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Editor’s Uneasy Chair

We are pleased to announce as Editorial Associate Stephen Greene of W. Dover. The resignation of Vrest Orton of Weston was reported in our last issue.

Greene was born 1914 in Boston, educated in Massachusetts and France and graduated from Harvard in 1937. He served on the Japan Advertiser, Paris Herald and London bureau of the N. Y. Herald-Tribune. During the War he was with the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service. Later he was partner in a radio transcription service, and has written for a variety of publications.

Greene became a W. Dover resident in 1948, has sugared, raised Herefords and collected Max Beerbohm there ever since. He’s been on the Dover school bd., in the 1953 Vt. Legislature, member of the state Forest Festival Comm. and Educational Television Commission.

In 1944 he married Janet Gould of Portland, Ore., a former newspaperwoman. They have two daughters.

Per copy 55c. In U. S., possessions & Canada $1.25 per year, $1.65 elsewhere.

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From his title the P.B. would be supposed to be entirely at home with horse power on-the-hoof. While he admits he has had much more experience with horse power under-the-hoof, he did at one time, know something about horseflesh. He is moved to offer proof of this partly because members of younger generations listen to stories of the days when that type of locomotion was all there was, with amazement and even incredulity. They just cannot understand why things happened so slowly—the time lag—not why areas so near today were then so foreign.

An empty barn certainly invited a guest and the P.B.'s father, reared on a farm, doubtless felt lost without a horse. That he wasn't an adroit judge of such was proved by time. The name of the new member of the family was DINAH. She had an extremely curvacious figure which her voracious appetite kept from ever approaching trimness. Standing, with ears pricked up, anticipating a hand-out, she made a nice comfortable equine picture, perhaps a bit on the heavy side. On the road her gait removed any signs of charm. Her master referred to it as "a gait like a pair of bars." (Ask Grandpa. He'll know.) She travelled sidewise as a trotting dog often does and her steps were mincing. Her response to the rein was first to turn her head as far as her neck would allow before changing the direction of her feet. In the joy and pride of the early days of possession these defects were not noticed. They impressed themselves gradually.

By sad experience the P.B. learned that Dinah's disposition was not of the happiest. She had no maternal instincts whatever. This was brought home to him one day when he had found the world a cold and cruel place. Probably he had been spanked and, no doubt, unjustly, by his mother. So he sought solace in the barn. He crept up into the manger and placed his tear-wet cheek against Dinah's velvety nose. Psychologically her actions may have been correct, for the nip she gave the P.B. on the fleshy part of his arm, certainly channeled his feelings away from his original sorrows. Here was a punisher who could be hit back. Alas, then and there was demonstrated that heretofore unbelievably statement often heard from punishing parents: "this hurts me more than it does you." The retaliatory swat landed on solid bone. There was no comfort in Israel.

A pleasant recollection are a few early morning rides which the P.B.'s father instituted. The pleasure of these was enhanced by the fact that the P.B. was taken along supposedly unbeknownst. He would climb out of his bedroom window and slide down the long shed roof below it. He would slip into the barn and under the open buggy seat. His father was always amazed when, after a short distance had been covered, he found there was a passenger aboard. Those before-breakfast drives, in the cool of the morning, produced a camaraderie rather rare in those days of parental dignity. It is a pleasant memory and we give Dinah whatever praise is her due.

Perhaps it was the picture on a stamp of a Post Boy riding with the mail which urged this one to greatly desire to mount and speed away likewise. But there was no saddle. Also Dinah's waist was by no means tapering. Brief bareback rides under parental guidance had not been satisfactory. Legs stuck out straight. One day, however, the P.B.'s mother went up the street a few doors to attend a meeting of the Ladies Missionary Society. Her father was at his store as usual, so the coast was entirely clear for adventure. Ingenuity, later proved faulty, devised stirrups from a piece of clothesline with loops at either end, thrown over Dinah's back. The headstall was transformed into a proper bridle by removal of the reins and arranging the check-rein as a substitute. Somehow the bits were put into an unwilling mouth and mounting via the side of the stall, with unexpected suddenness, the rider found himself being carried out toward the highway. He managed to steer his steed so she went in the opposite direction from the Missionary gathering and soon self-confidence grew. Gingerly the stirrups were slipped over each foot. By then a little more speed seemed in order. Then the faults of the unattached stirrup idea showed up. Pressing too hard on the right foot the daring rider found himself, in a twinkling, lying in the soft grass of a ditch a bit below the road. By the time he recovered enough to notice, his mount was showing unwonted speed as she galloped toward home. Unfortunately she missed her goal. One of the ladies at the mission circle, who was supposed to have her eyes closed in prayer, recognized Dinah's well known figure grazing outside on the Simond's lawn. Somehow she communicated the news to the P.B.'s mother. The rather slow pace of the meeting accelerated immediately without even an "amen." What happened afterward is, perhaps happily, not recalled.

A one horse open sleigh was often a means of winter enjoyment, with bells jingling and all that. In the P.B.'s experience the preliminaries to such a ride, especially on a certain frosty morning, blotted out any happy memories. The P.B.'s father had warmed the bit over the kitchen fire. His approach to Dinah showed her in one of her worst moods. She kicked and she snapped and made herself generally obnoxious. Once on the barn floor there was the ordeal of backing her into the thills. The youthful P.B. tried to help but was peremptorily ordered to keep away. Dinah backed every way but the right one and finally planted one of her not at all delicate feet firmly on the felt-shoe clad foot of her master. Brother, unless you have experienced this excruciating agony you cannot appreciate the feelings it arouses even in the bosom of the gentlest of men. A yank on the rein got the load off of the by then half paralyzed foot and at once vengeance was demanded. Perversely, the young P.B.'s sympathy immediately was transferred to poor Dinah as he realized that something was going to happen to her. In tears he sought the warm kitchen and his mother. Later his father came limping in and was soon seated in a chair with his feet in the oven while the P.B.'s mother bound up what seemed to be a bloody wound on the exposed right leg. The retaliatory kick had never made its mark. The shaft had intervened making itself felt on that unprotected portion of the leg, the shin.

Soon the tragic circumstances were forgotten by the P.B. due to the internal application of several round balls, that part of the doughnut removed to make the doughnut on the drying rack even now. The doughnut had never made its mark. The shaft had intervened making itself felt on that unprotected portion of the leg, the shin. Soon the tragic circumstances were forgotten by the P.B.
As it stands today, Fletcher Farm is the sum of many things. It is now a craft school, active for two months in the summer, teaching various arts and crafts to its students from many states, and bedding and boarding them, too. The Society of Vermont Craftsmen, which operates the school had, even in its infancy in 1938, three goals: to promote the development of crafts, to open up marketing facilities, and to provide under expert guidance workshops or classes.

To understand how from such varied ingredients as a set of farm buildings, a memorial, two boards of trustees and a spring of water, these goals became a reality, one must go back and look at the history of the Farm.

First, of course, there was the land. It lies along the Black River, between Proctorsville and Ludlow, and extends up into the hills. When Jesse Fletcher, the first Fletcher of the Farm, came up the valley in 1783 in search of a good place to establish his home, he found an excellent cold spring with plenty of water. This, he decided, would suit him down to the
Fletcher Farm Craft School opens July 5th for two-week courses in Jewelry (Joseph Skinger), Weaving (Berta Frey), Gilding (James L. Goldie), and Decoration (Walter Wright, Marietta Paine and Gina Martin). The July 19–30 period courses are given in Reverse Painting on Glass (Irene Slater), Gilding, Weaving and Decorating. From August 2–13 there are courses in Oil and Water Color Painting (Clement Hurd), Weaving, Pottery, Woodcarving (Paul Aschenbach), and Decorating. Courses presented August 16–27 are Weaving, Advanced Decorating, Rug Hooking (Eileen Briggs) and Teacher Training (Virginia Newhall). Open House day is August 9th from 2–7 p.m.

One of the Country’s leading schools of arts and crafts instruction begins its seventh summer.

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

Above. Students and staff members gather on the terrace to sun and visit before dinner.

ground. Since the spring, even today, is still supplying the same good water, not only to the Farm, but to neighbors along the valley, his judgment has proved to be sound.

At first, according to family records, he built a log cabin on the hill. The next year, however, probably at his wife’s urging, he built the first part of the present main dwelling. A few years later, perhaps due to the growth of his family, he enlarged the house. At the same time, since the nearest Masonic Hall had burned, he incorporated in the upper story of the addition, a new hall, complete with a domed ceiling. People in the valley can still remember seeing the ceiling, painted blue, with many silver stars. Mrs. Jesse Fletcher, a woman of great spirit, stood in no great awe of the Masons, and kept her best bonnet in a closet of the lofty hall. Upon being told on one occasion that a meeting was being held and that no woman might enter, she stamped her foot and announced that no number of men could keep her from her best bonnet, and (Continued on page 5)
ABOVE: Students and faculty members alike are seldom slow to fill the Farm’s bright, glassed dining room when servings are announced.

ABOVE: Virginia Newhall’s class for elementary school teachers tries finger painting. ABOVE: Eileen Briggs displays hooked rugs.

BELOW: Paul Aschenbach of East Randolph, wood carver and worker in wrought iron, instructs a Fletcher Farm class in wood sculpture.
forthwith carried it away with aplomb.

Although the Farm never left Fletcher hands, the family scattered far and wide. Some, however, true Vermonters, returned. Among them was the youngest of Jesse's 15 children, who built himself a house on the corner of the Farm. This, with its carriage house, harness room and summer kitchen turned into bedrooms, now houses most of the students.

About 1930, the contemporary Fletcher's, no longer farmers, decided that the Farm should retire from raising crops and children, and have a try at something new. So it was that Mrs. Mary E. Fletcher, as a memorial to her husband, Allen M. Fletcher, set up Fletcher Farm, with provision for its maintenance. It could be used for anything with an educational purpose. The outbuildings were converted to classrooms and living quarters. The sugar house became the weaving house; the ice house underneath it, the pot shop. The chicken house, its windows moved from south (good for hens but not for artists) to north, became a studio. The ice pond, fed from the bottom by cold springs, so that it is still icy in midsummer, became the swimming-hole. Underneath the barn grew a small theater for a drama workshop, and later the main barn became a fully equipped summer theater. The wood-shed, windows on three sides and a big new fireplace added, was turned into the dining-room.

Various groups operated the Farm during the years. There were music weeks, Farm Women's weeks, teachers conferences and religious conventions, a children's program, and many courses in different arts and crafts. The theater housed a local amateur group, the Fletcher Farm players, and the drama workshop flourished. All that could be called educational was grist for the Farm.

Then came World War II. No gas, no teachers and no spare time forced the Farm to close its doors. During the war years, she slept and rested like the weary old lady she was.

Now we come to the present operators of the Fletcher Farm Craft School, the Society of Vermont Craftsmen, Inc. This is a state-wide non-profit organization, with its five hundred members collected from active craftsmen, hobbyists, and those who recognize the fact that crafts certainly add to anyone's pleasure in life, and may become a way of earning a living. Until 1947 the main projects of the Society were helping craftsmen in designing and marketing, and sponsoring an annual Craftsmen's Fair, still held, usually in August. It was at the end of one of these Fairs, when the members were busily packing up the unsold consignments, that one of the Fletcher Farm trustees rushed in, and suggested that the Society might use the Farm as a school. Packing immediately stopped dead, and a long series of ways and means conferences began, a series which is still going on. So it came about that in 1948, with twenty-two dollars of its own, some borrowed money, and endless work by its members, the Society opened the Farm as a Craft School again.

It was planned primarily as an aid to Vermont craftsmen in general and the Society's members in particular. However, craft work has caught the public fancy all over the nation, and the combination of a Vermont vacation plus lessons in their chosen field has turned out to be irresistible. "Outlander" students far outnumber the natives. In 1953, there were students from twenty states, two provinces of Canada, and the District of Columbia, to the total of 120. There are amazingly few similar schools in all the land, and growth of enthusiasm for, and competence in, craft work has been greatly gratifying to the Society.

Classes are set up in two week periods, although many take more than one (Continued on next page)
ABOVE: Creation of many decorative arts and craft items, displayed here, is a part of the course given by Virginia Newhall for grade school teachers.

LEFT: Irene Slater (standing) supervises a class learning the art of reverse painting on glass. Individual instruction in small groups is usual school practice.

BELOW: Special classes in training teachers in arts and crafts instruction are given toward the end of the summer school session. Instructor here is Neal Perkins.

period, and a few have come for all summer. The Farm has offered courses in weaving, pottery, silver jewelry, gilding, wood carving, rug hooking, and Early American Decoration. This latter is somewhat of a misnomer, since much of it is neither early nor American, but it has come to be the generic term for painting furniture and trays. There is also, at the end of the season, a course in teacher training, which is free for any producing craftsman.

All has not been smooth sailing, of course. City people, for instance, did not understand the intricacies of country plumbing, and regularly the reserve water tank was emptied, which means no baths for a day. Cooks, who are a more or less temperamental race, came and went, three in one summer. As in all country places, the lights went out, the roof leaked, the fireplace smoked, and flying squirrels came down the chimney, but craftsmen as a whole seem to be a good natured and forbearing lot. All was forgotten in their interest in a new pattern or a successful turn at the potter's wheel.

Informality has been the keynote of the Farm. Students may (and do!) wear whatever pleases their fancy. Many forget that Vermont nights, or days, can be cool even in summer, and hurried calls home for Papa to send on the woolens are common. Whenever actual teaching is not going on, classrooms may be used for homework, with the teacher's permission. Such is the enthusiasm that the Farm finds it has to discourage rather than encourage the application of the seat of the pants to the bench. One teacher, upon being exposed to the eager beavers, exclaimed that they did more work in two weeks than he could do. Firmly believing that all work and no play is not good, the Farm lures them away with other offerings.

Thursday is cook's day off, and the entire school goes out to dinner. Every other week there has been a smorgasbord at Weston, and then on to the Weston Playhouse. The local churches also plan a bean or a chicken-pie supper for the Farm. The Farm finds that its staff and student body are an endless source of laughter. Mr. Vig, our "handy-man" in '53, who had just retired after 47 years in the New York Public Library, was consoled by one admiring female with the thought that "after all, a handy-man's job is nothing to be ashamed of!" Dispossessed of his room by an overflow of students,
ABOVE: This busy class in hand weaving is supervised by Berta Frey. Weaving courses are offered throughout the entire summer session.

BELOW: Walter H. Wright, author of this article, instructs class in Early American Decorating, (sometimes neither early nor American.)
he set himself up in the former pig-sticking room. Murals, wonderful to behold, and an open fire made Vigie's place an immediate drawing card.

Despite all trials and set-backs, the Society has been happy with the results of the School. Many students have written later telling of their enjoyment in living and working with people of like interests. It may be added that two weeks with no housekeeping, no cooking and no dishes has proved an added inducement to some prospective students. Visitors, whether craftsmen or simply interested viewers, are welcome at the School at any time. This year a special open house will be held at the school the afternoon of August 9th.

Again, the last of June the school comes to life. Shutters come down, curtains go up, food goes in and lawn furniture goes out, and the Farm stands ready for the new session, secure in the knowledge that she has proved herself a success in her new career.

ABOVE: Tree-shaded “Rockside,” Fletcher Farm’s large, comfortable student dormitory.

BELOW: Part of the Farm staff poses at the main entrance. Seated are Mrs. Madeline Gillingham (left) and Harriet Bickford. Standing are (from left to right) Sylvester Vigilante, Irene Slater, Clement Hurd, Berta Frey, Virginia L. Newhall, Paul Aschenbach and Marietta Paine.
CRACKER BARREL BAZAAR

 Photographed by VERNER Z. REED

ABOVE: Small helpers appear unsolicited to assist Aunt Elyse Hale wheel into position on the Green her wagon of grabs and balloons.

An outstanding Vermont Summer event is held in Newbury each August.

VERMONT Life
ABOVE: Morning mist rises from the Connecticut River Ox Bow beyond old Newbury village, settled in 1762. This is the Coos country, "the place of pines," where Rogers' Rangers missed their rendezvous after the famous Raid. The old Hazen Military Road started here.

The beautiful old river town of Newbury, located on the Connecticut’s historic Ox Bow, is the setting for a comparatively new Vermont attraction, (one of the many Summer events listed on page 27).

But the Cracker Barrel Bazaar jumped into prominence last year when it initiated an art exhibit which included some of America's finest talent.

This year the Bazaar will be held August 5th, 6th and 7th, and again it will feature a fine antique show and some of the best in craft work. The art exhibition promises to be as interesting and diversified as before. Last year works by Norman Rockwell, Paul Sample, Maxfield Parrish, Aldro Hibbard and Luigi Lucioni were among the 122 canvasses hung. A popular part of the exhibit is the vote of the visitors for their favorite painting. Last year's winner was Saturday Evening Post cover artist George Hughes. Stan Marc Wright was second and third was Maxfield Parrish.

This year Indian Joe and Molly dolls will be displayed. Antique automobile fans and clubs are being invited to parade their cars. Many of Newbury's fine old houses again will be opened for public tours.

Although pointed primarily toward antique fans and lovers of fine arts and crafts, these photographs by Ver- ner Reed demonstrate that nothing is lacking for the entertainment of the young fry, or in the multiplicity of small-town pleasures which appeal to everyone. Mr. Reed's pictures of the Bazaar continue through page fifteen.
ABOVE: Pony rides are a part of any Vermont Summer event.

LEFT: At auction on the Green a girdle goes on the block.

BELLOw: Crafts are displayed in store, also shown on page 9.
ABOVE LEFT: Mrs. Adine Farwell waits for tours of Newbury homes to reach D.A.R. chapter house, formerly the Ox Bow school. Desk belonged to Newbury’s founder, General Jacob Bayley.

ABOVE: Tours of Newbury’s historic houses were sponsored by local D.A.R. Their House, where tours ended, displays Indian Joe’s gun and canoe. On site Vermont Legislature met in 1801.

LEFT: The Antique show is managed by Betty and Dick Darling of Newbury. Here two ladies search for additions to their button collections at the booth operated by Hannibal Hodges of Rutland.
ABOVE: Arts and crafts sale is held in the setting of old country store. Here Charles Lillie of Danby shows lithographs by his wife, Ella Fillmore Lillie. Antiques are shown, too.

ABOVE RIGHT: Visitor to the popular art exhibition notes her choice for the popularity vote. Marine scene is by L. Conaway, the pines by George Hughes, right view by Martha Bosworth.

RIGHT: One of most popular departments of the Bazaar, and not alone for children, is puppet show staged by Basil Miloszoroff, Folktale Puppet Studio, Norwich, one of three days.
ABOVE: "Bim" Stamm runs the art exhibition and handles the publicity.

BELOW: The Kenneth Hales enjoy bingo game in a tent set up on the Green.

ABOVE: Gay balloons and "Boys Grabs" are viewed wistfully by Suki Knight.

BELOW: The Bazaar was an idea of Mrs. Marion W. Salter, now its president.
ABOVE: A square dance is needed to cap any real Vermont occasion. Spirited practitioners sometimes exceed the accepted dance forms.
When I was a girl in Pittsford, that village was a center of fern study. Though I didn’t realize it, several people who lived there were known to the scientific world for their work with ferns and their discoveries of certain hybrids which were of great interest to botanists. Grace Woolson lived in a low white house at Pittsford Mills, surrounded by a garden where she tended every possible variety of ferns. She experimented with raising them in the house, and besides the ferns she kept tree toads in some of her glass cases. She knew them as individuals, it seemed, these queer little monsters that puffed out their throats and made weird sounds. The neighborhood children brought her these “peepers” in the spring, and liked to watch them climb around inside the glass walls of their prisons, their gummy feet sticking tight. Catching flies to feed Miss Woolson’s toads was a gainful occupation in my youth. She spent much time on her book, “Ferns and How to Grow Them,” published in the Garden Library and still authoritative. Margaret Slosson’s “How Ferns Grow,” a more scientific treatise, was another product of that time.

It was Dr. Swift, the family doctor of all the region, who first roused my interest in ferns. He suggested to my father that since I was a sickly child and seldom went to school, it would be a good idea if instead of staying in the house to read I learned more about outdoor things. I soon knew most of the common ferns, but my great thrill came when I found a rare species on the Limestone Rock. This was a great slab of different texture from the surrounding ledges, which reared up nearly twenty feet in the air beside a hollow in my grandfather’s sheep pasture. I picked a frond, brought it home, and searched through the books. I decided it was really Asplenium ruta-muraria, noted as “uncommon, found on limestone.” Next time the doctor drove up the avenue lined with maples below our house, his little Morgan horse pulling the covered buggy at a good pace and his Irish setters ranging...
Many ferns thrive in partial shade. This typical fern glade carpets a Londonderry grove of sugar maples, makes the air fragrant.

ahead, I ran out and stopped him to tell him of my find. He agreed that I was right, and praised me for recognizing it, but I found out later that he himself had planted it there the summer before, taking a bit from a clump he had found near the falls in Proctor. Anyway, he was glad to know it had lived and flourished. It was still flourishing a few years ago, when I climbed the Limestone Rock once again.

So it is no accident that botanical books note "Pittsford, Vt." or "Proctor, Vt." as the locale for many unusual ferns, along with "Willoughby Lake" and "Mt. Mansfield." It means that eager collectors have combed the terrain at those places. Probably dozens of other Vermont valleys would yield equal treasure if given equal attention. Vermont is extraordinarily rich in fern varieties. None is big like the tropical tree ferns, which are like the ones that went to make coal eons ago, but they are of many kinds. Few stop to see how curious they are. The fronds we see, what we call "ferns," with the brown spore-cases on the under side, are only half of their life cycle. The other half is a tiny green speck, which grows from one of the spores when it drops on damp ground. This green dot sinks rootlets into the soil, and bears on its upper surface microscopic male and female organs, not complex enough to be called stamens and pistils as in flowers. These are one of nature's early devices for securing fertilization of a cell, not yet complex enough to be called a seed. When several plants grow near together, there may be cross-fertilization, and even the crossing of species to make new varieties.

Ferns grow from their root-stocks too, pushing on year after year by means of these tough underground stems, sending up new clumps every few inches. As anyone who has tried to transplant them knows, these root-stocks may extend a long way from the original plant, and with this continued growth the fern is practically immortal, in favorable conditions.

(Continued on next page)
Ferns are closely related to the horsetails, those gritty tufts that spring up in the mud beside every country lane, and to the trailing pine which carpets our Vermont woods. All of them are experiments in evolution, earlier than pines and spruces.

Of our true ferns, we in Vermont have three families. The commonest example of the Adder's Tongues—nothing to do with the little yellow lily with the spotted leaves that is everywhere in maple woods in spring—is the Rattlesnake Fern, found in the same sort of sugar-bush, but in August. You may think it is a flowering plant gone to seed, for its spore case is on a stem raised from the center of a deeply cut frond. But it isn't, and it has some rare cousins you will be lucky to find if you start collecting, like moonwort and the little grape ferns. It is easy to see

ABOVE: Fragrant fern, a rich, brilliant green, has sticky fronds, delightful fragrance.

BELOW: Cinnamon fern “fiddle-heads,” shaped like violin heads.

BELOW: The Brake or Bracken fern is most common in the state.
why they were named, for their spore cases do look like tiny bunches of green grapes, but why the rattlesnake fern? Did some settler or some Indian medicine man think it would cure snake-bite? All sorts of curative and magic properties used to be attributed to ferns, but except for male fern (Aspidium) which does have some utility as a home remedy for tapeworm, most of them must be valued for their beauty and greenness alone. Fern seed, supposed to confer the gift of invisibility, undoubtedly would if it existed. It was to be gathered from the bracken on the Eve of St. John, but alas, no one ever proved its sorcerer’s power.

The Flowering Fern Family is made up of our three most conspicuous and handsomest ferns, the Regal, the Interrupted, and the Cinnamon. I have sort of a suspicion that most people are really sure of only two kinds of ferns, Maiden-hair, which they are all too apt to exclaim over and then dig up, and Brakes, under which name they lump all big ferns, the three just mentioned and the real bracken. Yet they are very different, and easy to tell apart. The Cinnamon Fern is a big cluster of rather coarse fronds, with its cinnamon colored spore cases borne high in the center of the cluster. The Interrupted Fern is the one of which you say “it must have something the matter with it—why, all the leaves in the middle of the stalk are blighted.” For the spore cases come half way up the stalk, and they do look as if a few leaves had caught some disease. Once you notice that they are all alike, you will look more closely and see that this is just an odd trick of growth. The Regal Fern is quite the loveliest of all these large ferns. It grows on the edge of swampy land, and its finely cut leaves, its great clumps often four feet high make a striking sight.

In early June the swamp on the road to Nickwackett used to be flushed with blossoms of the Showy Orchid, the wonderful pink and white ladyslipper. I don’t mean the ordinary mauve ladyslipper with the split lip which grows singly in dry woods, but the far more beautiful pink one. Along the ditch we had to jump to reach them grew Regal fern, in masses, and the combination was

(Continued on next page)
ABOVE: Ostrich ferns’ plume-like fronds, 2 to 8 ft. high, resemble ostrich feathers.

ABOVE: Narrow Beech or Long Beech fern is one of exceptional grace and beauty.

BELOW: Northern Maidenhair is probably the most graceful of the common, native ferns.

a sight to see. We children knew where they were to be found, and picked a few each year—but other people made the same discovery, and the last time I visited the swamp, there was not a single plant of the orchid to be seen.

All these ferns can be transplanted, and make wonderful background for iris in the garden. All ferns want acid wood soil, and most of them want shade.

Nine-tenths of our Vermont ferns belong to the Polypody family. Polypody is the small evergreen fern that makes a cover of green over rocks in wet woods. You can strip a whole sheet of it off a slab, roots, moss and tangled fronds. Each plant looks like a small Christmas fern. It is sturdy, it adds greatly to the beauty of the rocks, and it is of scientific interest because it has a lot of variations in the shape of fronds, no one knows why. Much more work can be done on this question of variations and cross-breeding, and ferns are one of the valuable subjects.

It all leads up to the big controversy on how hereditary factors are transmitted, and whether acquired characteristics can be passed on, as the Russian Lysenko believes they can. The wide range of shapes in Polypody might some day give a clue. This one species gives its name to the whole family, which includes our woods ferns.

Among them is Maidenhair, the lovely spreading fern with the wiry black stem, so hard to transplant and so short lived when picked that one begs the passerby not to disturb it. Yet it is so tempting that it has become scarce, in spite of efforts to preserve it.

The many kinds of Shield ferns come in here; you will be well advanced in fern lore before you learn to name them all. Then there are the little dainty spleenworts, not really rare, but unnoticed until you learn how to look for them. Of these the Ebony is one of the most ornamental and commonest, with its stiff black shiny stems. Several rare kinds grow in Vermont, besides my find on the Limestone Rock.

The Walking Leaf is one of the oddest of all plants of any kind. It doesn’t look like other ferns, and it doesn’t behave like them. It has a frond shaped like a long narrow arrowhead, with a fine thread of a runner from the tip. Like a strawberry runner, it feels around for a bit of soil, turns downward into the earth, and in a little while produces a new plant there. Soon the Walking Leaf covers a rock with a green mat, leaves twisted and woven one over the other. Yet in spite of this ingenuity, and the fact that it has spores like other ferns, it is not very...
common. It will grow in the house, if the right rock and soil is provided, and its “walking” is a curious performance to watch.

Then you may have noticed that some ferns have little almost transparent bulb-lets on the under side of their fronds, as well as spore cases. They are the bladder ferns, and the tiny bulb-lets will also form new plants if they fall in suitable places. The Hay-scented fern is common in dry upland pastures; most people know the fragrance that rises from it as their boots crush it. The Sensitive Fern (*Onoclea*) is the rather coarse-leaved one in beds in damp sunny places, The Oak and Beech Ferns are fairly easy to find in dry woods.

Christmas Fern is evergreen. Its fronds are the ones florists use all winter, keeping them refrigerated. It is pleasant to find it flattened out but still green on a side hill when the snow goes away and mayflowers are in blossom.

In many Vermont villages, fern picking time in October is a holiday season, when everyone who can takes to the mountains to gather ferns to be shipped to Boston in crates. The job brings in a little cash, and is quite a gay community affair. In the deserted village of Griffiths, near Danby, fern pickers used to camp out every fall in the tumbledown houses with their rotting sills, bringing them to a brief autumn life.

Brakes, the true bracken, are common everywhere, and in many countries. The big, coarse, spreading fronds grow by road-sides or on any waste land. Their little fuzzy unrolling fiddleheads, along with those of Cinnamon and Interrupted Ferns, are the greens that country people cook in spring. They’re good too, with an odd woody flavor.

There are several books to start you on your study of ferns. Your local library almost surely has one or more. All keys to species are based on the spore cases, though you will quickly learn to tell the common kinds by a glance at the frond. In the Polypody Family, some have the cases in dots, some in chains, some like maidenhair with the edge of the leaf rolled over to cover them. Once you become an enthusiast, you will hardly rest content until you have found and identified a species new to your locality, or perhaps even discovered some brand new variety. Then they’ll name it for you, and you will be assured of a minor immortality.

But whether you aspire to such glory or not, you will surely find that your tramps through Vermont’s forests and fields will be of a heightened enjoyment when you have learned to call by name the ferns along your path.

END
A living memorial to Vermont’s revered Dad Clark, Camp Abnaki has opened new worlds to Vermont boys for more than 50 years.

The boys’ missionary did take a group of boys for an encampment on Lake Champlain.

As the Civil War word “encampment” suggests, this sentence was written 87 years ago. It was found in a book in the attic of Byron Clark, the founder of Camp Abnaki, and refers to an event that was not only the beginning of summer camping for boys and girls in Vermont but in the country at large.

So many summer camps dot the lakes of New England today, the institution and the pattern of camping is so thoroughly known and accepted, that it is hard to imagine that “missionaries” were necessary in the beginning. But land had to be secured, buildings built and, most important of all, children pried from their parents for two weeks or a month in the summer.

Pioneer camps like Abnaki were indeed the work of missionaries and Byron N. Clark—“Dad” Clark to thousands of former campers who now send their own boys to Abnaki—was one of them. In 1901, when he was serving as secretary of the Burlington YMCA, he and Harry Bowles took 23 boys to Cedar Beach in Charlotte for two weeks. Building on his experience in subsequent seasons he held encampments at North Hero and at other places on Lake Champlain.

In 1916 he secured the present location—thirty acres and one-half mile of waterfront on the southern end of North Hero—and began a twelve-year building program. As funds became available he constructed the Long House, nerve center of Abnaki—140 by 36 feet sheltering the wigwam, dining room and kitchen—thirty cabins, an outdoor chapel, office, infirmary, tennis courts, archery and rifle ranges and all the other accessories of camping. Under his guidance Abnaki, named for the People of the Dawn, an Algonquin tribe that once inhabited the area, evolved a pattern of summer life that was adopted by many of its successors. Divided into three groups, Juniors from eight to 10, Intermediates from 10 to 13 and Seniors from 13 to 18, some 200 boys arrived each summer for periods of from two weeks to the whole season to taste the joys of swimming, fishing, boating, hiking and to...
engage in stimulating spiritual, social, and occupational activities.

To encourage accomplishment Dad Clark set up a point system leading to the award of the camp monogram, the banner, the seal and finally the golden bear and "A." Any summer day in the 1920's Abnaki was a beehive of activity, of boys striding across the common to walk the mile in fourteen minutes, weaving the strands of leather belts or hammering out copper dishes in the workshop, or struggling 50 feet through the water to gain their beginner's swimmer's button.

Over the details of this busy program presided the kindly Dad Clark lending the spiritual overtones to camp life that any establishment receives from an individual whose heart and soul is in it. When he died in 1929 his ashes were placed under the boulder in the chapel where for a thousand mornings, as the sun slanted through the trees, he had given his homely lessons.

Although the energies of many men have also helped to make Abnaki what it is and what it promises to become, the story of the camp is easily that of two men. One, of course, was Clark. The other is Clyde G. Hess, a veteran of 39 years in summer camping and in YMCA work in a number of communities. Coming to Burlington in 1940 to take charge of the local YMCA he was invited by the state committee to become director of Abnaki, a post which he has now held over ten years.

Because Abnaki, as a project of the YMCA, is operated purely from a motive of service and not of profit, Hess has directed his efforts toward maintaining in an era of soaring costs a good camp within the reach of the pocketbook of the average parent. "Unlike some of its successors, Abnaki is not a snobbish, cotton-batting type of camp with a fancy tuition," says Hess. "It is a place where a young-
 ABOVE: Few better spots could be found for nature hikes than the Grand Isles’ lake shores. Abnaki is operated by the Vermont YMCA.

BELOW: Seven boys and a counsellor sleep in each cabin, making up family units. The lake breezes bring on nights cool but seldom cold.
ster can play and learn in an atmosphere of unrestrained guidance."

Although many traditional activities are carried forward, such as "The Lesson for the Day" in the outdoor chapel each morning, there is under Hess far less emphasis on competition than there used to be at Abnaki. "We do not try to turn out winners but to have each boy excel in his own class. Where you make one winner you defeat several kids by making them feel third or fourth rate."

Hess's main objective is to create a happy relationship between Abnakians of a given age. This, he thinks, should be the main objective of any summer camp for the reason that it is usually the first time that the boy has ever left home and an adjustment is necessary—particularly for those who come from one-child homes or those who have been tightly tied with apron strings. At Abnaki boys have to learn to give and take in accordance with the camp motto, "Help the Other Fellow." If in a few weeks a summer camp can make a self-centered, selfish youngster into a cooperative and friendly cabin-mate, it has accomplished a high purpose. In numbers of cases over the past decade Hess has watched just such a remarkable transformation take place. He does not take personal credit for this except in seeing to it that the rules are lived.

(Continued on next page)
up to. It is the boys themselves who accomplish it in the normal processes of everyday life at Abnaki—and on canoe, camping or mountain-climbing trips where each camper must live up to his obligations.

By now there may be as many alumni of Abnaki as of any camp in the East. There is, in fact, an Abnaki Alumni Association in New York. At its annual meeting former campers can swap stories about the long-gone summers before Abnaki was electrified when one of the tasks for the daily cabin inspection was cleaning the chimneys of the kerosene lamps. Or, in the days before the cabins were screened, the smearing on of ointment and the nightly retreat under the canopy of mosquito netting that enveloped each bunk.

Experience gained and lessons learned during the tender years in an outdoor setting of green hills and sapphire water make impressions that last a lifetime. You have only to ask any Abnakian.
Going on in Vermont This Summer

July 1
Trout fishing opens

July 1-Nov. 1
Skyline Drive, Manchester

July 29-30
2-day Trail Ride, So. Woodstock

July 29-31
4-ball Golf Tourn., Bennington

July 29-31
Sportsman's Show, Hartland

July 30
Horse Show, Newport

July 30-Oct. 15 Mt. Mansfield Toll Rd., Stowe

Aug. 1
State Parks open

Aug. 1
Shelburne Museum, Shelburne

Aug. 1-26
Chair Lift (Sat. & Sun.), Stowe

Aug. 1-Nov. 1
Historical Museum (Open 9-6), Bennington

Aug. 1-Sept. 6
Country Sch. Photog., Summer Session, South Woodstock

Aug. 19
Opening Hopagood, Greenendale, White Rocks, Texas Falls, Nat. Forest

Aug. 19-20
Sports car hill climb, Skyline Drive, Manchester

Aug. 24-26
Carnival, St. Johnsbury

Aug. 26-Oct. 15 Chair lift runs daily, Stowe

Aug. 28-Aug. 31 Winooski Work Camp, Upper Winoski Music Ctr., Goddard College, Plainfield

Aug. 29-Aug. 7 School Workshop, Plainfield

Aug. 30-Aug. 14 Bread Loaf Eng. School, Ripton

Aug. (early)
Hist. Soc. meeting, Montpelier

Aug. & Aug.
Ch. Music Concerts, weekly, Benn. College, Bennington

Aug. 1
Soapbox Derby, Newport

Aug. 1-Aug. 12
Aviation Workshop, Northfield

Aug. 1-Sept. 6
Ethan Allen Theater, Brandon

Aug. 1-Sept. 11
Weston Playhouse (Thurs. thru Sun., Sat. matinees), Weston

Aug. 2-19
Language Schools, Middlebury

Aug. 2-4
Buggy Ride, So. Woodstock

Aug. 3-5
Amateur Inv. Golf Tourn., Burlington

Aug. 3-10
Ann. Craft Show, Manchester

Aug. 4
July 4th Celeb., No. Danville

Aug. 5
Weston Players, Woodstock

Aug. 5
Country Fair, Shaftsbury

Aug. 5-Aug. 27
Fletcher Farms Craft School, Proctorville

Aug. 6
Weston Players, Brattleboro

Aug. 8-11
Lincoln Cup Golf Tourn., Ekwonok, Manchester

Aug. 11-Sept. 5
Weekly concerts, Marlboro Coll. Music Sch., Marlboro

Aug. 12
Weston Players, Weston

Aug. 13
Bazaar & Barn Dance, East Craftsbury

Aug. 13
Weston Players, Brattleboro

Aug. 13
St. Michael's Players, Winooski

Aug. 14
Sugar on Snow Supper, Morgan

Aug. 15-18
St. Am. Golf Tourn., Rutland

Aug. 17
Lion's Horse Show, Essex Jet.

Aug. 18
Gn. Mt. Dog Show, Montpelier

Aug. 18
Music Ctr. Concert, Newport

Aug. 19
Weston Players, Woodstock

Aug. 19-29
Trapp Family Sing Wk., Stowe

Aug. 20
Weston Players, Brattleboro

Aug. 21
Annual Church Fair, Irasburg

Aug. 21-24
Town Festival, Wallingford

Aug. 23-25
Rogers Rangers Pageant (tentative), Passumpic Valley

Aug. 25
Music Ctr. Concert, Newport

Aug. 25
Afternoon Concert, Marlboro

Aug. 25
Round Church Pilgrimage, Richmond

Aug. 26-27
Weston Players, Woodstock

Aug. 27-29
Ch. Music Concert, Marlboro

Aug. 28
Old Home Sunday, Irasburg

Aug. 28
Music Ctr. Concert, Newport

Aug. 29
Afternoon Concert, Marlboro

Aug. 30
Weston Players, Woodstock

Aug. 30-Sept. 4 Champlain Valley Exposition, Essex Jet.

Aug. 31
Weston Players, Brattleboro

Sept. 2
Ch. Music Concert, Marlboro

Sept. 2-4
GMHA Trail Ride, So. Woodstock

Sept. 4-6
Arch. Art Club, Stowe

Sept. 4-6
Inter. Pro-Am. Golf Tourn., St. Johnsbury

Sept. 4-6
Inv. Golf Tourn., Dorset

Sept. 6
Inn. Golf Tourn., Stowe

Sept. 6-12
Weston Players, Woodstock

Sept. 7
Rutland Fair, Rutland

Sept. 7
Weston Players, Brattleboro

Sept. 8
Ann. Field Day, Sheffield

Sept. 10-12
4-Ball Golf Tourn., Manchester

Sept. 11-12
Vt. St. Sailing (Lightning), Championship, Lake Bomoseen

Sept. 12
Weston Players, Stowe

Sept. 13
Weston Players, Woodstock

Sept. 14-16
Hunting Dog Show, Barre

Sept. 15-16
East Hill Players (Shakespeare), Greensboro

Sept. 16
Old Country Fair, Sutton

Sept. 16
Upper Winooski Fair, Plainfield

Sept. 17-15
Ann. Photographers' Show, So. Vt. Art Ctr., Manchester

Sept. 18
Music Ctr. Concert, Newport

Sept. 18
Afternoon Concert, Marlboro

Sept. 18
Ann. Church opening, Stratton

Sept. 18
Haybarn Concert, Plainfield

Sept. 19
Old Home Sunday, Stannard

Sept. 19
Weston Players, Woodstock

Sept. 20
Art Exhibit, Greensboro

Sept. 21
Weston Players, Brattleboro

Sept. 21
Bazaar & Country Dance, Morgan

Sept. 22
Weston Players, Stowe

Sept. 24
Weston Players, Woodstock

Sept. 26-28
Cal. County Fair, Lyndonville

Sept. 28
Pierce Mem. Golf Tourn., Rutland

Sept. 29
Lake Dunmore

Sept. 29
28th An. Exhibit, So. Vt. Artists, Manchester

Sept. 29
Haybarn Concert, Plainfield

Sept. 30
Afternoon Concert, Marlboro

Sept. 30
Weston Players, Woodstock

Sept. 30-Nov. 12
Weston Players, Brattleboro

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

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Montpelier, Vermont

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A Summer visitor to Vermont, having traversed the breadth of the nation, invariably exclaims first: “How green and fresh everything is!”

Occasional droughts excepted, there is truth in this impression and reason for the rich verdure which Vermont displays, reasons which go back to the soil, to the timber-clad mountains, and the uses which Vermonters have made of them.

But Vermont’s Summer beauty is not merely an unrelieved, greenery, as the accompanying scenic samples attest. We invite you to look across to the farm scene found near Montpelier—to notice the golden growth on mown meadows, the pleasant contrast offered by man’s hand in white houses and red barns. And beyond, as always in the Summer, the Green Mountains in the distance are a tranquil blue.

For contrast, examine the idyllic mountain stream setting, deep in the Green Mountain National Forest.

Or, as in the following scene at Thetford Center, the dignity of line and age in old buildings adds something more to that intangible part of Vermont.

The clustered village, finally, now become a partner to its sheltering hills, rounds out our fragmentary picture of what makes Vermont in Summer.
LEFT: Beautiful spots such as this have no names. They await the hiker or the fisherman who ventures a little off the beaten path. Robert Holland found this place on one of the headwater streams in the Green Mountain National Forest. He reports native brook trout in numbers interesting to the stream fisherman. Anglers lunching by the stream-worn granite rocks are Mrs. Robert Holland and Hy Wakefield of San Diego.

ABOVE: A few miles north of E. Montpelier on Vt. Route 12 this view appears to the east. This is the Carroll Coburn place, looking out on Spruce Mountain, Owl's Head and Lord’s Hill. It was built about 1815, apparently without fireplaces, for use of the new-fangled stoves. The old stage road to Plainfield (then called Slab Hollow) passed beside the buildings. Elms to right of house were set out soon after it was built.
ABOVE: Thetford Center from the mid-1700s prospered on the waterpower from Pompomosuc River falls. The Timothy Frost Methodist church, left, was built in 1836 for $1368.48. Town Hall was erected about same time, originally had bleacher-like seats. Town vault, right, was built about 50 years ago in memory of Thetford hero Richard Wallace, who swam through British fleet on Lake Champlain in 1777 carrying dispatches.

RIGHT: East Corinth undoubtedly is the most photographed of Vermont villages, at least by professional cameramen. The traditional white church and clustered, neat homes in the hill folds seem to embody the accepted picture of the self-contained life of the Vermont community. Another view of the village, also by Grant Heilman, appeared in our 1952 Summer issue and a Winter view in the 1948–9 Winter issue.
VERMONT GARDEN PILGRIMAGE


THIS YEAR'S GARDEN TOUR

**Bennington**
Mon. Aug. 2

Information from
Mrs. Wm. Browning
Windylea, Bennington

**Manchester**
Tue. Aug. 3

Information from
Mrs. E. A. Callanan
Manchester

**Castleton**
Wed. Aug. 4

Information from
Miss Ethel Winnik
Fair Haven

**Burlington**
Thur. Aug. 5
(If rain Aug. 6)

Information from
Mrs. John T. Hanna
Appletree Pt., Burlington

**Brattleboro**
Fri. Aug. 6

Information from
Mrs. Waldo W. Ker
8 Putney Rd., Brattleboro

**Woodstock**
Sat. & Sun.
Aug. 7 & 8

Information from
Mrs. John Doscher
So. Woodstock
STATE garden tours are becoming more and more popular throughout the Nation, and the Federated Garden Clubs of Vermont have found their Pilgrimages, begun in 1952, draw enthusiastic visitors into the thousands to some of the most beautiful gardens in Vermont.

Formal gardens exist rarely in Vermont, for much of the actual labor, the spading, planting, fertilizing and weeding, is done by Mrs. Garden Clubber. The results seldom are disappointing.

The week of August second through the eighth will mark this year’s Garden Pilgrimage. Detailed dates and locations are shown on the opposite page.

As before, unusual gardens and homes in these communities will be opened to the public during this week. Profits from the small admission fees are donated to Flowers & Service, Inc., an organization which helps to brighten the lives of war veterans at the White River Junction hospital. Each Friday through the year ladies of the organization visit the hospital with their flower cart. During the Pilgrimage week, as a new feature, a church in each of the communities will be appropriately decorated with flowers.

Visitors to the state and Vermonterers alike are invited this year to enjoy the Vermont Garden Pilgrimage.
GREEN MOUNTAIN

A Review of Vermont's 35 fine courses.

ABOVE: The 13th green of Manchester's Equinox Links Club looks to the village and Mt. Equinox. Nearby, also, is famous Ekwanok club.
NO ONE KNOWS EXACTLY when golf started in this country, but it is generally assumed that the ancient and honorable game was played here as early as the eighteenth century. In Vermont, golf was underway long before it became the sport of presidents, having started with the organization of several clubs in the 1890’s. The Dorset Field Club has records showing it was organized in 1886 and has operated longer than any other golf course in the state. Golf began in Woodstock in 1895 when a group “picked up the game and started knocking a gutta percha ball about, using tomato cans for holes and greens marked with field stones.” Mt. Anthony Country Club in Bennington was founded in 1897. Ekwanok in Manchester was started in 1898. The Mountain View Club in Greensboro was organized the same year and has retained its old original charm with greens still fenced to keep the cows off, old fashioned hand pumps for drinking water, and “natural” lies from which you play or else. . . .

The old Waubanakee Golf Club, the predecessor of the present Burlington Country Club, was organized in 1899 and had two tees on the now abandoned roadbeds of the Burlington & Lamoille and Burlington & Hinesburg railroads. The Rutland Country Club was started in 1901 by “a group of gentlemen who wanted to have some fun, healthy and otherwise.” Clubs started cropping up in many parts of the state during the next few years but many ran into financial difficulties during the depression years of the 30’s and the war period of the 40’s. In the granite cutting areas of Barre, Montpelier and Hardwick the Scottish stoncutters enthusiastically promoted the game in the early 1900’s. Over the years a number of golf courses were built in these three places with only the Barre Country Club and the Montpelier Country Club remaining today. These Scottish players were of the old school and re-

(Continued on next page)

NOTE: Floyd James of Burlington, the author, is treasurer of the Vermont State Golf Ass’n.
ABOVE: Newport Country Club offers fine views of Lake Memphremagog and city.

BELOW: Old Mt. View course at Greensboro has novelty of ambulatory fairway hazards.

Harmon

BELOW: Beautiful Stowe Country Club near Mt. Mansfield is one of newest in state.

Bourdon

sent the "sissified" practice of winter rules. "Play the ball where it lies, no exceptions," was their creed. "Summer people" started golf in Greensboro, Woodstock, at the Ekwanok and, undoubtedly, in a number of other places. It can be assumed that "golfers" were the promoters of all the other courses.

The Vermont State Golf Association was founded in 1902 and is still actively promoting the best interests of the game. There are many local and out-of-state players at the Burlington Country Club tournament held over the 4th of July weekend. The Lincoln Cup at Ekwanok in Manchester, the following weekend, is one of the oldest and largest held in the state. The Pierce Memorial in August at the Rutland Country Club attracts many fine players as does the Labor Day weekend at Mr. Anthony. These are a few of the larger tournaments. Others are sponsored each weekend by the State Association. All golfers with club or state handicap cards are welcome to enter and play in them. The ladies had a hand in Association affairs in 1928 and in 1936 when Mrs. George Orvis of the Equinox Country Club was president. It was the practice in those years to make the president of the club holding the amateur championship also president of the State Association. Mrs. Orvis was head of the Equinox Club during those years. The women now have their own state association and there is increasing interest and play in their tournaments each year.

Did you know that George Sargent, a Scotch pro playing from Hyde Manor Golf Club, Sudbury, won the U. S. National Open at the Englewood Country Club, Englewood, N. J., in 1909 with a score of 290 for 72 holes? The Hyde Manor golf course was being constructed under Sargent's direction at the time—his first job in the United States. He asked Mr. Hyde's permission to enter the Open and, since he belonged to no organized club, he registered from the Hyde Manor Golf Club. This led the New York Herald to headline the victory in this way: "Open Championship won by an unknown from an unknown golf club in Vermont." The following year Sargent was pro at the Chevy Chase Country Club and later president of the Professional Golfers' Association for many years.

Better known was Francis Ouimet's thrilling victory in winning the National Amateur Championship at Ekwanok in 1914. Many believe this win by Ouimet did more than any one event to popularize golf. A good many went out to try the game and got the "bug." Countless numbers have become addicts since that time.
Present day golfers bow to Mae Murray Jones of the Rutland Country Club—a player of national and international fame. Mae has been state and club champion many times. Vermont golfers are proud of her record as finalist in the U. S. Women's Amateur in 1950 and of her fine play in the Curtis Cup matches, the British Amateur in 1952 and innumerable other tournaments in the past four years. Mae's golf, her high standard of sportsmanship and her enjoyment of the game even under pressure make her a popular favorite with galleries.

During the last decade, Tommy Pierce of Rutland and Kiki Price of Burlington have been the most consistent performers in the state. Tom Pierce of Rutland has won the state championship seven times and was runner-up another. Kiki Price of Burlington has won the championship three times and has been runner-up four times. The only other three time winner is George McKee of Burlington. Jim Jerome, the present state amateur champion from Bennington, is a big hitter and plans to make it tough for anyone to dislodge him from his championship perch. Jim was also finalist in the New England Amateur held at Manchester's Equinox in 1953.

A quick tour around the state will lead you to a course that will suit your game, taste and pocketbook. Each has its individual feature that makes it attractive to many people. You can start play at the Burlington Country Club, an 18-hole course designed by the well-known architect, Donald Ross. If you equal par on the last four holes the drinks should be on the house. All Vermont golf courses can boast superb mountain views and the Burlington course is in the fortunate position of having an unbelievable view of both the Green Mountains to the east and Lake Champlain with the Adirondack Mountains as a backdrop to the west. This championship layout is recommended to all golfers and visitors are always welcome. Many of the large state tournaments are held here.

The Lake Champlain Club, just north of Burlington, has a short nine hole course overlooking beautiful Mallets Bay. The Williston Golf Club on Route 2 is another nine hole course near Burlington.

The Champlain Country Club in St. Albans is a tricky nine hole course that has an unsurpassed view of Lake Champlain, the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains. The par three seventh hole will either give you a big lift (if you get a three) or make you wonder who designed the hole (after you take five or six blows).

Going south from Burlington you can stop at Basin Harbor for lunch and enjoy golf on the shores of Lake Champlain. Next stop is the Middlebury College Club where the turf is good and the course is interesting. The Hyde Manor Golf Club is only a short distance south of Middlebury in Sudbury.

The Proctor-Pittsford Country Club has a new marble club house built by the volunteer labor of its members. Many club members are associated with the marble industry in nearby Proctor and over a period of five years they built the

(Continued on next page)

BELOW: A shot of the old Woodstock course many years ago shows the late Arthur Wilder teeing off into what appears adverse weather.

Courtesy Fred C. Clarke, Jr.
The Bomoseen Golf Club at Lake Bomoseen is new and the higher elevations on the course provide an excellent view of the lake and surrounding country.

The 18 hole Rutland Country Club course is rated among the best in the east. There are all varieties of shots because this layout winds around the countryside with shots on the level, over hills and up and down hills, criss-crossing a brook. It's a river if you land in it! The fairways and greens are lush all season. Many important state tournaments are held here and there are probably more rounds played on the Rutland course in a year than on any other in the state. Jim Murray, the pro and father of Mae Murray, is an institution and will make your stop a memorable one.

Lake St. Catherine Club in Poultney overlooks the lake and has a number of challenging holes. Continuing down the west side of the state to Mt. Anthony Club in Bennington you should have your game in shape to take on state champ, Jim Jerome, at his home course. Mt. Anthony has been active in state golf for many years and conducts tournaments that are both frequent and popular.

When you go to Manchester we suggest you take your duds and put up for a few days. There are many nice places to stay and eat. Manchester is often referred to as the "Pinehurst" of the north. You'll need several days because if you get in trouble on Ekwanok's "Old Saddleback" you'll want to go back, see the views, and do some more cussing. Also, after playing Ekwanok you are only half through because you'll move over to Equinox and get in trouble on the "Quarry Hole," the 13th. If you have good luck on the 13th there are a couple of other spots to ruin your score. You'll have to play the course again and hope you can go home with some measure of satisfaction. Both of these 18 hole courses are wonderful tests of golf in a beautiful setting—you'll never forget the thrill of teeing off and watching your ball sail out against the background of Mt. Equinox.

Nearby is the Dorset Field Club. A good golf course with tennis, swimming and trout fishing nearby as well as golf. The summer theatre is fun and there are a number of comfortable places to stay.

Starting out again, one could try his luck at the Brattleboro Country Club. This course is a rugged test with lots of interesting shots if you don't stay in the fairway. The Brattleboro Club has been active in state golf affairs for years and boasts the development of many fine players.

Going north you should stop and play at Bellows Falls. This course is neither long nor difficult but it's hard to beat the local club champion who long ago mastered the local terrain. The newest golf course in the state is at Springfield and is called the Crown Point Country Club. Local enthusiasts recently banded together and now have the start of an 18 hole course. People from town have donated over 10,000 hours of labor toward a community project, truly in the Vermont tradition. Windsor has a very interesting 9 hole course. You start out on a nice, easy first hole and decide you are all set for a good round; but you'll have plenty of headaches a little farther on. There is a very sightly view of the Connecticut Valley and the mountains.

The Woodstock Country Club has a brook running through it that seems to draw your ball like a magnet and consequently there's little problem in keeping your ball clean. Jack Wicks is now starting his thirtieth year as Woodstock pro and he'll welcome you on your visit to this mountain resort town.

The 18 hole course at Lake Morey Inn is busy all season, and is frequently the scene of tournaments. If you continue "up the road a piece" you can play the tricky nine hole course in Bradford. These links are just back of, and parallel to, the main street. Each spring the Connecticut River overflows enough to give the course a good dunking and in the spring of 1953 even the club house was under water. This yearly inundation seems to help the course since it irrigates the fairways. Randolph and Northfield have nine hole courses that are centers of community activity each summer.

The Barre Country Club, one of the highest and therefore one of the most scenic in the state, is another real test of golf, and the state championship has been held here twice. Try going above the cup on the third and getting down in two putts! The Montpelier Club is noted for side hill lies—if you want to learn how to play this type of shot it's a good place to practice. Golfers at Montpelier are accomplished players of the so-called "Montpelier shot" hit short and bounce on. Just try it and don't play the members for more than nickels. Waterbury's nine hole golf course lies in the hills above the village, while the nearby Stowe course, completed in 1950, nestles in the valley east of Mt. Mansfield. The Copley Country Club in Morrisville is on the (Continued on page 40)
ABOVE: The par 4 fifth hole of the Barre Country Club. Beyond is pond and clubhouse. This scenic course lies on high ground north of Barre, offering commanding view of the Green Mountains.

RIGHT: Looking across the Woodstock Country Club's sixth hole toward the village and Mt. Tom. Kedron Brook, extending diagonally from the left, forms a water hazard. First green is beyond.

BELOW: One of the most famous golf holes in the country, 585-yd. seventh at Manchester's Ekwatok Country Club. View is from back tee. The green lies beyond the sand traps at far right.
The 1953 state championship was played at St. Johnsbury. You must navigate "Cardiac Hill" on the first hole and if you make it you'll find it well worth the effort. This layout is kept in fine shape and is an absorbing test of your golfing prowess.

There are two quite unique courses in the state—Mountain View Country Club in Greensboro and Barton Country Club in Barton. Both of these clubs have tried to maintain the old atmosphere of the game and if you think the courses are a set-up, just try them, but remember—play them as they lie! Only one exception—a ball may be removed from a cow-pad without penalty. Both courses are used as pasture for dairy herds. For obvious reasons barbed wire fences surround the greens. The Greensboro course overlooks Caspian Lake and is on the height of land with a sweeping view of water, land and mountains. Barton has one hole with a green notched into the side of a steep side hill. It's quite a trick to hit your second shot on the green and make it stick.

Orleans, Newport and Richford have nice nine hole courses. Orleans is one of the most active small town clubs in the state. Newport boasts a peaceful view of Lake Memphremagog. Richford can give you a good hilly workout and the scenic ninth hole makes the trip worth while.

Here at the left are the courses—and good swinging to you.
SOME VERMONT WAYS

By VREST ORTON

QUAINT CHARACTERS

A generation or two ago writers and newspaper men were having a gleeful time making fun of folks who lived in the country. In my boyhood, there was hardly a magazine, from the sedate Harpers Monthly down to the Police Gazette, that did not seize every opportunity to poke fun at the poor countryman whose only crime seemed to be that he didn’t live in the city and yet could exist without the superficial polish and sophistication that urban dwellers affect. There was a great body of printed matter flooding the land, all of which started out on this theme but ended, some years later, in such sheer burlesque that the whole idea went out of fashion.

When I first left Vermont as a boy and went to live in a small factory town in Massachusetts, where the level of culture and sophistication was not very high, it took some time to convince my schoolmates that I had brushed the hayseed out of my ears and left off the cow-hide boots several generations back. When I returned to Vermont in the mid-thirties, one hardly met this attitude anymore. Going to the country was becoming the kind of thing to do. As you recall, this was in the depth of the depression when there was some doubt as to whether the cities, with their bread lines, and thousands of unemployed holed up in cheap shacks along the railroads and rivers, were any longer glowing symbols of successful culture and civilization.

Now, today, in this year of grace, 1954, I sense indications that there may be a return to the age of satire on the part of the metropolitan press. I sensed, in several cases these last two years, evidence that the city slickers are getting worried. So many of their deserters are finding country life satisfying and even rewarding that it is now getting back into fashion to write about the hayseed again. However, the urban writers have got a new slant today. Instead of depicting the country bumpkin with hayseed, one suspenders and all, as a funny guy, to be laughed at, some of the writers from down yonder have turned the tables and are actually glorifying such “quaint” characters as a true example of rural people.

In effect, our city cousins have now adopted the sophisticated literary device of kidding in double meanings... that is to say, making fun of us country folk in reverse English. This modern method, typical of the cryptic school of writing, attempts to reveal the real meaning only after careful study and detection. It’s a clever method, because the victim doesn’t know he’s hurt until it’s too late.

A case in point is the small Vermont village. These villages have followed the same pattern of metamorphosis as have many other New England hill towns in the last 75 years. Before the Civil War, such villages reached their zenith in growth and development. The success of the sheep business was at its height. The development of water power along the small streams had caused to grow up in these remote hill towns many small active industries. In such small places one could have found in those days perhaps two or three dozen thriving industries and business enterprises. The people were prosperous and what is the more important, independent, as they had created for themselves a well integrated community, self-supporting and self-reliant. In the small villages of that day and during the next generation or two, some very great men were born. It was a time when Vermont was breeding leaders and even some geniuses... most of whom it gave to the outside world. There was a brisk ferment and forceful urgency in the air. These small villages had developed first rate and even noble people; intelligent, hard working, confident people with a high degree of integrity and character due to the high sense of ethics and moral rectitude.

Well, by the 20th century the pattern changed, and most of these villages began to go down hill. The young, the energetic and more adventurous souls had all gone and, by 1915, many of these thriving communities were practically deserted. About all they had left were trees. When the fly-by-night lumbering and pulp wood entrepreneurs moved in this was the end. An aftermath however was worse than the end: in moved with them nomadics who didn’t live in the city and yet could exist without the superficial polish and sophistication that urban dwellers affect. There was a brisk ferment and forceful urgency in the air. These small villages had developed first rate and even noble people; intelligent, hard working, confident people with a high degree of integrity and character due to the high sense of ethics and moral rectitude.

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Now all this, while poignant, is at the same time perfectly natural. No country in the world, least of all the Republic of Vermont, can avoid certain dire economic consequences. But my point is this: why make out, as some newspaper and magazine writers are now trying to do, that these unfortunate people are typical Vermonters? Why, when magazines send photographers to Vermont, do they pick out one of the most disreputable people in town to photograph and label their subject a “typical Vermonter”?

The new attitude assumes and gives the public the impression that all Vermonters chew tobacco, wear overalls out at the knees supported by one half a gallow, and have long white and not very clean beards, spend most of their time fishing or are so indolent that they do nothing but sit around the porch of the country store and are trying to be very “quaint” and very “amusing.” And very, very typical, so these writers say, of our natural simplicity of heart and mind... our unpretentiousness... our frugality.

Not very funny! The old timers, some of whom did chew tobacco, back in the days when these hill villages were on top, would never have tolerated such “quaint” characters. Men with a sense of community responsibility would have put the characters on the town, seen to it that they had a place to live, some clean whole clothes to wear, and probably put some of them to work.

I hate to place myself wide open so critics can say that we Vermonters can’t take a joke. But I resent this latest attitude of city editors and writers because it is not based on truth nor is it based on a decent job of research and fact-seeking that newspaper men used to find necessary in their jobs.

Sure, we admit that Vermont, as well as our sister New England states, all have a few down-at-the-heels people, some of whom exist in tar paper shacks... some of whom won’t work and some of whom are a real menace to any decent community.

But we still rear up, here in Vermont, and fight back when some writer who is too lazy to find out the facts, depicts such “quaint” characters as typical of Vermont. And what is worse, when the same writer tries to show that these unfortunate people are true symbols of the character which good Vermonters have won for genuine independence, self-reliance, frugality and real unsophisticated simplicity and sincerity.

VERMONT Life 41
Lumberjack Round-up

Photographed by
GEORGE ORTON

ABOVE: Whetted axes glinting in the sun, speed choppers cut 9-inch pine logs, standing atop them by preference. Timer at far left.

BELOW: Chopping champion last year, Fritz Tolle, Pownal, uses four-pound axe.

Even in Vermont a combination of education with outdoor fun is seldom found in as beautiful a setting as the Lumberjack Roundup. This year thousands are planning to be there—at Lake Dunmore's Branbury Beach on August 28th—to share in the fun.

Put on by the Vermont Forest Service at this popular state park, the Roundup combines many educational and commercial exhibits related to forestry, the logging industry, timber conservation, tree planting and fire control.

The fun, which goes on all day, involves all kinds of competitions by real Vermont loggers and woodsmen. They vie with one another in chopping, team drawing events, felling trees to a mark and sawing with chain, buck and cross-cut saws. The amazing agility shown in the water events, the birling by the men in calked shoes, is a high point of every Lumberjack Roundup.

Woodsmen of today are highly trained experts who must be proficient in using a wide variety of tools and complicated machines, in order to supply the country with its growing need for high quality and continuous supplies of wood and wood products. The Roundup is planned to give the spectators a better understanding of how wood is processed and how wise management alone can assure a future supply of forest products from the slopes of the Green Mountains.

END
ABOVE: Weight-drawing competition went on all day. This is Leo Ryan's light team.

BELOW: Log hirler Billy Girard, more than 70-years-old, balances on a floating log.

ABOVE: One-man chain saw cutting beech.

BELOW: Two-man crosscut saw whines into beech log. In competition they must make six complete cuts. Saws are filed for fast or for lasting qualities, even for wood type.
Until the summer of 1952 I had accepted without question the idea that East is East and West is the place for a vacation on horseback. I had gone on long pack trips as far south as Arizona and north to the Canadian Rockies and the Caribou country of British Columbia. But they were all so inconveniently far from my home in Buffalo.

Then summer before last I spent a few weeks in Vermont, and discovered a trail rider's dream come true. For there, with the willing and efficient help of the Green Mountain Horse Association, one may take trips of almost any desired length over easy, well-marked trails, through fascinatingly beautiful country, on very good horses, with pre-arranged overnight stops which are a joy in their own right, and all at a surprisingly moderate cost. In September of 1952, I rode on one such trip for five days, doing a circle of about 125 miles from the town of Fairlee. It was a delightful ride, and I waited impatiently for spring to go on another.

Meanwhile two friends here in Buffalo, Dorothy Brown and Beverly Graham, decided that they wanted to spend their vacations riding. Beverly, who had never ridden except in an indoor ring, had her heart set on a long trail ride; while Dorothy, who had done considerable riding over several years, wanted to put in every hour of her time where she could have intensive professional instruction to improve her riding form. So we three went to Vermont, and such is the wealth of opportunity there that each got exactly what she wanted and all had a wonderful time.

Going before the others, I arrived in South Woodstock, headquarters of the Green Mountain Horse Association, early in June. It is a lovely spot surrounded by such riding country as would be hard—many say impossible—to match elsewhere. The country is hilly, much of it wooded, and there are many miles of marked horseback trails or dirt roads, accessible from the Association's stables without having to even cross a paved road. From here one can take a ride of an hour or a week with no thought of getting lost. All the intersections show colored markers, each marker designating a different route. There are excellent places to stay both in Woodstock and South Woodstock, but I always head straight for Hyacinth House in South Woodstock, simply because I happened to go there on my first trip, and liked it so much that now no visit to Vermont is complete without at least a few days there. It is an excellent place to stay, whether one is riding or not. Mrs. Rutherford, the presiding genius of the place, has for years been an invalid. Even so, she not only manages the large guest house, but also radiates cheer and happiness to her guests.

While riding about Woodstock waiting for the others to arrive and start our long ride, I joined a party of fifteen for a two-day trail ride from South Woodstock to Barnard, about 22 miles each way by the routes we followed. This is one of several such weekend rides arranged by the G.M.H.A. each spring and fall. Though the weather broke all Vermont records for heat, we had two grand days. The night between was spent at Gay Winds, which in a few days would be in full swing for the season as a girls' riding camp. After twenty-odd miles of hills that day, one might think we had all had enough riding. But not so. After dinner
RIGHT: The rolling hill country near Woodstock is hard to beat for riding. The region also offers a wide variety of trails and complete riding facilities. Pausing at the start of their 5-day trip are, left, Mrs. Boynton, David Fox, Mrs. Fox, and Beverly Graham.

when Mrs. Beatrice Howe, co-owner of Gay Winds, suggested a ride and offered me her own favorite mount, a chestnut saddlebred of whom she is justly proud, I was delighted. We mounted up and had a most enjoyable ride in the cool of the evening.

Next night, when we got back to Woodstock, Beverly Graham and Mr. and Mrs. David Fox of New York, who had come to take the trip with us, were waiting. Also the truck had arrived with the horses we were to use. So the next day our trail ride started.

Space does not permit a detailed description of each wonderful day. No two were alike and each seemed, if possible, more beautiful than the one before. The route we followed, every turn of which was clearly marked, was sometimes just a path through the woods where our horses walked on deep moss and leaves and the sunlight filtered down through the trees. More often it was a narrow dirt road, perhaps some old logging road, or what had once been the road home for some hardy pioneer who had built his house high on a hilltop miles from any other.

(Continued on next page)
We passed many of these abandoned farms, some mere cellar holes surrounded by cleared fields fenced in by stone walls, always commanding a superb view. No matter where we went, all through the trip, a panorama of beauty kept unfolding before us.

We had been on our way only a few minutes when we came down hill into the village of Taftsville, and there before us was a river, with a long covered bridge crossing it. For the other three in the party, it was the first covered bridge ever seen—except in a picture—and just to look at it thrilled them. When the little orange arrows marking our way pointed through it, their delight was fun to watch. As the rhythmic beat of the horses hoofs on the planks reverberated in the enclosure, Mrs. Fox drew a long breath of utter contentment and said, "Just this one thing is worth the whole trip from New York." For miles we followed along the river as it wound through the valley and late in the afternoon arrived at Mrs. Alice Sherburne's farm in North Pomfret, where, by the time we had taken care of our horses and bathed, a hearty chicken dinner was waiting for us. A good night's sleep and we were off again.

In Vermont one expects to be going up or down hill much of the time, especially if keeping away from the automobile roads, which of course, we were. But on this second day it seemed to be all up and no down. We climbed and climbed; first a dirt road, then a trail, and finally scarcely that. Still the markers pointed up. Then new markers appeared along with ours—we were following the Appalachian Trail. As it grew steeper and higher the view behind was more and more breathtaking—range upon range of bluish mountains as far as the eye could reach. Our stops were long and frequent as much to feast our eyes as to rest the horses. The descent to the town of Norwich, where we were to spend the night, was long and gradual, a welcome change after so much climbing.

On the outskirts of the town we went to a farm to water the horses, and asked some men there the name of the mountain we had just come over. "Oh, that? That isn't a mountain!" they said. "That is just a hill." When they say a hill in that country they certainly mean a HILL.

One of the problems of arranging the trip (all of which were solved by Mrs. Gage of the GMHA before our arrival) had been stabling for the horses at Norwich, as there are no such facilities for hire there. However, Mr. and Mrs.
Archibald Peisch, who have a beautiful estate on the outskirts of the village, had kindly allowed us to put the horses in their private stables. The Peisch house, built during the 18th century and the oldest house in that section of the state, was even more interesting on the inside than on the outside. One room had an entire wall taken up by the most mammoth fireplace I have ever seen, Dutch oven and all. When the room was restored a few years ago and the fireplace reopened, 16 layers of wallpaper and 8 different colors of paint, one on top of another, had to be removed to get down to the beautiful old original paneling.

With the horses groomed, fed, and bedded down in Mr. Peisch's stable, we walked back to the Inn, where comfortable rooms and baths, and an excellent dinner, were waiting us. But after eating we went back to the stable, for we were worried—Dan had developed a girth gall, and we did not know just what to do. However, the day before we started the trip a doctor friend had said to me, "You don't mean to tell me you are starting on a five day saddle trip with three people who have never done such a thing before!" I assured him that not only was that the case, but that two of them were inexperienced riders, both Mrs. Fox and Beverly having just learned to ride the preceding winter. He let out a long and incredulous whistle and said, "You get some tincture of benzoin compound and moleskin and carry it along, no matter how precious space in those saddle bags is. Lady, you are going to need it!" He was right but not in the way he meant. Not one of the four riders had the slightest discomfort during the entire trip, but here was poor Dan with a gall and three more days to go. We held a medical consultation, and decided that what was good for sore spots on humans couldn't hurt a horse, and so we doctored him thoroughly with our benzoin compound and moleskin. A nearby gift shop had some men's slippers made of sheepskin. A wide band cut from a slipper made a perfect protection around the girth. When the gift shop owner found out what the slipper was wanted for, he insisted on making us a present of it. All along the way people went out of their way to be kind and do everything they could to give us a good time. When I bought the benzoin and moleskin in the drugstore in Woodstock, I forgot to get any swabs, and went back for a package. When I went to pay for them the druggist said, "Oh no, that is nothing. Those are for good luck on your trip." We had the luck all right. Our unorthodox methods on Dan's girth gall worked like a charm; and we had no more trouble.

Leaving Norwich we picked up our orange arrows again and were off for another grand day. Those of our party who had never seen Vermont before could hardly believe that any scenery could be so uniformly beautiful. We had been going for some time without seeing a house or any water, and the day was hot. Part way up a long hill we came to an isolated farmhouse at the side of the road. We stopped to rest the horses, and say hello to some children playing there, when a woman came out of the house with a large pitcher of cool fruit drink. Nothing ever was more welcome. As we thanked her we could not resist wondering how she happened to have it all ready, as if waiting for us. She laughed and said, "In a way we were sort of waiting for you. Not (Continued on next page)
many strangers ever go by here, but I heard at the post office that there was a party of riders coming through today, and it is so hot I knew you'd be pretty thirsty by the time you got this far.

The third night we spent at High Acres, Dr. Charlotte Richmond's charming old home near Sharon. We rode round the house and gardens, past the swimming pool and sweeping lawns to an immaculately neat little stable, with good stalls and everything else that could be thought of for the comfort of the mounts. The quantity of food we put away that night was nothing short of disgraceful! Even in a state famed for its cooking the dinner was outstanding.

If I remember correctly, it was somewhere on the next day's ride that we met two boys of about ten and twelve coming toward us on bicycles. When we were still some distance apart, they stopped and stood waiting for us to come up to them. We asked them what they wanted and they seemed a bit surprised that we should not understand. "Why nothing," one said. "We just thought we had better wait until you got by. Some horses are awful scared of bicycles." For the first and only time on the trip Beverly almost fell out of her saddle. After experiences in the city with people trying to frighten the horses to see them jump, these two boys did our hearts good!

Our final night was spent at Hitching Post Farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McLaughlin at Royalton. I felt back with old friends, as this had been one of the stops arranged for us on the ride the preceding summer. There was rare, tender, juicy roast beef that night, ready just as we were ready for it. We wondered how our various hostesses managed to have dinner at just the right time when even we ourselves did not know when we would get in. Another thing we wondered about was if they thought we did not get enough to eat at home, and were making up for it while on vacation.

We did not want to start next morning, for in a few hours we would be back at South Woodstock. Our ride would be over, and we would have to part with our four-footed friends. No one who has not taken a long trail ride can realize how attached one can get in a week to a good horse when your safety and enjoyment both have been completely dependent upon him. You have not eaten one meal without first seeing that he was comfortable and fed; no matter how hot and dirty you might be at the end of a day's ride, no shower and clean-up for you until your horse has been sponged down, groomed, and given some hay. Then while he eats
you have your shower. By the time you have done that he will be ready for his water, and finally his grain. And then when he is contentedly munching, you may think of your own ravenous appetite and the good dinner awaiting you. Our horses were perfect for the job in hand, and were a constant joy to us. Although there were other good stables, we went back to the Vaundells in Fairlee for our horses because we had been so delighted with those they had furnished for the trip the preceding summer, and we were not disappointed. The Vaundells not only have a large string of really top quality trail horses, but they also seem to have a genius for fitting each rider with the perfect horse for his individual capabilities and temperament—almost a feat of magic!

* * *

On leaving Woodstock the others had to return to their respective homes, but I went to the Tecla-Wooket Camp at Roxbury, where Dorothy Brown was meeting me to attend the very intensive school of equitation which is held there each spring and fall. During July and August it is a large girls' camp, specializing in riding and archery. There is a fine stable of some seventy or eighty horses, ranging from those suited to the most timid beginners to those which only topnotch riders can handle. We lived in cabins among the pines, ate large and wholesome meals in the big dining hall, and WORKED. The teaching staff under Captain Fred Marsman is the best, and the three large teaching rings are in constant use. With riding lessons morning and afternoon and lectures at night it was strenuous but we loved it. Other things were going on—entertainments, dances, bridge games, archery lessons and tournaments—but we who wanted to get the maximum benefit from the riding school had no time or energy left for anything else.

If you are not satisfied with the quality of your riding, and want the maximum improvement in the shortest time, get in touch with Tecla-Wooket. I should add “at a minimum cost.” For the week I am describing, cabin, meals, use of horses, instruction, everything, we paid less than $50 each.

A word as to expenses all summer may not be amiss here. All through Vermont we found the prices were surprisingly reasonable. On the long trail ride, the charge was $7 a day for a horse, and at our overnight stops we paid from $8 to $8.50 each night; this covered not only room, dinner, breakfast and box lunch for the

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next day, but good stalls and all the grain and hay we wanted for the horses. Even including incidentals and a couple of long distance telephone calls, not one of us spent over $80 on the five day ride.

It is true that the person who desires every service and luxury the finest hotel or inn can offer, regardless of cost, will be able to find these in Vermont. But if what is wanted is a vacation on horseback at a total cost of from one to two hundred dollars a week for two people, there are many excellent places which will give you just what you are looking for. The few places listed in this article are not the only ones or necessarily the best. They are samples picked at random because they happened to be where we stayed.

If your problem is that of a whole family taking vacation together, but Dad wants some real fishing, Junior is interested in swimming and sailing boats, Suzy wants to play tennis and learn to ride a horse, and two-year-old Baby needs a first-class day nursery with a trained attendant in charge every minute, so that Mother can spend her day just relaxing or playing bridge without a care in the world—then try “Quimby’s” at Averill. My husband, who does not ride and had been taking advantage of my riding orgy in central Vermont to catch up on overdue visits to relatives, joined me here, and we both enjoyed it thoroughly. Situated in deep spruce and hemlock woods within a mile or less of the Canadian border in the heart of mountain and lake country, this resort offers just about everything one could want for an outdoor family vacation. Most of the guests live in private cottages, each with its own bath and woodburning fireplaces. Again the food is good and the prices moderate.

At this point my Vermont vacation was cut short by duties at home, so I missed much I had hoped to visit. But in October I was back, this time to that Mecca for ski enthusiasts, the Mount Mansfield region. Only at the top of the mountain could snow be found, and the hills were such a blaze of color as I have never seen elsewhere. I had a reservation at the Lodge at Smuggler’s Notch, but arrived two days ahead of schedule, and every room was full. My disappointment quickly vanished, however, when I found within a couple of miles a most unusual place named Logwood, run by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Savage, who could take me in for the two days. They had their own horses, swimming pool, etc., the guests were most congenial, and had I not made other plans I would have stayed there the rest of my time.

The week at the Lodge at Smuggler’s Notch was a fitting climax for a grand summer. It is hard to restrain one’s enthusiasm when telling about it. But then, this is true of so much of Vermont! As one friend remarked “Every time I go into that state I want to buy some.” In a picture postcard setting, with Mount Mansfield smiling down benignly from the back and in front a broad sweep of golf green with the valley and hills beyond, it is a luxurious place where the guest’s every desire is anticipated and catered to. The dining room serves meals second to none.

End
This portion of the famous Long Trail is a scenic monument to the energy of Will Monroe and his love of Vermont’s mountain beauty.
grades, the Skyline Trail is today considered one of the finest hiking areas in New England, challenging and difficult beyond most of the Long Trail and yet a delight to those who reach its heights. It is perhaps natural that who we struggle over its precipitous length use some of our steam to call down curses upon its builder for his fiendishly developed route. Yet our annoyance is replaced by awe and gratitude when we reach the lookouts and viewpoints and peaks which to Prof. Monroe were of more importance than a gentle climb.

I have always been glad that my own first trip to Couching Lion Farm, in 1932, took place while the professor was still there. His smock and beret and plus fours, his alert mobile face and his white Van Dyke beard, made an unforgettable picture. Surrounded by his beloved dogs, and in a friendly, positive fashion dominating his guests, he won our hearts as quickly as, later, his trails were to exhaust our legs. The old-fashioned farmhouse was shabby, the unpainted barn where we slept was weathered and worn, but the hospitality we found there was warm, friendly, and unmistakable. To have accepted this hospitality and spent a night under his roof was a memorable prelude to our hike over Camel's Hump the following day, pleasant to recall on other trips over the rest of the Skyline Trail in the twenty years following.

Each Section of the Green Mountain Club takes responsibility for developing and maintaining part of the Long Trail, and the New York Section had, in 1922, taken over thirty miles of this trail between the Lincoln-Warren Pass and the Winooski River. Prof. Monroe was among the early Green Mountain Club members who formed the Montclair, N. J., Section of the club which later merged with the New York Section. It was to the trail that is still maintained by the New Yorkers that Prof. Monroe and his friends contributed their efforts. It is this strip which today bears his name, and so commemorates his work on it between 1923, when he retired to Couching Lion Farm, and 1938, when he died there.

In recent years, the New York Section has made great progress in replacing wornout camps and shelters along the Skyline Trail, and in clearing and re-blazing the route of the trail and
ABOVE: Looking south from the bare summit of Burnt Rock, the climber sees ridge after ridge of the Green Mountains receding into the distance. This 3168 ft. elevation, south of Camel's Hump, may also be reached by a short but steep climb from North Fayston.

many side trails approaching it. Subject to the vagaries of windstorms and beaver colonies, the trail is currently in good condition so that the experienced hiker has little trouble in traveling it. Three tin huts which stood for many years atop Camel's Hump, relics of an earlier hiking club, have been abandoned, and in a more protected site near the summit, Gorham Lodge has been built to house overnight campers. Several miles north, as the trail drops toward the Winooski River, the attractive Wiley Lodge has been built on the bank of Gleason Brook, to provide additional trail accommodations. South of Camel's Hump, a new Montclair Glen Camp replaces an earlier structure that stood nearby, and the Long Trail has been rerouted past the new camp. Still further south, Battell and the tiny Cowles Cove shelters have been repaired and renovated. Birch Glen and Glen Ellen have also felt the impetus of this post-war project as they have been put into better condition, and plans are afoot to construct, shortly, an additional camp between them.

But trail shelters, important as they are, are not the major features of any trail. It is, rather, the climbs and descents, the long traverses of mountain slopes and that ultimate reward, a view far into the distance or a glimpse of some minute detail along the way, that lure us on. Here the Monroe Skyline excels, with its many extremes and its features unique among Vermont trails. Rising gradually but steadily from the Lincoln-Warren Pass, the trail reaches in three long uphill miles the first of four 4000-foot peaks which comprise the elongated summit of Lincoln Mountain. From the crest of Lincoln, as we continue north, are views into broad valleys, far below, dotted with toy-sized farms and dark patches of encroaching forest.

Next, the Long Trail drops steeply toward Glen Ellen Lodge, which perches almost at cliff's edge and overlooks the Mad River Valley and the mountains of the lower ranges beyond. After leaving Glen Ellen behind, the Skyline Trail enters one of the most spectacular and yet one of the most frustrating parts of the Long Trail; that which, tracing the contours of Gen. Stark and Molly Stark mountains, alternately climbs and dips in exasperating fashion; 900 feet down, 600 feet back up, and another 900 feet down again, all within four miles; four miles that have always seemed to us like 24 by the time we have limped into Birch Glen Camp in the evening, yet well worth the labor because of the remarkable rock formations and fine views along the way. Few camps along the Long Trail are as welcomed by weary hikers as Birch Glen; whether one comes from the south as we have always done, or from the north as many hikers do, one knows at the end of the day that the Skyline Trail is well named. Birch Glen is also an approach point for the trail; a side trail leads from here to the nearby village of Hanksville, two miles to the west.

Traveling north from Birch Glen, one soon starts the long climb toward Burnt Rock Mountain. This, too, offers many climbing difficulties, and here as on the Starks we have frequently found ourselves passing packs along by hand and then following them on hands and knees going up, or in reverse if going down. Burnt Rock Mountain is one of the few places along the Long Trail where crude ladders aid in climbing over nearly perpendicular rocks. The view from the top, however, is the hiker's reward, for far to the south ridge upon ridge of the Green Mountain summits recede into the distance, while east and west are the ever-changing valley views again. It is always with regret that we leave here to continue on toward Montclair Glen and, eventually, the gaunt summit of Camel's Hump which we glimpse occasionally through openings in the trees.

Camel's Hump is the northern summit of the Monroe Skyline Trail and one of the best-known mountains in Vermont. Prof. Monroe and others developed a whole web of trails here, and approach (Continued on next page)
ABOVE: Glen Ellen Lodge (looking southeast) has one of the most sightly locations on the Trail. It lies near the junction of the Barton and Long trails, just south of General Stark Mountain and Mad River Glen ski area. It was repaired recently.

trails link it with Couching Lion Farm nearby, and with the valley towns of North Duxbury and Huntington Center to the east and west. Camel's Hump is a peak known well to Lake Champlain mariners, some miles away. Its distinctive outline has served them as a beacon since first Champlain and his fellow explorers gave it the name of Couching Lion by which many still call it. High on its craggy eastern shoulder are the remnants of a modern tragedy, the crash of a low-flying Army plane early in World War II. Today a huge cross painted on the rocks indicates how close the plane came to safety, while scattered through the trees and over the ledges below is the silvery wreckage in which all save one of the crew died.

The Long Trail climbs Camel's Hump from the steep southern face, its angle at times a bit terrifying to the timid, until finally near the top it levels off and traverses rocky upland meadows where grow tiny alpine flowers, sturdy bushes of Labrador tea, and many other plants rarely found elsewhere in Vermont. It is well worth the climb when the weather is fair, for this is one of Vermont's highest points and from it are visible Lake Champlain and Burlington toward the west, the narrow valley of the Winooski eastward. To the south we view with satisfaction the serrated range we have already tramped across, while northward Mt. Mansfield and its satellite peaks loom up to urge us on toward new objectives.

To sit atop Camel's Hump, while travelling the Skyline Trail, is both fulfillment and challenge. To leave it, and descend toward the low-lying Winooski River, is to reach a new extreme, for here one reaches the lowest point of the entire Long Trail. Here one may end the journey in style and comparative ease, for where else along the Long Trail can a hiker travel one part of the route by boat?

We have returned to the Skyline Trail and to Couching Lion Farm several times since our first trip, each time with remembrance of Prof. Monroe and increased appreciation of his labors there. Of Couching Lion Farm, today little remains. Two parallel rows of huge poplars, curiously continental in appearance, mark the old driveway. Of the house, long ago torn down, scarcely a trace remains. Where once the great barn stood, today only a vast cellar hole, brush filled, is left. A tangle of bushes and shrubs fills what was once Miss Katherine Monroe's lovely garden, and even the cemetery where the Professor, his sister and his dogs lie is becoming overgrown.

Yet the Professor is not forgotten along the trail he loved and served so well. So long as hikers continue to tramp the Monroe Skyline and thrill to the views from its many outlooks, that long at least will Will Monroe remain an integral part of Vermont's Long Trail.
At the Sign of the Quill

A Department of Literary Comment

By Arthur Wallace Peach

Loud sound of running water, wherever water runs, falling of a sudden on the ear—difference of degree of silence, even in the country, by day and night. At a quarter past eight, birds—mountain-side, the valley, ringing with answering calls. Later (a thrush) a soft musical call from the darkening woods. . . . Spider webs in the air, winged things—moths—flying, a large one fluttering in front of my eyes. Sweet scents. Gurgling, tinkling waterfalls. Quantities of fireflies—hillside spangled—on grassy mound, dancing under the moon. "July" in Stowe Notes by Edward Martin Taber, 1913.

Off the Deep End—Again!

Friendly writers to the Quill have tripped me, most of them unknowingly, into impasses and bogs from which I have emerged with, at least, wet feet. I do not know what will happen with this venture, but I am going to see it through.

In a recent Quill I suggested that one real way to know Vermont was to visit every town in the state. A note from New Jersey—why is New Jersey, in my experience anyway, the skeptical state?—asked me politely if "You had visited every town in your state?" I promptly checked over my Vermont memorabilia, feeling sure I could lay my New Jersey querist low, only to discover that I had missed the town of Jay. The next weekend, I set sail to Jay, and not only discovered a most beautiful area of the state, but reached a definite determination to settle a few issues.

First, let me say that I wager not more than 1,000 of the 377,747 Vermonters in this state, can say they "know Vermont," and of that 1,000, I'll wager again—note that being part Scotch, I am wagering nothing—that less than 100 have visited every town in the state. Years ago, before

(Continued on next page)
the auto, I knew men who had never been fifty miles from their village or farm; now, there is no excuse for a Vermonter's saying that he does not know his state from top to bottom. I brought the idea of this state-wide visitation to the fore in a talk given to the St. Johnsbury Rotary Club; and even in that steadily and wisely growing Vermont community, was met with silence.

Regardless of what these Vermonters do, I still suggest that our summer visitors and others give serious consideration to a plan to visit every town in the state. A swift turn from one of our main roads, and you are on your way to the rewarding experience of a lifetime and memories good until the years are frosty. One of my correspondents wails, "The roads are so full of curves, and no room to turn out!" This is nonsense. Our farmers and their friends have been driving them for years; and the accidents on our roads are on our main roads, not on the country roads; and they, the farmers and the rest of us who like the hill and valley areas, have been turning out for each other for a quarter of a century without damage and without words, except, may be, a few "cuss words" that arise from situations other than road conditions. The driver who expects to slam over the country roads as he does over main roads will get into plenty of trouble—and I hope he does—to himself. The driver who uses his brains will find a drive on a country road through miles of peace and fresh air, into delightful scenery, and among a kindly people—if the driver himself has a regard for the rights of others—worth every hour he gives to such a trip. Vermont from the beginning has been a state of towns, historically and otherwise, and in them and in them only can the real Vermont be found and seen.

Now that that issue is settled, here is the last step. I propose to organize a 251 Club to be made up of Vermonters and others who can show that they have visited, not merely driven through, the 251 towns in the state. We will have an annual meeting in Montpelier each summer and compare pictures, notes and memories, with no speeches; any high-domed or long-winded speaker who shows up will be tomahawked in the best Iroquois style.

At present this club has two members, myself and Huntley Palmer of St. Johnsbury, not a member of that town's Rotary Club; he has convinced me he is eligible. If you can qualify as a charter member, write me in care of Vermont Life and give your evidence. If it passes, you are a charter member of an elite organization.

December first the rules will change. If interested but doubtful—and I don't blame you—write for hints. Our Vermont Development Commission will start you off by sending you a larger copy of the map shown at left as well as the latest highway map.

The Books We Remember

Macaulay's remark that "What is written in a book is more important than what is written about it," is the final criterion, probably, that settles the fate of a book in terms of its destiny, but the style in which it is written is also the antiseptic that defies decay; and in this day of journalistic writing—based on questions of space and need of compressed diction—some magic has gone from the use of our English tongue. Winston Churchill's magnificent sentences, forever a part of the lasting voices of all English-speaking ages and our day, employs the full range of the sentence. In America we have the repeated dictum to writers—"Cut out the adjectives!" As if the adjective was not a vital element in any meaningful sentence! For instance, how does this sentence strike you: "The girl stood on the corner"? Suppose we put in two adjectives: "The bow-legged girl stood on the crowded corner." Let's put in another adjective and the also despised adverb: "The bow-legged, red-

TOWNS & GORES OF VERMONT

Query to Vermonters and to friends of Vermont: How many towns have you visited?

NOTE: Glastenbury, Ferdinand, Averill, Lewis and Somerset are unorganized towns.
headed girl stood swearing on the crowded bus corner." Whether a picture comes out of the last sentence that was not in the first may be debatable, but it does to me; and I am willing to change the whole color of the sentence, if you prefer, by putting "smiling" in place of "swearing," although in the tradition a la Hemingway, she would be "swearing."

To be a bit more serious, we have one Vermont writer who knows the cadences of the English sentence, the inner color and movement, and the continuity of which it is capable—not the hacked up chunks that pass for sentences. The book she has written has given me much food for thought; and most of us, if not in the garish day, are pondering in evening hours alone, the theme on which she has written.

As you step through the door of the Canterbury Cathedral in England, you face a simple announcement that in the Cathedral the Christian religion has been practiced daily for a thousand years. The American, recalling the four hundred years of his own country's history, is usually brought to a halt before that simply worded announcement; and he may remember that the cathedral of Hagia Sophia in Instanbul, Turkey, was a center of Christian worship in 537 A.D. Julian, the Apostle, may have exclaimed, "Galilean, thou hast conquered!" and some of us may feel that He has, but the books dealing with the problems of reconciling this world with our personal inner problems would indicate that unrest and uncertainty are distinguishing features of our troubled day.

So in the quiet of her Dorset home, Zephine Humphrey has written a wise, meditative, little book with this title, God and Company. Why write such a book, she asks,—"Especially now, when there are many hooks of good or evil, hope or despair, life or death; when there are many books of wisdom flooding into bookstores? She answers the question by saying, "More urgently than ever, the close co-operation between God and man seems of vital importance, and my typewriter and pen would have nothing whatever to do with its evasion"—this, also, in answer to a friend who suggested that she write "a whole book in which you don't once mention God."

The small book, only 128 pages long, centers around a few questions that soon or late each of us asks himself. Acceptance, rather than debate, is the answer when we seek to define God—"the one, ultimate, absolute fact of experience"; and "no one can define infinity." From this broad theme, the author touches lightly but thoughtfully on our endless mortal questions: "But why then did God create us at all?" "Certainly, God could not have contained the capacity for love without bestirring himself to create something lovable." "The real function of hell may be to serve as God's scrap basket"—and we may fill it if we forget Him and break loose in an atomic war. We may deserve destruction, but we "do not want it." But the Great Experiment goes on, one in which God himself is involved, and it may be worked out successfully—if we care enough.

I have sketched in a few ideas from God and Company, and do not intend to reveal others, for readers who wish to watch an adroit mind, sensitive to the undercurrents of contemporary and ages-old thought on this final of all final themes of God and man and survival, will find the book comforting and challenging at the same time. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's summary of the book sums up my own impression: "Into this fine book Zephine Humphrey has put a richly full measure of the ardor, imagination, humor and literary skill which have made her many other books so cherished by American readers."

In this book and the "other books," the author has written on topics far away from the usual "trivial and petty themes, the neurotic problems" that a critic in India told Norman Cousins, "our American writers seemed concerned about, rather than universal themes." In addition, we find in her books the work of the true stylist, and there seem to be few such writing in America nowadays.

Readers who like both style and thought in the best tradition should look for these books: The Calling of the Apostle, Uncle Charley, Over Against Green Peak, Recollections of My Mother, Grail Fire, The Homestead, The Sword of the Spirit, Mountain Verities, The Story of Dorset, Winterwise, Chrysalis, The Beloved Community, Green Mountains to the Sierras, Cactus Forest, 'Allo 'Allo, A Book of New England. Most of these are Vermont in thought and background. All are out of print with the exception of The Story of Dorset which may be purchased through The Tuttle Company, Rutland; interested readers must turn to our libraries for the other titles. Zephine Humphrey is the writing name of Mrs. W. W. Fahnestock, and she has lived in Dorset since 1918. Mr. Fahnestock is an artist with a long-established reputation in his field.


Four Books for Your Vermont Bookshelf

George Dewey—Vermont Boy by Laura Long [Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1952] tells the story of Dewey's days as a boy in Montpelier, Vt. It is entertainingly written, historically accurate, and is told with children in mind. It is one of the The Childhood of Famous Americans Series. City Dog by Gerald Raftery [William Morrow and Company, N. Y., 1953, $2.50] should make hosts of friends among boys, and girls too, for it is a most engaging story about a collie dog, Rod, who under the force of circumstances went from a city apartment and the city way of life to the country in Vermont where he revealed the damaging fact that he could not catch a rabbit, and he was afraid of a woodchuck. But he learned the country ways, had a part in rousing adventures, and he and his young owner became "pals" as only a boy and his dog can. Mr. Raftery is a summer-time resident of Vermont, having his home in Elizabeth, N. J., but he evidently knows Vermont, boys, and dogs. The book has seven illustrations.

Turning from juvenile books, here is Ballads Migrant in New England by Helen Hartness Flanders, internationally known as an expert in Vermont and New England folklore and ballads, published by Farrar, Straus, and Young, N. Y., 1943, $6. The book contains nearly 100 ballads and their stories with the tunes. The introduction is by Robert Frost. This is Vermont is a gayly bound 80-page book of drawings by George Merkle. The drawings in cartoon style cover the entire history of Vermont from the days when Vermont was a tropical country to the present. The book is planned for big and little folks. This is Vermont by George Merkle, Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vt., 1943, $1.

END
On a beautiful and remote Taconic mountain slope two distinguished artists find their own Shangri-La.

ABOVE: Flower gardens at the Schur place grow profusely on the site of former barn.

If one takes an abandoned farm house located high on the side of a Vermont mountain overlooking a valley so beautiful that it actually defies description and mix with a liberal dosage of imagination, some artistic know how, plenty of nails and lumber along with almost uncounted gallons of paint, to say nothing of hours, days, and weeks of back-breaking work, and let this combination simmer for four years you should come up with something just about as lovely as “Maison Schur” not far from Danby Four Corners.

Of course, one will need a few dollars to create this “miracle of the wilderness”; but, surprisingly, you won’t need a carload of them if you’re willing to shed that Brooks’ Brother suit and don overalls and lay the Saks Fifth Avenue gown aside in favor of a pair of blue jeans and a woolen shirt. And that is just what Maxim Schur, one of the country’s great concert pianists, and his wife, Ingeborg Schur, one of Sweden’s great actresses, did, and look what they accomplished in the Green Mountain state.

How did the Schurs, whose background and interests provide such a startling contrast to rural Vermont and an abandoned farm in an isolated mountain countryside, meet and fall in love with Vermont?

Maxim Schur was born in Latvia, educated in Germany and is a celebrated European concert artist who became a United States citizen and then enlisted during World War II for specialized service in the U.S. Intelligence force. Ingeborg Schur was born and reared in Sweden. She had earned the right of recognition as one of Sweden’s most prominent dramatic actresses. She was, in addition, the founder of the dramatic repertory theater in Stockholm, “Nya Intima Teatern,” where she starred in her own productions. She is now writing a play for American stage production. She had met Schur during one of his Swedish tours and they were married. She, too, became a United States citizen. They had much in common—they are both artists and each loves beauty and perfection in accomplishment and in nature. Vermont provided the beauty they wanted for their personal “Shangri-La.” And that’s why they chose the dilapidated farm house on the side hill at Danby. The property was beautiful and even inspiring despite the decaying appearance of the buildings.

Like all artistic people, both Maxim and Ingeborg Schur had to have an outlet from New York. They had read about Vermont and the beauty of its mountains, which Schur has found “more beautiful
'Round. Its front door, facing the east to greet the morning sun, swung to the whims of the mountain breeze on two rusty hinges. Window glass had all but disappeared and some of the sashes had been temporarily stuffed with cast-off woolens. A lean-to shed which had served as a summer kitchen was tired to the point of collapse and its sills had rotted away. A horse stable nearby leaned north in its surrender to the prevailing south winds which whipped up the valley 365 days a year bringing a cooling draft of nature in summer and a bone-piercing fierceness in winter. Adjacent to the horse stable was another structure; the cattle and hay barn. This was not in too bad shape; the southern end had been blown away and half of the roof was as good as any untended roof of a score of years would be.

Most people would be dismayed to be greeted by such a sight but the Schurs weren't. They loved every broken window, every swinging door and weather-beaten clapboard and shingle of wood in the falling down buildings, but most of all they loved the serene beauty of this glorious location. Here, some 1,700 feet above sea level, standing in front of an abandoned house they could look south on this cloudless August afternoon for 12 miles to towering Mount Equinox and north for a score of miles their eyes met nothing but the undulating beauty of a Vermont (Continued on next page)

BELOW: The Schurs relax on sightly terrace.
valley with its gently rolling hills which appeared as green-clad escorts on either side of the three-mile wide gap through the hills.

Maxim Schur, as he looked at this Vermont wonderland, thought of all the fine music he had heard and had played and also thought of what had inspired the men who wrote this music. “Here,” he mused, “I, too, can play and I can create because I am so near creation.”

“They want $3,000 for these buildings and 230 acres of land,” and then the real estate agent quickly added: “But, they’ll take less.” Maxim and Ingeborg Schur bought their “Danby Eden” that very same day for $2,200.

Then, because concert pianists have three or four months free from their public work during the year, Maxim and Ingeborg moved right up to Danby and camped out. They hired an all-round handy man to help them, and went to work. Down came the lean-to summer kitchen; the pig sty followed as did a smaller barn. They hoped to keep the main horse-cattle barn, but a fall windstorm later demolished it. So the next spring they burned the debris and made the corn crib over into a guest house.

They and their local helper replaced house sills, clapboards, window sashes and windows; they painted the whole main building the most brilliant white you’ve ever seen. Where the pig sty had been a flower garden blossomed. In weeks the softest and most velvety green lawn imaginable appeared where the horse and cattle stable had been and the “summer kitchen” site became a stone-paved terrace. Colorful awnings were used to good advantage in the proper places.

A never-failing spring high on the mountain side behind the house was piped into a sunken turn-off box. The natural pressure is plus 2-5 pounds so there is no difficulty in operating modern plumbing and sanitation facilities.

They transferred, with their own hands, the interior of the house into a replica of a Scandinavian cottage and this appearance is amplified by Swedish antique furnishings. They’ve spent about $7,000 in “new money” since they bought the place but they now have their dream house.

“How about wild life up here in the mountains?” the Schurs were asked by a recent visitor.

“It’s pretty tame as far as we are concerned,” Maxim replied. “As you know, we don’t even have electric lights. We use gas (bottled) for cooking and lighting and even refrigeration so by ten o’clock we’re usually in bed, so wild life here is confined to our four-footed friends who live all around us.”

Deer are plentiful. They do, however, raise havoc with tender plants and shrubs, particularly in the spring. But the Schurs love them and keep a pair of field glasses always at hand so they can sweep the hillside when city guests arrive and pick up a doe or a buck busily eating or lazily resting as they chew their cuds.
Early spring mornings the deer come right down to the house. They like tulips and, believe it or not, red ones particularly. Then there are the porcupines and woodchucks which are plentiful as are the raccoons, which have warm spots in their taste glands for wild and domestic grapes.

Then, of course, there are the birds—thousands of them, and almost all varieties known in New England. Early this past summer a pair of golden orioles arrived for a visit.

“Schur Mountain” is a good growing spot, but Mrs. Schur seems to have “green fingers” which help nature a lot in developing a flower garden.

The Schurs by actual count had a variety of more than 30 different species of natural and cultivated flowers growing last mid-July. They ranged from field daisies to highly-cultivated rambler roses—from lilies of the valley to carnations and from petunias to honeysuckle. Two of their gardens are located on the original sites of the old horse stable and cow barn.

Maxim Schur is now dividing his time between concert work, teaching in New York and in Westchester county and radio and television engagements. Now that the Danby place has been restored, the Schurs “headquarters” there eight of the twelve months of the year, with Maxim commuting from New York and spending every free minute at his beloved Shangri-La.

And so, this is the story of an abandoned Vermont farm and two Vermonters “by adoption,” who have faith in and love for their Green Mountain home on the side hill.

END
“Vermont, which even as a boy I intuitively felt to be different from most states, has her own way of sending out influence.”

Christopher Morley, 1930