“Opportunities”

In our last issue the assistance of Vermont Life was offered to persons seeking special types of opportunity in Vermont and to special types of opportunity seeking people. The response was greater than we expected. Lots of folks want to make their homes here. Space, facility and staff inadequacies make it necessary for us to select for our column only those letters which we feel are “special” problems. All letters will be turned over to the state office of the Vermont State Employment Service, and even tho’ we do not treat some as “special” they are none the less deserving and will be given due consideration there. When writing us regarding “opportunities” appearing in this column please address our “box” number. Your letter will be forwarded to the person in question. Vermont Life assumes no responsibility for the statements made in letters to it.

HELP WANTED

VL4. A couple who in 1947 bought a lovely home (we saw a picture of it) in a small attractive Vermont town are looking for a couple, the man to act as gardener, his wife as cook. There are four daughters, 3 are away excepting during vacation seasons. Lots of wood and pasture land, 2 vegetable gardens, flower gardens, lily pond, and swimming pool, and the 14 room house with oil heat and 9 fire places insure pleasant surroundings. Pay would be determined by age and experience and whether or not young children came with the couple, but would be about $200 per month plus rooms and food.

VL5. A man who will always be partly a Vermonter—because he lived here for a while—and who is married to a dyed-in-the-wool Vermonter, has a mail order business which helps all types of businesses to market one or more items by mail. He would like to interest Vermont industries in this service. A department is also maintained to help individuals establish themselves with a good product. A man or woman could start part time on a small investment.

POSITIONS WANTED

VL1. A young Vermonter and a navy veteran, graduating from Dartmouth in June (also being married in June) is looking for employment in the administrative end of public utility work but is also interested in state or business employment.

VL2. A young couple with two children hope to move to Vermont to improve the health of one child. Both have degrees from American International College. Father’s experience: newspaper reporting, public relations work and photography (for United Aircraft). Mother’s experience: teaching in commercial subjects, secretarial work and raising a family. (She has a knack for stenciling and hand painting). Combined experience: to plan and raise a good garden and undertake small poultry operations. Father is a deacon in a Congregational Church and both are presidents of the Mr. and Mrs. Club.

VL3. Man, 40 years old, with broad financial experience in industry—budgeting, costs, taxes, investments, insurance—also teaching experience, desires to locate a business or connect as an employee in Vermont.

VL6. A married man, 44 years old, would like to come here to live. He’s been in the plastics industry for 13 years with a major company in a supervisory capacity, specializing in the creating, formulating and developing of colored plastics. He has had some production and research experience and would consider a position other than in plastics if need be.

VL7. This time a lady—a widow with 2 children right here in Vermont—offers her services typing manuscripts or theses, double space, for $2.25 per page. She could edit, punctuate or correct the language she went along as she is an English teacher. (We like this last “special” service).

VL8. Copywriter, editorial and promotional, would transfer herself and her typewriter to a Vermont Setting. Has had extensive writing experience: shopping column, magazine and newspaper articles, radio scripts, advertising copy, sales manual, and press releases. B. A. degree, single.

VL9. New York accountant, university graduate, with C. P. A. experience desires to locate in Vermont. He is of New England ancestry, married, strictly temperate, adaptable, and in excellent health.

VL10. A young married man who has spent much time in Vermont would like to make his home here. He is looking for a transportation position with responsibility and a chance for advancement, but would, if necessary, adapt himself to some other type of work. He has had several years experience as a Customs Clerk, working as statistician and on car tracing and claims for a railway system.

VL11. This gentleman with 35 years experience would like to purchase a retail furniture business preferably in the Woodstock area.

VL12. A couple with no friends or acquaintances in Vermont hope to buy a home in the northern part of the state. They will need a means of livelihood up here. Both are artists—the Mrs. in advertising, he in display and the decorative line. They are particularly interested in craft industries.

VL14. Young married man, graduate of U. S. Naval Academy, Rutgers College, Litt. B., now associated with a nationally known men’s wear manufacturer in a merchandising capacity, would like to make his home in Vermont. Has had experience in merchandising, sales development and promotion (fabrics), and some actual department store experience. Has arranged window and interior displays, trained retail and wholesale personnel, lectured before both consumer and trade groups and prepared advertising and promotional literature.
Those fortunate beings who have sugar

Just note what this madness does to such

and make some maple syrup. Of course

a [irosaic machine as the Postboy's type-

promises of life's renewal. (Whoops!

some time simply has to tap some trees

with the keenness of frosty air, and the

joining in partnership with the mysterious

magic in it. Its pleasure is compounded

distinct season, a time of year, and there is

MAPLE MADNESS.

"gathering" sap and "boiling down."

the hard work involved, most honest

farmers will admit that there is a unique

joy which goes with "tapping out" and

"gathering" sap and "boiling down."

Sugaring is not only a process; it is a

distinct season, a time of year, and there is

magic in it. Its pleasure is compounded

of the warmth of the spring sun, spiked

with the keenness of frosty air, and the

joining in partnership with the mysterious

forces of nature to produce something

which is a distillation of the hope-giving

promises of life's renewal. (Whoops!

Just note what this madness does to such

a prosaic machine as the Postboy's type-

writer.)

Everyone who lives in the country at

some time simply has to tap some trees

and make some maple syrup. Of course

those fortunate beings who have sugar

bushes or orchards—we understand the

latter is supposed to be standard now—

know all about sugar making from child-

hood and sometimes they are not as full

of poetic ecstatics as others less in-

timately connected with the process. But

even the village dweller, with a few

maples in his yard or along the highway

near his house, at some time has to try

his hand at distilling maple sap.

REAL MADNESS.

Naturally when denizens of the city

move to the country they are attacked

with this Maple Madness and, being

adults, they go at it scientifically. So did

Mrs. Newcomer who, on finding that

the maples along the highway in front

of her place were sugar maples, im-

mediately wrote to Cornell—she's obvi-

ously come from New York—and like-

wise to Washington, asking for all the

printed information available on the

science, or art, of making maple syrup

from tree to patela. Then, when the first

signs of thawing weather appeared she

sallied forth with bit and determination

and tapped the trees along the highway.

She hung a varied assortment of tin cans

under the spouts inserted according to the

Cornell gospel. Of course that night it

turned cold and stayed that way for

another month. Well, Mrs. Newcomer's

native handy man delighted in telling her

all the local news including juicy bits of

sittings and uprisings. When she had

tapped out so early he had reported that

they thought she was dippy; she decided
to give them corroborative evidence. So,

a few mornings after her first tapping out,

when the local passersby looked toward

Mrs. Newcomer's place, their eyes bunged

out. They beheld buckets hanging from

the maples, but likewise from the two

elms and the three poplars. And to make

a thorough job of proving she WAS
dippy, there were buckets hanging from

the three tapped telephone poles!

THE AMELIORATING STAPLE.

It is certainly most fitting that the last

paragraphs in this department should

come from one who was only a short time

ago a Mrs. Newcomer but who never
tapped a telephone pole. Mrs. Scott

Nearing, who probably makes as fine a

brand of maple syrup and attendant
delicacies as any hearty perennial

dug this up in an old issue of Harper's dated

April, 1881. Obviously there was no Ver-

mont Life then to spread the gospel. Here

is the story, headed "Vermont and Maple."

"When we think of Vermont it is as

we think of Labrador or Alaska—as

something within the boundaries of

the continent but aloof from the

attributes and intimacy of the com-

monwealth; and it is only by poring

over a map and a guide that we are

made to understand how near it is to

the city, and that its population

is not isolated from us by an arctic

environment. Every reputable

person with a proper respect for himself

knows that the state has the same

characteristics, the same homely

virtues, and the same pervasive

common-school intelligence as the

rest of New England; but the unre-

vised, intuitive idea of it is that it is

bleak and distant, that its surface is

broken by many mountain ranges,

and that maple sugar is an amelio-

rating staple."

END

COMING in the next issue

Southern Vermont Artists

Featuring Norman Rockwell, Luigi

Lucioni, and other famous Vermont

artists, with four pages of their paint-
ings and their unique annual show at

Manchester in full color.

Barrel Barns in Vermont

A picture story of their unique

architectural oddities.

The Winooski

The story of Vermont's heartway

eriver, and seven other features in color

and black and white.

VERMONT Life
Vermont SUMMER HOMES

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

In more leisurely times a communication at large was headed "To Whom It May Concern." Our modern hours and minutes being both shorter and fewer than those of our grandparents, I think it well to specify those who are concerned by this screed about summer homes in Vermont—those men and women teaching in schools, colleges and universities; those who are doctors, lawyers, musicians, writers, artists—in a word those who earn their living by a professionally trained use of their brains. And in addition—note this—those others not technically of that class but who enjoy the kind of life usually created by professional people. If your taste, your outlook on life are generally in common with the class I have named, please consider yourself one of my audience.

Now let me tell you at once why Vermont is addressing an open letter To You Whom It Does Concern—for I am only the pen which writes what is felt all over the State. It is because we think we can strike with you in the matter of summer homes that best of all good bargains, the one which benefits both sides alike—the ideal bargain in which there is no little end of the horn. It seems to us that Vermont just by being Vermont has something liked and needed by people of your sort, and that people of your sort just by being yourselves have something that Vermont likes and needs.

But that is true, of course, of very many fine, cultivated and superior Americans who are not in the professions. We know it is true because people of this sort have long been among our most valued summer citizens. Vermont has been so far exceptionally fortunate in its part-time residents. Why then should we single out you professional folks for a special invitation? For several reasons. One is that we feel perhaps some of you think that having a summer home of your own is a pleasure out of your reach, and so do not even read the more general invitations issued by Vermont to all desirable folks. And then, money talking as loudly as it does in our commercial modern world, you do not always get your rightful share of special warm invitations. Superior interesting families with character, cultivation, good breeding and also plenty of money need no assurance from anybody as to the warmth of...
their welcome in any community they may favor with their presence. But superior, interesting families of character, cultivation and good breeding with smaller incomes can hardly be blamed if they feel that what they bring to a community is not always appreciated at its full worth. It can't do any harm to emphasize a little the fact that Vermont has special reasons for appreciating how valuable people like you are to your neighbors, and wants to let you know it. Wants furthermore to tell you that some of what are perhaps class liabilities in conventional, prosperous urban surroundings are assets in Vermont.

We feel that you and Vermont have much in common. By and large Americans who earn their livings by professionally trained use of their brains have always made, make now and probably always will make less money than Americans of the same sort who manufacture, or buy and sell material objects or handle money. Vermont is in somewhat the same position among the rich industrial states of the East. It has always been conscious, like you, of having good mental and moral qualities in its make-up (if one may be permitted to say so), but qualities that do not command so high a cash price in the market place as some others, in a world the values of which are based largely on money. Like you, Vermont has been forced to build up a scheme of life in which cash is not so important as it is for the majority of modern Americans. Like you, Vermont esteems highly certain human qualities even though they do not command the making of large incomes. I suppose that Vermonters, being just twentieth century people like everybody else, are deeply impressed by large sums of money, mere money. But their traditions make them at least ashamed to show that they are impressed. And that's something! Whereas those same old New England traditions make us look up to character and cultivation and education, and proud that we do. Any of you cultivated families, settling in Vermont for a summer home, may thus be sure that the respected and influential Vermonters of your community will value your trained, well-informed minds, respect what your educational advantages have done for you, and be glad they and their children are to be in contact with you.

There is then between you people of the professions and Vermonters, the fact that life has forcibly taught both the value of other things in life than cash. This common ground extends far and
BARNS often make striking summer homes.
This one was remodeled by a famous historian.

Regional color in a standardized world, you will help us keep what we have, rather than making our young people ashamed of it, as do some of the ignorant among the well-to-do. You will laugh at some of our oddities (who could help laughing!), but with the understanding laugh that does not hurt: and without getting mad about it you will let us enjoy with the same friendly amusement some of your odd ways. In other words, we will be close enough to each other to get the human good out of our contacts. You will value what is worthwhile in our inheritance, and so will help us perceive what is best in our traditions, and help us hold to it. All this with no effort on your part, just because you have sensitive good taste, sound judgment and well-trained perceptions which you enjoy using.

There is something else of value we feel Vermont has to offer you and your children, something which the modern world seems determined nobody shall have. This is stability. Nearly every modern family moves many times, especially a professional family, extra-specially a family whose breadwinner is in the school, college or university world. His first positions are naturally in a small institution. Almost inevitably success means changing to a larger one; and after that to a larger one yet. The material background of modern life shifts like a scene in a theatre. It is harder and harder to give modern children any experience of continuity, any chance to strike deep those tap-roots which take time to grow, and without which a human life is poor indeed. We have seen in the case of many of our “summer families” that the Vermont summer house has given growing-up children their only experience of a permanent home; their only chance to learn how much richness and depth is added to life by belonging somewhere. Vermont towns and villages, you see, are above all static, provide that experience of unchanging stability that is such a rest to nerves assaulted by the modern haste to change for change’s sake.

So here we are, we Vermonters, quite aware that the future will bring us many more summer guests than ever before, hoping very much that they will not all be tourists who flit from boarding house to boarding house and hotel to hotel, but that many of them will rent or buy some of the lovely old places being sold for so little, and will settle down to be a valued part of our State life. And there you are, you professional people and others of your tastes, just the ones we like, the ones who would help us keep Vermont unspoiled, and the ones we feel, who would be happiest in Vermont because you embody many of the best elements of our old American traditions. We have an idea that many of you never read the other bulletins sent out from Vermont about summer homes. How can you and Vermont get together? On neither side is there much liking for the usual forms of advertising. We don’t know how to begin. If we set out to tell you about Vermont, its lovely, healthful climate; its beautiful hills and mountains and valleys and lakes; the wonderful bargains to be had in old houses suitable for summer homes, and in surpassingly fine sites for new homes; the exquisite green of its hill pastures and the abundance of its swift, clear brooks; its forests and its fishing; its excellent summer schools at its various institutions of learning; its self-respecting, humorous colorful people; its good hotels and boarding houses; its pleasant shaded villages; its summer camps for young people; its astoundingly low number of infectious sicknesses like typhoid fever; its mountain trails and shelters; its tracts of virgin forest; and its excellent road system—if, I say, we tried to tell you about all those sides of Vermont, we would feel uncomfortably that we might be accused of bragging. (We call it “bragging,” not “boosting,” in Vermont and we don’t like the sound of it very well.) All those items are true, but gathered together in one statement it would sound to us as though we were claiming too much to give a truthful impression of our plain rustic State, and as though, to balance up, we ought to tell you some of our many failings. We would ever so much rather have you come and see for yourselves. You know better than we do what you want in the way of a summer home. Come and see if you think you could get it among us. Then if there is something wrong with our idea that you and Vermont could strike a good bargain, you will find it out. If there isn’t you will know more about it than if you depended on our say-so. Why can’t you, next summer, pack a suitcase or two, put the children on the back seat of the family car and spend a fortnight looking around Vermont. The Vermont Publicity Service at Montpelier will send you, if you ask them for it, a list of Vermont property for sale—all kinds, houses, shacks, lakeside cottages, old farmhouses, new village homes—ranging in price from a few hundred dollars to several thousands. The house I live in was bought for less than $500 (of course this was some years ago), and the front yard is just an old hill pasture with the grass kept cut. Inset on the slope is an informal flower garden, a bit of which is shown at the beginning of this booklet. Why don’t you, with this official state list, shop around on wheels and see what you can see—taking time as you go to give the children some swimming and hiking and berrying and camping and other country fun.

Now suppose in the course of such a tour of inspection, you get interested in one of the places for sale. What is the next step? You’ll want, naturally, to talk over the inwardness of the local situation with some of the reliable responsible people of the locality. How are you going to get in touch with them,
Vermont communities are like other groups of human beings, made up of all kinds of people, shading from the reliable and responsible down to the unreliable and irresponsible. How can you find your way to those on whose word you can depend? Try this plan:—don’t reach out at random to the first people you see—to the boy who sells you gas at the filling station or the people in the next house on the road. They may be all right, probably are; but then again they may be those “wrong ones to ask” of whom every community has specimens. Begin by asking your way to the door of the nearest minister or doctor—people of your own kind. No, we are not suggesting that you ask them for advice about real estate values, hardly their specialty! Only that, introducing yourself as equals to equals by name and occupation and address you say that you are rather interested in such-and-such a property for sale in such-and-such a part of town, and would like to learn the names of two or three substantial and reliable families in that district. Probably your professional colleague can name them instantly. If not he can direct you to some other responsible person in town who can. You will not have taken three minutes of his time, and you will have a valuable clue in your hands when you leave him. If it is harder to ask a storekeeper this question, you will usually find that Vermont storekeepers are substantial up-right citizens with good judgment. Note that the question you ask is not an indiscreet or impertinent one, difficult to answer with tact. You do not ask to be told which people are not reliable but to be directed to one or two among those who are.

Then wander around a little in a leisurely way—above all don’t try to be brisk and peppy about it—drop in on those neighbors-to-be (choose an hour when they aren’t busy with summer farm work) tell them who you are and that you are “thinking maybe you’ll buy a summer place near by,” chat with them a little till you have had a chance to see what kind of folks they are and till they have had the same chance to size you up. Then, man to man, American to American, talk it over with them. Ask the questions everybody wants to ask, about water, supplies, roads, wages, weather, general conditions. Don’t try to go too fast. It is a personal relation you are establishing, and those can’t be put through as you push a button or turn a screw. You will find that good Vermonters, when approached in the quiet, non-aggressive way they themselves would approach strangers, are anything but morose or suspicious, are responsive to well-bred manners and haven’t at all bad manners themselves. Also you can believe what the right kind of Vermonters tell you, even when sacred money is in question.

That is the program we would like to carry out as our attempt to “sell you Vermont.” We would hate above everything to sell you Vermont or anything else if you didn’t want to buy it. That would be the worst of bargains on both sides. We know, absolutely know that Vermont has a summer home within the possibilities of your resources. We think that Vermont life has many elements in it you would enjoy and we would like very much to add a good proportion of you to our part-time citizens. But maybe we’re wrong in thinking you would enjoy Vermont life. Perhaps some of the things in our situation we take for granted you might not like at all. What better way is there for you to find out than to come to see for yourselves, with a guide to available property for sale issued by a reliable State department?

So far, you may have observed, there has been nothing in this open letter to You Whom We Hope It Concerns, except our feeling that during the phase of your family life when children are growing up it would be good for you and good for Vermont to have you as part-time Vermonters. But there is another period of the professional life when we think Vermont and you would get on well together. Most professional people expect to have to retire whether they really want to or not, and having been brought up in a professional family myself I know that few of them look forward with much pleasure to those later years.
INTERIORS carry out the same grace and tasteful feeling established on the outside. This is artist Ilse Bischoff's dining room. The still-life over the mantel is one of her own.

BISCHOFF LIBRARY takes its basic color scheme from the precious Lowestoft plates. (Kodachromes by Gilbert Ask, from House and Garden, July 1947. Copyright 1947, The Condé Nast Publications Inc.)
BONES OF DESIGN

By Storrs Lee

Vermont, with its pastoral setting, has always been an invitation to artists of the literal persuasion. It is one state where the painter can compete with the photographer in reproducing countryside without too much selection, elimination, or emphasis. A composition presents itself from every pasture slope or from every turn in the highway. The literal artist can set up his easel anywhere that the photographer can set up his tripod, reproduce what the lay eye sees and achieve a picture. Vermont lends itself to this type of realistic painting and it may be the principal reason why the impressionists, the expressionists and surrealists have never made a significant invasion into the Green Mountains.

The most familiar oil and water color representations of Vermont are of the Hudson River School—more literal translations of landscape, like the work of Luigi Lucioni, Nicholas U. Conito, Henry Schnackenberg, Paul Sample and a dozen others. Arthur K. D. Healy of Middlebury leads an entirely different group. Where others would choose a scene for its grandeur, its sweeping contrast in color, its natural appearance, its stark homeliness, Mr. Healy merely seeks a structure; he eliminates the foliage, the incidental, the non-essentials, subordinates all the elements to the one element he wants to emphasize, and comes up with a skeletal composition that bespeaks Vermont more emphatically than the most picturesque realism. His style is formal. He relates Vermont laconically—as laconically as its more cautious citizens by tradition report an incident in economy of words. The touch of humor is there too. You may have to look to the title before you discover its subtlety; it may be in the posture of an inconspicuous background figure; or in the exaggeration of some elemental Vermont structure; but it is usually present. And the other subtle feature of any Healy painting is a dramatic nuance. For a one-man show in New York at the Macbeth Galleries last year Robert Frost contributed an introductory program note:

"I am glad that your pictures are going to New York. Our interest goes with them. Their success will in a way be our success because we will claim to have been in on them first with our admiration."

Although they are both poets working in different media, one would hesitate to compare the stanzas of Robert Frost with the painting of Arthur Healy; but actually the two have something in common—notably the sly twist of humor and the dramatic sense. "Anything is as good as it is dramatic," claims Mr. Frost. Mr. Healy has accepted that tenet.

Mr. Healy's work is by no means limited to depiction of Vermont. With the same personalized flavor, he has interpreted Key West, the Maine Coast, Bermuda, southern New Hampshire, and Martha's Vineyard. Art analysts give most painters more or less clearly defined periods. Mr. Healy does not have periods, he has phases—several a year. He is constantly in transition, changing his method, his approach and his color emphasis. Every paper is a new experiment, and in some he achieves a quality. He turns out a formidable number of water colors, as many as a hundred during a year, but most of them never reach the public. They are tucked away on shelves, hidden in the barn, or casually destroyed. It takes good-humored coaxing from the best of his friends to get him to display the scenes that are not destined for some exhibit.

His acceptance as a ranking artist is seen in the fact that he has had shows in galleries like the Ferargil and Macbeth in New York and the Margaret Brown in Boston. He has exhibited at Stockbridge, at Burlington, at Goose Rocks Beach in Maine, in Philadelphia, at the Chicago and Brooklyn Internationals, and has won a sprinkling of awards, notably the Zabriskie Prize of the American Water Color Society. The plaudit coming from the more exacting critics shows that Vermont has another artist of stature: "An accomplished draughtsman with the ability to ferret out what he calls the 'bones of design' and to build and rely upon them" (Boston Post). "Healy deserves particular commendation for the boldness and clarity with which he has handled his work, the same economy of means, admirable use of color and interesting composition being noticeable in all his pictures, whether they are studies in New England landscapes or scenes in the tropics." (Boston Herald). "Arthur Healy displays a style well made and the means of making his statements count simply and poetically" (N. Y. Herald Tribune). "His work is skillful, somewhat mild in color, and full of taste. He knows the value of white, and the force of nervous line... He is well aware of the im-

Declaring that "I'm not my own style," Healy fought shy of self portraits. But he did this.

Arthur K. D. Healy paints a wind-swept Vermont
hearing of unity of composition" (Art News). "Arthur K. D. Healy...does not need the endorsement of Robert Frost in the catalogue for the first-rate papers in his recent collection." (N. Y. Times) Once on being queried as to why he did not do portraits replied, "I should have to begin by painting myself and, frankly, I am not my own style!"

How Mr. Healy finds time to complete the amazing quantity of paintings is a mystery to all who know him. First of all he has a full-time job at Middlebury as Artist in Residence. He heads the Department of Fine Arts and teaches five courses in the history of painting, contemporary art, and practical painting. He made Middlebury one of the few colleges which is espousing current interest in early American painting, sculpture and architecture by introducing a course on the "Genesis and History of American Art." Among his students he has acquired a reputation for being a witty and challenging lecturer as well as an exacting and sympathetic critic of creative techniques of expression.

In addition to his teaching and own creative work, he manages to devote time and energy, that would fully occupy an ordinary citizen, to innumerable outside projects, but he considers himself a failure at the simplest household chores. He is a trustee of the Sheldon Museum in Middlebury and of the Fleming Museum in Burlington. He is constantly arranging exhibits of his own and of other artist's work in and out of state. He spends his spare time illustrating books, painting scenery for stage productions, and serving on a host of committees connected with decoration and architecture. His current hobby is working on an investigation regarding an evaluation of the Vermont itinerant painter Benjamin Mason, in collaboration with Mr. Alfred Frankenstein of the San Francisco Chronicle. He is a member of the American Water Color Society, The Salmagundi Club, the Philadelphia Water-Color Club, the Audubon Artists, the Springfield Art Association, and, since he lives in central Vermont, he retains membership in the Southern, the Mid- and the Northern Vermont Artists and has exhibited regularly since 1926. Then there are seasons of the year when all of these interests are suddenly abandoned and he takes up fishing or hunting with all the fervor and pride of a small town sportman. These trips account for as many sketches for pictures as they do grouse, and some of his finest paintings originated when he was on location as huntsman.

Mr. Healy is not a recluse. His humor is present at almost any type of popular occasion from a town caucus or a church supper to a cocktail party. He is a Democrat, an ecclesiastical buff, and, in recent years a self-regimented teetotaller. His principal obsessions are aversions to boredom and hypocrisy and he is a master at finding original ways of averting them. In the thick of the cocktail chatter, you may spot him concentrating on a game of chess with the host, or using the tablecloth or the reverse side of a program to caricature the speaker and illustrate his less impressive remarks. His good Irish sense of sympathy is no less evident than his good Irish sense of humor. The public seldom finds out that he was the last friend to chat with a neglected local character before his demise, or that he frequently spends an evening with some ill and desperately lonely soul.

Mr. Healy first came to Vermont in 1921 as a Middlebury College freshman. He stayed only one year, since he wished to concentrate in the field of Art and Archaeology at Princeton where he received his A.B. in 1924 and a master's degree from the graduate school of architecture two years later. For a time he worked as a free lance in New York, specializing in the decoration of hotel interiors. During this period he took frequent leaves of absence for trips to Europe in search of material or in satisfying a healthy appetite for living. He resided at the School of Beaux Arts at Fontainebleau. In 1929 he began practicing architecture at Rutland, a number of handsomely restored old houses, churches and schools give evidence of his ability in that field.

Not until the early years of the depression did he turn to picture-making as a new profession. He spent the summer of 1933 at Goose Rocks Beach studying under Eliot O'Hara, a close friend and the only art instructor he ever had. He made an auspicious start that summer in Maine and has not been tempted to interrupt his career since that date, except for a brief period during the war when he returned to architectural engineering for the Navy and designed the camouflage for the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

Mr. Healy's career as a painter extends over a period of little more than a dozen years. In that brief time he has become recognized as one of the leading water colorists in America. No one is making any guesses regarding the particular direction his talent will take him during the next decade. Vermont and Middlebury will do well to keep him.

HEALY'S VERMONT: (from top to bottom) Busman's Holiday; Machine Age; Middlebury Depot; Middlebury Bridge; Route Seven.
In the northeast corner of Vermont, heavily forested and dotted with many lakes and small ponds, lies the County of Essex. Here it still is possible to walk through the forest for at least twenty-five miles without encountering a modern human habitation, only the ancient remains of some hunting camps, some caved-in cellar foundations.

Although stony in places the land is considered to be generally fertile, especially that land bordering the Connecticut River. It is not an area noted for its agricultural activity to any great extent, but always considered to be, and is, a land of picturesque beauty and of a romantic background. Indians never settled here but did use it as a hunting ground and as a main road between Canada and the Connecticut River. Indian relics found in certain sections prove beyond doubt that the Red men moved through and lived here, if for only short periods, previous to the coming of the white settlers.

Essex County, prior to 1764, was supposed to be in the New Hampshire grants and some of this land was even granted to different parties by Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire. It was not until 1800, after considerable shifting of boundaries, that Essex County was incorporated and its county officers appointed in the legislature of 1800.

A hundred years ago fish and game were naturally abundant in this section of our state. Moose, deer, black bear, fox, lynx, skunk, martin, wolf, racoon, otter, mink, beaver and the usual small animals, roamed the forests. Historians of a bygone day called this north country a "veritable paradise for those who would hunt, fish and commune with nature." In less flowery language we can still proudly say that here exists some of our finest hunting and fishing, plus an almost unlimited opportunity to "commune with nature."

There were low spots, times when the overall picture was not so bright. Forty years ago it was said that fishing in Essex County was "done." Now, many years later, fishing, as the results of stocking of lakes and streams by the Fish and Game Department and strict enforcement of regulations, plus hearty cooperation from land and camp owners in the Averill Lakes section, fishing has "come back."

Hunting, too, went through a difficult period. At one time, nearly sixty years ago, deer almost vanished from the state of Vermont—with the exception of some in Essex County. Seventeen were
purchased in New York State and brought to Rutland County and an indefinite closed season was imposed in the entire state. From a natural increase in Essex County and the results of breeding among the imported deer, herds multiplied until 1896 when pressure was brought to bear on the Legislature that caused a short open season to be declared. From that time on, better enforcement of the game laws has brought about a condition whereby the deer have held their own and seem to be on the increase despite the seemingly large kill during the open seasons.

QUIMBY'S AT AVERILL

In the popular mind Quimby's at Averill is almost synonymous with Essex County, due to a well-deserved reputation for offering unsurpassed accommodations for the sportsman in a section where wild life still is abundant. The Quimby Resorts now have an Inn and a Club, thirty cottages and facilities on three lakes. Over fifty years ago C. M. Quimby opened a fishing camp. Daughter Hortense took over the management in 1919 and has added buildings, improved existing structures, provided additional facilities for the entertainment of guests, and perhaps most important of all, instituted conservation practices that insure, all else being equal, a reasonable chance to catch fish.

Quimby's insists it is just an overgrown home-in-the-country for the city folks.

Averill township, chartered in 1762, is an unorganized township and covers about twenty thousand acres in northeastern Vermont. It borders on the Canadian province of Quebec and New Hampshire near the source of the Connecticut River. Five lakes—Big Averill, Little Averill, Forest Lake, Wallis Lake and Norton Lake—in the immediate vicinity provide a variety and abundance of fishing which is probably unequalled elsewhere in Vermont over a comparable area.

Quimby's, while not exactly a poor man's paradise and operated along rather strict lines as to choice of clientele, has achieved a fame which has spread far beyond the confines of Vermont. This renown is deserved because of the fact that those who come to these camps, and return year after year, have received what they have sought and paid for—a chance to enjoy an agreeable vacation among hospitable Vermonters and amid naturally beautiful surroundings. The personnel of Quimby's are carefully trained to make the guest feel that during his stay he is part of it all. Above all else,

VERMONT Life
HORTENSE QUIMBY, third from right in wood burning steamboat—formerly used for tours on Big Averill—has now grown up into a most attractive and competent business woman. An ardent conservationist, she now runs Quimby's. The departing guest must take with him pleasant memories.

The Quimby Resorts are spread over a considerable territory. On Forest Lake is "The Club". Here guests are lodged in cottages and "The Club" provides a main dining room and lounge. Tennis courts are on the grounds and kindergarten hostesses and junior directors supervise the young fry and teen-agers.

Quimby's Inn at the south end of Big Averill Lake—two and one-half miles by road and less by trail from "The Club"—offers variety in that it is situated in more open country. The same food and service are provided at both places; all guests are guests of Quimby's.

The management of Quimby's has given considerable thought to providing something for all the family; there need be no "fishing widows" here. A picnic department furnishes lunches and all necessary equipment for any sort of outing or camping trip. Tennis, riding, canoeing, sailing, swimming, softball and horse-shoes are some of the activities available for those who would participate in them. Or one is able to simply enjoy doing nothing in his own particular way. Entertainment is provided but not insisted upon.

Perhaps the spirit of all this is best summed up in the following: "Quimby's—where we do the things we want to do, and watch others doing the certain things that we delight in not having to do when we don't wish to."

Fishing begins in early May at the Averill Lakes and vicinity and lasts until October first. May, when the ice is out, supposedly offers topnotch chances to land a salmon or lake trout. June provides stream fishing at its best for trout, fly fishing for trout and salmon. Vermont bass fishing opens July first and Vermont streams are open until August 15. September, with its first hint of approaching winter, still offers fly fishing for trout, salmon and lake trout, with a bass lake remaining open to bait or fly fishing. Adjoining Canadian lakes are all open until the first of October.

As late as 1786, when settlements were springing up and boundaries and titles still were not clear, life was very real, very earnest and still fraught with danger, especially so to those whose work brought them in contact with various factions of this primitive land. From the diary of Eben Judd, surveyor, who had much to do with the "running of lines" here, we are indebted for a glimpse of the past.

"Sept. 7 (1786) Crossed river at noon to Joseph Wait's, surveyed on the river the Governor's lot in Brunswick."

"Sept. 17. Went to Nath'l Wait's in forenoon and drew tooth for his wife."

"Oct. 9th. Surveyed on side of the river in Maidstone. Just at sunset met company of men on a piece of land that Mr. Shoff lived on. They held our chain-
men and said if we went on they would break our heads.

"Oct. 12. About 2 o'clock P. M. was met by a company of settlers in a Briton's manner. They stopped and hindered us a long time.

"Oct. 14. Began to lot on Wait's Bow. We went strong handed. Joseph Holdbrook carried the fore end of the chain, and was clinched upon by a Mr. Grapes. Grapes was advised to let go, and finally did, and we went on with our lotting."

"Nov. 2. Thanksgiving Day. We lived exceeding well at Esq. Eames . . ."

"Nov. 30. Thanksgiving Day in Vermont. Went to Mr. Hall's at night. Fine supper—roasted turkey, chicken pie, and the first apples and apple pie . . . Had a fiddler and Coos dance. Went from there to Mr. Lucas' about ten o'clock at night, where we found a company drinking sizzled rum, or hot toddy. Had a high caper, as it is called. About midnight returned to Esq. Eames, and made out to get to bed without help.

(Even then they had their lighter moments as well as an apparent disagreement as to the proper day for the celebration of Thanksgiving.)

PEOPLE OF LONG AGO

This section of Vermont produced many interesting characters as well as men of distinction. One David Hyde, who arrived in the town of Brunswick in 1784, cleared land and planted crops at a point known as Hyde Bow. Hyde had rather peculiar though harmless notions of right and wrong. In measuring grain for sale to his neighbors he always heaped the half-bushel and in weight made no account of the fractions of the pound. He frequently remarked: "The weight and measure are the Lord's, but the price is my own."

Wm. E. Balch, prominent citizen of Lunenburg about seventy-five years ago, became the state's first official taxidermist. Specimens of his work were exhibited at the World's Fair in New Orleans in the Vermont exhibit. Some of his work is still on display at the Fairbanks Museum in St. Johnsbury and at the Fleming Museum in Burlington. Balch is said to have made the first photograph of beaver at work.

An odd character known as "Buck-shot" Thibeau, an old French guide and cook, who made his headquarters around the shores of Wallis Pond, was better known for his feat of blasting an entire flock of geese with an ancient fowling piece on the opposite shore of the pond than for his skill as a cook.

The early settlers of Essex County had, by very necessity, to endure hardships and privations which are almost unbelievable to us in this present age. Living at a distance of about 130 miles from the seaboard, heavy articles, such as iron and salt, had to be brought in on the backs of horses or men.

Much of this distance was through dense forests whose only guideposts were blazed trees. Swollen streams had to be crossed by swimming, and at all times a wary eye had to be kept for the marauding Red Man who would, without the slightest compunction, separate a white man's scalp from his skull. The settlers of Essex County were indeed a hardy race and their descendants have, through the years, inherited their strong and vigorous constitutions.

ISLAND POND

Island pond, located on the Grand Trunk Railroad about half-way between Portland and Montreal, is prominent in the western part of the county as a railroad center and lumber producing town. A water route beginning at the Clyde River out of Lake Memphremagog, through Island Pond and the Nulhegan River to the Connecticut, once was the favorite route of the St. Francis and Algonquin Indians. DeWitt Clinton surveyed this route for a canal to connect the waters of Lake Champlain with Casco Bay.

Although the route was found to be feasible the railroad came first. Now the rails of the Grand Trunk parallel the proposed route for some distance.

Near Island Pond there is a small stream called the "Vale of Tears." At the close of the war of 1812, two soldiers were returning to their homes in Charleston. Having traveled a long distance...
TOPOGRAPHIC MAP of the sparsely settled northern lake country in Essex County bordering on Canada.

STRAIGHT LINE is Canadian border line in the wooded and lake area of Essex County. Early settlers, living at a distance of about 130 miles from the seaboard, had to bring in heavy articles on the backs of horses and men.

through the wilderness and eaten the last of their provisions, they sat down to rest and refresh themselves by partaking of the last of their whiskey. One of them accidentally dropped the bottle upon a stone and broke it. The disappointment was so great that these brave men, who had faced battle without flinching, sat down and wept. Since that time the place and brook have been called the "Vale of Tears."

MOOSE VERSUS IRON HORSE

In 1858, a few miles north of the village (Island Pond) a large moose was discovered by the engineer of a railroad train. The engineer, being of sporting mind, gunned his train and gave pursuit to the moose that had taken to the road bed as an easy means of escape from the iron horse. The animal kept ahead of the train for about a mile when it became apparent that the train was gaining. The moose then left the track, wheeled, and was hit by the second car. Two cars of the train were derailed and the moose killed.

TOWNS AND VILLAGES

Essex County still is a sparsely settled section of our state, although a number of pleasant and typically New England villages are found there. Averill, Bloomfield, Brighton, Brunswick, Canaan, Concord, Ferdinand, Guildhall, Lunenberg, Maidstone, Norton and Victory are the principal towns.

Interesting local history has long been recorded and space does not permit dwelling at length on each town. The first and present county seat was at Guildhall (pronounced "Guil'hall"). Guildhall was settled about 1764, incorporated in 1798 and organized in 1799. Concord has the distinction of becoming the seat of the first normal school in the U.S. in 1823.

One of the natural curiosities of the town of Brunswick was the mineral springs. Located in the north-easterly section of the town they flowed from a high bank about sixty feet from the Connecticut river. The waters were strongly impregnated with iron, sulphur, lead and other minerals. Some efforts were made to promote health resorts patterned after the spas of Europe, as many people were said to have realized permanent benefit by drinking of and bathing in the water from these springs. Evidently they benefited to a greater extent than the operators as the enterprise failed and the buildings were left to decay.

END
FROM THE HIGH LAND surrounding Big Averill Lake, Essex County stands out as a land of virgin wilderness, a paradise for the fishing and hunting enthusiast. This “unspoiled” land is one of the state’s principal assets in terms of its offerings to the visitor. It also contains a vast reservoir of timber for pulp and paper.

LAKES provide opportunity for recreational developments suitable for family vacations, in addition to the forest camps. Quimby’s, on Big Averill (right) and Forest Lakes, is one of the oldest and best known of Vermont’s fishing lodges and vacation resorts.

THE ROLLING HILLS—ideal for horseback riding—are almost unbroken forest. There are over 60,000 acres—nine tenths of it woodlands—in the unorganized townships of Averill, Ferdinand, Lewis, and the two “Gores,” Wilson’s and Avery’s. None of these have population enough to warrant individual local governments.
THERE were once a number of rich American city businessmen who had a passion for trout-fishing, perhaps partly because this is one of the two most snobbish forms of sport in America—the other, of course, being golf. The wealthy fishermen bought the finest trout stream they could get in the hills four or five hours' drive from where they lived, and posted it every ten feet.

But the hill farmers were not keen on bumprous "furriners." A couple of days before the onslaught of the plutocrats with their fancy fishing-rods the farmers passed the hat, collected $80, and spent it all on cheap hamburger. The night before the trout season opened, they lugged knapsacks of hamburger along the brook, and fed the trout until the brutes were ready to burst.

And early the next morning, when the party of city dudes began gracefully casting their flies upon the foaming waters, not a single trout rose; they lay fat and sluggish in the mud all day. The disappointed fishermen decamped to the city, angrily sold the trout stream, and that was the end of one attempt by rich city-dwellers to pursue their sport in the wild hills of the state of Vermont.

In the minds of other nations each country has its own legend, compounded of fact and misconception. The legend of Holland includes Marken and Volendam; it bears on its coat of arms a tulip growing out of a wooden shoe, and a pair of wide trousers flying from a windmill arm. The legend of the United States is New York and Hollywood; a dazzling blonde on the knees of a loathsome capitalist; cowboys lassoing skyscrapers; and millions of monstrous machines gulping inexhaustible dollars. The purpose of my writing for you Dutch about America is precisely to re-shape this one-sided legend of America, just as I over here, a Netherlandspier, am trying to ride down the too-traditional windmills of Holland. But the legend is tenacious. He who would kill it must offer something else instead. And what I hope to give you is what I myself am slowly gaining: an insight into the life, problems, and state of mind of the ordinary American. Take note, not the average; for there is even less any average American than there is an average Dutchman. Years ago a widely traveled countryman of mine who had studied America for a decade warned me, "Above all, remember there isn't one America, there are a thousand."

In one of those thousand Americas I have just spent ten days, driving, looking, listening, and reading. It is the state of Vermont, which starts a couple of hundred miles north of New York, and stretches straight north to the Canadian border. In many respects Vermont is about as different from the legendary America as a horse is from a tank. It is about the size of Holland, with barely a third of a million people. Vermont has not a single skyscraper; it does have thousands of handsome wooden houses, usually painted white, or quite often red. More than half seem to date from the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century. There are no cowboys, but more cows than people. No Negro has ever been lynched in Vermont, and not merely because less than a thousand live in the entire state. For Vermont is a state with stiff moral principles, the first to have outlawed slavery. A few years ago a Vermont college sorority admitted a Negro student, provoking a sort of nation-wide hurricane; but the local chapter refused to rescind its action, despite suspension from its national headquarters.

The cattle pastured on the hills are registered Holstein-Friesian stock, and the hill people are hard-working but quite thoroughly educated farmers, as hard as the granite that juts out of the pastures everywhere. They dislike sham and corruption; and when you go visiting your neighbors of an evening you can quite safely leave your house unlocked. Almost no one bothers to take the key out of his car when he parks.

In their pride and independence they yield to nobody. Vermont proclaimed itself an "independent nation" in 1777, and remained so for fifteen years. Every considerable expanse of trees and rock calls itself a "town," and each town, though it comprise but ten farmers, has a representative in the state legislature. In 1942, a good two months before Hitler's declaration of war against the United States, Vermont's lawgivers proclaimed her "in a state of war with Germany."

The stiff-necked mountain farmers did not think it honest to ship England material while staying "neutral."

At first glance a state like Vermont seems a sort of survival from the pre-mechanical age. This impression is strengthened when you hear, for instance, that the Vermonters declined to have a great motor highway built down the ridge of their magnificent hill country. It would not have cost them a cent, but they felt they had invaders enough already.

Yet the state is thoroughly modern. Yesterday I visited a typical Vermont farm near where I am staying at Brattleboro. Compared to a Groningen farmstead, the house from outside looked like a high-class stable, but in the kitchen the farmer's wife showed me as matters of course her big refrigerator, electric washing-machine, electric dish-washer, her potato-peeler, and her electric egg-beater. In the cellar she has her own deep-freeze installation.

The tall, muscular farmer works his 375-acre farm single-handed; according to his own statement he is a contrary cuss, and if you can find a hard-working hired man in Vermont, he will be a contrary cuss too. So the farmer milks his 41 head of Friesian cattle by himself, of course with a milking machine, only getting help from his father and brother at haying (all mechanized), and also looks after his 200 hens.

My conversation with this short-spoken giant about politics and the international situation ran as follows:

Q. How do you vote? A. Republican.
Q. Why? A. Sort of a habit, like smoking.
Q. Did you fight in Europe? A. Yes.
Q. How did you like Europe? A. Glad to get back. Q. If there was another war, would you volunteer to go again? A. Naturally. Q. Why? A. You can't let people push you around.

I was profoundly struck by his thinking it "natural" to leave wife and children, hens and cattle behind once more if hell should break loose again. Would one of our peasants from the land of Meuse and Waal go "naturally" to defend the state of Vermont?

You may object that such readiness on our behalf shows a touch of egotism. But all I could see here was that the egotism was matched by an equal idealism.
of intelligence and an eagerness to work, can make a good living and enjoy several blessings of life fast disappearing from other parts of the federal union.

Here is the history of a man I know who is typical (I hope) of the young people coming into the state.

ONE MAN'S HISTORY

In the late summer of '44, there appeared at my door a young Dane named John Rosencrantz, with a wife and infant in arms. He said he then possessed a pretty good accounting job in New York City, commuted daily to Jersey and was completely fed up with the advantages such a life entailed. He had served in the 10th Mountain Division (ski troops) in Kiska and Italy. Before the war he had spent all his spare time skiing, fishing, and hiking in Vermont. He had even met his wife on one of these Vermont trips. Fortunately his wife felt as enthusiastic about Vermont as he did.* He wondered if it would be possible to wrap up all these things into one package... to make an irrevocable break from city life and a safe job, and begin a new life where he could always enjoy the skiing, fishing and beautiful countryside of Vermont.

To sever himself from a permanent payroll and come to a new country with no visible means of support, was taking a chance. I told him how the pioneers had never hesitated to take a chance. I emphasized my conviction that if more young men would have the courage to take a chance (instead of holding to a sure thing in the way of a permanent job in the city) more young men would begin to have more fun, and the country would benefit. So would the spirit of the age!

John didn't make the mistake of many other lovers of Vermont who conclude they must go back to the city, work thirty years more until they accumulate a fortune, and then come back to Vermont. He explored the region and that very summer settled in Manchester. Being an ardent fly fisherman, he visited the famous Orvis Rod shop in that village where fine rods had been made and flies tied for generations. By luck they were short of help. John landed a job.

For years he had been an amateur craftsman. As a hobby he had taught himself over several years the silversmith's craft. But this was only a hobby. He realized he could not immediately house and feed a growing family with the proceeds, if any, from any hobby. "I went to work with the Orvis people," he told me, "learning a new craft. It did not have the same technique as silversmithing, but involved many similar problems such as precision, careful handwork, balance, design, color and judgment. I have now, three years later, worked my way up through the many necessary steps to my present job of what we call a rod-maker. A rod-maker can take the various parts that go into a fishing rod (rough glued sections, ferrules, reel seats, and so on) and assemble them into a really handsome piece of workmanship for which the Orvis Company has been famous for many years."

John Rosencrantz is still working for the Orvis people. But now, in his spare time he works in silver. Last summer he turned out an interesting assortment of originally designed silver jewelry. Many pieces displayed at the Vermont Guild Craft show rooms in Weston evoked considerable interest.

First renting a house in Manchester, which was in itself no small problem, the Rosencrantzes, now numbering two more youngsters, last summer were able to buy what John calls the "remains of a farm" in South Dorset. Now he is using some of his skill fixing up the place.

I cite John's case, not because there is anything spectacular or extraordinary about it, but because there isn't. I like the way he tackled the problem coming to the country and living and working in the country. We need more enterprising young men and women who feel that they have something to offer to Vermont and Vermont has something to offer them. And who are willing to go at it carefully and slowly, working hard and long to achieve these good aims.

John is a Scandinavian and there is no race that harbors more good workmen. And also there is no race so near to the race that harbors more good workmen. And who are willing to go at it carefully and slowly, working hard and long to achieve these good aims.

John is aScandanavian and there is no race that harbors more good workmen. And also there is no race so near to the Vermont character as exemplified by the understatelement. Recently when I asked John if he was excited and happy about his escape from New York and his success in staying in Vermont, he answered, "I haven't been disappointed."

John will make a good Vermonter.

NEW MAPLE

I sometimes wonder how many new comers to Vermont have gone into the maple business since the war. There are no statistics on this but I have heard of several who, rushing in where old time.

(Continued on page 59)
"THE LION OF VERMONT"

The State House portrait of Matthew Lyon (above) was painted at the bequest of the late Zenas Ellis of Fairhaven, indefatigable Lyon enthusiast, and is based on an original "primitive" portrait of Lyon once in Ellis's possession.
The cold of the Vermont winter penetrated into the Vergennes jail in February of 1799 as it had ever since the previous October when Col. Matthew Lyon, Vermont Congressman, had been thrown into prison because he believed in the freedom of the press.

A staunch Jeffersonian Democrat, Lyon had been convicted under the odious Sedition Law which made it a crime to publish “any false, scandalous, or malicious writing” against the Government, or Congress, or the President. For his bitter fight against this law, Lyon was trapped as one of the first victims. He was found guilty because a letter criticizing the President, which he wrote before the law had been passed, was published afterward. While still in jail he had been re-elected to Congress and when released he started for Philadelphia—then the Nation’s capital—at the head of a procession of sleighs, and a large company of men on horseback, which reached along the ice of Otter Creek from Vergennes almost to Middlebury.

Soon after this triumphal return to Congress, the Sedition Law was repealed; and Lyon wrote to John Adams: “It has availed you little, sir, to have fined me $1000, and imprisoned me four months for declaring truth long before the Sedition Law was passed. Perhaps in no one instance has our Constitution, our sacred bill of rights, been more shamefully, more barefacedly trampled upon, than in the passage of this bill. This, sir, was your darling hobby horse. By this law you expected to have all your follies, your absurdities, and your atrocities buried in oblivion. You thought by its terrors to shut the mouths of all but sycophants and flatterers; but how happily you have been disappointed,—the truth has issued from many a patriot pen and press,—and you have fallen, never, never to rise again.”

Vermont has nurtured many self-made men, in the tradition of Matthew Lyon. When but a lad of fifteen, according to tradition, he ran away from his home in Ireland, and to pay for his passage was bound out to a Connecticut merchant. By this law you expected to have all your follies, your absurdities, and your atrocities buried in oblivion. You thought by its terrors to shut the mouths of all but sycophants and flatterers; but how happily you have been disappointed,—the truth has issued from many a patriot pen and press,—and you have fallen, never, never to rise again.”

Shortly afterward Lyon, then a 2nd Lieutenant in the Continental Army, was stationed at the extreme northern outpost of Jericho. The men of the company refused to hold this post, even after Lyon had pleaded earnestly with them. The entire company was taken before Gen. Gates at Ticonderoga, court-martialled, and the officers deprived of their commissions. Later, this sentence was reversed by Gen. St. Clair. Meanwhile, Lyon had been welcomed to the Vermont Militia by Col. Seth Warner. When Burgoyne forced St. Clair to give up
Ticonderoga, Lyon guided the retreating army through the dense forests for four days, bringing them out safely at Fort Edward. For this service he was commissioned paymaster with the rank of captain in the Continental Army, and says that he took his "musket and marched to the lines" both at Bennington and Saratoga.

Warfare in or near Vermont ended with Burgoyne’s surrender, and for a time Lyon was active politically. His father-in-law, Gov. Thomas Chittenden, appointed him Secretary to the Governor and Council, and he won his commission as colonel in the militia. But soon the urge of the pioneer pushed him away from politics and up to Fair Haven. Here he bought land surrounding the falls, and soon arranged for a grist mill and a saw mill. In 1783 he started Lyon’s Iron Works, which comprised a blast furnace, foundry, wrought iron furnace, forge shop, and nail factory. Also he built a paper mill, established and edited one of Vermont’s earliest newspapers, and engaged in book publishing. As Fair Haven grew he was drawn back into politics, and for many years represented the town in the State Legislature; then in 1796, he was elected one of Vermont’s two Representatives in Congress.

In Philadelphia Lyon soon drew the fire of the Federalists, who scornfully called him an uncouth and filthy beast, fit to be caged, and sneered at his Irish birth. All this he could overlook—but when there were whisperings about his "wearing a wooden sword" at Jericho, he warned that no man could attack his patriotism without answering for it. One Federalist had the temerity to mention the wooden sword on the floor of the House, which remark led to a rough and tumble fight—Lyon armed with fireplace tongs and his opponent with a hickory club—ending in a draw when both combatants found themselves on the floor.

At the end of the session Lyon made a long trip reaching into western Kentucky. Here his always powerful pioneering spirit rose again. Returning to Fair Haven, he sold all his properties, and took his own along with ten other families overland to Pittsburgh, thence down the Ohio to Kentucky. Here, in his fiftieth year, he founded the town of Eddyville, and here he repeated all and more than he had accomplished at Fair Haven.

Returning to Congress at the new capital at Washington for his final session as a Representative of the Green Mountain State, Lyon had his part in the famous tie vote between Jefferson and Burr for the Presidency. The tie threw the election into the House, where the stubborn deadlock held fast for seven days through thirty-five ballots. Lyon, though offered money or office to change his vote, was steadfast for Jefferson. His colleague, Morris, voted for Burr; and had Lyon left the House for a single ballot Burr would have won the contest. On the thirty-sixth ballot Morris withdrew. Lyon cast the vote of Vermont. The tie was broken and Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States.

Now the reborn pioneer went back to the building of his new Kentucky enterprise, but once more his fellow citizens returned his steps to political pathways. Election to the Kentucky Legislature was soon followed by his return to Washington; this time as one of the Representatives of the Blue Grass Commonwealth.

Among other ventures Lyon established a shipyard at Eddyville, and with his boats built up a prosperous trade with New Orleans. Then one boat loaded with $30,000 worth of beef and pork went fast aground in the Mississippi. Before it could be floated the entire cargo spoiled, leaving Lyon with a heavy indebtedness. Reduced to dependency he sought Government employment, and was appointed factor or Indian trader to the Cherokees. Now seventy years old, he left his home and family; traveled to his station far up the Arkansas River; and after two years in that lonely outpost Matthew Lyon went to that bourn from which no traveler returns.
Covered Foot Bridge as seen in Northfield Falls. Built as a short-cut to pasture land across the river.

Photography by Robert Wild.
There is a saying among Vermont sportsmen that “the old timers are so steeped in the ways of transgression that the future of conservation rests on the shoulders of an educated youth trained to the values of true sportsmanship.” That thought lies behind a constantly growing list of brooks being set aside exclusively for the younger generation as a training grounds for the anglers of tomorrow.

Just how did this idea of trout streams for boys and girls happen to be born? What caused it to spread like a widening stream into 19 Vermont communities and into several hundred cities beyond the borders of the Green Mountain state?

What is this so-called Gunner Brook program? You fellows who fish can remember that first trout you caught. You will always have a soft spot in your heart for that particular stretch of a chuckling and gurgling little rivulet where a spotted trout first decided to devour your offered worm. You can remember how you felt—so proud of displaying that trophy at home that you were “ready to bust a gallus.” That is how the Gunner Brook idea was given birth. There is a little stream like that in Barre, Vt., that this writer first fished, and some long pages back in history it was named Gunner brook.

Back in 1934 one of the finest sportsmen who ever cast a fly, and who loved boys and girls, the late Alexander Kirton, joined with this author in formulating a plan to secure the cooperation of landowners along the little stream in having it set aside exclusively for fishermen under 16 years of age. The plan was put into execution.

It was determined first that the purpose of the brook must not be simply to provide fish for youngsters to catch. They must also learn the meaning of the word “sportsmanship.” With that thought in mind a group of boys were called together and asked to elect a junior warden force of their own—not so much to catch youthful violators as to prevent senior fish hogs from trying to “horn in” in the fishing. So well were the youngsters schooled in the idea of the program that they set up their own daily limit of four fish—in sharp contrast to the senior limit of 20 trout.

Many problems developed for the young wardens to solve. They found ways to circumvent the older “poachers” and they devised a ban system for young violators of the brook rules. One of the hardest tasks was to convince an itching Pop that junior could get along all right by himself, and that he didn’t need someone to bait his hook and give the rod a twitch when a trout started to bite. The young wardens knew what was behind the father’s sudden interest in giving junior some “help.” Senior instructors were named to coach those who wished fishing training or the rudiments of fly casting.

Next came a fishing contest with prizes to stimulate interest in the program. Those beautiful fly rods set up as awards were not for catching the heaviest or the longest fish. They went for sportsmanship alone. True there were prizes for good fish taken—but it was the fellow who put back a “doubtful” six-incher or stopped to untangle the line of some little fellow, who carried off that top prize, now affectionately known as “The Alexander Kirton Memorial Sportsmanship Award.” It was as simple as that to get the idea moving. Then came state movies made of the stream idea to help spread the gospel. National American and Canadian publications saw the dawn of a great new fishing idea behind the movement and carried “Gunner brook” stories. Like many good things which have their origin in these green hills, they are most speedily adopted by persons in other states. From other New England cities, from the south, from the mid-west and even from Cali-
Clyde Whitcomb, who has the task of carrying out Vermont's fish distribution program, soon had to set aside a day for stocking children's brooks. It wasn’t too many years before he almost had to set aside one truck to do nothing else but stock those brooks and he began to think in terms of needing another hatchery to provide the fish demands for the streams.

New “Gunner brooks” surged forth to life in Canaan, Norton, Island Pond, Newport, Albany and Barton in the north country. That first little stream kept spreading and its fruitful waters moved into Williamstown, Brookfield, Royalton, East Corinth, Woodstock and then over the backbone of the Green Mountain range into Rutland, Bristol and West Rutland. From all sides began to come demands for trout for brooks for boys and girls, reports of new concepts of conservation and sportsmanship—and never a “no” to break the spell.

Now the waters of Gunner brook chuckle even more merrily as they trickle their way down to the larger streams where older folks may fish. Possibly they wash along some of those precious drops of wisdom in planning for the future fishing in nature’s most beautiful playground. We can only guess how far the waters of the little rivulet may finally spread, but we know that somewhere on an even more beautiful trout stream a great sportsman, who has passed along, smiles happily each time that a new young Vermonter and Young American drops his first hopefully baited hook into a new “Gunner brook.”

End
Hardwick, with a population of 1600, nestles under a ridge of the Green Mountains in north central Vermont. Its Rod and Gun Club, with 500 members, began its juvenile fishing program last year.

The Treasurer of the Club registers a group of young hopefuls for the big event—a two-day fishing contest. The State Fish and Game Dept. placed over 1500 legal size trout in three designated brooks.

Local residents supplied transportation to the stream. The first day of the contest allowed for beginner's luck but the second day—one week later—proved the skill of the young Isaac Waltons.

Sometimes you have to go in after it! Here is enterprising Lewis Shattuck, age 11, one of the 200 young competitors.

Frank Brock, age 11, wins the grand prize. Officers of the club are Fletcher Potter, Pres., Dick Thompson, Vice Pres., Russell Dawley, Sec., and Clayton Clow, Treas.

The young boys in the foreground know where the big one is in the O. J. Smith brook flowing beside the main highway between Hardwick and St. Johnsbury east of the village.

Popsicles are a free treat at the end of the day. Fishermen were from 3 to 15 years young and 2 days fun netted 988 trout.
Reading about Vermont

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

Vermont is an undiscovered country—in more ways than one. The trout fisherman following the ancient pathway of a brook to its mountain birthplace, the hunter turning a ridge and looking down into the superb sweep of a lost valley, the hiker wandering along remote roads—all of these—and others, of course, gaze on scenery that holds them in silent awe or charms them with a swift glimpse of a world far from dirt and turmoil and cacophonies of other days and years.

Each season of the year has its characteristic meaning; and anyone who knows a single remote valley intimately in its moods of shy, reticent spring, its summer contentment, its flaming autumn, its holy and peaceful winter, has memories that linger like a song through the harsh cacophonies of other days and years.

The analogy I have sketched holds true, I believe, for Vermont books and books about Vermont. In any final sense, the Vermont known to Vermonters and the understanding visitor is not yet between covers—probably never will be, for the inner essence of anything that hands have touched or minds created seems to slip through a net of words, no matter how fine the mesh or how skilled the weaver. However, there are a few hints I venture to offer with the thought that they may assist readers interested in reading about Vermont.

My selection of authors, and a few books, are obviously guideposts that are intended to be suggestive only; and I must hasten to say that there are many little roads and byways that carry, I am glad to say, no legends of miles and places.

The reader must find them for himself—his lasting reward. (And for some you may have to go to the library—older books don't stay in print too well.) I shall list first, the authors who by association and gifts of interpretation are versed in Vermont tradition. One thinks immediately of Dorothy Canfield Fisher of Arlington, a true daughter of Vermont, too busy, alas, with many altruistic causes to write the fiction which thousands would welcome. In Dorset, there is Zephine Humphrey, writing in the language of the great English essayists, so far from the journalese and jargon of our day that it seems to the uninitiated like some far off music of a nobler day (in prose, anyway). No wayfarer should miss her books, Winterwise and The Beloved Community.

VERMONT Books

How many letters we get (and so does the Vermont Historical Society) asking where the reader can find a book about some particular aspect of Vermont Life! Now Vermont Life does not now accept advertising, and as a consequence we cannot open its columns for regular book advertisements to keep our readers in touch with new Vermont titles. So, with the helpful cooperation of four publishers who have considerable Vermont lists, we bring you herewith a feature on several brand new books we think every Vermont Life reader will want. And we've also listed a large number of older books still in print we think would interest you.

To get these books, try first your neighborhood bookseller. If he does not have them, they can be had by mail, postpaid, from the Vermont Bookshelf, Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier. Use page 33 and 35 as an order blank, if you like.

Here are other authors, in the category I have in mind, who should not be missed: Anne Bosworth Greene and her Dipper Hill and Lambs in March; Sarah N. Clegborn, Vermont's oldest poet, now living in Philadelphia, whose Portraits and Protests, published in the days when in certain circles Vermont was thought of as a country of "cows and crossroads," remains an outstanding volume of Vermont poetry. Among the writers of books for boys and girls, there is Leon W. Dean of Burlington, whose stories are soundly based on Vermont history, and Merritt P. Allen of Bristol, whose books for juveniles prove by their unusual range how far the human spirit can voyage from a small Vermont village. Among individual books that are worthy a side journey are the unforgettable Woodcarver of 'Lympus by Mary Waller, Oup in Old Vermont by Mary Elkins Gardyne, Hester of the Grants by Theodora Agnes Peck of Burlington, and The Greater Glory by William Dudley Pelley. The novels of Daniel P. Thompson, although too slow in style for our speeding day, merit rediscovery; and the books of Rowland Robinson are in a true sense Vermont classics even though the headlong reader finds the conversation in them difficult for his radio-battered ears.

Finally, to turn to another classification and other significant names, the wayfaring reader should be sure to know these writers and their books: Frederick Van de Water of Dummerston whose The Reluctant Republic is an excellent popular history of the state, parts of which are novelized in Reluctant Rebel. His Home in the Country will live long as a picture of a New Yorker trying to become a Vermonter; Charles Edward Crane of Montpelier wrote Let Me Show You Vermont and Winter in Vermont, which are thoroughly enjoyable versions of their themes and probably the best sellers among Vermont books of recent years. The reader interested in scholarly studies of Vermont historical, social, and economic themes should not overlook Charles M. Thompson's Independent Vermont or Harold F. Wilson's The Hill Country of Northern New England which carries a bibliography that will open a thousand paths for study and reading; and one must mention Robert Frost, America's greatest living poet, who should be claimed by Vermont, not only because of the themes he uses, but also because of his long residence in the state, first in the Shaftsbury country, now on a farm in Ripton, and his long association with the Bread Loaf School of English. He definitely prefers to live in Vermont, and our New Hampshire friends might as well get used to the idea.

I have suggested ways and means of venturing down a few paths among Vermont writers and books. I would not say that by following these a reader will know Vermont—hardly that! But I am reasonably certain that these paths will lead on to many individual valleys of delight and offer a few fair answers to the immortal query of man—"I wonder what lies beyond that hill"?
Known to the Indians as the "Winooskie-Took" (the Onion-Land River) after the vegetable that once grew in wild profusion on its banks, the Winooski and its valley are today a mosaic of all the varying patterns of one hundred and seventy-five years. There are the ancient red mills with their multi-paneled windows and rumbling waterwheels, oxen and diesel tractors, hoary covered bridges and modern steel spans, night-lighted egg-factories and unsupervised hens scratching in front yards. Dairy farms, forests and quarries, colleges and ski-resorts inhabit the Winooski Valley today. So do the capital of the state and the largest city, and one fourth of the people of Vermont. Yet the Winooski is predominantly a country river. That is its heritage and that, in the present era of urban ills, is its promise.

One hundred and eighty years ago the Winooski Valley was not inhabited by a single white man. Northern Vermont was Indian country then. But on September of 1772, a twenty-two-year-old surveyor named Ira Allen and his thirty-five-year-old cousin, Remember Baker, came down Lake Champlain in a boat and rowed up the Onion from its mouth to the falls.

Thus the famous Allen family launched the Onion River Land Company, cornerstone of their turbulent career in carving a sovereign state out of a wilderness coveted by New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Great Britain. The early story of the Onion is the story of what the Allens did to protect their conquest of a river valley. Ethan, brightly uniformed, profane, warm-hearted suzerain of Vermont; Ira, cagey, handsome, smooth-talking strategist, and Levi, the Allen black sheep, who became a Tory. The Onion River Land Company, surviving the Revolution, became a very rich land company indeed.

The age of steam gradually silenced the lumbering water wheels in red mills all along the river—wheels upon which settlers had depended since the beginning to grind their grain and to saw the pine logs that were sent tumbling down river to be floated to Canada and New York. But steam accomplished tasks beyond the power of horses, men and water wheels. In the latter eighteen-hundreds electricity came to the valley of the old Onion. A few years hence, in the early nineteen-hundreds, water wheels had begun to light up an entire valley. Today, the Montreal–Boston trains, the concrete highways, and overhead, the planes hug the path the Winooski has sliced through the mountains. At all times the river and its tributaries have an ample supply of swimming holes, shady pools where bass lie and deep gorges where the water is as spry as the trout. Sometimes, during rainless summer weeks, the river descends in its bed to a point where it looks like a small mountain stream. Again, as in November, 1927, when it devastated its valley in a flood that took fifty-five lives, it is an indomitable torrent.

The exciting story of this river is a tale of smugglers, of granite quarries, of ski resorts and institutions of learning. It is history interwoven with strange yarns and stranger truths about a colorful and independent people.

Another native Vermonter familiar to all the readers of Vermont Life is Walter Hard, author of the Rinehart River Series volume titled THE CONNECTICUT. Mr. Hard is well known for his many books on Vermont, as well as for his tenure as a Vermont Senator, for his work in Vermont Life, and for the Johnny Appleseed Bookshop, which he and his wife, Margaret, run in Manchester. THE CONNECTICUT is thirty-second in the Rivers of America series. The names of famous people who lived out their lives in the Connecticut River’s friendly, smiling valley are among the great names in America’s history. Hanover is filled with ghosts of the great, one of whom was Daniel Webster as a student at Dartmouth. Rudyard Kipling lived for awhile at Putney. Read and enjoy this delightful book about a pleasant valley—THE CONNECTICUT—$3.50—illustrated by Douglas Gorsline.

Both Ralph Nading Hill, the author of THE WINOOSKI and George Daly, the illustrator, live in Vermont. Ralph Hill devotes full time to his writing in Burlington. George Daly also lives there and divides his time between his art work and his advertising agency.

Codman Hislop, another Rivers of America author, is now also living in Vermont at Dorset. His colorful story is called THE MOHAWK, illustrated by Letterio Calapai, $4.00. This is a tale of Dutch, French and English vying for the favor of the Indians, of settlers fighting Indians with one hand and land greedy patroons with the other, of inhabitants splitting up to fight each other. You should read it!

Rinehart’s Celebrated Series offers these Books from the Pens of Green Mountain Authors.

These are volumes from the famous 38 volume Rivers of America Series. As Joseph Henry Jackson says of this series in the San Francisco Chronicle—“one of the must possessions of every reader interested in knowing something of the past America out of which today’s grew.” Ask your bookseller for these books.

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By Leon W. Dean

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April 15:
Royalton Raid $2.50
VERMONT

1780–1791 is the scene
of Frederic F. Van de Water's new historical novel. The author of RELUCTANT REBEL has written another dramatic historical novel of Vermont. He has written of the period when a desperate and resourceful group of frontier Yankees bamboozled the entire British secret service. For more than a year the little republic of Vermont, flouted by the United States and well-nigh beaten to its knees by repeated Indian raids, carried out a prodigious bluff and, by perilous diplomatic negotiation with His Majesty's representatives in Canada, held off invasion and preserved an important sector of our northern frontier intact.

A colorful portrayal of Vermont's defenders (among whom, of course, Ethan Allen again stands out as one of the boldest and stubbornest), CATCH A FALLING STAR is an exciting novel bound to be well received by Mr. Van de Water's wide circle of readers.

JUST PUBLISHED $3

Frederic F. Van de Water

Frederic F. Van de Water, a Vermonter by adoption, was a newspaperman in New York for twenty years before he took to the Green Mountains where he would be able to write as he pleased. Former reporter, columnist, and book critic on metropolitan dailies, he is the author of such memorable books as "A Home in the Country," "Rudyard Kipling's Vermont Feud," "Mrs. Applegate's Affair," and "Reluctant Rebel." He lives now with his wife and son on his farm at West Dummerston where he is distracted from his writing by four dogs, two cows, three horses, two geese, a hundred hens, and an enthusiasm for dry-fly fishing.

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Frederic F. Van de Water

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390 pages; 43 illustrations in gravure; 10 maps; $4.00

WINTER IN VERMONT

Here is a book that will make you envious of Vermonters when the snow falls—if you are not already a citizen of this most engaging and individual of American states. For it is a delightful picture of winter life among Yankees living in a region in which winter means deep snow and the stillness of cold nights and the brittle crispness of sub-freezing days. Mr. Crane’s charming and informative chapters, together with the superb photographs that provide visual evidence of winter joys, tasks, and beauties in Vermont, provide at once a guide and a diversion—a book to use if you are going skiing in Vermont; a book to dip into and browse through if you want simply to enjoy a really rugged winter without stirring from your own well-heated house.

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OLD VERMONT HOUSES

There are still in Vermont many beautiful old houses and other structures that represent native American architecture at its best. Mr. Congdon traces the history of Vermont architecture from its earliest houses to the mid nineteenth century, treats these houses in relation to their settings, and describes the things that have endowed them with more than architectural personality. This book is an outgrowth of the Old Buildings Project initiated by the Robert Hull Fleming Museum and sponsored by the James Benjamin Wilbur Library fund, both of the University of Vermont. Originally published in 1940, it is now available in a revised and enlarged edition. There are 140 attractive photographs by the author, and a frontispiece in full color.

213 pages; $5.00.

And for everyone who loves New England, its literature, its great figures, and traditions—

YANKEE LIFE By Those Who Lived It

EDITED BY BARROWS MUSSEY

New England holds our hearts in a mother's grip. We read now of snow-chilled dawn on a New England farm, now of Mather's horrid joylessness, now of Chinese opulence at Salem, and the pictures are vividly familiar. But after reading histories and novels of New England for a time, one begins to wonder: was it really like this? And which was the real New England? That of Mather? That of Emerson? Or that of men whom John Neal called “the true Yankees, dealers in cuckoo clocks, horn gun-flints, and wooden nutmegs”? Barrows Mussey wondered about it, and this book is the result. His method has been to take from the autobiographies of New Englanders those passages which show what it felt like to live in the cradle of the nation. He has chosen brilliantly, with the result that we have an irresistibly delightful collection bringing to life the very spirit of the plain, everyday, old New England of pre-Civil-War times. 556 pages; 93 reproductions of contemporary woodcuts and engravings; $6.00.

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- **Green Mountain Cook Book**
  By Aristene Pixley. Stephen Daye Press, New York, 1941. $1.50

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  More first-rate recipes. Franklin Watts, Inc., New York. $1.75

- **Mrs. Appleyard’s Kitchen**
  By Louise Andrews Kent. Authentic Vermont cooking explained in a chatty narrative style. Houghton-Mifflin, Boston, 1944. $2.50

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□ The Tamarack Tree
BY HOWARD BRESLIN. Historical novel based on the 1840 Whig political rally held near Stratton, Vermont and addressed by Daniel Webster. The meeting place was on a mountain near a huge tamarack tree. The novel traces the effect of the three-day rally on the inhabitants of the village, showing what happened when the Vermont prohibitions were released. McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York, 1947.

Historical Fiction
BY KENNETH ROBERTS

Arnold. The story of Steven and Phoebe Nason, Cap Huff and other unforgettable characters, of the terrible, magnificent march of Arnold’s troops up Dead River and across the Height of Land to attack Quebec. Doubleday and Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 1937.

□ Made to Order Stories
BY DOROTHY CANFIELD. Children’s tales made to order for the author’s son. Harcourt, Brace and Co., Inc., New York, 1925.

□ The Quarry
BY MILDE WALKER. Life in a Vermont village from 1837 to 1914 is the background of this novel. All his life Lyman Converse seemed destined to lose the things he loved most, but his friendship with Easy, the escaped slave who became his first friend, never failed. The title of the book refers to the soapstone quarry from which the Converse family made their living. Harcourt, Brace and Co., Inc., New York, 1947.

□ The Vermont Story
BY EADWY NEWTON. First complete history of the state, lavishly illustrated in color. Large, quarto volume (8½" x 11"), 270 pages. Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, 1949.

Pre-publication price from publisher, until April 30, $2.50

□ Ethan Allen
BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK. The leader of the Green Mountain Boys, of the American Revolution, is the subject of this biography. The author is himself a Vermonter, and lays stress on Allen’s part in the Vermont fight for statehood. MacMillan Co., New York, 1940.

□ Ethan Allen
BY JOHN PELL. A biography of the noted pioneer and American revolutionary commander. Early in life he bought 100,000 acres of land in what is now Vermont and New Hampshire and organized the famous Green Mountain Boys to defend it. The end of his adventurous life was spent on his immense farm near Lake Champlain. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., 1929.

□ I Speak for Thaddeus Stevens
BY ELISE SINGMASTER. The story of the Vermont-born boy who was more nearly ruler of the country than the President during the Reconstruction period, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., 1947.

□ In Those Days
BY PRENTISS MOURNIA. Hiram Reynolds, born in 1829, knew intimately men who had fought in the Revolution. At the time of his death in 1937 he lacked but a few days of being 108 years old. His reminiscences include a thousand and one homely details of frontier days, of village life, gaitry and rustics—a whole panorama of American life. MacMillan Co., New York, 1939.

□ Independent Vermont
BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON. History of the development of the state from Champlain’s discovery in 1609 to the admission of the state into the Union in 1840. Along with its history the book gives a vivid picture of the scenery, text gives a vivid picture of the scenery, politics and customs which will delight native Vermonters and outlanders as well. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1942.

□ Old New England Churches
BY ELISE LATHROP. Selecting the churches which combine more than a century of existence with a history of some outstanding interest, the author has written of congregations as well as of buildings and has recalled more than one picturesque item of New England history. Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt., 1938.

□ Lake Champlain and Lake George
BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER. History of the Lake Champlain-Lake George Valley, from its turbulent days of Indian raids and battles between the English and French, down through the years to the 1900’s. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, 1946.

□ The Progressive Movement in Vermont
BY WINSTON ALLEN FLINT. Shows how Vermont reacted to the social forces of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. It effectively correlates the Vermont movement with the national. American Council on Public Affairs, Washington, D. C., 1941.

□ Samuel Morsey

□ The Silver Teapot

□ Vermont: A Guide to the Green Mountain State

□ Vermont Heritage
BY BARROWS MUSSEY. The affectionate text gives a vivid picture of the scenery, politics and customs which will delight native Vermonters and outlanders as well. A. A. Wyn, Inc., New York, 1947.

□ Justin Morgan Had a Horse

□ The Quarry
BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER. History of the Lake Champlain-Lake George Valley, from its turbulent days of Indian raids and battles between the English and French, down through the years to the 1900’s. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, 1946.

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□ The Silver Teapot
WARREN R. AUSTIN is now the nation's representative to the United Nations.

"THIS IS AMERICA"
By Katherine Puddle

Vermont is America to hundreds of United Nations Secretariat members through their visits to the State’s communities in all seasons.

A year ago the northward trek from Rex Fullam, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Harcharan Sikand of New Delhi, India, give their baby a pony ride.

Lake Success was started with the first stop at Brattleboro for winter sports. In the middle of the summer Woodstock cooled off the Long Island international civil servants in Silver Lake’s refreshing waters; and followed it up by a colorful autumn return invitation. Bradford, East Corinth and Fairlee joined with Piermont, Orford and Haverhill, New Hampshire, to show a group the activities of rural town at harvest time. These visitors have come from 28 of the 58 U.N. countries.

Mrs. A. O. Brungardt, Vermont Director of Recreation, offered Vermont’s hospitality as part of a program to show U.N. Secretariat members America, as proposed at a meeting of the National Recreation Congress in 1947. Thus the Vermont State Department of Recreation became the first to sponsor such a series of visits and is the only one following it through. The Department serves as a liaison between the local sponsors and the U.N. Volunteer Services office.

In contrast to the Metropolis’s roaring subways, rushing crowds, glaring neon signs and screaming fire sirens, Vermont showed the relaxing Secretariat members a different tempo. The rides were in school busses and jeeps. There were leisurely strolls on back roads, stopping to muse over abandoned cemeteries. A breath-taking view of the waving curtain of green, red and white northern lights from the Upper Plain near Bradford provided color in the heavens; and the festive, brilliant foliage on every hill decorated the landscape. A spirited chase after a volunteer fire department to witness from a hillside grandstand a dramatic evacuation and saving of a tenement house provided an exciting show.

In Brattleboro Governor Gibson was on hand at the railroad station to welcome the first contingent officially for his home town and the State, as a group and individually, with Howard Jeffrey, Recreation Director, who planned the winter sports program for them. A call was issued to Brattleboro residents for the loan of skis and skates for those unequipped, with a generous response. The Hogback and Latchis ski tow areas were very popular with the enthusiasts who spent all the daylight hours riding the boards in varying degrees of proficiency. Some also tried out their ankles at the Recreation Department’s rink at Vinton’s Pond.

Among the hosts was Donald Watt of nearby Putney who runs the Experiment in International Living headquarters.
There in his chateau-like residence his visitors found bits of home in the rooms furnished in the manner of other countries.

Two receptions at Brattleboro’s Hotel Brooks and Hotel Latchis gave an opportunity for general sociability and getting acquainted with other Vermonters. And the well-attended Saturday night Recreation Department’s dance at the Community Building furnished the sportsmen still more exercise. The departure Sunday was of a group of tired, pretty badly battered but happy skiers, who concluded that Vermont’s skiing compared most favorably to any in their native lands.

Woodstock had originally been asked to plan a spring week-end, through Miss Emma Howe, Director of the Community Center. But as there isn’t much to do in the mud season after sugaring’s over, it was postponed until the last of July. It didn’t rain, and the group of 33 delighted in the cool village of white and brick historic houses and the greenness of the surrounding countryside. The Country Club invited them to use their golf and tennis courts, and strolls and rides acquainted the guests with this part of the State. Saturday afternoon all were transported to Silver Lake at Barnard for swimming, boating and sports, working up an appetite for the barbecue supper which was provided, with hot dogs and hamburgers as entrees. Spread around on chairs and benches and on the ground, the satisfied picnickers shared experiences and stories and met more people, including neighbors Vincent Sheean and Ely Culbertson. One popular circle was centered around an Indian visitor who was entertaining them by reading palms and predicting their futures—including international marriages of those present.

Bradford had a most successful September 25-26 program, revolving around its first Connecticut Valley Exposition. All the local rustic color of exhibits, contests, crafts, horses and cattle, sports events and a midway which are gathered together in a country fair was here. The Future Farmers of America, of Bradford sponsored the fair, building it around the activities of the citizens, with home-town management and entertainment.

Bradford and its sister towns in the
FORUM SPEAKERS and their hosts discuss the results of a vigorous debate at Burlington on world government. Left to right, Charles Warner, Executive Director, Vermont Branch of United World Federalists, William Agar, who spoke on behalf of the U.N. as it stands, Bradford Smith, author and Executive Director of Vermont Forums, which staged the debate, and Cord Meyer, war hero and national President of U.W.F., who urged federalism.

VERMONT FORUMS debates world government as U.W.F. organizes to push it.

One of the most active and widespread movements in the state today is Vermont's branch of United World Federalists. Composed of enthusiastic United Nations supporters, this organization aims at strengthening the U.N. through the mobilization of public opinion in the direction of a "limited world government with adequate power to enact, interpret, and enforce world law to maintain peace."

This phrase was incorporated in Warren Austin Jr.'s official state Republican Party policy declaration in May of 1948, and it reappeared in a resolution passed by the 1949 Vermont Senate.

The Council of U.W.F. is drawn from all walks of Vermont life, and from all shades of political opinion, as men who differ violently over domestic issues join hands to avoid the destruction of another war. Earle Newton, Director of the Vermont Historical Society, is State Chairman. On the council are Arthur Packard, James Dewey, Edward Peet, Gelsi Monti, former Governor Mortimer Proctor, Harris Soule, Sterry Waterman, Presidents John Millis and Samuel S. Stratton, labor leader Sidney Edward, publisher Howard Rice, bankers Levi Smith and Henry Z. Persons, author Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Deane Davis and religious and community leaders.

At Brattleboro, Norman Thomas asserts the necessity of strengthening the U.N. now.

Connecticut and Waits River valley tried to show their visitors everything that they regard fondly, everything of which they are proud, and especially everything about them and their day-to-day manner and means of life that bring them harvest content. This included visiting farms, viewing mountains, driving around the lakes, attending a wedding, square dancing and "doing" the Exposition.

And in opening the eyes of their visitors to all the riches of Vermont country living, Bradford and her neighbors had their eyes opened to the contributions of other countries through these representatives in their knowledge, ability, charm and wit.

There were so many requests for a return visit to Woodstock that one was arranged for the October 16 week-end. Many new faces joined the familiar ones, and soon everyone was friends, and explaining over the crisp, invigorating air and orange maples lit up by headlights on the homeward drive.

A box-lunch picnic, washed down with fresh cider, was shared by guests and hosts Saturday noon on a Pomfret hilltop, with a panorama of the Green and White Mountains stretched out before them for their approval. After exploratory trips on foot, up and down steep hillsides and through woods, the party was transported to Lake Lakota near Barnard. Here they sat by the cozy fire in the hunting and fishing lodge, and rowed on the quiet little lake in the twilight, with boatloads of French, South African and Polish; English, Chinese and American enjoying the harvest moon just rising. A chicken-pie buffet supper furnished by one of the hosts added still more to the comfort and contentment of the day.

Such groups as have come to Vermont are visiting other towns and cities in the East. Trips to Philadelphia; Bethlehem, Penn.; Boston; Binghamton, N. Y.; South Byfield, Mass.; and other points have been arranged by the Quakers, the New York Adult Education Council and other organizations.

Reunion groups have been formed at Lake Success to continue friendships formed in Vermont and to exchange happy memories and news of their hosts. Many have been invited to return individually, and towns are considering future visits.

An Egyptian guest writes: "We certainly appreciate all that Vermont is doing to make us feel at home in the States. It makes all the difference between feeling a stranger and belonging." And another enthused: "This is America!"
BRIDGE . . .
to Peace

The little village of Barnard houses two Culbertson Plans.

By Betty McWhorter

Bridge Expert Ely Culbertson and his young wife, who are spending their third year as permanent residents of Vermont, are but two of an increasingly number of persons who come here, not to retire in their old age, but to carry on their work.

At their new home in Barnard, they form part of a colony of Vermonters-by-adoption which includes Author Vanden Sheean, Artist Johannes Scheifer and Columnist Dorothy Thompson.

Between lecture trips, however, they spend most of their time in Vermont, varying Barnard's quiet village atmosphere with an occasional visit to their town house in New York.

While Culbertson retains his long-time interest in bridge, the game has played such a small part in his actual day-to-day schedule in Barnard that he did not even bring a pack of cards with him to Vermont.

His wife, the former Dorothy Baehne, he describes as "the worst bridge player in the world," while she laughingly admits that she has seen him play only twice and has played with him only once.

Besides lectures and writing, Culbertson's chief interest at present is his work as head of the Citizens Committee for United Nations Reform, which, under his leadership, has adopted the following three-point program:

1. Establishment of an effective world authority able to act by majority vote (no veto) to prevent aggressive war and preparation for aggressive war.
2. Control of the atomic threat and prevention of rearmament for aggression.

Mrs. Culbertson, a blond, vivacious 1946 graduate of Vassar, met her famous husband through her interest in the peace movement and has been "secretary, cook and housefrau" to him since their marriage slightly more than a year ago.

Life at the Culbertson menage is simple. Minus outside help except for a woman who comes in twice a week to clean, Mrs. Culbertson keeps house, shops for groceries in Barnard's only store, run by A. W. Miller, and even anticipates that by this summer she may take over mowing the lawn.

Calling her his "sounding board," Culbertson said, "She sits at the typewriter 10 hours a day and cooks in between."

The Culbertsons had met the previous May, while she was still at Vassar majoring in economics and philosophy.

"It was at a peace rally in the Chicago stadium where Ely was one of the principal speakers and I was the delegate from a group at Vassar," she said.

"I was very much excited and impressed by Ely's speech and afterward I pushed my way through the crowds and met him. He told me about the Citizens Committee for United Nations Reform and said they were looking for someone to be chairman of the students' division and to lecture in colleges and organize students all over the country.

"I got the job and, as Ely always says, 'the inevitable happened.'"

This "inevitable" event forms half the basis for the 56-year-old bridge expert's claim to fame.

"My name will go down in history," he maintains, "not for my bridge but for my bridge to peace but simply because I am the one man in the world who has been married once to the best bridge player in the world, my former wife and still my favorite bridge partner, Mrs. Josephine Culbertson, and once to the worst bridge player in the world, my present wife, Dorothy. She is positively a menace to the Culbertson plan."

"I haven't given up bridge," Culbertson pointed out. "I am more than ever in bridge, which is having its biggest boom since 1936."

His theory is that "bridge makes people forget their everyday worries and to forget is ideal emotional rest."

He has written three basic books on bridge, which sell close to one million copies annually and, except for one year, have since 1931 been the permanent non-fiction best sellers next to the Bible.

His earlier literary activities have produced three other works of non-fiction, "The Strange Lives of One Man," his autobiography; "Total Peace," published in 1945; and "Must We Fight Russia," copyrighted in 1946.

VERMONT Life 39
Frenchmen and Vermonters strengthen ties of friendship forged over 150 years ago.

Three hundred and forty years ago a Frenchman, Samuel Champlain, discovered Vermont. In February of 1949 a small piece of France came back to the state, so many of whose cities and towns—as well as the name Vermont itself—have a French origin. The occasion was the despatch to the United States of a 49 car “Merci” Train, as a token of gratitude from the French people for American help in time of need. It was in direct response to the “Friendship Train,” organized in 1948 by columnist Drew Pearson, to carry donations of food and other badly needed supplies to war-torn France.

The “Merci” Train was made up of “40 and 8” box cars, familiar to World War I doughboys. There was one for each state, filled with gifts from individual Frenchmen. These were seldom of great monetary value, but were an expression of heartfelt gratitude from people who had little to give. And although President Vincent Auriol himself contributed 49 Sevres vases, the Train was assembled and filled by the common people of France, not its government.

Appropriately, the emissaries sent to accompany the cars were not diplomats, but railway workers—the men who had loaded and handled the cars. To Vermont came M. Charles D’Hughes, whose honesty and sincerity was more eloquent than his English—of which he knew none. Detailed to accompany him was Madame Denise Davey, of Paris but a Smith College graduate, who interpreted fluently and herself served brilliantly as an emissary of good will.

The Vermont reception committee was under the direction of Harris W. Soule, Managing Director of the Vermont Development Commission.

M. D'Hughes snaps the Brattleboro welcoming committee for his own memory book, while Mme Davey (left center) converses with Mr. and Mrs. Earle Newton, who came to represent the Governor and escort the visitors to White River Jet, where the train stopped briefly.
Count Max Montelambert brings greetings of the French Consulate at Boston to the Governor and guests at a welcoming breakfast.

MME. DAVEY translates the message of presentation made by M. D'Hughes, at Montpelier acceptance ceremonies alongside the car.

GUESTS and welcomees, left to right, Mayor Daughly Gould, Bob Bannon of WSKI, Newton, Montelambert, D'Hughes, Governor Gibson, M. Mercier of Montreal, and Mme. Davey.

CROWDS swarm to peep inside. Gifts were later displayed in the Museum of the Vermont Historical Society, across the street.

D'HUGHES presents two special cases of gifts from Montpellier, France to Montpelier, Vermont. Mayor Gould accepts for the city. Car will stay permanently in Montpelier near the State Museum.

VFW GUARDS help people in and out of the car, as many stay on after the ceremonies in the hope of seeing inside.
BY BENJAMIN C. STEIN, JR.

It is usual to think of Christmas Eve as a time of joy, an evening of happiness. Christmas Eve, 1948, became, to many, a sign of sadness, a period of sorrow. On this evening Ritchie Low, a great Vermonter of our generation, passed away in the Mary Fletcher Hospital in Burlington. With his death the people of Vermont, his friends and all interested in the cause of religious, political, social and racial tolerance and understanding, lost a guiding light.

The Reverend A. Ritchie Low was perhaps best known for his work in the field of social action, in his help in bringing the Negro and White Races closer together. In this work Reverend Low was carrying on one of Vermont's oldest traditions, a tradition of equality in the eyes of God and man.

BACKGROUND OF LIBERTY

The position of the Negro citizen in Vermont is perhaps unique in the history of the republic, for this State has never countenanced servitude or slavery, whatever its form. After the successful revolt from the rule of the British Crown, in 1777, while still an independent State, Vermont alone applied the doctrine of natural rights to all men irrespective of race or color. Provision was made for this in the Vermont Constitution. This epoch-making clause became the first anti-slavery provision in an American constitution.

One of the best summations of the "Vermont Attitude" came in 1855 when a committee of the Vermont Senate recognized this fervid hatred of slavery in this ringing declaration: "Born of a resistance to arbitrary power, her first breath that of freedom, her first voice a declaration of the equal rights of man—how could her people be otherwise than haters of slavery, how can they do less than sympathize with every human being and every community which asserts the rights of all men to blessings like their own?"—Vermont Senate, 1855

"Born of resistance to arbitrary power, her first breath that of freedom, her first voice a declaration of the equal rights of man—how could her people be otherwise than haters of slavery, how can they do less than sympathize with every human being and every community which asserts the rights of all men to blessings like their own?"—Vermont Senate, 1855

VERMONT PLAN

A Country Parson brings the Vermont heritage of tolerance down to date.

"Born of resistance to arbitrary power, her first breath that of freedom, her first voice a declaration of the equal rights of man—how could her people be otherwise than haters of slavery, how can they do less than sympathize with every human being and every community which asserts the rights of all men to blessings like their own?"—Vermont Senate, 1855

One of the best summations of the "Vermont Attitude" came in 1855 when a committee of the Vermont Senate recognized this fervid hatred of slavery in this ringing declaration: "Born of a resistance to arbitrary power, her first
The career of the distinguished preacher, Lemuel Haynes, is a tribute to the heights to which a colored man could rise in the days of early Vermont, before slavery, civil war and reconstruction of the South set the races apart. An illegitimate child, he was abandoned by his parents, and then adopted into a white family. He was a common soldier in the days following Lexington and Concord, and enlisted for the perilous expedition to Ticonderoga under Ethan Allen. He fell in love with a member of his white Connecticut congregation, but so reticent was he, that it became necessary for the girl to propose to him. With the whole-hearted approval of his ministerial colleagues, he married in 1783. Shortly after, he came to Vermont, and administered to the people of the Rutland West Parish for thirty years. A man of devastating wit, he was nonetheless widely beloved and universally respected. After filling a pulpit in Manchester and one in Granville, N. Y., he died in 1834. He ranked with Samuel Williams and Royall Tyler as one of the most learned men on the northern frontier. (Note in the painting the old box pews.)
God and thus gave Dinah, a slave captured from a fleeing British soldier, her freedom.

On October 3, 1828, in Bennington, William Lloyd Garrison edited the first issue of the Journal of the Times. This marked the beginning of his participation in the Abolition movement. This movement that started in the New England hills was to come to its logical climax in the "War between the States" and the end of legalized slavery in America.

To this holocaust Vermont sent more than its share of combatants. These freedom-loving men did their parts in bringing the Civil War to its decisive conclusion. Slavery was done, the Negro was free, the Negro was a citizen, the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution were a fact! There however, the facts stopped; for the Negro was only a second-class citizen, only partially free, walled in by prejudice and discrimination, if not by law.

**HISTORY OF A MAN**

Ritchie Low was a man who believed that an open mind would bring these walls tumbling down; these battered, decrepit walls of prejudice that still exist over 80 years after the end of slavery. Ritchie Low was a true son of Vermont, a man who built on the tradition of the Allens, the Harringtons, and the Garrisons, though he was born 3000 miles away in Aberdeen, Scotland.

Born in Aberdeen, the son of Robert and Helen Peterkin Low, April 18, 1899, Ritchie Low came to Canada with his family when he was eight. He moved to Vermont in 1920 after attending the Missionary Institute at Nyack, New York, and took up his first pastorate, at Montgomery Center. Later he was transferred to Colchester and then to Johnson where his work in the church and the community began to bring him national publicity.

Depressed, but not discouraged by the number of closed churches in Vermont towns, the Reverend Ritchie Low set out to meet the competition of radio, movies, sports and the automobile. Inaugurating a vigorous young people's program he started by organizing the "Intra-Vermont Special."

Ritchie took this study group of young people to various parts of the state to see manufacturing plants, natural beauties, and to attend service club programs, in accordance with his belief that it was not enough for them to read about, and hear about these things, but it was necessary for them to see them to appreciate them. Pastor Low also conducted an annual trip to Washington for groups of young people laden with the natural produce of the state.

Ritchie Low believed that true progressiveness was the result of carrying the Bible into life and that along with this went the need for the average person to have the opportunity to broaden his horizons. To give this opportunity he organized the "Peoples Forum," the group that brought politics to the Parish. As this expanded into the Vermont Institute of Public Affairs it brought prominent politicians, scientists, writers, and clergymen to the local platforms for verbal battles or calm discussions.

For a man like Ritchie Low, even this did not prove enough and he began to expand his activities. He wrote articles for such leading magazines as Common Ground, Christian Century and Parents Magazine. In a weekly column for the Burlington Daily News he brought into play his rare ability to summarize and analyze community and state problems without taking sides on the issue.

In 1944 Reverend Low inaugurated the "Vermont Plan," his approach to the problem of bringing the continent's two dominant races closer together. In 1946 the Council for Social Action of the Congregational-Christian Churches of the United States presented Ritchie Low with an award for Distinguished Service in the (Continued on page 60)
HARLEM CHILDREN gather in an expectant group around Rev. Ritchie Low at the Burlington station, awaiting "host" families.

HOST loads his excited passengers aboard for trip to their home for the next few weeks. Pastor Low first had more hosts than guests.

EAGER CHILDREN pitched in to "do up" the necessary farm work. Mr. and Mrs. (on the tractor) give them an idea of what it's like.

HOME LIFE in rural Vermont is a new and revealing experience to children from the busy metropolis—and jam-packed Harlem.

DEPARTURE brings fond farewells, the brief days brought new understanding of differing ways of life to black and white alike.

EXHAUSTED from a new and exciting experience, two children sleep their way back. All agreed it was an unforgettable experience.
Colonel Fairfax Ayres

BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

Courtesy Watson Guptill
The best way for me to get anything done is to brag I can do it."

Thus Col. Fairfax Ayres, for 11 years one of Shaftsbury’s most talked-about residents, explains many of his accomplishments—from creating ship models inside glass bottles to marketing high quality maple syrup.

Although he disclaims being a crusader, the Virginia-born graduate of West Point who has adopted Vermont as his home has succeeded in stirring up state-wide discussion of some of his ideas.

From the first winter he spent at Fayr- port Farm, his Shaftsbury home on the mountainside flanking Route 7 just south of the Shaftsbury-Arlington town line, he has been interested in the maple business. He views maple syrup and sugar as the state’s biggest monopoly (“Who else can produce Vermont maple syrup?”)—and therefore a key item in promoting its fame for tourist and recreation purposes.

Some of his ideas have aroused controversy, frequently with more heat than light resulting. On others, he has had the active or tacit support of state and Extension officials and of many other maple producers, large and small.

For he is a producer of syrup and sugar—from 1,200 to 1,500 gallons a year are made on his home farm and two others in Rupert and Pawlet. And one of his “brags” that he made good on was the development of a one-reading, no-calculating device for testing the density of syrup at any temperature.

He came to Vermont in 1937 conscious of maple, he says, only as a source of sugar—and knowing nothing of how it was made. What started him off on his sugaring career was the questions of his neighbors: “You going to sugar next spring?”

Once he had said “Yes”—still without knowing how, or with what—he felt he had to make good on his statement.

He read all he could find on the subject, visited many well-known maple producers, talked with Extension service and state officials and consulted equipment manufacturers. From all, he now says, he learned something, and in 1938 he started putting what he had gleaned into practice.

For two years he “sugared” like many another tyro, turning out his product in line with the bulk of the advice he got: “Be sure to make it heavy enough, so it will keep well.” And he tested his syrup with a hydrometer, correcting his readings laboriously for the temperature, to be sure he had a product that would weigh at least the minimum legal 11 pounds per gallon.

Having a background of training at both Virginia Military Institute and West Point helped him in his calculations but not, he admits, in his temper.

“I got tired of so much figuring,” he says, “and worked out a table of correct hydrometer readings for all temperatures from cold to boiling. I knew that any syrup lighter than the legal minimum wouldn’t keep well—but I also knew that selling any that was heavier than 11 pounds per gallon was giving away something for nothing. I was in business long enough between world wars, and during the depression, to know that a producer can’t afford to give away a pound of sugar with every gallon of legal syrup—not, that is, if he expects to get the most for his labor and materials and investment.”

That table of combined hydrometer-thermometer readings gave Col. Ayres the idea for what is perhaps his most concrete contribution to the art of better sugaring: a carefully calibrated combination of the two instruments in one, which shows by a single reading whether the syrup, hot or cold, is light, heavy or “on the nose.”

As in the case of so many inventions that “anybody could have thought of,” the principle of the hydrotherm, as Col. Ayres has named it, is simple. Cold syrup has a greater density than hot, so that a hydrometer sinks less deeply into it; the warmer the syrup, the less dense it becomes and the further into it a hydrometer will sink.

(Continued on page 58)
Alfred and Helen Campbell and their 18-year-old son moved to Vermont late last October and started papering and painting their 150-year-old house. Stoves consume a cord of hand-chopped wood weekly.

In March a steep climb of a mile on snowshoes brought them to the old sap house, used by generations for boiling down sap. Chimney fallen, roof collapsed, sides gone, it looked far beyond repair.

Young Al brought up Brownie and hauled out all good timber and boards. Underneath were found 300 wooden sap buckets (many still usable), a good 2-section boiling pan and an old sap kettle.

In three days a rough shack had appeared from salvaged material including hand-hewn beams and hand-wrought strap-iron hinges. Stove pipe served as a chimney and the stone arch firebox was patched.

Terry Brook Farm, in southern Vermont, has a maple sugar orchard which 75 years ago was equipped and operated according to the prevailing customs of the times. When we acquired the property recently, handicapped by primitive reconditioned equipment, salvaged from beneath a twisted heap of debris, we tapped only a part of the sugar bush, but realized 60 gallons of syrup. Next year we plan to set up a modern evaporator in a remodelled sheep barn and expect to make 500 gallons. Eventually we should make a thousand gallons in a good year. Despite a few odd bruises, aching muscles and occasional drenchings we had a lot of fun. A note pinned to the back door of our home told friends where we were during the day and we had more callers on that lonely mountain top than we had in a month at our city home. And so, like many old-timers, here’s a new Vermonter who is enthusiastic about the development and expansion of Vermont’s most unique and famous industry, the production of pure Vermont maple products.

**SUGAR HOUSE**

* A New Family learns about Sugaring from the ground up—literally.

By Alfred S. Campbell

48 VERMONT Life
A sledge was constructed in 4 hours. 25 cords of wood were cut and stacked near by. Trees were bored, buckets hung and sap gathered in a borrowed gathering tank and hauled to a borrowed storage tank. Gathering sap with the crude sledge on the Campbell’s Terry Brook Farm where the trails are too narrow and the grades too steep to maneuver more than one horse at a time, is no “cinch.”

Mr. Campbell concentrates on filling buckets from the gathering tank, the buckets to be poured into the storage tank. Sap spoils in 2 days if not boiled. Thirty gallons of sap boil down to one gallon of syrup.

The sap runs through a hose from the storage tank to the three pans (one borrowed) on the arch. An old fashioned skimmer (center) is used to remove froth as the sap is ladled from one pan to the next.

Steam and smoke fill the crude shack. Meals are cooked at odd hours and eaten when there is a moment to spare. Neighbors, including the rector, come up to visit and lend a hand when needed.

With this crude apparatus, the Campbells make an average of 50 gallons of syrup a week. Next year, with modern apparatus, they should make 500 gallons, a nice off season crop which pays well.
By Richard M. Ketchum

Last year, while on a vacation trip to the West Coast, a stout, jolly woman stopped in with her husband at a large San Francisco sporting goods store where a sportsmen's show was being held. As they walked around the floor, they both noticed that they were being watched intently by a man in a glass-enclosed office on the balcony. A few minutes later the man appeared breathlessly in front of them, saying, "I knew it! I've seen your picture in a magazine somewhere! You're Hallie Galaise, the Orvis fly-tyer, aren't you?"

Mrs. Galaise "allowed as how" she was, as the store-owner continued breathlessly, "We've bought those wonderful flies of yours for years. Do you suppose you'd show some of the people out here how you make them? They've never seen anything like that before."

The Orvis tyer protested that she was on vacation, and had none of her materials. "I won't take no for an answer," laughed the sporting goods dealer. "I'll give you anything you need if you'll just put on a little demonstration for us while our show is on."

So Mrs. Galaise spent the next two afternoons displaying the art of fly-tying to huge crowds of Californians. A personal appearance on a San Francisco radio station followed, and most California newspapers carried pictures and the story of the amazing Vermont woman who tied flies which rivalled Nature's handiwork.
Fly-Tyer

Some fly patterns require as many as 48 separate pieces of material... feathers, tinsel, silk, etc., for wing and body. Phoebe Galasso has been tying flies for 30 years. Using all 10 fingers, she can tie more than 500 different fly patterns from memory.

Bradford Streamer
Silver Gray
Jack Scott
Royal Coachman
Pardameene Bell
Golden Pheasant
Brown Hackle Red-Flag
Gordon Special
Silver Doctor
Gordon Quill
where from ten to twelve feet in length. In making lancewood rods, square strips were sawed out and then planed round by hand. Most of the action in the old rods was contained in the middle and tip sections, since the heavy “swelled” butt had little flexibility. Orvis introduced a straight-tapered butt joint which permitted the action of the rod to continue over its entire length.

Split bamboo rods, now made almost universally of Tonkin cane from China, were manufactured originally by planing out strips of bamboo by hand. These strips were glued to a board, and then dressed down to the proper angle with the aid of a hand plane and metal gauge to achieve the bevel for a hexagonal joint.

Carrying on a 90-year tradition in the manufacture of fine fishing tackle, the Charles F. Orvis Co. of Manchester continues to pioneer new developments for the sake of America’s Isaak Waltons. Founded in 1856 by Charles F. Orvis, the firm was an outgrowth of young Orvis’ hobby of making fishing rods for himself and his friends. Most anglers at that time employed heavier rods or cane poles, for use with bait, but as a confirmed fly-fisherman, Orvis went into the construction of lighter rods for that type of fishing. By 1870 his products had proved so superior in workmanship and performance that he was swamped with orders for similar rods from all over the country, and organized a company to take care of the demand.

Constantly experimenting with new devices to improve the angler’s efficiency, Charles Orvis was one of the chief contributors to the present-day art of rod making. In 1872 he secured a patent on a reel with perforated side-plates which dried out the line and lightened the weight of the reel. This novel instrument, which was awarded a bronze medal at the Philadelphia World’s Fair in 1876, practically eliminated the use of the cumbersome, keg-shaped reels formerly in use, and was the direct antecedent of the modern fly-reel.

In 1882, Orvis produced and patented the first locking reel seat, which was the first effective means of fastening a reel to the rod. Many of the old rods equipped with this device are still in use today, operating perfectly in every respect. Orvis was also the first to use cork for fly rod handles, but a patent was refused him on the grounds that this procedure had already been employed for tennis racket grips. Many other innovations, now accepted as standard practice, were introduced by the Manchester inventor, among them the use of suction-type ferrules. The Orvis Glass Minnow Trap, developed about 1880, continues to be one of the most popular and successful live bait traps on the market, and the glass globe is still manufactured by the same company from the original mold.

In the early days of rod-making, either Cuban lancewood or greenheart was generally used. The rods were much longer than present models, being any-

Later on, strips were produced on a fine-tooth bench saw, where wood patterns were used for holding the bamboo in place.

Nowadays, the Orvis Company has a huge, 4800-pound milling machine, which was designed by Wesley Jordan, the plant superintendent. Considered to be one of the finest machines of its type, it is capable of turning out segments of bamboo weighing less than three grams.

In 1940, the Orvis family was bought out by D. C. Corkran, who has developed the little concern into the foremost producer of fine tackle in the country. During the war, the company’s experimental work on the impregnation of bamboo with phenolic resin was adapted to the manufacture of ski poles for the U.S. Army, and these were used with great success by our troops throughout the Aleutian and Italian campaigns. At the present time, almost all Orvis rods are made by
this exclusive process of impregnation which completely waterproofs the bamboo and makes it impervious to such extremes as live steam, boiling water, snow, ice, salt water and sun. Permanently finished, the impregnated rods require almost no upkeep, trouble or expense.

Another important function of the Orvis Company has always been the production of flies. Early in the 1870's, Charles Orvis induced a Scot to come to Manchester and instruct his daughter, Mary Orvis Marbury, in the making of artificial flies. As her experience grew, Mrs. Marbury became world-famous for her achievements in this craft. She eventually published the books *Fishing with the Fly* (in connection with A. Nelson Cheney, a New York game warden), and *Favorite Flies and Their Histories*. Both books contained some of the finest colored stone lithograph plates of flies ever produced, and in addition to their repute as authoritative discussions on the subject, they are constantly sought after by rare book collectors for these magnificent illustrations.

The Orvis fly-tying department is now under the supervision of Mrs. Hallie Galaise. Brought up under the strict tutelage of Mrs. Marbury, her flies have been a favorite with fishermen for almost forty years. One of the few tyers who does not employ a vise for holding the fly, Mrs. Galaise has established a remarkable reputation for her skill at tying over 500 patterns from memory, as well as duplicating the intricacies of special patterns sent to her by anglers everywhere. Her workshop, containing over 280 boxes of rare plumage, has become a mecca for fly-fishermen who come and sit for hours watching her tie a fly using only her nimble fingers and a pair of scissors. Long a favorite performer at sportsmen’s shows, Mrs. Galaise has consistently won awards at New York, Boston and other national exhibitions as “having held the crowd longest,” or “most popular feature of the show.”

In addition to rods and flies, the Orvis Company has been one of the leaders in developing spinning, or threadline fishing, in this country, and now has what is considered to be the finest and most complete assortment of imported lures in America. Recently the concern has developed the Orvis Magnetic Fly Box, an unusual container which holds flies firmly and compactly by the use of magnets. A salmon tailer, for gaffing fish without damaging them, is also made by the firm. A year or so ago Orvis brought out the “Perfect Fly Box,” a beautiful mahogany piece for displaying the connoisseur’s favorite flies. On the cover of the box one of the plates from Mrs. Marbury’s book is framed in a black glass mat.

In bringing new life to an old name, the present-day Charles F. Orvis Co. has enhanced the reputation built up by its founder for “the finest in fishing tackle,” and has carried the name of Vermont to every stream and lake where men have “laid aside business and gone a-fishing.”

END
A State University reassesses its past and lays plans for the future.

By James Jennings
AFTER dusk, on a quiet June eve, you may still hear wandering groups of campus carolers singing the praise of "Old Ira," or perhaps later in the evening a lingering Romeo may pay tribute to the man who founded the University of Vermont beneath the window of the moment's Juliet. Ira Allen died in exile in the City of Philadelphia, far from his loved Vermont, but behind him he left the brightest jewel in his heavenly crown—The University of Vermont. He fought for education in the striping colony of Vermont. He sought a university for Vermont as early as 1777 when the Constitution of the Independent Republic of Vermont was first written, and in 1791, in the very first year of infant Vermont's statehood, he won. On Wednesday, November 2, 1791, a bill was passed by the General Assembly establishing a State University in Burlington.

So it is recorded, but to go back for a moment, let's take a look at the records of an earlier date. Back in that Constitution of the Independent Republic of Vermont, adopted on July 2, 1777, Section 40 states in part, "one grammar school in each county, and one university in the State ought to be established by direction of the General Assembly." Inasmuch as there were but two counties in Vermont at that time, it is easy to see that education on the university level was paramount in the minds of the Founding Fathers.

Even though the General Assembly had ordered the establishment of a university in 1791 little was done immediately, but finally the citizens of Burlington petitioned that a President be appointed, and offered to pay his salary for three years, or until the university had funds sufficient to pay it. This is but one of the many times in the last century and a half that the people of Burlington have demonstrated their interest in the university in their midst.

So! Reverend Daniel Sanders, then operating a boys' school in Burlington, was made President. Classes started immediately, and the first class graduated in 1804. The University of Vermont was on its way.

During the War of 1812, however, classes were interrupted, and the Federal Government took over the buildings for barracks. The War over, classes were immediately resumed, and, in 1822, a full course of medical lectures was inaugurated. In 1829, engineering courses were started. U.V.M. was probably the first non-military school in the country to give such courses, and it led all other schools that were later to be recognized as the Land-Grant Colleges. Certainly this was a big step forward for the little university in what was then considered frontier territory.

The passage of the Morrill Act sponsored by Vermont's own Senator, Justin B. Morrill, in 1862, profoundly changed the character of education at the University and the administration of the institution itself. The University of Vermont, like other colleges of its time, had been preparing men for the professions: medicine, religion, law, and teaching. Boys destined for agriculture and the mechanics arts had no opportunity for instruction. But Justin Morrill changed all that. Education became attractive and possible for the many, not just the few. Now the University would train the farmers, artisans, and homemakers, upon whose shoulders rested the economics of Vermont.

In 1861, the General Assembly of the State of Vermont accepted the terms of the Morrill Act and, in 1863, the State Department of Education suggested that the two other colleges then operating in Vermont, Norwich and Middlebury, merge with the University and establish an Agricultural and Mechanics Arts College. After some discussion, the Trustees of the University agreed, but those of Middlebury and Norwich declined. A State College of Agriculture was then organized, but the financial going was rough. Finally, the Trustees approached those of the University for a merger and once again its Trustees were acquiescent. In 1865, the merger became effective and the name was changed to the University of Vermont and State Agricultural College. The way was left open for Middlebury College and Norwich University to join in the provisions of the Morrill Act, but up to the present, the other schools have shown no interest in its privileges and responsibilities.

The University of Vermont and State Agricultural College is obligated by statute to render certain services to the State of Vermont. These responsibilities are defined by four Acts of the Legislature, and three Acts of the Federal Congress. Space does not allow for a general definition of the several Acts, but, briefly the responsibility of the University breaks down into four separate areas. The first may be expressed in capsule form:

(1) An education both "liberal and practical."
(2) The application of such education to the "pursuits of life."
(3) An education directed primarily to the members of the "industrial classes," i.e., to the many, rather than to the privileged few.
(4) The accomplishment of this purpose through teaching subjects "related to agriculture and the mechanics arts," including "other scientific and classical studies."
(5) Military training to be a prominent part of the educational program.

Such is the purpose, and such the program of the University. While not written out in 1791, the Founders of U.V.M. had such a purpose and program in mind.

The single word "research" seems to define the second area of responsibility. This arises from the Hatch Act of 1887, which called for agricultural experiment stations in connection with the Land-Grant Colleges. The language of the Act is explicit and delegates responsibility to the University for the discovery of new knowledge. That the College of Agriculture has not fallen down in this field is well attested by the recent selection of its Dean, Joseph E. Carrigan, to direct the activities of the Economic Cooperation Mission to Eire, which is primarily concerned with the welfare of the agricultural economy. Many discoveries, important to agriculture and industry, have come from the laboratories of U.V.M.

The third area of responsibility for the University lies in the field of adult education, a responsibility discharged by the Extension Service. Legally, the Act, which encourages this, calls only for in-
struction in subjects relating to Agriculture and Home Economics, but the University goes far beyond that in supplying instructors for any subject for which there is demand. For instance, such courses as elementary English and mathematics share popularity with Arts and Crafts instruction and lectures on Vermont Folklore.

Related agricultural services occupy the fourth category. By act of legislature, U.V.M. is charged with inspection of feeds, seeds, and fertilizer for sale in the State.

While the primary object of educating the young is exercised almost entirely on the Campus in Burlington, that Campus really extends all over the State. Into every town, village and gore, the Extension workers go to advise, to demonstrate and in some cases, actually do the work until their “students” can take over for themselves. Groups are brought to the University to consider special projects. The Political Science Department aids town governments. The Department of Commerce and Economics has an annual Institute for Vermont Bankers, another for Insurance Men, and a full week’s course for the Town Listers. It is receptive to Chambers of Commerce who need statistical studies, and hotel and resort groups who ask advice on summer and winter operational data.

The Medical College holds clinics on topics ranging from Legal Medical Opinion to research and treatment of cancer and heart ailments. Only this year a study of child nutrition brought visitors from countries as far away as India. The study was made for the children of Vermont, but it is vastly comforting to realize that it may also help the undernourished of Europe and Asia.

The College of Technology does its share in testing road building materials for the State, and instituting research into Vermont mineral deposits, and their use by corporations far distant from the Burlington Campus.

The School of Education and Nursing is one of the newest, but besides offering the Bachelor’s degree in seven different fields, also takes its part in serving the rank and file of the people in the State of Vermont. The University Summer Session offers each summer a six weeks’ program in all the fields of teacher training, school administration, and the normal subject matter departments. Teachers from all over the East are attracted to it, not only by its broad coverage of educational training, but also the vacation offered by its location on the shores of beautiful Lake Champlain. Vermont schools supply the larger share of the student body, of course.

It also supplies pre-clinical nursing training to the hospitals of the State. All but one of the Vermont hospitals accept this service, so that it is safe to say that in time almost every hospitalized person in the State will receive care that goes back to training at the University of Vermont and State Agricultural College, as well as that of their own institution.

One could write reams of copy on the service that is daily rendered by the University to the State of Vermont and its people, but other aspects of the University must be considered. For instance, let us check on the quality of education. This can only be attested by the recognition of the University by various national and regional accrediting bodies. The whole University is accredited by: the Association of American Universities, the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and the Association of American Colleges. The three curricula in Engineering are accredited by the Engineering Council for Professional Development. The professional Chemistry curriculum is accredited by the American Chemical Society. The Teacher Training curricula are accredited by the Association of Colleges of Teacher Training Education.

Further testimony of the quality of the University is given by the maintenance at the University of Chapters of both Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi. Quality first and quantity second is a fair way of evaluating the service of the University to the State of Vermont. To get authoritative figures the investigator must use those for the College year of 1947-48. At that time, of the 2,414 students attending the five accredited four-year colleges and universities, 80% (1954) were enrolled at the University of Vermont and State Agricultural College. 69% of all students enrolled at U.V.M. were residents of Vermont. 66% of all students attending any institution of collegiate standing in the State were attending U.V.M. It may be stated, therefore, that the University furnishes two thirds of all the collegiate requirements of the residents of the State who remain within it for post high school study and four fifths of the educational services at the University level. In the 1940-41 enrollment, four colleges, U.V.M., Middlebury, Norwich, and St. Michael’s had 1,296 students
enrolled from the State of Vermont. In 1947-48, that number had increased to 2425 students in the same institutions, a total increase of 1129, and the University had 986 of them enrolled, or 87% of the total increase. Surely, it is no wonder that the buildings are bursting at their partitions. The total enrollment at the University this college year is 3198.

What does the future portend? The best studies of the President and his deputies who handle enrollments is that the University's enrollment is directly related to the number of graduates of Vermont High Schools. Factors influencing that figure are too voluminous to permit discussion here. However, it does seem prudent to assume that the University's enrollment will remain in the neighborhood of 3000 for the next decade, and that thereafter it will increase materially.

The physical plant of the University of Vermont is conservatively appraised at a book value in excess of $5,600,000. This includes the land, 40 buildings, and four farms with their appropriate buildings. Two new buildings, a Dairy Manufacturing Laboratory and an Agricultural Science Building, now under construction by the State Building Council, will cost $1,075,000 when finished.

With an enrollment doubled since 1940 this plant carries a heavy load. New construction and rehabilitation of old buildings must be had soon. A request for a Home Economics Building will be made to the Legislature this year, which, if granted, will complete the building program of the State Agricultural College.

Three other projects are high on the list of immediate needs—replacement of the gymnasium (the oldest college gym in New England), the enlargement of the Billings Library, and replacement of the Medical College Building. Two other buildings need modernization, the Old Mill (original building of the University) and the Science Hall. The Engineering Laboratory Building needs replacement, and the Fleming Museum must be expanded. Aside from any monies appropriated by the State, the University must find between $2,500,000 and $3,500,000 from private sources in the next ten years to maintain its building program. Strong men on the University staff quail before this program, but everybody has faith that it can be done.

A staff of over 700 is needed to teach the 3200 students, now attending the regular sessions and 1000 attending Summer Session, and administer the business of the University. About half of the 700 are professional, i.e., teaching, research, extension, and administration. The others are divided between clerical, maintenance and dormitory and dining hall help.

With an increased enrollment in 1948-49, with a further increase in research projects and with higher costs all around, the University's budget, both as to income and expense, has increased by nearly half a million to $3,668,476.51. Education has grown to be a big business since the Rev. Sanders enrolled his first class at the University.

There are problems, but there were problems of less magnitude, but just as serious, in Ira Allen's day. One thing we may safely prophesy, June will always come, and some wandering student carolers will sing the praises of "Old Ira" who founded the "college on the hill." And believe it or not, Ira Allen will be there, for now he stands in bronze at the center of the Campus he gave to the University 158 years ago. As twilight deepens on the Campus, he seems to smile approval at the way the University has served and is still serving the people of his beloved State of Vermont.
AYRES (Continued from page 47)

The problem, then, of creating a one-reading instrument was to provide a thermometer whose column would rise in its tube at the same rate as the hydrometer was sinking into warmer syrup: the nearer to boiling, the deeper the hydrometer—but also the higher the red column of the thermometer.

The resulting device indicates, at one reading and regardless of temperature, when syrup weighs 11 pounds per gallon—if the tip of the red column floats even with the surface of the syrup. If the red column shows above the surface, the syrup is heavy and may be mixed with lighter syrup until the correct density is reached; conversely, if the red cannot be seen, the syrup being tested is light and should be mixed with a heavier batch to bring it up to the 11-pound-per-gallon weight.

The inventor admits that, because of the precise work involved in manufacturing, his instrument seems expensive in terms of the ordinary hydrometer in more general use—it costs four or five times as much.

Despite the "laziness" which led him to develop it rather than compute separate readings, however, the colonel delights in showing, in cold figures, how producing syrup of exactly the right density can, for from only 20 to 50 gallons, pay for one of the hydrotherms in sugar saved by not "giving away" the excess which he claims too many farmers do.

He claims that his talks with producers throughout the state showed that they were losing up to eight per cent of the sugar they made by selling syrup heavier than necessary—just to "make sure it's heavy enough." Whether his estimate is accepted or not, there are few who dispute his point that exact knowledge of the weight per gallon does pay—especially with syrup selling at from $5 to $7 a gallon.

Like many another "adopted" Vermonter, Ayres is full of enthusiasm for the state, its products and its way of life. And like many others, too, he has found some of his ideas and suggestions becoming the centers of considerable controversy.

But unlike some, he is not embittered at meeting opposition or refusal. Sometimes, he points out, events have proved him right—or at least nearer right than his critics, as two years ago when he first urged farmers to sell their syrup for "at least $7 a gallon."

Many were the voices heard then, calling his suggestion anything from "ridiculous" to "outrageous"—but a lot of pure Vermont maple syrup has been bought at retail, at or near $7 since that time: and by Vermonters, too.

Colonel Ayres likes to tell the story of the Vermont couple, from one of our cities, who entered his sugar house one day in the midst of boiling operations and began roundly to berate him for suggesting that farmers demand "such an outlandishly high price—why, it isn't worth it!"

His offer to swap a half gallon of syrup for 20 minutes' firing of the rig by the husband—as a test of labor value—was turned down, though, after the couple had been given one good look at the "hot" end of the sugar rig.

"Let doubters doubt the work that goes into sugaring, from getting the wood through gathering and boiling to the final product in the can or jar," the colonel says. "Every man who's sugared knows it has its fun and satisfactions—but he also knows it's work.

"Only the fellow who figures his time's not worth much, come March, because there's not much else he can do then, could agree that syrup and sugar aren't worth present prices," he thinks.

Again, the colonel has aroused a storm over his suggestion that all, or virtually all, maple products be centrally reprocessed, standardized and marketed under a state quality label.

"Outstanding high quality for our state's one really unique product would be the best advertising and tourist-drawing attraction we could develop," he argues, without expressing either surprise or chagrin at finding himself, for the moment, the center of a storm of protest. He believes he has at least started folks thinking about the importance, to them and to the state, of "Vermont's one real natural monopoly: real Vermont maple products."

The Shaftsbury man is equally content to let the future say whether or not he's right about the value of grazing maple orchards—or rather, of preventing grazing. His own orchards, of mature trees, so thoroughly overshadow the seedlings saved by non-grazing that, in his opinion, the chances of their surviving to useful maturity are small, "and they're a nuisance and a hindrance when you're gathering," he insists.

He points to the edges of his "bush," though, and the few clearings left by removal of over-mature maples, as places where natural reproduction should be encouraged by any and all means.

"Fifty years from now, when my present sugar orchard here in Shaftsbury has gone by, there'll be a U-shaped young orchard around its top and sides ready to take its place," Col. Ayres says. "Then, removing the present trees for lumber and firewood will leave a spot for reseeding so that in another 50 years, say a century from now, the owner of that time, whoever he is, will be tapping out along the sugar roads I'm using today."

That long-range view, while keeping after day-to-day problems, seems typical of this Virginian-turned-Vermontner.

He was born in Aldie, near Leesburg, Va. and graduated from West Point in 1918 to enter business—and wound up on the Shaftsbury farm in 1937 after finding that Vermont provided a way of life that he liked.

He was recalled to active Army duty during World War II, serving as convoy officer: a job in which he found himself alternately in charge of groups of up to 175,000 officers and men on their way overseas as replacements ("We called them reinforcements as a better word for morale," the colonel explains) and flying homeward from Africa, Australia, Europe or the Solomons to start the same thing over.

"There were about 80 of us officers on that convoy duty," he recalls. "We'd be at sea with the reinforcements for from 10 to 30 days, then back in a day or two flying. Our average loss of weight, per convoy job, was nearly 11 pounds. Do you wonder Vermont, and Shaftsbury, look good to me now?"

END
In my opinion, and I have seen this borne out in three cases, a strong, enterprising man, even without experience in the trade, can, if he has a reasonable amount of capital, make a living in the maple business by the application of intelligence and hard work and a disdain of too much tradition.

No man has demonstrated this more graphically than my friend Colonel Fairfax Ayres of Shaftsbury who has not only done well in the maple business, but has invented new devices for improving the quality of production, and also made great strides in influencing Vermonters to organize and become aware of the very great intangible as well as tangible values in the words Vermont Maple.

OLD MAPLE

Opening a can of maple syrup Colonel Ayres gave me in 1941, and finding it excellent, brings to mind an inquiry I so often get—about how long maple syrup will keep. Just by chance in this morning's mail (and I suppose it is lesé majesty to quote any maple information from Ohio), Mrs. Belle Dickey, who runs a farm in Continental, Ohio, remarked that going down cellar she found a glass jar of maple syrup that had been put up on March 24, 1901 and that this 47 year old product was as good as ever. I don’t see why, if syrup is made properly and exactly 11 lbs to the gallon, it will not keep indefinitely.
VERMONT PLAN  Cont. from page 44

Field of Race Relations. This award for his work on the Vermont Plan was given at Grinnell, Iowa on February 11, 1945.

During the Centennial of the Congregational Church's work on behalf of minority groups Ritchie was given a year's leave of absence to devote his full time to this work. In 1948 he took over the pastorate at Vergennes, Vermont, but his final illness brought his work there to a sudden end.

Ritchie Low was a rare man. Tolerance permeated his being; even tolerance for the intolerant. In him could be found the unusual ability to go behind the attitudes that brought about prejudice; the ability to understand, even sympathize with the person harboring an attitude, while in his own mind violently disagreeing with it.

HISTORY OF A PLAN

As Ritchie Low put it, "The walls that now keep Negroes and Whites apart are so high common folk have no chance to visit over the fence." In 1943 he visited Dr. Adam Clayton Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem where he saw and felt the effects of these "Walls of Prejudice." The memory of the bright, eager faces of the colored children of Harlem stirred in him the idea of using these children as goodwill messengers, "Ambassadors of a new venture in race relations, heralds of a new and better day."

Reverend Low communicated his proposition to Dr. Powell (now congressman from New York). "If he would have a member of his staff select seventy-five boys and girls, nine to twelve years of age, pay their railroad fares to and from Burlington, and send two women in charge of the group, on my part I'd assume responsibility for finding them white homes to live in. They'd come for a two week period, and room and board would be free. Every boy and girl would come as a guest and in the interest of interracial friendship."

Dr. Powell, pastor of a congregation of over 10,000, was enthusiastic and handed the project over to Miss Gwend- olyn Jones, the church school director. Mrs. Laura B. Thomas became chairman of the project and, with able assistance, lost no time in registering the children, raising funds to defray expenses, and completing the necessary arrangements. Word of the invitation to Vermont was made known and was sent to the hospital as a precaution. The number of friends, white and colored, who visited him was perhaps the best testimony to the success of the Vermont Plan.

THE FUTURE

The Vermont Plan was a success. In 1945, 89 children from Harlem came into Vermont homes through the Vermont Plan and more have come each year since then. The success of the plan can not be measured in numbers though, for it's real success lies in the destruction of prejudice by the opening of the minds and hearts of those who took part.

With the Vermont Plan an established fact Reverend Low set out to broaden the field of attack on prejudice and discrimination. With the help of interested people in Burlington he set into motion the "Vermont Plan for Action," a group dedicated to seeking out the signs of social, cultural, religious and racial prejudice, and evolving methods of attacking these seeds of destruction. A group for all people who, like Ritchie Low, hope to open their own minds and to give all the opportunity to remove the "Beams" from their own eyes. Only the future will show us the success or failure of A. Ritchie Low's "Seeds of Righteousness."

END
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4. Route of British into Bennington 1777
5. Catamount Tavern, Bennington
6. North Hero Blockhouse 1781
7. Route from Canada to Conn. River
8. President Arthur's Birthplace, Fairfield
9. University of Vermont, Burlington 1791
10. State House, Montpelier
11. Morgan Horse
12. White River Route to Lake Champlain
13. Lyon's Mill 1783
14. Marble Quarry at Dorset 1785
15. Bennington Battle Monument
16. Fort Dummer
17. Vermont Coin 1785
18. A Colonial Stage Route Tavern
19. Vermont State Flag
21. Constitution House, Windsor