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FANCY TURNS

In the spring it is not only the young man's fancy which turns. It is likewise true of anybody who still sports enough red blood corpuscles to cast a shadow. The difference is simply a matter of direction. While the youngbloods are languishing over some gal, the older ones are casting an eye at the warming sky and looking for the first hints of new life astir in tree or bush. Their fancy turns toward the coming months when their oft-chilled bodies may be renewed by the less distant sun. They too feel the sap rising and partake of the renewal which they see all around them.

Of course there is the sugaring season when all, old and young, find equal joy in their fancy's turning. Not that everybody in Vermont taps out or knows from experience the very special joys of sugaring. Perhaps we might here add that the Post Boy has knowledge of certain sugaring chores which may often become just that, when any of springtime's allurements are blacked out in the rush of getting the job at the sugar house done. However, as a rule, we have a notion that to most farmers sugaring is the least burdensome of all the farm operations; from that, to being the time most looked forward to.

The Post Boy suddenly recalls that he did participate in a certain sugaring operation years back. If the gentle reader will excuse the disclosure of a family matter, and the editor of this esteemed magazine will look the other way, we will mention a certain day of a certain spring when two members of the family were quite young. We must admit that we had tried boiling sap which we had gathered, with the help of the two youthful members, from our own trees. The fourth member of the family quartet not only failed to offer any encouragement to our use of her perfectly good kitchen oil stove; the whole enterprise was eventually given up because it was more than the sap which boiled over. It was probably the next season when, owing to the lack of motherly cooperation noted above, the junior member had, with his older sister's help, built a very passable arch of stones back of the house. Trees had been tapped and by Saturday there had been a good run. The busy mother finally noticed through the kitchen window that operations around the arch were well under way. Smoke was coming from the piece of rusty pipe which acted as a chimney, and steam was arising from—a good heavens! What was that utensil in which the sap was obviously boiling. It looked like—but it couldn't be. She rushed forth to the scene of operations. The excited cries of the sugar-makers were interrupted with: "Children, where on earth did you get that galvanized tub you're boiling sap in?" "It's perfectly all right Mother," said the young man. "It's just Sandy's tub." Sandy, the Irish terrier was even then wagging his excited approval. Horror was in the mother's look and voice as she again expressed her complete objection to the facilities being employed. Again the junior member, with assurance that this would settle the matter fully and peaceably said: "But Mother. It's perfectly safe and clean. We gave it a good scrubbing out with flea soap."

One sign of spring which really signals the demise of Winter—though it may still offer a few disturbing twitches—is the chorus of peepers or hylas which comes suddenly to the ear some warm evening when there may still be some ice along the edges of the swamps. The ultimate of bliss is to be sung to sleep some early spring night by that chorus which sounds most like rather distant sleigh bells, brought in on a gentle breeze which has lost its erstwhile chill. There are many times when the Post Boy feels sorry for the urban dweller. Perhaps it seems especially tough when the peepers open the season. When they sing hylalujahs we know that it is spring.

Words—plain ones—fail so often, and this may account for the bursting into verse which comes out like a rash in the spring. Ordinary modes of speech will not free the urge boiling within. In the olden day there were those who felt they could really sling words, especially adjectives. An East Jamaica friend found this in an 1824 AGRICULTURAL READER with which sentiment the Post Boy can quite agree but he'd hesitate to say so in so many words. "Happiness seems to have fixed her seat in rural scenes. The spacious hall, the lighted assembly, and the splendid equipage, do not soothe and entertain the mind of man in any degree like the verdant plain, the wavy field, the artless beasts, the open sky, the starry heavens."

The Post Boy was born in Manchester in 1882, the fourth generation of the family to be Vermonters by birth. He attended the public school and Burr and Burton Seminary in Manchester. He was a member of the class of 1904 at Williams College and later received an honorary degree of MA from that institution for his writing in the field of folklore. He ran the family Drug Store for thirty-five years before taking over the Johnny Appleseed Bookshop which he and his wife now run. He was married to Margaret Steel in 1911. He served one session in the state House of Representatives and four sessions in the Senate. He holds office in various town and state organizations, is President of the board of trustees of Burr and Burton and is a director of the Factory Point National Bank. He has contributed to various magazines and has published a newspaper column in the Manchester Journal and Rutland Herald for many years. He has published four books of verse, Salt of Vermont, Vermont Vintage, A Mountain Township, and Vermont Valley. Also The Connecticut in the Rivers of America series, and with Margaret Hard, This is Vermont. There are two children, Ruth Bonner, and Walter Jr.
At the village school, children carrying wreaths, flowers and flags, form their ranks to fall in behind the band, the color guards and drill team. The band plays “The Show Boy,” “The Invader,” “Under Escort” and “Invercargill” as the parade marches along the Townshend Road, up Main Street, and down again to the bridge over the north branch of Saxtons River.

The band, coming down Main Street toward the bridge, passes the Fire House, which also serves as headquarters for the annual Grafton Fair. In the background, Ernestine and Henry Lake stand with their children Susan and Peter, and a baby niece, to watch the ceremonies in which the youngsters will take part as soon as they are old enough to go to school.

Major Charles Park leads the Grafton Cornet Band, oldest in continuous service in the state, in the concert that brings the day’s solemn observances to a festive close. Born in Grafton, Major Park taught in the University of Vermont before entering the Army for fifty-two months of service in World War II. After the war, he returned with his family to Grafton, and has since been working with veterans throughout the state in a program of agricultural education.

(Color photography by Stephen Greene)
Nestled at the head of Townshend Valley among the green foothills of southern Vermont Grafton observes Decoration Day the same today as it did in 1868 when the holiday was first established.
The American Legion color guard, Pierce-Lawton Post #37 of Bellows Falls, joins Grafton's own color guard in the line of march, Commander Raymond H. Moore of Saxtons River at right, 1st Vice Commander Kenneth Harty at left. Usually they are joined by a delegation of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Both Legion and VFW enjoy marching to the stirring rhythms of the Grafton Band.

To experience Memorial Day in a beautiful small Vermont village is to establish a deep personal contact with American history. Our great national holidays—July 4th, Thanksgiving, Columbus Day, the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln—all commemorate milestones in the evolution of a major nation, and of its place in world history. Memorial Day, perhaps even more than Armistice Day, is a solemn reckoning of the cost—in terms of the services and lives of individuals—of establishing and holding our heritage of freedom and unity.

Originally set aside in 1868 as a day for honoring the dead of the Grand Army of the Republic, Decoration Day—or as it now seems to be more generally called, Memorial Day—has grown to include both a family significance, and a general commemoration for the dead of all our wars. Nowhere is the double significance more vividly revealed than in a small Vermont community, where the descendants of those resting in the tranquil old graveyards continue to live in the same houses, walk the same tree-lined streets, and on Memorial Day gather together for a community service of respect and gratitude.

In the little village of Grafton, nestled at the head of the Townshend Valley among the green foothills of southern Vermont, the traditional observances have been held every year since the first Decoration Day. Those who played in the Band for the first time in 1868, or marched as schoolchildren in the first parade, are now themselves among those honored, and the children and grandchildren of those participating today will doubtless continue the custom years hence.

Grafton is not unique among New England or American towns in holding beautiful Memorial Day services. It is perhaps unique in being a charming and unspoiled village that has never been obscured by the outward signs of modern life. It has no moving-picture house, no drug store, no neon lights, no business section, except for the installation of electricity, plumbing and telephones, it looks much as it did fifty or a hundred years ago. To be sure, automobiles run up and down its hard-surfaced main street; but horses and wagons are still numerous, and when the annual Fair is held in the summer, with old costumes and vehicles on every side, they look perfectly natural and not at all like museum pieces.

In fact, there is nothing of the museum atmosphere in Grafton. Modern life goes busily on; but because evidence of the past is alive on every side, its Memorial Day service seems to embody the essence of all Memorial Days.

Preparations have gone on for some time beforehand. The Band, under direction of its leader, Major Charles Park, has rehearsed until it is in fine condition. The women have spent a day in the Chapel twining wreaths of running evergreen to put on the soldiers' graves in Grafton's cemeteries. Everyone will have mowed his lawn and set his early spring flower beds in order. And food is put in readiness in the Chapel, for after two hours of emotional intensity, everyone will be ready for a little earthly sustenance.
At two o'clock the parade sets out from the schoolhouse, which is set a little back from the town: color guards, drill team and veterans in uniform; the Grafton Cornet Band, which was organized in 1867 and has taken part in every Memorial Day parade for 83 years; and finally the school children, dressed in their new spring suits and dresses and carrying flags, wreaths and flowers. The Band plays, risply and precisely, marches that are old favorites as the parade in good military fashion comes up the Townshend Road, rounds the corner by the Town Hall and the old Tavern, and swings up the main street. Here are gathered families that have come in from the outlying hills, all the townsfolk who are not marching, visitors from nearby towns and more distant cities. One wonders that so tiny a village can produce so big a crowd.

Turning at the head of the street, the parade marches down its gently sloping length, under the great archway of elms and maples, past neat white painted and red brick houses, past the white-pillared tavern and the Town Hall, past the old Francis Palmer Store, and the miniature post Office, and down to the bridge that crosses over the north branch of Saxtons River.

At the bridge, the marchers line up at attention for the first of three deeply loving ceremonies. At a signal, two schoolgirls dressed in white step forward and slowly scatter handfuls of spring flowers over the clear rushing waters of the little mountain stream. One thinks of the river flowing on, joined by other streams, all pouring their waters into a greater river which moves steadily onward, past countryside and towns and cities, until it finally reaches the sea; just as the young men thus remembered, left their homes here in the hills, and went out to the great stream of events of national and international life. Heads are bowed as the pastor says a short prayer. Then the firing squad steps forward and fires a reverse volley salute to the dead. One of the band members sounds taps, which is softly played by a distant bugler; and the ceremony is concluded with the lovely hymn "Hide With Me."

Now the ranks re-form, the "Military March" rings out, and the procession again marches up the slope of the main street. As it nears the north end, with the Baptist Church on the right, and the red brick Congregational on the left, the road forks around Mrs. Charles Daniels' home, and the parade follows the right-hand path which leads to the Village Cemetery that looks down over the town and to the ring of green hills beyond.
Present Arms is made during the rifle salute and sounding of Taps and Recall, in the Village Cemetery lying above the town.
Grafton has six cemeteries, all of them kept trim and tidy by Curtis Tuttle. In them are buried native sons who served in the
Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, Spanish American War, and World Wars I and II. (Stephen Greene)

The spire of the Congregational Church also is shown on the cover of this issue of Vermont Life. Built in 1834 from Bullfinch
drawings, this church is considered a fine example of early N.E. church architecture.

brisk march changes to the solemn rhythm of the Rock Hill Funeral Dirge, and the following crowd files quietly to the top of
the little graveyard. Here the bridge ceremony is adapted to honor the Army
dead. Spring flowers are placed on the urn dedicated to the Unknown Soldier. Again
a prayer, the Salute to the Dead, Taps and again the distant echo from the hill
beyond, and the Band plays the Missionary Hymn while children decorate the graves
of Grafton’s soldier dead with their wreathes of evergreen. The solemnity is
broken as the lively youngsters scatter over the hillside, each running to find a
grave before the others shall have reached it. One thinks of a gay Easter egg hunt;
but their high spirits are not irreverent, and doubtless the men resting there would
prefer youth and happiness to sad remembrance.

After a benediction, the Band, playing A Royal Welcome Home, again leads the
march back to one of the two fine old churches, where one of Vermont’s leading
men has been invited to give the annual address, and the Roll of Honor for all
wars is read. Grafton men have served in six wars: The Revolution, the War of
1812, the Civil War (in which a large number of men fought than from any
other town of comparable size), the Spanish-American War, and World War
I and II. The names called out are not just
names—not just abstract history. They
are the names of fathers, grandfathers;
great-grandfathers; and looking about the
church, one sees their descendants, and
also, sadly, families of the recent dead.

The day of commemoration ends on a
happy note. The crowd scatters to get
frankfurters, ice cream and coffee at the
Chapel, to greet old friends and exchange
news, and to sit about on the lawn for the
gala Band concert. The spell of sustained
reverence has been almost too intense. A
one listens to familiar old songs in the late
afternoon sunlight, homely thoughts of
getting home to supper and lighting a fire
against the chill of evening come almost
as a relief. But there is also a deeper and
more abiding relief—a spiritual sense of
having roots, of belonging personally and
intimately to the continuing life of the
country where one’s individual conviction
and beliefs not only matter, but may be of
crucial importance to its future.
Larry Switzer, (surrounded by sousaphone), Harold Wyman and Walter Anderson uphold the bass section in the closing concert.

(Stephen Greene)

The Barrett Homestead, now the home of the Benjamin McFadden, was built before 1800, and the original house added to, to make the present "mansion." Here was born John Barrett, one of the founders and first director general of the Pan-American Union. (Joshua Weiner.)

Arthur Park lays a wreath on a soldier's grave. The Grafton band was organized in 1867, a year before the first Decoration Day.

(Stephen Greene)
VERMONT'S NEW
GOVERNOR
by WAllace GilPIN
Pictures by Mack DERICK

Governor Emerson came up the hard way. He was one of six children—the son of a stone cutter. His mother, a great admirer of General Robert E. Lee of Civil War fame, named her son Lee, and as a whim gave him the middle name of Earl so that the initials spelled his given name. As a young man he spent his summers with his uncle on the Emerson farm (now in the family 95 years and operated by the Governor's two sisters, Flora and Dorothy) doing chores, helping to hay, picking up stones, and working in the woods, his austere uncle believing that hard work was good for a boy.

Imbued with the spirit of his mother who unhesitatingly expected great things of Lee he matriculated at Syracuse University after graduation from high school (Barton Academy). At Syracuse he accepted all kinds of work to put himself through college—did dishes, waited tables, worked for the railroad, anything where he could earn an extra dollar. At the university he was a member of the track squad, and of Sigma Nu Fraternity in which he held office.

Without funds to go on to law school after graduation from high school, young Emerson taught rural and city schools for three years before entering George Washington University Night Law School having fully decided upon the law as his chosen profession. Taking a job in the Veterans' Bureau of the War Department in Washington, Lee worked days while attending night law classes, graduating in 1926 with the degree of LL.B.

He was admitted to the Vermont Bar in 1926 and opened an office in Barton. Shortly thereafter the building housing his office burned and he lost his library and office equipment. Reestablishing himself in other quarters his practice grew and he found himself taking work home at night.

Honored by his townsmen he was made town moderator, town, village and school district attorney; incorporated school district trustee; was twice sent to the Vermont House of Representatives which made him speaker. Orleans County twice elected him State's attorney and sent him to the Vt. Senate which made him president pro tempore. The State twice elected him lieutenant-governor.

In 1948 he lost in a campaign for the governorship to popular Ernest W. Gibson who sought reelection. Last year he conducted a campaign again. Single handed except for his law office stenographer he won in the three-cornered race by a handsome vote. His entire life seems expressed in the campaign which he evolved about the slogan, "I will not out-promise the promisers nor outspend the spenders." His honest work and worth, his grass roots philosophy, seem to have leavened the thoughts of the people of his native state.

Sheer ability, hard work, sober judgment, and balance has made Lee Emerson the man he is—trusted by all who know him, honored for what he is—a self made hard working, modest, frugal Green Mountainer through and through.

Not a tall man he is large of stature in the law, as a statesman, as a legislator and executor. His law office is still modest, somewhat musty and unassuming.

He married Dorcas Ball, a Barton girl, and their home has been blessed with two daughters. Governor Emerson has always taken a deep interest in his home, his family and the few acres of land on which he usually has a vegetable garden. His recreation is stream fishing in remote places, getting into the woods with a gun or on a hill in winter with skis. He is an outdoor man. Always belonging to his home Chamber of Commerce, a Mason, supporter of his home church, he plays an astute game of chess on occasion, never smokes in public and seldom accepts cocktails. Mrs. Emerson has always been active in club, church and community affairs. The daughters, Cynthia and Nancy are good students and recognize their father for what he is at home—not for what he is as Governor of Vermont.
VERMONT'S NEW Representative to Congress

by Rfg Albee

Pictures by Mack Derick

There's always music in the air about the home of Congressman Winston L. Prouty. Of course there were a few months during the recent congressional campaign when the strains died away due to the rapid pace of the Newport's bid for election. However, Vermont's new congressman lists among his hobbies, music, and is classitied by close friends as an accomplished pianist. Next to music his principal sources of recreation arc fishing and reading. But whatever the activity in which Mr. Prouty engages he does so whole-heartedly. He works hard and just as completely devotes his energies to his hobbies and recreation.

As for work, the Congressman knows what the word implies. He started at the age of 13, during summer vacations, in the Prouty and Miller lumber mill at Newport. His first earnings were $9.00 for 60 hours' labor. He learned from the bottom up—the hard way—and thoroughly, and today is one of the partners. His father, Willard Prouty; brother, Paul Prouty of Brockton, Mass.; cousin, Richard Prouty of Newport; and cousin Burton Prouty of Brockton, Mass. make up the company.

Newport has been the home of the Prouty family for a longer period than the name Newport has appeared on Vermont maps. Great-grandfather Adams built the first frame house in what is now Newport and the Prouty and Miller lumber firm, founded in 1868 by the Congressman's grandfather, is one of the oldest firms of its kind in the state, still managed by the same family.

Prouty received his early education in Newport schools. He attended Borden- town Military Institute in New Jersey (where he was an all-state end in football) and was graduated from Lafayette College in Pennsylvania. At an early age he became interested in politics, because of family traditions. Two uncles had been prominent in state and national governmental affairs—the late Governor George H. Prouty and C. A. Prouty, Chairman of the U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission. "At one time it seemed to me that one must be gray-haired before seeking election to governmental posts," Prouty admits. Now only 44, he is not "gray-haired" and when he was first elected mayor of his home city at the age of 32 was one of the youngest mayors in the United States.

He served Newport three terms on the city council and three times as mayor. Ten years ago he entered state politics and was elected Newport's representative to the general assembly. Newport voters returned him to the legislature in 1945 and 1947. He was elected permanent president of the 1945 general assembly and in 1947 was chosen Speaker of the House. Appointed chairman of the Vermont Water Conservation Board in February, 1949, he resigned just before his successful Congressional campaign.

He is a director of the National Bank of Newport and of Associated Industries of Vermont, a former member of the Newport Airport Commission and past president of the Rotary Club. Prior to World War II, he was chairman of the Orleans County Development Association.

During his primary campaign, Mr. Prouty had as one of his dependable lieutenants his wife, the former Frances Hearle. In addition to taking care of much detail for her husband during the campaign, Mrs. Prouty also figures in politics in her own right. She is a member of the Republican State Committee and the Republican City Committee. She also belongs to the Fortnightly Club, the Alpha Alpha Delta group of the United Church and has been a valued member of the hospital auxiliary.

Besides Currie (now Mrs. Harry Johnson of Newport); Ann, a high school sophomore; and Betty, a nurse in training at the Mary Hitchcock Hospital in Hanover, the family includes Mrs. Prouty's mother, Mrs. Currie Hearle. Mrs. Hearle and Ann are making their home with Congressman and Mrs. Prouty in Washington.

Left to right. Mrs. Prouty, the Congressman and their daughter Ann. There are two more daughters—Betty in nurse's training and Currie, now Mrs. Harry Johnson of Newport.
WHEN WE DECIDED to live all year on our hill farm in West Dover the first thing we did was to build a sugar house. After thirty years of being “summer place” the mowings had grown up to brush and the old pastures were just poplar and soft maple. But six sugar houses operated on the land years ago and there were plenty of thrifty rock maples. If we built sensibly and started small, why couldn’t we harvest a good cash crop during our first year of permanent country living?

This is what we did:

We made a traditional sugar house—of wood, with a tin smokestack. There were no frills unless asphalt shingles instead of roofing paper and closing in the sap storage tank and the woodshed are considered unnecessary refinements. The flooring was pea-stone.

The total cost of the new sugaring plant with its equipment amounted to $2551.21: “amounted to” because $255 worth of lumber for which we did not pay cash is included in this figure. The house was built from our own trees and we swapped stumpage for cut boards. We paid $208.62 for supplies such as shingles, paint, hardware, cement and nails. The flat stones for the foundation came from old stone walls. All of the labor, two carpenters and a mason, cost us $567.10. Grading the site, trucking, some painting and general errand-running we did ourselves.

The boiling rig is a King 4 x 12 Special, which will service a good-sized orchard, and for it and for the arch, gathering and storage tanks, 800 buckets, etc., we paid $1520.49.

Of course, many farmers can build the same sugar house for less money if they are able to do most of the construction work themselves. Too, they can save if they have the knowledge to buy good second-hand equipment. Unlike many farmers, we started out our syrup business by selling retail by mail order, and the first year sold the season’s total of 165 gallons for $1037.25. Last season we added more buckets, bought a larger gathering tank, improved the sugar lots and made proportionately more syrup which we sold in the same way. The red sugar house at the foot of the low mowing is paying for itself pretty well, and soon it will start buying lime and seed and fertilizer for the neglected fields we’re bringing back into shape.

So for many reasons—some esthetic, some practical—we could not have made a happier first investment as Vermont “farmers.”
Greene's truck removes lumber from mill to sugar house site.

Lewis Snow at work on a wall board.

Lester Fairbanks (with hammer) and Lewis Snow make fast the studs.

Fairbanks mixes "mud" for foundation.

Lester Fairbanks bricks up the arch.

Jenny Greene "helps" her mother, Janet

In fall the sugar house is framed in color.
Walter Chapman, who operates his portable sawmill in the hills of Dover, and Evelyn—a wife with true pioneering spirit—fell a venerable spruce. Their mare, Jessie, knows her job in the woods and can skid a log with the best of them. It took Chapman, shown here in his capacity as sawyer, five days to get his mill where he wanted it down in the middle of Greene's big spruce.

Ben Butterfield (center) helps Fairbanks with a big one as Weston Snow (left foreground) and his son Lewis, who farms with his father when not building sugar houses, watch. The first building Weston worked on was a sugar house not 300' away, the arch of which still stands.

"That's the ticket." Lester Fairbanks, here seen laying the south foundation wall, has been doing masonry jobs for the past forty years off and on. Building began the day after the last rain in August and was completed, without a day's interruption, three weeks later.
(Above.) The evaporator and arch made by the Geo. Soule Co. of St. Albans and selected by the Greenes is shown at Wilmington Fair. The sugar house is 30' long by 16' wide. The small wing holds the 25-barrel sap storage tank and the wood shed holds 10 cords of 3' wood.

(Below.) Completing the roof. To carry off steam while keeping out snow and rain the cupola should be the length of the boiling pan.
The naming of ferns is varied and uncertain. The Nephrodium Spinulosum Intermedium or Fancy Fern, seen here in Wheelerville west of Pico, is also known as the Spinulose Shield Fern. There are several "brakes" or other ferns which closely resemble this variety but the Fancy-Fern is the one which can be stored and shipped.

Back in the green hills of Vermont there is a flourishing small industry, giving an income to a considerable number of people, about which few of us ever hear. If you have ever seen a large wooden rack strapped to the back of someone emerging from the woods on one of the back roads in the higher elevations, you might have thought him an optimistic fisherman, or an eccentric hiker. He probably was one of the many trained pickers of the Nephrodium Spinulosum Intermedium, or to get down to trade names, the Fancy Fern. These pickers, who cover a large portion of our woodland in their travels, bring each day's "pick" to a point where it is picked up by trucks. The ferns are rushed to the storage plant from which they eventually go by fast railway express to all the principal cities in the United States.

This thriving business was founded over forty years ago by Mr. Peter I. Ackert, father of the present owner, and has grown so unobtrusively from a horse-and-wagon matter to an industry employing at times over a hundred persons, that few are aware of its existence.

This fern is mature enough for immediate shipment as early as the last of June, but for storage for winter shipment, picking is begun about the first of August. Inasmuch as the picking season is over around the middle of October and enough ferns to supply the florists the year round—some thirty million—must be gathered, sorted and stored in about ten weeks, it is a tense business while it lasts.

The Fancy Fern, true to its name, is of a beautiful lacy texture, and the color at its best is the finest green for blending with the gorgeous blooms in the florist shops. While these ferns endure being handled three times and stored for months, they must be kept at a temperature which does not vary more than half a degree and must never be frozen.

Unlike many of the beautiful things in our woods, picking does not kill out the growth of this fern. Gathering it is a rugged job for it loves moisture and rough country. The fingers of the picker must be protected for the stems are grasped with the hand and broken off near the ground. Twenty five fronds are placed carefully one upon another, the bunch tied and left on the ground. When an area has been covered, the picker retraces his steps gathering up the bunches and placing them in the rack, tip and stem alternating.

An experienced picker can bring out ten thousand ferns in a day by working from sunrise to sunset. At the receiving station the stems are neatly clipped, and the bunches are then placed in paper-lined cartons and taken to the plant for storage. Farm help often find this a good way to augment their income for it can be done between haying and harvest time.

Another feature, one which pleases the conservationist, is the fact that nothing feeds upon this fern. In fact, aside from weather conditions, there seems to be but one tiny worm which attacks the frond and that only in its early stages of growth.
Extremely dry weather tends to bleach the color, for they require a rich moist location with deep shade. They cannot, however, be picked in rainy weather, for the surface moisture would cause decay or freeze when put in cold storage.

"In a poor season" explains Mr. Ackert "even more ferns have to be stored to allow for shrinkage which may be as high as 20%.” Most florists place standing orders for the year.

Although Mr. Ackert’s efficient 115,000 cubic foot plant has no blaring sign, and stands unobtrusively by the tracks of the Rutland Railroad at Danby, you have no trouble finding it. Everyone for miles around knows it’s there. The cold-storage plant comprises 75,000 cu. ft. and requires constant watching. The huge vat in which the crates of ferns are given a last thorough soaking before they start for Texas or Hoboken will hold sixty thousand at a time.

Mr. Ackert says he grew up in the industry and has conducted it as the M. L. Ackert Fern Company since the death of his father twelve years ago. It was back in the days when he was learning the business “from the ground up” that the younger Ackert recalls an incident which brings a smile. He was working with a group, packing up the day’s “pick” on the road from Bridgewater to Plymouth.

“A large impressive-looking car pulled up alongside us” said Mr. Ackert, “and the chauffeur leaned out to inquire what we were picking and what the ferns were used for. We told him and as the car pulled away we noticed the secret service men and realized to our astonishment that we had been observed by our President, Calvin Coolidge.”

Unless the timber is all cut, letting in the unfiltered rays of the sun, areas continue to produce year after year and the pickers know where they will fill their racks. In very hot weather it is necessary to place the ferns in a highly air conditioned room for several days before placing them in storage.

Back a few eons in what the geologists call the “Carboniferous Age” most of the vegetation of the earth was fern growth which reached in size the largest of our present-day trees. It was these forests of ferns which formed our coal deposits. Many of the varieties have become extinct, but there are still some 4,000 kinds, none of which, according to the encyclopedia, have any economic value. This author failed to take into consideration “Yankee Ingenuity.” One of the distinctive characteristics of the fern family is its method of propagation. It has no seeds. Small
spores on the back of the mature fronds contain both egg and sperm. These blow to new locations where, under favorable conditions of moisture, a "Prothallus" is formed from which a new plant grows.

"Fashions in floral work change from time to time" said Mr. Ackert, "but the demand for the cut Fancy Fern is consistent and it is the only species in the east which is suitable for storage. Ferns touch Americans in all walks of life. Births, weddings, anniversaries, banquets, fashion shows and all the happy occasions of life as well as funerals are times for flowers, and if flowers, of course greens."

We are scarcely aware of the green among the cut flowers, unless it isn't there, for nature knows how to balance them and so does the clever florist. "There are many greens available to the florist today" he added "but they have yet to discover anything more beautiful than the Fancy Fern to combine with cut flowers. We are proud" he continued seriously, "of the fact that we are the largest shippers of this type of fern." And probably because he is a dyed-in-the-wool Vermonter he liked the thought "Nature must like green, she made so much of it!"

(Below) When Gloria Jean Ackert was married to Arthur H. White recently, her father's ferns were used most effectively in the table decorations at the reception in Danby. (PARKER-ANDERSON STUDIO)
Vermont Cooperatives

Today farm cooperatives furnish Vermont farmers with everything from overalls to pitchforks and can even provide them with money to buy a farm.

by Donald L. Smith

Vermont cows are unusual. They outnumber the human population of the state, produce enough milk in a year to fill a river seventy-eight miles long, twenty feet wide, and three feet deep, and are responsible for starting the farm cooperatives in Vermont which now do a forty million dollar annual business.

"Old Bossy" really set Green Mountain farmers up in business after the turn of the century, when the many cooperative creameries in Vermont were started. Today farm cooperatives furnish Vermont farmers with everything from overalls to pitchforks and can even provide them with enough money to buy a farm.

Over fifty per cent of the milk produced by these cows is sold through cooperative creameries with the sale of about one third more arranged by cooperative bargaining associations. About forty per cent of the feed they eat is purchased through cooperative purchasing organizations. About 28 percent of the short term loans and 34 percent of the real estate loans are made by farm credit cooperatives. One out of every five electrified farm homes is served by one of the several electric cooperatives operating in Vermont. One of the most recent additions to the farmers' cooperative business structure is a gasoline delivery service which promises to become an important part of farm life in Vermont. One of the several electric cooperatives operating in Vermont. One of the most recent additions to the farmers' cooperative business structure is a gasoline delivery service which promises to become an important part of farm life in Vermont. More than one out of every two people using freeze lockers patronize a cooperatively owned plant. This proportion is the highest in the country.

Cooperative marketing of milk has been developing for the past fifty years. It started as a means for the farmers to sell butter, but as our market changed to fluid milk, due to great population increases in New England cities, the farmers' marketing needs forced certain changes. In the early days there were many small organizations selling milk in the form of butter or cheese. Fluid milk markets have caused larger cooperatives to develop, which collect milk from a wider area and send it to market. The development of the modern truck and railroad system also promoted this trend.

During the early 1900's when farmers became interested in the city distribution of milk and were just beginning to supply some of the demand of the Boston market, dairy marketing cooperatives developed most rapidly. It did not take long for farmers to realize that they had to organize to sell milk in the new markets. Each farmer could no longer take his product to market, as might have been done had he sold it in his own community. The farmers joined together, bought necessary equipment and hired employees to market their milk as a group. Profits from this operation were divided among themselves at the end of the year.

It was not an easy road. There was always the problem of raising money for more equipment and necessary supplies. The flood that struck Vermont in 1927 hit some of the newly organized creameries a serious blow and one of them was unable to reopen. The rest shoveled out the mud and silt and soon shipped milk again. The depression of the early thirties also brought trouble. Milk went to below the one dollar per hundred mark, which is around two cents a quart.

But these troubles were weathered and now Vermont farmers have developed an advanced system for disposing of their products and for buying themselves more supplies and services. Cooperatives are now regarded by many Vermont farmers as the important stand between them and increased government participation in agriculture. One rugged individualist, a member of one of the dairy marketing cooperatives, steadfastly refused to cash his subsidy checks!

Some of the cooperative creameries in Vermont have taken progressive steps to help eliminate the seasonal surplus problems that seem to plague the milk industry. The Granite City Cooperative Creamery in Barre has become well-known over Vermont for its "Real Ice Cream." Here is an attempt to solve the surplus milk problems right at home.

Sales of ice cream by this forward-looking group of farmers started in 1921 and by 1949 they were selling about a million quarts a year. This is almost three quarts yearly for every Vermonter. Vanilla is the favorite flavor with maple walnut second. Maple flavors are in second place probably because of Vermont's fame in maple production. In the national picture, chocolate ice cream is
At the United Farmers annual meeting at Stowe Center delegates elected by members in local districts ballot for directors.

The Montpelier Cooperative Freeze Lockers, patronized by residents of the capitol district, was established in March 1947.
in second place and maple flavors are far down the list.  

This creamery, however, is not the only one that has pioneered in this work of disposing of surplus milk through the manufacture of milk products, like ice cream. The Cabot Cooperative Creamery has been making its own brand of butter and cheese for many years. Today Cabot cheese is known throughout Vermont, and its butter is used by many. These products represent determined attempts by farmers to sell their own products on the basis of their skill at making pure Vermont butter, cheese or ice cream.

Some farm cooperatives have done much to shorten the route of dairy products between country producers and city consumers. United Farmers' of New England, one of the biggest cooperatives in the dairy business, brings much of its members' milk directly to the consumers. They and others operate dairy bars and lunch counters over which they sell milk and milk products directly.

In Vermont about forty million dollars worth of farm products are sold through cooperative organizations annually—organizations which are founded, financed, and often directed by farmers. Most of this is milk, which brings in about thirty-five million dollars yearly to Vermont farmers. Such items as milk products, maple syrup and sugar, livestock, poultry and eggs, and nearly all of the field crops grown on Vermont farms are sold in varying amounts through cooperatives.

In addition to selling farm products many farmers work together to buy supplies through their cooperatives. Such items as work clothes, tools, fertilizer and even heavy equipment are purchased by most farmers through cooperatives. Farmers favor the purchase of supplies in this manner because they have discovered the financial advantages of large purchases at each order, and have pooled their resources to get these lower prices.

There are many other business activities in which farmers have found sound reason to work together. Farm products of varying degrees of importance are handled by the Farm Bureau Cooperatives, as well as by several of the cooperative stores and frozen food lockers. Farmers in some areas of Vermont where electric service is unavailable or unsatisfactory have found that group effort pays off in the field of service as well. There are three electric cooperatives supplying their farmer members with...
electricity. This work is financed by Rural Electrification Administration loans and is in the process of being paid off by the cooperative members themselves at the going rates of interest.

Credit cooperatives, such as the Production Credit Associations and the National Farm Loan Associations have loaned well over eight million dollars in the course of a year. These organizations, of which there are three Production Credit Associations and eight National Farm Loan Associations in Vermont, were started by the farmers to help finance their own businesses. Originally they were started with the financial help of the government, but now are one hundred per cent farmer-owned, excepting one which will soon have its obligations to Uncle Sam repaid as well. Senator George Aiken recently said in an article in Collier's Magazine that “we have seen in farm credit how the government can move in and provide a needed service and then get out.”

Farmers feeling that they might be better able to protect their farm businesses if they could own their own insurance facilities, organized cooperative fire insurance companies as early as 1915. Well-known to every Vermont farmer are the Patrons’ and Farmers’ Cooperative Fire Insurance Companies of Middlebury and the newer Rural Cooperative Fire Insurance Company of Wallingford. The Patrons’ Insurance Company was organized by a group of Grangers thirty-five years ago, with thirty-nine signers, a total of $213,117.00 worth of insurance and permission to operate in Addison County only. Mr. Abram Foote, one of the companies first leaders, had his office in his bedroom. Nine years later, the Farmers’ Fire Insurance Company was started. Again, and still nine years from this date, farm leaders organized the third company, the Rural Cooperative Fire Insurance Company. These men worked hard to start their own insurance facilities. To pay the first claim, one of the founders even mortgaged his own farm. Today the cooperative fire insurance companies carry over one hundred million dollars worth of risks on rural property every year, have established a substantial safety fund as a protection to its policy holders, and do business from a comfortable building which they own themselves. Life and automobile insurance policies are carried through the Farm Bureau Companies and there is also Group Hospital Insurance available to farmers through the County Farm Bureaus.

Vermont farmers are unique in the amount of business they carry on themselves by working together. They have also displayed their genius for leadership by organizing the various cooperatives into a Cooperative Council to better promote themselves and to carry out such services as public relations and education. The Vermont Cooperative Council was organized in 1944. Vermont is one of the few states in which a Council is organized and employs the services of an executive secretary to represent it. There
(Above) Gasoline delivery is a more recent service furnished through cooperatives by the State Farm Bureau Exchange of Essex Junction. Cy Webster, truck driver, left, and John Morse of Calais. (Below) The new building of the Washington Electric Cooperative in East Montpelier, converted from an old diesel plant, provides space for office and garages as well as for showing merchandise to be sold.
The Windsor County Farmers Exchange, Inc. boasts four branches. Above is its mill located at historic South Royalton, Vermont.

are at present some forty farmer cooperatives operating in Vermont, representing all the different lines of endeavor described. Most of them are banded together under the

common organization of the Vermont Cooperative Council.

Farmers place great value on their cooperatives. Before the war they had almost eight hundred and fifty million dollars invested in their cooperative ventures over the country. Now it is over the two billion dollar mark. Vermont farmers have followed the national trend and increased the value of their businesses. Vermont ranks second among the states in per capita amount of farm business done through cooperatives. This does not seem so surprising when one considers that, on an average, the Vermont farmer belongs to at least two cooperatives.

All of these cooperative business ventures by our farmers are out-growths of the days when neighbors got together for such things as barn raisings and hog killings. Just as it is easier to raise a barn when everyone works together, time has shown that it is also a sound principle in selling products, buying supplies, or providing services. Since Vermonters are farming in a section of the United States where profits are lower than they are in some other areas, our farmers have been eager to take the steps that will increase their income and lessen their costs. The fact that these things can be accomplished through cooperatives by the farmers themselves without relying on government assistance to protect agricultural income has appealed to our rural people. Vermont farmers are proud of their cooperatives and feel that they have good reason to make use of their services. Senator Robert Taft of Ohio recently

stated that "a farmer cooperative is a multiple corporate partnership of America's basic capitalists—the farmers. They are essential because the number of farmers and the small size of the farm unit deprives the farmer of the bargaining power enjoyed by other businessmen."

The farm cooperative is as old as a barn raising or a quilting bee and as American as baseball.

(Below) Miss Patricia Batchelder makes out a sales slip for a customer who purchased a new work cap at the Montpelier Farm Bureau store.
At the Sign of the Quill

A Department of Literary Comment

By Arthur Wallace Peach

A Pat from the Post

Busy Little Vermont

Vermont is a more industrious state than many people have occasion to know, for in addition to keeping summer visitors and winter skiers happy, she leads the nation in the production of maple syrup and sugar—6,154,000 pounds; and in the production of eggs; according to the New England Council.

Vermont also leads the other New England States in dairying and while Wisconsin may lead all in dairy products, she can't beat the sharp yellow cheese that some of Vermont's little backwoods cheeseries turn out. [From the Boston Post, Saturday, June 24, 1950]

The above editorial was the leader in the editorial column on the date noted, and it is a good sample of the characteristic zip that makes the column so readable. As a Vermonter who contributes more or less regularly to the care of Massachusetts' aged via meal checks—why not use the same method in Vermont?—I welcome the approval of Vermont in the title, "Busy Little Vermont." Busy the state is, and I hope it keeps busy while the rest of the country seems to be going on the theory that the less you work, the more you get. The day is probably far past when there was a chance of America becoming, in the poet's phrase, "the song of men working," but here among the green hills, the song can still be heard.

Our editorial writer, however, was a little off balance on one count: Vermont is larger than Massachusetts by 1,352 square miles; so "little" Vermont becomes a traditional attitude based on a schoolboy's map. As a matter of fact, Vermont is larger in area than New Hampshire or Connecticut. The reason for the confusion as to Vermont's size can be explained by the old yarn of years ago. A Vermonter told a wheat-grower from South Dakota that more wheat could be raised on a Vermont acre than on a South Dakotan. The Dakotan's outburst of doubt was met by the answer: "M'ah, in Vermont we raise wheat on both sides of the acre."

I am somewhat captious on one more point—that reference to a little "backwoods cheesery." If living in a quiet little village is living in the "backwoods," America would be a better country, I venture to say, if more people lived in the "backwoods." I have been told that not so many years ago Boston street-car motorists used compasses to steer their way through the crooked streets; and even today a visitor in a car needs a navigator to unwind their one-way streets; and, finally, where our editorial writer, no doubt, dodged from sidewalk to street, to gutter, to sidewalk to make his way down Washington street, at noon, on his harried way to some "go, gobble, and git" eating-place, our village cheesery owner sauntered home to a leisurely dinner (not lunch) without risk to life, limb, or his disposition.

In the little village of Albany, Vt.—and don't ask me how it came to be named "Albany"!—the following sign [I steal the item from the Folklore Department of the Vermont Quarterly published by the Vermont Historical Society] could be seen for years, according to Don S. Sears, the farmer of the same village. I am willing to leap far off the diving-board—on which I seem determined to climb in this Quill—and announce that if such signs were found all over America, we would be living in a happier land.

Here are the Answers!

I hope that correspondents who are forever sending me poems and prose from current publications—poems that almost invariably bring in "rocky acres," brush-grown pastures, lonely roads, abandoned farms, and so forth; and prose that plays the same theme or pictures our people as dour, somewhat dull with toil, poker-faced, and grim with labor on our "granite" soil—will take a long look and invite their friends to do likewise at the statistics below. Most of the poems seem to be written by "city gals" whose knowledge of the real Vermont is limited as that of a Zulu islander. A few are Vermont-born lasses who have wandered far from their native heaths into a city tenement and do more dreaming of the "days that were" than is good for them. The prose writers are usually vacationers who learned all about Vermont in two weeks.

Still in a thieves' mood, I purloin these Vermont statistics boldly from a circular issued by the Vermont Department of Agriculture and the Vermont Development Commission. I hope all my readers, even those who have not balanced their checkbooks in forty years correctly, will take a long squint at these items:

- Total of farms (U.S. Census 1945) 26,490
- Dairy Herds (Vt. Dept. Agri. records) 18,500
- Cattle, Total (1947) 442,000
- Cows and heifers 2 years or older kept for milk (1947) 302,000
- Annual milk production on farms (1947) 1,561,000,000 lbs.
- Annual receipts from dairy products sold from farms (1947) $69,579,000
- Number of eggs produced (1947) 165,000,000
- Chickens on farms (1947) 932,000
- Annual receipts: egg and poultry products sold (exclusive of turkeys) (1947) $9,414,000

However, all in all, the "pat" from the Post is pleasant.

Yankee by Name and Yankee by Trade and Works at It

B. L. Shedd

Published by the Vermont Historical Society

24 Vermont Life

Annual receipts: egg and poultry products sold

The Vermont Quarterly

A Department of Literary Comment

By Arthur Wallace Peach

A Pat from the Post

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Number of turkeys produced (1947)* .......................... 137,000
Number of maple trees tapped (1947)* .......................... 3,467,000
Average annual maple sugar crop (1936-45)* .......................... 159,000 lbs.
Average annual maple syrup crop (1936-45)* .......................... 953,000 gals.
Average annual apple crop (1936-45)* .......................... 601,000 bu.
Average annual potato crop (1916-45)* .......................... 1,694,000 bu.
Percentage of farms with electricity available .......................... 90%
Percentage of farms furnished with running water .......................... 86%
Total area of state ........................................... 5,839,360 acres
Population (1940 census) ........................................... 390,231
*U.S. Bureau Agricultural Economics figures.

Here are a few more statistics not listed in the tabulation. There are 10,000 colonies of bees; 2,000,000 quarts of milk and cream are produced daily in Vermont dairies; on one Vermont turkey farm, 25,000 turkeys are raised each year.

Booksellers and Quill readers have taken me mildly to task for my seeming failure to suggest and review "good" Vermont novels. In the next Quill, with such aid as I can rally to the cause, I will discuss certain novels that are, I hope, readable, and mention others that are worth three hours if not more.

Frankly, however, it seems to me that the novel as a literary form is in a bad way; and there may be point in Sinclair Lewis' warning that one of these days no one will read a novel. The complaint of New York publishers that, because of high costs, at least 7,000 to 10,000 copies of a novel must be sold before they begin to make a profit tends to indicate what is going on, the result being that many good novels do not see print, and only novels with a broad mass appeal, based on sin and sex, get anywhere. Moreover, the broad descending volume of sales implies other factors at work. Broadly speaking, it seems to me that readers are a bit weary— the intelligent type to which Vermont Life readers belong, of course—of big-busted females on a tear through three hundred pages, call the novel heroic, romantic, or what you will. An editorial in the Saturday Review of Literature sums up another phase to the effect that the American novelists have been attacked for "the tenacity with which they have presented the most worthless and depraved characters in the midst of the most sordid scenes... They have been able to dramatize neuroticism and frenzied violence, but they have not been able to create characters familiar to the public."

Perhaps the answer is not so simple as the Saturday Review believes. Many years ago, a novelist who has written relentlessly about grimy slums, said: "I shall write about them, and so will others, until American communities destroy the conditions that make life 'over the tracks' a blight on America." No doubt, where one writer is motivated by such an ambition, others write for a far different reason, seeing the possibility of high profits in a realistic tale with its emphasis on sordid themes or in a romantic yarn that may bring the cash rewards of another Forever Amber.

In any event, we will see in the summer Quill—in time for summer reading—what the Vermont novel has to offer. I trust readers who have thoroughly enjoyed or disliked a Vermont novel—about Vermont or by a Vermont author—will drop me a line "for or against."

"Vermont, the Fern Lover's Paradise."—Rugg

As a hunter and fisherman and a general wanderer over my Vermont homeland, I have often been startled at some sudden realization of the beauty in the ferns appearing in some dusky haunt along a brook, even on the pasture ridges, and elsewhere, but in a state with so many lures for feet willing to walk and eyes willing to see, the ferns have been merely bits of beauty along the way; so I cannot claim knowledge of any value about them. So, again, I have called on those who know, and I boldly suggest that those who are either expert or amateur write to Harold G. Rugg, Baker Memorial Library Hanover, N. H., or the Hon. Clarence P. Cowles, 100 Ledge Road, Burlington, Vt. Both are fern experts and enthusiasts and I am sure they will share their zest and knowledge with others.

Judge Cowles has this to say: "Vermont is beautified with more ferns to the area than any other state. Vermont is preeminently our national fernery." Mr. Rugg's parallel praise heads this section of the Quill. Vermonters and our readers afar who are looking forward to the summer months among the green hills will do well to take a peek at this hobby; and they will be interested in reading Mrs. Smith's article about ferns from the industrial angle in this issue of Vermont Life.

Here are three books recommended for your use in planning your vagabond spring and summer days: How to Know the Ferns by E. T. Parsons, Charles Scribner's Sons, N.Y., 1869, $1.35; Guide to Eastern Ferns by E. T. Wherry, Univ. of Pa. Press, 1346 Walnut St., Phila., Pa., 2nd edition, 1948, $2; Ferns of Northeastern U. S. by F. A. Wiley, Amer. Mus. of Nat. History, Columbus Ave., N. Y., $1.35.

Our Quill editor is a native Vermont, a graduate of Brattleboro public schools, of Middlebury College—he wrote the Sesquicentennial Poem for Middlebury's recent Sesquicentennial Celebration—with graduate work at Columbia. For thirty-seven years he was a member of the faculty of Norwich University. He has served Vermont in various capacities as chairman of state commissions, is now a member of the Historic Sites Commission, the Public Records Commission, a trustee of the State Library, as well as Director of the Vermont Historical Society. He has written Vermontish fiction, poems, and prose which have been indexed for forty years in the Reader's Guide. His books include both scholarly and popular types. He was president of the Better Library Movement which created Vermont's famed regional library system, also president and a founder of the League of Vermont Writers, also president and a founder of the Poetry Society of Vermont. He has been a member of the Authors League of America and the Poetry Society of America for many years. He believes that Vermont is the state in the Union nearest Paradise.
The National Survey

The story of the business that has made Chester, Vermont known far and wide as the place "where they make the maps."

ON A QUIET SIDE STREET in the maple-shaded village of Chester, hidden among the hills of Southeastern Vermont, an unpretentious white building blends naturally into its setting. Except for the sign and triangular emblem of The National Survey, there is little to indicate its purpose.

Those who enter for the first time are surprised to step into a busy office with the rhythmic sound of typewriters joining soft music over a public address system. When visitors are shown through the drafting rooms where the various operations are performed—map editing, compiling, drafting, "stick-up," checking, negative work in the dark room—surprise changes to amazement: amazement at the amount and detail of the work, at the science and skill involved, the precision of the drafting—(drawings with every line, space, dot and dash accurate to a thousandth of an inch). Wonder mounts at the multiplicity of specialized operations and the extent of both government and commercial work in progress—intricate multi-colored soil maps for the U.S. Dept., Agriculture, war maps for the U.S. Army, navigation charts for the Navy, maps for State Highway and Publicity

...
around Boston. A grandiose letterhead listed offices in various great cities, supported only by desk space in a Boston office building. Today, the brothers are a bit shame-faced about this youthful ebullience, but they say it boosted morale no end. The following summer, H. F. organized a crew to sell these portfolios in Maine, with desk room in the law office of Carroll B. Skillin, who has been the friend and advisor of the Crockers ever since. This Portland address was used until 1915, when the first permanent office was established in an empty store in Chester.

Upon graduating in 1912, L. V. opened an office in Baltimore for the Bullard Co., who failed to supply the promised sales

Gramp and his shop, where The National Survey started in Chester. For years afterward, the offices were called “The Shop.”

The front office is a busy spot and every inch of space is utilized. The Survey is fairly “bursting at the seams.”
force. That did it. L. V. and H. F. decided to go on their own. While H. F. sold out the stock of maps in Virginia for expense money, L. V. built a new map of North and South Carolina in his father's study in Chester. A lithographer with a kind heart accepted the reproduction job without a deposit.

Then the brothers teamed up for a sales campaign in the Carolinas—and what a campaign! In ten weeks, they ran the sales total up to 4,100 individual orders, an average of 200 sales each per week. After delivering and collecting, they headed North in May, 1913, all bills paid and each with $1200 in cold cash! Followed a series of city maps, which L. V. compiled and drew as H. F. sold in New England, and then in the winter of 1913-14 began the construction of one of the most detailed maps of Maine ever built—subsequently improved and republished through many editions for 30 years—the first of a series of such detailed maps which formed the foundation of the business.

This work was done in a hot house, converted into a shop by "Gramp" Staples, who turned inventor as his old-age hobby. The National Survey occupied a half space 12' x 12' and "Gramp" and his inventions crowded into the other half. There was a dirt floor and L. V. had to work in sheepskin boots in winter and BVDs in summer. A typewriter salesman directed to The National Survey office by way of the cow stable, beholding white-bearded "Gramp" in his bedlam of apparatus and L. V. in his shorts, was speechless. Given an order, he probably had the surprise of his life when the check didn't bounce.

In the early years, in spite of improved quarters, the location was a source of embarrassment. Ambitious young men were expected to seek opportunity in the cities, but L. V. and H. F. loved the hills. Business callers and summer visitors on leaving, kept repeating the same old question, "What in the world are you doing up here in the sticks?" Sometimes the question was answered by another that embarrassed the caller, "Can you give us any good reason why we should be down in your dirty, noisy, crowded, nerve-racking city when we can live in these beautiful hills and go home to lunch?"

But it's all different now. The stock comment has changed to "Boy! Aren't you lucky to have a business up here in Vermont?"

Lucky? Three times the business was knocked down but not out. The first was when World War I took practically all the sales force, including L. V., into the armed services—and H. F. hung onto the remnants "by the skin of his teeth."

Then again about 1925, when the subscription sales force had been built up to a summer organization of 275 salesmen with 20 field supervisors and 7 sales-managers with branch offices in Philadelphia and Columbus, the market became flooded with give-away maps. The Company then owned 115 bicycles and 7 motorcycles, which were rented to salesmen, and a bicycle repair shop to maintain them. But college boys came to disdain bikes and required cars. Sales were on the toboggan. One day in 1926, the books showed $64,000 due to banks and suppliers, and not nearly enough to meet it. One banker expressed alarm. Enough came in to pay him at once in full, $14,000. That, a stiff upper lip and a poker face, reassured the others and avoided bankruptcy, but it took many years to pay the rest (with interest at 6%) while changing

Norma Twyne, now a Wave, places names that have been printed on a thin transparency and treated with an invisible wax adhesive on the map. This work is called "stick-up."
This room is especially equipped and lighted for the most precise line drafting. All lines are drawn to specifications measured to 1/1,000 of an inch in the shop microscope shown in the foreground. The suspended gadgets are electric erasing machines hanging from a charged trolley track and controlled by foot rheostats. In the background, Vincent Crocker is arranging work assignments on the dispatcher control board.

Left. Eddie DeGraff started as shipping clerk and is now the most skilled draftsman at The Survey. He also appears in the foreground of the picture at the top of this page.

Right. Charles Thayer starts to draft a military grid. In the typical Vermont way, Charlie can do most anything—repair a motorcycle, grind a machine part, shoe a horse or take excellent pictures, several of which are reproduced to illustrate this article.

Below. Looking across one of the drafting rooms. At right is Bob Young, Supervisor of contour and drainage drafting. In the background, near the window, is Miss King, Supervisor of “stick-up.”
Hemy F. Crocker (left), returns from a field trip and relates an interesting experience to Lindley Robinson, Sales Manager (center), and Lawton V. (standing).

Lorraine Willard selects a record for the public address system which carries soft music throughout the building for half-hour intervals. (KODACHROME BY CHARLES THAYER)

over to the production and sale of giveaway map advertising and folders.

Then the third blow fell—the great depression. Bad accounts mounted to $10,000 in two or three years. Many weeks L. V. and H. F. went out on the road to sell enough maps the old way, to meet the dwindling pay roll. Again the bank loans mounted. Austerity was the lot of The National Survey for several years, but by the late '30's the business was rolling again on a better basis than ever before.

When World War II struck publication practically ceased and the drafting force was laid off. But The National Survey had a rich background of experience, was sound, organized and ready, and had a stancher reputation than the partners realized. The Army was desperately in need of an unbelievable number of maps for areas all over the world. Only five map publishers were entrusted with this work—two in Chicago, two in New York and one in tiny Chester, Vermont. The National Survey became practically a branch office of the Army Map Service. Lights burned early and late. Sundays and holidays were forgotten. Artists, architects, surveyors, school teachers, novices and handicapped workers, recruited from far and wide, were rapidly converted to skilled map draftsmen, checkers, editors and “stick-up” artists. In spite of limited space, production was stepped up to over 8000 man-hours a month. Maps of strategic areas in strange lands were compiled from many sources, corrected from air photos and drafted for reproduction in colors, all in jig time. In the reception room are displayed the Army Map Service award and many official letters of commendation.

As emergency Army work eased, the Navy needed thousands of new navigation charts. Norm Adams, the Survey’s head artist who is responsible for the striking title designs and art work, vacations with his tuna boat on Casco Bay and was the only person in the organization familiar with navigation charts. But the Survey was shortly turning out charts highly pleasing to the Hydrographic Office. When the work terminated in June of 1950, more charts had been drafted in Chester than in the offices of all the other contractors. Meantime, another great government agency—the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture—began placing orders for soil maps in twenty to thirty color tones—all in precise register. A large volume of this difficult work is now done in Chester, along with the Army maps which are still being produced.

When the Korean trouble broke, The
Betty Harneis, Vincent Crocker and Marguerite Selmar are admiring the big press sheet of the Vermont Highway Department and Development Commission map on which eight complete maps are printed at a time. (Kodachrome by Warren Dexter)

National Survey was executing a large number of Army maps for that area. Delivery was not due for months. Two weeks later, the Army Map Service called to know how soon the maps could be completed. The answer, “All finished and being proved in Boston.” “Could the negatives be shipped at once?” They could and were, and emergency editions were in print for the Korea campaign in a matter of days. Soon came the call for ten more of these extremely detailed and intricate maps. The usual time allowance was six months to a year. “Could The National Survey, by working night shifts, do them in 30 days?” Half the force was due to go on vacation. L. V. knew his people and said “Yes.” Vacations were pushed back into September. No one

Map Editor Don Pitcher (right) and Kendall Crocker, son of H. F., are not worried over editorial problems—perhaps because of desks cleared for the moment of reference material.
Vermont, has been developed into the largest advertising service of its kind in the world—with a series of maps and booklets covering the U. S. and Canada from Chicago east and from Quebec to Miami, serving 700 leading hotels and tourist attractions and distributed from Chester to hundreds of publicity bureaus all over that area.

The distribution system developed for "C.T." is now utilized for other publications such as the New England Hotel Association maps, the Northeastern Cabin Owners’ Association maps and the Eastern

Genial Roy Williams, a youngster of 72.

Complained. In exactly 28 days from the receipt of data, the sixty color-separated drawings with all type in place, edited and checked, ready for reproduction, were enroute to Washington.

Aside from Army maps and Navy charts—which go literally to every corner of the earth—the most widely distributed publications of The National Survey are the Consolidated Tours Maps and Booklets. Oddly enough it was another Vermonter who teamed with the Crockers to launch this venture.

Charlie Carrigan, manager of the Robert Treat Hotel in Newark, N. J. in 1924, conceived the idea of consolidating all the advertised tours of that day to avoid overlapping. He organized the hotel men of the Eastern States and called in L. V. to develop plans and prepare maps. With this send-off and the capable promotional work of H. F. and Lindley Robinson (Sales Manager), Consolidated Tours, with publication offices in Chester,
Ski maps—resulting in a heavy flow of packages out of Chester.

Up to 1931, The National Survey was better known outside the State than in. That year one of Vermont’s most famous and useful publications, “Walton’s Register,” continuously published since 1802, was about to expire. The Crocker brothers revived it and with Henry Crocker as editor-manager, “The Vermont Year Book—Walton’s Register 1802”—now greatly enlarged, continues its long and honorable career.

Where do the people come from who make all these activities possible? Most of them from within a radius of a few miles—local boys and girls who find opportunity near at hand instead of in far places.

A training program starting with the more easily acquired skills and advancing from one operation to the next is constantly going on. A few with good background experience from other states fit in readily. Teamwork is the keynote. There are no prima donnas—no misfits—and few gripes. Profit sharing has been practiced for several years and substantial bonuses are a welcome reward for extra effort.

In typical Vermont fashion, Survey people are “right in the middle” of the community life of Chester. Marian King (supervisor of compilation and “stick-up” work) is a past president and an active leader of the local Women’s Club. Bill Denghausen (supervisor of color edits and separations) guides the activities of the Riding Club. Norm Adams (head artist), a Past President of the Rotary Club, owns the movie theatre. Vincent Crocker (Production Manager), organizes athletic teams, including a league champion Survey softball team. Henry Crocker is a leader in his fraternal group, and Lawton, among many community interests, heads up a political committee. Opening of the fishing or hunting season finds the Survey offices almost destitute of males as they take to the streams or hills. The annual Survey executives’ fishing trip of a few days in the wilds has gone on for 31 consecutive years.

Visitors to the Chester offices are frequently puzzled by the absence of printing presses or other machinery for

Tea-time is a fixed institution at The National Survey. Daily at 3:30 all hands “knock-off” for 15 minutes of relaxation and refreshment. This picture, taken in 1945, shows many girls who have married and are now raising families in Chester.
Norm Adams, head artist, discusses a proposed layout with Forrest Walsh, who has a customer lined up for a folder job. The effective coloring and art work on the multitude of folders and booklets in the background display designed by Norm are, in many cases, the major item and maps play only a minor role.

Air photos play an important part in modern map making. Here Ruby Jones uses them in making revisions.

Herbert Pierce, a veteran of 72, “dependable as a clock,” is laying “zip” patterns which are prefabricated designs representing forests, rice fields, and the like.

which there isn’t a foot of available space on either of the two floors. This is the result of a fixed policy of specialization which accounts for the ability of the organization to turn out such a vast amount of work in a relatively small space. Every bit of work requiring space-taking equipment, is placed with plants best equipped for the particular job—some as far away as Chicago, where most of the type is set for the names that go on the maps. Large lithographic plants in Boston, Providence, New York, Poughkeepsie and Washington, make most of the reproductions—many on huge four-color presses. But smaller plants in lesser cities

Shipment of C. T. and other maps and booklets in varying combinations and quantities to over 1200 distributing points is an involved procedure.
Above. A section of “Mountainsview,” where many of The Survey people live. The car washer is an engineer for one of the big machine tool shops in nearby Springfield, Vermont, many of whose workers live in Chester. Kendal Crocker is tidying up his lawn, while little Kennie plays with other neighborhood children.

Right. Histon House, acquired by The Survey in war-time to provide food and quarters for an enlarged staff, is now used as a rooming house. The large barn serves as a warehouse for office supplies and material.

are frequently utilized. Paper made especially for National Survey maps, folders and booklets is regularly stocked in certain plants. The equipment of 140 reproduction plants is listed and available at the Survey for instant reference. Important copy is usually transported by car to the selected plant, the camera work supervised by a member of the Survey staff and all details worked out in conference with the plant heads. These personal contacts, supplemented by correspondence and frequent phone calls, covering all phases of the graphic arts, have resulted in the acquisition of vast knowledge of equipment, methods, processes, procedures, and “know-how,” as well as many personal friendships in the trade. These are the happy result of an isolated location, and would never have come about had the business been established where local facilities were available.

Across half a continent millions of maps carry the little red triangle of The National Survey and its message “MAPS—Clear—Correct—Complete,” making Chester, Vermont known far and wide as the place “where they make the maps.”

The Survey float which welcomed home veterans of the Second World War.
The blind author and artist of Ferrisburg who preserved for all time the spirit and the language of early Vermont.

by Duane L. Robinson

It is now fifty years since Rowland Evans Robinson died in the old farmhouse in Ferrisburg, where he had been born sixty-seven years before. He and his work will never be forgotten by the older generation, who knew him. But the passage of the years brings many changes. Today things are commonplace of which he would never have dreamed. The gasoline engine has erased distances which in his life were nearly prohibitive, and has annihilated time as well as space. That type of the old Vermonter which stands out so clearly in his pages that the reader conversant with those days takes it as a matter of fact, is fast disappearing, and may be found only in a few of the still isolated communities. The greater part of Mr. Robinson's books are out of print and may be obtained with the greatest difficulty. It is with all the more reason, then, that one to whom both the writer and the theme have always been an inspiration should venture to recall this rare soul to those who once were familiar with him through his work, and, more important by far, to introduce him, if it be possible, to a generation which knew him not. For in my judgment there can be no more wholesome nor delightful reading, especially for the young, to whom his books come with the freshness of days so long past that they are again new, but also for all who, even though burdened with years, have the vigor of youth still in their hearts.

Though by no means one of the oldest families in Vermont, the Robinson family dates its Vermont history back to 1791, in which year his grandfather, Thomas R. Robinson, came to the state from Newport, R. I., where he was born. This ancestor was in his turn the grandson of Deputy-Governor William Robinson, son of an earlier Rowland, the founder of the American branch of the family, who emigrated from England in 1675. On his mother's side, Rowland Evans Robinson was descended from Colonel George Gilpin of Virginia, an aide to General Washington, practically his only ancestor on both sides who was not a Quaker. It is interesting to note that the original Robinson farm in Vermont is still owned by the family, and that the original farmhouse is still standing, though it forms only a part of the present homestead. As to his Quaker blood, one of the most delightful autobiographical chapters which Mr. Robinson has left us is entitled "Recollections of a Quaker Boy," and relates many interesting details regarding the life and practices of this staid and sober sect in the early days when tongue and garb alike proclaimed their peculiarities. That he was a regular boy, notwithstanding the solemn tenets of the faith in which he had been reared, is abundantly attested by a few passages which I shall quote from this article, which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly of July, 1901.

"How well I remember Fifth Day meetings, whose silence particularly impressed me by its contrast with the noise and bustle wherewith the world's people were carrying on their secular affairs! From the road would come the occasional clatter of a rapidly driven wagon, rattling into and out of hearing, with the incongruously merry whistle of the driver; from the fields the bawling of teamsters, and from barns the regular beat of flails; while within reigned such silence that the buzzing of the flies in the windows, the sighing of the summer breeze, or the hissing of the sappy wood and the crackling of the expanding or contracting metal of the stove seemed loud and startling sounds.

"The silence frequently remained unbroken by any human voice during the entire session, till the elderly Friend who sat at the 'head of the meeting,' on the 'high seat,' would turn to the Friend who sat next to him and shake hands with him; and the hand-shaking ran along seat after seat, till every one had shaken the hand of.
the person on each side of him. I used to feel highly honored when some venerable Friend bent his kindly face upon me and gravely shook my little hand, but it did seem a trifle queer when it was my own father who so greeted me. This friendly ceremony was called 'breaking the meeting.'

"It was peculiarly trying to a boy to maintain a decorous demeanor during the long periods of silence. If the spirit of evil did not arouse in him an unaccountable desire to laugh at the sight of some other boy, it overcame him with uncontrollable drowsiness. When I was thus overcome, my father would set me on my feet, to my extreme mortification; for I imagined that Friends would think that the Spirit had moved me to speak, when I had no message to deliver.

"One quiet summer day, when we were sitting in perfect silence, an old cow that had strayed into the meeting-house yard poked her head in at the open door, and regarded the assembled Friends with a countenance as unmovable as any of theirs. One warm October day, a big boy who had come across lots to meeting, and on the way filled the crown of his hat with thorn apples, fell asleep in his seat, near the door. Every man and boy wore his hat in Quaker meeting. A sudden nod tumbled his hat from his head, and all its contents clattered on the floor, whither he followed, and made his exit on all fours, pushing his hat before him. The smile that this surprising exhibition created was not entirely confined to the youthful members of the assembly."

Mr. Robinson's father was one of the most active partisans in Vermont of the Anti-Slavery cause, and his house, situated so near Lake Champlain, formed a most convenient station of the Underground Railroad, and was the lodging-place of many a poor runaway slave from the Southland, on his way to Canada and freedom. There are constant allusions to this traffic in his books, the best known being that touching story which gives the title to one of his lesser known volumes, "Out of Bondage." In most of the references to runaway slaves, the Quaker family Bartlett is, of course, only the thinnest of disguises for the Robinson family itself.

The schooling of Rowland Robinson was but slight. A few years of district school, indifferently taught by students from the University of Vermont or Middlebury College, and a few terms at the old Ferrisburg Academy, where he proved a recalcitrant student, were all the schooling he had. But his real education left little to be desired, for he not only read everything he could lay hand upon, and his father's library was unusually well stocked for those days, but he learned to read and interpret, as few have done before or since, the great book which Nature had opened wide before him.

Part of his ability to see the beauty of the world about him was doubtless an inheritance from his mother, who possessed no inconsiderable artistic talent—a talent which, by the way, mingled with that of his own wife, herself a clever artist, was handed down in generous measure to his children. In view of this natural leaning, it is not surprising that several of the earlier years of his young manhood were devoted to artistic work, in the city of New York. But Vermont soon recalled him, and in 1875 he came back to the home of his boyhood, never to forsake it again until his death in 1900.

It was largely due to the influence of his gifted wife, who was born Anna Stevens and was a native of Montpelier, that he wrote and illustrated with his own drawings his first magazine article, on the subject of Fox Hunting in New England, and when this was immediately accepted by Scribner's, none was more surprised than he. But this was rapidly followed by others, and in 1888, a number of sketches which had been written for Forest and Stream were published in book form under the title "Uncle Lisha's Shop." This was soon followed by "Sam Lovel's Camps," "Danvis Folks," and "Uncle Lisha's Outing." More serious works were his "History of Vermont," in the American Commonwealth series, and that charming volume of essays entitled "In New England Fields and Woods." Other works are "A Danvis Pioneer," "Out of Bondage," "Sam Lovel's Boy," and two slender but worth-while historical stories, "A Hero of Ticonderoga," and "In the Greenwood." There have also been published posthumously two volumes of essays and short stories, "Hunting Without a Gun," and "Silver Fields."

It is not at all remarkable that one who knew and loved the out-of-doors as Rowland Robinson did could paint it with clear and graphic touch. What is truly remarkable, however, is that with the exception of his first book all of his writing was done after he became blind. He was pointing out to his readers not what he saw but what he had seen. But no photographic plate ever caught and retained with greater fidelity than the memory of this master observer. Julia C. R. Dorr, in an article...
THE FAMILY AT HOME. From In New England Fields.

on the author, thus explains this almost uncanny power.

"Then it was that his ardent love of Nature, his intimate knowledge of her deepest secrets, this admission into her very Holy of Holies, stood him in good stead. From boyhood he had been a keen sportsman, sharp-eyed, strangely observant, familiar with all the ways of woodland creatures; reading leaf and flower, moss, lichen and fungus, the phenomena of the changing seasons, dawn and sunset, moonshine and starbeam, the hoary frost and the dew of summer nights, as one reads from an open book, few persons ever see as much as did Rowland Robinson. No minutest detail escaped him. He knew the haunts of every wild thing as he knew the path to his own fireside.

"His memory was as remarkable as were his powers of observation; and thus it was that, lying sightless on his bed, to which he was confined for nearly two years before the end came, he was able to portray every varying phase of nature in words so tender, so graphic, so picturesque, so illuminating, that the reader saw as the writer had seen."

To many however, it is not as a painter of nature, charming as those sketches may be, but as a painter of men, that Rowland Robinson makes his chief appeal. For the homely characters that appear again and again in his pages live lives as real and as simple as the plants and animals about them. Gran'ther Hill and his son Josiah, Sam Lovel, Uncle Lisha, Solon Briggs, Ma Purinton,—was there any small town a few years ago that did not have them in it? As a matter of fact, pretty nearly every town has them now. They are drawn with an accuracy and naturalness that gives them actual corporeal existence, we can see them and hear them sitting around the camp fire—not Ma Purinton, God forbid!—telling yarns in Uncle Lisha's Shop, electing the officers in "taown meetin'," without suspecting for a moment that they are only creatures of the pen. For indeed they are real flesh and blood. You have known them, though they are rarer now, more's the pity! For these are they who have made our state what it is, whose sturdy virtues are still evident in the Vermont stock which has carried the Vermont name and Vermont fame throughout this broad land. They are unassuming in their lives, uncouth sometimes in their language, but honest, God-fearing, one hundred percent Americans.

Let us glance at a few of the individuals among them. And, first of all, of course, Gran'ther Hill. Josiah Hill had left his native state of Connecticut when still scarcely more than a boy to take up a "pitch," as it was then called, on the banks of the Little Otter, near Lake Champlain, in the then almost unbroken wilderness of Vermont. There he met with the Green Mountain Boys, the Allen's and Seth Warner. There he met also the Indians, the "Red Cuts" and the even more hated usurping New Yorkers. There he met, and, as a measure of protection, married Ruby, whose parents had been killed by Indians, leaving her as the sole custodian of other and smaller children in a wilderness infested by howling redskins. One of the choicest bits in "A Danvis Pioneer," tells the story of his proposal. Nothing could be simpler. He has already, young though he is, had sad experience of the fickleness and utter unreliability of women, having been jilted by one of them. But the care of this defenseless young girl had been thrust upon him.

"I want to talk tu you a minute afore the children wakes up," he said, "I gin your father my word, an' him a dyin', 'at I'd ta' keer on you faithful, an' I'm again' tu, fur as I can. It hain't alone from keepin' your body from bein' hurt, but your good name, an' a gal can't go trappin' around the country wi' a man 'at hain't nothin' tu her by blood nor noways wi'out that bein' hurt, so now I've got tu marry you, the first square or minister we light on."

"Oh! I can't. I—I don't want tu," she gasped, all in a tremble, and pale and red by turns.

"I do' want tu nuther," he said in blunt
honesty.” I never thought tu come to’t, but I got tu, an so we got tu make the best on’t. Naow we’ll eat what we’ve got an’ be off.”

But years afterward, when his wife lay on her death-bed, Gran’ther Hill paid her the perfect tribute.

“I hated the idea o’ bein’ merrid, Ruby,” he said, “but if I’d hunted the wide world over, I couldn’t ha’ found a better woman an I got, for there hain’t one in it faithfuller nor truer’n what you’ve b’en.”

After the wars, Captain Hill settles in

POULTRY BUYER.
From Davis Folk and A Hero of Ticonderoga.
Danvis, situated apparently somewhere, though a bit vaguely, near the present town of Lincoln. There, little by little, the families of the Lovels, the Goves, the Peggesses, the Purinton and the Quaker Bartlettts take up their abode and rear their families. In all the connected stories except "A Danvis Pioneer," Josiah Hill is the patriarch Gran'ther Hill, testy of temper and strong of language, especially in the presence of Mrs. Purinton, fond of a "spooful o' rum," but kindly of heart and loved and respected by all his neighbors. His son, Joseph, has inherited few of his virile qualities, preferring a more moderate and less positive existence. But he has much of his father's shrewdness and a good deal of his sense of humor, and has a stout defense for his easy-going philosophies of life. Sitting around the camp fire on one of their hunting excursions, the talk had drifted to work, and Joseph expresses himself with unwonted decision thereupon.

"It does seem s'ough it was weeked, most 'specially 'long in the fall, an' winter coming on, when 'the won't be no nate pleasant days a-you door tu speak on, for a feller tu be a breakin' of his back diggin' taters, a-humpin' up ag'in in the blue sky, with his nose an' eyes tu dead tater tops an' naked sile, when ev'y'thin' looks so putty all around, an' it a'most the last chance o' seein' on it, or putty nigh, mebby. Then take it in the winter when the 'does come one o' them kinder stray days at got left over aouten fall, er comes afore its reg'lar time in spring, a feller do' want tu be a tunkin' at a tree j'. Though its reg'lar time in spring, a feller don't get the best o' huntin', can't show ye nor tell ye baout, an' a feller 'cordin' tu my idee."

"Work kinder goes ag'in in the grain when it interferes wit' huntin'," says he, "but the work gives a better relish tu the huntin' when you git it." After all, has any of us much better philosophy? And let me commend especially this passage, in which, through the lips of Sam Lovel his creator is undoubtedly speaking: "It comes nat'ral for me tu run in the woods. 'F I du get more game tu show for it 'n some does, I git suthin' besides 't I can't show. The air o' the woods tastes good tu me, fer't ain't been breathed by nothin' but wild creeturs. I lufftcr breathe it 'fore common folks has. The smell o' the wood smells good tu me, dead leaves 'n' spruce boughs 'n' rotten wood, 'n' it don't hurt none if it's spiced up a leetle bit with skunk an' mink an' weasel an' fox p'fum. An' I lufffer see trees 'at's older'n any men, an' grass tu 't wa'n't never plowed nor hoed, a-growin' nat'ral crops. 'N I lufffer hear the stillness of the woods, fer 't is still there. Wind a-sythin', leaves a-sousin', even a blucjay a-squallin', hain't any men, an' grass tu 't wa'n't never plowed nor hoed, a-growin' nat'ral crops.

Uncle Lisha Peggs is the local cobbler, slightly less aged then Gran'ther Hill, and it is around the stove in his shop in the winter evenings that most of the story-telling bounts are held, and in these Uncle Lisha holds a conspicuous part. He is one of the most lovable characters in literature. The story of his relations with little Sam Lovel and his sister, with the somewhat older Pelatiah Gove, the kindly human sympathy and understanding of the man, forms some of the best work of Rowland Robinson. It is indeed interesting to see how skillfully he makes Uncle Lisha express his own ideas, especially in regard to the medicinal powers of the out-of-doors. To Pelatiah, who is despondent over disappointment in his love affair, Lisha gives the sage counsel, "When you hain't tu work, you go a-fishin' as often's ye can, and when it gits so't there hain't no fishin', go a-huntin', an' 'twixt 'em they'll fetch ye out."

"There are other characters in profusion, all of them good, and defying quotation. They must be sought out in their habitat, in the setting where the writer has placed them, they must be read about slowly and with appreciation, preferably, as I have said, aloud. And I sincerely congratulate him who does not know Rowland Robinson on the genuine pleasure which is in store for him, if the author is taken according to the prescription. It is probable that Rowland Evans Robinson will never appeal to more than a rather local audience. It is probable that he will never be ranked among the great writers of the world, although there are certain chapters of his, such as Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving, which need not blush to find themselves in any company. And there is not a slipshod nor careless line to be found in his published work. But wherever the sons and daughters of Vermont gather, to whom the days and deeds of long ago are dear, he will be read and loved. And I challenge any one to read his gracious and wholesome pages without being a better man for it,"
Driving along Route 2, from East Montpelier to Plainfield, you come over a hill. On a slope ahead of you is a group of brown-shingled farm buildings, among them the biggest barn in Washington County. That’s Goddard College. In one of the barn’s twin silos, looking across the Winooski Valley to Camel’s Hump, Dr. Royce S. Pitkin, Goddard’s president, has his office. Dr. Pitkin, “Tim” to his students and to hundreds of Vermonters, is the college’s founder and a native of the state. He knows the Winooski Valley well, having grown up in Marshfield, seven miles up the river.

Goddard College continues the educational pioneering through which Vermont gave the United States its first medical school and its first teachers’ college; and which in more recent times brought forth Bennington College, the Putney School, and the Woodstock Country School to push forward educational frontiers. John Dewey, Vermonter and dean of American philosophers, has influenced Goddard’s philosophy. What you learn, Goddard believes, is what you live. Books, lectures, demonstrations can give you information, but only when that information has become part of your own personality have you really learned it. The good teacher rarely tells; he helps his students find out things for themselves. Tests and exams do not measure this kind of learning, for the only true test is in action and behavior.

The Goddard plan makes the whole college community a learning situation, with small classes, individual counselling, work experience, and community government all playing a part. Work is offered in sociology, psychology, philosophy, economics, history, government, conservation, education, the physical sciences, the life sciences, languages, literature, art, music, and drama. The heaviest student demand is in literature, psychology, education, and government. Recent graduates are working on newspapers, as teachers, in business, social work, community planning, drama, adult education.

The college is necessarily small, with a student body of 125, a faculty of 20. Average class size is eight to ten students. A normal student program includes three courses, allowing for intensive work in each area. Students come from most of the states and some foreign countries.

Goddard’s community government gets its power from the college’s Board of Trustees. Its province is the daily life of the college community, for which it makes and enforces regulations, sets standards, and levies a yearly tax of $12. Tax money pays for recreation and occasionally buys permanent equipment to make college life easier, more enjoyable.

The community government functions through meetings of the whole college community, headquarters for the institution’s community government.
President Royce S. Pitkin still sings on his home farm each spring. In keeping with college tradition, everyone calls him “Tim.”

Art study is more practical than theoretical—students try things. Art teacher George Fuller helps Peter Meltzer with a drawing.

Students in groups find common interests—stimulate each other’s thinking. Left to right are Gabriel Jacobs, Jerry van Dissel, and Eda Eisen.

Community, held twice a month, and through a number of special purpose committees—legislative, judiciary, and executive arms, a recreation planning group, a committee on educational policy, a group to plan and supervise the work program through which community members contribute ten hours a week to the maintenance of the college.

Faculty and students are co-citizens. Typical of the self-regulation the community has imposed on itself are by-laws limiting smoking to fire-protected areas, excluding men and women from each other’s living quarters, setting quiet hours, controlling pets on campus. Community by-laws are considered to have the strength of the more usual administrative rulings on such matters.

Community Government is a relatively new concept in American education. Growing out of the belief that college community living is an important part of education—since students learn what they live—Goddard sees community member participation as an unequalled learning opportunity.
In this coeducational college students and faculty are co-citizens, making their own rules. Besides sharing community work, students must have two months of work experience off-campus each year.

Reed Rexford of Newport manages a co-op grocery store as his off-campus work in economics. All students work in stores, hospitals, schools, business offices, or in other fields during January and February.
The college community meets every second Monday evening. Special programs and college regulations are settled here.

Goddard has no inter-collegiate athletics or fraternities but students enjoy games of football and baseball among themselves.

Classes at Goddard meet for 90 minute periods around fireplace or discussion table. Teacher George Beecher guides this discussion in “Practices of a Good School” course. Students are Peter Meltzer, John Hall, Walter Lane, Peter Reinhold, Betty Greenswald, and Jane Braham.

Right. Goddard College’s Community Center building (left), the main barn of Greatwood Farm in Plainfield until 1938, now houses college offices, dining room, theater, and music and art studios.

The lounge in George Aiken House is one of the centers for recreation. The mural in the background, painted as a senior study by art student John Mertz, depicts different phases of life at Goddard.
Apple Blossom Time
IN VERMONT

WASHINGTON has its cherry blossoms and Bermuda has its lilies but in Vermont during May thousands of people from all over the country visit the apple orchards which stretch the length of the state from Bennington to Grand Isle county. There are approximately 100 commercial growers as well as many farmers who have small orchards. These are visions to delight the senses when millions of blossoms appear against a background of green mountains or the sparkling water of a Vermont lake.

Some Vermont growers publicly invite people, through newspaper advertising, to visit their orchards while they are in bloom.

Apple blossoms serve other important purposes besides satisfying man's love of beauty. In the lovely blossoms are the parts necessary for pollinization and to produce the small apple. The blooms contain nectar, a syrup-like substance which attracts insects. The insects in turn pollinize the flowers. The result is fruit which brings Vermont orchardists an average income of $2,050,000 each year. When you admire the fragile beauty of apple blossoms, you can be even more appreciative if you know the story of what has happened and what is going to happen to them. According to C. L. Calahan, horticulturist for the Vermont Extension Service which works with orchardists in the state, apple buds are formed in June the year before they bloom. They are on the tree a whole year before they burst forth into dainty pink or white flowers. Each one of these buds opens out into five to seven individual blossoms, but all of these are not used in the fruit-growing operation. The center blossom is the largest in the cluster and is known as the king flower. It usually produces the most desirable fruit, especially from the standpoint of size and shape.

Fruit growers are interested in having only 2 to 5 percent of the blossoms produce fruit. A larger percentage means small, low quality fruit or, in some varieties, a poor bloom the following year. Recent methods of guaranteeing a good crop are the removing of some of the blossoms by spraying chemicals or by applying hormones. These processes cause part of the young fruit to drop off soon after blossom time. Most Vermont fruitmen have adopted these methods to replace the old time-consuming and costly practice of removing the small apples by hand.

Blossoms vary in size and color according to the variety and condition of the tree. Growers prefer the pink flowers because the bees are more likely to visit them and they are more likely to develop fruit.

Bennington county residents usually are the first to see apple orchards in bloom. The blossoms may last three or four days if weather is warm, or two weeks if the temperature is low. Addison and Rutland
county orchards are next in line, then Windham and Windsor. Grand Isle orchards are the last to flower.

Artificial pollination is becoming popular throughout the nation and Vermont orchardists are interested in this process. At present, orchardists use the hand-collected pollen flown in from the Pacific Northwest. It comes in ounce containers, under refrigeration, and can be kept successfully for two or three weeks in the freezing compartment of a refrigerator or in a freezer. An ounce costs $5 and is sufficient to pollinate an acre of trees.

Charles Mraz of Middlebury, one of the state’s leading beekeepers, is conducting some unusual research in this direction. In cooperation with the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station and the Vermont Development Commission, he is perfecting a device to collect pollen from the honey bees and has been successful in taking it from the insects instead of directly from the flower.

The bees collect particles of the pollen in pockets on their legs and bring it back, to the hive to feed their young ones. Mraz has rigged traps at the entrance to the hive to strip off the pollen particles which are about the size of half a grain of rice. Enough remains on the bees’ legs to nourish the young, so no harm is done to the insects and Vermont apple growers profit by pollen at a lower price. Last year he collected enough to pollinate 250 acres of apple blossoms.

Mraz traveled south to the Byrd orchard in Virginia last year to collect the important yellow dust in time for apple blossoming in Vermont. It must come from a tree that bears a different variety of fruit. For instance, pollen from a Delicious tree may be used to pollinate McIntosh blossoms.

“There’s always a gamble in the apple business,” Calahan says. “Cool, wet, cloudy weather and strong winds mean honey bees stay home and the blossoms are not pollinated. Vermont orchardists deserve credit for the high quality fruit they produce. They stand guard with spray guns to ward off insects and diseases. They study the soil and varieties and climate so they can grow the apples best suited to their particular conditions. They work and learn by experience and apply that knowledge so that their fruit the following year is even better.”

This season while you enjoy the beauty and fragrance of apple blossoms in Vermont, you may anticipate bright-checked, flavorful, aromatic apples coming this fall.

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Above. Formula for a perfect day in Spring: Warm breezes, scented blooms and a pretty girl. In this case the girl is Rachel Godding of Middlebury. (courtesy of the EXTENSION SERVICE.)

The Loomis orchard in Addison extends over an area of 100 acres down to the shore of Lake Champlain. The road shown is called Lake Street and is on the Route from Panton to Chimney Point. (COURTESY OF THE EXTENSION SERVICE.)

Right. This view was taken just off route No. 7 between Rutland and Wallingford. (EVA LUOMA.)

Below. The Mathewson Farm orchard in Danby with Dorset Mountain in the background. John H. Lufbery took this picture from Mrs. Vera Bastedo's yard with a 1/25 sec. exposure at f/8.

The Editors wish to thank the Vermont fruit growers who so kindly contributed pictures and information for this article all of which could not be used in the limited space available.
Thirty-two children participated in the maypole dancing on the village green on the afternoon of the festival. The square plots of tulips with picket fences around them were planned by various organizations and judged by Mrs. Marion Shattuck, Mrs. Clara Ross and Mr. Irwin Hoxie. (Mack Derick)

In Hardwick, westernmost town of Caledonia County, the tulip has come to be a symbol of community enterprise, community planning and community spirit at the Tulip Festival.
Caledonia has chosen another flower for its festival. President Everett Eaton signs an invoice for 69,000 bulbs imported from Holland and delivered by the St. Johnsbury Trucking Co. The master of ceremonies, Merrill A. Darling, prominent Hardwick businessman, opened the program when the awards were to be made. With all the color of an old English village the children of the third and fourth, fifth and sixth grades of Hardwick Academy did the colorful maypole dances, winding their ribbons intricately and reeling them expertly loose again. The dance team of the two upper grades was the winner. This dance amid the tulip beds was classic, far more so than the popular song of a decade or so ago which it suggested and which was, I believe, “Tiptoe through the Tulips.” Miss Jean Simpson of East Craftsbury, spoke as did a representative of the Governor of Vermont. Then the prizes; first prize was awarded to Mrs. Freeman Houghton. Prizes to organizations were in this order: first to the American Legion, the Kiwanis Club of Hardwick and the Woman’s Relief Corps. This last was presented to Mrs. Hattie Shipman, the senior official present and one of the most interested. Many were the Maypole judges, and other officials who gave their energy and their time for this festival and likewise many were the hosts and hostesses who entertained friends and officials among the tulips on a day cast in sparkle and fragrance.

At the village green a tall man with a mild smile and a very happy manner watched all and looked over the hills, taking in the whole atmosphere. From time to time approving nods came from the lady beside him. His presence gave an official quality to all that was happening and raised the Tulip Festival from a local affair to one with international implication. Quiet and gracious, this man...
(Above) Dignitaries and Hardwick Kiwanians. Sitting, left to right, Dr. W. Cnoop Koopmans, next in protocol to the Netherlands Minister to the U. S.; Alwin Klauser of Boston and Dr. W. Hugh Riddell of Burlington. Standing, left to right, are local Kiwanians Gerald Ladd, Chandler Mosher, Sawyer G. Lee, T. W. Hall, and Oscar Shepard.

(Above.) Left to right. Fred Shattuck, American Legion Commander of the Hardwick Post, received the trophy for the best organization plot; Clermont Fournier and Claire Larrabee, pupils of the 5th and 6th grade, with the trophy won by their group for maypole dancing and Mrs. Freeman Houghton, with the cup won for the best garden.

As a very real link between the Kingdom of the Netherlands and Vermont was also Vermont’s own Dr. and Mrs. W. Hugh Riddell of the State College of Agriculture. For post-war services in Holland Dr. Riddell received a very special and distinguished award, the Orange-Nassau medal, from the Royal Netherlands Government. Along with the Riddells was the New England district governor of Kiwanis International, Alwin T. Klauser, of Boston, also his lieutenant, Donald Lindsay, of Newport, and Mr. and Mrs. Dean Rowe of Johnson, Vermont. Photographers of national magazines vied with amateurs for angles on both dances and tulips.

Automobile parties from all over Vermont, and tourists from California, Texas and intermediate points made the rounds of gardens and parties. A banquet under the auspices of the Hardwick Kiwanians filled the time until the high
point of the evening when the Queen of
the Tulip Festival’s Ball would be se­
lected at the Hardwick gymnasium.
Consul General Koopmans, Dr. Riddell,
Governor Klauser and N. Dean Rowe had
the delicate and difficult task of selecting
which young lady should have the never­
to-be repeated honor of being the FIRST
Tulip Festival Queen and to receive the
silver cup and the Tulip crown. Miss Clara
Robb of Hardwick was chosen Queen.
She was chosen from the royal candidates
who, with their escorts, danced a waltz
while all others watched. From this
moment the evening turned to the real
business of dancing.
So, with a few more days of visitors
before the tulips faded, the first Tulip
Festival of Hardwick came to its end.
Yet it was a beginning. The Kiwanis
Club of Hardwick voted to make it
annual. Those plans are not words but
deeds. Where hundreds of tulips were
bought last year, thousands have been
planted for 1951. Where plans were un­
certain and exploratory in 1950 they are
precise and greater for 1951. We salute
Hardwick and her Annual Tulip Festival
and from our unofficial college of heraldry
we draw this significant coat of arms. It
should be a shield bearing a mountain of
granite with three bright tulips upon it,
the shield supported by two beagles
rampant and surmounted by a “green
thumb.” Come to the 1951 Tulip Festival
in Hardwick May 25-27, for in Hard­
wick as in Holland, the flowers that bloom
in the spring, have very much to do with
the case.

(Right) Miss Clare Robb, a junior at Hard­
wick Academy and daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. William Robb, was selected queen of
the Festival Ball by the judges, Gov. Klauser,
Dr. Hugh Riddell and N. Dean Rozee of
Johnson. Miss Robb holds the cup she
received while Dr. Koopmans carefully puts
the crown of colorful tulips in place.
Budd Hawkins' Seeds

by Wilmond W. Parker

About the time these brightly colored packages appear on the market, gardeners in seven northeastern states are afflicted with Spring Fever.

For more than three quarters of a century, the arrival of Budd D. Hawkins' garden seeds has been a harbinger of the seasons. At Lyndonville, Hermon Sheldon straps the big wooden case on the back of his 1932 Ford and starts out along the Star Route to Irving Brown's store in Wheelock. At South Royalton, Del Wood unloads the shiny steel rack consigned to L. H. Paine's hardware store. Bright colored packages bearing the red-lettered slogan, "Plant The Best," appear in Fidele's fruit market in Newport. That's when the patrons of a thousand hardware and grocery stores in seven northeastern states know that spring is here.

The Budd D. Hawkins Co. of Reading, a family enterprise now carried on by Elmer ("Red") Hawkins, son of the founder, is a typical small Vermont business. Housed in the old brick tavern in which Budd Hawkins' grandfather fitted out a Masonic Hall in 1815, it employs from three to fifteen workers at various seasons throughout the year, and its operations cover the greater part of New England and northeastern New York.

Young Budd Hawkins was only fourteen when he started the seed business in 1874, journeying to Boston to deal with Coburn and Washburn for his original stock. For a few years he peddled his seeds from house to house. Soon, however, he adopted the plan of placing them in stores to be sold on a commission basis, and this has been the chief method of distribution ever since. The company letter-head claims this date, 1879, as the founding of the business. Nine years more, and it was well enough established to be listed in Walton's Vermont Register—a listing it has kept ever since in the Register and the Yearbook.

The Hawkins family itself dates from an ancestor who boasted that he was "sired in Ireland, born in France, and brought up in America," and who served in the Revolution before settling in Reading. Budd Dallas Hawkins, born in 1859, was of the fourth generation in Vermont.

In spite of the fact that he spent over sixty years in the seed business, he had other interests and talents which have led him to declare that he missed his calling. Although he did not come from the same branch of Reading Hawkinses which furnished the "Hawkins Band," he was by avocation and by nature an entertainer. In his younger days he traveled, during the winter, with Whittemore and Clark's Broadway Minstrels, a company which many older Vermonters probably remember. A Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the Grange, he was always ready to tell a story, sing a song, play in the band, or provide some other entertainment.

When Budd D. Hawkins died in 1935, Red assumed the direction of the business. "Of all the things my father told me to do," he observes reflectively, "I guess there is only one that I've done, and that is to run the business honestly."

Red himself is a jovial, heavy-built man, whose mild manner belies the color of his hair. When you talk with him, you discover that he loves to reminisce about hunting and fishing trips that he has taken; but most of the time you will find him either at the trim white hillside cottage which is home to the seven members of the Hawkins household, or at his great grandfather's old brick tavern building across the road.

The latter provides office, workroom, and storehouse for the Hawkins Company. Heart of the whole building is the old Masonic Hall which occupies the second floor of the main structure. Here, Red's desk backs up against one of the two big fireplaces which stand at either end of the room; and over these fireplaces are still displayed the square and compass, built into the wall by old Abel Amsden when he equipped it as a meeting place for the Eastern Star Lodge.

Located about a mile north of Felchville, the old tavern faces squarely toward Mt. Aucuney to the southeast, and commands the junction of roads from Windsor, Springfield, and Woodstock. Stored away in the attic are to be found the two old wooden signs, each cut from a single piece of hemlock board, which once hung outside the tavern doors. They even now faintly reveal not only the Masonic emblems, but an eagle and 18 stars—one for each state in the union in 1815.

There is a typical yearly routine for the seed business. Starting in November, the seeds have to be tested for germination, by both state and federal authorities. Then about December 1, packaging begins, and it is nearly the end of February before the whole job is completed. Meanwhile the packing crew has moved in, about January 1. During this phase of activity, some 15 people crowd the rooms of the old building. Each of the racks and display cases...
must be filled by hand with so many pack­ets of lettuce, so many of beets, and peas, and radishes, and the proper complement of flowers.

A good share of the cases are shipped by parcel post, although the larger ones must be sent by express. At the same time, bulk seed orders also go our. This bulk seed business has been the junior partner in the concern, but it is rapidly coming into its own. Together with fill-in orders from merchants who have exhausted various lines of packaged seeds, it keeps Red and his right hand man, Jim Kendall, busy through the spring.

About July 1, it is time to begin pick­ing up seed cases, and to collect for the packages which have been sold. Just as in the days of Budd Hawkins, the seeds have been placed in the stores on a consignment basis, and the unsold packages are return­able. For this job one or two summer workers are added to the staff. Since 1935, Red has very frequently employed school teachers for this work—not because of any educational qualifications, but on account of the happy coincidence of their vacations with the pickup period. Even so, not all cases are back at the plant by September 1, and Jim is often busy for another month or more before they have all been collected.

Although the summer job has some of the elements of a travel vacation with pay, it also has plenty of long hours, hard work, and nerve strain. Driving several hundred miles a week brings the agent close to many things which may interest him—museums, summer theaters, moun­tain peaks, beach resorts, as well as industrial plants of many kinds—as he zigzags across the Northeast. It also brings him into contact with all kinds of people, since Hawkins outlets range from the simple crossroads store (often housing the local post office, and in at least one instance each, the telephone exchange and the Railway Express Agency) to the most modern hardware store or self-service grocery. On the whole, these merchants are friendly and pleasant to deal with; but there are times when being an agent also means being a diplomat.

As he goes around, he is asked one question more often than any other: “What becomes of the seeds that are returned?” Some assume that the same seeds are sent out year after year until they are finally sold; while others conclude that they are a total loss. Actually the truth lies between these two extremes. Upon return the cases are opened, the packages are sorted, and each variety of seed is subjected to the same rigorous tests that the new seed undergoes. If it passes the tests, it will be repackaged and put back on sale; if not, it will be burned.

As a matter of fact, many types of seeds—especially the larger ones—retain their vitality for two, three, or more years. Two or three seasons ago, Red had a call for a variety of tomatoes which had not been put out on consignment since his father’s death. Considering the fact that the seeds were more than a dozen years old, he made a present of them to the cus­tomer—only to learn later that practically every seed germinated.

Another question which agents are asked is: “Does Hawkins raise his own seeds?” The answer is no—not now. For the first twenty years, Budd Hawkins produced his own in Reading. But there are other parts of the country which are better adapted for particular kinds of seeds; and so today only Vermont Cran­berry and a few other varieties of beans still come from Vermont, and even these are not raised on the Hawkins farm.

Although Budd D. Hawkins Co. is one of the smallest concerns in a highly competitive field, Red has managed to maintain a good record of service throughout the seven northeastern states, and to extend his business into some unlikely and out-of-the-way spots. For many years he made regular shipments to Deer Lake, Newfoundland, and today he has a growing clientele of expatriated New Eng­landers around Garden City, Florida. One woman in Westport, N. Y., stocked up with Hawkins seeds for her daughter to take to India, while during World War II, his seeds went to the re-occupied coun­tries of Europe.

The war posed special problems for seedsmen as it did for other industries. Fortunately for Red, seed distribution had a high priority, and his trucks were not laid up minus gas or tires. But his record goes beyond that—he claims to be the only seed producer operating in New England (and he has at least a dozen major competitors in the area) who was able to maintain 100% deliveries during that trying period, without resorting to prorating. Moreover, during one of these years, the company made another record, unique in its history (and probably in the history of many firms). Its accounts were paid up 100%—and that is no unimportant consideration in the case of a firm which can turn its money over only once a year.

In contrast to this is the story which Red tells of his father’s first consignment of seeds, placed on commission with a merchant at Walpole, N. H. From the point of view of sale, it was successful; but from that of collection it was not. The commission amounted to 76 cents due young Hawkins, and that proved to be more than the luckless storekeeper was willing or able to produce.

“Weren’t you discouraged?” Red says he asked his father.

“No!” replied the old man, thinking back over the years. “I was so damned mad I went home and got some more and started out again.”

Perhaps in that statement lies the phi­losophy of a successful business.
Some VERMONT Ways of Life: By Vrest Orton

Independence is a Word

Independence is an American word. It has been used now in the United States for over two hundred years and, seems if, the longer it is used the less meaning it has.

In fact, it has so little application today that Americans have become nostalgic about it, and are fond of talking of how independent and unfettered men were in the “old days”—the days a century or more back when a man was his own boss, did what he wanted to do, and did it in the way he wanted to do it.

Today independence is a Vermont word. Nowhere else does a way of life inject meaning and validity into the word independence so much as the way folks live in the Green Mountain State. Nowhere else, in my observation, is it possible to be so relatively independent if a man wants to pay the price.

Every little while here in Vermont I meet Vermonters who are living free and unbridled lives. These stalwart people personify the rugged sense of freedom and independence that has become a matter of nostalgia in the United States. I want to tell you here about one of my favorite Vermonters who is his own boss, who is doing what he wants to do, and who is doing it in his own way.

In short, may I introduce to you an Independent Man in this year of grace 1951.

A Man of Independence.

This man’s name is Leon Bolster. He lives in Chester, Vermont. He is a printer. On the village green Mr. Bolster owns a house. In one side he lives and in the other has his printing shop. When you enter the shop door an old-fashioned spring-bell tingles merrily. This bell was put there years ago to call Mr. Bolster from his living quarters into his working quarters. I have never yet entered Mr. Bolster’s print shop at any time of day or night when the bell was anything but superfluous.

Mr. Bolster undertakes to print everything from a cardboard auction bill, using big old-fashioned wood type, to a small booklet using eight-point foundry type; always hand set. I doubt if he has ever turned down a job because of lack of equipment. His shop has about twenty-five wooden cases of type, and wooden cases, incidentally, went out of style about thirty-five to forty years back. There are no linotype, monotype, Ludlow or any other automatic type setting machines in Mr. Bolster’s shop because Mr. Bolster sets all the type himself into one ungraduated metal stick.

His shop has one press, a 10 x 15, and on this Mr. Bolster prints everything, even though I suspect when he comes to an auction bill he has to let part of it hang over the edge of the platen. There is not even a metal paper cutter. He does have a small wood cutter such as was used in business offices in the nineties. One of the prime requisites of a printing shop, old or new, is plenty of galleys. (the metal tray to hold type after it has been set up or after it has been printed). Mr. Bolster has no such galleys. He never had any. No sense of buying galleys when you can tie up the type with a piece of twine string and set it on pieces of cardboard cut out of discarded envelope boxes.

After Mr. Bolster sets type in his stick (which is the hand adjustable device into which the pieces of type must be placed so they come out even) he lifts the type out of the stick and lays it on a table inside of a frame or chase into which it is locked so it may be placed in the press ready to print. Mr. Bolster does not make up, as a modern printer would, on a galley because he sees no sense in wasting time doing so, or in using galleys. When he finishes printing he distributes the type back into the wooden cases and is ready for the next job. The old-fashioned hand set borders and type ornaments he keeps in little match boxes. He has no proof press, and very seldom takes proofs because he reads the type in the stick before he takes it out. Therefore, he sees no sense in taking proofs.

I go into these details for the benefit of printers who can easily see that, by no stretch of the imagination, is Mr. Bolster’s printing shop equipped in the modern manner. Still Mr. Bolster makes a very good living in his print shop.

The Secret

Mr. Bolster is in bondage to no man. If someone wants him to print something he doesn’t want to print, he doesn’t have to do it. He can get up and go to work when he likes, and he can work as long as he likes. He is doing what he wants to do and he is doing it in the way he wants to do it.

Mr. Bolster was telling me once about a piece of printing he did for a craftsman. “Craftsmen” you know, and the quotes are mine, are people who talk glibly about fine hand work and even argue about it because they all know how to do it. They
THE ST. JOHNSBURY TRADE SCHOOL

gives Vermont boys a four-year high school course and practical training in the skilled trades

by Vrest Orton

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL JENKS

FOR THE VERMONT BOY who does not go on to college, but who needs and indeed should have a secondary school education along with proficiency in a trade, the town of St. Johnsbury maintains Vermont’s only four year Trade School as part of its public school system.

This institution, housed in a new modern building, is teaching both theory and practice in the automotive, electrical, machine shop, and building trades so that upon graduation its students will be able to enter industry as trained apprentices or exercise their new skills on the farm which, mechanized as it is today, needs technically trained men. Other graduates will be ready to make a living as service men in the radio, electrical, or automotive fields. Some will go into business for themselves as carpenters, welders, or contractors.

The St. Johnsbury Trade School, headed by Principal Lewis J. Streeter and Frank R. Adams, School Supt., has a faculty of six men and one woman, and possesses modern, well equipped shops, tools and machines. Eighth grade graduates, 14 years old, may enter the school which at present accommodates about 150 boys, with prospects of a new addition to its plant next year. Most of the student body comes from St. Johnsbury and its environs but several boys are from towns 50 to 75 miles away. The parents of students outside the St. Johnsbury School system (or the town) pay a modest tuition fee of $175.00.

In constant touch with northern Vermont industry, the faculty finds no trouble in placing its graduates in good jobs although at present the school is not well known in other parts of the state.

If the school and its excellent facilities and able faculty were better known, a wider cooperation of Vermont industry, business and farm groups, in setting up a program to train promising boys from many other Vermont towns and cities, would redound to the decided benefit of the entire state.

In these days when some young men are satisfied with an ambition to achieve a white collar job and “security,” it is encouraging to take notice of a Vermont educational institution that is developing a cadre of trained as well as educated young men to do some of the hard work of the state. The work that entails technical skill, persistence, physical strength and self-reliance will never get done if we neglect to prepare young men to assume this responsibility and accept it as another good sound Vermont way of life.

Herbert C. Wornwood, Building Trades Instructor, instructs Kenneth Bailey of Lyndonville on turning a table leg, using a wood turning lathe.
Above: Automotive Shop Instructor, William Anderson, shows Maurice Allan of Barnet how to use a Sun Distributor Tester. The machine checks the points, cam angle, automatic and vacuum advance, and operations of the points.

Below: The automotive course is practical and thorough. Here a group of boys learn to use a Sun Motor Tester, which makes a complete analysis of a motor. Left to right: Richard McGinnis, St. Johnsbury; Roy Burleson, East Fairfield; Elwin Smith, North Danville; William Shanbo, St. Johnsbury; and John Greene, Bethlehem, N. H.
Lewis J. Streeter, Principal of the school, helps Leonard Pierce of St. Johnsbury with a mathematics problem.

In the picture at the top of the page to the left, Paul Drummond of St. Johnsbury, Theron Merchant of Waterford and Leo Descoteaux of St. Johnsbury are absorbed in a Fly Milling operation on the base of a small bench girder. In the second picture Collins J. Farr, Radio and Electrical Shop Instructor, instructs Elmer Jones of St. Johnsbury on the proper method of tuning and adjusting a short wave transmitter.

The third picture shows Raymond Bellville and Albin Finn of St. Johnsbury using the oxyacetylene torch to weld two pieces of material together. In the bottom picture, freshman Ernest Goodwin of St. Johnsbury receives instruction from Alfred Burrows, Machine Shop Instructor on turning a piece of steel held in the chuck lathe.

Mrs. Claire Miller, Head of the English Department, has a difficult time (right top) trying to tell which is Dale and which is Darrell Larocque of East Barnet while other members of the freshman English class, Ellis Sears of St. Johnsbury, Richard Whitcher of South Ryegate, Ralph Perkins, William Shambo and Romeo Martel of St. Johnsbury work on an assignment.

Physics students Robert Hovey, Douglas Phelps and Richard Rash of St. Johnsbury, Leigh Larocque of East Barnet and John Grady of St. Johnsbury experiment (right center) with some of the physics laboratory equipment used in the Junior year.

Wayne Allard of Sutton, Willis Bean of Lunenburg and Kilburn Badger, Richard Johnston, Robert Johnston and Elmer Jones of St. Johnsbury construct wireless record players (right bottom) with which records may be played and picked up on your radio several feet away without any direct contact. Here they utilize a vacuum tube voltmeter and a volt OHM milliampere meter which was constructed in the shop.

Richard Gillander of Waterford, a junior in the Drafting Shop Course, operates a universal boardmaster drafting machine (below) under the watchful eye of Instructor Gordon G. Woods.
Here’s What Happens
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Vermont Ways of Life

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never seem, however, to be able to work at it long enough to make a living.

Mr. Bolster did some printing for one. He showed it to me and asked me how I liked it. I used to be a printer myself, and I said it was fine. It was fine.

"He didn't think so," he said. "Why not?" I asked.

"Well because he explained he was a craftsman. Said he knew all about printing. I asked if he'd ever done any printing. I told him not much of a craftsman. I told him probably not.

Then he added "I have to work for a living."

The Price.

What is it that Mr. Bolster has, and what did he have to pay for it? He has relative independence, and he has had to pay a good price.

First—his life he has done with what he had. Instead of buying every new gadget and labor-saving device there was and mortgaging his future for equipment, he has used what he had. Or what he could make do.

Second, he has even done without a lot of things he could have used.

Third, he has worked hard and long. If there was a job to do he worked nights before he stopped. He was never one to drop his tools at the stroke of a time clock. I have never heard him mention a forty hour week.

Fourth, he has learned and practiced the trade of an all-around printer. He has done and continues to do every single operation in his shop. Today young men learn no more than one of these many operations. We are no longer turning out stone men, press men, proof readers, monotype compositors, linotype machine men, and other specialists. It takes all of them to make a printer. There is nothing in Mr. Bolster's shop that he does not know how to do, or is not willing to do.

Fifth, I am sure Mr. Bolster has never thought, though I am not privy to his inner mind, in terms of so many dollars an hour and so many hours a week. He has never given consideration to how little time or how little effort he could put in, to get what he was being paid. He has simply put in all the time and effort he had.

For all these efforts he has withdrawn a comfort more valuable than bank money.

He has individuality and relative freedom. He has not become rich, but he has made a good living. He is beholden to no man. If he feels like it he can close up and go fishing, and what is more important, if he feels like it he can work seventy hours a week.

Mr. Bolster is just one of the good examples we have in Vermont of a man of independence. It seems to me he is a living proof that independence is not something we need to feel nostalgic about. In Mr. Bolster's lexicon independence is something that comes from work. Independence is the result of practicing virtues, so typical in Vermont, of persistence, self-reliance, thrift, care, and frugality. I doubt if Mr. Bolster will retire ever, because he has found, although he has never put it in words, that independence is not something you get from someone else but something you get for yourself by working. Therefore, when you stop working you stop getting it.

Mr. Bolster will be 77 years old come Michaelmas.
Each May and early June when the colts were born, the U. S. Morgan Horse Farm in Weybridge became a mecca for children and grownups from far and near. Blue sky overhead, Vermont's green hills and mountains for a backdrop and the colorful Morgan foals and dams in lush green pasture blended to make a scene of pastoral beauty seldom equalled. Children and colts have a lot to learn about this big wide world and Ellen and William Noonan and the Morgan colt survey each other with mutual curiosity and shyness. All this is changed now. Withdrawal by Congress of funds for the maintenance of the farm made it necessary to sell the horses. Conditions of sale required that the purchaser use them for the improvement of the Morgan horse breed.

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