VERMONT Life

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John W. French, Chairman, Harry W. Osburne, Edward F. Smith, Keith Wallace, John M. Thomas

Walter R. Hard, Jr., Editor-in-Chief

Editorial Associates

Arthur Wallace Peach

Northfield

Vreest Orton

Weston

Ralph N. Hill, Jr.

Burlington

Business Manager

George C. Bartter

Editorial Consultant

Earle W. Newton

Editorial Assistant

Martha M. Corke

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About the cover . . .

Hiking trips are looked forward to and thoroughly enjoyed by the girls at Camp Hochelaga. Clifford Scofield convined to go along with this group, perched himself precariously on a nearby ledge, and got this spectacular shot of some of them with majestic Mont Mansfield as a back drop. Left to right are: Mary J. Witzel, Burlington, Mary Hastings, Irvington, N. Y. (sitting); Jeff Hall, Bristol, Conn.; Mary Louise Kolk, Burlington; Mary Lou Reedy, Rutland.

Editor’s Uneasy Chair

The cost of the materials that go into a copy of Vermont Life—the paper, plates and printing—have climbed steadily ever since the magazine’s inception. The unit cost savings that we expected as circulation increased have been eaten up by this inflation. Now, to maintain its quality Vermont Life must raise subscription prices starting July first. Thinking this condition may be temporary we also are setting a uniform yearly rate and discontinuing the multiple-year prices. We hope you’ll understand the necessity for this increase, and will feel the magazine is still worth buying.

This dreary message out of the way, the Editors would like to pay belated tribute to Miss Pauline Moody of Springfield for her assistance in presenting articles to Vermont Life readers, and to Gladys Neiburg of St. Albans for her part in the Kake Walk article of last Winter’s issue.

Lately a marked interest has developed among our readers in Vermont’s unusual village and sectional names and how they originated. All that seems needed now is a volunteer researcher into the beginnings of Goose Green, Poppel Dungeon, Swearing Hill, Ticklenacked Pond, Squabble Hollow and others.

Mrs. Dettmers’ popular article on Grafton in the Spring number has precipitated an unexpected controversy—over Grafton’s claim to Vermont’s oldest band. Counter claims have already been registered by Enosburg and St. Johnsbury. More are expected.

The Editors, without giving away any plans would like very much to hear from readers who have good original photographs of the 1927 flood.

PLEASE NOTE

That after June 30th Vermont Life subscriptions will be $1.25 per year

See also page 61.
EVERY NOW AND THEN the Postboy gets hauled up short for some action on the part of members of the native population, which new residents from urban areas fail to understand. Knowing the depth of the P.B.'s Vermont roots they feel that he should be able to correct any errors or if not at least offer an explanation if not excuses therefore. Perhaps the one we are about to bring up, if not explain, and certainly not make excuses for, has to do with what in larger centers would be known as "petty thieving." In any self-respecting city the Law would be invoked and if,—and when, the principals were located said Law would pursue its unpleasant course. Naturally urbanites, when they become country dwellers, expect the same treatment to be meted out and they are, to put it very mildly, baffled when they discover it is not so but far otherwise.

About every town has one or more residents who are pleasantly known as being "light fingered." The P.B. admits that to be a successful pickpocket one must be decidedly light fingered. But the general run of ruralites, thus denominated, do not display any unusual manual dexterity. They don't need to. They do show considerable cleverness, not in the act of gathering where they have not strewn, but in concealing from their victims—a rather harsh term under the circumstances—or their neighbors, usually the same parties, any notion that anybody would ever suspect them, of all people, of any such anti-social conduct. In fact they usually maintain most happy relations with everybody, outwardly at least.

No items of great value are ever involved. A shovel, left out in the open, or a hayfork carelessly left stuck in the ground, may disappear. The owner may be mad when he finds it out and usually knows whom to blame, but shucks, the families have been friends back for two or three generations, and anyhow it'd hurt their standing in the community if they were hauled up as common thieves. Couldn't really prove it was your shovel anyhow.

One old lady, who was very dignified and very deaf, for years never had any garden but always had a good supply of vegetables for her table and never made any bones about it. There were neighbors who were summer residents equipped with gardens and gardeners. At first, when the latter found that some of the fruit of his labor was disappearing over night, he would suggest the intervention of the legal authorities. It might be that his employer would go so far as to speak to the sheriff or, possibly to the local

Green Mountain
POSTBOY

By WALTER HARD

Postboy. Either one would probably very gently hint that one of the neighbors was known to have such "propensities." No stronger word would be used and from then on the enlightened summer resident might frequently amuse visitors by telling of this very interesting "character' and even, if the moon were right, lead them to an overlooking window to observe her doing her marketing.

So innocent was she or so sure that she was never suspected, that more than once she made up an attractive basket of the garnered produce and presented it to another neighbor who she knew was gardenless. That there should ever be any curiosity as to the source of supplies since she obviously had no garden of her own, never seemed to occur to the old lady, and nobody would have thought of letting on that there was the slightest suspicion attached to her.

LARGER OPERATIONS are sometimes undertaken and not always condemned. The Postboy recalls his first day in court, and simultaneously, his first sad disillusionment with the Law. Living, as he did, in a County Seat, June Court time was the special event between Decoration Day and the Fourth. Then the small, heavily barred, wooden building below the Court House, housed whatever persons were being held for trial. The P.B. made sure he was around when Than Towsley, the jailor, walked up from his house with the market basket containing food for the prisoners. Following him there might be a chance to see a prisoner reach out through the opening in the thick, heavily studded door, and take his laden tin plate. He might see eyes shining through the grating and get a shiver at the sound of a voice.

But the great treat was attending court itself where one could get a good look at the prisoners at the bar, like Rufus Young, the famous horse thief, as innocent and ministerial looking a man as one could imagine. The first trial the P.B. recalls, attended in spite of parental warnings to the effect that it was no place for boys, involved a light-fingered resident of a neighboring village, who might well be of the class mentioned above, but who had overstepped. The P.B. was sure that no such kindly-looking, gray haired old gentleman, could be guilty of the crime charged, namely: stealing a generous quantity of salt pork from a neighbor's cellar. Nothing of the trial is recalled but the final announcement by the jury foreman that our friend had been found innocent of the heinous crime with which he had been charged, so fitted the P.B.'s convictions that he wondered that the whole roomful didn't rise up and shout for joy. Alas! Sitting on the seat nearest the door, our disillusionment came swiftly, along with the approach of the recently held prisoner and his lawyer. The lawyer was striding along closely held by the arm by his client who was wiping tears from his eyes with his free hand. As the pair went through the door we heard the lawyer say in a most unpleasant tone. "There, damn you, I got you off this time. Next time put your own pork down."

AND LATER, when we were privileged to sit in at the trial, or more accurately, one of the many trials, of Rufus Young, who could not refrain from stealing horses, in the brief intervals he was out of jail, we were convinced that a gray beard and a benevolent expression and a clerical coat, might all belong to a real live horse thief. The fact was that this time we happened to know the owner of the horses involved, and the very spot where he had been apprehended, to say nothing of having a speaking acquaintance with the arresting sheriff—he'd answered some of our innumerable questions just as though we'd had a right to know. Meanwhile the P.B. must relate that the jail, with its two cell doors made of solid maple plank four inches thick and studded with metal, into which he ventured only when it was having no guests and was open for airing, eventually proved disillusionizing too. For one night, a prisoner jumped up and down on the floor, either for exercise or in anger, and suddenly found himself falling out of that jail. He went right through the floor and was never seen in the region again.

VERMONT Life 1
This Connecticut River project, now completed at a cost of $16,000,000, increases more than sixfold the power output at the historic Wilder Site.

"Dartmouth is the best college by a dam site," a student at Vermont's neighbor college boasted after showing his parents around the college campus and driving them to the nearby Wilder Redevelopment to prove his point.

The new $16,000,000 project of the New England Power Company is located approximately three-quarters of a mile downstream from the former dam in the "Wilder Narrows," spanning the Connecticut River between Wilder, Vermont and Lebanon, New Hampshire. It is similar in appearance to the Connecticut River Power Company dam at MeIndoes Falls, Vt., further up the river. The pond created by the new dam at Wilder is 46 miles along the river extending to a point some four miles below Wells River. This is about 27 miles longer than the pond.
formed by the old Wilder Dam which extended upstream to the Fairlee-Orford Bridge.

In preparation for the new lake a few adjustments were necessary in nearby highways, culverts, sewers and telephone lines. The Ledyard Bridge between Norwich, Vt. and Hanover, N. H. was raised two feet ten inches at the Vermont end. About four miles north of Norwich, one-half mile of Boston and Maine Railroad track was elevated slightly.

Work on the plant was begun over two years ago. At the peak of construction over five hundred men from nearby communities were employed to build this fourth largest hydro station in the New England Electric System. The station was built by United Engineers & Constructors, Inc. of Philadelphia in conjunction with the New England Power Service Company of Boston.

To accommodate the thousands of sightseers and kibitzers who journeyed to watch the progress of construction, the New England Power Company provided a parking lot with a glassed-in, heated grandstand as the "Roadside Superintendents' Observation Platform." This super observation post was used extensively. Its guest book contains names and addresses of people from every corner of New England besides signatures of visitors from Alaska, China, Japan, Australia, South America and Africa. The visitors who came at night found their view aided a great deal by the batteries of multiple flood lights.

From time to time the many visitors at the dam were greeted by affable John Gustafson who served as a guide and informant. John was kept busy explaining the technical functions of the different sections of the development and provided tactful answers to such queries as, "Which side of the dam is the pond going to be on?" and, "Is it true that the whole town of Wilder is going to be completely covered with water?" As an estimate John says that an average of 1500 people a week came to watch the construction in its various stages of development. All seemed interested in the tremendous size of the project and registered surprise when told that if all the cement in the dam were used to make a road, it would extend from Montpelier to New York City. John claims that of the many questions he answered, one stands out all by itself. An apparent canoeing enthusiast inquired: "Can I get permission from an official to ride my canoe through the dam?"

With the completion of the dam the New England Power Company built an attractive visitors' house at the New Hampshire end of the dam. Here guests were to see attractive displays about the Wilder Station and a guide would explain the plant before taking the visitors on a tour. However, new security regulations have made it necessary to bar all visitors from the dam and station during the state of national emergency.

But not all the observing and kibitzing over the dam took place in the Roadside Superintendents' post. For nearly eight years the "Battle of Wilder Dam" was fought in the streets, on the farms and in the courthouse. Off and on, over a five-year period, construction was delayed and costs increased while arguments that filled 2634 pages of transcripts were heard by three state and two federal commissions in an effort to decide whether or not to grant licenses.

The opponents of the dam feared that the 385 foot elevation above mean sea level (16 feet higher than the old dam) would unnecessarily flood and ruin valuable farmland. The Power Company argued that the loss would be more than met by the increased value of the hydroelectric development. The total area flooded in both Vermont and New Hampshire is 1145 acres.

hydro electric project that the raft of a band of the famous Rogers’ Rangers was wrecked in the White River Falls on their return from the expedition against the St. Francis Indians. Rogers, with a small party of Rangers, separated from the rest of his men and arrived at a junction of the Connecticut River where it was planned that they would meet a commissary detachment with provisions from Charlestown, N. H. Feeling that the separated group had either been destroyed or was taking a different route, the commissary gave up waiting for them and went back down the river to Charlestown. No sooner had they started back when the tired and starved Rangers reached the junction to find only the smoking embers of a fire and no provisions. Not willing to give up, Rogers built a raft and with Captain Ogden and one of his Rangers started down the Connecticut for food. The hazards of this journey are told in the following excerpt from his own records:

“The current carried us down the stream in the middle of the river, where we endeavoured to keep our wretched vessel by such paddles as we had made out of small trees, or spires split and heaved. The second day we reached White River Falls, and very narrowly escaped being carried over them by the current. Our little remains of strength however enabled us to land, and to march by them. At the bottom of these falls, while Capt. Ogden and the Ranger hunted for red squirrels for a refreshment, who had the good fortune likewise to kill a partridge, I attempted the forming of a new raft for our further conveyance. Being not able to cut down trees, I burnt them down, and then burnt them off at proper lengths. This was our third day’s work after leaving our companions. The next day we got our materials together, and completed our raft, and floated with the stream again till we came to Watorockquity Falls, which are about fifty yards in length; here we landed, and by a withe made of hazel bushes, Capt. Ogden held the raft, till I went to the bottom, prepared to swim in and board it when it came down, and if possible paddle it ashore, this being our only resource for life, as we were not able to make a third raft in case we had lost this. I had the good fortune to succeed, and the next morning we embarked, and floated down the stream to within a small distance of No. 4 where we found some men cutting off timber, who gave us the first relief, and assisted us to the fort, from whence I dispatched a canoe with provisions, which reached the men at Cohashe four days after, which (agreeable to my engagement) was the tenth after I left them.”

The earliest known dam built in the Wilder area was a wing dam constructed in 1785 which was used by small mills for grinding grain, sawing wood and similar purposes. In 1795 the Vermont legislature granted a charter to “The Proprietors of White River Falls” containing the right to build a canal and bridge. No work was done however until a company was incorporated under a New Hampshire Act in 1807 entitled “An Act Granting to Mills Olcott the Privilege of Locking White River Falls.” This gave Mr. Olcott and his associates “The exclusive privilege of cutting canals and locking said falls and rendering Connecticut River navigable for boats and lumber from the head of said falls at the upper bar so called to the foot of the falls at the lower bar of the same, commonly called “Phelps Bar,” provided the canal was completed within six years from the time the act was passed.

In 1810 a dam was erected with two separate canals and locks at a cost of about $40,000. Business was poor at the start but when navigation of the river was at its height it became quite profitable. After the Passumpsic Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad was built, however, the canal was no longer used and a few years later a flood carried the dam away. This area was then used for little more than a picnic resort until 1880 when the water rights were purchased by the Wilder Brothers, paper manufacturers from Boston. They built a cribwork dam at the upper falls in 1882. This dam was replaced in 1926 by a concrete structure located slightly downstream. The power developed was utilized for paper mill purposes until the mill ceased operation in 1927. From that time on it was used solely to furnish electricity for the local area.

Now once again the vicinity near the White River Falls is being used as a picnic area. The Power Company has equipped two picnic groves near the dam with fireplaces, benches and toilet facilities. One grove is on the Vermont side and one in New Hampshire. Boating and swimming are attractions on the new 46 mile pond and there are opportunities for fishing as well. The Dartmouth College rowing squad is waiting eagerly to capi­ tize on the size of the pond. Jim Smith, the Dartmouth rowing coach, optimistically said: “As I see it, the new dam at Wilder will improve all Dartmouth rowing by at least 100 per cent.”

The physical aspects of the Redevelopment at Wilder include earth embankments about 1100 feet long, a concrete spillway dam 537 feet long, a non-overflow concrete dam 205 feet in length and a powerhouse and concrete intake section 200 feet in length. The spillway section has six tainter gates and two skimmer gates used for passing refuse
Above is the site of the Wilder redevelopment looking upstream from the Vermont side prior to the start of construction of the new dam. Above. Part of the first cofferdam which held back the water, thus enabling workers to lay the foundation for the actual dam.

Above. Upstream view of south end of spillway section and earth embankment wall. Above. Tainter gate section showing a temporary cofferdam in right foreground.

Below. Carpenters put finishing touches on wooden forms which were later put in place to mold concrete for the immense draft tube. Below. This air view shows the completed dam which was founded on ledge with 2100-foot earth embankments at both ends.
With completion of the powerhouse, above, installation of interior equipment including two 16,500 kilowatt generators was begun.

Above. An overhead traveling crane capable of handling 120 tons moves the No. 2 rotor into the Wilder powerhouse. Below. Looking down into the depths of No. 2 wheel pit at the Wilder Station.

Above. Workmen direct the crane as it lowers into place the turbine shaft, runner and head cover of No. 2 unit. Below. The runner of one of two waterwheels is lowered into the wheel pit after assembly.
and four flashboard sections. There are two waterwheels rated at 23,700 horsepower each, one in Vermont and the other in New Hampshire. The twin generators directly above the waterwheels are rated at 16,500 kilowatts for a total capacity of 33,000 kilowatts (the old plant at Wilder had a 5000 kilowatt capacity). Normally all the overflow is taken care of by the tainter gates but in the event of a large flood the flashboard sections are raised to give added spillway capacity. When completely opened up the dam will pass a flood 75 per cent greater than the record flood of 1936.

The power generated at Wilder Station goes out on six power lines. Five of these lines connect to distribution companies, the Green Mountain Power Corporation, Central Vermont Public Service Corporation and Granite State Electric Company. The sixth line is a 110,000-volt transmission tie which connects with the Bellows Falls Station of New England Power Company. It is used two ways— to bring in steam-generated electricity from New England Electric System plants during periods of low water and to send surplus electricity out during periods of good river flow.

This newest hydroelectric station in New England went into full operation on November 29, 1950 when former Governor Harold J. Arthur of Vermont and Governor Sherman Adams of New Hampshire pressed identical buttons to start the two huge generators.

Above, When the Wilder Dam was dedicated on November 29, 1950 Harold J. Arthur, then Governor of Vermont (left), President Irwin L. Moore of New England Electric System (center) and Governor Sherman Adams of New Hampshire took part in the ceremonies. The vertical ribbon below Pres. Moore marks the Vermont—New Hampshire boundary.

Below, New England Power Company officials, state and city representatives and the press watched the new station go on the line during the dedication ceremonies.
Along with the covered bridge another old American landmark is fast moving into oblivion. At one time there were several floating bridges in New England but today the one over Colt’s Pond in the picturesque little village of Brookfield, Vermont, is believed to be the only one still floating and still in use.

The present bridge built in 1936 by the town of Brookfield and the State of Vermont jointly at a cost of approximately $12,000, is fifth of its kind to be floated over this narrow pond since 1810. A much more substantial structure than its predecessors, it is designed to carry a ten ton load and to last for fifty years.

It comprises 320 feet over all with a roadway and two sidewalks buoyed up by 380 oak barrels fastened in a rigid floating section 294 feet long. Exactly 72,500 board feet of creosoted timber were used in its construction and the barrels were hot-dipped in tar. Thirty foot ramps provide access to the float from either shore. The framework of the bridge is made with 12 x 12 timbers and the

This picture of the old bridge was taken in 1912.
The new bridge was constructed out from shore to facilitate the work. The old bridge, minus its railing, is in the background.

The floor was made of 4" x 4" planks laid with 3/4" open joints. Oak barrels, dipped in hot tar, were chained in pockets between beams.

The deck is made of 4 x 4 timbers laid with quarter inch open joints. Groups of 50 gallon oak barrels are chained in the pockets formed by the longitudinal and transverse members. In order to stiffen the entire floating section into a rigid unit, metal splices were used between the longitudinal beams. The pond is comparatively small and well sheltered from the wind. The water level remains fairly constant, which makes it easy to keep the bridge in position. Variations in water level are compensated for by flexible sliding joints between ramps and float.

At the time of the building of the new bridge, the state highway department offered to replace it with a bridge of more modern design but the townspeople refused the offer. Possibly they were thinking back to the reason for that first floating bridge built in 1810.

The legend goes that the early settlers of the hill farms of Brookfield had to go around the long, narrow pond in order to reach the village. This pond was too wide to bridge with a single span and had a deep mud bottom that made the sinking of piers impractical. In the winter crossing the pond on the ice afforded a short cut to the village but it was a hazardous undertaking with the arrival of the first warm March winds.

One more courageous than cautious soul found this out to his undoing one Spring. Being loath to go around the pond he took a chance on the thin ice, broke through and was drowned. This tragedy decided Luther Adams and some neighbors to build a simple raft-like bridge on the ice which could be used as a pontoon bridge when the ice melted to avoid another such catastrophe.

This first crude bridge across the pond was built as a private enterprise but was so well liked by the town of Brookfield that in 1826 it was made part of Brookfield's road system. But as time wore on improvements had to be made. For one thing the bridge would do well enough when the logs were dry but as soon as they became watersoaked a new layer of logs had to be laid over the old ones. After a few years and many layers of logs it was seen that some more practical way must be found to buoy up the bridge. In 1884 Orlando Ralph devised a way of buoying it with kerosene barrels. This is the system still in use today.

The townspeople of Brookfield are proud of their floating bridge, and well they may be, for it is a monument to the resourcefulness and ingenuity of the early settlers of Brookfield.

The completed bridge has a 12' roadway, two 3' sidewalks and is designed for a load of about 10 tons. All timbers were pressure treated with creosote.
Part of the Brigham herd grazes in lush pasture. In the right background are some of the buildings of the 147-year-old homestead. The average production of the history making Brigham herd for 104 cows is 11,703 lbs. milk testing 3.3% with milking performed twice daily. It is the first and only 100-cow herd of any breed to average 600 lbs. of butterfat regardless of the number of times milked daily.

Lake Champlain and the distant Adirondacks lend a spectacular background for these healthy young heifers.

Elbert Brigham stands nearly knee deep in a thickly grown field of alfalfa which is used as winter fodder when mixed with grass silage and grain. An early frost has tinged the background to cerise and yellow.
This is the story of Elbert Brigham, for eleven years Vermont’s Commissioner of Agriculture, three term member of Congress, President of the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vermont, first and last a farmer.

Farmer Brigham became such by inheritance which is a recognized trait in our agricultural history. One hundred and forty seven years ago his great grandfather, Paul Brigham, a Revolutionary soldier, lived in Marlboro, Massachusetts. In 1803, as so many other soldiers had done, he packed his meager belongings on an oxslad, took his family and emigrated to the new state, Vermont. He leased a 137 acre farm adjacent to Lake Champlain at St. Albans from Levi Allen, brother of Ethan Allen. This farm is the nucleus of Brigham farm as it exists today, plus about 500 additional acres. Our pioneering ancestors laid great stress on the pursuit of happiness, they did not attempt to guarantee it. Happiness and prosperity had to be earned by long hours of unrelenting toil. On the farm acquired by Paul Brigham, Elbert Brigham was born. This is the successive Brigham Farm ownership:

Paul Brigham 1803-1838
William D. Brigham 1838-1875
Sanford J. Brigham 1875-1913

Continuity of family ownership is a proud heritage in Vermont.

Elbert S. Brigham came into the ownership of this farm in 1913 and laid in a modest foundation of registered Jersey cattle. From this foundation was developed the present herd which produces an average of nearly two tons of rich milk (2000 quarts) every day in the year. But the influence of good husbandship at this establishment goes far beyond the daily yield of milk. This milk is produced by a superior herd of pure bred Jerseys whose producing ability and transmitting qualities are a matter of inheritance. It stands high, very high, in the dairy world. This is the highest yielding high test herd of over 100 cows of any breed in America. In figures, this means an average on 104 cows of 11,703 pounds milk, 616 pounds butter fat in one year and an average of 9,892 pounds of milk, 517 pounds of butterfat for thirteen successive years. To the agricultural economist this means a production about three times greater than the average production of the milk cows of America. To the dairy cattle specialist it represents the breeding and rearing on this farm of no less than 126 cows that have produced more than a ton of gold (butterfat) in four consecutive years, or an average of 500 pounds butterfat a year.

It seems particularly appropriate that Vermont, a great dairy state, where the cow population outnumbers the human population, should have the premier butter producing herd of the nation.

Let us consider for a moment, the importance of diet in the history of civilization. It is a matter of record that the greatest nations of the world have been nations that fed on a livestock diet, milk, butter and meats. They have been the most healthful nations and the greatest conquerors. Malthus, an old-time economist, visualized a time to come when the people of the earth would die of starvation. He believed that the population would increase beyond the ability of the land to nourish. He advocated a voluntary limitation on population thinking the fertility of the soil would be exhausted.

Man has indeed been very prodigal with the bounties of nature. Mr. Brigham has an answer to the fears of Malthus. He has been no soil robber. Milk, the greatest balanced food known to man, is being produced by Mr. Brigham and many others on land which is continually growing richer and more productive through livestock. Through a system of care and cultivation his land yields grass abundantly. Grass is that most beneficient of all crops, without which the people of the earth would perish. Good livestock, more efficient than the machines of industry, turns grass and grains into milk, an ideal food utilized by all mankind from the cradle to the grave. Moreover, this is accomplished not through the use of man-made riches but through the skills and efforts of the owner and his men. Truly, as an old English proverb has it, “the foot of the owner manures the land.”

Here is the picture. There are certain professions such as law, engineering, medicine, etc., which yield large financial rewards to those who succeed in them. The profession of agriculture has not customarily been regarded as one yielding comparable returns. During the past two decades there has been quite a revolution...
in agricultural methods. New machinery has been developed which, while it has saved labor, is at the same time expensive, in fact too expensive to warrant its purchase in a small operation. For this reason Mr. Brigham added adjoining land to the farm so that he would have a large enough unit to warrant the purchase of labor-saving machinery to do their work. The buildings have been made over and modernized, and new varieties of seed and new methods used as they have been developed by research at experiment stations and on farms. The result has been a very satisfactory financial outcome.

The Brigham Farm takes pride in the fact that its accomplishments and achievements are within the reach of any practical farmer. Its livestock is housed in no palatial buildings with chromium fittings. It is housed in buildings erected many years ago, modernized in a practical and prudent manner. But its accomplishments represent many years of good farm

Eight daughters of "Volunteer Dipsy Standard," below, average 12,518 lbs. milk and 594 lbs. butterfat. (Strohmeyer and Carpenter)

Lilac Remus Unrivaled Zara, typical Ton of Gold cow, produced 2,150 lbs. butterfat in 4 consecutive test years.
Left. Brigham cows at breakfast. Years of experience in land improvement and crop rotation under the capable supervision of General Manager Edmund Dupre and Crop Production Manager P. R. Spooner have resulted in top quality pastures easily accessible to the milking herd. Right. The cows are milked twice daily in the stanchions. During the cold winter months they are kept in the stanchions on well bedded platforms but are let out daily for exercise.

Buildings on the farm are not elaborate. Those on acquired farms adjacent to the old homestead have been kept intact with some improvements and additions. While the Brigham farm methods of herd improvement have been inexpensive they have been slower in producing results than would have been possible had resources been available for the purchase of high producing animals at the outset. But the methods used are within the reach of any one of Vermont's farmers.
management, careful selection of the best as determined by records, the use of the best sires possible to obtain and then careful proving for transmitting ability of high production. Some of them came from far off Oregon. More selection, the improvement of fields and pastures, the gathering and preservation of the best hay and silage at just the right time, an unrelenting program of animal health and, finally and most important of all, a real liaison between the owner, Elbert Brigham, the manager, Edmund Dupre, the herdsman, Cesare Lacoste and Philip Spooner, manager of crop production. Here is a real team.

Good management, good breeding, cow testing, drainage, pasture and hayland improvement, fertilization, silos and modern farm equipment are the things to which I allude in farm language and which farmers understand. But to the layman who thinks of farms in terms of milk, butter, eggs and meat, long hours and a seven day week, Brigham Farm should be a shining example of American agriculture today—an agriculture which provides the best food at the lowest comparative cost of any nation in the world, feeding one hundred and fifty million of its own people with an abundance left over for the less fortunate of others lands. It is an agriculture which has met the challenge of modern times, imposed by an industrial civilization, with fewer acres and fewer hands, a great vocation symbolic of the fact that progress depends not on the bounties of nature but on the skills and energies of man.

Brigham Farm Statistics
1. Size of herd: 225 total (120 cows in milk, 105 herd sires and young stock).
2. Value of herd: $85,000 to $100,000.
3. Jersey strains at farm: Sophie Tormentor, Sybil and others.
4. Herd sires in use now:
   - Sybil Ashburn Baronet Owl, 39668, A. J. C. C. Senior Superior Sire. 65 daughters average 11727 lbs. milk, 5.4%, 644 lbs. fat. 70 daughters classified average 82.50.
   - Lilac Remus Unrivaled, 409293, A. J. C. C. Senior Superior Sire. 27 daughters average 11326 lbs. milk, 4.7%, 604 lbs. fat. 28 daughters classified average 84.82.
   - Volunteer Dipsy Standard, 49216, U. S. D. H. I. A. Proved. 8 daughters average 12518 lbs. milk, 4.7%, 594 lbs. fat. Difference, daughters over dams, 2149 lbs. milk, .6% and 45 lbs. fat.
   - Jane Volunteer Confident, 376125, A. J. C. C. Average actual lactation records of first 3 daughters to complete lactation: 2 years, 305 days, 10254 lbs. milk, 5.3%, 586 lbs. fat.
   - Remus Rex Lily Prince, 471121. HIR record of first 3 daughters to complete lactation: 2 years, 305 days, 10244 lbs. milk, 5.3%, 586 lbs. fat.
5. Total acreage of farm: 640
6. Acreage reserved for pasture: 180
7. Acreage reserved for crops: 297
8. Crops grown: 700 tons grass silage, 400 tons corn silage, 300 tons of hay
9. No. of employees: about 14 (7 houses on farm occupied by the 8 families employed).

The herd is divided into small sections and pastured in various fields. These, below, are Tom of Gold winners. From all over North America and even South America requests for seed stock to work improvement in countless other herds have been made to the Brigham Farm.

Coming home from pasture on a hot summer afternoon. Every cow in the entire herd was bred, born and developed on the one farm.
The paintings by this obscure Vermont-born artist and inventor, rediscovered by the Newark (N. J.) Museum, are now receiving delayed recognition after more than a century.

OLIVER TARBELL EDDY
by Edith Hudson Bishop

It is a well-known fact that many painters, overshadowed by their more spectacular contemporaries, have been relegated to obscurity after death, only to be “rediscovered” many years later, when the perspective of time has shown the lasting quality of their work. Such a man is the Vermont artist, Oliver Tarbell Eddy, whose portraits and family groups are now achieving a delayed recognition which establishes their painter firmly in the annals of American art history.

Born in the town of Weathersfield, Windsor County, Vermont, he became an itinerant artist of more-than-average ability, and an inventor of some distinction. Then the world forgot him. Why? Because he carelessly neglected to sign his paintings, and patented only two of his inventions, neither of which met with public recognition. In 1947 a lucky accident revived his name in Newark, New Jersey, where he had worked for some years. The Newark Museum received by bequest a large group portrait of four children, painted in a delightfully intimate style, showing a corner of an American Empire parlor.
with billowing red curtains, table covered with gold-fringed red tablecloth, geometric rug on the floor, the family cat asleep under the table. The name of the artist? Family correspondence said it was Oliver Tarbell Eddy. Who was he? A diligent search for information revealed almost nothing about his career. He was recorded as the author of a portrait in Baltimore. He was said to have worked in New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, as well as in Newark. He patented an early form of typewriter. Nothing else.

The writer took advantage of a summer holiday trip to poke into New Hampshire and Vermont where a few clues had been unearthed. Mr. Harold Goddard Rugg, Assistant Librarian of Dartmouth College, was most helpful. He had written an article some years before on Isaac Eddy, pioneer printer of Vermont, and maker of seven engravings for the first edition of the Vermont Bible, published in 1812. He stated that Oliver was the son of Isaac, but could give no additional information. He referred the writer to the late Reverend Raymond Beardslee of Springfield and Weathersfield Center, Vermont, an acknowledged authority on the history and early artifacts of Weathersfield Township. Followed an exciting chase to Ascutneyville, up the mountain to Weathersfield Center, only to find that Mr. Beardslee had just departed for Springfield. On the way to Springfield, a stop was made at Perkinsville where the Township records are kept. Mrs. Victoria Salmont, then Town Clerk of Weathersfield, and her husband were unstinting in their efforts, bringing out the bulky tomes which recorded the births, deaths, land transactions, and other valuable information relating to the early history of the Town. Unfortunately the vital statistics for the years 1786-1800 were missing, but a survey was found of the little hamlet of Greenbush, locating Isaac Eddy’s printing establishment on the east side of the four corners. A plan of the old Eddy burying ground just outside Greenbush was also found, where Newbury Eddy, founder of the family in Vermont, lies buried.

Pursuing Mr. Beardslee to Springfield, he, too, responded with characteristic Vermont cordiality, and revealed a wealth of knowledge about the early history of Weathersfield. Unfortunately he had never heard of the artist, O. T. Eddy. He referred to two descendants of Isaac Eddy, Howard Nash, and Mrs. Marjorie Nash Ludlow, of North Bennington, Vermont, and there our chariot wheels next carried us. Again the unfailingly kind response, but Mrs. Ludlow could give no information. Finally two granddaughters of Oliver Tarbell Eddy were located near Clear Spring, Maryland, and there the chase finally came to an end. Mrs. William Frantz and Miss Mildred Adams had records which gave correct genealogical data. They also had several paintings by their grandfather which served to identify others in Newark and Baltimore. This is the story, pieced together from family records and other sources:

Oliver Tarbell Eddy was a seventh generation descendant of Samuel Eddy, Pilgrim, who landed at Plymouth in 1630. Oliver’s grandfather, Newbury Eddy, moved from Salisbury, Connecticut, to Thetford, Vermont, about 1770, and from Thetford to Weathersfield where he died in 1815. His son Isaac, born in Weathersfield in 1777, married first, Lucy Tarbell, by whom he had eight children, born in Weathersfield, and second, Susannah Foster, by whom he had five children, born in Troy, New York. Oliver was the oldest son, and second child, born on November 14, 1799, in Weathersfield, presumably in the little hamlet of Greenbush.

Isaac tried his hand at many things, including portrait painting, inventing, and printing. He bought the old Stephen Daye Press, the first printing press in America, which was set up at Harvard College in 1639, and on which the now famous Bay Psalm Book was printed. When Isaac acquired the press, it was known as the Dresden Press. The first press in Vermont, it had been used in Dresden (now Hanover, New Hampshire), later in three or four other Vermont villages. It is now in the Vermont Historical Society Museum in Montpelier.

Oliver apparently received his only training from his
father whom he assisted in his printing establishment, the son, according to an old newspaper clipping, doing the engraving. Here he must have made his first recorded copperplate engraving, a crude but decorative piece called "The Death of General Pike at Lower York." This records an incident in the War of 1812, when General Pike, discoverer of Pike's Peak, and temporarily in command of the American troops who were attacking the British stronghold at York (now Toronto), was killed by a piece of falling rock just as the Americans were breaking in. The owner of the print, Mr. Richard Holman, of Boston, dates it about 1814, which would indicate the prodigious age of fifteen years for the maker. The only other engraving known at present from Oliver's hands is a folio map of New Hampshire with an inset showing a "View of Bellows Falls and Mansion House Hotel taken from the Western Bank." This was published in Walpole, New Hampshire in 1817.

These are all the known facts we have at present about Oliver's activities in Vermont. However, he painted from memory in later years a landscape of the scenes of his childhood. This presumably shows the beautiful valley in which the hamlet of Greenbush is located, with lush meadow lands, winding stream, and some sheep in the foreground, possibly the famous Merino sheep for which Weathersfield is noted. The single white house may easily be the Eddy homestead. A younger brother of Oliver's, George Washington Eddy, further describes the scene in a poem written to celebrate his brother Thomas Jefferson Eddy's seventieth birthday (published in the Waterford, New York Advertiser, May 17, 1879):

"Brother, it seems but yesterday
Gleesome we chased the butterfly,
Beside the brook plucked wild flowers gay,
To childhood's sport did testify.

To youth from childhood swift time sped
Mid lofty hills and meadows broad
Where towering 'Scutney lifts his head,
Beside its base our homestead stood."

We do not know when Oliver left Vermont. His father moved his family to Troy, New York, in 1826, where he engaged in the manufacture of printers' inks. Oliver, however, had left Vermont before this date, as he married in Newburgh, New York, in 1822, Jane Maria Burger, daughter of T. Burger, silversmith. The next news we have of him is in New York City, where he is listed in city directories from 1826 to 1829 as a portrait and miniature painter. He exhibited a portrait in the National Academy of Design in 1827.

His next move was to Elizabeth, New Jersey, where a son was born in 1831, and a daughter in 1834. The evidence for his residence there is found in the (Elizabeth-Town) New Jersey Journal of January 20, 1835: "O. T. Eddy has resumed his former profession of portrait and miniature painting. A specimen of his work may be seen at Bryant's Book Store. . . . Mr. Eddy is now living in the northern part of town."

Oliver next appears in Newark, New Jersey, where he is listed in city directories as a portrait and miniature painter from 1835 to 1841. Here he painted several portraits of the Rankin family, as well as numerous other portraits. Here also, for the first time, as far as we know, he introduced the most characteristic feature of his paintings, a wavy gold-fringed curtain in the left or right background. This gold-fringed curtain almost amounts to a signature.

By 1842 Eddy was in Baltimore where he is again listed in city directories as a portrait painter. The portraits known from these years are much more sophisticated and technically assured, but show a continued interest in poetic characterization, period interiors, and

Above. Four youngest children of William Rankin of Newark in oils on canvas in 1838. Below. Mrs. Israel Griffith painted in oil on wood panel about 1844.
This portrait of six of the children of Israel and Sarah Ann Griffith of Baltimore was painted in oils on canvas about 1844. The date of the painting was determined by the age of the baby seated on the floor. She was born in 1842. The family cat which appears in many of Eddy's paintings is curled up under the chair. The original is now in the collections of the Maryland Historical Society.

details of costume. The family cat which appears in the portrait of the Rankin children (Newark), is found again in that of the Griffith children.

Toward the end of his stay in Baltimore, Eddy became interested in inventions, and apparently the greater part of the remainder of his life was devoted to scientific rather than artistic activities. He lavished three heartbreaking years on the invention of a typewriter, or typographer, as he called it. He took out a patent on November 12, 1850 for this machine, which he said "was designed to furnish the means of substituting printed letters and signs for written ones in the transaction of everyday business." According to family tradition, the first letter written on this machine was sent to the President, who expressed his appreciation, but thought "such a device would never come into much use." After writing to various Government departments and receiving no reply, Eddy apparently gave up hope, for he wrote from Philadelphia in 1850: "After the mortifying rebuke of the Government of my own Country, in not responding to my application for a test of its utility in the Departments, I had not sufficient courage to make a similar request of any foreign Governments, and therefore had abandoned all hope of the application of the typographer to any useful purpose whatever. And the ultimate of my undertaking consists in having learned something of the notion, spirit, and substance of my own dear Country."

Eddy lived in Philadelphia from 1850 until his death on October 8, 1868. During these years he is recorded as painting a few portraits, and exhibiting at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, but his major interest was inventing. He filed a claim with the Patent Office in
1859 for an improvement in coffee pots. The improvement consisted of an "annular cone-shaped deflecting plate, resting on the bottom of a pot and arranged in respect to a cone-shaped tube and a perforated plate." In other words, Eddy had anticipated the modern coffee percolator.

His other inventions which he, however, neglected to patent, included a method of making cork linoleum, a barrel-making machine, a cartridge belt, and a device for raising and lowering sails. It is said that at a demonstration of the last-named on the Philadelphia waterfront the sailors threatened to go on strike, as the time and labor saved would have put them out of work.

The photograph of Eddy, presented to the Newark Museum by his granddaughters, shows us a man for whom life was a serious and rather frustrating affair. That his talents were not unrecognized during his lifetime is attested by two references in Baltimore newspapers shortly after his death. In the first, he is referred to as "possessing more than ordinary powers; a nomadic painter of large numbers of portraits in homes here and there over Maryland and in the City." The second article states that he "was among the very best of Baltimore portrait painters, and achieved a reputation in that special branch of art which made his name famous." It is to be hoped that the belated recognition granted him in the exhibition of his work held at the Newark Museum, and at the Baltimore Museum of Art in the Spring of 1950, and the catalogue and biography published in connection with those exhibitions, would have given him some satisfaction. Undoubtedly his reputation will increase as the years go by, and additional paintings and facts about his varied career are discovered.

Eddy painted this landscape from memory of a scene from his Vermont childhood. The painting, in oil on canvas the date unknown, is now owned by Mrs. William Franz and Miss Mildred Adams, of Clear Spring, Maryland. The scene probably was suggested by the Black River valley west of Mount Ascutney in which the hamlet of Greenbush lies. The single dwelling is believed to represent the Eddy residence. Courtesy of the Newark Museum.
Kodachrome by Ga. J. Costa

TAFTSVILLE BRIDGE, with its conglomeration of trusses and laminated arches, electrically lighted, is probably the better known of the two Woodstock bridges. Plans are being made for the repair of this bridge in 1951 or 1952.

No one seems to know the origin of the covered bridge in New England but it is generally conceded that we adapted to our own use, similar bridges in Switzerland and England. The covered bridge early became as much a part of Vermont's landscape as sumac trees. Closed to the weather for longevity, spanning the many streams of this hill country, it made travel from farm to farm and town to town possible. Most of these bridges took from two to five years in the building as the lumber was all hand cut and dragged down, from the mountain sides by oxen or horses. Today they are rebuilt in weeks.

Some led only to one or two farms. Some were on side roads and these, escaping the thunder of modern traffic on a main highway, are the ones which we find today. One by one, the others are being replaced by steel and concrete. Covered bridges went west from New England with the pioneers until today twenty-five states can boast of them. But Vermont, with a maximum of small and large streams, is still in the lead among the New England states with 129 on public highways, five on private roads and seven railroad bridges.

These three counties—Bennington, Windham and Windsor—have always had a goodly share of the covered bridges in the state—long ones and short ones, all generously decorated with Bell-Capsie Plaster, Doane's Kidney Pill, Kendall's Spavin Cure and Plug Tobacco ads. And Windham has always been among the leaders. In the great flood of 1869 many bridges were washed from their moorings, to be rebuilt, higher and stronger than ever. With the '27 flood about 300 went out, many of them never to be rebuilt. The 1938 hurricane took its toll and modern structures have replaced them until Windham County has but seventeen, with two due for extinction in 1951.

Trusses in these bridges were usually

Some COVERED BRIDGES in Bennington, Windham and Windsor Counties.

by Frances S. Lovell

Covered bridge enthusiasts will be interested to know about the Society for the Preservation of Covered Bridges which has recently been formed in Boston to assist in the preservation of remaining bridges and to perpetuate their lore. The President is Leo Litwin of Arlington, Mass., whose fine round barn color pictures are familiar to Vermont Life readers and whose covered bridge picture appears on the facing page. Secretary-treasurer is George B. Pease, 181 Summer St., Reading, Mass. Meetings are held each month from September through April. Members receive original publications on covered bridge subjects. Ed.
Howe, Warren or Chamberlain, so-called after the men who originated them. The lattice-type bridges, through whose open sides many of us have looked down into raging spring torrents or tranquil summer streams were probably fashioned by one Nicholas Powers as he always used this type and he built many bridges in New England. Most cost around $2000 to build including abutments and approaches but the West Dummerston Bridge, repaired by the town of Dummerston in 1948 under the supervision of the state highway department, cost the town $7,777.08.

The history of covered bridges has been a long one. It has been a story of floods and hurricanes and even fires. It is the story of progress down the years as the horse and buggy gave way to the automobile and dirt roads to macadam and concrete. As in all things, progress spells change and one thing is lost to gain another. The old covered bridge has had its day and is gradually disappearing from the scene as its old timbers prove unequal to the traffic of the 20th century. What was once a necessary and efficient item is today impracticable save on little used roads. To those who love them, it is hard to see them go and to know that few remember the echoing hoof-beats of old Dobbin as he was pulled to a walk in the long dark tunnel.

CHISELVILLE BRIDGE, high up over Roaring Branch in Sunderland, was originally built over a mill pond but went out with all the bridges and roads in the town in the flood of '69. The selectmen took no chance of this happening again and rebuilt it forty feet above the water where it stands today to meet the challenge of many more years. The photographer's small daughter wades happily in the cool water below.

Kodachrome by Leo Litwin. Color plates through courtesy of Farm Quarterly
Down in Guilford in Windham County the GREEN RIVER BRIDGE still dreams on its quiet road, with its quaint sign, "Two Dollars Fine to drive on this bridge Faster Than A Walk," and its dusky interior thick with advertisements for soap, tobacco and spavin cures. It serves a dual purpose now, being used to house the mast for the town derrick. Someone has suggested another use for these bridges now unsafe for modern traffic—to build new ones beside them turning the old timers into tea houses or antique shops. Certainly the bridges old timbers would groan, on a wintry night, at such goings-on inside their ancient walls!

Above. The TUCKER BRIDGE in Bellow Falls (in foreground), built in 1840 to replace the Hale Bridge, the first bridge to span the Connecticut River and erected in 1785, is the most famous of the old toll bridges. It was replaced by the Vilas Bridge in 1931. Railroad bridge in background. Below. In Westminster the SABIN BRIDGE between Saxtons River and Bellow Falls, once called the Wooley Bridge, has been replaced. The new bridge is in the foreground.

Dean Lake

Above. The SAXTONS RIVER BRIDGE, built in 1860 and long a landmark for artists and photographers, was replaced in 1949. Below. The HOLLAND BRIDGE on Route 30 in Townshend, built first about 1798 near a ford in the river used by the first settlers, was replaced in 1807 and again in 1819. Tradition has it that an iron bridge was once built here, from old cart tires, etc., welded together. It fell into the river along with a Mr. Holland who broke his leg.
Near Bennington is the HENRY BRIDGE over the Walloomsac River, put together with wooden pegs but strong enough to carry thirty tons. Constructed with three beams or lattices instead of one, this reinforcement was necessary when heavy loads of pig iron went over it to Troy, N. Y., during the days when Vermont led the Union in iron ore production. The first Henry Bridge played a gallant part in history when the "Yorkers" who were marching over to claim the home sites of Vermonters were held back on it. Also still standing in Bennington are a bridge over the Walloomsac near the paper mill and the Gov. Robinson Bridge.

Above. The WINDSOR CORNISH BRIDGE, which spans the Connecticut River, caused arguments for years over excessive toll rates. The first was built in 1796 and this, the fourth, was erected in 1866 by James Tasker. Its one-time toll keeper, James Monteith, whiled away his hours with knitting. He had arbitrary ideas about his rates fitting them to friend or foe. Below. SCOTT BRIDGE leading to Townshend State Forest is the second longest in Windham County.

Above. Brattleboro's last covered bridge, the CREAMERY BRIDGE over Whetstone Brook on Guilford Street just off Route 9 was built in 1879. Below. The WEST ARLINGTON BRIDGE, also known as the Norman Rockwell, over the Battenkill, is still in use. While still new it was blown into the river where one farmer, refusing to be hampered in his travels, crossed on its flat side. It was taken to pieces, moved back and this time securely tied down.
The Vermont Council of the Y.W.C.A. owns and operates this camp for girls — Twenty-five acres of meadow and woodland located in a corner of South Hero on the shores of Lake Champlain.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who dreamed of going to camp. Because she lived in Vermont, she wished above all things to go to camp in her home state. Thirty-three years ago Camp Hochelaga came into being to answer the dreams of this little girl and many others like her.

Today with a capacity of about 120 girls, and organized into four two-week periods, Hochelaga makes the dreams of about two hundred Vermont girls come true each summer, as well as those of about fifty out-of-state girls. Many scholarships are available and with ever increasing efforts to keep down the cost to the camper, a camping experience now is within the reach of every Vermont girl.

The setting for this vacation is a corner of South Hero, with a majestic view of Lake Champlain, Green Mountains to the east and Adirondacks to the west. The camp is located on twenty-five acres of meadow and woodland on a hill gradually sloping down to the lakefront. The Lodge, containing the dining-room, a well-equipped, modern kitchen run by wonderful cooks, and the camp offices, is the center of activity. It is easily located at mealtime by the songs issuing from within. Higher up, near the top of the hill is the Wigwam, an assembly hall used for dance classes and the all-camp evening gatherings. To the north of the Lodge, through a pine grove, stretches the Middler Tent Line, where the middle-sized campers, ages ten to thirteen make their home. Up the hill, leading west, is the Senior Tent Line, for girls fourteen to seventeen, guarded by a row of stately Lombardy poplars. The littlest girls live in a cabin, especially designed and built for the Juniors.

A particularly beautiful spot is the outdoor chapel, located in a far corner of the camp property in a grove of tamarack trees. Planted in rows, the trees form natural gothic arches over a fieldstone altar, and their needles make a soft ground covering on which the campers sit at their weekly Sunday chapel services.

Ordinary life becomes a thing of the past when the camper enters the gates of Hochelaga. Each camper is given the opportunity to develop skills in chosen sports and activities, while at the same time, she is left with some free time to use as she desires. She must live with others, help keep the tents neat and pleasant and learn to get along with tentmates.

The day, from reveille to taps, is crammed full of things to do. The struggle from bed is rewarded with delicious breakfast and for some of the older campers, duties as kitchen police, setting the tables and doing the dishes. Tent lines are polished up right after breakfast, and then classes begin. There are three classes each day in the various camp activities and the schedules differ on alternating days, so that each girl may select six activities. The morning swim is required, as is the rest hour which follows lunch. Evening program fills the time between supper and getting ready for bed. Free time is spent the way each camper wishes. Taps is welcome at the end of each full day.

Most of the activity in camp centers around the waterfront. Every girl is expected to learn the rudiments of water safety. Swimming is taught by experienced counselors, qualified as Red Cross Water Safety Instructors. For the more advanced swimmers there is a course in life saving, as well as instruction in distance swimming and exhibition diving. A main event each summer is the Water Ballet, an exhibition of synchronized swimming to music, presented under lights at night for parents and friends.

Boating and canoeing are also a part of the waterfront program. Each girl who passes the basic swimming tests is eligible for instruction in boating or canoeing. For the older girls there are overnight canoe trips. With bedrolls and food, campers and counselors pile into canoes, paddle to far shores and live excitingly out in the open. There are always more campers who want to take the trips than canoes to take them.

Another center of activity is the craft house located above the Junior Cabin.
Above. The Juniors, known throughout the camp for their vitality and ingenuity, have their own cabin which was built in 1948 and, below, the Middlers, from ten to thirteen years of age, have their own tent line.

Here skill of hand is stressed. The ceramics department, with its secluded porch and an electric kiln, often using native Vermont clay, gives the campers an experience in three dimensional handiwork. The crafts room is always a beehive with weaving, puppetry, leatherwork, beadwork and basketry going on all the time and all at once. Painting and drawing also provide outlets for creative ability. Water colors, finger paints, chalk and oils are used more or less successfully by campers of all ages.

Cries of "Touché" and "Curses, foiled again!" are often heard on the Lodge porch where the fencing lessons take place. Taught because of the grace, balance and skill it develops, plus the sportsmanship of the chivalric code of honor, fencing has become very popular with the campers. Tournaments are organized and battled out through the summer.

Speaking of tournaments, the greatest camp tension comes when the tennis matches are played off. Year after year campers come back to develop their
Joan Schenck of Montclair, N. J. (Oberlin '31), who has been the waterfront director for two years, teaches a senior to dive. Skill on the four clay courts, for tennis instruction starts with the Juniors. While everyone can't be champ, everyone can learn to enjoy a good game and the four courts are full from dawn to dusk with girls practicing and playing.

Wild Indians with bows and arrows and the "scalp-em-alive" look use the archery field, located safely in back of the Wigwam where others are not likely to venture. Big bows and small targets for the big girls and big targets and small bows for the small girls make archery another all-camp sport.

Within the Wigwam creative, folk and ballroom dancing are taught with the aid of amplifying system and phonograph. The Thespian urge is filled by dramatics classes which produce a play every two weeks. Often written by the campers and counselors, they are presented, complete with footlights, to the entire camp at evening program in the Wigwam. Other evening programs include talent shows, stunt nights, games, dancing, snipe and other hunts, and song contests.

As if the ordinary camp life were not interesting enough, almost every morning brings a special day to some group at camp. Mountain trips to Mansfield, Camel's Hump or Mt. Philo (for the younger groups) are organized at least once during each two week period. The thrill of achieving the goal, the top of the mountain, and seeing what is on the other side, the feeling of attacking a difficult A section of the waterfront. Last summer nine American Red Cross water safety instructors were on guard here. The outstanding activity of the waterfront is water ballet, originated in 1946. During the summer two big shows are presented at night under lights for the benefit of campers, their friends and families.
Constant additions to its supply of materials and new ideas have made the craft house a stimulating place to work. Here is a group weaving baskets.

A counselor supervises the archery range. All campers are eligible to shoot for Camp Archery Association Awards. The Wigwam is in the background.

task make the muscle aches worth while. Small groups of the older and more experienced campers are permitted to make two day mountain trips, spending the night in cabins on the mountain.

Overnight hikes on the island provide discomfort and entertainment for any Seniors and Middlers who wish to take them. The thrill of sleeping on the hard ground, under the stars, and, more exciting, under the rain, makes these trips something to write home about. Breakfast hikes, and cook-outs are the Juniors' entertainment to replace the overnight hikes.

Afternoon walks to the west shore of the island with a cook-out supper, enliven any Sunday afternoon which isn't already spruced up with visiting parents, softball or a water ballet. Then there are occasional barbecues on the beach. Exchange dances and visits to nearby Abnaki, the YMCA Camp, bring excitement to a high pitch with a flurry of curlers and ironing of ruffles.

There are four excellent tennis courts where campers, whether advanced or just beginning, may receive instruction from the tennis counselors.

The soft ball diamond is near the Wigwam. The fundamentals of courtesy in sports are stressed in all physical activities taught at Camp Hochelag.
Modern dancing is among the many cultural arts and crafts taught at Hochelaga. Eileen Smith, Oberlin '49, is one of the counselors.

Rainy days bring out the best in the campers. The adventure of braving the elements and the cooperation in providing mutual entertainment give an “esprit de corps” that produces miracles. The stunts, games and inventions that come from rainy days are a wonder to behold.

The Vermont Council of the Y.W.C.A., the sponsor of Camp Hochelaga, is no newcomer in the field. Thirty-two years ago the Council was operating a two-week recreational camp for girls on St. Albans Bay. The next year Miss Marion Gary, from a survey, found the need for a permanent summer camp for girls which would provide a fine program and facilities, but one which the average Vermont family could afford.

To meet this need Hochelaga, named for an Indian tribe which once camped in The Islands, was begun on leased land on Grand Isle. Then in 1925 property for its permanent home was purchased on South Hero. There were no permanent buildings, few facilities and only a scatter-

Friends are most generous in allowing the use of Jackson’s and other beaches on the Islands for barbecues like the one pictured below.
ing of trees. In short order, though, trees were set out, shrubbery planted, buildings started, roads constructed and tennis courts built. Much of the careful planning and steady growth of Hochelaga traces to Miss Elizabeth Leavens, then camp director, and Miss Rose Lucia of Montpelier, camp committee chairman. Since these opening years enrollment at Hochelaga has grown from forty to about two hundred and fifty girls. Permanent buildings have increased from none to seven through the efforts of the Y.W.C.A. and the camp's friends.

Mrs. Garfield Weld, the present director, came to Hochelaga in 1938 after many years experience in camping work. Under her supervision a fine educational program has been organized and the whole enterprise firmly established on a sound financial basis. At the same time the fees have been kept to a moderate level and upwards of $2000 per year in scholarships awarded to deserving girls. Hochelaga now provides camp experience for girls in three age groups, ranging from six to seventeen, with activities and interests graded accordingly. The program aims to combine supervised activity with the many outlets for individual, creative expression. The program builds skills of both the hand and the mind.

Most important at Hochelaga is not its site or its size but the spirit by which the campers live. Some say it is like that of the traditional Vermonter—it includes a store of knowledge of the ways of nature and of man and an ability to live using what he finds in his natural surroundings—at peace with his fellow men.

Mrs. Florence Weld has been director of the camp since 1938 and during the winters is house director at Coolidge Hall, Univ. of Vermont. A camera enthusiast, Mrs. Weld delights the campers at evening program with her colored movies of life at Hochelaga.

The Rose Lucia Chapel Woods is named for Miss Rose Lucia who with Miss Elizabeth Leavens, the first camp director, set out the trees. Services are non-sectarian and campers participate by leading the informal worship or singing with the choir. Catholic girls attend mass in nearby South Hero.
Above. The land scar left by the first pipe line was cleared, a road built for equipment and a ditch dug 4' deep and 4' wide—deep enough to allow cultivation of the land above the pipe. Special equipment moved 50' lengths of steel pipe from 400 freight cars at numerous points to the site of the ditch. "Pipe-liners" don't walk—they run from one job to the next. Below. Sections were welded into one pipe with portable machines.

Below. To prevent corrosion from soil alkalis the pipe was coated with a special enamel, and covered with glass floss.

From the Connecticut River, through the towns of Lunenburg and Victory in Essex county, Burke and Sutton in Caledonia county, Barton, Irasburg, Troy and Jay in Orleans County the pipe line has again invaded sixty miles of Vermont on its way from Portland, Maine to Montreal, Canada. The first 12" line was laid in 1941 when German undersea boats were raising havoc with ocean oil tankers. American oil companies furnishing crude oil to Canada conceived the idea of pumping it 236 miles as the crow flies from Portland to Montreal thus shortening tanker trips by more than 2000 slow and dangerous miles around jutting Nova Scotia and up the St. Lawrence. Finding the pumping process profitable, a second and larger 18" line was laid last summer 10 feet from the first.

Barton, as headquarters, looked like a southwestern boom town. Many pipe liners and their families lived in trailers, many rented furnished places, some roomed and boarded. Hotels were crowded, restaurants overrun.

Dramatic incidents were frequent such as when the
water line from a farm spring to a house and cattle barn was accidentally cut and the farmer with a shot gun threatened, or when an ugly bull drove the pipe liners from a pasture. There were times, too, when the blasting gang persuaded occupants of farms to go down the road a mile while blasting took place and they returned to find shattered windows. Damage fixers finally reached settlements in all such cases but there is no "fixin'" the inconvenience and mental irritation aroused by puffing, snorting, clanking machinery on one's property for weeks at a time. And who can say how the milk flow of a farmer's cows is affected by all the confusion in her normally tranquil pasture.

The cost of the 1950 pipe line job through Vermont was about $6,000,000 and was completed between May and October—probably a record for the type, speed of accomplishment and total cost of any contract ever carried out on Vermont soil. More than 6,000,000 gallons of oil flow in these 60 miles of line and some 10,000,000 gallons pass unseen through Vermont every day.
Elmer Gove of the Champlain View Gardens in Burlington proves that beauty is Big Business

Elmer Gove introduces more new varieties of gladiolus than any other breeder in the country. His catalog of Champlain View Gardens is the largest and probably the best known in the world. This year's catalog lists 470 varieties of gladiolus, and 53 of these are new this year.

We asked Elmer Gove if Vermont is an especially good place to raise fine hardy bulbs.

"It's an especially good place for me to raise 'em," said Mr. Gove, "because I was born here."

The point is well taken.

Southern growers may be slightly more plagued with disease, but Mr. Gove considers this incidental. He grows glads in Vermont because he is a Vermonter.

The business suits him. Perfectly. And it is easy to see why.

To begin with, the gladiolus is a rugged individualist. If you planted a million glad seeds, no two would turn out alike. Interesting but difficult. The only possible way to develop a particular variety is with the bulblets from one single promising bulb.

Mr. Gove launched his career in gladiolus by paying a man a hundred dollars per bulb for half the available supply of a newcomer named Mother Machree. It was a fantastic price, considering that a new hybrid may do

Left. Elizabeth The Queen, a heavily ruffled lavender with darker lines in the throat and blooms six and one half inches across, has won many prizes. This reproduction was made from an oil painting.

Right. The tawny shades, from the red blotched yellow of Spotlight to the rich darkness of Burma, make an exotic spot in a garden. Mr. Gove considers Spotlight, Dieppe, Bolero and Burma among his most striking and unusual varieties and Tarawa one of his most beautiful. (Photos by Delore)
The Champlain View Gardens has exhibited at fairs and exhibitions all over the country for many years, time and again introducing new and spectacular innovations to the glad world. Here is one of their prize winning displays at the Grand Central Palace in New York.

most anything, including do nothing at all. Just simply and finally go phut. Word got around that a wild Indian up in Vermont was tossing money around. You know, the way Vermonters toss money around. So everybody began offering Elmer Gove their pet excitements in the way of unknown bulbs.

Everybody is still doing this.

It has turned out to be very good for Mr. Gove’s business.

Not all bulbs are winners. Mr. Gove “tossed away” $55 for one bulb. It did produce a fine crop of bulblets and Mr. Gove sold half the bulblets for $300, and kept the other half. The man who paid the $300 never succeeded in raising one single glad from his bulblets. Neither did Mr. Gove from his.

On the other hand, it was Elmer Gove who introduced in this country the Picardy. Twenty years have proven the Picardy the finest glad ever produced, with a greater influence on the glad industry than any other variety. The Picardy and its progeny have made the glad the most important commercial cut flower in the country, available every month in the year.

The gladiolus, you see, is Big Business. Thousands and thousands of acres are grown in Florida alone, for winter shipment all over the country.

But Elmer Gove, here in Vermont, breeding new strains, marketing the product of no more than eighty acres, is not quite what you’d call Big Business either. His Spot-Light and Elizabeth-the-Queen and Burma have gone out to become the big cash crops of hundreds of commercial growers. Meanwhile Mr. Gove’s own office is in the near end of the nearest one of the greenhouses, not thirty feet from his kitchen door.

Catalogs go out to 60,000 customers, professional growers and amateurs. There are the famous Gove varieties for the special needs of commercial florists, and delightful Gove varieties for home gardens. Exquisite color surprises, dainty new miniatures, even glads with

Here is the Champlain View Gardens’ planting at the World’s Fair in Chicago in 1934. Exhibition plantings depend on the weather. If it’s hot and dry or wet and cold blooms are too early or too late.

Ted Woods and Mr. Gove inspect a new seedling of the Ann Sherman, produced by crossing Snow White and Elizabeth the Queen, which won two championships at the 1950 Central International Show.
The Novelty Queen is a double dragon type in a rose salmon shade. It has spurs on the backs of the petals and on the front opposite the spurs a feather petal often appears. This is a new variety being introduced at Champlain View Gardens for the first time this year.

The Francesca, a cross between the Shirley Temple and Elizabeth the Queen. Mr. Gove considers this the most beautiful pastel lavender in existence and predicts it will become the most popular glad he has. It is beautifully ruffled and the color is a light lavender pink.

Beautiful girl—beautiful flowers. These glads are miniatures. Left to right are Wedding Day, a waxy pure snow white, held in her hand, Multipetal No. 1, cream colored with red in the throat, a seedling, and Dragon Lyonnaise.
Zephyr

Bo Peep

Twinkles

Coronet

fragrance. It is a very steady, successful, sober business, this Champlain View Gardens. And yet not quite sober either. Not quite the Big Business routine.

No, there is a gleam in Mr. Gove's eye. Elmer Gove is no dreamy Ferdinand, sniffing rapturously at his acres of gorgeous bloom. There is repressed excitement in Mr. Gove's dry manner. At any moment, some strange new bulb may do what not even the magnificent Picardy did. At any moment, all vegetably unaware of government restrictions, cut backs, estimated income reports and union agreements, some grimy wizened little bulb may turn the glad world upside down.

The one certainty, in fact, in Mr. Gove's business is that his next hybrid will do something that has never been done before.

The glad business... in Vermont... does seem to suit Mr. Gove perfectly.

Elmer Gove's eighty-five acres of glads just outside of Burlington near the shores of Lake Champlain make a flat field of riotous color as far as the eye can see.
Some Vermont Ways of Life: By Vrest Orton

Opportunities in Vermont

Droves of young to middle-aged men journey into Vermont every year looking for that precarious, fleeting thing called "opportunity." Many come to Weston for advice on what "Vermont opportunities" exist which they can immediately seize upon to make a living. Many expect to find one so they can live in the style to which they were accustomed. The inconcinnity of the Vermont way of life does not concern them much . . . at first.

My advice to them invariably boils down to a simple sentence:—"Settle in Vermont, make your own opportunities, and prepare to work harder than you ever have before." Of course I have to back this up with examples of Vermonters who have done just that. One of my most outstanding citations is that of Ted Clifford, of Bethel, Vermont.

The Little Town of Bethel

Now the little village of Bethel, boasting of a thousand souls, lies in the pleasant White River valley in central Vermont. Rolling hills and clinging hill farms surround it. No large industries sustain it. Its stores and shops are mostly small one-man businesses. I imagine that the population level and economic strata have not altered much these last few decades. You drive North through the long main street, over the bridge, turn to the right, and you are on your way to Randolph. Bethel, with all its charm, is not at bottom a town that would startle the casual seeker of "Vermont opportunities."

Yet in this unpretentious village there is a young man named Theodore Clifford who, from a small one room office up one flight of stairs at the back of a Main Street "block" (as we call office buildings in Vermont), is engaged in a business already nationally known and now to have international connections. And the business that Ted Clifford is doing is so successful that, while I do not wish to indicate he is making a fortune, it is probably more remunerative than any other business in the state of Vermont run by only two people.

—— & ——

Return of the Native

Ted Clifford's father was a well known granite quarryman and was once manager of the Hardwick-Woodbury Quarries before he moved to Bethel, where Ted was born. Ted went to school in Bethel and then on to the Colorado School of Mines and finally to the Carnegie Institute of Technology. For some years thereafter he worked as an engineer with public utilities in Pennsylvania. After serving in the army during World War II, Ted had the feeling that he wanted to go home —back to Vermont.

So back to Vermont he came. He didn't try to get a job with one of the larger corporations employing engineers in Vermont. He didn't go to one of the Vermont cities and try to get on a good pay roll, so he could make enough money to live in the style which he was accustomed. Ted went right back to the little town of Bethel and started to live in his father's house on the side of the hill.

But what, one can well ask, could an experienced electrical engineer do to make a living in the village of Bethel?

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Clifford of Vermont

I do not intend to give away the secret of Ted's business techniques. The point that I do want to make is that this man Clifford made his own opportunity right where he wanted to make it. "Clifford of Vermont" as Ted styles the business on his letter-heads, is known today to every telephone company and public utility in the eastern part of the United States. Ted Clifford, armed with a typewriter, a telephone and one bright girl, is selling component parts and maintenance supplies to thousands of telephone and electric utilities throughout the country, and he is doing this largely by mail.

A number of questions will plague the casual reader. How, one may well inquire, can a man in Bethel, Vermont, which is obviously far from markets, from sources of supply, from raw materials and manufacturing plants to make them, build up a business selling to these far-flung establishments essential supplies such as cable, insulation parts, telephone and electric poles, and many other component parts none of which are made in Vermont, or anywhere near Vermont?

That is the question I am not going to answer.

But I would like to underline his operation in this way: Ted Clifford by sheer initiative, constant energy, hard work and common sense has discovered where such merchandise can be bought and where such merchandise can be sold. His success consists merely in bringing together these two separated factors.

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He Made Vermont Opportunities

There were not, I think it is safe to say, opportunities waiting for Ted Clifford when he arrived in Bethel in 1946. Ted Clifford is not a genius. Neither is he a rare, unique example. He is merely a good sound Vermonter who exemplifies success through the well known virtues of self-reliance, industry, integrity and common sense which we love to think are typical of our Green Mountain people.

Ted Clifford didn't achieve his modest success the way so many young men today think that success can be achieved—by going to the Government. Ted didn't ask the Government for anything. He didn't even ask his friends where there was a "Vermont opportunity." He didn't ask the Government to train him to engage in business. He didn't request the Government to finance him while he was starting his business.

Like many another Vermonter, he believed in the idea, and so does this writer, that the Government should help only those who cannot ever help themselves. All of which leads me to repeat, "Settle in Vermont, make your own opportunities and prepare to work harder than you ever have before."

VERMONT Life 43
William and Peter Donlan of Staten Island repair the hay rake on Clayton Kelley’s farm in Newport.
The city to country farm plan enters its tenth Summer in Vermont.

by Bernard G. O'Shea

This summer several hundred city-bred youngsters—boys and girls from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York City and the suburbs of Westchester County, and Boston—will once again be working on Vermont farms. They will come to our hills and valleys through the efforts of a carefully-planned program called Vermont Farm Volunteers.

Almost half will come to farms all over the state as "old hands"—returning for their second, third or even fifth summer. The rest will be learning the ways of cows and hens, manure shoveling and haying, blisters and barn dancing for the first time in their lives. Of these newcomers the big majority will take to the life of a farming Vermonter like a wintered cow to spring pasture. Only a few will return to their homes before the summer is out, in contrast to the great number who will want to come back next year.

The co-operating personnel of the University of Vermont Agricultural Extension Service and, in more recent years the Vermont State Employment Service and the Vermont Cooperative Farm Personnel Service, Inc., who run this city-to-country exodus know this from their experience in past years. For 1951 marks the tenth summer since the war-inspired idea originated by Dorothy Thompson became active. In 1942 it was called the Volunteer Land Corps, aimed at helping short-handed farmers produce the nation's food and to make a living reality even in time of war of, as the prominent newspaper woman put it, "the integration of free energies, under the emotion of an ideal, and for a common purpose." So it came about that city girls and undraftable boys over 16 discovered, together with the Green Mountain and Champlain farmer, a common purpose and often many common ideals.

"Formal education should be as dynamic as life itself," wrote Dorothy Crow, a volunteer farm-hand, in "The Volunteer," the newsletter that Miss Thompson started and edited in her home in Barnard during that first year. "Let the students have their school and university study. But let them also spend their vacations on the farms, in the factories, in the merchant marine. . . . Experience is the only school." After the war when other states gave up their efforts, Vermonters supported it and shifted the basic motive of the program from one of producing food in a national emergency to an even greater emphasis on "Education through Work." Today as far as can be determined Vermont is the only state in the Union supporting such a plan.

Getting the proper candidates so that the program has the fewest possible number of "failures" is a job of finding co-operative and understanding farmers, but it is also a job of selecting city youngsters who have the desire and ability to find their Common Purpose with farm life and the Vermont farmer. This screening is done by qualified people, usually hand-picked individuals who know Vermont farming well.

But Volunteers don't come North to our fertile fields for "Education" and "Common Purpose" only. There is money involved. They really become "hired hands," earning anywhere from board and room plus $30 monthly for the beginner, to several hundred dollars a season for the city hand with some blistered experience in his palm. The ten supervisors in the State who talk with farmers about the plan emphasize adequate wages to be sure no exploitation creeps into the agreement. A doctor's certificate for the youngsters and liability and accident insurance to protect the young people for the farmer, are also musts.

The Volunteers arrive at a time when help on the farm is needed most. If they go to a small farm they are pressed into all kinds of service, from haying and milking to building and painting barns, mixing cement, repairing a tractor, butchering a hog or even playing mid-wife for a new-born calf. If they go to a larger farm they free the skilled farmers during the busy season from the unskilled chores that take so much time and energy. All the while Ralph Gentles from Haran High School in the Bronx, New York paints Fred Cooper's barn in Wells.
of course, they are learning more and more (indeed one farm group counted 78 skills acquired in a single season), and getting stronger and stronger. If the Volunteers don't know it before they arrive in the state they soon learn that the “hayseed” and “hick” descriptions of farm life are strictly from a past generation. Today one is likely to see the debutante of yesteryear operating some highly-mechanized farm equipment, and finding it much more interesting than the glass chandeliers and cocktail tables at the Biltmore. For besides the work and the newness of learning country life, there is fun—parties, picnics, square dances and warm human relationships which sometimes even add up to Romance.

As a body builder, life on the farm is the best, according to proponents of the plan. Harry O'Brien, football coach at Curtis High School on Staten Island, N. Y., is so sure of this that every summer he brings a group of players up to work on farms near his summer place on Lake Memphremagog. Many boys have gone on to agricultural courses at Rutgers, Cornell, Massachusetts and Vermont because of their farm summers here. The agricultural departments of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania high schools now send an increasing number of students for the spring semester of practical training and experience for which they get school credits. Some of these expect to become farm experts contributing to a hungry world as agricultural scientists.

Charles Brittan became so absorbed in his city-to-farm trek each summer that after three years on the Julian Morse place in Underhill he persuaded his father to move from Philadelphia to Williston, Vt. Now young Charles wants to become a doctor in rural Vermont—with a farm to operate too.

The friendship and understanding between farmer and young person are only as strong as the personalities of those that make them, of course, but a quick look over the years leaves no doubt about how they last. They keep in touch after leaving the farm. Two Providence boys who worked on the Herman Bortugno farm in Tunbridge and now attend Cornell and play on the football team, made it a point last year to get tickets for their parents and the Bortugno family at the Dartmouth game. It was a real reunion. Over several summers Miss Frederica Northrop of Sheldon has boarded boys from South Boston, a Hindu from India studying at MIT, and a Chinese student at Columbia. As Mrs. Arthur Wood of South Woodstock says, “Many a farmer’s son has seen the big city the first time when invited by the city-bred hired hand of the summer before.”

Tom MacAuley who is president of the Coop, has had boys on his farm since the program began. “I’ve wanted to send some of the boys to UVM myself I liked them so much,” he has said more than once. Walk into a home like that of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Haskins of Pawlet on a nice summer day and you are likely to find Mrs. Haskins serving tea and freshly-baked cakes to the young “hired hands.” Dozens more like Chester Miller of White River Junction and the Thomas Longs of Londonderry, know the full meaning of this city-farm relationship. They are the backbone of the whole program.

George Shary of Staten Island feeds the turkeys on the Armand Morin farm in Newport.
Tom Macauley of Shoreham beams as he meets his boys, arriving from Pottsville, Penna. It's James Landys' (left) third summer and he brings a recruit, his pal John Flanigan. Left, Charles Haines of New Rochelle bays on the farm of E. C. Taylor in Tinmouth. Right, Charles and James Sgvertsen from the Metropolitan Vocational School in Brooklyn at the Peter Wemmelman Farm in Jacksonville. In 1950 the total number of volunteers was 204 and of these 67 were from New Jersey, 43 from Massachusetts, 28 from Pennsylvania and 27 from New York.

Harry Haskins

Naturally it is a difficult job to place the right youngster with the right farmer, and sometimes they miss. But the general response is overwhelming:

"Agriculture is a challenge to a man's skill, courage and patience," says one who used to eat food without ever thinking about its implications. "The farmer has a broad outlook on life."

"Every American boy and girl should receive an opportunity to spend at least one summer working on a farm... Yessiree, when you leave Vermont you know what work is," writes another.

Parents in the city are often the most impressed. Bill, Betty and Bob Bunker of Philadelphia spent a total of seven summers on Vermont farms. "I shall ever be grateful," wrote Mrs. Bunker to the Farm Co-op Service. "My son John," says another mother, "was placed with Mr. and Mrs. Llyn of Bristol. Those very fine people gave him an incentive—a training I am sure we could not duplicate. His knowledge of farming problems, costs and responsibilities, made him realize that his life work is agriculture."

Many farmers are grateful too:

"Without the Volunteers' help I would have been out of business three years ago. Instead I have been able, with the help of one year-round man, to produce 750,000 pounds of milk in the past three years."

Until the federal government discontinued its administrative support* of the Vermont Plan after the summer of 1947 leaving the state to carry it alone, "The

*Participation of Employment Service personnel, however, continues to be financed by the federal Bureau of Employment Security through granted funds.
Joyce Aberdeen (above) of Woonsocket, R. I., spent a summer on the Spaulding farm on Isle La Motte in the middle of Lake Champlain helping Frederick Spaulding and his mother operate their farm. She liked the country and the Spauldings so well that she married Frederick.

“Visitor Impressed With Spirit of Volunteers” — “Trend is Toward More Pay As VFV’s (Vermont Farm Volunteers) Prove Themselves More Valuable” — “Former VFV’s Spend Holidays in Vermont” — “Three Farmers In Four Want Another VFV” — “Nearly Half of VFV’s Want to Return” — “Your Parents Want to Know How You Are.”

The youngsters too had their own mimeographed papers in each county to better keep in touch with one another and, to exercise their art and writing skills. A sweep through the counties a few years ago showed county sheets all the way from “The Bennington Bugle” and “Windham Windbag” to “The Franklin Flash” and “Caledonia Courier.” Farming obviously hadn’t dulled their bent towards alliteration.

Frank De Santes of Staten Island in from mowing at Charles Hopkinson’s in Derby.
Instructional pamphlets given the youngster about to embark on his first farm adventure are characteristic in many ways of those associated with summer camping—what to bring, what to expect, how to behave, how to travel, and what not. The difference comes in the demand for greater individualism and some pioneering spirit. Not every 16-year-old from Hoboken finds it easy to take a train to some Vermont town he’s never heard of, to meet some farmer he’s never met and enter a family farm life he’s seen only in the Hollywood version. The many real enthusiasts for the Vermont Plan think it’s far ahead of summer camps, however, not only because of the greater challenge and therefore the greater opportunities, but also because it is more genuine. There is no make-work business in the farm program, they point out.

At the peak of The Vermont Plan more than 700 were working on several hundred farms. But from this wartime high in 1945 the numbers have gradually dropped. Last year 250 joined Vermonters in getting in the crops. The drop reflects the increased supply of local farmhands in the years since the war. More and more youngsters want to volunteer, but recent years have made it harder for the Co-op and Employment Service to find available farms for them. The present national emergency and anticipated labor shortage on the farm will probably once again boom The Vermont Plan to even greater heights than it reached five years ago. Young farmers from the city will not only be desirable but absolutely necessary to the nation’s health and nutrition.

Sponsors of the plan will be working to improve its functions, to increase its effectiveness in helping city and country people to understand each other, and they will be working towards the better execution and extension of the ideals of this plan in peace as well as in war. For they see clearly now that two things the world will need desperately for many generations to come are more food and more understanding between peoples.

END
RACING ON LAKE DUNMORE

by Peggy Pratt

KODACHROME BY WARREN CASE

"Dick and O'Neil off, two minutes for Don Brush!" calls Billy Ware, thirteen-year-old timekeeper of the Lake Dunmore Sailing Club. The races are off! It was July 1949 that racing on Dunmore billowed into being. My sister, Betsy, and I, tackling our Seagull on her maiden voyage around the lake, asked Charles Mraz about the status of races. "There is no racing," he replied, trimming the mainsail of his neat Winnabot, "but let's organize for some."

So the sails were set! Six skippers shipped ahoy at our first meeting. We set the racing time—3 p.m. every Sunday—and arranged racing details—buoys and a time keeper with stop watch, starting horn, and time sheet. Charles Mraz was swung to the helm as Commodore, while I jibed into position of Secretary-Treasurer. And away the boats blew!

Using a triangular course—varying direction according to wind so that tacking would be necessary for at least one buoy—we flew off some exciting races the first season. Due to an impressive variety of boats—catboats, snipes, Winnabot, seagulls, old town, Cape Cod knock-a-bout, and a lightning—handicapping became our greatest problem. We timed each boat at every race, but as it is difficult to determine how much speed is rimed each boat at every race, but as it is about, seagulls, old town. Cape Cod direction according to wind so that tacking became our greatest problem. We...
Holiday...in Vermont

by Vivian W. Elkins

A Wonderful Two-week Vacation on
Lake Champlain for a happy family.

We were a car-load of optimists as we crossed the Jacques Cartier Bridge and started down the road from Montreal to St. Albans. We were happy because we were doing something we had wanted to do for a long time—we had two whole weeks' holiday ahead of us, and we were going to spend every minute of those two weeks in Vermont.

In my purse was a letter, received in answer to our request for a summer camp. It was penciled in haste, and the most important paragraph read, "In reply to your letter of June 11, those two weeks are open, so you can have the cottage if you want it."

That explains why we were on the highway, the four of us—Stuart and I; and the two children, David, nine; and Susan, four. The children have a mixed heritage, since their father is a Vermonter, and their mother, myself, is a Canadian. We live in Canada, and this two weeks period was going to be the longest David had ever spent in Vermont in his whole nine years. His eyes sparkled and he watched every inch of the road as we came near the border. To Susan it was a nice long drive to a lake, somewhere, but she was excited too. I was pleased because I had never been to Lake Champlain before—only heard Stu talk about it. The one who was most thrilled, of course, was Stuart himself, and he didn't try to hide it. In spite of the fact that he has spent most of his life in Canada, he is a Yank through and through, and anywhere in the States is heaven to him, especially Vermont. I tease him about being a Damyankee and an A-murican and he teases me about the "Empah" but we have an enormous respect for each other's homeland.

We had written to the Vermont cousins asking them to come and visit us, and they had said they would. There are several sets of cousins within easy driving distance of the camp, and I was looking forward to seeing them. They took me into the family circle so kindly I fell in love with them all, from the very first.

It was evening, and I had hoped the children would drop off to sleep, but the moon was high, and so were their spirits, as we drew up at the Customs. David listened to the questions and answers with his ears out a mile, not missing a detail. As we drove away, he and his Dad took deep breaths and remarked loudly on the air—how much better it was already—but I had my inning a few minutes later when we hit a spot that smelled of skunk. Then we came to the first town and played for the lake spread north and south for miles, a dazzling sight. Further on we passed a red brick farm house on a rise at a bend in the road. Looking back we had to stop, for the lake spread north and south for miles, a dazzling sight. Further on we passed a large white, many-windowed mansion. Stately, gracious, and very old, it was in a class with our French Canadian seignory houses, though entirely different.

The first part of Burlington we visited was the University. Stuart told us what each building was, and his pleasure in it was contagious. He had a right to be proud of the fine campus, the Library, the Chapel, and all the impressive buildings, not forgetting the Old Mill. It was before Summer School started and the University was resting, with only young children on the campus.

Next he directed us past S.A.F., his old fraternity house, the home of many a gay memory, and then along past the homes of Burlington. Every city has its wealthy attractive homes, but Burlington, I am sure, has far more than the average. We went through street after street, lined with great trees, and each house seemed more attractive than the last. Yet, in spite of their size, they looked comfortable and lived in. Burlington is a city of homes as much as a city of trees. No
After dinner, we spent several hours in the stores, hours of a more down to earth pleasure. Naturally the shops have different merchandise from that found across the border—strange brands, different novelties, newer gadgets. So while we shopped for the necessary prosaic things, we shopped in all the windows as well. All this time the children were interested and happy—it was only reasonable to get them each a present to keep them so. Susan wanted a ball, David a gun and holster set, Western of course. From then on the rest of our shopping was accompanied by bullet sounds—wh—t—ung! and bounce, bounce, bounce.

The last store we visited was a chain grocery store, to lay in two weeks provisions. Here we found new foods, no cheaper incidentally, and stocked up all we could in novelties to make our holiday eating a little different. When at last we stood outside beside our boxes, it seemed to me that we had one of everything in the store.

The ride home was a sleepy one for some of us. We took the same route and here we kept going astray. We thought the roads were familiar, but one led us several miles till it came to a dead stop at the pleasant Algonquin Inn. Another brought us suddenly up a hill to a crossroads where an old church stood guard over its cemetery. If it had been earlier we might have stopped, but we were still far from home and it was late for the children, so we turned back again to seek the right way. In time of course we found it.

The hour we wandered on the country roads was not an annoyance but an education. The highway is all that most of us generally see; we cannot even guess the riches that lie buried in the back country. So it is with Vermont’s rural roads that curve over hills past farms and lakes and hidden villages. If you want real beauty, go there!

The following day we rested and began to enjoy the camp whole-heartedly. David, discovering he had not forgotten how to manage a boat, rowed contentedly up and down near the shore, then invited us all for a ride. As we made our way round the nearest point I could not help telling him a little history—how Lake Champlain has been used as a route for as long as we know—more than 300 years of history, and countless years before that by the Indians; how the early explorers made their way from the St. Lawrence, down the Richelieu to the Lake; how it became the traffic route for settlers and traders. Even the winding road our camp was on must surely have been an Indian trail.

Lake Champlain figures largely in the history of the Elkins family, and as we rowed along Stuart and I told David some of the stories again. When the Indians made captives of Hannah Johnson and her family, near Charlestown, N. H. in 1754, they brought them on foot through the forest to the Lake, and traveled north by canoe to Montreal. I promised to read him the story in Hannah Johnson’s own words, from an old wood-bound volume called The Captivity and Sufferings of Hannah Johnson.

We told him the exciting story of Colonel Jonathan Elkins, whom British soldiers captured in the place where Camp Abnaki now stands. They took him prisoner to Quebec and sent him from there to England. While in prison at Plymouth he spent his hours of enforced leisure writing an arithmetic book. A resourceful man!

We told David that his own Dad, when a boy, unveiled a stone to the memory of his ancestor, Jonathan Elkins, at Camp Abnaki, and promised that he himself would go to the same camp.

I realized that in every old Vermont family similar stories are to be found. Vermont roots are deep and history is close. Only a mile down the road from our camp, is a tiny family graveyard, with two immense cedars in the center. In one corner, near the ancient stone wall we found a marker dated 1790. It had been there for a hundred and sixty years!

There is no need to describe at length the blissful camp days that followed. It is easy to picture the rejoicing of the whole family when David learned to swim—to see us on the Glorious 4th toasting marshmallows at our bonfire on the beach, watching other bonfires far across the Lake—to see us picnicking high on a rocky pasture. Once as we walked along the highway we started to collect as many different flowers as we could find, and had twenty-three within half a mile. Of course too, the cousins came to visit us, almost all of them.

We have Vermont vacations planned for other years—a motor trip through the State—a walking tour over the Long Trail—visits to Mt. Mansfield, Smuggler’s Notch, Coolidge’s birthplace. I love my own land of Canada but I love my husband’s country too, especially the part so dear to him. Very much do I want our children to have both loves.

END
Above. At the end of a long day the showerbath is the most popular spot at the hostel. Left to right are Jackie Gordon, Rhoda Weiner (hidden), Marcia Sank, Katy Latimer and Viola Dunn.

Above. Katy doesn't trust her memory for all this beauty. She's a teacher back in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and she wants to be able to tell her students about everything when she gets back home.

Above. After a brisk swim sandwiches and fresh Vermont milk on a warm rock in Ripton Gorge hit the spot. The group leader takes care of AVH passes for the rest and plans each day's trip.

Above. Marcia from Westfield, N. J. and Rhoda from Jackson Heights, N. Y. dunk in pure mountain water. Below. House-parent Mrs. Foster sees that the girls' dorm is settled for the night. Ten o'clock bedtime is a hostelers' custom.

Above. Mail, scheduled to the groups' itinerary, is eagerly sought at each stopping place. Here, just outside the Middlebury Post Office, they read their morning's haul. Below. The milk has to be finished and it's zhang-ho to decide by whom.

Middlebury Youth Hostel

by DUTTON SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN F. SMITH, JR.

E ver done your washing in the pure water of a mountain brook? Eaten lunch on a rock three hundred miles from home—your only transportation a thirty-nine pound bike? Or ever pedaled so long that your eyes watered and your feet went to sleep?

"Nothing to it," says the stalwart hosteler. And he means it. Ask Vonnie Burkitt of Oakland, California. Vonnie was the group leader of seven girls and two boys that took an eighteen hundred mile bicycle tour through New England and part of Canada last summer. In August they wheeled through Middlebury where photographer John Smith caught them on the roll.

They were sunburned and weary but delighted with the idea of being part of a picture story on hosteling. So while John worked they proceeded with their regular routine.

First on the list was a quick survey of the hostel itself. That was where they got a surprise.

There were cries of: "Rugs!" "Real mattresses!" They could hardly believe it.

Here were accommodations far surpassing the usual. They had to admit that Middlebury's hostel was really different.

But here's the important thing: there's a Vermont story behind that difference.

It all started when a Miss Louise Manning of Middlebury heard that a college student was interested in hosteling. Years ago Miss Manning had obtained an American Youth Hostel pass for traveling through the South inexpensively.

Here was a call. Somebody wanted to know about hosteling. She could not remain silent.

In the days that followed she talked to individuals, then to groups explaining the purpose of the organization. She procured film strips from the National Headquarters which illustrated the methods of hosteling. And then, when there was sufficient interest, she joined the committee that was to get things going.

All this because she believed in the idea behind hosteling.

In Vermont once you get a committee you've really got something.

In a short time they collected some three hundred dollars from the townspeople and set out to find a suitable building with a couple living nearby that would act as "houseparents." The combination wasn't easy to discover. But finally one of the committee members, Edgar Foster, took a look at his own back yard. He had a barn he wasn't using, why not he and Mrs. Foster as houseparents?

"Perfect! The committee was all for it. Now they could really go to work. College students and townspeople alike contributed their time and ideas to make the project a success. They cleaned and they cleaned. They built a shower, a small kitchen. They erected partitions and a stairway, installed cold running water. They kept their ears open and begged beds and mattresses and rugs from individuals and Middlebury College. They painted, they cleaned some more, they worked at the project.

By July 1948 the hostel was open for business and they've had from forty-seven to sixty cyclers each season since they opened. Last year bricks were donated for building an outdoor fireplace and the tank for a hot water system. The fireplace has been completed and when the hot water tank is installed it certainly will be a far cry from roughing it, and an excellent stopover place considering the price.

What about the price? Forty cents a night for those under twenty-one, fifty cents for all others. Try and beat that anywhere.

Of course there are certain restrictions for using the hostel. You have to be a member of American Youth Hostels, Inc. and travel by bicycle or foot. And when they say by foot they don't mean by hitch-hike!

When you are a member and have your own AYH pass (two dollars for those under twenty-one, three dollars for others) you are entitled to the facilities of any and all American Youth Hostels (there are eleven in Vermont alone). The only other stipulation is that you abide by the Youth Hostel customs. These are explained in the handbook that is given you with your pass. With this pass you may join a supervised group, such as the one headed by Vonnie, or travel individually, using the AYH facilities where possible. Planned tours of New England and Eastern Canada are sometimes made from Boston or New York. Usually, however, members make up their own itinerary using a road map and the handbook which gives the location and facilities of each hostel.

Vermont's ten hostels in addition to Middlebury's are located in Brattleboro, Hanksville, Hartland, Lowell, Ludlow, Manchester Depot, Newport, Putney, Springfield and St. Johnsbury.

If you are interested you can get the whole story from:

American Youth Hostels, Inc.
National Headquarters
6 East 39th St.
New York 16, New York

But here's a tip. Just because you may be pushing forty don't think you too can't enjoy youth hosteling. Mrs. Foster reports that last summer she found a banker traveling with a group of students. He was a widower and wanted an opportunity to meet some nice people. He did.

You can too. And don't forget Middlebury in your travels. They used some real old Vermont cooperation to get their hostel shipshape and they'd really like to see it used.

VERMONT Life 55
No Vermonters in Heaven

“I understand there are no Vermonters in Heaven,” is a sentence in a letter before me. “Please explain why.” I view the sentence and the letter with a quizzical eye, for the letter comes from a state where no Vermonters go except under extreme compulsion; and think I have the clue to the query. I hasten to say that the subterranean implication in the sentence that suggests all Vermonters are in the Other Place is incorrect—although I can name a number of living Vermonters who will, I hope, go there for good and substantial reasons.

There happens to be a poem entitled, “No Vermonters in Heaven,” probably the most popular and most widely quoted Vermont poem although an impressive claim could be made for Wendell Phillips Stafford’s lovely, “Vermont,” whose first stanza reads—

My heart is where the hills lift up
Green garlands to the day;
’Tis where the blue lake brims her cup,
The sparkling rivers play.

But to return to this question of no Vermonters in Heaven. Here is the poem:

No Vermonters in Heaven

I dreamed that I went to the city of gold,
To Heaven resplendent and fair;
And, after I entered that beautiful fold,
By one in authority there I was told
That not a Vermonter was there.

Impossible!” said I. “A host from my town
Have sought this delectable place,
And each must be here with a harp and a crown,
A conqueror’s palm and a clean linen gown
Received through merited grace!”

The angel replied, “All Vermonters come here
When first they depart from the earth,
But after a day or a month or a year
They restless and lonesome and homesick appear
And sigh for the land of their birth.

They tell of its many and beautiful hills
Where forests majestic appear;
Its rivers and lakes and its streams and its rills
Where nature the purest of water distills
And they soon get dissatisfied here.

They tell of ravines, wild, secluded, and deep,
Of flower-decked landscapes serene,
Of towering mountains, imposing and steep,
Adown which the torrents exultingly leap
Through forests perennally green.

“We give them the best that the Kingdom provides;
They have everything here that they want,
But not a Vermonter in Heaven abides—
A very short period here he resides,
Then hikes his way back to Vermont.”

E. F. Johnstone

This poem has wandered widely through the American newspaper press and into other types of publications, into libraries, and business advertising, and it is usually credited to “Anonymous.” The poem was copyrighted in 1915 by the author. Doctor Johnstone was born in Waterville, Nova Scotia, in 1867. He earned degrees at the University of Michigan in law and later in dentistry which he practiced in Brandon, Orwell, Shoreham, and Bristol, where he died April 8, 1938. The poem appeared originally in the Rutland Daily Herald and was written in 1914. Mrs. Johnstone explains the circumstances of the writing of the poem thus: “He was driving over Rochester Mountain in the fall of the year. It was in horse and buggy days, and he had ample opportunity to review the beauty about him as his horse eased his way down the mountain. Dr. Johnstone was always a lover of nature, and his great regard for it often overflowed in spontaneous verse as was the case with ‘No Vermonters in Heaven.’” So there are no “no Vermonters in Heaven” for obvious reasons. I hope that business houses using the poem in their advertising will make just arrangements with Mrs. Johnstone whose address is 76 No. Willard Street, Burlington, Vermont.

Here and There in Vermont History

“Where is your home?” was the next question. When he was told Vermont, the old man said: “What in Hell will you Vermonters do next?” In Nebraska a farmer saw the mud-caked Winton chugging, carrying two mud-caked drivers and a dog, all wearing goggles. Cutting loose his horse, the terrified Nebraskan seized his wife and dove under the wagon for refuge. Another farmer wanted to know: “how long the durned thing
would run after she was wound up?” One boy rode a horse sixty-eight miles to see the Vermont. Asked if he had ever seen a car he replied: “I have seen lots of pictures of 'em but this is the first real live one I ever saw.”

The above paragraph reveals much better than analysis would, I think, the entertaining quality and style of Mr. Hill’s Contrary Country. The entire book is written around historical themes of a wide range, but the general treatment is not involved; so the book makes pleasant reading for even the casual reader. The informative basis is sound, to the best of my knowledge, and the book makes a very satisfactory, informal volume on Vermont history. The title is misleading and was “cooked-up,” I imagine, in the publisher’s office in the search for a catchy title. Actually, Vermonters have always been doing the unexpected, from the days of the Allens even unto now, rather than the contrary.

The examination of the astounded “old man” in the quotation was justified, and the sketch in which he appears is one of the best in the book.

“Six Thousand Miles in an Automobile Car” tells the story of the determined effort of Dr. H. Nelson Jackson, a rugged Vermonter who merits the word “rugged,” a Vermont Democrat who has survived the tides of Republicans rolling over him in various elections, a bank president, now living in Burlington, to win a fifty-dollar wager that he could cross the continent in a horseless carriage. This, mind you, was in 1903. This narrative describes the trip which he made, to the wonder of folks en route and to my wonder forty-eight years later. Any skeptic who believes that shear nerve and courage died out with the Green Mountain Boys needs merely to read this sketch in order to have his mind re-upholstered.

The other historical sketches, fifteen of them, all of them nicely tuned to the theme, cover a range of topics from those generally familiar to Vermonters and students of its history, such as “The Pond that Ran Away,” to more remote topics such as “The Vershire Riot” and “The Case of the Contrary Corpse.” All are readable, and many of them are “naturals” for reading aloud—one of the tests of a readable book in these days when we use our eyes more and more and our brains less and less.

The publishers and the author have been wise enough to give the book an excellent bibliography by means of which the reader can follow the trails farther than Mr. Hill has sketched, also an excellent index. Both will tend to give the book a permanence it deserves.


Something About an Old Alarm Clock

If I were asked to name the writer of our day who has fascinated me for many and many a year, I should say without hesitation—George Bernard Shaw, and go on to risk a prophecy that five hundred years from now, his name will be one of the few of all writers of our day, with the name of Vermont poet Frost, to survive. Shaw because of the sheer brilliancy of his mind and his far vision, Frost because of the lasting universal quality in his thought and poetry as against the hopelessly temporal quality in his contemporaries.

The intricacy of Shaw’s mind, its range, and its radiating wit reaching out beyond our routine minds make him a difficult writer for many readers and for all of us in certain senses. Edmund Fuller, who wins my Vermont respect because he can handle a herd of cows and at the same time write as a real writer writes—down in his Shoreham haunts, has put together a study of Shaw that fulfills his wish to offer a review “to serve the interests of the student, but also to have a maximum of meaning for those who have a minimum of prior acquaintance—ship with Shaw.”

“The impact of Shaw has been tremendous,” Mr. Fuller tells us, and all critics will agree. Beyond that dictum are the endless questions which intrigue the Shaw fan. For instance, in referring to our mortal belief in immortality, he calmly announced that when he died, he would be tossed on a rubbish heap like an old alarm-clock that had had its day; and to that conviction he adhered to the end. A famous vegetarian, he lived beyond his four-score and ten on a diet that would have left most of us famished. He spoke of a “Life Force,” and if any student of Shaw knows what he meant, that exponent is an unknown genius.

Mr. Fuller’s method is to discuss the principal plays, suggest their purpose and meaning, and thus clarify Shaw’s purposes, meaning, and essential philosophy. It seems to me that this small volume does just what the author intended it to do; and I hope Quill readers will try an adventuring trip into Shaw with the aid of this guide. The book is not long, 116 pages, and forms one of the best of the volumes. Here are the questions and Mr. Huyck’s answers:

1. How much larger is Massachusetts in square miles than Vermont? It isn’t. Vermont’s total area is 1532 square miles larger than Massachusetts.

2. What is the recipe for blueberry flummery? 3 tsp. shortening; 1 cup sugar; 1 egg; ¼ cup milk; 1½ cups flour; 2 tsp. baking powder; ¼ cups blueberries.

3. What Vermonter stood on an island in the Pacific and watched a United States fleet, on the order of President Teddy Roosevelt, pass in review in his honor? Brother Joseph Dutton, manager of Molokai Island leper colony, July 16, 1908.

4. Where was the first normal school in America founded? In America the first normal school as such was probably that conducted by Samuel R. Hall at Concord, Vt., in 1825.

5. Of what Vermonter, who later became President of the United States, was it said: “Like a singed cat, he is better than he looks?” Calvin Coolidge.

6. What is a pung? A farm sled.


8. What are the words used in stopping a pair of oxen, also turning them to left and right? Whoa, hase, gee.

9. What famous German said, “My idea of a republic is a little state in North of your great country... Vermont”? [Mr. Huyck missed this. The answer is Bismarck.]


Here are the winning answers to the quiz announced in the Autumn 1950 issue. To good friends who asked for more quizzes, I must say wholeheartedly, “No more!” A quarterly publication uses wide spaces of time—I am writing this in January with the thermometer ten above zero outside. Mr. John F. Huyck, Wells, Vermont, the winner, astonished me with the accuracy of his answers, and receives three volumes of the Green Mountain Series; Mrs. M. A. Carter, East Quoque, Long Island, New York, wins second place and a choice of one of the three volumes. Here are the questions and Mr. Huyck’s answers:

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FORMING OF THE EAST DOVER VOLUNTEER FIRE COMPANY—HOW A SMALL TOWN MET A CIVIC NEED

by Florence Thompson Howe

Fighting Fire with Fun

And a lemon to a Vermont Yankee and he'll make lemonade of it—sweetened with maple sugar, maybe. The birth of the East Dover Volunteer Fire Company is a typical example of the Vermont attack.

East Dover is a remote village in the fabulously beautiful foothills of the Green Mountains, about half-way between Brattleboro and Bennington. Solitude, altitude and view are its marketable commodities. Sheep raising has given way, but they do take out some timber, make a fine grade of maple syrup and a few farmers are developing big milk production. Recently there has been some influx of outsiders interested in soil reclamation and some of the old farms are being nursed back to active production, and the old farmhouses restored.

Earl Yeaw is one of the native sons of the three hundred or so in the town who still own the perpendicular pastures their forebears wrested from a total wilderness. On May 3rd, two years ago, his family homestead, which was his farm-and-building-business office in winter and his hostelry for "paying-guests" in summer, burned to the ground. At three o'clock in the morning, smoke routed them out of bed; Earl, his wife, his brother-in-law and family. Frantic efforts to put out the fire were futile. There was no fire-fighting equipment and in half an hour the old house was a leaping bonfire lighting up the valley for miles around.

The Walter Rogers, formerly of Fitchburg and Boston, and the Kilpacks, New Yorkers in radio program broadcasting, were Earl's nearest neighbors. They heard him pounding on their doors, and opened to find him standing there in the gray dawn, his face so blackened with smoke they hardly recognized him. "My house is gone," he said.

Walter Rogers went over and got Mrs. Yeaw and her sister and the children and Mrs. Rogers made hot coffee and found some warm clothing. The news got around and everybody turned out to help. The new electric stove, the radio and a few family keepsakes were all that were saved. Neighbors milled around, helplessly. "We ought to have something to fight a fire with," they said. So it was that the East Dover Volunteer Fire Company was born.

It took several meetings in the Parish House of the Village Church during the spring, with farmers and "year-round" residents driving over muddy mountain roads after the day's work was done, before the East Dover Volunteer Fire Company was actually an organiza-

The highlight of the two day benefit festival to raise money was the dedication of this memorial to veterans of World Wars I and II.

The East Dover Volunteer Fire Company in action. A group of volunteers puts out a fire at the Waterbury Cottage in East Dover.

Florence Howe

Martha Burleigh
Less than a hundred years ago, in towns the size of East Dover, fire meant almost complete destruction of property with an occasional building saved by the concentrated effort of the townspeople as pictured above. And less than a hundred years ago, many houses stood on Dover Common in its circle of woods. One night fire swept the little center wiping out years of hard work and leaving blackened cellar holes and stumps of trees. Only the church, now the Town Hall, remains.

Membership dues were set at $5.00 but no resident was barred from the services of the Company because he could not join. Fourteen residents paid dues of $5.00 a year for five years in advance, netting the organization $350.00.

A committee was appointed to find out how much money would be needed to enable the Company to buy enough fire-fighting equipment and means of transporting it, to be of any real value in case of fire. The report set a figure of $2,500.00 as something to shoot at, but nobody thought the little village of three hundred souls could raise it. However, Allen Hamlin, an exceedingly capable "new resident" put his experienced shoulder to the wheel and, working with the townspeople in the old Vermont "town-meeting" fashion, a two-day carnival was planned.

Acttractive programs were sent out under the direction of Mr. Hamlin. Mrs. Hamlin did the drawing for the cover. Florence Howe did the layout and copy. Dover men took time from their farm work or business to solicit advertising in near-by Brattleboro and vicinity. The voting people in the village made posters and distributed them. A two-day Benefit Carnival and two evening dances were mapped out to be held on the Common of Dover Town Hall.

Meanwhile the newly elected Fire Chief (the late Archie Clark) directed the village men who volunteered their labor in tearing down the old Perry house on the Common so that the $250.00 payment for the job might be donated to the Fire Company.

Under the experienced leadership of Mrs. Rogers, various women's committees were organized, booths built, and food sales, handicraft exhibits, flower and plant sales, an auction, fortune-telling tables and similar money-making activities were featured on Dover Common. The women got out a cook-book of favorite recipes. The men staged competitive games. The horse-drawing contests, held in the mowing just across the road from the Common, proved so popular that they have been repeated during summer week-ends with a loose collection taken up on the horse-drawing field.

A costume ball was held on the opening night of the Carnival, and the high-light of the two day festival came with the dedication on Saturday of the memorial to Dover men who served in the two late wars. This part of the program was under the direction of Mr. E. J. Moody who had chaired the committee responsible for the Memorial. Judge Ernest W. Gibson, then governor of the state of Vermont, made the dedication address before a gathering of some six hundred people. Howard C. Rice, publisher of the Brattleboro Reformer, introduced Judge Gibson.

The East Dover Volunteer Fire Company now owns this fire truck shown on Dover Common in front of the Town Hall.

P. G. Barnard
The horse drawing contest in the pasture across the road from the common proved so popular that it has been continued as a regular weekend event. After each contest a collection is taken for the benefit of the East Dover Volunteer Fire Company.

Martha Burleigh

At the close of the two days’ festivities $1357.00 was deposited to the credit of the East Dover Volunteer Fire Company.

Social activities, repeated from time to time have swelled the fund and knit the community together more closely. Incorporation as a non-profit organization under the laws of Vermont was effected for the purpose of:

“Providing fire protection to the inhabitants and property owners of the town of Dover, County of Windham and State of Vermont, and to those in surrounding towns whose property is adjacent to the Dover town lines, and undertaking such other projects as may promote the social welfare and civic betterment of said town.”

Since the organizational meeting the treasurer has deposited to the Company’s account, the sum of $3427. The Company owns a Chevrolet truck chassis, with a 250 gallon storage tank for water, a Maxim gasoline pump for pumping water from a brook or water-hole, a thousand or more feet of hose and six hand-pumps. All equipment is paid for and there is no indebtedness of any kind.

Blanket insurance protects members if injured in drill or fire-fighting. The Company has recently taken over the dances in the Town Hall. Proceeds from dances and refreshment sales help. Plans are now in process for heating the Town Hall so that social affairs may go on there during the winter. At present movies and suppers are held in the vestry and a Hunt Supper in deer season is on the calendar.

END
"Opportunities"

VL50. Married man, 25, U. V. M., '48 mechanical engineering graduate, wishes to return to Vermont. He will accept any reasonable offer in the engineering or sales divisions of a going business. Has had three years of varied experience and training in application, design, sales, test and erection engineering with a large manufacturer of electrical power.

VL51. A transplanted Vermonter and her husband, a Vermonter by education, find that their 15-year-old daughter's health depends on a quiet country life. The husband would like permanent or summer work likely to expand to year round employment. He has had 24 years' experience teaching mathematics and coaching major sports, has had considerable guiding experience in Vermont lake and stream fishing and has managed a Northern Quebec sportsman's club. He would welcome an opportunity where a partnership in a sporting club might be worked out.

VL52. Do our readers have any ideas on how a farm-raised, former high school and college teacher and banker, with degrees in law and social science might make a living from a 6-acre property in Craftsbury near the Common? Tired of city commuting and anxious to bring to his family the contentment of Vermont living he will appreciate suggestions.

VL53. American lady who loves Vermont would like a permanent house-keeping position in a farm or village home of refinement. Can type manuscripts for author; does all kinds of sewing; likes music, books, gardening, young folks, outdoors and pets.

VL54. Family decides Vermont is a wonderful place to bring up children and hopes to live and work here. Father, 42, associate professor at engineering school, with experience in electrical and production engineering, research, teaching, volunteer YMCA and boys' camp work would like a teaching or commercial position. Mother, 35, with experience in library work, volunteer church and YWCA work would like a part time position which would work into full time work later on.

VL55. The beauty and climate, the simplicity of country life and the impression created by Vermonters met while traveling have created a desire on the part of a G. I. and his wife to live in Vermont. They have a daughter seven and a son of six months. The wife has been a teacher and loves that work. While the father has literary aspirations and training he desires employment which will enable him to support his family and is not too particular what it may be. He has had factory, farm, office and store experience. They plan to buy a country or village property when the right place is located.

JUNE

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<td>12-14</td>
<td>South Woodstock</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

SOME COMING EVENTS

- Three-day Trail Rides, Green Mt. Horse Association
- Opening of Ferry to Essex, N. Y.
- Mid-Vermont Artists Annual Exhibit
- Putney Summer Theatre
- Middlebury College Bread Loaf School of English
- Middlebury College Language Schools
- Opening Vermont Bass Fishing Season
- Summer Operation Mad River Glen Chair Lift
- Summer Operation Pico Peak Chair Lift
- Marlboro College Summer Music School
- Marlboro College Regular Summer School Session
- Goddard College Workshop on Good Schools and Teaching
- Three-day Driving Rides, Green Mt. Horse Association
- Trapp Family Summer Music Camp
- University of Vermont Summer Sessions
- Fletcher Farms Craft Classes
- West River Town Festivals
- Norwich Fair and Horse Show
- Annual Flower Show
- West River Town Festival
- Trapp Family Summer Music Camp
- West River Town Festival
- Vr. Symphony Pops Concert
- Annual Colonial Day Celebration
- West River Town Festival
- Trapp Family Summer Music Camp
- Vr. Symphony Concert
- Goddard's Eastern Coop. Recreational School
- Annual Antique Show and Sale
- Vermont Open Tennis Tournament
- Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Middlebury College
- Marlboro College Fiction Writers' Conference
- Trapp Family Summer Music Camp
- Sugar on Snow Party for Summer Visitors
- Craft Fair
- Caledonia County Fair
- Hartland Fair
- Southern Vermont Artists' Annual Exhibit
- West River Town Festival
- Champlain Valley Exposition
- Annual 100 and 50-mile Trail Rides, Green Mt. Horse Assoc.

PLEASE NOTE

EFFECTIVE JULY FIRST THE Vermont Life

SUBSCRIPTION RATE WILL BE $1.25 PER YEAR

DISCOUNTS FOR TWO AND THREE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE DISCONTINUED

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This scene is located between East Burke and Lyndonville. The picture was taken from a side road which leads up to the “Darling Farm”.

VERMONT
the FOUR-SEASON STATE