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With even more luck than the most fortunate fisherman, photographer Hanso Carroll caught this fishing sequence, which is surely unique. It begins as Bernard Flynn, at left, hooks a rainbow trout. In next view he works downstream as Donald Powers reels in and, center, takes waderless Flynn, blocked by ledge but still playing the fish, on his back. In fourth picture Flynn, back on dry land, awaits help from other fisherman and, far right, holds the landed 'bow for envious inspection.

It is a legitimate natural phenomenon for rainbow trout to travel upstream to spawn in early spring. They battle heavy waterfalls and muddy water as they seek the upper limits of the river, in this case the Willoughby River which is a tributary of Lake Memphremagog. The fishermen, pressed by no natural causes that we know of, also appear on the Willoughby in quest of the “bows,” as they are often called.

Vermont celebrates the spawning run with a special Willoughby River early season which starts April 15th. On or shortly before this date the Willoughby fisherman turns to his employer and announces he’s going fishing. The employer, with some amazement, stares out the window at the snow-patched ground and mumbles helplessly . . . “where?”

The wife is usually less surprised since she has noticed hubby snitching nylon stockings, buying tapioca and cutting sponges . . . a sure sign that the 'bows are about to run from the lake up the Willoughby to spawn.

Meanwhile, along the designated stretch of river near the town of Orleans, game warden Don Collins makes elaborate preparations, second only to the visit of a president. Riverside landowners are warned that it’s “that” time of year again, and wire fence is strung along the riverside to discourage cross-field trespassing. The local drug store puts in a supply of gayly colored synthetic sponges, which for reasons known only to spawning 'bows, resemble clusters of rainbow eggs. Business-minded Orleans wives tie up little round bags of tapioca in bits of nylon stocking. This is bait offered for sale in jars of cod liver oil, on the supposition that fish smell before they nibble.

Orleans children busy themselves gathering worms which are sold at streamside with a sales pitch that they are fresh, firm and wiggly.

Camping trailers and trucks move into position the evening of the 14th in a parking area next to the stream, and at
the stroke of midnight a few of these stream-dwellers flashlight their ways to the river, just to be the first to wet a line.

The method of fishing is unique. While some fish are caught with the traditional hooked worm, most of the veteran fishermen use spawn bags. These rarely contain spawn. The bag is presented in such a manner that it appears to be drifting downstream. The fish do not feed on anything, actually, since when caught their stomachs are found empty. It is felt by this fishing fraternity that they simply mouth the cluster and it is at this time the fisherman must feel the slight irregularity in drift and set the hook. Once he is “on” the battle begins. The ‘bows weigh between one and ten pounds, generally. This weight, plus the furious pull of high water, coupled with the maze of other fishing lines to get tangled in, puts the odds on the side of the fish. Many are lost and, ironically, many are released after being caught. The fisherman, in his moment of glory, sets his jaw and starts downstream muttering between short nervous breaths, “I’m on.” As he passes other fishermen they reel in their lines and stand by as the hooked ‘bow and fisherman battle it out. The man with one “on” is king of the stream for that moment. It is not uncommon for anglers to fish for five or more seasons on the river without knowing this supreme moment of glory.

Streamside gallantry was at a height in 1962 when Bernard Flynn of Winooski, who is affectionately nicknamed “Peaky,” was “on.” He ran downstream following his fish when, to his horror, he came to a ledge and could go no further, unless he jumped into the icy water, for he was not wearing waders. The fish pulled on, taking line as it went. Donald Powers of Waitsfield, who was wearing waders, was below the ledge. Seeing the problem, he ordered “Peaky” onto his shoulders. Acting as his mount the two went on downstream and successfully landed the fish, a four pounder.
long-faced, or catch a nap. The area looks like a gypsy camp without gypsies. Rods instead of violins are scattered here and there. Others, who feel strong doubts about there being any fish in the river, go to the falls 100 yards away for solace. Here fishing is restricted. Here a kind of window shopping is done, as they stare into the foaming water, like penniless newlyweds looking in the window of a jeweler’s store.

Below, the rainbows seem to be doing a dance in mockery. This is one of the most difficult falls in the river to negotiate, and the fish must make several tries to get over. At times five fish may be seen in the air at once, as they swim and jump into the thundering current. In the back eddies dozens of fish are seen resting for another try at the falls. The frustrated anglers look on, wondering how the fish got past their hooks without a touch.

The fish run up-river about fifteen river miles from the lake. They are halted by a now-defunct mill dam at Evansville, which was built before the widespread use of fish ladders. Fishermen and conservationists have a deep concern about the run, which occurs similarly in the Black River. They endorse the practice of clearing several obstructions from these rivers so that fish will be able to spawn greater distances. It is hoped that this will create a larger population of fish and make for more successful fishing conditions in the years ahead.

Fly fishermen have tried to catch these prize fish in the early season with little luck. On two occasions Game Warden Collins has offered to eat raw any rainbow caught on a fly ... tail and all. His confident gambling spirit moves most fly fishermen to try other means.

When the regular fishing season opens in May, fishing on the Willoughby still continues, but this dedicated group seems to ignore the balmy weather and generally better fishing. Undoubtedly at such time this clan is finally at work. But they’re as regular as the rainbows. Chances are only death would keep them from standing in the gorge the next season on opening day, chipping ice from their line guides. And then someone is bound to say in disgust “They’re not running like they used to”... or, “I wish we could have started yesterday.”
Rocks; perennial crop on many a Vermont farm.
Few sights (left) are more pleasing to a farmer's eye than a well-plowed field. These scenes are on the Norman Lyman farm, Jericho.
A tractor (right) beats pioneer methods for speed and ease in harrowing a field.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN TRUE THAT
A WELL-PLOWED FIELD IS THE
FARMER'S PRIDE, AND WHEN

Spring comes back once again
THE SOUND OF THE TRACTOR IS HEARD IN THE LAND
by SEARCANT P. WILD
Photographs by Hanson Carroll

Soil, to the city dweller, may be a word interchangeable with just plain dirt—if it doesn't mean those little potfuls of often expensive, esoteric materials in which a few struggling house plants are supposed to thrive.

To the farmer, though, soil is what a factory full of machinery is to the manufacturer: his basic means of production. From it must come the grasses, grains and other crops upon which his livelihood depends: the food for a hungry nation.

Particularly in Vermont, whose sloping hillsides and more fertile valleys have so long been under cultivation, a farmer's success is often measured by the care he gives his soil—the expertness with which he manages it.
Good soil management means more than just plowing, harrowing and planting. Those are important—but in the “how” as well as in the “when,” for good tilth and prevention of erosion are keys to weed control and moisture retention, so that the crop may flourish; and maintain a basic resource.

But good soil management involves chemistry and biology as well as mechanics or engineering. Essential elements that came from the soil leave the farm when crops or meat or milk are sold. Manure and other fertilizers, as needed must replace the lost elements, and lime—even when marble or limestone underlies the soil!—may be called for to maintain the proper acid-alkali balance.

Well-managed soil contains millions of helpful organisms that work with and for the farmer by converting inorganic and waste materials into forms the crop plants need and can use.

Good farmers are soil stewards, keeping them productive for us and for the future.

Where Vermont valleys are wide enough, scenes like these on the Roger Eastman farm in Weathersfield Bow, near the Connecticut River, may be found each spring, harbingers of summer greenery and of fall harvest. The four-row corn planter (top left), the six-bottom plow (lower left) and (at right) the combination of plowing, followed closely by harrowing and, in turn, by the corn planter, means that on farms like these modern machines make fast work of putting in many acres a day each spring.
A Vermont industry, nearly lost in history, the making of glass, gained its first impetus in part because of the political struggles which engulfed young America 150 years ago.

The interference of Britain and France with United States shipping, and the establishment of their blockade by 1807 had aroused a strong feeling in favor of home produced products. Various state legislatures began to offer tax exemptions to new businesses, and in the northern states particularly, capital was attracted to new manufacturing ventures. The Embargo of 1807, the Non-Intercourse Act and the War of 1812 itself encouraged this interest in new American enterprises. Between 1808 and 1814 (when the Treaty of Ghent was signed), at least 44 new glass-making houses were established in the United States, according to George and Helen McKearin in their monumental work, "American Glass." Most of these firms were devoted to making window glass and bottles, and five were concerned primarily with tablewares. Eleven more glass factories were established by 1819, making a total of 66 started in 12 years.

In Vermont there is record of only four glass houses having ever been organized, and three of these were closely related. The Champlain Glass Company, started in Burlington in 1827, produced window glass and, quite likely, bottles. Workmen, of course, made off-hand pieces for their own use, but almost none of these have survived with positive authentication. The factory operated until 1850 under various names—The Champlain Glass Company until 1834, and for another 16 years as Loomis, Smith & Company, as James Smith & Company, as Wilkins & Landin, and as Smith & Wilkins. The other three glass factories are of far greater interest.

The first glass house here was established by the Vermont Glass Factory on the west shore of Lake Dunmore in the town of Salisbury, and its second factory was at East Middlebury. The final venture was establishment of the Lake Dunmore Glass Company in 1832, about 16 years after the failure of the first two.

The main commercial product with all the Vermont glass houses was window glass, as it was with the great majority of such works in the nation during this period. The rapid growth of the country, including Vermont, obviously brought with it the corresponding needs in new housing. Here was a growing market for an American product, and the materials for making acceptable glass were to be found at Lake Dunmore in quantity.

Along the shore of the lake were quantities of the proper sand, and the sur-
rounding forests supplied fuel and wood ashes for potash. Lime could be made merely by burning native rocks in a kiln. The site of the factory where the Salisbury River forms the outlet from the lake, was just a few miles from the main north and south highway of Western Vermont, and nearby was one of the main east-west mountain roads.

On November 3, 1810 the State Legislature granted a charter to "a body corporate and politic for the purpose of establishing and carrying on a Glass Factory, at such place in the State of Vermont as said corporation may choose, by the name of The President and Directors of the Vermont Glass Factory." This same act named as the original stockholders Troy, N.Y. business men Townshend McCoun, Hugh Peebles, John D. Dickinson, George Tibbets and Daniel Merritt, and it gave them six months to organize. The next year the Legislature amended the charter, granting extension of one year and "exclusive privilege of manufacturing glass within the state for eight years." Two years later the sole franchise was confirmed and extended to twelve years.

Despite the War of 1812, the future looked good. The company had a state charter which gave it a twelve year monopoly, waived all taxes and exempted officers and workmen from both jury duty and ordinary military service. The future continued to look so good that in 1812 the company extended operations by erecting in East Middlebury a second factory. The plant about five miles from the parent factory, was primarily engaged (insofar as extant records can prove) in the manufacture of bottles. East Middlebury was selected for this second site because one of the five principal roads that crossed the Green Mountains ran directly through it, and the bottles were sold on both the east and west sides of Vermont. The location on a main highway was strategic since the railroads were not yet in operation, and all products were transported by horse-drawn freight wagons, as far south as Hartford, Connecticut.

The date of the company's organizational meeting cannot be proved for official records do not disclose it, and local histories authored by men who were living at the time, newspaper stories and other contemporary publications, fail to mention it. In the Sheldon Museum at Middlebury, however, is the original minute book of the Vermont Glass Company. Following a copy of the charter, which indicates at least one previous meeting and probably more, is a statement that this entry concerns a meeting held "at the House kept by Platt Titus in the Village of Troy," and that John D. Dickinson was elected Chairman and Ep. Jones was also elected Clerk of the Company.

This is the first and practically the last mention of Dickinson and his Troy associates, and it marks the entrance of Epaphras Jones in the affairs of the company. From then until the end of the Company's existence, except for a brief period when both factories were leased to Artemus Nixon and Milo Cook, the names of only two other men appear in the records and advertisements of the company. These two men were Samuel Swift, who was president from 1813 to the end, and Henry R. Schoolcraft who acted as superintendent from October 27, 1813.

Epaphras Jones came to Vermont in 1803 from near Hartford, Connecticut and for a while was engaged in raising cattle. There is a tradition that he had been employed at the Pitkin glassworks, established in 1783 at Manchester, Connecticut, but nothing has yet been discovered to substantiate this theory. It is doubtful that he ever had experience as an actual glassmaker. The fact that Henry Schoolcraft was superintendent of the Company, from October of the same year that Jones became associated, would indicate that Jones was merely the business manager. In any case, he served as clerk until the end, resigning on August 30, 1817. The last entry in the minute book reads:

"To the President and Directors of the Vermont Glass Factory, in consequence of Various Persecutions which I have received since prosecuting the company's business & finding no law in the State of Vermont to protect my person, & property separate from the Company—it has become necessary that I resign the office of Clerk—& do

Most Vermont glass was made for windows, but a few bottles, bowls, off-hand and other decorative pieces, have survived. The pieces shown on these and the following pages are in the Bennington Museum.
by these presents resign said office. I recommend to all concerned that they see that the charter from the state be read, when it is asked who the company is and also that the subscription for stock may be exhibited to show that Henry Olen, Samuel Swift, James Andrus Jr., Dan'l Chipman, Samuel Mattocks, Ep. Jones, Abijah Parker, Artemus Nixon, Isaac Neilson, R. L. Jones and Joseph Capron were stockholders. With due Respect, I am Ep. Jones.”

Under this, in another handwriting, the minute book contains this bit of doggerel:

“Here lies Ep. Jones beneath this sod
Who was thought a shield, but proved a rod;
And when he left this mortal soil
He run his race and ceased his toil;
To farthest west he sped his way
And left his friends his debts to pay.”

A portion of these insinuations is false, since it was not “to farthest west” but in Providence, Rhode Island where Jones settled, and there he died some years later. His presence in that city may account for the glass marked “Providence,” which has been proven to have been made at Sandwich, Massachusetts and elsewhere. Such factories may have been making special orders for Jones and marking them to his specifications, although this is pure conjecture.

There is no question however, that the company superintendent, Henry R. Schoolcraft, was an experienced glassmaker. He was a partner in the operation of a glasshouse at Keene, N.H. from August 10, 1815 to February 3, 1817. He was born near Albany, N.Y. in 1793 and came to Salisbury and Middlebury in 1813 to assist in the erection of the glass factory at Lake Dunmore. Records show he was initiated in the Union Masonic Lodge at Middlebury on July 7, 1814 and that he studied chemistry and mineralogy at Middlebury College. When the Vermont Glass Company closed in 1817, he went to Utica, N.Y., where he started a work on “Vitreology” the same year, but this proposed scientific treatise on the art of glassmaking was never completed, for lack of subscribers. He then turned his attention to exploring the mineral wealth of the West, and from that turned to the study of the life and customs of the American Indians. For years he acted as their agent for the Federal Government and wrote a number of books about Indians and their culture. His fame today is in this area rather than the field of early American glassmaking. He was also a principal founder of the Michigan Historical Society.

Samuel Swift, President of the Vermont Glass Company from 1813, was a local historian, publisher of the Vermont Mirror at Middlebury, a member of the bar, and a trustee of Middlebury College from 1827 to 1855. The following advertisement appeared in his newspaper on October 20, 1813:

VERMONT GLASS FACTORY

“The public are informed that the Vermont Glass Factory is now in complete operation. The glass is warranted equal to any manufactured in the northern states and free from breakage. The following sizes are constantly manufactured and kept for sale at the warehouses in Middlebury, Rutland and Windsor and will be sold at Albany prices:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6 by 8</td>
<td>9 by 11</td>
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<tr>
<td>7 by 9</td>
<td>10 by 12</td>
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<tr>
<td>8 by 10</td>
<td>11 by 15</td>
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<td>12 by 16</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
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Orders for window glass of any other dimensions will be received and punctually attended to by

In an article about the glass house at Lake Dunmore, which appeared December, 1813, in the Literary and Philosophical Repertory, Henry Schoolcraft states that glass was first blown in September 1812, and “it is now on sale in Middlebury stores and is beginning to circulate through a large section of the country.”

By 1814, mention appears that the company was issuing notes drawn on the cashier of the Farmers Bank, Troy, N.Y., in lieu of currency, which was very scarce. These were printed on one side only, from copper plate engravings in denominations of $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00. Each bill bore the name of the person to whom it was originally paid, and included the number, date and signatures of both the president and clerk.

In spite of lengthy advertisements concerning company activities, it became evident in October 1814 that financial difficulties were at hand. In the Columbia Patriot, a rival weekly newspaper to Swifts’, there was a lengthy explanation of why the company’s bills were not being redeemed as expected and three weeks later it was announced that Artemus Nixon and Milo Cook had leased both factories. This lease seems to have been soon relinquished, and apparently there was a bad fire at Lake Dunmore, for they advertised on May 3, 1815 that the window glass factory was to be rebuilt and operating in a few weeks.

After an unsuccessful attempt to issue new shares for subscription, the East Middlebury property was lost in 1816, and on August 30, 1817 the company suspended all operations. More foreclosures followed and the fires for glass-making were not rekindled for another fifteen or sixteen years. Although this last venture was short lived, the company charter lingered on until 1906, when it was cancelled for failure to pay the annual state license tax, which went into effect that year.

This second period of glassmaking at Lake Dunmore began in 1832 when the Legislature issued a charter to the Lake Dunmore Glass Company, and this time the incorporators were all Vermonters, most of them living in Middlebury, or nearby towns. They were William Nash, president of the Middlebury bank; Paris Fletcher, a local financier; George Chipman, a lawyer and member of one of Middlebury’s leading families; George C. Loomis, his brother-in-law; Ebenezer Briggs, a lawyer and politician of Salisbury and later of Brandon, and William Y. Ripley, clerk of the new company. (who later made a fortune in marble at Rutland).

By February, 1833, the new company advertised that the Lake Dunmore factory had been rebuilt and was in full operation, but the East Middlebury plant was never reopened. Window glass of all descriptions was made and cut to desired sizes and patterns. On December 16 of the same year, the account books show an inventory of $14,143.44, with two pages given over to enumeration of tools and equipment. Nowhere is there any reference to the practical glassmaker in charge, nor any list of workmen. We only know that this second venture was successful for nine years, and there is no information available as to why it ceased operations. In 1849 the factory and all the land were acquired by the Lake Dunmore Hotel Company and glassmaking in Vermont apparently came to a final end.

The largest known collection of Vermont glass, about 30 pieces, is on exhibition at the Bennington Museum, and it includes bottles and several off-hand pieces as well as some articles made for the chemistry department of Middlebury College, where other specimens of blown laboratory pieces and phials are preserved. Many old pieces of window glass made locally are to be found in homes in Middlebury and Salisbury, where they are still being used for their original purpose.
the Steam Trains Roll

Story and photographs by DAVID PLOWDEN

WITH A HUFF AND A PUFF AND A WHISTLE AT THE CROSSING THEY POUND THE IRON AS ONCE AGAIN

Y oungsters, whose only knowledge of the great era of steam came from old movies find now the whole romantic picture of pounding and belching engines has come to life over on the eastern side of Vermont.

Beginning service in late May, nostalgic old wooden coaches drawn by restored steam locomotives, again will run daily excursions for enthralled youngsters and railroad buffs along the once-abandoned tracks of the Rutland Railroad, from Bellows Falls to Chester, and, perhaps, beyond.

It began a year ago, this excursion service, when the State of Vermont bought this spur of the defunct Rutland and leased it out to the Green Mountain Railroad. Before that the State had purchased the Rutland section south
A review of the many big locomotives at Steamtown is a good prelude to the Excursion's departure up the Williams River. Frequent stops allow the fans and passers-by chances to watch the fine points of steam railroading.
from Burlington and leased that part to the Vermont Railway Corporation for general freight service.

The old steam service is called the *Steamtown & Monadnock Excursion Train*, and it is one of three steam train operations run as a hobby by businessman F. Nelson Blount of neighboring New Hampshire. The others are located in New York City and at Edaville, on Cape Cod.

Blount's collection of steam locomotives is now the largest in the world. And 35 of them are on display at his "Steamtown" location, just across the Connecticut River from Bellows Falls. These locomotives among them number some seventeen different wheel arrangements and they range in size from diminutive switch engines to 300-ton behemoths. The cabs of some of the locomotives are open for inspection.

Here, too, is a full-scale locomotive repair shop, the only one left in North America capable of completely overhauling a steam locomotive.

As these old trains puff along up the Williams River Gorge, through Bartonsville and Brockway Mills, toward Chester Depot and Gassetts, the younger generation wriggles with excitement on the faded plush seats, watching through the opened windows the scenery slowly joggle by. Oldtimers, taken back in memory to years long past, stand mesmerized at the ends of the swaying cars, listening to the clacking wheels, the pounding slam of the long pistons, and the hoarse panting of steam exhaust.
The train stops at Bar-
tonsville, lower left, and
you inspect a covered bridge.
At Chester Engineer
Clyde Simons, above,
couples the locomotive,
left, for the push home,
to Bellows Falls, right.

Meanwhile the green Vermont coun-
tryside unfolds down the narrow, winding
right-of-way in a series of swaying
tableaux.

Many of those who work on this steam
equipment and run the trains are retired
railroaders, for whom steam is an old
dream, too. And sometimes found at the
throttle of the Steamtown and Monad-
nock is the greatest steam buff of them
all—Nelson Blount himself. He’s a fully
licensed steam locomotive engineer and
likes nothing better.
ONE OF Charlie Kelton’s businesses—or is it a hobby—drives some parents frantic. Most of them get over it, eventually. Take Vermont Route 14, along the White River, through Hartford, on a warm May morning, and you will see why. The deep grass meadows bordering the road, the high hill pastures beyond, are dotted with ponies. Hundreds of ponies. Shetland ponies, the smallest breed in the world, and one of the most appealing to youngsters.

Many of the ponies near the road are mares with foal. The tiny, wobble-legged, woolly little fuzz-tails lie stretched in the sun, explore their mothers for an early lunch, leap stiff legged in the sudden joy of being alive, or run frantically in startled bursts around or after their maternal home base.

Cars slow as they approach the yellow house and barns, the white board fences. Childish trebles call, “Oh, Daddy, can I have a pony? Can I, Daddy?” Daddy gets out, with the rest of the family, and, as he watches the ponies play and graze, you can see him weaken. Not much, at first, but he’ll be back, more than likely. You will probably see him at the June auction.

The Kelton family are all in the pony business. Have been for five years now, since they got out of the dairy business in Athens, Vermont. There’s Charlie Kelton, the father; his wife, Shirley, originally from Saxtons River; Alfred, at school in Pennsylvania; Leslie Joy, who graduated from

FOR MILES AROUND HARTFORD CHILDREN FIND THE FUZZ-TAIL ANSWERS TO THEIR CLAMOROUS QUESTIONS

“Daddy, can I have a pony?”

AT CHARLIE KELTON’S FARM
by NEWLIN B. WILDES
Photographs by HANSON CARROLL

Hartford High School last year, rides a Morgan mare and wants to drive a pony hitch; Cheyenne Bodie (alias Carl Edwin, Jr.) who got his name from TV and is a husky and handy man around the stable; and Vernon, aged nine, who is a real jockey, rides them all, but has a favorite pony that he picked out and that no one else wanted.

The Keltons don’t sell many ponies individually. Oh they will, but the big thing is the auction. They have had two—the first in 1961, the latest last June. Over two hundred ponies were sold
at the last auction, seventy-five of them being mares with foal. Actually, two foals, because the mares are bred back nine or ten days after foaling.

About half the ponies in the auction are raised on the Kelton farm. Top quality, registered brood mares and stallions are the backbone of the operation. But, since the big demand is for matched pairs, Charlie Kelton makes several trips to Iowa and Illinois to buy mates for those that he has raised. Shetlands come in a wide variety of colors, but palominos and sorrels are the most popular. Blacks are very showy, and are coming up fast. At the auction, everything is sold except the stallions, some brood mares, the children’s ponies and, of course, the hitches.

The pony hitches, two of them at the moment, more in prospect, are the icing on the cake for the Kelton family. They bring the big dramatic moments. When the hitches go to a fair, a horse show, or an opening, the whole Kelton family goes. Never is there a charge made for showing a hitch. Maybe that’s because Charlie Kelton gets such a thrill out of driving it, and he is the only one who does drive the eight-pony hook-up. Which is, probably, the only eight-pony hitch in existence. They are all sorrels, with light manes and tails, and when they cut a figure eight at full gallop it is fast action, high thrill, and no room for mistakes. There is another hitch, six blacks, being trained now by Rex Rossi, famous circus stunt rider and trainer, who, with his wife, is
presently handling the ponies at the Kelton farm.

All sorts of wagons, coaches and buggies are in the carriage shed, including a Concord coach and, of course, the hitch wagon with the 90 degree turn and the chrome springs and hardware. The painting and striping on these wagons and carriages is all done by Walt Caldwell, who has been with the Keltons for years, and is one of the very few real experts left in that vanishing art.

"The main reason," Charlie Kelton says, "that we like Shetlands better than cattle is because we all enjoy working with the ponies, breaking or riding or training. It's a family business and pleasure. It keeps us together and interested."

A pretty good combination. For the Keltons and for the hundreds of families who have bought Shetland ponies.
FROM A TRADITIONAL EUROPEAN PAST
TO A BUSY VERMONT PRESENT

A Venerable Craft
IS CARRIED INTO THE FUTURE

Photographed by Emil Grimm

FROM the Shaftsbury workshop door one sees a room filled with tables, board shears, small wooden presses, sewing frames, and all the tools that are needed to bind a book.

Here is a twenty-inch lectern Bible designed by Bruce Rogers for the coronation of the Duke of Windsor. Hand-printed books by Victor Hammer await their bindings. Old Bibles, fifteenth century tomes, boxes for precious and valuable letters, all are there.

The walls are hung with shining tools, hand-set broadsides and modern marble papers. Cabinets bulge with leathers made in Morocco, England and France.

This is the bookbinding workshop of Gerhard and Kathryn Gerlach. In this atmosphere of culture, art and history, they perform their craft of fine bookbinding and restoration in an historic old mill that is both shop and home.

Thirty years ago this past summer the Gerlachs were married in the Old First Church in Old Bennington and held their wedding reception in the living room of the one-time mill, then owned by Mrs. Gerlach’s aunt, Miss Anne K. Edwards. The Gerlachs always loved and admired the mill and hoped that it might someday be their own.

The stone building was built in 1823 by Stephen Whipple and Silas Hawes as a blacksmith shop and grist mill. Here the first metal carpenter’s square was made, from an old saw blade. Now it is the home and workshop of the Gerlachs and their daughter Kathy.

Gerlach is a native of Breslau, Silesia. After public school education he was apprenticed to a bookbinder for three years, and then he entered the State Academy of Graphic Arts in Leipzig, specializing in exquisite bindings and their design. It was there he met the Wisconsin girl he later married.

After completing their studies at the Leipzig academy the Gerlachs began their bookbindery in New York in 1934. They remained there for twenty-five years, binding small editions of privately printed books as well as individual volumes and making protective boxes for fine books. During these years they were also engaged in teaching their craft at Columbia University, first under the School of Library Service and later in the School of General Studies.

North light floods the old mill's spacious room where Gerhard and Kathryn Gerlach do their beautiful work.
In 1955 they moved their workshop to Chappaqua, N. Y., and then, two years ago, to Shaftsbury. "As a craftsman, one does not have to live in the city, where overhead is so high," Gerlach says. "With all of the communication and transportation systems today, one can just as well live in the country where costs are lower and where one can afford to spend time on precious books. Our only regret is the dearth of hand printers. There is no book so beautiful as a hand printed book on good paper and hand bound. It is a jewel to be enjoyed by reading it and handling it."

A book well bound is a creation from the very beginning, Gerlach says. Before the actual work is begun the binding must first be designed. Color and type of leather, if it is to be bound in leather, must be selected, then endpapers are chosen. Half bindings can be attractive as can books bound with covers of a decorative cloth. "We prefer to bind new books, as then we can create a handsome binding but we must also accept restoration work, as this is so necessary and sorely needed."

The Gerlachs have been flooded with work. There are very few hand bookbinders today and there is always a demand for special presentation volumes, the binding of a small edition or the repair of an old book. The shop is filled with old volumes waiting to be restored and rebound; some are for private collections while others are for many university libraries.

Many books in sheets of hand-made paper, printed with distinctive type faces, ancient and modern, await the newly designed bindings which the Gerlachs will execute.

Famous Bibles, dating back to Ruppel, just after Gutenberg in the late 1400s, as well as fine editions of Keats, Shelley, Poe and Shakespeare and on to John Steinbeck have come to the extraordinary skill of the Gerlachs.

From the State Academy of Graphic Arts in Leipzig to the Old Stone Mill in Shaftsbury, Gerhard and Kathryn Gerlach have woven a rich life, woven of exquisite hand tooled leather, gold stampings, hand-set type faces and hand-made paper. In the old mill, where once corn and wheat were ground, where once a blacksmith labored, the Gerlachs carry on another fine old craft.

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**Hand Book Binding - a brief Description**

To describe the technique of binding a book by hand in a few words is like trying to describe in a few paragraphs how a house is built! If a new book is to be bound one starts with the folded sheets, or signatures, as they are called. After attaching the endpapers and pressing the signatures, the book is sewn through the folded sheets, one section to the next over round cords, frayed cords, or tapes. (See sewing frame in picture.) Once sewn the spine is glued and the book block is then rounded and backed. After gluing the edges the cover boards are laced in by means of the cord or tape. Decorative headbands are sewn on with silk thread over a small piece of pressed leather and after a few more steps the book is ready for covering. If covered with leather the edges of the leather must be skived thin for easier turning-in on the boards. Good leather which is acid free is most important. Books bound in the 19th and 20th centuries often deteriorated because of poorly tanned leather. The best leather is obtained chiefly from England, France and Morocco. Once covered with leather the book is ready for the design. Designs are usually tooled in by means of brass rolls, small brass tools and type. This is the most accurate work on the book and of course the most interesting. Depending on the design tooling can take from a few hours to a week or more. The earliest books covered in leather were blind tooled, which is an impression made with a warm tool on the dampened leather. This was the usual practice until gold tooling came into general use during the sixteenth century.

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*The old mill occupies a protected spot beside busy U.S. Route 7.*
When racers from the Eastern United States and Canada compete in the Eastern White Water Slalom Championships, thrills, chills and very wet spills are all part of the picture on Jamaica's West River

by Robert Jay Evans

Photographs by Hanson Carroll

The Eastern White Water Slalom Championships draw contestants to the West River from as far away as Washington, D. C. and Toronto, Canada. Each year, since 1956, devotees of the white water sport gather at Jamaica, Vermont for one of spring's most exciting and eye appealing events. This new sport has grown from a mere handful of hardy canoeists to well over 100 contestants competing for honors in the various classes. One may compete alone in a sporty single-seater kayak, or an aluminum canoe converted into a racing boat for two is sometimes pre-
Chris Knight used "tongue English" to place third in Kayaks. These boats ship little or no water on such turns.

ferred. Many of the kayaks as well as canoes are designed and built in home workshops. The Dartmouth enthusiasts say that half the fun of white water sport is in creating your own kayak.

Arrangements are made with the U.S. Corps of Engineers at nearby Ball Mountain Dam to provide a steady supply of water to assure rapids and high waves in the West River.

Before race time the water level is conveniently lowered by the engineers so that the race committee can suspend from wires across the river a series of gates, 4 foot wooden poles about 4 feet apart. These gates are positioned along a half mile stretch and appropriately painted so the boater will know in which direction he must negotiate them. The purpose of the race is to go through each gate (there are usually 20-25 in all) in the proper order, in the proper direction, in the least amount of time and with the least amount of penalties.

Contrary to a ski slalom, the boater is penalized a certain number of points if he even touches a pole or is not able to maneuver his craft properly through the gate. A boater's score is the total number of seconds taken to complete the course plus the number of penalty points accrued. The person with the least number of points is proclaimed champion. Each boater is allowed one run on Saturday and one on Sunday, with the better time of the two runs as the one counted. Competition is extremely keen.

Things are really buzzing in Jamaica on Saturday night. After a day of racing and gate watching people pour into town to enjoy a tasty turkey supper put on by ladies of the local church. Afterwards everyone gathers at the town hall for an evening of movies and slides. Later, on the banks of the West
Mixed bubbles! In white water competition the course is marked by a series of numbered "gates" suspended from wires;

In case of a spill stay with your boat! 
... a great spectator sport. 
Half-seas under, but not sinking—yet.
River, at the campground where most of the racers pitch their tents, small groups gather around the friendly light of a campfire, exchange notes and ripple the night air with songs and laughter.

On Sunday spectators from all over New England crowd the river banks to watch and photograph the racers in action. The rapids are a stern test of a boater's skill. Some appear to be completely submerged yet in perfect control while others go for an unexpected swim. By sundown Sunday evening a new Eastern Champion is crowned and Jamaica again returns to normal. 
This state is proving a most popular photographers’ backdrop. East Corinth, seen from neighboring hilltops, has become everyman’s New England village. A Mercedes gains luster when snapped emerging from a covered bridge. A mink-draped model becomes a stopper when pictured beside an abandoned railroad station or in front of the weathered boards of a rural post office. Magazine art directors, with a sharp eye for the incongruous, are finding Vermont props to their liking.

At least one recent movie is following the same pattern. Adolfs Mekas, a new-wave disciple from New York City, chose the southeast corner of the state as the setting for a black-and-white feature called Hallelujah the Hills. Mr. Mekas knows his cinema history and has a good deal of fun (as does the viewer from time to time) at the expense of the Russian and Japanese “art” movie, David Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, and what not. Hallelujah is wholly New York in spirit and its plot, not easy to follow, seems to concern the unsuccessful seven-year courtship by two energetic young men of a girl who is played by two actresses. The lads engage in antics which include target practice on a lighted birthday cake bobbing down the West River, and dashing naked through some very cold-looking snow. The only identifiable Vermonter in the whole affair is a luckless farmer whom the two heroes, with cowboy yells and twirling ropes, pursue around a mowing in their jeep.

Vermont also caught the eye of a big-time movie maker about ten years ago. Alfred Hitchcock’s slender comedy, The Trouble With Harry, was laid here, with our dramatic Fall foliage contributing generously to the goings-on. Although Woodstock vetoed a plan to make the town the film locale of Peyton Place, apparently the camera crew sneaked across the Connecticut near Peacham to shoot one scene of this epic of New England-in-the-raw. Both The Raid and Northwest Passage, two pictures which deal in good part with Green Mountain history, were made out of state.

The earliest film about Vermont that I know of, and at the same time the funniest, is A Vermont Romance, a fifty-year-old print of which has recently come to light and been restored by WCAX-TV. It is an offbeat melodrama, for help does not arrive in the nick of time to keep the farm mortgage from being foreclosed and the rich, rather than the poor, boy gets the girl in the last reel. The picture was apparently financed by the several commercial establishments on view: at one point the hero and heroine take ten minutes out to make a thorough tour of a particular White River Junction bakery.

A feature of more than ordinary interest should, according to present plans, have been just released by the time this VL issue appears. Those Calloways, a Walt Disney production, concerns the efforts of a woodsman and his family to establish
a wild-goose sanctuary in Vermont. Much of the picture was made near Jeffersonville, but because the foliage season does not last long enough to shoot a complete feature on location, Mr. Disney had to build on his back lot in Burbank, California, a small Vermont village (see photograph) with a marsh and duck blind, a lake surrounded by 600 corn stalks, and trees decorated with 280,000 leaves—the figures are vouched for in a press release—painted by hand in appropriate Fall colors. The photography of geese and landscape is lovely, the film has a topical conservation theme and is entertaining in the best Disney tradition: Vermonters forced to live outside their favorite state will want to see it.

A year ago non-Vermont fans of a television series called Route 66 must have been disappointed by a program in which none of the characters is gut-shot, nor in fact raises an unfriendly fist. The scene is Vermont—carefully scrambled, but actually Dover and Newfane—and the theme, as expressed by an elderly farmer, is that one does in life what one has to do. The high-flown dialogue characteristic of this series was held to a minimum and some of the over-21 audience who saw it could have given it a good passing grade. The Route 66 offering several weeks later, filmed out-of-season at one of the state’s ski areas, ran more true to form and must have enjoyed a considerably higher statistical rating.

Robert Frost: A Lover’s Quarrel with the World is believed to be the first documentary feature produced by an educational television station. Made in Ripton and elsewhere during the last eighteen months of Mr. Frost’s life, it is a summing-up by the poet himself, who talks about his life, his philosophy, critics, people, friends, his Vermont farm, what he likes and doesn’t like. The film was produced by the WGBH Educational Foundation (to whom we are beholden for many of the good things in New England television) and has already won an Oscar in the documentary field. At this writing it has not yet been officially released.

A good Vermont example of a 16mm educational film is Carson Davidson’s Ink and Rice Paper, which shows in sixteen minutes almost more than anyone would want to know about woodblock printing—more, in fact, than one is likely to get from a lecture or book. The artist-subject of Ink and Rice Paper is Lowell Naeve of Jamaica who, perhaps as a result of his experience with this picture, has himself been venturing, as producer and photographer, into the field, and has made several soon-to-be released short fantasies. (One, called He Couldn’t Take It, examines most satisfyingly the obliteration of an automobile by a bulldozer.)

A few representative and available 16mm films having to do with the state are listed to the right.

In spite of this proliferation of film, and with the single exception (that I know of) of David Flaherty’s Green Mountain Land, which was produced some years ago, no serious effort has been made to record by this medium the whole aspect of the state. Vermont land and the Vermonter himself, shaped and textured by one another over two centuries, are now menaced by the urban and suburban spread, by the forces of standardization and conformity. In another generation or two they may both be gone. Isn’t it time that a talented movie-maker record what’s to be seen and heard today in this unique society? Wouldn’t this be a challenging use of venture capital? The state’s covered bridges and extravagant Fall colors are well known; they have served as picturesque camera subjects for the photographer for many years. But they are a small segment of our tradition. The state as a whole and its people merit and should now be accorded a film portrait in real depth.

A SAMPLING OF AVAILABLE 16MM COLOR FILMS

**The Dimensions of a College (35 minutes),** produced by Campbell Films (Sixtons River, Vt.) and available rent-free from them, tells the story of Middlebury College since its 1798 founding.

**From the Source to the Sea (20 minutes),** produced by Bay State Film Productions and available free from the Connecticut River Watershed Council (PO Box 89, Greenfield, Mass.) shows Dr. Joseph Davidson as subject and narrator of a 410 mile trip down the Connecticut. The emphasis is on water pollution.

**Green Mountain Legacy (30 minutes)** shows some of the major contributions of Vermont and Vermonters to the progress and welfare of society. Produced by Bay State Film Productions for the National Life Insurance Co. (Montpelier), from whom prints may be borrowed free of charge.


**Marble—Today and Tomorrow (25 minutes)** tells the story of marble, where it comes from and how it is used today. Produced by Bay State Film Productions and available rent-free from the Vermont Marble Co., (Proctor).

**The Miraculous Maple Tree (28½ minutes)** gives the story of maple sugaring, maple syrup and candy production in Vermont. A joint production of the VT Development Department (Montpelier) and the Maple Industry Council, it is available for free viewing from the former.

**The Morgan Horse (40 minutes),** with script by Jeanne Mellin and narration by James Cagney, tells the history of the breed and shows many of the outstanding horses in action. The film was produced by the Morgan Horse Club (PO Box 2157, Bishop’s Corner Branch, West Hartford, Conn.) from whom prints may be obtained for free showing.

**Robert Frost (25 minutes),** produced by United World Films in 1961, portrays the poet among his Ripton neighbors over the four seasons, with Frost reading many of his best-known poems. Prints available, for a fee, from Norwood Studios (926 New Jersey Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.)

**Trial by Water (20 minutes),** produced by Bay State Film Productions for the Department of Water Resources (Montpelier), stresses the importance of water to all residents of the state and argues for its wise use. Lowell Thomas is the narrator. Loan prints available without charge from the Department.

**The Vermont Granite Story (14 minutes)** shows the stone being removed from “the world’s largest quarry,” tells something of its history and shows it being worked by Barre artisans. Produced by Bay State Film for the Barre Granite Association, (Church St., Barre), to whom application should be made for a free showing.

**Vermont: State in Transition (40 minutes)** takes a look at the changing patterns of agriculture, industry, transportation, etc. in the state, with narration by Max Barrows and others. Produced by Dan Stiles Associates (103 Chestnut Ave., Waterbury, Conn.) where rental prints are available for a fee.

Most ski areas—including Bromley, Jay Peak, Killington, Mt. Snow, Stowe, Stratton, Sugarbush—have 16mm films usually available free on application.

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**SPRING 1965 • 29**
Spring is little more than two weeks off when the farmer feels it's almost time to start sugaring. And though the Season comes to these northern hills dressed all in gleaming white, with a sudden blaze of sun Sorceress Spring decks herself in green and turns her magic to leaf and branch and blossom; melting the great white drifts of snow to fill the brooks and streams with the singing of waters, painting the meadows...
with dandelion’s golden glow and brushing the skies with clouds as white as new-born lambs.
Spring brings on storms as well, thunder and lightning and torrents of rain to splash the forests
and fields, that trees and crops may grow and prosper in the heat to come. Robins start to nest; peepers begin to shrill as evening falls and moonlit night takes on new meaning. Cool and misty early mornings come as the days lengthen. Then, almost as suddenly as she appeared, Spring is gone, and Summer's lazy, full-leaved days are with us once again.
If one were to pick an architectural symbol of pioneer America, it would be the log cabin. The tepee of the plains Indians, the sod house of the prairies, the adobe dwelling of the south-west might be rivals, but they are of regional rather than national character. And surely no other structure has the romantic connotation of the log cabin in the woods, snug haven of the hunter and trapper, home of the pioneer settler, its stout walls a refuge from the threat of un-friendly Indians as well as the elemental hardships of the pioneer life.

Today motorists and riders exploring the secondary roads of Windsor county are often finding, on view-commanding hillsides or tucked into snug valleys, comfortable looking log cabins which seem to spring up almost overnight. Discreet peeping reveals a good sized living room separated from an equally ample kitchen-dining room by a big fireplace and chimney, with stairs leading to a sleeping loft, a bunk room projecting from the rear of the building, and the front exposure sheltered by a wide, overhanging porch.

Closer inspection reveals these to be true log cabins. Logs are laid up just as one imagines they should be from the picture books, and so neatly dovetailed on ends and all joints that it is clearly impossible for any trace of weather to find its way inside.

Covetousness or curiosity leads, after inquiry from neighbors, to Hartland, where one will be directed to take a side road from U.S. 5 just north of the center of town, follow it east across the railroad tracks, "and look about you." The obvious target is an unpretentious one-story building surrounded by neat stacks of peeled pine logs, most of them bundled by steel strapping and trimmed, notched and beveled, looking like so many oversized toy building blocks ready to be put together for a log cabin.
And that is exactly what they are. Pre-cut and finished white pine logs, eight inches or so in diameter, peeled of their bark and waiting for shipment to the building site of some happy owner who, if fortunately able to do so, will watch in fascinated admiration as a three man crew puts up his cabin in seven days working time,—start to finish.

The man responsible for bringing the log cabin out of the picture books and the museums is Jesse Ware, a one-time boat builder’s apprentice, inspector of wooden ship construction for the Navy, and postwar building contractor of Brielle, New Jersey, near Asbury Park.

Some fifteen years ago the chance reading of a newspaper real estate advertisement on his way home from Canada brought him on a side trip to Woodstock, curious to see what a 500 acre Vermont homestead might look like. The rest follows a familiar pattern. “This place was simply gorgeous,” he said. “A view of the White Mountains one way, Green Mountains the other, woods and fields,” . . . and so on. Of course he bought it, and with the get-it-done energy that built his contracting business into a major enterprise, he remodeled and rebuilt his new farm house by periodically flying some of his working crews in his own plane to Springfield, then driving to the Barnard homesite for a day or two of reconstruction.

Three years ago he became a full time Vermonter, disposing of his contracting business and a thriving cabinet shop and settling in Hartland Four Corners. After six months or so of unwinding, as he put it, he turned to a project that had lain dormant since 1961, when he had made the first sketches and plans for an easily erected, pre-cut log cabin which he thought he might sometime develop as a possible business operation.

To test his theories he built his first cabin as a part time project in the spring of ’63, working with hand tools. Word got around, of course, that “some fella’s building a log cabin Hartland way” and there were, inevitably, onlookers. So much so, that before the cabin was finished, Ware had orders for six more.

He bought the shell of a one time planer mill in Hartland that fall, designed and built the special production tools required, and turned out the first pre-cut cabin complete in January of ’64. In mid-June he opened a completely furnished model cabin in Hartland Four Corners which in two days of open house was swamped by more than a thousand visitors. His little plant with a six man crew was turning out one complete basic cabin a week, but last fall he had made plans for enlarging its facilities and starting a night shift which with improved manufacturing methods would bring production up to three a week.
Vermont Log Buildings, Inc. of Hartland was incorporated as a manufacturing unit and Vermont Log Building Sales Company set up to handle sales. Patents were applied for covering the pre-cut manufacturing method which makes possible and practical the use of whole logs throughout the structures, rather than half logs or log siding.

The key to the structural design is a groove, a quarter inch wide and 1 3/8 inch deep, in the flattened top and bottom surfaces of every log. Fitting tightly into this groove is a strip of Masonite tempered hardboard (technically known as a spline) twice as high as the depth of the spline groove. As the cabin walls grow, the groove in the bottom surface of the upper log fits neatly down over the locking strip of hardboard positioned in the center of the lower log. Both logs are thus accurately positioned, locked and sealed weather tight by a liberal application of plastic caulking compound along the spline and on the two flat surfaces to form a solid wall three to four inches thick. When one log butts against another a similar joint seals the union and the same technique applies on window and door frames, which are also grooved to hold the locking hardboard spline.

Nearby lumber mills supply the white pine logs. Their big saws take a clean slice off each side to form the two flat surfaces into which the critical groove is cut as the first step in the manufacturing process. This groove then controls the positioning of the log for all subsequent operations. As soon as a log is cut to length it is numbered with a letter and figure according to a key which identifies every piece of the structure.

When the logs have been cut to size and beveled or notched to finished form they are stacked, steel taped into bundles, and dunked by a fork lift in a vat of pentachlorophenol solution which acts as a moisture sealant and wood preservative and makes unnecessary any other finishing operation either inside or outside the finished cabin. Door and window frames are similarly treated. Adding this treatment as a plus to the weathering quality of white pine,—said to rank next to cedar at the top of the list, makes for a completely maintenance-free building.
Surface of the upper log fits neatly over the locking spline in the log below . . .

Top left, corners are spiked with heavy maul. Below, adze planes off top logs to match roof line. Then up goes the ridge pole. With last rafter in place cabin is ready for roofing.
The pine log is also one of nature's best insulating materials. The eight to ten inch wall thickness, Ware points out, provides the equivalent of four inches of the better types of applied insulating material. Floors are protected from the cold by a layer of plastic foam. A rigid insulation sheet with an inch of free air space under the roofing gives excellent top insulation.

In addition to a welcome new year-around pay roll for the community, the advent of the log cabin has created a hitherto almost non-existent market for the small logs which in good forestry practice should be thinned out periodically to encourage the more rapid growth of larger timber in local wood lots and plantations.

The basic cabin unit, a little over 32 feet wide and 16 deep with an 18 foot sleeping loft, consumes 7300 board feet of finished timber. A second model combines the basic unit's living room, kitchen-dining room, bath and bunk room with a full second story, achieved by laying the walls up three logs higher but maintaining other dimensions. The third and largest standard model is the basic unit with the addition of a two-bedroom wing 28 by 16 feet, assembled from the same standard pre-cut members that make up the basic unit.

A glance at the six inch stack of mail that comes in on the average day,—inquiries from all over the country,—raises the inevitable question about the "rat race" Jesse Ware fled from to "retire" in Vermont. "Never been so busy in my life," he says with a grin. "But I wouldn't trade Vermont and working with Vermonters for anything!"
THOUGH HE'S TREATED WITH A
HEALTHY RESPECT BY MAN AND
BEAST ALIKE, THE UBQUITOUS SKUNK
IS REALLY NATURE'S
Cheerful Pacifist
by RONALD ROOD
Illustrated by Robert Candy

As a boy I always managed to stay clear of skunks. But my luck finally ran out five years ago.

I was going after the family cow with the kids. Jack, our shepherd dog, went along too. As we climbed a hill in the pasture, we could see Daisy munching grass down at the edge of a little gully.

Jack saw Daisy too, and bounded after her. But as he closed the distance between them we saw a motion in the gully. It was a skunk, hidden from the dog but right in his path.

I yelped a warning. Jack must have taken it for a round of applause, for he doubled his stride. With a joyous leap he launched himself over the edge of the gully.

About in mid-flight he discovered his mistake. He clawed the air with all fours but his momentum carried him on. Although he lit some three feet from the skunk in a running turn, this was far too close. In one smooth motion, the wood-pussy came to attention, wheeled and fired.

Fortunately for Jack, the skunk wasn't too good as a snap-shooter. The little cloud of spray missed its target.

Daisy, however, wasn't so lucky. We watched in fascination as the mist fanned out in the breeze and drifted towards her. In a moment she was enveloped in the fumes. Up went her head in surprise as she looked accusingly at the disappearing Jack.

The kids and I contemplated the scene, deeply impressed. Then Roger broke through my thoughts. "Do you still want the cow, Dad?"

I winced at the prospect of snuggling close to those fragrant flanks for the night's milking. But the task, of course, had to be done. When we finally got the discontented cow into the barn, we sponged her down with vinegar and tomato juice. Then her aroma wasn't half bad. After a week we'd forgotten the whole affair—except on rainy days when the dampness brought Daisy's perfume out all over again. And the general area around the gully smelled in the rain, too.

The skunk, of course, had forgotten it in ten seconds. This is the way with the little tyke. That tomcat-sized body with the plumed tail seems incapable of harboring a grudge. From pasture to suburbs to woodlot, life to a skunk is apparently one big peaceful round of crickets, beetles and ground-nesting bird eggs—punctuated occasionally by the spectacle of a bear or a bobcat backing respectfully away like a slave before an emperor.

In fact, I know few animals that will tangle with a skunk unless they're desperate. A direct hit with that smelly spray at close range can blind an animal for hours or even permanently. It even burns when it comes in contact with the bare skin. Squeezed out of two little muscular glands beneath the tail, it amazingly contains only three or four drops broken into a fine mist. It can jet ten feet or more—lots more, if the
wind’s right. And the skunk can fire one or both barrels half a dozen times without reloading.

About the only creature that doesn’t give a hoot about the smell is the great horned owl. Since he can grab with his taloned feet, he doesn’t get the full blast of the skunk’s weapon. Often a horned owl’s nest reeks with the fumes. Needless to say the owl, like most other birds, has a poor sense of smell.

Ordinarily, the skunk throws his tail well forward so it’s out of the way when he zeroes in on an enemy. He also is apt to shift his feet quickly so both ends of the body face the target—thus making himself into a letter “U.” From these observations, some people have concluded that a skunk lifted by his tail must be harmless.

“Well, they’re not so handy at shooting in this position,” was the way a game warden put it when I asked him about this, “so they often hold their fire. But this brings up an interesting question: once you’ve lifted a skunk off the ground, how do you put him down again?”

Skunks seldom use their weapon on each other. In fact, it’s the rare skunk that smells at all. Many of them putter along nearsightedly through life without ever needing to defend themselves. After all, that warning pattern of black fur with the white “V” running backward from the nape of the neck is usually enough to change any enemy’s mind.

Since skunk fur is seldom skunky, there has long been a brisk demand for the lustrous, coarse-haired pelt. Of course, it’s often marketed under such names as black marten or Alaska sable.

The smelly musk itself has long been used as a fixative for fine perfumes. And my grandmother used to keep a jar of oil tried out from skunk fat. “Good liniment and cold cure,” she used to say.

Father skunk is apt to view family ties with the same unconcern as he does everything else. In mid-February he begins his search for a mate. She may still be underground in her den, or the two may meet in a woodland clearing. Occasionally the tryst takes place under the porch of some lucky houseowner. Courtship often involves kittenish play and frolic, to the accompaniment of churrs and growls and chattering.

Finally mating takes place. The two remain together for a few days, but they finally part company. Then the male goes his own way—“perhaps,” as a lady biologist delicately informed me, “because it’s still spring.”

Now his flat-footed little five-pounder of a mate has her own duties to perform. She picks out an abandoned woodchuck burrow, perhaps, or enlarges a hollow under an old stump with her strong claws. Sometimes she merely fixes over her winter den. As her 9-week waiting period draws to a close, she hauls in soft vegetation and dead leaves for her nest.

A boy who knew of my interest in wildlife took me to see five skunk kittens a couple of years ago. It was late April and they’d obviously just arrived. They’d been exposed when a shelving rock had been moved by a logging tractor.

I heard the nest even before we saw it. The skunklets made a chittering sound, like baby birds. They were black, wrinkled, toothless and blind, with about as much hair as a peach. Even so, the white striping was visible, apparently ingrained in the skin.

I accidentally stepped on a twig. A piece of it fell on their nest. Instantly the chittering stopped and two of the little skunklets took aim in my general direction. But my youthful friend put me at ease.

“Don’t you worry, Mr. Rood. They squirt guns is only blanks.”

In about four weeks, however, “them squirt guns” would begin to function. This would be a week or so after their eyes were open. In still another couple of weeks the babies would be out with the mother. I’ve seen several troops of them in June and July, usually at night but sometimes in broad daylight. They poke along so closely behind the female that at first the whole retinue looks like a huge striped snake. You can follow distant progress in a meadow by observing the slowly waving grass.

They’re kittens in actions as well as appearance. They play and tumble. At first they’re pretty wobbly on their feet. In fact, they can get nearly as far by rolling as they can be walking. Later on, when they’re out for a stroll, they often are literally nose-to-tail, following Mother’s every move with comic seriousness. Each clump of grass and each mouse nest gets investigated four or five times. Sometimes when she stops suddenly, the whole line bumps together like cars in a freight train. And I have no doubt that an enemy would receive a salvo from not one but half a dozen tail-guns at once.

The family stays together most of the summer. They prefer insects and are great mousers, but they’ll eat anything else they find, too. Turtle eggs are a special delicacy—which has undoubted value in regions where snapping turtles are claimed to be a menace to wild ducklings. Skunks are fond of yellow-jacket grubs, too. They dig up the nests of the peppery hornets when they get a chance. This leaves things in a fine state for the next innocent passerby.

“In fact,” a game warden summed up the food habits of the skunk, “about the only thing a skunk asks when he sees something edible is ‘Can I swallow it?’”

With a digestion like a cement mixer, the skunklets put on a good layer of fat by autumn. Now the family begins to break up. With the coming of chilly weather the skunks seek a place for a long winter nap. Sometimes they dig their own dens, but more often they appropriate an animal’s burrow. This is often a woodchuck hole—with or without woodchuck.

Finding a suitable place, a skunk investigates it for dormitory possibilities. Then he begins to cart in great masses of grass, leaves or ferns.
Often the woodchuck is already asleep in his own chamber. However, if he’s still awake, he makes a show of sticking up for his rights. But the skunk merely continues his nest-building with all the aplomb of an engineer laying out a superhighway across a lawn. It’s usually not long before two or three more skunks discover the hole, too. The woodchuck chatters his teeth, but the skunks stamp their feet—a warning that’s unmistakable.

Finally the woodchuck gets the point. Then he has two alternatives—neither of which is to stand and fight, which would be distinctly non-habit-forming. He can either pack up and leave, or he can seal himself behind a wall of earth and leave the rest of the house to the hoboes.

A friend who runs a bulldozer once called me to view a winter ‘chuck nest he had unearthed. It contained a sleepy woodchuck, five drowsy skunks and a frightened rabbit, for good measure. “I’ve known ‘em to have as many as ten skunks in a den,” he assured me.

While the ‘chuck goes into a deep hibernation, the skunk seems to suffer from insomnia. We’ve seen him on balmy winter nights looking for food, like a man in pajamas raiding the icebox. During such times, the pinch of hunger in his stomach may force him to the farmer’s barn or garbage pail. If he arrives at the barn, happy the farmer should be, for he’ll clean out the mice and rats. However, if the “barn” happens to be a chickenhouse, the meal of rodents may be varied with eggs or even roosting birds.

Occasionally mother skunk remembers such forays later when her babies are born. Then she brings them back for an encore. At such times one or more of the babies may be captured. The black-eyed little critters make engaging pets—the younger they’re captured the better. “But it’s a mistake to remove their scent-glands,” my game warden friend informed me. “Skunks are reluctant to use their weapons, anyway. I’ve had several for pets and have never yet had one make a mistake. And what defense does a deodorized skunk have against even a determined tomcat? His legs are too short and his movements are too slow to defend himself. You’ve removed his one means of protection.”

As I write these words, the spring evening is fast creeping over the Vermont hillside. As on several occasions previously, the breeze brings me the scent of the unhurried little pacifist who’s seen from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada into Mexico. The Algonquins called him “seganku,” from which we get his common name today. He’s also known as stink-weasel (actually he’s a member of the weasel family, anyway) and polecat—although the true polecat is a ferret-like animal of the Old World.

But the name I like best is one which fits the odor which comes in my window on the breeze. It’s the tongue-in-cheek scientific name by which biologists know him.

The name? Mephitis mephitis.
Its meaning? Roughly translated, it means “poison gas.” And to borrow a phrase, thereby hangs a tale.
There's a small Vermont firm in Bethel, in the business of selling wire and cable, that brings to mind the story of Jack the Giant Killer.

The analogy isn't complete, though. Clifford of Vermont has no wish to eliminate their giant competitor companies, since there's no need to. Right from under the noses of the big city and nationally-known sales organizations the Vermont company annually snags orders for several million dollars worth of cable every year.

It's done with a system worked out by Theodore A. Clifford, who returned to his native Bethel soon after World War II wanting an independent enterprise. He bought a stock of wooden pins that were used on telephone cross arms. Then, working from his dining room table with a $49.50 mimeograph machine, he sent out his first bid for orders. That offer went on penny postcards—and in 1949 he will tell you, they really were penny cards.

Later he sold hardware for telephone poles, and he stuck to his original plan—buying something he believed would be needed; then sending out to carefully selected mailing lists an offer to sell. Gradually his stock and trade has become almost entirely wire and cable, close to two-hundred kinds. In the company's words they handle almost anything that rolls on a reel or a coil. Warehouses in Kansas City, Chicago, Seattle, Milwaukee, Chattanooga, Tulsa, Dallas, Boston and Simpson, Pennsylvania hold the stock until shipping orders arrive from Bethel by telephone or teletype. Little is kept at Bethel but a few small items for parcel post mailings.

The firm's direct mail advertising attracts businesses from Maine to Hawaii, from Florida to Alaska. In one intriguing and now celebrated promotion series the letters supposedly were typed during the night hours by an office mouse.

Clifford has sold everything from single strands of bare wire to heavy
That's part of his system. Two young assistants have joined him to make a triumvirate of decision makers at Clifford of Vermont, and by an elaborate system of telephone extensions one of these three is always available. Even a California call coming in long after regular office hours in the East will reach one of them. There's no waiting until next day or Monday morning. Say the California man needs cable delivered to Hawaii. Clifford quotes price. Delivery? The answer is "at once."

On the other hand the customer knows that if he writes the local office of some big sales company for a quotation on the cable he'll get a reply in about two weeks—delivery probably four or five weeks after that. So he tells Clifford to go ahead. At once the order goes by phone or teletype to the nearest warehouse where Clifford's cable is waiting. It is shipped out that day; is received, installed and in service earning revenue for the businessman sooner than he could have gotten a first reply from the big organization.

Clifford's not a bragging man. He's given to quiet understatement. For fifteen years he never bothered to put up a sign outside the building, and even now it's hard to find.

But he's proud of his system and his helpers who make it work. His informal organization has an atmosphere of teamwork. No one has a single job to which he or she feels bound. Each will pitch in to keep the whole operation rolling.

Clifford never expands his organization until he finds the right man. "Once I waited as long as ten years." He then picked Norman Angell, a Dartmouth liberal arts graduate who proved to have a flair for brilliant promotional work in sales. And he waited for his nephew, Bill Clifford, who went through the University of Vermont and then gained background working for a cable maker.

With all of his nation-wide sales Clifford also supplies many Vermont firms. He's been selling Vermont's ski areas both their phone and lift lines since the industry began to boom.

Then one day he took another phone query about chair lift cable. He asked the usual questions. Towers—how far apart? How long a run of cable? Temperature conditions? Snowfall? The answers were usual—vertical rise of 956 feet; total run of 3120 feet. But the temperature—85 degrees, above zero and no snowfall. The lift was to carry sightseers over part of the Virgin Islands. Clifford shipped the cable.
Strawberry Festivals
ARE AN OLD VERMONT
CUSTOM, AND ONE
OF WHICH MRS. APPLEYARD HEARTILY APPROVES. FOR THIS BLISSFUL FEAST
THE ONE, ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL INGREDIENT, BESIDES FAIR WEATHER, IS
Strawberry Shortcake
by LOUISE ANDREWS KENT
Photograph by HANSON CARROLL

Since February there have been baskets of strawberries in the market and frozen ones are always on hand. Mrs. Appleyard uses and enjoys both, but they never taste quite the same as those from her neighbor's patch. Perhaps she takes a romantic view of them, but it does seem to her that they compress Vermont sunshine, rain and clean air into a particularly agreeable substance. She likes them so much that she even embroidered some on a crewel work stole she made for her daughter, Cicely. This process is more restful—and more permanent—than making what her children called Hayberry Long Cake, their term for enough shortcake for fourteen people.

A peculiarity of Vermont berries is that the big ones are just as likely to sink to the bottom of the basket as they are to rise to the top. Vermonters respect the small berries for their courage in surviving frost and hail just as much as if they were the size of pumpkins. They are often the sweetest and are said to "taste wild." Mrs. Appleyard thinks there is truth in this idea. Certainly, when gently mashed with sugar, they taste the way strawberries should. She notices however that the largest and handsomest ones are often saved to decorate the tops of shortcakes. She says they taste all right too.

Ingredients needed for a Strawberry Festival are a smoothly mown green lawn, a white church with a pointed spire, air scented with spice pinks and Pekin lilac, big vases of peonies and curving lupines, small children having rides on palomino or pinto ponies, a clothesline bright with aprons of many colors.

There is, Mrs. Appleyard says, no safer purchase than an apron; it will fit anyone and it doesn't matter whether its color clashes or harmonizes with the dress of the occupant. Choosing among the cakes displayed is more difficult. The festival menu often includes ice cream (made of cream) with crushed strawberries generously ladled over it and all the cake you can eat. You are encouraged to sample the three-layer devil's food after you have already eaten a good slab of maple walnut. Mrs. Appleyard has often seen strong men eating them in alternate bites and then begin on a hunk of almond spice cake with caramel frosting. She herself rather ascetically selects a mere two or three hundred calories of strawberry shortcake. Feeling strongly that true strawberry shortcake must be made with biscuit base, to complement the natural sweeteness of the berries, she is quite sure this is how it was made.

Strawberry Shortcake

2 c. flour, sifted 3 times
¾ c. milk
½ c. butter
1 c. cream, plain or whipped
Extra strawberries, whole

Hull and crush the smaller strawberries with the sugar and set them where they will get slightly warm but not hot since heat spoils the delicate flavor. Save the biggest and handsomest to decorate the shortcake.

Mix and sift the flour 3 times with the baking powder. Add salt to taste—about ½ t. if you like. Work in butter with the finger tips. Mix in milk with a knife. Toss the dough on a lightly floured board and pat or roll it out a half inch thick. Handle as little as possible. Either make individual biscuits about 3 inches across, cutting them with a floured cutter or bake one cake in a circular layer cake tin. Bake in a hot oven—400°—12—15 minutes until lightly browned. Split biscuits or cake, butter cut sides with extra butter. Put crushed fruit on the bottom halves of the biscuits or cake. Turn top halves cut side up and place them on the bottom halves. Cover them with crushed fruit. If you use whipped cream, have it ready and cover the crushed fruit with it, topping each cake with one of the whole berries. Some people, Mr. Appleyard was one of them, prefer plain thick cream to pour over the shortcake. There were always two plain shortcakes for him and a special pitcher of cream.

When asked by his wife to tell gently but firmly what he thought about shortcake made with cake, he submitted the following statement: "We hold this truth to be self-evident—that making a dessert out of cake and strawberries and calling it shortcake is a felony. The injured party automatically takes custody of the children, removing them to Vermont where their innocent minds will not be corrupted. This travesty on a noble dish is an agrarian outrage. It is said that one of our ambassadors to the Court of St. James taught the English that cake stuck together with a few strawberries and milk thickened with cornstarch was shortcake. This was a fraud upon a people who have some of the best strawberries in the world."

If Mrs. Appleyard sends an ambassador, it will be the neighbor who made the shortcake at the festival this June. She would have her serve it on Plymouth Hoe where Drake finished his game of bowls after the Armada was sighted. The grass is the right shade of green and the strawberries are as good as if they grew in Vermont.

Well, what are we waiting for?
Each springtime, in May, the school bell rings in the big Blueberry Hill kitchen, Elsie Masterton, the author of three cookbooks, is running a very special five-day course. It's for people who love to cook and for those who want to learn more about the art, and they come from all over the country.

For the whole time of the sessions the talk is just about food.

It's run on a lecture-demonstration basis, largely, because Elsie finds she can teach far more in these few days if she does all the actual cooking.

The students take notes, ask questions and, when there's something tricky to

FROM MANY PARTS OF THE COUNTRY
ASPIRING COOKS COME TO GOSHEN
EACH MAY TO ATTEND ELsie MASTERTON'S

Blueberry Hill Hill Cooking School

Photographs by VERNER REED

learn, such as about pie crust texture, they learn by doing it. Elsie works from behind a counter mostly, and the students sit around a table. But they all move around a lot during the sessions to better watch the small details of preparation.

The school sessions cover baking, the preparation of gourmet foods as well as everyday dishes—soups, sauces, foreign as well as American specialties, party buffet foods, and such important things as the proper way with an omelette and the art of the pancake, Blueberry Hill style. And all these Lucullan meals are never wasted. The group moves to the dining room, and here, while Elsie serves them from a rolling table, they learn fine points of service—and the main rewards of fine cooking.
Left: Elsie takes stock from a pot of stewing chickens. At left below is a close-up check of pastry mixing.

At right students abandon their notes to watch Elsie prepare apples. Below, a student learns to French-poach eggs. At bottom the class reorganizes for a new discussion.
Indeed almost any mushroom hunter will happily tell you of that one spot where he's always bagged his deer, or the trout pool that's simply teeming with fish. He'll even take you to where he's found other rare and delicious mushrooms, but tell you where he's getting his Morels this year? No, dear reader, that's asking too much, for the Morel (Morchella, botanically speaking) is the mushroom hunter's special delicacy and gourmet prize.

I don't mind telling you, however, that the Morels you see on the opposite page (shown about half life size) were found in a Pomfret meadow. It's perfectly safe to tell you this now because they probably won't be there next year—Morels are elusive!

My wife and a friend found this spot four years ago and could hardly walk in the meadow without trampling on Morels. This Spring, when we went back to take this photograph, we had a hard time finding enough specimens to make the grouping you see here. Morels exhaust their nutritional elements quickly and when this happens they simply cannot grow.

Elusive though they are it is more than worth the effort of finding Morels because they are delicious. Not only that, they are perfectly safe, for all Morels are edible and easy to recognize. No other mushroom looks like a Morel.

The plant, consisting of a cap and a stem, grows from two to six or more inches tall.

The cap varies slightly in form according to species, and looks for all the world like a coarse sponge. It ranges in color from a grayish-brown to ochre yellow. It is distinguished by a series of broad, irregular pits, separated from each other by a network of ridges which are usually a lighter color than the pits.

The stem is thick in proportion to the cap, very pale tan in color, and both stem and cap are hollow.

Morels appear in the Spring, usually late in May in Pomfret, and as to their habitat let me quote from Capt. Charles McIlvaine, the redoubtable author of "One Thousand American Fungi."

"The Morel loves old apple orchards probably because ashes have been spread about the trees. Ashes and cinders are its choice fertilizers. In Germany peasants formerly burned forests to insure bountiful crops. Mr. Moore of San Francisco says, 'We find it in profusion on burnt hillsides all along the Pacific coast.'

But it does not confine its habitat to burned surfaces. It grows in thin open woods or on borders of woods. It grows under pine, ash, oaks and other trees. Strange to say it grows under the walnut tree where very few fungi of any kind grow. Especially does it love the white walnut or butternut."

And true enough, it is under butternut that I have been most successful in finding Morels in Vermont. One more hint; in the Massachusetts Audubon Magazine, Autumn 1963, Nathan George Horwitt writes that he has noted a definite relationship between Morels and elms dying of Dutch elm disease. According to Mr. Horwitt a crop of five pounds of these mushrooms around the base of a single tree is fairly common but he also notes the next year there will be little or no signs of Morels whatever.

Morels, along with other fungi, have been a choice article of food from very early times. From the writings of Theophrastus, who lived in the second century B.C., we learn that mushrooms were highly esteemed by the Greeks and that there was a brisk import trade in mushrooms from Italy; Greece being then, as now, poor in fungi.

In Roman times mushrooms, including Morels, were great favorites at the table. Cicero, in a letter to his friend Galen wrote of "elegant eaters preparing their fungi with such highly seasoned condiments that it is impossible to conceive anything more delicious." Somewhat less enthusiastically the philosopher Seneca, almost a century later wrote, "For they are not food, serving only to tickle the appetite, constraining those that are full to eat more." However, along with good flavor Morels, like other mushrooms also have a modest vitamin and mineral content.

Because of their pitted surface Morels should be thoroughly washed before being cooked. Then prepare them as you would other mushrooms. They are delicious simply sautéed in butter or made into a garnishing sauce for a steak. If you're lucky enough to find a number of really big ones I suggest that after washing you cut them in half and stuff them with a mixture of minced ham and chicken, seasoned with fresh tarragon, if possible. Bake them in a medium hot oven until the Morels are tender to the fork and serve with a Hollandaise sauce to which a touch of sherry has been added. Need I add, "Bon appetit?"
Travelers through the beautiful Grand Isles last fall did a double take when, rounding a bend below Alburg, they beheld a Texas-style tower and drill rig in farmer Harry Hutchins’ field. This is the first of several wells to be drilled in the Champlain Valley in a new search for natural gas. Vermont Life will report more thoroughly on this development in our Summer issue.

Unremarked upon by political pundits during the frenetic presidential campaign last fall, was a strange contrast provided by Richard Nixon. When the former Vice President barnstormed into New Hampshire, he spoke at a $1000-a-plate dinner. But the next day, when he did the same in Vermont the dinner ticket price had sagged to $5. The Postboy refuses to be drawn into conjectures on the relative affluence, strength of party loyalties, or anything else.

In the same confused period, readers may have missed the news that Dick Porter of White River Junction had perfected and was testing out a survival jacket, light in weight but containing no less than 64 pockets, which were crammed with cooking gear, dehydrated foods, shaving kit, fishing equipment, foul weather pants, but, it seems, not a kitchen sink. Mr. Porter’s test was to live alone, not off the land but in and on his jacket. This he did for thirty days in the deep Maine woods.

His main problem, Mr. Porter told reporters afterward, was loneliness. It turned out he didn’t take a flashlight, but he did use the two candles he had along. “I ate them,” he confessed. “The wax kept my teeth clean.”

Vermont’s loss is New Hampshire’s gain—of a Howe-truss covered railroad bridge, removed from Barre and re-erected by Edward Clark near North Woodstock, N.H. In his deal with Railroader Samuel Pinsky, Mr. Clark found that Contractor Paul Dutton had an option on the 1904, 120-foot bridge, so he swapped a Model T Ford, vintage 1910, with him for his interest in the structure.

Vermonters note with sadness the passing last September of one of their most distinguished native sons, Stewart H. Holbrook, whose fine and diversified writing included some of the most perceptive things yet said about Vermont and Vermonters.

The first SOS Children’s Village in this country was opened last fall in Morrisville with the dedication of its first home for homeless children. The plan, which was begun in Austria after the War, now has fifty such villages in twenty countries.

Fresh data on the Fleet Oiler PASSUMPSIC (VL, Summer, 1964) has been sent the Postboy by Maj. Gen. John F. Ruggles, himself a Passumpsic River Valley native. The sturdy vessel, now approaching her 20th birthday, is still doing service in the Pacific.

The very first time we resumed printing Vermont Life’s volume and number on the cover, last winter, it came out wrong. Apologies go to all exasperated librarians.

The second “State” airport was opened last fall (the first at Morrisville) near Island Pond. It is the highest airport in the state (1,194 feet), and so far has the record for numbers of browsing deer on the runway.

At the same time a new, 4,000-ft. runway was opened at Hartness Airport, Springfield. It is noteworthy that when the town failed to bond for its share, the $140,000 in local funds needed, was raised by private contributions.

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Walter Hard, Jr. s/s Editor
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There’s nothing wrong with Vermont’s fine resort hotels, cabin establishments, or even with camping. In fact they’re wonderful. But have you ever thought about having your very own Vermont lakeshore cottage this summer—or a secluded cabin in the deep woods—or a small place in a quiet village?

We’ve just compiled for you a free directory of these intriguing camps and cottages that are for rent. It’s arranged alphabetically by town, and the rates charged are given with the descriptions. Rentals usually are by the week, the month or for the whole season.

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More and more people are finding out what a wonderful vacation idea this is, so do your planning early. Write now for your free Vermont Vacation Rentals directory to the Vermont Development Department, Box vt, Montpelier, Vermont.
Spring comes back with rustling shade and apple-blossoms fill the air.