult, however, and first we had the White Mountains behind us, then later the Green Mountain range emerged from the blue haze in the distance as we glided down to Hardwick and followed the Lamoille River to Morrisville.

Broad stretches of Vermont's rolling landscape surrounded us that day. A cool breeze and white clouds drifting in a blue sky made it all the more enjoyable.

Morrisville was the only town where an early arrival didn't get us a room easily. Members of a wedding party had taken all the available tourist rooms but a helpful woman introduced us to her neighbor who took us in for the night.

We set out for Montpelier by way of Elmore. We made breakfast out of the remains of the previous day's lunch, because no restaurant opened before 9 o'clock on Sunday morning.

The day was cold and forbidding. A stiff breeze whipped white caps across the gray surface of Lake Elmore and the sky threatened rain. That day we traversed some of the wildest and most beautiful country we had seen as we coasted down beside the North Branch of the Winooski in the shadow of the Worcester Mountains. The rain didn't start until we had found a warm room in Montpelier and had eaten a combination breakfast and lunch.

Rain finally did catch up with us the following day as we approached Northfield Gulf. Then I was glad I had purchased a felt crusher in St. Johnsbury. Raincoats kept us dry as we climbed through the gulf and dropped into East Brattleboro where we ate lunch on the porch of the local general store. When we stopped for the night in Randolph it was still raining.

The next morning we were in Randolph Center before the mists had cleared from the valleys around us. We stopped in East Randolph for a visit, then followed the Second Branch and the White River to South Royalton where we enjoyed the bed and board of the South Royalton House, another old inn that is full of atmosphere. In the morning we were accompanied for several miles down the White River by a flock of wild ducks. After a night in Wilder we crossed again to the New Hampshire side of the river for the return to Brattleboro with one stopover in Bellows Falls.

From the time we headed up the picturesque West River valley until we viewed Mt. Ascutney from the unfamiliar angle of New Hampshire's shore, we were treated to scenes that are "typically" Vermont, scenes that contain great variety in their seeming similarity. Each river valley, stream and lake has its own character. The villages, although similar in general outline, reveal interesting variations in physical details and historical background. Interesting changes in the terrain, which are not fully appreciated until one burrows into the heart of the country, take place from one end of the
state to the other, and from east to west.

Lake Champlain sunsets are renowned but the sun goes down behind the Green Mountain range with a special beauty, too, we discovered at Morrisville. Quite often only in the early morning and only from a bicycle can one follow for some distance the flight of a blue heron as we did along the Connecticut or a flock of ducks paddling down the White River. The slow pace of cycling permits one to take a long look at the rural beauties of Vermont in contrast to the fleeting glances stolen by the speeding motorist.

Our rediscovery of Vermont included its villages as well as its countryside. Arriving early at our destinations gave us opportunity to explore each village where we stopped. Not once did we find a village that lacked some historic spot or scenic attraction worth our attention.

A little addition at the end of our 350-mile, 12-day trip revealed that our vacation budget had not suffered. We spent approximately $120 or about ten dollars a day. The cost of staying overnight ranged from $3.10 to $5.50 for two in tourist homes and small country inns. Food prices varied but we did not skimp and our noon lunches were economical but adequate.

We had considered Youth Hostels originally but our proposed, tentative route missed most of them and we wanted to avoid the restrictions of having to make reservations every day. The Vermont hotel and tourist home guide, published by the Vermont Development Commission, helped us in finding small villages with accommodations. Using that we could have telephoned ahead each morning for reservations, but we preferred to be a little adventurous.

Our worry about equipment was soon dissipated. All the articles we needed went into knapsacks about 15 by 13 by 5 inches in size. We chose clothing that wouldn't show soil, resisted wrinkles, and could be washed out, dried overnight on coat hangers, and worn again without ironing. A lightweight cotton shirt and dark cotton slacks were our riding outfit. We also had jackets for cool mornings, raincoats and visored caps. My wife took a cotton tweed skirt, nylon sweater and knee-length nylon stockings to change into after the day's ride. Our shoes were sturdy, comfortable ones which had been waterproofed. Extra sets of underwear, socks and handkerchiefs were handy but could have been eliminated. Dress clothes, which we could have carried, would not have been used. At the small tourist homes and restaurants we were always appropriately dressed.

Towels, washcloths and handsoap were furnished at the tourist homes. Plastic bags made light, waterproof containers for damp clothes, soap flakes, left-over food, or toilet articles. Ten-cent store sizes of toothpaste and other toiletries were sufficient and cut down weight and bulk. We also carried small sewing and first aid kits.

Finally, in the list of equipment were the bicycles. We have English bicycles and either they or American-made English models with gear shifts are the best for long trips. Originally we had American bicycles with coaster brakes, but the English models with three speeds make the hills easier, and their light weight is another factor in their favor when they have to be pushed.

Our trip confirmed what we had discovered on shorter jaunts. Vermont's dirt roads are generally well maintained and the majority of them are smoother traveling for bicyclists than many of the paved roads. Certain types of asphalt road surfaces are very rough for bicycles.

The final reckoning showed that financially we had done very well. On top of that we saw some real Vermont scenery—more than we could have seen from a car and much that the main-line travelers miss in their haste to get somewhere as quickly as possible.
Perhaps one might justly say that New England is the cradle of birdlore in our country. The early clearance of land and the cultivation of crops by the colonists created at once small, open fields and gardens which quickly brought increasing numbers of birds seeking food and nesting places to their liking in and around these newly developed, civilized areas. It was as early as this in our history that birds began to display a preference for home gardens, farms and proximity to mankind.

From this acquaintanceship came a better understanding of the part played by birds in the life of man. Here also was commenced a study of birds which spread out with the growth and expansion. More distant lands brought new and different birds—especially in the northern, colder, geographically dissimilar zones of New England. Those states of more primitive surroundings and later population offered, and still offer, additional opportunities to observe the rarer species—those which had

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LEFT: The Wren has a loud, scolding note and its song is a tumbling trill of good volume. Wrens are small, brown birds with the habit of carrying the tail erect.

RIGHT: A male Scarlet Tanager has brilliant plumage in the summer. Its song is a type of carol resembling somewhat the Robin's.

LEFT: A male Ruby Throated Hummingbird, the only variety native to the East. Its wings vibrate eighty times a second. Female lacks the red throat.

RIGHT: A colorful summer resident is the Rose-breasted Grosbeak. The bird has a stout, cone-shaped bill. Its song is soft & liquid.

LEFT: The Song Sparrow is a much-streaked bird in varying shades of gray, brown & black. It has a cheerful song of clear notes.

RIGHT: Northern Blue Jay, a year-around resident, is perhaps Vermont's most colorful native. Its cry of "Thief" rings familiarly in the springtime.

LEFT: The Slate-colored Junco is a favorite especially for its winter presence. Often it travels in flocks. Its commonly-heard song is series of metallic trillings.

RIGHT: White-throated Sparrow or Whistling Jack frequents cut-over woodland. Its haunting, clear whistle is a harbinger of spring.
fled before the oncoming forest devastations. Vermont, with its horizontal overlap of cold and warm regions and its vertical mountain division of varied flora and fauna, remains an inviting, intriguing field.

In the early days there were comparatively few identified birds known in the state. Thompson, in 1850, mentioned some 160 species. Most of these were known only to ornithologists and the average man could scarcely identify a dozen of the more common birds found in the gardens, fields and woods about him. In 1935, a list of the birds of Woodstock and vicinity named 191 species and added migrants totaling 240 birds of the state. The most recent census reveals 298 species and sub-species. This is a very fair average for a smaller, inland state without some of the ocean birds and slightly west of the principal migration route of the Atlantic flyway.

It is most encouraging to know that there are more birds in the state today than at any time since its settlement. Deforestation does not seem to hurt bird life but on the contrary benefits it. Only in a few cases, as with the woodpeckers, hermit thrush, winter wren and a few others does it affect them adversely. Fortunately there are still ample deep woods for those which prefer a solitary life. Garden and farm birds are on the increase. Bushy pastures, meadowlands, hedges and open fields provide food, shelter and nesting places for all of the home or neighbor birds — those which seek the haunts of man and benefit by his way of life. Then too, there are fewer predatory animals in these areas; fewer hawks and better protection against them. The nearness of birds permits a closer study and naturally widens the interest.

The part that these tiny, feathered creatures play in our daily lives is far greater than is generally known. In their relation to us they have a threefold value. They add tremendously to our fund of profitable, scientific knowledge; they are of priceless importance to our economic life and without peer in their aesthetic appeal. We are not concerned here with the ornithologists scientific approach (the evolution, structure and anatomy of birds as compared with man) further than to note that there has, during recent years, been an unusual and rapidly increasing interest in the migratory flights.

The popularity of this study has given us many noteworthy facts not the least of which is that these flights are not caused by a desire for warmer, sunny climates away from the rigors of winter, but necessitated almost entirely by failure of the food supply. Birds are appreciably more warm blooded than man and equipped to withstand and enjoy extremely cold weather. Data based upon their migratory habits has enabled us to plan and consummate weed and insect control, the drainage of marshes, development of water areas and laws and regulations for their and our own protection.

Some fifty years ago, leading entomologists estimated that insects cause an annual loss of at least two hundred million dollars to the agricultural interests of the country. It is against this loss that our birds are waging a constant war and their success is the measure of their economic value in this single field. To this may be added their work in the destruction of harmful weeds through seed-eating, their work as scavengers and their toll of vermin. It has been written that, "If we were deprived of the services of birds, the earth would soon be uninhabitable!" What an astonishing tribute to our native birds and their contribution to our economy, the protection of our health, our homes, our gardens and farms and fields and forests!

Important as these things are, it is not sufficient to credit their material accomplishments alone. Any appraisal must include that thrilling, aesthetic appeal which encompasses their beauty, song, color, friendship and living attributes which so closely parallel our own. Some of our foremost authorities accord them the whole gamut of human emotions: others, colder in approach, are unwilling to concede that they are more than automatons incapable of much, if any, reasoning and actuated

BELOW: The Blue Jay would be a favorite even without its brilliant plumage. In spring its antics become even more amusing to watch.
by fear or evolved habits. The answer undoubtedly lies somewhere in between and probably nearer the former conception. It is the writer's belief that they possess a considerable degree of intelligence and have many of our human attributes.

One might enlarge endlessly upon the pre-eminent claims that birds have to a sympathetic study of their ever present radiation and inspiration through brilliancy of coloring, beauty of song and vivacity of life and motion. Without these additions to our daily life it would be a barren world! Once known and studied they become a part of our life. Their superb plumage, ease and grace of flight and melody of voice are tangible ties with nature in her finest realm of sight and sound. There is no substitute for the ecstasy of "nature's most eloquent voice."

One who has learned to hear and recognize this music—the morning concert, the midday song, the evening vespers and the nocturnal harmonies, adds something more of enduring happiness!

The sport of modern bird study is rapidly becoming a major hobby. The field is inexhaustible—the channels of interest varied and stimulating even to the most jaded soul. The beginner is often a bird-counter, who seeks to identify and record, with the recurring thrills of new conquests, the largest number of species. He may become a bird-bander to register the coming and going of species. Throughout the country there are established centers for mid-year and Christmas census counts of the birds in each locality. Studies of mating and nesting habits open another avenue and bird devotees range from those who watch and log the behavior of a tiny ruby-throated hummingbird to those who risk their lives in tree-tops seeking to band the obstreperous eaglet!

The days of killing for identification and examination, so prevalent in the time of Audubon, are no longer necessary in our part of the world. Modern methods of identification are quite positive. Thousands of bird-watchers set forth in every season to enjoy this sport of bird study. It is a fascinating and profitable hobby—a modern avocation of astonishing proportions! Those who would pursue a less strenuous path have only to bring the birds to their door-steps and window-sills by means of feeders and devices for water. Bird baths, nesting boxes, feeders, suet, shelters, small shrubs and trees bearing berries and fruit will bring hundreds to the home in every season of the year!

Space does not permit a listing of the birds of Vermont nor their attributes or habits. If one were to ask which
wild bird has the most beautiful song, the answer would be the hermit thrush—the State bird of Vermont. The hermit and wood thrushes, along with the very c, make a magnificent trio! At the end of the day, from out the gloom of the darkening woods, the pure, crystal notes of the solitary hermit thrush have a serenity and ethereal quality which commands reverent attention. He has been pronounced, “the most talented melodist in the world, the nightingale not excepted.” Once heard, the song is never forgotten!

The birds of Vermont, totaling nearly 300 species and sub-species, or “kinds” in a species, range from the tiny ruby-throated hummingbird—the only hummingbird found east of the Mississippi—to the northern bald eagle. Those which might be called neighbor birds and those of particular interest include a very large proportion of our more common and best loved eastern birds of song and beauty. The seasonal procession extends throughout the year beginning with the bluebird and robin of Spring, through the summer days of the thrushes, oriole, grosbeaks, tanager, brown thrasher, bluejay, song and chipping sparrows, field and tree sparrows, catbird, flycatchers, wrens, towhee, goldfinch, kingbird, phoebe, redpoll, bobolink, redwinged blackbird, meadowlark, mourning dove, swallows, finches, warblers, flicker, waxwings, bunting, oven-bird, kinglets, vireo, kingfisher, the owls, hawks, water birds (of which the great blue heron is a striking example) the piliated woodpecker and many others, on into winter days of the chickadee, nuthatches, downy woodpecker, fox and white-throated sparrow, pine siskin, junco and brown creeper. As long as it is, this list covers but a few of these feathered friends which may be found in the Green Mountains. It makes no attempt to list the ducks and wild geese nor specify the numerous hawks and owls ever present on the scene.

If you would keep young in body and spirit, acquaint yourself with the wild birds! They will lead you to an enchantment with all nature. John Burroughs once said, “If you take the first step in ornithology, you are ticketed for the whole voyage.” Make a beginning near your home where the neighbor birds are everywhere about you. Then expand your interest and knowledge through friendships with the new and lesser known by seeking the edges of our widening outposts of civilization—where fields and marshes adjoin the receding frontiers of our passing mountain wildernesses. Search in the sanctums of such primitive lands as the Green Mountains themselves where those rarer species still hold forth in full beauty and song. Indeed, fix yourself away into those deep, solitary woods—the cathedral of the hermit thrush! END

BELOW: Protecting foliage near the home supplemented by strategically placed feeder stations, bird baths and nest houses, will bring many birds to live as close and fascinating neighbors, to be watched at leisure throughout the year from one’s windowside chair.
Collector's Items

By Kathleen Ainey

A new and fascinating Vermont nature hobby

What are those odd shaped things on your terrace? people ask. "Are you doing clay modelling?"

"No, they're Nature's stuff. You can find them in almost any clay bank."

"Just stones weathered into queer shapes?"

"On the contrary they grow from centers by accretion."

Geologists call them "concretions" meaning grown together. Most of them form in sedimentary beds of clay, limestone or sandstone by the deposit around a nucleus, of minerals having a cementing quality (usually calcite, silica or one of the iron oxides) carried in suspension in ground water.

The concretions grew within banks of somewhat plastic clay through which seeping ground water carried particles of calcite. In their travel these particles met a bit of leaf, bone or grain of sand and deposited themselves about it centripetally, pushing aside the clay or incorporating some of it to form these strange figures.

Incredulous, my friends handle the bizarre objects: mice, monkeys, ships, dragons. "You find these in any clay bank? Funny I never even heard of them," is a frequent comment. It is surprising how few persons know these oddments of nature which exist in many places throughout the world. The most numerous and widely distributed variety is the "claystone," which in Vermont is almost as common as dirt. Farmers and quarry workers who know them by chance are indifferent, but we, who learned of them only a year or so ago, find them an alluring novelty.

Guided by a friend we searched the banks of a stream near East Bethel like children after sea shells, picking up by handfuls buttons, totem poles, grape-like clusters, sculpture in abstract. Sometimes the stones are flat on one side, shaped on the other, again they are sculptured in high relief. I rescued the "buffalo" from his ignominious upside-down posture in the stream bottom, three-fourths buried in mud. Nearby we saw a high stratified ledge which might be rock—but it might be clay. Although already supplied with dozens of claystones, we climbed up the crumbling slope. It was clay. Digging gently with my hammer, careful not to dislodge the overhanging ledge and bring down an avalanche of clay, I heard the clink of steel against, yes, a concretion. That bank was a mine of treasure. What looked to be just flat stones with bumps on them, when scrubbed to remove the clay, turned out to have perforations which gave them the look of lace. There were modelled specimens of which the "crocodile" is one. This fellow, imbedded horizontally almost his entire twenty-five inches, was disinterred by a friend who saw only a small knob sticking out of the bank. With no idea how much of him there was, she dug patiently for an hour and a half to unearth him without breaking. One never knows what his "take" is until he gets home and washes it free of clay. East Bethel claystones are grayish or sand-colored, sandy textured and glistening with minute grains of mica.

Quite different are the concretions found at Button Bay on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain. Buff colored, sometimes red-tinged with iron, fine-grained and chalky, they form thick rings, fossil-like fish with huge hollow eyes or little cylinders and spheroids, each with a tiny, length-wise tunnel left by the threadlike roots around which they were deposited. These concretions are fossiliferous: that is, like the marbles of the Champlain Valley they are formed largely of the limestone remains of the shell-bearing life of ancient seas.

Following a stream near East Mont-
The author displays one of her best finds, a 25-inch claystone from E. Bethel.

Lace-like and sculptured claystones also from E. Bethel; "buffalo" at bottom.

pelier we found "buttons," "rolling pins," "scrolls," and "mushrooms," washed from a bank above. These shapes seem less erratic than the other types and bear a definite relation to one another, so one can easily imagine how they derived from the basic "button." With the gray of the clay they combine the colors of the iron oxides (familiar as the red or yellow ochre used in paint, and also as iron rust) making attractive patterns of light and dark rings, or folds shadowed with red tones.

The formation of concretions has not been definitively explained. Simplified, it seems to be somewhat as follows. The cementing minerals in ground water moving slowly through clay, lodge in fairly symmetrical rings around, say, a grain of sand as a nucleus.

If the water moved with equal freedom on all sides of the nucleus, a sphere would result. This rarely happens because water, usually coming from above, does not freely reach the underside of the forming concretion, so we have the flattened button. Intervals of cessation and recurrence of the supply of cementing materials would account for the successive rings.

The clay matrix, laid down in horizontal strata, may have less compact layers. The invading minerals would reach out from the central button along these planes of less resistance to produce the forms we have called "rolling pins," "scrolls," etc.

The double "mushroom" or "cross" the most pleasing design of all, is puzzling. It is so symmetrical that it is difficult to imagine how it can have been repeated by mere chance, yet an examination of the other claystones of this area shows this form potentially or abortively appearing again and again. The multiple and bizarre shapes must have had several nuclei so that the concretions interrupted each other and grew together, as crystals do, spoiling the perfect crystal form, but creating beautiful and varied designs.

Not all the concretions of Vermont are claystones. There are sandstone concretions cemented with an iron oxide, consisting of layers a half an inch or less thick, which can be peeled off like the skins of an onion. Black mica "butternuts" scattered through boulders of granite near Craftsbury, make them look like huge puddings stuck with prunes, hence the name "pudding granite" as the quarrymen call it. The "butternuts" are not formed by the seepage of ground water, but are believed to have been composed in the same metamorphic process induced by heat and pressure which transformed their granite host from a stratified or conglomerate rock to its present granitic state.

A pleasant hobby, concretions, and one not overworked. It can transport one to places as far and into times much farther than stamps, for instance, or first editions, or old glass and china. And it's not so costly! Concretions go along with the many other geological attractions of Vermont whose beautiful rocks offer the exploring visitor ever new surprises. The amateur geologist who loves to rummage in the grout piles of old talc or garnet mines for a crystal incrusted rock, or in the rubble of recent blasting for a scrap of jasper or delicate smoky quartz, may find in some drab looking clay bank these charming pieces of Nature's sculpture to tuck on his shelves and in the walls and nooks of his garden.

Below: "Skeleton," & "mouse" from stream bottom sand; rings from claybank.

Below: "Double mushrooms" at top. Red, yellow-tinted claystones from E. Montpelier; "double mushrooms" at top.

Below: Buff-colored and chalky concretions strew beach at Button Bay, Lake Champlain.
A maple sugar on snow party is a treat that most of the time only Vermonters can enjoy. But now Barton’s party in August lets everybody in on the fun.

Everybody knows that snowy March is sugaring-off time in Vermont, and summer visitors miss this early harvest with its flowing maple trees and traditional sugar-on-snow treat. There’s no cause for regret, however, in these days of the deep-freeze, for the entire season can be put on ice and served up under August foliage.

The village of Barton, Vermont does exactly this for its annual sugar-on-snow supper which takes place in mid-August. And Barton chamber of commerce members, who sponsor the event, even revive a leafless maple tree which drips sap in summer against all natural laws. “Bring your cameras” the handbills advise, and we did so, as the accompanying pictures show.

We arrived in Barton early and first looked around for the tree. There it stood on the village common, dripping steadily away into a tin bucket, while a hot sun shone down on chamber of commerce members setting up picnic tables and hauling cans of syrup to boil in the sugar house erected for the occasion. It was a genuine tree all right, lanky and small like a March leftover that might take a notion to bud at any minute. “How does (Continued on next page)

NOTE: This year’s party will be August 12.
"it work?" we asked, looking around for a man with a pump. We didn't find one, though, and were referred to Chauncey H. Smith, chairman of the proceedings, for further information about tree and supper.

We found Mr. Smith near a booth decorated with oversize maple leaves under a sign saying, "Are large leaves the answer?" When we looked skeptical, he smiled. "Had a man here the other day who offered us money for the secret of that tree. Wanted to set one up at the fair. He wouldn't meet our price, though."

Mr. Smith went on to say that the maple tree was a town secret and couldn't be told, though we were welcome to investigate.

Unlike the maple tree, the supper is no secret in Barton and vicinity, and six hundred people were expected to gather in the fenced, triangular common. "We show a movie in the Memorial Building throughout the evening," Mr. Smith explained, "and that takes care of a portion of the crowd, so they don't all eat at once." He added that the whole town gets involved, one way or another, in the picnic preparations. "For instance," he waved his hand toward a slender man carrying a load of boxes, "This is Mr. Comstock, one of our local merchants. He's in charge of food. He has seventy-five dozen hardboiled eggs to peel before supper." We looked in some awe at Mr. Comstock, who mopped his brow.

"Ladies Auxiliary of the church cooked them," he explained. "Made the salad, too. Peeled and cooked four bushels of potatoes."

Mr. Smith went on to say that about seventy-five local people were involved in key jobs, such as preparing the scene for the party, cooking the syrup, serving the food, taking charge of waiters, arranging the sales table and selling the various maple products on display there, doing secretarial work, publicity and later general cleanup. Other farmers and townspeople work with them, and still others offer cars and time for innumerable chores and errands.

"Our hardware dealer puts up the sugar house each year," said Mr. Smith. "It's a replica of the original, but it's made in four sections and stored." The tree, however, we learned, is fresh each year. One of the local farmers takes charge of obtaining it—from where, we never learned—and the local taxidermist then takes over and looks after it.

"Even the woodworking class at Barton academy works on the supper," Mr. Smith told us. "They made eight hundred and fifty maplewood paddles last winter, for the admission tickets. Local sugar makers and farmers donate the maple syrup." These paddles, we found, were also to serve as eating implements, instead of knives and forks.

By now the shadows were growing longer, the smell of boiling maple syrup permeated the common, and children, especially small boys, leaned against the fence palings sniffing and waiting for supper. Several adults joined them, and soon the street was well packed with people who glanced anxiously at the sky now and then. "Got rained out one year,"

LEFT: The author tests maple sap flowing in defiance of nature from mystery maple.

RIGHT: A young summer visitor finds out to his delight the sticky stuff is sweet.
The food is served by the menfolks. Ernest Davenport and Aden Philips fasten their aprons and prepare to go to work. Traditional dishes complement maple sugar.

someone commented. “They had to pack the whole bunch into the Memorial building. Didn’t spoil the fun, though—still plenty of food.”

The serving table now was stacked with colored paper plates and napkins, and the coffee urn steamed invitingly. Snow, hauled in crates from the freezer, was shoveled into the wooden troughs that ran down the center of each table. Local business men and farmers, doubling as waiters, tamped it down with slabs of wood, and ample pitchers of hot syrup stood on the sugar house counter, ready for pouring. A few novices in the crowd asked, “Do we eat the snow?”

We were waiting for Governor Emerson, a native son of Barton, to arrive and be introduced before the supper started. By the time he came, with Mrs. Emerson and a party of friends, dollars and maple paddles were being traded through the fence palings, and the street was packed with sugar-hungry guests.

At five thirty, the voice of the Maple Tree, (a Barton lawyer with a microphone) introduced the guests of honor briefly, and mentioned that the purpose of this picnic, besides fun, was the promotion of maple products. Governor Emerson waved his hat and the line began to file through the gate and toward the serving table. Aproned men served the traditional maple-sugar-on-snow supper—potato salad, raised doughnuts, hardboiled eggs, sour pickles and coffee—and others poured hot syrup over chilly snow. Maple paddles dipped rhythmically, scooping hardened and cooled syrup from the
LEFT: The grass (and sugar) may be greener on the other side of the fence, as this cross-armed technique indicates. The souvenir wood paddles for eating the sugar, also serving as admission tickets, were made by Barton Academy students. Snow for the occasions is gathered the previous winter and is stored in a large freezer.

troughs. Most of us ate standing up, but an occasional baby was lifted to a table top and paddle-fed, and a few weary picnickers collected snow and sugar in dixie cups and sat under the trees.

When twilight faded to dark, we put away our cameras and pocketed our maple paddles. The supper crowd waned gradually. Here and there, clean-up squad members speared napkins from the grass. Many committee members and workers were just now beginning to eat, having spent the past three hours playing host. A few indefatigable sugar-on-snow lovers still stood at their stations, scraping away at the snow which remained unmelted.

The maple tree by now was festooned with paper napkins and piled around with crates and syrup cans. Still it dripped away, though for the last hour or so nobody had really looked in its direction. Relaxed laughter sounded from the group gathered by the sugar house, and people leaned against tables and fence corners visiting.

"Sure enjoyed the supper."
"Had a fine time, thanks."

These and similar comments drifted back from those who were now leaving, stopping at the gate to chat.

We agreed. It's good to know that once a year in Barton, in the heat of summer, anyone who can pay a dollar and wield a maple paddle can recapture the fun and flavors of early spring. And it's also good to realize the town spirit of neighborly cooperation that makes such a supper possible. That's a proud Vermont product too, like maple sugar.

END

RIGHT: a hard-boiled egg (during the actual sugaring season often boiled in maple sap) gives a nice contrast to the sweet, chewy maple sugar on snow. So do the biting sour pickles, black coffee and unsweetened, raised doughnuts. A complete sugar party can be a real though unbalanced meal, but all ages seem to thrive on it.
As you enter the porcelain establishment of Stanley Ballard in Burlington you first realize that this is no ordinary shop of the potter's art. Neatly stacked upon shelves, with a setting fitted in the modern decor, are the newest creations of this quiet-spoken man who has revolutionized the modern field of ceramics in his method of turning out his latest products. For the most part, American utilitarian articles are found on these display shelves, and, fascinating as they are to look upon, they give not the slightest indication of the spell-binding moments in store past the forbidden door marked "private." Here the wonders of the potter's magic unfold before our eyes.

The study of ceramics has always been an engrossing one, and as Stan Ballard outlined each step to us, easily and clearly, we received the impression that everything was extremely simple. The artist in complete command of his powers always conveys the effect of ease in all he does, obscuring the tremendous difficulties which the untrained person would find in performing the same tasks. So it was here.

We watched entranced while Stanley Ballard proceeded carefully from one step to the next in his systematically-tried processes that produce such perfect porcelain specimens in varieties of glowing colors.

In the final step the potter is completely at the mercy of the monster of white heat which he uses to bake in his colorful hues. After his kilns have cooled and the time comes for the articles to be removed, then he finds out for the first time how his mixture of the products of Mother Earth have combined themselves. Temperatures of 2,400° produce the unusual and fascinating colors that are now found in this vitreous chip-proof porcelain.

The trademark "S. Ballard—Vermont," imprinted on each piece which emerges from these kilns, is in reality the result of a lifetime of experimenting by Stanley Ballard, who found a way to produce in quantity exclusively different designs in porcelain, and still retain the glowing qualities of the worker who specializes in the one-at-a-time handmade type. The potter of another day labored continually at his rotating wheel, smoothing and forming his designs until each imperfection was eliminated. This was the ideal way for the potter of the Nineties to work, and articles of the earlier periods attest to the exquisite craftsmanship possible with the potter's wheel. However, the output of one person working at this earlier method is necessarily limited by the time-consuming wheel. Now, using his self-perfected methods, Ballard is able to fulfill a production schedule of over a thousand articles a week, using two firings weekly.

The building of a kiln is a tremendously difficult feat, and the searing heat so necessary to impart the glaze finish must be properly and adequately restricted to its own confines. At the present time
Ballard's kiln can accommodate approximately six hundred articles at each firing. Each kiln takes twelve hours to reach the extremely high baking temperature of 2400° that is necessary to permanize the glaze that the white heat imparts. Only by using fiery temperatures can this porcelain acquire its durable quality and its variety of unusual colors.

This is one of the few establishments in the entire country specializing in handmade porcelain; and in order to assure quality results, each assistant craftsman is trained for long periods before being allowed to proceed on his own. What Stanley Ballard has built here is really a mass production method which is controlled in every step by the human hand.

This industrial addition to Burlington's artistic picture first was envisioned when Ballard was a student at Alfred University. As he experimented under the guidance of skilled ceramicists, the picture of his future became clear. Ceramics was his overpowering love—and in that field he chose to specialize and carve out a career. Long years followed, with progress coming slowly but surely. As with all great improvements and inventions, the words "by accident" played an important part in the development of these artistic creations. Experiment after experiment followed each other at the potter's bench, until one day the secret of a special mottling effect—which has become his trade secret—was discovered as he was pursuing rare color combinations for his porcelain. Additional hours of research helped to clarify the procedure, and finally this unique two-tone mottling effect was perfected and made an integral part of the quality products labeled "Handmade Porcelain by Ballard."

Stanley Ballard is continually busy creating new designs, in addition to keeping a sharp eye on all the daily activities of his plant. Practically all the designs now follow typical American trends, rather than the European style of figured composition, so familiar before our last wars. The designs produced here follow conventional patterns and are articles useful to our American life. Two months out of each year are devoted to turning out plaster casts to use as new molds, and some of the latest designs are African violet planters, porcelain ashtrays, vases, candle holders and attractive maple syrup jugs.

This leaves a coating of about one-quarter of an inch which has hardened to the edges of the mold, because of the moisture being absorbed by the porous plaster of paris. Then the mold is left until the hardened clay has had sufficient time to further dry out and shrink, when it is easily lifted from the mold. Here one must be extremely careful not to break the newly-formed article. These castings are then left from two to three days, while the air further dries them. Next they are smoothed with steel wool and
knife, preparatory to finally applying the glazing spray, which is most important in determining the desired finished colorings.

After this application, the pieces are transferred to the kiln to be baked at a final temperature of 2400°F. The heating process must be watched carefully, as all water disappears at 550°F, and this temperature must be reached very slowly. It takes twelve hours to arrive at the 2400°F mark, at which point Ballard has found that the glaze bakes in for the best quality. By using this extremely high temperature, each porcelain article thus acquires a sufficient degree of hardness to make it practically unbreakable, and completely vitreous. The glaze and clay body are inter-fused making the article impervious to chipping, and entirely non-porous.

Once this porcelain has had its colors and glazes fired into it at this white heat for hours, the results show the most unusual hues, with gradations reaching through the entire color scale, from pastels to subdued shades. After this final step of firing, there is then no possibility of erasing or changing any colors, and all features of each piece are there to stay permanently.

Intriguing though it is to watch the many operations, the electrifying mo-
ments come when the finished articles are taken from the cooled furnace. Then the opalescent colors of the rainbow are seen for the first time, and a thrilling sight it is. Occasionally one is able to view a new and different tint, and then the same excitement is experienced as when the hybridizer who has crossed many varieties of flowers suddenly finds himself with a completely new and different color type. This element of surprise is the feature that makes the potter's art so rewarding. Gradually he learns to control his colors slightly by knowing approximately when to stop the firing.

Ballard porcelain goes to all corners of the world. Rarely does the mail fail to bring communications from such faraway places as Capetown, South Africa, the Bahamas or cities on the other side of our own country.

The growth of this enterprise, Stanley Ballard says, has been influenced directly by the favorable Vermont climate and by the confident, unhurried Vermont way of life. He feels that both of these factors have long been reflected in the high quality of Vermont craftsmanship.

Here beside the shores of Lake Champlain Stanley Ballard has developed a new form of the potter's art and has established a new industry in the highest tradition of Vermont workmanship.
Too Much Nostalgia

Three or four readers have recently taken us to task for including in some of the 1952 issues of Vermont Life what they call “too much nostalgia.” The past is dead, they argue, and we do not live in the future. So why not have the magazine concern itself solely with the contemporary scene? The only thing, they say, that people want to know about Vermont is, how are things now?

I am not going to argue this point at all. I am willing to assume for the moment that they are right... the past is dead and the future unborn. But, the point is, nostalgia is something else again. It is the combination of two Greek words, one meaning “pain,” and the other meaning, “return home.” Put them together and you get, literally “the pain of the return home.” The sweet pain. Homesickness is a better way of saying it.

A letter from the Homefolks.

Now, I am speaking only for myself. When Vermont Life was first discussed in 1945, and when these talks resulting in the first issue in 1946, we had one dominant idea of what the magazine should be. We aimed to make it like a letter from the home folks to those away from home. Its main purpose was, obviously, to obtain good public relations for the state. It was not to entertain Vermont residents, but primarily to tell about Vermont in such a way that those not living in Vermont would want to. In short, and quite frankly, the founders hoped to achieve the ideal of making everyone who read it a little homesick for Vermont.

Whether the magazine has achieved that objective is not for me to say. But the fact is clear, from the many letters, and articles in newspapers and magazines feeling of nostalgia for it. Why isn’t this good? There are so few places left in the world one can get a feeling for that, instead of less nostalgia in Vermont Life, maybe we need more. As the only original editor left on the Board today, I feel honor bound to do everything in my power to increase the feeling that Vermont is, for certain people, home, and that the magazine is like a letter from the home folks, to all the folks away from home. Sentiment and Reason

Sentimental? Sure thing! I admit it. Also, I admit that I believe mankind cannot live without sentiment. Anyone who denies this is either very young or has caught no wisdom over the years. There are people who fervently believe that life can be carefully planned and lived by cold, calculated reason alone... and that sentiment is a kind of weakness. Such folks, I submit, are very naive and are bound to miss many of the rich, deep meanings of life.

For example, some architects are dotting the landscape with modernistic houses which they claim are a complete break with the past. I agree. Such dwellings are so contemporary, and devoid of sentiment, that they are as cold and dead as a tomb. Such houses have no nostalgia.

NOTE: Once in a while the editors feel like sounding off about Vermont, and since Vermont Life is not a magazine of opinion or controversy, we allow the editors the leeway of saying
1. The important industries, large and small, that are fast making Vermont an industrial state.

2. The well-equipped, modern farms that make Vermont a leader in the fluid milk business.

3. The many kinds of trades, businesses, and commercial enterprises Vermonters have successfully developed.

4. The physical aspects of our towns and cities: their schools, libraries, electric plants, water systems, court houses, fire departments, well-lighted streets, jail, locker plants, shops, garages, service units, and so on.

5. And of course the scenery . . . our lakes, mountains, rivers, hills, valleys and forests.

Surely all these things are important. BUT they alone do not make up something else we always try to show in Vermont Life. I am referring to that more elusive thing called the Vermont way of Life.

The Vermont Way of Life

To depict, in words and pictures, the Vermont way of life, we need more ingredients in the recipe than the things I have named. We must have some things a little more intangible, a little more difficult to put your finger on and to describe and understand if we are going successfully to do the work we set out to do. I am sure this is important, and I hope many of our readers agree . . . that the Vermont way of life is made up of many things that we cannot feel and touch and see . . . or even plan and reason out. And this is where nostalgia comes in again.

Remember, nostalgia means the feeling for home. But home is something more than the actual house . . . or even the barn, the yard, and the view from the back door. It's got something to do with who is there now . . . and who has been there before.

The feeling, in our minds and hearts, for the people who came before us, and for the many fine things they did, felt, said, wrote, made, created; the visions they had, their successes and failures, in short the never-ending wealth of human traditions and cultures . . . as well as their ideals . . . these are the items that make the word home have greater meaning.

In other words, home has to do with those things that are immortal and do not pass away. Without paying attention to all this, I fear Vermont Life would miss showing you what the Vermont way of life is.

I stand indicted.

Ever since, in 1935, I edited and published a picture book about Vermont, I have been indicted and roundly criticized for showing what my critics say is "the worst part of Vermont." Although I am still young enough, thank God, to admire and even be affected by a pretty girl, I have often been guilty of showing pictures of a female face worn by years of toil and travail into character. Instead of showing the latest in barns, I admit that I have committed the sin of bringing to public notice an old man in overalls (not new overalls) standing by an old barn, its unpainted boards turned to a rich dark brown by years of weather, and perhaps even a buggy sticking out from under the shed. I remember once I also got into the picture a lilac bush in full bloom at one end of the disreputable barn yard, with a crumbling stone wall.

God knows I have been perhaps too partial to back roads, those narrow, dangerous winding roads, lined so you can't see very far ahead by white birches coming almost down to the wheel tracks. And all far off the beaten track, no direction signs, no roadside stands, no bill boards . . . and often as not steep, with dangerous curves, and maybe even a strip of grass in the middle. Certainly I can not deny passing up many of the newest, strongest, longest cement bridges with the best 4 feet steel beams in the country, in favor of an ancient, extremely weathered covered bridge, also, like the barn, neglected over the years by anyone who might have kept it painted. And silliest of all, the bridge would be standing there on dry laid stone abutments without a trace of cement, made 150 years ago, before we had engineers to tell us it couldn't be done.

Now, I admit all this. But I do not admit that a love of these things I have been talking about means I am against the present, and the newest, latest and most efficient ways of doing things. I am just trying to say that there are more things in this Vermont way of life, than were ever dreamt of in some people's philosophy.

Of course we have, in Vermont, the latest and most advanced . . . just like every other state. But we also have something the others don't have. This something more is nostalgia . . . pure, genuine and undefiled. And this nostalgia is the feeling that when you hear about Vermont you get homesick. It's the feeling that when you get here you're home.

If this is bad, then I stand indicted. If enough folks' petition, maybe the Governor will have me shot at sunrise. Because I am too old to change . . . and besides I dunno as I want to. END

Above Northfield by Philip Hastings
BECAUSE of its elemental quality, perhaps, haying appeals as a subject to photographers, who, as these pages show, are more prone to picture the old-fashioned methods than the newest machines.

The gallons of milk which go out from Vermont farms each year can be forecast rather closely by calculating the tons and the quality of hay and grass silage that Vermont farmers cut each summer. It takes a lot of hay to produce 17 million gallons of milk.

The farmer needs good land, ample spring rains and a warm, sunny June to bring on in July the lush, green fields of waving timothy or ladino.

And then it calls for just plain luck, combined with feverish work—luck in the consecutive fair days needed to dry the green hay before it can be stowed with safety in hay mows.

During haying the regular chores get hasty attention. Man are in the fields as soon as the early sun has burned away the morning dew. The work goes on all day—mowing in one field, then raking another, tumbling hay and loading it for the barn.

Those old signs of preparedness against the certain future—the filled root cellar, pork in brine, full shelves of preserves, dry wood in the shed—these are the usually-considered symbols of Vermont security and self-sufficiency.

But more important in the Vermont farmer's life today

(Continued on page 60)
ABOVE: On the Darling Farm in East Burke green grass is loaded to be put down in a trench silo. Field choppers are the next modern step.

BELOW: Corinth farmer tumbles hay with fork to speed its curing.

Philip R. Hastings

BELOW: Horse-drawn dump rake gathers the dried hay for loading.

Felix W. Lamminen
is that earlier harvest, the well-filled silos and mows, the fruit of planning, of much sweat and no little fortune, the tangible evidence that another year of good farm life will go on.

LEFT: Loading in Montgomery, a chore often done nowadays with a mechanical loader. The pitcher does the heavy work but the man on the wagon needs real skill to "make" the load of slippery hay so it won't fall off.

BELOW: At Taplin Hill in East Corinth another load moves toward the barn, safe from the capricious weather. Stowing the load in the haymow is a hot and heavy climax to this all-important farming job.
## Going on in Vermont
### This Summer

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| July 22-24| Craft Fair, St. Johnsbury                                                                     |
|          | Sesquicentennial celeb., W. Charleston                                                        |
| 26       | Water carnival, Montpelier                                                                   |
| 26       | Vt. State Pistol Champ. Tourn., So. Woodstock                                                |
| 26       | Pilgrimage, Old Round Church, Richmond                                                       |
| 26       | Lions Club Horse Show, Essex Junction                                                        |
| 30       | Square Dance Jamboree, Montpelier                                                            |
| Aug. 1   | Upper Winooski Fair, Plainfield                                                              |
| 1        | Street Art Pageant, Brattleboro                                                              |
| 2-6      | GMHA Horse Show, So. Woodstock                                                              |
| 2        | Annual Smallbore Rifle Tournament, Burlington                                                |
| 2        | Old Home Sunday, Irasburg                                                                    |
| 4        | Fourth Annual Square Dance Festival, Brandon                                                 |
| 5        | Colonial Day, Castleton                                                                      |
| 6        | Church Fair & Supper, Peacham                                                                |
| 6-8      | Annual Cracker Barrel Bazaar, Newbury                                                        |
| 8-19     | Annual Vt. Photographers’ Exhibit, Manchester                                                |
| 9        | Water Carnival, Brattleboro                                                                  |
| 9        | Old Home Sunday, Stannard                                                                    |
| 12       | Annual Maple Sugar On Snow party, Barton                                                      |
| 12-26    | Writers’ Conf., Middlebury Coll., Ripton                                                      |
| 13-15    | Notre Dame parish bazaar, St. Johnsbury                                                       |
| 13-16    | Hartland Fair, Hartland                                                                      |
| 14-16    | Les Pierce Memorial Golf Tourn., Rutland                                                      |
| 14-27    | Chamber Music Ctr.,(Free Concerts), Bennington                                               |
| 15-19    | Open House, Eagle Tavern, E. Poultney                                                        |
| 16       | Battle of Bennington Day                                                                     |
| 16       | Orleans Hist. Meeting, Brownington                                                          |
| 16       | Vt. Outdoor Smallbore Rifle Tourn., Woodstock                                                |
| 19-22    | Craft Fair, Rutland                                                                          |
| 20-23    | Orleans County Fair, Barton                                                                  |
| 29-Sept. 7| 24th Exhibit Southern Vt. Artists, Manchester                                                |
| 30       | Shores Reunion, Granby                                                                        |
| 30       | GMHA Horse Show, So. Woodstock                                                              |
| 31-Sept. 5| Champlain Valley Exposition, Essex Junction                                                   |
| Sept. 3-5| Annual 100-Mile Trail Ride, So. Woodstock                                                    |
| 5-7      | Invitation Amateur Golf Tourn., Dorset                                                       |
| 5-7      | Internat.Pro.-AmateurGolfTourn., St.Johnsbury                                                |
| 7        | Beagle Dog Trials, Hardwick                                                                  |
| 6        | Sixth Annual Field Day, Sheffield                                                           |
| 7        | Morgan Horse Show, So. Woodstock                                                            |
| 7-12     | Rutland Fair, Rutland                                                                       |
| 20       | Sixth Annual Smallbore Rifle Tourn.,Middlebury                                               |

**Note:** This list necessarily was compiled last January and is incomplete. We suggest you write for additional dates to the Vermont Development Commission, Montpelier Vt.,

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"It's odd about the car: she has a distinct personality. When I turn her loose on the road to Paradise and Eden and the river road to Weatherfield Bow, she knows exactly where she's going. Like an old Morgan horse I used to drive—give her her head and she'll take me home! I guess you all know what I mean.

"I should have said, some time ago, that there wasn't a mountain or a valley, a river or a lake in Vermont that wasn't as familiar to me as my own right hand. I was wrong. Almost every summer has been a trip of discovery. Roads I never knew opened before me. Such roads! New roads that climbed and climbed to the world's end, and then dropped into a valley that lay like a lover in the arms of a silver river. Roads that spun straight through a mountain, like a thread through the eye of a needle, came out on the other side into a basin of green pastures and still waters, wrapped and lapped in mountains that were there when David sang in Israel and Nebo was the look-out into the promised land.

"Streams as blue and sharp as a sword pour out of the solid rock and lose themselves in the hollow of a crystal lake. Hor and Pisgah stand guard and Ascutney broods over the futility of little men and little lives. In the lap of Mother Myrick we may lay our tired heads and forget the noisy world beyond. And on the broad bosom of Equinox dry our tears and bury our sorrows.

"The hills below invite us and the road bends to our wish. The pines and hemlocks "make straight the crooked" and in the river valleys stretch out highways to the heart's desire.

"And then, night falls. Night in the mountains drapes her purple veil. Stillness enters into her own and silence claims her kingdom. In Vermont, the mountains have attained the stars—as nowhere else."

By Ann Batchelder, L.H.D.
From the ladies' home journal.