SUMMER 1958
The Editor's Uncasy Chair

Across the Connecticut River neighbor Rhoda Clark, publisher of the Claremont Eagle, has protested that our Winter issue article on the Vermont daily press unfairly included one New Hampshire paper but not hers. In fairness we must concede: history does record, of course, that only 177 years back Claremont, with 34 other New Hampshire towns begged admission to the Republic of Vermont. They were granted it (only to be traded off unceremoniously soon afterward). This is not to gainsay, however, that the Eagle, now unequivocally a New Hampshire paper, has our endorsement for its fine reporting of news along the river, where deservedly it is well read.

Sorry—As too many thousands of subscribers and givers of Vermont Life know, we were somewhat tardy in getting out all of last Winter's copies. Too busy even to answer complaints (and that makes people maddest of all) our subscription staff was flooded in November with or­ders aimed to beat the price increase. On top of that came the Christmas gift deluge. Nine clerks and volunteers just couldn't keep up. But this year, we've resolved, it will be different.

Events—Inside the back cover of this issue is our regular listing of summer activities which may be of interest to visitors. The list was compiled last January and, therefore, is incomplete. A more recent listing may be had by writing the Vermont Development Commission in Montpelier.

Loss—Membership in Vermont Life's editorial group has been reduced recently, and though we shall miss the close associations of planning sessions, we still hope to bring from time to time to her many readers the perceptive writing of Mari Tomasi.

Photography—Again this year Vermont Life participates in the Vermont Photographers' Exhibition at Manchester's Southern Vermont Art Center. Entries close July 7th and the show runs July 19-27. This year Vermont Life's color awards are open to 35mm size. Cash payments also will supplement medal awards when pictures are used in the magazine.

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VERMONTERAMA

Filming of the book Peyton Place, it may be recalled, was decreed last year to Woodstock, Vermont. But that town's independent citizenry would have none of it and Hollywood, baffled, moved on to Camden, Maine. Though some Vermonters seemed to deplore the California gold lost, our excellent Maine contemporary, Down East magazine, noted that the canny Vermonters by their contrariness might harvest the better publicity. And so it seems. The Woodstock Chamber of Commerce reports a vast increase in visitors last summer, many come no doubt to view the town of Hollywood's unrequited love.

But now we find Peyton Place could not do without Vermont after all. The film, we're told, opens with a panoramic, mountainward view overlooking a clustered New England village. Maine, or even New Hampshire? Not at all. It's Peacham, Vermont.

IN THE BELFRY

There are six Revere bells in Vermont, our past Winter issue reported, but now another has come to light. It hangs in the old Village Meeting House at Saxtons River. Contractor Claude Tenney of that address now owns the property and admits he might be induced to sell the bell. Reportedly it has an excellent voice.

A reader in Baghdad, Iraq wrote us that another is supposed to grace the Congregational church in Montpelier. This intelligence arrived in January, and to this writing (February) no one had volunteered to brave the icy belfry and find out.

DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG

Farm fires rarely have happy endings. The Postboy, however, has learned of such an event which took place some little time ago on the northern reaches, at Derby Line. As the story goes, fire broke out one bitter night on the Canadian border farm of Bob and Charlie Smith. Neighbors and passers-by rallied to the emergency, finally saved the hundred head of cattle and the house.

At the height of the confusion, however, a problem arose concerning five pigs. Finally freed, two of them stubbornly and suicidally insisted on re-entering the inferno, were rescued once more. One exasperated savior casting about for a temporary sty noted a new Buick parked nearby, bundled one of the porkers into the back seat. The fate of his mate is lost to history.

The snug hog bedded down, quiet and contented in his new home. Then, as the fire waned, he was forgotten. His unknowing host appeared and drove off.

To this day the identity of this chance abductor is unknown. One school maintains the hog was driven clear to Massachusetts and was not discovered until next morning, when hunger announced his horrifying presence.

The inadvertent Samaritan proved himself an honest man and forthwith returned the wayward hog to his startled owners, who long since had counted him a fiery casualty. Nothing is reported on the Body by Fisher.

COME TO THE FAIR

Inexorably, we're told, the symbols—even the bones—of our old, rural life are dying away. It is a pleasure then to report the revival of a fine country institution. Hartland Fair, sadly missed by many, will burst forth Sept. 26-28 this year. Welcome back!

USE IT UP

Traditionally mail order catalogues found a secondary use in the older Vermont life. Not the same but somehow parallel is the way the Robert Fullers of West Hartford, Conn, have used old Vermont Life copies to finish off the upstairs hall of their new home. The Fullers cut out color pictures, choosing their favorites where one backed up another. The wall was sized and ordinary wallpaper paste used. In fitting the scenes, the four seasons were intermingled, but were arranged so colors complemented one another. The general effect is a fusion of colors with the blues of the Vermont sky, water and distant mountains predominating.

WH JR.
VERMONT NATIVE ORCHIDS

CARL T. RAMSEY

NATURE lovers, making excursions to the enchanted hills of Vermont in May, if perchance they find a Yellow Lady’s Slipper, are hardly aware of the rarity and cosmopolitan nature of this intriguing example of a great family of flowers. Here is a first scion of a family that has a distribution between the limits of the two polar circles, enumerating 600 genera and no less than 20,000 species; ranging in habitat from two feet underground to altitudes of over 14,000 feet. This is a remnant of many that could not survive.

Beauty, mystery and profundity are embodied in the Lady’s Slipper. As a country boy in my teens I felt this deeply. My first encounter with the Large Yellow Lady’s Slipper is associated with trout fishing along a beautiful Pennsylvania stream. It had a crucial influence in my life, and that spot became a shrine to which I went annually. At that time I had little knowledge of the organic world and the evolutionary background of that flower. It seemed to have a key to the mystery of biological science.

Over three decades of orchid interest preceded my coming to Dorset, Vermont, whose enchanting hills and streams drew me like a magnet. Imagine spending a decade hunting for the Queen Lady’s Slipper, Cypripedium reginae, ultimately seeing it by the thousands in New Jersey, and bringing a plant to Dorset on our honeymoon in 1918, only to find that neighbors had seen it almost within a stone’s throw of our backyard. Here in 1934 we established our 22-acre wild orchid sanctuary, “Swampacres.”

The popular conception of an orchid is that of the hot-house lavendar Cattleya, a native of the South American tropics now developed by the plant breeders to a monstrous size for commercial purposes. This has little to do with the science of orchidology. Vermont claims 18 genera, 50 species and some seven natural hybrids. These are hardy terrestrials which have withstood the vicissitudes of time. With no fossil orchids to date, we must associate them with the special bees that are their constant pollen couriers in the process of producing healthy seed, which is the goal of all flowers.

The fossil bees, in the same perfect form as today, occur first in Baltic amber, which goes back some 60 to 70 millions of years. The likelihood is that orchids existed on our planet between 80 and 100 million years ago. The cooperative characteristic of special bees working on individual species within the family, was an important factor that further led to the plants changing or mutating parts over the ages, thus establishing genera and species.

It should be clearly understood that mutation occurs constantly among plants and animals, and it is of these successful types that we speak in explaining sexual selection—for life is just that. So we also talk of polymorphism in botany, or many forms within a species. This is like looking at thousands of daisies in a field; to the botanist’s careful eye no two of these are quite the same. This is the law that led to variation and the production of species, which in turn became separated into groups that we regard botanically as genera. Here again we have the consideration of time in the evolutionary process of organic beings; a single species has been calculated as requiring a thousand years to become stable.

This same law applies to our own anatomy if the fossil record is any proof. For the backbone of the vertebrate fishes of the Devonian period is the framework upon which our own bodies are built. In other words, the pectoral fins of a fish ultimately become wings of birds, the legs of mammals and those of the primate to man, whose written history goes back a mere 5,000 years.

With the discovery by Karl von Frisch as told in his work, “The Dancing Bees,” their behaviorism has a pertinence.

THE EVOLUTION OF ORCHIDS—a chart of form and structure, showing a few transition phases of single “seed leaf” flower forms leading to the orchid family.
Find the Great-fringed Orchis out apparently two or three days. Two are almost fully out, two or three only budded. A large spike of peculiarly delicate pale-purple flowers growing in the luxuriant and shady swamp amid helloberes, ferns, goldensencios, etc., etc. It is remarkable that this, one of the fairest of all our flowers should also be one of the rarest... I think that no other but myself in Concord annually finds it. That so queenly a flower should annually bloom so rarely and in such withdrawn and secret places as to be rarely seen by man!  

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Dend bearing upon the piling up of orchid genera and species. Bees work on a single species at a time and this feature of constancy with their habit of pantomime dancing for direction, distance, color and scent, bears upon the separation of species. This is also related to the seasonal timing of the various species of orchids, not only in Vermont but in the highly complicated orchids of the tropics. I have been fortunate in catching a number of these Hymenopterous insects in our “Swampacres” environs and elsewhere. These have been carefully checked and identified by specialists.

To clarify the orchid’s nature it is necessary to understand its early background, and this is related to the orchid’s 15 flower parts. These parts became so fused that few people understand how they became formed in the family as it is recognized today, especially in the column and lip. This came about very slowly over the millions of years of natural or sexual selection, which led to the higher flowering plants or Angiosperms. In this group we have two separate classes—the monocots or single-seed leaf group to which the orchids belong—and the dicots or two-leaf—such as the bean, tomato, etc. In the wind-pollinated rushes, which belong to the early monocots, we find the basic 15 parts of the orchid. To make this clear, there are many other monocots such as our garden onion, asparagus, trillium, lily, iris, and finally the orchids, which are a race apart, like man in the zoological line. These 15 parts are always present and serve as botanical identification.

It would take us too far afield to analyze all the contributing factors of color, scent, related special insects, chemistry of soil and temperature, making up what is known as “ecology,” so intimately associated with every species of orchid. We have a strict division of the lime and acid types: for example the Yellow Lady’s Slipper growing in limestone and our common Indian Moccasin, Cypripedium acaule, in acid soil. Orchids are highly specialized in root, plant and flowers, so our first consideration is conservation. The native orchid is rapidly disappearing. To remove any of the species in the state is now illegal.

My experience at “Swampacres” over a score of years of trying to accommodate many terrestrial species from all over the world, has resulted in most cases in failure. This is largely due first to a consideration of moisture, an absolute requirement to maintain the tiny fungi or mycorhiza, in the root of every orchid, which processes the various elements of the species’ plant food. These microscopic organisms are not restricted to the Vermont orchids alone. Many of these same species of mycorhiza obtain in tropical orchids. Damage to the mycorhiza is the reason for the “pieve” so characteristic of transplanted wild orchid and the ultimate death of the plant. In other words the environmental conditions of the species are not known, so the removal inevitably spells failure.

In the Lady’s Slipper the seed remain in a subterranean state of growth, supported by the fungal activity, for some six to seven years before a shoot or leafy stem is thrown above the surface. It requires another two or three years before this plant will become strong enough in the root to produce flowers. Here we have a clue to the difficulty of growing wild orchid seedlings. We are far from knowing the contributing factors that went into the building of this marvelous family of flowers. While many of the tropical species can now be readily grown in the agar, chemically-supplied medium, our wild Lady’s Slippers

(Neart) Nodding Ladies’ Tresses—Spiranthus cernus; (second) Small Purple Fringed—Habenaria Psychodes; (third) Queen or Showy Lady’s Slipper—Cyprippedum reginae; (right) Queen Lady’s Slipper—flower detail.

CARL RAMSEY
have baffled the plant breeder to date beyond the proto-
corm or top-like minute germ of growth. The wild orchid
as a symbol of evolutionary progress, as an end product
in a long line of botanical struggle from the Cambrian
seaweeds to the product we see today, is almost incom­
prehensible for the seeker of the mystery of life.

Geographically, too, Vermont orchids have a fascination
that few people know. A number of our state species are
found in distant parts of the world—for instance the very
rare Ramshead, Cypripedium arietinum and its generic rel­
ative, the Queen Lady’s Slipper, are found in Yunnan,
China. Also the very rare Calypso virtually forms a wreath
of beauty about our polar northern hemisphere. It occurs
sparingly in Vermont, New York, the northern U.S.A.,
throughout Canada, Alaska, the USSR to Japan and Scan­
dinavia; pointing to continental connection at Bering Strait
in pre-glacial ages. Here we are considering the dis­
tribution of the tiny, dust-like seed, of which there are
90,000 to two million in a single capsule in certain genera.
This further implies that we have to think of the orchid
in a long series of odysseys backward and forward in the
various ice ages of the Pleistocene, which obtained
through a million years of inter-glacial and glacial activity.
The likelihood is that with ice some five to ten-thousand
feet deep in the last or Wisconsin glacier, covering the
northern hemisphere which would include Vermont, all
vegetation was swept southward. This further brings us
to the migration of birds and the carrying of the Queen
Lady’s Slipper’s seeds in the callous cracks of their feet
as they foraged for food in the various habitats, to fly
Spring and Fall unknowingly with this precious cargo, to
plant it here and there where the habitat was congenial;
making the orchid unwittingly the greatest traveller on
our planet today. This is likewise true of migratory
animals which carried the seed in their fur as they moved
hither and yon before the vicissitudes of fires, floods,
wind and varying temperatures.

The pertinence of my thesis, of course, is conservation.
Beauty in the orchids often meets with a tragic martyr­
dom, as the vanishing glory of the Queen demonstrates.
Twenty-five years ago there were close to a dozen Queen
locations in the Dorset valley. Alas, today many of these
have vanished, due to the persistent desire to dig them
up and put them into the hard, dry beds of home gardens.
Here they linger for a few years and then give up the
ghost. While a few people have been successful in grow­
ing this beautiful orchid for a score of years in shady spots
where the conditions are right, these are in a sad minority.
It should be understood very clearly that the wild orchid
is a precious heritage of an ancient past that few intelligent
botanists would dare to interpret with finality. Sooner or
later their significance in understanding man’s place in
nature will become evident. Their educational value will
become part of our biological training.

END

(LEFT) Small Yellow Lady’s Slipper—Cypripedium calceolus var. parviflorum; (SECOND) White Fringed Orchid—Habenaria blephariglottis;
(THIRD) Large Coral Root—Corallorhiza maculata; (RIGHT) Broad-leaved Helleborine—Epipactis latifolia...
June is Dairy Month in Vermont each year, and to aid in memorializing the cow and her nutritious yields several Vermont towns hold special observances. The Franklin County Dairy Festival is held at Enosburg Falls (Dairy Capital of the World), put on again this year by the Lions Club on May 31st. There will be a chicken barbecue and, with many of the popular events shown on these pages, tricycle, roller skating and calf races, cow calling, milk drinking, calf feeding, milking and tug-of-war contests, and, of course, a big parade.
Filling Station — water pistols!

Pony ride, anyone?

Farm equipment is tested
CONTESTS

Husband Calling
Cattle Calling
Hog Calling
Milking Cow

Pulling a rope contest.
Waiting for band concert

Evening square dance

More milk
WHENEVER I go with Cousin Jim to decorate family graves, we return by way of the railroad crossing and the dip down to Moose River, sluggish, now spring rains are over. And I will be thinking, as we cross the small bridge below the post office, how sincere were the tributes just paid by my relative, born in this township in 1868.

In Concord there are three burying grounds, known severally as The Frye Cemetery, The Graves Cemetery, and just “The Cemetery.” Under a variety of headstones in the first lie a preponderance of Fryes, including old John of Revolutionary note—by some called “the hero of Crown Point.” This small plot behind a white railed fence overlooks the triangular beauty of Shadow Lake, one corner of which seemingly narrows right into distant New Hampshire mountains.

“Liked it better, when they called it Hall’s Pond, the name that belonged to it,” comments Cousin Jim. “But twasn’t fancy enough for some smartweed.”

Here we find the senior John Frye’s grave near some of his progeny’s.

ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF THIS TOWN states the faint inscription on a slate slab sunk deep into the ground, adding,

LIVED RESPECTED, DIED REGRETTED

Here Cousin and I came on a certain Memorial Day, our arms filled with lilacs and branches of apple blossoms just gathered in the dying orchards of the ancient Frye farm, today entirely bereft of its once ample set of buildings. Great Uncle David was he who had planted the trees which furnished us the mass of pink bloom. For his headstone nothing but these flowering branches would do.

But someone in the dwindled population of Concord Corner had been before us and done a charming thing. Next to every Frye stone, a small twig tufted with apple
blossoms had been thrust well into the earth—just that.
At the Corner, with its handful of holdouts, lived at least
one oldtimer who held the Frye family in his memory.
Using quart preserve jars for containers, we placed our
symbolic blossoms—those from David Frye’s formerly
flourishing orchards against the stone which said simply.

COMP. N.Y., 2 ND U.S. Sharpshooters

Lilacs from the huge dooryard clump of the farmstead
got all down the line of graves.
Who originally set them out? Capt. David, commissioned in 1831?
His first wife, Betsey Joslin, who died at 27, or his second, Phebe Streeter? Perhaps one of the
Weatherbees who originally owned the low plank house?
No matter, their rich purple plumes would bring color to
the tranquil earth on which we set them above my cousin’s
and my forbears’ graves. We could hear the rambling
 tinkle of cowbells nearby, see the blue-green range of
mountains across the line in New Hampshire, as we bent
above the graves to place our flowers.

Carefully, Cousin swung to the gate with its wooden slide latch, our mission completed.

“Uncle David was an awful good man,” he said,
looking back towards the close-together row of stones.

“And Grammie Phebe, though she was only a step-
grandmother, was always like a real Grammie to me.
Never a cross word did I have from her.”

Could there be sweeter recognition?

“Grammie was a Streeter,” he went on, “And when
her father died, they found his coffin all bought and wait­ing
in the upper shed chamber with an epitaph he picked
up, maybe from that travelling peddler who used to write
epitaphs to earn a night’s lodging—, he’d doctor it a
little to suit himself.

OLD MAN Streeter died of late,
WHOM ANGELS DID IMPATIENT WAIT,
TO CARRY HIM ON WINGS OF LOVE
AND WAIT HIM TO THE HEAVENS ABOVE.

“When Grammie found it would cost twenty dollars
to get this engraved, she decided against spending all that
money for such notions, and Uncle David, Streeter’s own
grandson, said it was just as well, he guessed his grand­
father could get into Heaven without it.”

We turned towards town in the car my then eighty-
three year old relative was driving, but twice he glanced
back at the spot we left.

“Gone to The Great Beyond,” he ruminated. “I ask
myself, what is it? where is it? And when is it—espe­
cially when?”

That being unanswerable, I rode in silence, steadying
the great pailful of royal purple lilacs reserved for more
dead. We had already been to the amazing little Graves
Cemetery set in an area of abandoned farms and reached
by a woods road off the secondary highway. Emerging
from the criss-cross shade above a one-team rural way,
one suddenly comes upon the clearing where a carefully
tended, well-trimmed little neighborhood cemetery lies in
the quietude of third or fourth growth timber.
Small yellow warblers flew over the placid spot, when
we unlatched the wooden gate that Memorial Day morn­
ing.

Beyond it lay the mother Jamie Frye had lost a fortnight
after his fifth birthday; the father he had supported in his
old age; the two sisters stricken in the great diphtheria
epidemic of the region and dead, one within a few weeks
of the other; his oldest sister, Maryann, lived to rear a
family.

“It was wicked cold, right in the heart of December,
the day we buried my mother,” Cousin Jim recalled.
“Father hitched up the old Comfort sleigh and put us
small children, Sabiny and me, on the seat where we sat
back to the dashboard. Solon and Maryann sat with him.
The horses didn’t need urging, they ran all the way from
East Concord, I guess to keep from freezing. The wind
was fierce. It stung my face, brought tears other than
those of grief. My poor mother was lying in one of those
old fashioned narrow coffins that my uncle John Temple,
used to make—there were always several of those violin­
shaped caskets stacked in his shed, he being a cabinet
maker, as well as a bridge builder.

“They had no receiving tombs in those days. Neighbor
men somehow dug a grave for mother in all that cruel weather and we laid her away without one single flower to brighten the waste of snow. Pa was a pious man.

"All Pa said was, 'God called her'.

"But I was inconsolable."

For a moment, he surveyed the straight marble slab in a little cluster of family graves.

"I supported Pa the last sixteen years of his living, from the time he was seventy, till he died at eighty-six. He was never one to make a dollar—worked for Jim Carruth for thirteen dollars a month, for years, on his farm. When it came to his having help, Jake Richardson found me and said some of the selectmen had been talking the matter over. They allowed that Albert Frye had always paid his bills and his taxes and it would be no disgrace to him, if he was sent to the Poor Farm.

"'No,' " I said, "'It wouldn't be any disgrace to Albert Frye—but it would be to my everlasting disgrace to let him be and as long as these two hands of mine can earn a penny, he never will be!' And he never was." This last with Yankee satisfaction.

On leaving, after we had placed a mixed bouquet from the florist's along with Frye farm lilacs, we saw a second car drawn up by the rail fencing. Reunion! Here was Mose Parker's boy with his boy and his boy's boy—three generations of Parkers come to honor family dead. It was a moment for reminiscence and recreating the days when the farms about were prospering with hop fields and hay fields, with livestock in the pastures, and timberland echoing to the fall of the ax, with the kitchens of farmhouses spaced at intervals of a mile filled with the spicy smell of baking pies.

Only "The Cemetery" in Concord proper below us remained to be visited after we had left The Frye burial ground. Cousin Jim had a special objective there this particular "Decoration Day"—as the holiday always was to him. So, once we had parked just below the "new" section of the cemetery (opened towards the close of the last century), he fished into the dashboard for a piece of emery cloth. He already had his pocket knife out. I knew his intentions.

It was his final attempt to clear the last vestiges of lichen off the tombstone of a man once kin to him. There were no near living relatives to tend his grave. Splotches of moss big as a half dollar spotted the stone of the once prominent and prosperous Concord man, when Cousin imposed upon himself the task of cleaning it.

For a week, my little five-foot-four Cousin had been laboriously removing the fungus from the sizeable monument. Sometimes kneeling, sometimes stretching his full height, he had worked away at the stubborn growth. He wanted the stone clean for Memorial Day.

"A good friend to me," he explained, "all of my life—but beginning when I was a ragged orphan living with Maryann at Louse Peak. He came up on a fishing trip, saw my torn shirt, and the day he left, took off his linen fisherman's coat and handed it to me. 'Get your sister to make ye a shirt of that', he said. 'I've always remembered his kindness then, and later. Gratitude is the fairest blossom that springeth from the soul and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.'"

He scraped and polished in silence for a space, until he felt no more could be done.

"There!" he announced, satisfied, "Good enough for poor folks!"

He was none too soon, for the school children's procession was bound to arrive shortly and we had tributes to set out on the graves of my cousin's wife, her parents, and his younger sister.

Towards the end of May, one slope of the Concord Cemetery is always brilliant with spreading wild pinks and this small, precise flower, adds much charm, along with spired firs that rim the graveyard. Not far away, is the graded school, so that on a week day, the callings of children at recess drift over the graves peacefully located on two knolls intersected by a narrow dirt road. One year on one side, the next, on the opposite—to show no favoritism—ceremonies have long been held by the Women's Relief Corps.

Hardly had we set out our potted geraniums, our second mixed bouquet, the inevitable lilacs, before the small procession which had formed near the Townhouse came to view. First, grey-haired Relief Corps members, walking slowly up the rise, a few of their number riding in cars at the rear. Then in a wavering line, double file, led by their standard bearers and accompanied by their leaders, Girl Scouts, and Boy Scouts, and some additional children wishing to be in the event. Each child clutching a small American flag and several sprays of lilacs, some with added clusters of white hyacinths or glowing red tulips.

Again, as at the Corner, the tinkle of a cowbell indicated cattle in pastures just beyond.
The Corps members mounted to the “old” section of the Cemetery, one with a wreath of evergreen in her hand, several carrying banners of some size. Below the south side fell away bright with wild pinks. A small symbolic white wooden stand bearing the single word **Unknown** indicated the place selected for services.

And there, banners swaying in the mild May breeze; the children clasping their small bouquets and cotton flags; the Relief Corps facing the youthful group lined up in unaccustomed silence; the ritual for Memorial Day was carried out. An affecting little service, with singing of *The Battle Hymn of The Republic* sounding thin, almost bodiless, in the high shrillness of the young voices, the fainter tones of older singers.

Then, a spurt of activity! With a rush, the children scatter at the ceremony’s close to leave flowers on those graves beside which Old Glory fitfully waves. "Here’s one!"

"I’ve found one!" shout eager children, scampering across lots with disregard for solemnity. Perhaps the dead delight in this momentary scramble above them, the bending of a khaki clad knee, as some boy kneels to place his bouquet, the swirl of a gay skirt, as some girl stoops to place hers.

"Little folks, little folks!" Cousin Jim exclaims, while I watch a boy who, unhappily, being bannerless, sees the opportunity to remedy his lack and snatches a flag from some long-dead warrior’s grave. Who knows? What if the soldier would rather it fluttered in a small boy’s hand than above his bones?

Now comes the meeting with old friends. Entire families have gathered to decorate the stones above their loved ones. Not so much in a spirit of grieving as of remembering. They have brought boxes of double pansies and colorful petunias, tulips clipped from the garden’s border, wycliam from the hedge at the corner, always lilacs and more lilacs. There are greenhouse flowers, too, and an occasional floral piece from the Five and Ten—a cross, a vivid garland.

Suddenly Cousin Jim shows interest.

"There’s Theda Richardson—she that was Theda Lewis. I went to school with her then, to her in my last term."

He hurries over to the Lewis lot to accost his erstwhile schoolmate and schoolmarm. There is talk of the time he fought the biggest boy in the district for her protection. Shortly, others come over and snapshots must be taken. And in the midst of the reunions, the school children form behind The Corps again, headed for a second ceremony at the bridge, the paying of homage to those who served their country on the sea.

We watch this, just as it comes to completion on the bridge above Moose River, fortunately swelled by last night’s rain. There, lining the low cement walls, children lean above the shallow stream to toss more blossoms down on the gently flowing water.

With the dead on land and sea honored, the rest of the day may be for the living. There will be many a family made whole in Concord at this time of memories, as members have come from a distance especially for the holiday. Flags are in evidence on porches and poles. Yards look their best, all raked and clipped. Cars have been newly washed to take friends or family for an afternoon ride.

A special dinner has been prepared for the occasion—possibly, chicken pie, under rich biscuit crust, peas, squash, and beets from the freezer, plenty of creamery...
For Cousin Jim and me, on this particular holiday, an afternoon spent on Nana Graves' front porch.

"Shall we play a game of cards?" I ask him—Cousin's favorite pastime.

"No," he refuses, "it's too solemn a day for cards."

Outwardly unruffled, always inwardly conscious of the significance of this day of flags and flowers, your Vermonter marks it with a private show of respect for his dead. Cousin Jim wouldn't play double solitaire from reverence for those in the little country cemetery just above us.

"It's all we can do," he said, after laying his floral offerings above the graves of his aunt and uncle and his wife, their daughter. "I liked Uncle Charlie awful well, and Aunt Lucretia, too, a good aunt to me."

But for Lottie, his cousin, his lifetime companion, and wife of forty years, he saved his greatest tribute.

"We teamed along together as nicely as two ever could," was his eloquent praise. Sincerity—the very core of sentiment!

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The Calvin Coolidge Home

On a hot, muggy night, 35 years ago, the muse of history reached the remote hill village of Plymouth Notch, Vermont and conferred upon this sleeping hamlet a unique and dramatic honor that lifted the time, the night and the house to a permanent niche in American annals.

Calvin Coolidge, vice-president of the United States, was staying with his wife at his boyhood home. It was here at midnight on August 2nd, 1923 that W. A. Perkins of Bridgewater drove into the yard and delivered the telegram that said President Harding had died.

At 2:47 on that hot, quiet morning Calvin Coolidge stood in the front room of this house. At an oval table with kerosene lamp and family Bible, his father (Colonel John who held the modest office of a Vermont notary) acting in the place of the chief justice of the United States, swore in his own son as President of the United States.

It was all over in a few minutes, but the event assumed a unique place in history. There began the hundreds of Coolidge legends, as many as there are facts.

The President's son has given to the State this historic house and all that was in it. Today the public can see each room exactly as it was on that historic night. The Presidential Home is open this year from June 1st to mid-October, 9 am to 5 pm daily and Sunday afternoons. The 25c admission fee also provides a detailed Guide Book to the rooms and a history of the Inauguration.

Next door the Vermont Historic Sites Commission also operates the Wilder House, open all summer and fall and housing the State Information Bureau.
The Deep Woods

Photographed by SONJA BULLATY & ANGELO LOMEO

Just off the roadside, but an eternity beyond the frenzied human world, lie the deep woods. There need not be the endless miles of uncharted wilderness to create this forgotten world of nature’s small and intricate wonders. That man has no part in this creation, mysteriously draws him to it.

These scenes were filmed last summer in Mt. Mansfield state forest.
You no longer need to be a landlubber just because you live in the middle of the Green Mountains. What is more, you can now own a yacht and go sailing whenever you wish and best of all you don’t need a crew, a boat house or a million dollars. For about $200.00 you can be the captain of your own Bounty, sail the seven seas and dock your ship right in your own garage. These fourteen-foot “Sailfish” or “Sunfish” can be bought completely assembled, or if you wish, put them together yourself in your spare time, using tools that can be found in most any home. You can completely finish one in a week’s work and you’ll enjoy every bit of it.

Complete with sails, the finished boat will weigh not over 150 pounds. Load it on a boat trailer alone if you have one, and if not, get the Mrs. to help you put it on the top of the car. The three-foot-beamed Sailfish is easily slid into a station wagon. In a matter of minutes you are ready to sail anywhere you choose, and upon arrival, you can hoist sail and be under way in no more time than it took to load. If you are a sailor then I don’t have to explain the reason for a sail boat, but if you’ve never sailed, then I suggest you try it.

These boats are designed for two grown persons, but I sometimes crew with one medium-sized wife, two boys under 10, and a small dog. If you should turn over, it’s easily righted and because of its fool-proof design and simplicity, it makes a perfect boat for children. Yet they are not a toy, for they can be sailed in winds which would be dangerous for larger boats of the center board type.

Perhaps the best thing they offer, is a pleasant way of silently exploring the lakes and ponds of Vermont. For me, I can think of nothing more relaxing than taking off on a warm sunny day and with lunch stowed below decks, sailing to a remote island or shore line and spending the day just sunning and sailing.

Sun, sail and water, it’s somehow very basic and satisfying, and now it can be enjoyed by almost any Vermont landlubber.
The typical Vermonter, in the mental picture cherished by many Americans, is a tall, lanky, blue-eyed man who drawls his words and says “daown” and “caow”, whose family has lived on the land since the eighteenth century and whose ancestors came from the English shires. This is an outworn stereotype. Actually, just as typical, just as firmly a part of Vermont, is the redhead from County Kerry, the blond quarry worker from Lwow, the stone-carver from Naples, and many another. Vermont is part of America, and America is made of many strands.

One of the most important of these, and notably in Vermont, is the stocky, dark-eyed man or girl who talks ordinary English, but whose parents perhaps said “dis” for “this”, and “lak” for “like”, who yelled “mon Dieu!” or something even more colorful when the cow kicked over the milk-pail. For there are sixty-five thousand Vermonters who claim French Canadian descent. Probably the many more who have changed their names to English forms, drifted out of their French community, or being women have lost their names by marriage, would if they could be counted bring the total well over a hundred thousand. At least a quarter of the state’s population, perhaps a third, might trace ancestry back to the French regions of Normandy, Picardy, and Gascony, for those were the chief sources of the early migration to Canada.

While they were—and many still are—clannish people who wanted to keep their correct family names, they were mostly people whose fathers or grandfathers came to work on farms or in textile mills. Their names were often distorted to please the unaccustomed ear of employer or neighbor. Aucoin became O’Callaghan or even O’Brien, Ouellette naturally turned into Willett, Pontbriand soon appeared as Pomeroy, Michaud as Mitchell, and Veilleau as Veilleux. Sometimes people translated their own names to save trouble. So Beauchamp called himself Farrowfield, Dubois became Wood, Levesque married up to a payroll as Bishop. Mayo obviously was once Mailoux, but how in another generation it has become McGee is hard to fathom. Brothers sometimes acquired different though similar surnames. Girls who married English-speaking Vermonters were easily absorbed into their husbands’ families. Many a man or woman with an English name now says, “Oh sure, my grandmother came from Quebec. When her sister, my great-aunt Marie-Engue, came to visit her she used always to chatter away in French to her, but she never taught it to her children, and as for me, I don’t know a word. Only wish I did!”

Perhaps the early attitude to these strangers had much to do with their tendency to drop their language. In those days, and to some extent even now, they were made to feel they could not be truly accepted by the community they had chosen to live in unless they did. They have had a long, slow road to travel from that far-off time when their men folk came over the border in gangs to cut the hay with scythes, in a long line swinging down the field, to chop and saw lumber in the winter woods. (Some still come in only for the apple picking season, or the potato digging). They were men who left their families behind to earn a little cash in a foreign country; they were regarded by the farmers who hired them through an agent as so many wandering gypsies, to be given as poor accommodation as they would tolerate and sent home as soon as their job was done. They looked strange and “different”; in winter they wore the red toques and the beautiful knitted ceintures flèches, now so prized by lovers of fine handicrafts. Sometimes they wore moccasins, the footwear they had adopted from the Algonquins, and they showed the Yankees how fast and sure a means of transportation snowshoes could be. They were jolly, and they sang their lilting chansons in their camps or at work, but usually only one man among them spoke English, so they kept to themselves. If a horse or a blanket was found to be missing after they had departed for their own north country, of course they got the blame for the lack.

Later, when they began to take up land, to bring wives and children with them, to show themselves excellent farmers in their own tradition, they were still strangers to their English-speaking neighbors, but the barriers began to give way a little. In Rowland Robinson’s stories, Uncle Lisha’s Shop and Danvix Folks, those exact pictures of life on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain in mid-nineteenth century, “Ann Twine” who comes to “One Lasha” to have his boots mended, is the butt of the old shoemaker’s most exasperated scolding, continually treated as if he were an idiot child. He didn’t speak English so that Uncle...
Samuel de Champlain came up the Richelieu River to the neighbors. The background has helped gain them recognition among their good Americans, good Vermonters, but their assertion of the values of their own side France, counts a fair number of subscribers in Vermont, so that in time a French-speaking community induce friends to accompany him when he returns to Vermont. He may 1.isha could understand him, and it was all his fault. It seems fair to believe that the attitude Robinson described was the common one of his time. How much Vermont lost by its failure to accept French as a language worthy of being learned in everyday usage can hardly be reckoned now. It was a curious blind spot. Even as late as 1896 a sociologist writing in the Nation could say, "As a class, the New England French are treated considerably in public because of their votes, disparaged in private because of general dislike, and sought by all for the work they do and the money they spend."

Looking back, one seems to notice a change that arrived with the First World War. Perhaps the fact that French and English-speaking Vermonters went overseas together made a friendlier relationship. Perhaps the fact that some of the French Vermonters could talk with the taxi-drivers and the restaurant-keepers in Paris raised their prestige, with their tongue-tied comrades. At any rate, Vermonters of French Canadian origin are now regarded as permanent members of their communities, and little prejudice against them remains.

One reason for the slowness of their amalgamation was obviously their closeness to their homeland. The European immigrant cuts his ties with the old country when he comes to America. He knows he must learn English as fast as he can, he knows it will be many years before he can visit his birthplace again, he tries to adopt American ways, his children attend public schools and grow up often with little knowledge of their European background, however sad that fact may be. But to the French Canadian in New England, Quebec is only a few miles away. He has only to spend a few dollars for a railway ticket, or the price of a few gallons of gas, to find himself back in St. Hyacinthe or Lanoraie for a Sunday, back speaking French, laughing with Oncle Onesime and Tante Simone. He can send his children to school in Quebec if he likes, though he has not often chosen to in recent years. He may induce friends to accompany him when he returns to Vermont, so that in time a French-speaking community gathers around the little church. Radio and television have arrived to provide French programs from Montreal, and the French Vermonter need only twist a knob to be back in his own language. But long before that priests from him, sent for his family—and they could come by cart with all their household goods—built a house and after a few years asked to be declared a citizen of the Republic. In 1838 Ludger Duvernay was publishing Le Patriote in Burlington, the first of several French newspapers. By 1850 the French Catholics were again demanding a church of their own, separate from the Irish Catholics whose sermons were in English. There seems to have been some feuding between the two language groups. The church the French finally built was named St. Joseph's; it is still flourishing, the present building dating to 1884. The first Catholic bishop of Vermont was Louis de Goesbriand, installed in 1833. He was a Frenchman from Brittany, who two years later brought five Breton priests to aid him, men who could, like him, talk to the local people in their own language. But long before that priests from Quebec had travelled through the state, searching out compatriots, saying mass in private homes.

Over the years other churches were erected, other parishes formed of French-speaking Catholics, until now there are twenty-three, and of them seven are "national." That means they overlap the English-speaking parishes, and accept communicants from anywhere in their district. In Rutland, for instance, two English Catholic parishes divide the city between them, but the one French church serves the four thousand French parishioners in the city. Alas, it is more than eighteen years since a sermon in

(continued on page 26)
French was preached in its pulpit. Half its congregation would not understand if one were preached. In the towns nearer the border, St. Albans, St. Johnsbury, Derby Line, Highgate and so on, French is often heard in the churches. St. Michael's College in Winooski was a Franco-American foundation in 1904. The Fanny Allen Hospital there was named for Ethan Allen's daughter who became a nun in Montreal. In the Burlington diocese alone there are twenty-three schools for children from French-speaking families. In Winooski it was reported in 1890 that one heard nothing but French anywhere in town; one still hears it commonly on the street, in the buses. The French were not only farmers and millworkers; there were grocers, barbers, carpenters, masons, teachers, lawyers. Many went on through Vermont to the mill towns farther south, Woonsocket, Pawtucket, Lowell. Some went back to Canada, not to Quebec but to the West; parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan were settled by French Canadians who had tried New England and preferred the free land of the prairies. There has been a constant flow between north and south.

The French Vermonters have brought to the villages and towns where they live a European flavor, a spice of variety. Family gatherings are gay, though in Vermont they have come to celebrate Christmas rather than New Year's, as was the old custom. At such times are served the old dishes, the soupe aux pois, the tourtières (pork pies) and the compotes. The old songs are sung and the old stories and legends are told. A favorite—it can't be very old, but it shows the adaptation of the old custom to the new surroundings—is about the three men who tried to outdo each other. One chopped down a tree that was twenty feet through. Another caught a fish in Otter Creek that had wings and could fly. But the third squeezed a telephone pole so hard that the girl at the switchboard screamed. And then the square dances finish off an evening hilariously. French Canadians are born with a love for music and for dancing.

These men and women are an important and sometimes unnoticed factor in Vermont life. They inherit a different outlook, a tradition of hard work and gaiety. Their bilingualism is an asset that adds color and variety to the Yankee scene.
Looking northwest toward Montreal (dark area in upper left). At lower right is Missiquoi Bay, at the top of Lake Champlain. Running diagonally across the center, from the left, is the Richelieu River—course of the present shallow canal.

THE CHAMPLAIN CUT-OFF

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF, AS FINAL WATERWAY PROJECT NEARS

In recent months there has been a significant increase of public interest in the Champlain Cut-Off proposal. This is a healthy change from the attitude which prevailed only a few years ago, when both the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Cut-Off were often dismissed as visionary, impractical or just plain, wishful thinking.

While this enthusiasm is most encouraging, the present public impetus for action really isn’t new. Actually, it is history repeating itself.

For two centuries the people who inhabit the land along the waterway between New York Harbor and the point where the Richelieu River empties into the St. Lawrence have recognized the importance of this inland route for immediate trade and commerce, for purposes of defense, and for the long-range industrial and commercial development of the entire Northeast.

One by one improvements were made, but these navigational assets did not come quickly or easily. There was always some element of public opposition to be converted, enabling legislation to be secured, funds to be raised by private subscription or through public legislation, and finally, the task of building the necessary improvement.

In the spring of 1959 the St. Lawrence Seaway is scheduled to be opened for 27-foot, deep-draft vessels. The Champlain Cut-Off is the last unfulfilled phase in the dreams of the planners. Once this project is completed, the rich agricultural and industrial heartland of America, as far west as Duluth on Lake Superior, will be accessible via cheap water transport.

Since the earliest recorded times, the waterway through the Richelieu Valley, Lake Champlain and the Hudson River has been an important artery of travel.

The early explorers were largely ignorant of the vast American wilderness, but on Seventeenth Century Dutch and French maps the waterway was clearly marked. The movements of soldiers and supplies during the French and Indian wars, and again during the Revolution, demonstrated that there was need for important, if costly, improvements so that peaceful commerce might move more easily over this route.
THE PRESENT WATERWAY

The passage from New York City to Montreal, a distance of 453 miles, covers the following route:

Proceeding up the Hudson River to Troy, then passing through the United States Lock at that point, a vessel continues northerly through the Champlain Canal (11 locks) to Whitehall. The Champlain Canal is approximately 60 miles long from Waterford to Whitehall. The Canal's depth is 12 feet, but some shoaling limits the use to ships of nine feet draft. The Canal has 11 locks with the bottom a minimum of 45 feet in width. The locks are 300 feet long and 75 feet wide at the surface. Inside dimensions are 43 feet by 278 feet.

On leaving the Canal lock at Whitehall the trip continues through the Champlain Inlet, or “Narrows,” 14 miles into Lake Champlain and thence to the Canadian boundary about 97.75 miles. The Richelieu River is followed downstream 23 miles, to the entrance to the Chambly Basin, a distance of 12 miles. Nine locks are encountered, the shortest having a length of 120.5 feet and a width of 23¼ feet to 24¾ feet. The depth of water on the sills is 6¾ feet with a width of canal at bottom of 36 feet and at surface of 60 feet.

At Chambly Basin, the northerly end of the Canal, the Richelieu River is again entered and navigated 32 miles to St. Ours Lock, which has dimensions 339 feet by 45 feet, with a depth on the sills of 12 feet. At Sorel the Richelieu River joins the St. Lawrence River. From St. Ours Lock to Sorel is about 14 miles. From Sorel to Montreal it is 46 miles.

Hudson River—Lake Champlain—Richelieu River

New York to Troy—152 miles
Troy to Whitehall—63 "
Whitehall to Int’l Boundary—112 "
Int’l Boundary to Sorel—80 "
Sorel to Montreal—46 "
Total—453 miles
Part of the harbor at Sorel

One of the locks along the Richelieu Canal

Wharf at St. John d'Iberville

International Boundary, Rouses Point—New York-Vermont Bridge

Four Brothers Islands, Lake Champlain

Entrance to Champlain Canal, Troy, N.Y.

Overlooking the Champlain Narrows at Fort Ticonderoga

VERMONT Life 29
In those days there was a direct water connection between the Richelieu and Hudson rivers through Lake Champlain and Lake George by a series of creeks and portages. The new English settlers were the first white men to desire large-scale improvements, both in the waterway link between Albany and Lake Champlain and at the Chambly Rapids bottleneck in the Richelieu River.

As early as 1775 prominent citizens in both the United States and Canada were working on a number of plans to bring about these improvements. In 1791 a Chambly Canal proposal was advocated by one Adam Lymburner to expedite the flow of commerce between the new farmers of the Champlain Valley and the settlers of Quebec.

A year later General Philip Schuyler organized a private company to build the Champlain Canal tying the Hudson River directly to Lake Champlain. News of the Schuyler company and its project spread rapidly among the people of the “north country” and spurred interest in the Chambly Canal project.

The first prominent Vermonter to advocate construction of the Chambly Canal was Ira Allen. He came out publicly in favor of the canal in 1796, arguing that its construction would enhance the peaceful relations between the people of Vermont and the Canadians.

During the same period Montreal merchants urged construction of the Canal to promote trade and commerce, in much the same manner that the Champlain Cut-Off proposal is being supported today by Montreal civic and similar organizations in Vermont and New York.

A contract for the original Hudson-Champlain Canal was signed in 1793, but actual construction did not get under way until 1817 and it was 1823 before the Canal was completed. The 66-mile-long canal was four feet deep in those days, but with subsequent improvements it has been deepened to 12 feet.

While the War of 1812 was a powerful illustration of the necessity for improving the waterway, action was even slower in coming on the Chambly Canal. Parliament chartered a company in 1818, surveys were made, reports filed, and costs argued. Finally, work was started by the Government in 1831, but numerous delays occurred and all the necessary funds were not voted until 10 years later. The canal was completed in 1843.

The original canal was far from satisfactory, and the canal system had to be enlarged and improved in 1875 and again in 1881. Reaching from St. Johns northward to the Chambly area, there are nine locks, and the channel depth for navigational purposes is 6.5 feet. In addition, a tenth lock is located at St. Ours, with a depth of 12 feet.

I cite these facts, not to dismay or discourage supporters of the completed Champlain Cut-Off, but to emphasize that success comes with patient persistence. It took a generation to win Congressional support for the Seaway. Today the Seaway is nearing completion.

Believing actual construction at the earliest possible time is essential, I have been actively working toward this end since the Congress authorized the St. Lawrence Seaway project early in 1954. As soon as this legislation...
In the town of Chambly, P.Q., dredge works through the winter keeping channel outside the locks clear.

was passed I urged that the Champlain Waterway be resurveyed by the International Joint Commission.

At the time the IJC made its first survey in 1937 the technicians found that the Cut-Off was not feasible, principally because the full value of the Cut-Off could not be realized without the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Since 1954 our Embassy at Ottawa has been requesting the Canadian Government to join in a move for revision of the 1937 survey by the IJC. Each time this request has been made the Canadians have been reluctant to go along as they felt they could not undertake such a project until after the Seaway construction work was completed.

During October of 1957 new diplomatic feelers were extended in Ottawa and the proposal was even the subject of an inquiry on the floor of the Commons. However, until this writing, nothing has come from Ottawa.

Last July it appeared that it would be wise for the United States to complete the survey job from Albany north to the Canadian border. A Senate Bill authorizing the Army Engineers to make this survey, passed by the Senate, is now before the House. I am hopeful that final passage of this legislation will mean that the actual work of surveying will be started without further delay.

When the survey is completed we will have the technical information that is necessary before any final decisions can be made as to the depth of the channels and the sizes of ships that can pass through the waterway locks; the probable cost of the various improvements necessary, and the value of the Cut-Off for defense, commerce and long-range development.

Some people ask, with understandable concern, if the Cut-Off will lower the level of the Lake. It takes no engineering survey to answer this question. In 1937 when I was Governor of Vermont, an agreement was reached between the United States and Canadian governments, the States of Vermont and New York, and the Province of Quebec to protect the water level of Lake Champlain. Any reasonable redevelopment project at St. Johns would have a beneficial effect on the water level of the Lake.

Every possible precaution will also be taken to protect the Lake's assets as a recreational attraction. It is impossible to know in advance of the survey the maximum size of vessel that is feasible. I do not visualize any new Panama Canals being constructed to replace the Champlain and Chambly canals. I would be inclined to think that the size of the channels would be limited to that of shallow-draft vessels now found in the normal Great Lakes traffic.

To illustrate the potential offered by the Cut-Off, one need only look at the increases in shipping tonnages reported by various inland waterways in recent years. The total freight being carried over our inland waterways is running at 400 million tons annually. The New York Barge Canal System, of which the Champlain Canal is a part, has a total volume of about 4.5 million tons. The Champlain canal, which shows increase yearly, is carrying annual freight in excess of 1.1 million tons.

From Sorel, where the Richelieu River empties into the St. Lawrence, come estimates in excess of 1.5 million tons annually if a 12-foot channel is dredged.

I am not worried by the delays on the other side of the Border. I am confident that the Canadian people recognize that the Cut-Off is valuable to the river cities of Montreal and Sorel, as well as all other ports on the Great Lakes, and that it can be an invaluable agent in building much greater commerce between the Dominion and the United States. The people of Quebec have given admirable evidence of their interest and support; I am sure they will make their voices heard in Ottawa.

Each stage in the development of our waterway has been marked by delays, but it is inevitable that after 200 years of effort, our dream of a completed waterway will soon come true.

END
The American Dream—of a more perfect society—has stirred the men and women of this country ever since the Pilgrims landed. Vermont’s landscape, its ledges shouldering through thin soil, has produced more than its share of visionaries, and has as promptly cast them out, driving her prophets to less rocky pastures. In this century, oddly enough, Vermont now attracts dreamers looking for a place to hang their notions of a simpler, quieter life than is found in city and suburb. In both cases dreams and dreamers are no respecters of reality, that outcropping on which, sooner or later, they all break up or come to terms.

Stewart Holbrook, in his book *Dreamers of the American Dream*, has collected the stories of many of these ‘shakers of trees.’ Many of us, perhaps all of us, have our secret dreams; not all of us act on them. This book is about people who did so act, with fearful and wonderful results, not always those they longed and fought for. Today we often remember such dreamers by symbols almost ridiculous in comparison with the loftiness of their ambitions: Sylvester Graham is no more than a kind of cracker, John Pierpont Noyes’ Oneida Community means a fine quality of silver plate, Carry Nation is inseparable from her hatchet, Amelia Bloomer from the garment bearing her name, Orson Fowler’s octagonal houses still exist though not his theories. Yet these people, and the many others Mr. Holbrook tells us about in his lively way, stirred up followers, and, some of them anyway, left lasting marks on their country. The abolitionists, the women’s rights exponents, the temperance workers, the early labor leaders are all part of our social fabric. Mr. Holbrook is a diligent miner in the American past, with a special fondness for Vermont. His range is as wide as the span of the continent, from his birthplace in Vermont to his present home in the Northwest.

The good ship Mayflower is certainly one of our more powerful symbols, standing for the escape from repression, the fortitude of the first settlers and, sometimes, a ticket to one of the few kinds of aristocracy we accept, that of early arrival on our shores. The dream entertained by a young Englishman, Warwick Charlton, in precisely re-creating the voyage of the Mayflower herself, is told in *The Second Mayflower Adventure*. Part One describes the plans for the ship and their carrying out in stout oak planks by ancient shipbuilding craft. Part Two is Charlton’s journal while on the voyage. Full of both incident and boredom, the latter gives some small sense of what it must have been like to cross the Atlantic in 1620, though without the overcrowding, sickness, doubts and perils of that earlier voyage.

We have a double heritage from our ancestors: the intangibles of institutions and values, and the tangibles of metal, wood, china and glass, large and small, which serve to link us with the past and give us a clue to what life was like in earlier times. Mary Earle Gould has already told the story of ancient iron and woodenware; now she turns to *Antique Tin and Tole Ware*, in the book of that name published by the Charles E. Tuttle Co. of Rutland and printed for them in Tokyo. Tinware is humble stuff, speaking of the daily life of a period when much cooking was done before and in the fireplace, and light came from candles or oil. The tin peddler had a social function in the community, distributing not only the latest in dishpans and skimmers but news as well, bartering tinware, pins and needles, spices and dyes, all the items that could not be made in the home. This is a most beautifully designed and printed book, with a wealth of illustrations and lively informative text.

The covered bridge has become for many people a symbol of a vanishing way of life, of ‘horses at a walk.’ No one knows better than Richard Sanders Allen, author of *Covered Bridges of the Northeast*, the how and why of the covered bridge. He collects them as other people do buttons or cream pitchers. His section on Vermont covered bridges will send many a backroads explorer in search of the bridges that still exist and make him an expert on trusses and bridge legends. Handsomely illustrated, this too is a Vermont press publication, from the Stephen Greene Press in Brattleboro, which has already given us *The Venison Book* a delightfully useful little treatise on how to cut up, dress and cook your deer.

*The First Book of New England*, by Louise Dickinson Rich, with pleasing illustrations, mostly black and white, by Leonard Everett Fisher, is one of a long series of beginning books for children on subjects as varied as snakes, magic and jazz. Mrs. Rich is a New Englander herself, inhabiting mostly Maine and Massachusetts. Perhaps that is why she omits Rhode Island almost completely and gives small space to New Hampshire. For a typical Vermont family she chooses Norwegians raising apples and making maple syrup in the Connecticut River Valley. The children go skiing and visit a lumber camp. She writes easily and does her best in small space to picture New England for beginners.
of ancient glass negatives is used in the book, with comparable photographs carefully taken of present day Woodstock. One feature that always strikes me in such photographs is the change in the number and size of the trees. In many instances our streets today are better planted and shaded than they were in the last century. Better paved too.

In two nationally circulating magazines last winter estimates of Vermont character appeared which ranged from Miriam Chapin’s sourly humorous notes in Harper’s to the more considered analysis by Henry Morton Robinson in Holiday. We all, I suspect, have pictures of ourselves that, like our dreams, do not entirely correspond with reality. When strangers hold up mirrors to our faces we do not always like what we see. Both Mrs. Chapin and Mr. Robinson are by way of being Vermonters born, though neither of them lives here full time at the moment. Thus we can accept a certain amount of criticism from them sooner than from rank outsiders.

Mrs. Chapin thinks we have made up the Vermont myth to fool tourists with. In fact she speaks as though tourist were a dirty word, not recognizing that this innocent creature is fast replacing the cow in our economy and that he usually brings the Vermont myth with him, trying it on for size as he goes. The Vermont myth is really a part of the larger American myth dating back to the 18th century. It has to do with the virtues of our founding fathers, with Jeffersonian agrarian democracy, with the vanishing frontier, with the merits of smallness and face-to-face relations between people. Settled later than the other New England states by more than a century, Vermont has always lagged behind. Out of this time and culture-lag comes the backwardness of Vermont—and, for many people, much of its charm.

In Vermont there is still space: physical space to move around in and psychological space to be tendentious, independent, full of personal style. Landscape and climate turn us inward on ourselves like Thoreau’s crabbed wild apples. Some of us develop a concentrated winey flavor, some are just plain sour. No other area of relatively unsettled country of such dimensions exists so close to the metropolitan eastern seaboard. The Kentucky-Tennessee Highlands are the next nearest. Jesse Stuart tells us in a recent Saturday Review article that this region too is becoming a carbon copy of the standard American culture, with the coming of electricity and the black-top road, of television, radio and universal education.

Mrs. Chapin wants us to come out from under the covered bridge and face reality. Mr. Robinson doubts if we will surrender our ancient values to progress. I submit that we Vermonters, by which I mean ordinary summer-and-winter, child-raising, taxpaying human beings, do not, contrary to Mrs. Chapin’s accusation, ignore the pollution of our streams, the littering of our roadsides, the rapid shifts in our economy from kerosene lamp to electric bulb, the growth in size and decline in numbers of our farms, the migration of our young people to the cities in search of higher wages. If she would spend a winter listening to the Vermont legislature she would hear these problems thoroughly discussed and many of them dealt with.

Mrs. Chapin forgets that we are and always have been a marginal economy, just squeaking by, at the back-door of New York and Boston—from the days when hides and potash were taken to those markets by ox-sledge to the present when glass-lined, diesel-burning trucks deliver Vermont’s milk. Today we are taxing ourselves to the limit to provide ourselves with the social services, the education, the roads and some of the other items that Americans believe important. We are trying to catch up with the rest of the country, yet at the same time hoping not to lose the qualities of smallness and independence and the beauty of scene that we enjoy as much as our visitors.

Meanwhile, we cannot legally be held responsible for other people’s dreams. While her everyday citizens are trying to bring her gradually forward into the 20th century, many of Vermont’s visitors see only the quaint and backwardness of Vermont—and, for many people, much of its charm.

The Second Mayflower Adventure—Warwick Charlton, Little, Brown, Boston 1957, $4.95.
Woodstock Then and Now—Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, for the Woodstock Chamber of Commerce, 1957, $3.00 boards, $2.00 paper; can be ordered from the Press.

Vermont Life
“Wish I had a penny for every time an artist has painted that station!” remarked the passing brakeman, as the switch-engine at North Bennington re-arranged boxcars on various tracks for loading and unloading. So! I was not the first artist to “discover” the old red brick railway station for subject matter. But, I continued my drawing. It was still fresh to me—beautiful in color, and full of quaint ornate detail.

I learned with regret that the old clock tower had been removed. No longer a passenger station, train stops are now made for freight and express, and these offices are in the building. It is easy to foresee that the building will eventually go the way of the clock tower. Up-keep on the large, two-story, ornamented structure will make it impracticable to maintain; unless some other unrelated use is found for it.

One thing seemed to lead to another in collecting, and it was while adding the “Station Jewel” heating stove in the Chester Depot to my collection of stoves, that I found the building itself of equal interest. The red brick with green trim, the deep shadows of the overhanging roof sheltering the walks about the building, the ornate brackets supporting this overhang; all add up to a lively and entertaining subject for drawing and painting.

Looking farther, Vermont proved rich in other interesting railway stations. All are basically functional, yet they have the architectural ornament of the period in which they were built. They vary in size and shape from the simple square box, covered with a pyramid roof, which I found at Summit—through variations of pyramid and hip roof, and gable roofs—to the larger North Bennington station with mansard roof. All have the extra wide extension of the eaves, or a special shelter roof around the building for protection of passenger arrival and departure. Brackets support these extensions, and variations in their construction or other ornament decorate them.

Shelter for movement on and off of the trains is provided on a large scale at the railway junctions, as at Essex Junction and St. Albans. Here large sheds, covering a number of tracks, connect to the depot and office buildings. Like the buildings themselves they are built of brick; and at St. Albans are still used as they were made, almost 100 years ago. While at Essex Junction there has been a gradual reduction of the structure to the essential shelter and waiting room. Here plans have already been approved for a new building, designed with present needs in mind.

These buildings are left from a period of transportation that has changed, and while the railways reorganize and streamline to meet the competition of auto, bus, and plane, there is a consolidation of depots for passenger use, as well as for freight and express. The larger depots serve a wider area of the country, as at Brattleboro, Windsor, and White River Junction. Some stations are maintained as freight and express stops only, like Chester, Bennington, Ludlow, Proctorsville, East Wallingford, and Westminster; though the last named also houses the local Post Office. Montpelier Station, selling tickets for train service, transports the passenger by bus or taxi to Montpelier Junction for the train.

The station at Burlington, a handsome stone, marble-lined building, built as recently as 1916, is now used solely by the Green Mountain Power Corporation. Taken over, after the strike of 1953 that marked the closing of the passenger service on the Rutland Railway, it has been remodeled into a beautiful office and service building. At Middlebury the old station is now a State Liquor Store.

White River Junction, on the other hand, is one of the busiest railway stations in New England, with 22 passenger trains and 25 freight trains every day. The station, built in 1937 to replace an early one lost in a fire, breaks with the old style and reflects the more recent period. It is more modern both in type and services. Some old ones stand idle and empty, as at Summit, and North Dorset. Some are gone entirely, as at Mount Holly and East Dorset.

Changes within the building are similar. Wood burning stoves have given way to oil heaters. Any old “Station Jewel” that is left, stands only because it has not been taken away. The old ticket office and window at Westminster serve for the local Post Office. Steam engines are retired from service to side-tracks or museums. The more powerful, more economical diesel engines are now in use.

Old passenger cars have been outfitted as quarters for traveling work crews, and stand on a spur of track near the current job. A few spots on the tracks still have a crossing watchman to tend the gates, as in Brattleboro. But most crossings have automatic devices of warning.
Montpelier Station

Chester Depot—Express and Freight
St. Albans Train Shed, Station and offices of C.V.

Essex Junction Train Shed & Station

Old Middlebury Station
"Station Jewel" at Summit

Old North Bennington Station

North Dorset Station—not in use

Old Summit Station—empty

Proctorsville—Express and Freight
Three retired engines—on track at Brattleboro

Watchman’s Shanty and Gate—Brattleboro

Westminster Station—Express, Freight and Post Office
or have been eliminated entirely, during new road construction. The old caboose may be seen. It still has use and follows along, or stands available on a siding.

But, indicative of the times, is the contrast that can be found. One station can be like White River Junction, with an average of a train every half hour, with its attendant hustle and bustle. Or, it can drowse along like the East Wallingford station. During my search for depots, a question asked at the corner grocery in East Wallingford brought the answer that the Mount Holly depot had been taken down. The nearest station was there at East Wallingford. "Passenger service?" I asked. "No." "Are there any trains?" "Well, once in a while—just freight and express." And at such a station the grass tends to grow between the cracks of the surrounding walks, and between the ties of the adjacent tracks. Drawings of these become part of the record of a passing age.

Waiting Room—Windsor
It began about one hundred years ago, when tight corsets and top hats were the fashion, and railroads were pushing their way into the valleys of Vermont. It was the time when massive summer hotels filled with large rooms full of mountain air and surrounded by acres of porches were enjoying an overflow of business.

While the more adventurous were scrambling for gold in California, those who needed it less were scrambling up the sides of the Vermont mountains, in search of a sunrise or sunset, which, though less tangible than gold, was of a similar color.

The mountains of Vermont also contained gold, but hotel operators learned it was more easily obtained by removing it from the pockets of their guests. This they found could be expedited by improving the mountain trails and building a hotel or Summit House on top, and catching them, as it were, coming and going.

This method proved so successful that a "Tip Top" summer house could be found on many of Vermont's higher mountains. "Carriage roads" wound their way to the top or near top of Equinox, Ascutney, Camel's Hump, Killington, Snake Mountain and Mt. Mansfield. The Summit Houses were not as fancy as their companion hotels in the valley, but served their purpose well, satisfied the wants of those who used them and the men who owned them.

As the century waned, so did the enthusiasm of the mountain clientele. By 1900, most of the hotels were abandoned and in a few more years what the elements couldn't reduce to rubble, fire and hedgehogs did. Today, with one exception, all the old buildings have vanished.

The Summit House on Mt. Mansfield is the last survivor of an era past. For one hundred years it has battled the elements and the hedgehogs, neither of which has given up. But its doors are still open to guests and have not been closed since it was built in 1858. It has been enlarged some, the last time in 1923 when hot water and electricity were added, but otherwise it is much as it was one hundred years ago. The lounge is more like an oversized living room. An old Round Oak stove stands near the center, a stone fireplace on one side, an upright piano in the corner. Captain's chairs and Boston rockers are scattered here and there and old photographs hang on the walls. The rooms with their wood paneled walls are simple but comfortable, some with running water and all "with a view." The dining room floor is a little like a roller coaster but...
the foundation is solid rock and will certainly last a few more thousand years. Some of the guests are nearly as indestructible. They return each Spring like birds to their nesting grounds. A few have been coming back for fifty years... and more. One woman is always the first to sign the register when it opens in June and leaves only when it closes in September. Many stay for a month at a time, though the recent trend is toward the traveler who stays only one night.

The idea of a Summit House on Mt. Mansfield started back in 1856 when, encouraged by the success of his “Half Way House,” an enterprising Stowe lawyer named Bingham decided to move his hotel to the very top of the mountain. And quoting from Hemenway’s Gazetteer, “Now instead of seeing once in a few years, ladies dragging their wearied forms up and down the slope of these mountains, with dresses all tattered and torn, we may see them riding the whole distance in splendid carriages drawn by the longest team of horses, safely arrayed in their gayest apparel.” Ralph Waldo Emerson was among the first of the guests. He reported how “At sunrise every morning a bell was rung throughout the Summit House, and all the guests would troop up the ‘Nose’ to watch the spectacle.”

The success of the Summit House inspired the construction of a large hotel in Stowe village during the middle of the Civil War. By 1869 it accommodated four hundred guests and Stowe was called “The Saratoga of Vermont, where from three to four months of the summer three to five hundred strangers are thrown into it with all the means of show and parade they bring with them, of fine apparel, fine carriages and fine horses.” In 1889, the “Big House” burned to the ground and the Summit House was on its own.

The six horse teams have also gone, but the Summit House and the road to it, still remain. The road winds four and a half miles mostly through forests of maple and beech which give way to stunted balsam and spruce as it climbs to the tree line. Frequent lookouts afford panoramic views of Smugglers’ Notch and the Stowe church spire shining in the distance. At intervals an old wooden tub or an iron kettle filled with icy water from the mountain springs remind you of the days when the teams stopped to drink and rest.

One hundred years ago it was considered quite an adventure to climb or ride a horse to the top of a mountain. Today it is far easier to ride a chair lift or drive a car, but it is still an adventure. The Summit House may not last another one hundred years, but as Reverend Joshua Butts wrote in 1863, “What is the use in having mountains without having a mountain house on the top, where one can go and see the world a little.”

Old hotel boasted a complete bathroom on every floor.
Summer’s Splendor

The lavish hand of nature draws warmth and rain across the uncounted hills and valley lands, bringing a unique variety of prospects pleasing to Vermont in the summer season. The new flowering world, even the inadvertent charm of farmed fields and homesteads, adds a deft touch of warm color and friendship to the countless panoramas. This is a time to reflect or to wander slowly, wrapped in the tranquil peace of a verdant, sunny land.

Goldenrods, by Newell Green
Loading oats at East Corinth, by Arthur Griffin

Near Johnson, by Mack Derick
Champlain Valley near Middlebury, by Stephen Warner

Morning mist on the Connecticut near Weathersfield, by Grant Heilman
The Ompumomoosue at Thetford Center Bridge, by Grant Heilman

Sawmill at Morrisville, by Mack Derick
THERE is one day each June when the playground in front of the grammar school in St. Johnsbury looks like the barnyard of "old MacDonald's farm." It is the day of the annual pet parade—when children gather about three-hundred strong with their pets.

When the parade was organized three years ago by the merchants of St. Johnsbury there were no rules about exactly what constituted a pet. If the child liked it, any animal, insect or what have you, was eligible in entering and competing for prizes. As a result children entered everything from minute insects to their favorite ponies or horses.

The parade first gets organized in the school yard, where organizers attempt to corral the children, and oftentimes the runaway pets. Later than you think, the band strikes up and the parade starts down through the main street past the judges' stand, and then to the railroad yard for the awarding of prizes, topped off with iced cream for all.

The event gives the children a chance to wear their favorite costumes, and many of the pets also are proudly decorated and clothed. Amidst all the color and confusion there seems to be one common bond among all the children—a respect and admiration for their pets.
Past the judges' stand
Entrants of the smallest and largest compare their pets

White rat steals the limelight from Peter Rabbit
New acquaintance, canine

Atop the stand for her prize
Main reason for Bill Merker transferring here from N.Y. State was the people; people who prize their jobs and work at them. As production engineer, Bill may be anywhere from a spot check on the lens polishing line . . .
where Bill has been elected President of the P.T.A.

At Bill Merker’s first meeting in the brand new schoolhouse, there was another AO man, Fred Grimshaw, and his wife.

Fred’s experience got him his job nine years ago, when doctors advised Vermont’s climate for his daughter.
Now she’s an active 4-H member; balances duck-raising . . .

—with reading at the Brattleboro Free Library, where she takes out books . . .

—while the rest of the family does the weekly shopping.

Not all conferences at AO are managerial. Paul Kinney takes ten before . . . returning to his lens molding furnace.
Paul got a taste for Vermont when he came here as a young farm-hand during summer vacations.

He has enough "go" at the end of the day . . .
—to help his old boss get in ensilage; still likes farming so well he and his wife and cat spend Saturdays on their garden-sized farm.

An unhurried day suits...

Mike Ragina—after all, he retired from the N.Y. Post office and came here, where he can still work—and with his family enjoy their favorite country.
“W”HAT? You say we can’t pass over this road? Why, we’ve been going over it for years and years. You can’t stop us.” But he did stop them.

For weeks and then months traffic from Richford east to North Troy along the Canadian border was held up periodically. Every weekend the tailor from Montreal, Paul DiPaulo, would drive down to the farm he owned on the border of East Richford, Vermont, and in one way or another blockade the traffic which wanted to drive over his land on Route 105 B.

In a state with one of the most colorful and bumpiest road histories of any in the Union (the late Governor Gates won election a generation ago with the campaign slogan: “Let’s Get Out of the Mud”), this incident surely will live as one of the bumpiest—and muddest.

The casual traveler in Vermont who takes the paths of least resistance usually finds himself going north-south with the valleys. Hardier and more interesting travel takes one west-east, up and over the mountains. One of the most fascinating of these roads lies at the very top of the state. For a century it was a rugged trip to go from East Richford to North Troy and still stay within the United States. The easier and more usual route was to cross into Canada at the East Richford Customs Station and, traveling through Sutton, Quebec, re-enter the U.S. at North Troy. New visitors in northern Vermont were always intrigued, and sometimes bothered, with the necessity to use Canada as a bridge in going from one side of Vermont to the other. The road that did wind up, over and across the mountains, below the border made huge strides during the 1930’s. Halted with Pearl Harbor, work was resumed after the war, so today only a handful of gravel road miles remains to be straightened and surfaced.

The most crucial of these miles is the steep ascent one makes after going through the underpass and the center of East Richford. Your vehicle then threads along the border itself. The motorist in a hurry does not even notice, perhaps, but for more than 125 years this road has been taking Vermonters into Canada and out again—no Customs, no Immigration, no inspection, no papers to sign, nor even anybody watching. For about 700 feet you are in Canada, atop a hill overlooking Vermont. And if you stop and look closely by the side of the road, there is the International boundary marker proving you are on “foreign soil”. Occasionally the new traveler will be exhilarated by the adventure. But for the folks in the area it has always been a routine matter, a matter of the only way of getting from here to there. Few gave the unique crossing much thought, and it wasn’t until Mr. DiPaulo that anyone was convinced their road could be challenged.

The Montreal man wanted a settlement for his land, over which runs Route 105 B in that little piece of Canada. However, there was the matter of price. How much is a small piece of border territory worth? The Selectmen waited. Reports had Mr. DiPaulo seeking the advice of lawyers. It was his land. There were no statutes in the Province of Quebec or the Canadian federal government that could restrain him. He blockaded. The first weekend that he put up a fence across the road people came from miles around to see what the blockade and DiPaulo looked like. He meant business. He let the school buses through and other emergency trips perhaps on special pleading, but general traffic was stopped. Off and on the blockade continued for several weeks, until the novelty had worn off. Mr. DiPaulo tried charging tolls.

By then Richford selectmen had decided not to settle for cash, and for good reason. Two other parties were found to own a piece of the pie-shaped Canadian land over which the bit of Route 105 B traveled. There was no telling what they might or might not settle for.

At the start of 1958 the border road was an open and shut case, with Mr. DiPaulo doing the opening and shutting at will. The Vermont attorney general spoke of a “mystery” solution. Somehow, somewhere, officials hoped they would come up with the statutory answer. In the meantime the Vermont highway department gave top priority to a new strip of road on Route 105 B which will cut through virgin forest and by-pass the controversial section. By 1959 the DiPaulo blockade may still be going, but only a few neighbors will be affected.

There is a special, dramatic quality to life in the border area of northern Vermont, as incidents through history have illustrated. With its bi-lingual zest, its heavy flow of commercial and tourist traffic back and forth from one nation to another, it is rich with stories and escapades. In recent times, with the accelerating economic tempo of Quebec and Montreal, an appreciation of the open and friendly border has come to mean more and more to northern Vermont. But in all the transactions taking place “over the line,” none has ever been more bizarre than this, the border road blockade at East Richford.

VERMONT Life 57
From earliest times Vermonters have been converting available materials with their hands into articles useful to themselves and possibly to others. Now some 1700 men and women are producing a wide variety of handicrafts. In winter months these craftsmen apply their skill and ingenuity to fashion products for exhibit and sale at various craft markets held in summer. One of the largest, at Shelburne, is pictured here.

Don Tobin

All black & white photos—John F. Smith, Jr.
Mystery Picture No. 7

Where and what is the History of this ancient pine? The Autumn issue will carry a full account. Earliest correct answer received, postmarked after May 26th, will receive our special award. Residents of the town are disqualified. Our Spring issue Mystery Picture No. 6 showed a marking stone in West Guilford. Winner was Mrs. Harold D. Ventres of Berlin, Conn.
Summer Events in Vermont

CONTINUING EVENTS

May 1-Oct. 31: Barre—Maple Museum
May 1-Nov. 1: Manchester—Skyline Drive
May 1-Dec. 1: Barre—Granite quarry tours
May 30-snow: Stowe—Toll road
June 15-Sept. 1: Green Mt. Nat. Forest areas
June 23-Sept. 6: Northfield—Norwich U. summer sessions

June 24-Oct. 12: Stowe—Chair lifts operate
June 25-Aug. 9: Middlebury—Bread Loaf school
June 27-Aug. 12: Middlebury—Language schools
June 29-Aug. 25: Marlboro—Music School
June 29-Sept. 1: Grand Isle—Hyde Log Cabin
June 30-Aug. 22: Ludlow—Fletcher Farm Crafts

July 1-Sept. 1: Addison—Gen. Strong Mansion
July 1-26: So. Woodstock—Equestrian training
July 7-Aug. 16: Northfield—Norwich Univ. Teachers’ session
July 27-Aug. 10: Bennington—Composers’ Conf. & Chamber Music Ctr.

RECURRING EVENTS

June 24-Aug. 30: Poultney—Green Mt. Theater, (Tues. to Sat.)
June 26-Aug. 31: Weston—Players, (Thurs.-Sunday eve., Sat. mats.)
June 26-Sept. 12: Dorset—Caravan Theater

June 30-Sept. 1: Woodstock—Weston Players, (Mon. nights)
July 4-Aug. 30: Stowe—Summer Theater
July 4-Aug. 31: Lake Junmore—Sail race

July 17: Manchester—Open Homes & Gardens
July 19: Thetford Ctr.—Old Home Day Fair;
July 19-20: Montpelier—Horace Show.
Westminster—Art Show.
July 20: Woodstock—Small Bore Rifle tour.
July 22-25: Manchester Ctr.—Antique show.
July 24-26: Wallingford—Town Festival.
Barre—Sidewalk Art show.
July 26: Maple Corner, Calais—Casino. supper.
Stowe—Horace Show.
July 31: Craftsbury Common—East Hill players.
Aug. 1: Greensboro—East Hill Players
Aug. 1-3: So. Woodstock—Horace show.
Aug. 2-10: Londonderry—Artist Guild show.
Aug. 3-17: Shelburne—Craft Market.
Aug. 23-26: Manchester—SVA Sunday concerts.
Aug. 9: Townshend—Hospital Fair.
Aug. 9-10: So. Londonderry—Old Home Weekend.
Aug. 10: Arlington—Horace Show. Weathersfield Ctr.—Center Church Pilgrimage.
Aug. 14-17: Barton—Orleans County Fair.
Aug. 16: Stowe—Lamoille Craftsmen’s Fair.
Aug. 25: Locke—Champlain Valley Expo. (Sats. & Sundays)
Aug. 28: Morgan—Winter Fair.
Aug. 28-31: So. Woodstock—50 & 100-mile Rides.
Aug. 30: Maple Corner, Calais—Baked Ham Supper.

SPECIAL EVENTS

July 15: Moorpark—Memorial Day celeb.
Peacham—Memorial Day dinner.
Lyndonville—Horace show.
May 30-June 1: So. Woodstock—GMHA trail ride.
June 1: Winooski Park—St. Michael’s grad.
June 2: Enosburg Falls—Dairy Festival.
June 7: Burlington—Miss Vt. Contest.
June 7, 8: Northfield—Norwich U. grad.
June 8: Burlington—Rifle & Pistol tour.
Arlington—Horace show.
June 9: Middlebury—Middlebury Coll. grad.
June 14-25: Barre—Horace show.
June 15: Burlington—UVM graduation.
June 21: W. Wardsboro—Turkey supper.
June 22: Fairlee—Pro-Amateur golf tour.

Hartland—Horace show.
June 23: Burlington—UVM summer session opens.
June 26-28: Weatherfields Ctr.—Antique show & sale.
June 28: Bennington—College commencement.
June 28-29: Burlington—Horace show.
June 30: Londonderry—Snowboard supper.
Winooski Park—St. Michael, Su. session.
July 3-6: Bristol—Country Fair.
July 5: Graffton—Snowboard supper.
Shrewsbury—Ham supper.
Basin Harbor—Horace show.
July 6: Stratton—Daniel Webster Day.
Middlebury—Vt. Symphony concert.
July 8: Brownsville—Flower Show (pm.)
July 9: Morgan—Sugar on Snow Supper (5).
Middlebury—Historic Homes tour.
July 12: Norwich—Church fair.
Newfane—Horace show.
July 16: Irasburg—Church Fair.

Aug. 8-10: Bradford—Conn. Valley Expos.
Aug. 9: Townshend—Hospital Fair.
Aug. 9-10: So. Londonderry—Old Home Weekend.
Aug. 10: Arlington—Horace Show. Weathersfield Ctr.—Center Church Pilgrimage.
Aug. 14-17: Barton—Orleans County Fair.
Aug. 16: Stowe—Lamoille Craftsmen’s Fair.
Aug. 19: Randolph Ctr.—4-H Club Day.
Aug. 21-23: Lyndonville—Caledonia Co. Fair.
Aug. 25: Locke—Champlain Valley Expo. (Sats. & Sundays)
Aug. 28: Morgan—Winter Fair.
Aug. 28-31: So. Woodstock—50 & 100-mile Rides.
Aug. 30: Maple Corner, Calais—Baked Ham Supper.

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If I had a house in Vermont
I should not be afraid, even as a Southerner,
of inhospitality;
but I should watch
and carefully
for the laughter
which is always sharpest
where there is burn in the sun
or sting in the snow
and life is not easy
under either.

Jonathan Daniels—A Southerner Discovers New England—1940