TREATISE ON MAPS

A Scenic Color Section

POLYMERS—PLASTICS

by Margaret D. Smith

photog. by Geoffrey Orton

GOING ON IN VERMONT

Calendar of Summer Events

by Ann della Chiesa

RACE UP EQUINOX

by Alix M. Lafontant

NEIGHBORS

SUMMER THEATER

by Lawrence F. Willard

VERMONT PIED PIPER

by Helen Barry

SOME VERMONT WAYS

by Vrest Orton

SIGN OF THE HEART

CRAFTSMAN IN CLAY

by Malvine Cole

by Michael deSherbinin

Sampler of Summer—30

A Treasury of Vermont Life—14 through 22

Entry blanks and details on the new picture story awards are available from Vermont Life or the Southern Vermont Art Center, Manchester. Closing date for entries is July 2nd.

Book: This issue terminates our first ten years, and coincident with our birthday issue this Fall, we will present with great pride A Treasury of Vermont Life, a finely printed anthology of the best articles and pictures that have appeared in Vermont Life, which is a finely sized book of 192 pages, many of them in full color. The Treasury, to be published by The Countryman Press, will be available from retail booksellers and from Vermont Life about Labor Day. W. H. Jr.

THE COVER: John Vondell of Amherst, Mass., snapped this last summer on the road from Route 14, below Northfield, toward Brookfield, also treated with on page thirty-two.

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It's odd about names on maps... Clark's Pond in Glover, for example, where everybody in town calls it Tildy's Pond and always has. Questions such as this fall to the lot of the Board of Geographic Names, a relatively obscure unit amid Vermont's myriad bureaus, whose duty it is (without cost to the state) to determine the proper names for such hills, valleys, mountains and ponds as are subject to ambiguity. The Board tries to follow local wishes, not always easy when one faction may favor "Crystal Lake" and another holds to "Dead Horse Swamp."

The source of much odd nomenclature on Vermont maps is unknown. We can only guess that early mappers must have grown desperate for names to apply to crossroads, hills and mountains. But private mapmakers today such as the oil companies, have little touches of their own to discourage piracy, and in time puzzle historians. Basing their maps on Federal and State highway maps—and welcome to—these private map men sometimes make some very insignificant mistake or misspell a hamlet. It may be intentional. For if another firm appropriates the map and repeats the secret error, the proof of piracy is pretty convincing.

Vermont's Highway Department—to whose Supervisor of Mapping, Emerson Baker, we are indebted for our current proficiency on this subject—is in the process of remapping the counties, now in a scale of an inch per half-mile. Addison and Bennington counties will be ready first. County maps are the best for back road touring.

Town maps (238 of them plus eight cities, 66 villages and 13 “urban compact” areas) will be revised and remapped when the counties are completed. Like the county maps they'll show all houses, farms, etc. except in urban areas. The old county, town and village maps are still available, as well as the Tourist, State Highway, Traffic, Road Condition and Covered Bridge maps. Write the Vermont Highway Department, Montpelier, for map list and prices, which are modest.

Early map surveying, Mr. Baker reports, was sometimes done uphill and down, with no compensation or projection to a common plane. As a result a lot of boundary lines actually overlapped. Probably Vermont was supposed to start on the 42° 45' parallel and stop on the 45th, but someone miscued and we came out with sizeable dividends at each end. The humps in Vermont's Canadian border probably were due to inaccurate compass readings, caused by magnetic disturbances there. The state's east and west boundaries weren't fixed until much later. In fact it wasn't until 1934 that New Hampshire finally won title to the Connecticut River (and thereby also won the privilege of building the bridges across it.)

Much mapping today is done from aerial photos and these are available showing the whole state. They were and are being made by some 15 different agencies, and the varying sources and scales are so confusing that we advise the following for anyone wanting an air view of his property: Go to the nearest Soil Conservation District office and from their files locate the sheet that covers your place. Then you can order from the appropriate source.

One of the newest wrinkles in mapping is the plastic contour relief map put out by the Army Map Service, Corps of Engineers, Washington (at about $4 a sheet). The scale is about one inch to four miles with the elevations exaggerated about three times, so it looks as though one couldn't find room in all Vermont to level a billiard table. Two sheets are now ready, including all of Vermont north to near Middlebury.

Probably the most generally useful and detailed maps are the U.S. Geological Survey sheets, stocked by several Vermont bookstores or available from the USGS, Map Information Office in Washington. The inch-to-a-mile maps (there are other scales but they don't as yet blanket Vermont), measure 15 minutes of latitude by 15 minutes of longitude. Latitude is about 17½ miles wide while longitude varies. On the Canadian border 15 minutes is about 12½ miles, while near Brattleboro it's nearly 13 miles. Any cartographer can explain this to you in a few hours.
STEMLAFANE

BIRTHPLACE OF AMATEUR TELESCOPE MAKING

By Gerald E. McLaughlin

Photographed by Maurice Blais

As the United States speeds its work to send satellites into the skies, amateur telescope makers throughout the world are preparing for check-up observations—and many of these checks will be made from a Vermont “temple of the stars” called Stellafane, home of this country’s hundreds of amateur telescope makers’ organizations.

Stellafane stands on Breezy Hill east of Springfield, a memorial to one of the great men of that industrial town—Russell Williams Porter, patron saint of amateur telescope makers everywhere. Porter died in 1949 shortly after completing his part in building the great 200-inch Palomar Mountain telescope in California.

Every August hundreds of amateur makers, lugging their telescopes, come back to Stellafane to pay tribute to Porter’s memory, to study the new “scopes” made during the year and to spend happy hours in the evening and early morning gazing into the heavens.

The early members of the Springfield Amateur Telescope Makers’ built this star shrine, Stellafane in 1924 with their own hands. Carved over the doorway is the inscription: “The Heavens Declare the Glory of God.”

Porter was born in 1871 in Springfield. Later, finding studies at Norwich University and University of Vermont tedious and consumed with a fever for exploration, he joined the expeditions to the Arctic with Peary, Dr. Cook and Ziegler. Money secured this way enabled him to complete his study of architecture at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

When Porter was 36, his Arctic fever finally cured, he
married the young postmistress at Port Clyde, Maine, Alice Marshall. It was while living there that, reading an article in *Popular Astronomy*, the telescope-making bug bit him hard. His first 10-inch reflecting telescope he later described as a "horrible figure."

After two years teaching architecture at M.I.T. he worked during World War I on optics at the National Bureau of Standards and in 1920 returned to his native Springfield to work with an old friend, James Hartness, head of Jones & Lamson Machine company.

Out of their relationship came the new comparator division of the company, which today manufactures delicate optical measuring devices used in every branch of industry. Hartness himself was an amateur astronomer and constructed a remarkable turret type telescope of his own invention.

Shortly Porter gathered together in Springfield 16 mechanics and one woman whom he taught to make reflecting telescopes. He was aided by John M. Pierce, Springfield High School's cooperative course director, and by Oscar Marshall, a master mechanic who later traveled to Palomar with Porter.

Porter explained to his amateur "scopers" the principle of the reflecting telescope—how a silvered concave surface will catch light rays coming from a distant object and focus them to a point where the observer examines them with his eyepiece magnifier. He taught them to take two pieces of glass, rub them together with coarse abrasive
and by certain strokes to hollow out the surface of one of the discs, to be used as the mirror. Then finer and finer abrasives were used and the final polish given with jeweler's rouge. The most difficult step came last—the tricky Foucalt test to determine the requisite parabolic surface. With the organization of this class was launched the movement of the telescope makers of America.

The group first held casual meetings where papers on astronomical subjects were read and lantern slides shown. More exciting were expeditions to surrounding hills, the men packing their telescopes on their backs. After hours of observing, the astronomers rolled into their blankets and spent the rest of the night under the stars.

It was finally decided to build a permanent observation point on Breezy Hill. Porter called it “Stellarfane,” Temple of the Stars. Later the name was shortened to “Stellafane.” In later years many improvements have been made to the original building.

In 1923 a legal corporation, The Telescope Makers of Springfield, was formed, Porter the first president, Pierce vice-president and Marshall secretary-treasurer. Soon to the original 15, other members were added, but all had to pass the rigid requirements for entrance: proof of the

“high degree of craftsmanship, patience and perseverance the actual creation of a powerful telescope requires.”

Albert G. Ingalls of the Scientific American magazine staff, gave the Springfield Telescope Makers their first national publicity. He joined with Porter later in a successful book on amateur telescope-making. The hobby grew across the nation and thousands of wonderful telescopes were made by members of clubs in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cleveland, Portland, Los Angeles and Pittsburgh, to name a few.

Soon club members began to gather each year for an annual convention at Stellafane, the mother club. They came trekking across the continent from the very shadow’s of California’s famous telescope peak, Mt. Wilson, to the top of Breezy Hill. And the dinners they were served were second in enjoyment only to star gazing.

Porter attended his last meeting of the Telescope Makers in 1946, the largest ever held at Stellafane, with 377 members present. In 1928 he had been recruited to help on the Palomar telescope. His duties came down to this: At each of the many stages in the long evolution of design, reached after interminable discussions, Porter would convert the blueprints into three-dimensional pencil

Philetaus Allen of the Glens Falls, N. Y. Stargazers, with cane, who has long been coming to the Stellafane Conventions, discusses with other “scopers” meeting at Stellafane a big Newtonian telescope with an equitorial mount and clock drive.

This is an 8-inch Newtonian telescope with equitorial mount.
drawings, to those who studied them like working models.

When the war put the Palomar project in mothballs Porter went back to national service. But the war had put heavy pressure on him and on February 22, 1949 he died.

Porter’s death took something out of the Springfield Telescope Makers. They continued to meet but the spark was gone. Then in 1953 James Gagan of Lynn, Mass. conceived the idea of resuming the Stellafane conventions with the Springfield club and the Boston Amateur Telescope Makers as sponsors.

At the first convention in 1954 more than 300 amateur star gazers from 11 states and Canada came. A couple of runaway weather balloons, daytime Northern lights and a brilliant display of meteors in the evening were a few of the extra features.

Last year in spite of southern New England’s floods, amateur telescope makers came over hundreds of miles of detours to be present and display their telescopes. Prizes were awarded as usual for mechanical excellence and optical efficiency.

In Springfield interest in telescope making is reviving. Newest member of the club is a young Charlestown, N. H. boy who has just completed his telescope and received admission. Now two other young men are working with John Pierce on their own instruments.

This summer when “the corn and the moon are right” (in August after the new moon and Vermont sweet corn arrive) the Telescope Makers from around the world will join once again in convention at Stellafane.
MUSIC CAMP

At the top of Vermont youngsters enjoy a fine musical education and a carefree summer camp life besides.

Vermont Life can never hope to do more than touch upon the more than one-hundred fine camps for boys and girls, which are scattered all over the Green Mountain region.

Some, however, have specialized programs, and among these is the unusual Vermont Music Center, directed by Leona and George Seuffert. It is located near Newport on the shore of Lake Memphremagog.

Music For Youth, as the camp is called, carries on the usual variety of Vermont summer camp activities, together with a very complete musical training program. The camp is limited to fifty boys and girls ranging from
Above: Memphremagog's gradual beach is ideal for young swimmers.
Below Far Left: Students practice for concert in Goldman Hall.
Below Left: The boys find ballet gyrations are tiring but fun.
Below: Girls enjoy informal sings with Leona & George Seuffert.
Below Right: Informal band rehearsals often echo from dormitories.

Photographed by
GEOFFREY ORTON

ages eight to eighteen. A staff of thirteen provides accredited private and class instruction for voice, piano, instruments and organ, as well as ensemble training and solo classes. Professional musical groups perform for the students at the music center through the season.

The pine-sheltered camp buildings, music center, dining hall, dormitories and cabins overlook the lake. Memphremagog, which Vermont shares with Canada, is next to Champlain in size.

The Vermont Music Center begins its ninth season on July first and closes August 19th. Public concerts will be presented at eight each Friday evening, beginning on July 13th, by the faculty, leading students, the camp band and orchestral ensembles. Informal Junior concerts will be held Sunday afternoons at three beginning July 15th. All concerts are held at the camp's Music Grove or in Goldman Hall.
Gorges are Fun

By George W. Kendall

Illustrated by George Daly

George day! These words filled us with bitter-sweet, for they meant a picnic at Cavendish Gorge but also a trip to the cemetery nearby. This was the day of the year we rented a pair of bay horses from the livery stable, drove in a three-seated platform wagon along the winding roads ascending the wooded hills, and descended into the sun-drenched valleys.

Once a year the day approached when the family made its exodus from Springfield to visit the diminutive burying ground—a place up north where we betook ourselves with deep respect, whispering; for here my father's ancestors were waiting in deep sleep for Judgment Day.

A few days before, Father would announce, “On Wednesday we’ll be off to the Gorge and the cemetery.” He was casual on the surface, but underneath just as eager as we three boys.

Part of the preparations was the making of wreaths. The Sunday before, Father would take my brothers and me on a long walk through the woods where we found the ground-pine trailing in and out of the patches of dried leaves. It was gathered into our bags and conveyed home, and Mother the following day shaped them into wreaths.

The momentous day finally arrived, and it was fair, as it usually turned out to be. There was work to be done first, the chores about the house and the picnic lunch to be prepared and the loading of the wagon. About eight o'clock everything was in readiness. How Mother managed to keep things moving on an even keel I do not know.

Next was the livery stable, my father in command and my elder brother and I on either side, dressed in our Sunday clothes. My younger brother, being too small, was required to wait at home with the accessories, the picnic lunch, halters, feed bags and decorations.

How we skipped and jumped down the long hill leading to the center of town where stood the stable, a fascinating place about which we boys were often warned as being a den of iniquity. But what an exciting place of allurement, exuding an odor of horses, musty blankets and sweet hay.

The three-seated wagon with its high, red wheels and long canopy, sporting an ever-agitated fringe, stood waiting in the center of the floor. Our arrival was the signal to bring out the pair of bays with their long tails and heavy manes, the last long drink sloshing from their quivering mouths. They trotted briskly to their places on either side of the tongue, the clean, well-dressed harness sending forth an aroma of pithy elegance. We scrambled up over the wheels into the front seat, Father gathering the reins, and we were off.

Back up the hill we wound our way past the schoolhouse and the little brick church at the bend of the road. Father drove with authority, for he had been brought up with horses on a farm in Felchville. He knew all the little clucks of the tongue that meant so much to the guidance of the trusting team.

Back at the house everyone took one more drink from the long-handled dipper. My grandmother in her little black bonnet securely tied under her chin and my uncle with his straw sailor hat planted firmly, lent an air of dignity to the occasion, as they became ensconced in the back seat, tucked in by a tan wrap-around duster.

My mother, younger brother and I were well balanced in the center. Father and my elder brother in front, the impedimenta along with the garlands was distributed in any available spaces.

We made our way down the shady, maple-lined street. I hoped that the neighbors would be in their yards and be impressed by our eminence. Soon we were passing the cider mill, now too early in the season for the water wheel to be turning.

But it was much too important a day to give this more than passing thought, for we were on the way to the Gorge—and of course the cemetery.

My brother now that we had reached the main road, was allowed to take the reins. I secretly envied him his ability. Away we bounced, swaying to the clatter of the horses’ shoes and the clink of the iron-tired wheels.
We quickly passed the road that led to the Fair Grounds; Floral Hall painted a bright red, the horse sheds, the imposing grandstand, and the the space where the incredible Professor Bonnetti, gaily garbed in pink tights, had taken his marvelous “Slide for Life.” Beyond was the excavation which, during the Fair, was filled with red hot embers. These in turn filled the huge balloon with enough hot air to send it high above the admiring crowd, and from it this artist parachuted.

Soon, around the bend, we drew near our Pirate Sloop, a mammoth, time-worn rock bathed in eons of sunlight and storms, standing watch over the wooded valley below. It was often commandeered after we had climbed its slippery sides. Each June on the slopes leading to it we found the sweetest and tiniest wild strawberries.

We followed the tree-lined, winding river north through the covered bridge. Clump, clump, clump, rattle, rattle. The pounding hooves set the whole bridge shivering and trembling. Cobwebs lined the huge rafters overhead and dust-covered wisps of hay left by loads squeezing through, festooned the windows set high along both walls of the long tunnel. It was fun, the sustained roar of the well-dried timbers, the shower of hayseed descending to join the uprising dust. At the base the sun seethed through in an elongated checkerboard pattern on the bridge floor.

Father now took the reins. After a quiet, short jaunt we came to a watering trough, a big iron kettle into which trickled a small cool stream from the bank above. The horses buried their noses, and then we all took our turn, using a glass jar tucked away in a mossy crevice.

Now trotting and sometimes briskly galloping we passed through the town of Reading, arriving at a grey stone marker. Here an ancestor had been born a few days after her mother was taken into captivity by Indians. We had heard the story many times and always sighed with relief when Father came to the part where, after becoming a young lady, she had been allowed to leave the tribe and marry a suitor of her own race.

There were intervals during which my brother and I disagreed as to who should take the reins. But these disturbances of the moment were soon forgotten as we sped past a pasture fenced by upturned tree stumps. Little fat Morgan horses fraternizing with curious Jersey cows, came rushing madly toward us; then, not being able to jump the fence, turned sharply and dashed along beside us, heels flying, heads tossing and names flowing. We in the wagon held to our seats for dear life while Father pressed the screeching foot-brakes.

Too soon for us boys we drove up to the cemetery gate. A lazy stone wall zigzagged from one gate post around the rectangular field to the other post, like a giant drawstring whose duty it was to keep the graves together. At the side was the cave-like tomb, its marble front yellow with age blending with the wall and peeking from the grassy mound, making me feel the earth had started to swallow it up.

The horses were tied to the hitching post. We let ourselves down from the wagon, and with feet made heavy by our reluctance, as well as by our metal-tipped shoes, we helped Father carry the wreaths and flowers over the dusty road leading inside the gate. Coming to the family lot we boys retrieved the glass jars that had survived the winter, while Grandma and Mother, weeping softly, filled them with flowers.

But our thoughts were elsewhere. Noon; the sun was high and we longed to be off. A call from Father that they were ready to leave and we fairly flew to the team and clambered aboard, for the best part of the trip was still ahead. We were all hungry. The odor of ripe bananas permeated the wagon. They were a luxury, to be eaten only on special days.

On we went, past white village churches with slender steeples, past country stores which must house rows of glass jars containing candy marbles and hollow licorice sticks, past old quarried-stone houses speckled with sunlight sifting through over-reaching elms.

Countless butternut trees with their fruit in sticky green jackets reminded us of coming winter evenings when Father would be cracking open their
dark brown shells on a flatiron held between his knees. Sumac trees with clusters of ruby-like seeds idled like gossiping neighbors by the stone walls.

At last we were at the Gorge! In a twinkling we were out of the wagon, yelling, hooting and dashing madly from rock to rock.

A cool freshness seemed to come from the rocks and surrounding wild raspberries, with the smell of balsam-firs adding to the tang of half-hidden sweet ferns. Through it came the intermittent calling and scolding of unseen catbirds, the hammering of woodpeckers.

The stream was pushed together at a rocky point, causing a tempestuous turmoil, at one place creating a whirlpool. Leaning over the side we tossed stones into its maelstrom, hearing a muffled, hollow “glump-glump” as they disappeared below the surface. Then there was “Lover’s Leap” where according to legend a maiden deserted by her lover had jumped into the chasm below. A little further, at the end of a path, was a mysterious cave, where anything might have happened. Not far away was the “Devil’s Pulpit,” lending to the scene a questionable dignity.

Father, Uncle and we boys unharnessed the bays, tied them by their halters to the wagon wheels and buckled on their feed bags, partially filled with oats.

Meanwhile Mother and Grandma had been busy spreading on the ground the fresh, white tablecloth with the border of blue chrysanthemums. In the middle was placed the yellow earthenware bowl of salmon salad with the cooked dressing we all liked. Around the edges were laid stuffed eggs, pickles and sandwiches of homemade bread and minced savory ham, and jars of milk. Under our chins we tucked red and white napkins with long silky fringes, and started to eat.

An exquisite tranquility prevailed; little was said. The transfusion of deep harmony had taken us all, including the horses, into its sanctuary.

The afternoon was quickly gone. The ride home was like the after-glow of a sunset. We were satisfied and happy. Father told us of the ancestor who had founded the town of Cavendish, which we were passing through. Before dusk we quietly meandered back into town. Saying goodbye to the horses at the livery stable, back up the hill we trudged. The little church was bathed pink in the setting sun; the house of the mill workers was quiet and sleepy, and so were we.

And how satisfying to come home and find that during our long day away nothing on the street had changed; and on our way to bed to be able to say, “O Mama, I think Gorges are fun!”
MISFORTUNE often comes in bunches. At least that was the way it was with a South Burlington farmer, Keith Wright. As is often the case in small communities, neighbors share each other's hardships even when it entails building a barn. Last Fall they did just that when Wright's barn burned to the ground.

It had been a bad summer for him. The outlook for Keith, his wife, and his five children was dim. His eighty head of cattle were without shelter and his entire summer's harvest of hay was destroyed in the two-hour blaze. Shortly before this his mother and father had been killed in an automobile accident. Several days after the funeral, trying to complete his corn harvest, his hand was mangled in a haybaler.

Under the direction of the county agent, Bob Carlson, a community work crew was organized to help. Wright supplied the materials, and work on a "pole type" barn began. The barn was built horseshoe shaped. Each leg is 195 feet long and thirty-nine feet wide. The center section provides an exercise area for the cows. It is believed to
Wright's cows wait patiently below while the work crew attaches metal roof sheets.

Left: Farmers donated the use of their tractors. Here one is freed from the mud.

Top Right: The roof beams form a strong pattern against the sky as the day wanes.

Right: In the kitchen Mrs. Wright (right) with her daughters is helped by neighbor, Mrs. Donald Leach, to supply the chilly workers outside with plenty of coffee.
be the first barn raising bee of its kind held in Vermont.

During the two-day period designated for the project, over 150 neighbors offered their services either on a part or full time basis. By the end of the second day the main timbers had been secured and the majority of the roof was in place. The siding of the barn was completed by Wright, his sons, Gary and Paul, Uncle Gene Lawrence and his son, Norman.

While the crews were working, Mrs. Wright and neighbor friends cooked and served meals in shifts. Some of the food was donated by friends and local merchants. While the men were working the women also served cider and doughnuts.

In addition to being an easily workable modern structure, Wright's barn on 900 Hinesburg Road is a proud reminder to those who know the story, that neighborly cooperation can solve large problems in a short time. END
Eastern Border Country
The Connecticut River Valley

By Lawrence F. Willard
Photographs by the Author and Newell Green

Vermonters, used to their fresh water boundaries, are apt to put Lake Champlain first in their affections and consider the Connecticut River as simply a convenient natural barrier to another country. It is difficult for a son of the Green Mountains to get excited about a river that bears the name of Connecticut and whose water belongs to New Hampshire (except when the water gets above the normal high-water mark on the Vermont side: when flood waters rage Vermont can have the excess water, so the courts have decreed.)

There are consolations, of course; one can stand in Vermont and catch New Hampshire trout, and bridge maintenance isn't so much of a Vermont problem.

But there is one thing Vermonters know and appreciate and which out-of-staters are learning: the river's scenic splendor, which cannot be denied, for the most part can best be seen from along Route 5, and Route 5 is in Vermont. Not that there aren't pretty views from the New Hampshire side looking into Vermont, too, but most of the time the motorist will have a better view of the Connecticut River if he keeps to Route 5 from Brattleboro to Barnet. At Barnet he'd better go across the bridge to the New Hampshire side since there doesn't seem to be a road north along the river in Vermont after a few more miles.

Half the fun of traveling along the Connecticut River is crossing bridges, even if only to turn right around and come back across them. Most people can't resist a covered bridge, anyway, and have to cross it as well as take snapshots of it. The bridge that carries Route 120 across the Connecticut at Windsor is the longest of the covered spans, and though it appears to droop a little between...
Above: Bradford’s railroad depot overlooks the broad valley floor. New water area comes from the Wilder Dam set-back.

Left: Riders Richard Chickering and Dorothy Welcome of Chesterfield, N. H. opposite the Vermont shore near Brattleboro.

Center Below: Girls from a nearby summer camp try the cool water of the First Connecticut Lake, at the river’s source.

Below: Longest of the covered bridges still spanning the Connecticut is this one at Windsor. Another view is on page 20.

abutments, it is kept in good repair and is perfectly safe. It used to be a toll bridge but it isn’t now. The Connecticut River’s one remaining toll bridge on its upper reaches carries traffic between Charlestown, New Hampshire, and Springfield Vermont, but it isn’t a covered bridge. Either one, however, is better than the ferries that used to operate along the river, some as recently as 1935. The one at East Putney, for instance . . . somebody modernized it by laying a concrete floor over the planks of the scow and made it too heavy. It sank on August 18, 1930, and four of the six people on board were lost. It was this same ferry that dumped a circus elephant into the waters of the
Connecticut. The beast did not survive and the circus gave his remains to the Boston Museum.

One cannot travel along the Connecticut today without noticing how its energy is being used for the generation of power. The Connecticut was important as a waterway until the railroads spun their tracks up the valley. The nation's first canal was built at Bellows Falls to carry river traffic around the violent drop that nowpowers a hydro-electric plant. DeWitt Clinton thought river traffic might move from the upper Connecticut by way of a canal to the St. Lawrence River—until he went upstream and saw Fifteen Mile Falls. That mad expanse of tumbling water spelled out no canal in his mind but he did say that it would be of great usefulness someday. He was right, of course, and the great power dam at Fifteen Mile Falls sends power all the way to Boston. The water has barely

spun the turbines at Fifteen Mile Falls when it is put to work again at the McIndoe Falls power dam just below Barnet. This dam and the lake it forms can be seen in panorama from Rte. 5 as it crests a hill to the south.

Newest additions to power installations on the river are the Wilder dam, which also serves as a flood control dam, and the mammoth Littleton Dam still in the process of construction. These projects have tamed the river and have put it to work again but they haven't destroyed the Connecticut's beauty, perhaps have enhanced it. Certainly it's a different river from the one the Indians paddled up and named Quinatucquet, or "long estuary." The River writes its own history, and erases it too. The only trace of the Indian now are occasional arrowheads turned up in gravel banks along the shore. No river scows nor the rivermen who poled them, no steamers like the primitive Barnet are to be found today. Gone are the ferries and the waterwheel-powered mills, and the fingers of one hand serve to count the covered bridges still standing. But there are outboard motors, seaplanes, strong steel spans and the greatest of engineering feats, power dams. The Connecticut has changed but you will still know it. Vermont villages change slowly, and the hills along the river hardly at all.

END
Above: One of the most famous river views is this bend on U.S. Route 5 just north of Newbury, shown also in color on our back cover.

Below: Beyond Newbury village, from Mt. Pulaski, is the river's celebrated ox-bow, traced by the tree borders; White Mountains behind.
Newell Green
Typical of the river in many places is this placid reach, looking up stream from a bluff in Thetford. Mt. Ascutney behind the Windsor bridge is a landmark for the whole central part of the valley.
Many quiet country roads wind from the river valley toward the mountains. This is Mt. Ascutney.

Bellows Falls' suspension bridge, one of the first of its type in the country, withstood 1927 Flood.
Vermont Pend Piper

Bill Morrill has built a better “mousetrap” out of his study of rat psychology.

By Helen D. Barry

Already the Pied Piper of Vermont is a legend. And Bill Morrill to many in this region has become simply—The Rat Man.

But it wasn’t so simple either. It took ten years of sticking with an idea, experimenting with 155 fat, angry and scared rats, and even going hungry himself to prove his invention and himself.

Bill Morrill was laughed at around Waterbury Center when he first tried to market his invention which would spook rats. But nobody laughs at him any more. Today requests for proof of his invention and orders for his record are coming in from agricultural and extension services, wildlife services, industries, businesses and farms. And what is even better—he can furnish proof and cure.

The modern Pied Piper has signed affidavits galore. They come from industries, creameries, piggeries, individual farmers, institutions, and one from the entire community of Cady’s Falls, Vermont. Then there is the backing he has received from the H. P. Hood Sons company of Boston. Hood officials in Vermont have seen enough to satisfy themselves that Morrill has something worthwhile.

Oddly enough Morrill’s idea was born in Victory (Vermont that is), during several years being handicapped by serious illness. When he lived in Victory in 1945 he had 21 hogs—and about 1000 rats. One night when he went to feed the pigs he heard a lot of squealing from the rats. That wasn’t unusual but it persisted for hours.

Next morning when Morrill opened the barn door the customary colony of rats failed to scatter. They were

Bill Morrill sets up his equipment to demonstrate to a retailer the rat record. As the poster indicates it also effectively scatters mice and squirrels.

The record is stocked by many Vermont stores or may be ordered ($2.98 postpaid) from Pied Piper Sales, Waterbury Center, Vermont.

Morrill advises playing the record (a 78 rpm), just after dark and near nesting places, loud enough to be heard all over the building and doors left open.

Once is usually enough for rats, but for mice the record should be played every week or two. He advises for squirrels to play the record only when they are heard running in partitions.

One side of the record carries Mr. Morrill’s story and his instructions. The other side is devoted to the strident rat squeals.
gone. The following day he found a can had rolled through a hole in the floor and in it was a trapped rat. "I never saw another rat after that," Morrill relates.

Then came a series of operations and several years of recuperation. Morrill began thinking again about the canned rat and he decided to study rats and their habits.

First was the idea that perhaps rats could be spooked, but how? It seemed evident that the squealing rat might serve a definite purpose. Then on one of many sleepless nights he had the answer. If he could get the rat squeals on a record it might do the trick.

Tiedious years followed studying rats, their habits and means of tracking them to their nests. It wasn’t easy or profitable or pleasant. Bill soon found that rats are wise and crafty to an uncanny degree. But the most important discovery was that rats always follow a leader.

"If a cat catches a rat the rest of the colony will dare it," Morrill relates. "They aren’t afraid of something they can understand. But if a rat is in serious trouble and his family can’t figure out what’s wrong, the leader calls them together and they go away—spooked by something they can’t understand?" And what’s more odd, Morrill found, these rats will never take up residence in the same place, nor even in the same type of building.

Meantime, his health still poor and his savings exhausted, Morrill and his wife returned to his native Waterbury Center. By this time the idea was firmly rooted in his mind but he needed help. Tests with 154 rats on a makeshift tape recorder were unsatisfactory. The right kind of equipment was beyond his means.

Morrill confided his secret to a few friends whom he could trust and who also loaned him money until he could get started. Again he began trapping rats to experiment.

Engineer Paul Willey and Morrill test-record a rat’s squeals.

Why so many rats? For one thing Morrill found that all rats aren’t squealers. After a short time of testing he would release each rat and try another and another. Finally the day came when he had just the rat he needed—a huge and very vocal rodent.

He enlisted the aid of another handicapped person, young Paul Willey, an engineer at the local radio Station, WDEV. Experiments were made in a large dark closet. For company each rat had a tape recorder, microphone, Willey and Morrill.

In the "closet lab" Willey kept pushing the microphone at the rat to frighten it. The loudest shrieks of the recording came when the rat jumped directly at the microphone and landed inside the recorder. The recording was perfect. It was put on discs and entitled "Echoes of the Pied Piper of Hamelin."

And what happens to rats when they’ve been spooked from a building? The Pied Piper answers that they find refuge in dumps or in the woods and never return. They either die of exposure or are cremated.

The only place Morrill doesn’t expect to spook rats is in mines. Miners depend on them for warning of cave-ins. "Nearly every mine has its rats," Morrill reports. "If there’s going to be a cave-in there will be faint sounds, which the human ear cannot detect, as the rock begins to give way. If there is a colony of rats in that area they get their signal from the leader and spook out in droves."

"When miners see rats leave a section of the mine they drop everything and follow them to safety. It may be hours or even days before the cave-in, but it will surely come. So there’s one good point for the rats after all," Morrill says with a smile.

VERMONT Life
From the very beginning, the Green Mountains have drawn men and women of courage. They have come with capital to risk—or with only their lives and talent.

When the Naeves—Lowell Naeve and Virginia Pacassi—some nine years ago, first set foot in Vermont, they brought only their youth, two children, and the eye and skill of artists.

Lowell was 30, Virginia, 24; Adrienne was six and Gavin, not yet a year. Invited by friends, the Naeves had fled their Greenwich Village loft in New York and their eating jobs as letterer and sign-painter, to squander their last $100 on a Vermont vacation.

Along the winding, gravel road, up from the village of Jamaica in southern Vermont, not far from the rocks and rushing roar of Pikes Falls, they saw it. The couple was crossing the bridge before the white Adventist Church. "It was a field," says Virginia. "I liked it. In South Dakota, there were fields just like this one."

"A clearing . . .", says Lowell. "It reminded me of Iowa."

They didn't shop around at all. They borrowed money and bought it. And the man from Iowa and the woman from South Dakota, with their children, decided to leave their New York Bohemia to become Vermonters. Only it wasn't so easy.
Today, as this is being written, Virginia has had her fourth child. Her third was born in Vermont, a year and a half ago. This new one will be a native too. Lowell is completing a stone and weathered board extension to their dwelling, giving the family a good-sized home besides the studio building decorated with the Knave of Hearts design that stops casual wanderers through this valley.

And now they are making a living, working in Vermont, as artists. Virginia paints. Lowell does line drawings and illustrations. And they have developed twenty-seven different wood block prints from their originals, in up to 17 colors, turned out in editions of not more than 100.

On the income, they can live in their clearing beside the road in peace and in a productive pattern that earns respect of neighbors, as well as awe of visitors from the city, who have the lives and talent to gamble, but wait for courage.

In New York, the Gallery of Contemporary Arts shows and sells Virginia Paccassi’s work. The Weyhe Gallery handles the work of Lowell Naeve. And as close as Woodstock, Vermont, and as far as Los Angeles, galleries ask for and sell their canvases and reproductions.

There are collectors of Paccassi and Naeve canvases and prints in Detroit, Boston, Montreal and Chicago. A textile firm has used them. Advertising agencies rent them for color lay-outs. An interior decorator bought out an entire show in Denver. The couple is developing an Italian outlet. And next fall, they plan to get in their station wagon and develop new galleries and outlets, for themselves, across the country. “With works of art,” says Virginia, “a salesman cannot do it.”

Before they came to Vermont, Virginia and Lowell had solid backgrounds in the study of art, and in recognition of their output. True to the tradition, they served their
turns as "starving artists" but, nevertheless, Virginia Paccassi enjoyed higher education at the universities of Iowa and Oklahoma, won a scholarship to the Arts and Crafts School in New Orleans, pilgrimaged to Provincetown, Mass., merited a one-man show in New York, exhibited at the Carnegie International Painting Show, where her work sold to a collector, and was selected for participation in the Pepsi-Cola Show.

Lowell Naeve, meanwhile, a native of Sioux City, traveled still further west, for study in San Francisco and Los Angeles. He turned to book illustrating.

The couple was born only 75 miles from each other, Virginia's birthplace being Mitchell, S. Dak., but it wasn't until decades later that they met in New York City.

There have been difficult times for this family. That first winter, following their purchase of Vermont land, the family went back down to New York to earn enough to pay back the loan. There, Lowell worked for himself as a cabinet maker. So he was able to return the following spring, in an old truck, with $1000. Lowell boasts: "In one week, I built a temporary shack 14 by 20 and moved up the family."

They were there in Vermont. They had an idea they could make a living there producing children's furniture. But by the end of a summer of house-building, they had gone deep into debt. They had furniture orders but found it would take six to ten thousand dollars of capital for tools and trucking equipment to get started.

"So we sat down and figured: We were going to make furniture to give us an income to free us for art work. But, supposing we got saddled with a $10,000 debt? We dropped the idea of a furniture business."

Once more the couple went back down into the city. They had overworked. Lowell was tired out. Virginia contracted pneumonia. The doctor advised the family to move to Florida.

"That was really a flight of the angels," as Lowell recalls it. "We left for Florida with forty bucks."

But there was work waiting when they got there. Lowell went to work building a house for someone. He started to build a Florida home for his own family. They ran a motor
Above: Color rolled on first block for test prints.

Top Right: Print of first color is lifted off. It is useful as a guide to cutting of the other blocks.

Right: One of Virginia’s prints, reproduced small.

About this time son, Gavin, asks for ink. He has carved about forty wood blocks now.
court in Panama City. “Meanwhile,” Virginia comments, “we were drawing and painting in our spare time.”

But Florida was not for them. They wanted to return to Vermont. “We liked that field—and we liked the people in Vermont.”

So they sold the house they had built for themselves in Florida. And drove that long drive back up the East Coast into the Green Mountains.

“Now, we had to face it. We had to risk it. Gamble. We had to make a living out of our art work.”

In this determination, they struck out boldly.

Buying an old milk truck, they filled it full of their paintings and drawings. They left the kids with friends, and started out for Boston. Like any farmer with his produce, or any maker with his products. “Nothing happened in Boston.”

They traveled to Provincetown. “We sold $110 worth.”

They drove down to New York.

When they returned three weeks later, their load was lighter—and they were richer by $900.

They also came back with their new project. Galleries along the way had wanted to know: Did they have any prints of their originals? There was a large market for prints. Wasn’t Lowell a cabinet maker as well as artist? Couldn’t they make wood block prints of their originals?

“We came home and started carving.”

The couple has worked out this program for print production:

Originals are done by both of them and their own signatures appear on prints of their own originals. Naeve’s prints are of his drawings—of his unique fish, bugs, and snow-flakes. Paccassi’s prints are of her paintings—of wharves, streets, boat, cat, barn. They carve the blocks of their own works, a different block for each color. Virginia now paints with prints in mind, carves the blocks, makes proof prints. Lowell does all the final printing. He is the printer. Lowell is also the “business man,”’’ tending to details of packing, billing, filing. Mornings too, from nine until noon, Lowell takes the baby into the shop. “I let her crawl and gurgle and feed, while I go about my business.”

It is from nine until noon that Virginia paints. That is all the time she gives to new work, setting up her canvases in her house, while across the field in the studio her husband and baby work and pass the time, and down in the village of Jamaica, her two grown children go to school. Before nine, Virginia does housework. After lunch, the mother naps with her baby, the father goes back to work—drawing, printing, completing the house. By the time the older children return from school, their mother is once more at housework and preparing supper. After supper, sometimes, neighbors come to call.

I have seen clean, white diapers drying up in the rafters of their studio along with the bright, fresh prints. This is a courageous, creative, Vermont household.
Finished block of old barn wood. Print made from first two blocks. Print after running the first three blocks.

Finished print, which started with drawing (page 24). Actual print measures about 23 by 13 inches.
Sampler of Summer

Vermont, for those who visit here, often has an aspect that is static, a "quality of equilibrium." But in this simile of physics, "static" is a stationary force which also attracts.

Austere appeal is a contradiction which denies reasoned explanation, but look across the page to the high fields above Groton. We think the point is proved. In a different way, not here austere but with a warm appeal almost in the mood of Thomas Benton, the overleaf view near Craftsbury shows another aspect.

Vermonters know by instinct this hot-cold feel of Summer. For them the season also carries the apprehension of a certain, soon end, with many things remaining to be done before the sun sinks lower. The farmer fills his silos, strongly feels the impending. Even those who idle on a floating bridge or plunge from it to the cool water perhaps relish this day the more knowing the Vermont seasons at least are never static.

END
Left: This farm scene was taken between Montpelier and Worcester. Following the Worcester Branch of the Winooski River, the road winds north past Lake Elmore to Morrisville in the Lamoille River valley.

Above: An eastward view off U. S. Route 303 discovers Groton nestled in the Waits River valley. The 15,727-acre Groton State Forest lies just north. Faint outline of White Mountains is in distance.
Brookfield's floating Bridge is the fifth of this type on the same site since the first, a private log float affair, was assembled 146 years ago. A full account of the bridge (off Route 12 south of Northfield) appeared in our 1951 Summer issue.
Craftsbury, one of the most beautiful of Vermont's towns in both setting and its homes, lies on a high ridge above the curious south-and-north loops of the Black River valley, has three separate villages. This is a part of Craftsbury village.
Sweeping across the country are the colorful synthetic brush fibres made by this Middlebury company.

Nine years ago two young men, Gilbert Shaw and Alfred Drewes, had just formed a new company, Polymers, Inc., to make synthetic brush fibres. In Middlebury they had a tiny shop with one machine which ran each order when it came in... if orders came in. Then, on Christmas Eve, the one machine broke down.

From that dismal Christmas Eve so short a time ago, Polymers has risen to a leading position in a terrifically competitive industry. Many machines now run 24 hours a day, seven days a week, in a modern plant, and skilled mechanics keep them in top working order. The company employs about 40 men and the synthetic fibre they make goes out to brush factories in many states across this country, into Canada, and is shipped as far away as South Africa. In addition, Polymers is associated in business with companies in France, Italy and England which manufacture fibre under patent rights from Polymers, and using Polymers-designed machines.

Shaw and Drewes were looking around for a paying enterprise right after World War II. Shaw, a chemical engineer, had been in charge of a division of Bakelite Company’s plastics production. Drewes, a former teacher and coach of athletics, had just been released from his war-time post as Navy officer in the South Pacific. The two were old friends who went to high school together in New York, and to college together at the University of Michigan. Congenial friends, they became cooperative partners in a solidly successful business.

At the beginning of Polymers, Inc. Shaw designed the machine with which they started operations in Middlebury. They built it literally from the ground up, with the
help of Walter Calhoun and Donald Billings, two Middlebury men who excel in their trades of electrician and machinist respectively. Shaw and Drewes ran the machine on eight-hour shifts with one helper whom they hired. Each worked his shift on the hand-made machine. But that was only the beginning of their work day. Shaw's second shift consisted of machine work and designing changes for greater output. Drewes did all the paper work, managed the finances of the company, sent out bills, ordered raw material, etc. The days were long and became longer as more orders came in to keep the machine working at top speed. More bills had to be sent out. More raw material had to be ordered; more bills had to be paid. New machines had to be built. Those early days were hard, and financial income and outgo ran on a delicate balance most of the time. Today Polymers' credit is practically unlimited with the biggest corporations in the country which sell the raw materials they buy.

Shaw and Drewes came to Vermont to start this new business primarily because they both had young families and wanted their children to grow up in wholesome surroundings. They also had confidence in Vermont as a place where business could thrive and grow. They found too that Vermonters had confidence in them, as they obtained financial credit from the beginning, at a time when it meant their success or failure. They had an idea for a saleable product, but little else. And they found in Middlebury men who had confidence enough in the new little company to work for it at the wages the company could afford to pay. That trust has been repaid with interest, as Shaw and Drewes have raised wages to their employees many times. They hold to a policy of increasing salaries across the whole plant whenever profits make it possible. Naturally, Polymers has had little of the so-called "labor trouble" and negligible labor turnover. Profits are distributed quarterly in a profit-sharing plan. The company pays half of a generous hospitalization and surgical policy for employees and their families. Such a plant must run around the clock for economical production. Each man works an 8-hour shift, being paid time-and-a-half for any over 40 hours per week.

As Polymers has prospered, Shaw, president of the company, and Drewes, vice-president and treasurer, have withdrawn from physical work in the business to somewhat more supervisory positions, since the plant and number of employees have grown and made more administra-
tive work necessary. Besides the machine operators, need for very specialized workers has developed. A color blender now works at that job full time; a laboratory technician, a research engineer, a shipper, and clerical help have all been found necessary. Two foremen are in charge of the actual work.

Chief foreman over the entire business is Frank DuPoise of Middlebury, who came to work during Polymers’ first year and who has grown up in knowledge of production, construction of the complicated machines, and in close cooperation with the two owners. Foreman of the main plant is Erwin Reichert of Bristol, who has been with the company seven years, starting as machine operator and rising to have charge of all the machines and production. Shaw and Drewes have withdrawn from the actual work in the plant, but not from the men. Their office is open to any employee at any time, and they are “Gil” and “Al” to everyone.

The young men from the city adapted themselves easily to rural surroundings. They came to live in Middlebury, put their children in local schools and are enthusiastic boosters of Vermont. When they needed a cutter for the fibre they bought an ordinary farm ensilage cutter. With a few simple changes it became an efficient and thoroughly practical tool for the job. The raw material used in their machines to make brush fibre they call “feed.” They speak of sending someone for the “feed,” sometimes causing a

Above: Donald Billings in shop where all the machines were built.

Left: Lawrence Lacey does exacting color blending of ingredients.

Below: Flow of fibre from extruder is checked by Archie Pecor.
startled look to cross the face of a listener who considers “feed” something to be given to animals, not to mechanical monsters spewing out brush bristles.

To the uninitiated it might seem that manufacture of just one item, synthetic brush fibre, could not grow and spread as Polymers’ business has done. But from a humble beginning when some hairy primitive tied together a handful of twigs with a vine, to sweep pebbles from his cave hearth, brushes have taken over an incredible number of jobs. The type and design of brushes is an interesting study and Polymers’ samples include a tremendously successful new brush called the Sno-Chaser. Many tons of Polymers’ fibre have gone into the Sno-Chasers sold during the last two winters. They are simple but efficient long-handled brushes for cleaning snow off cars, the type of thing about which everyone says, “Why didn’t I think of that?” Polymers’ fibre is made in sizes for all types of brushes, from soft, baby hair brushes, up through scrub brushes, counter dusters, toilet bowl brushes, heavy duty garage sweeps, and rotary street brooms, and many more.

The problem of size control is an exacting one on this multitude of specialized fibres. In addition, the fibre is made in many colors, some blended to special order. Since these colors are ordered to match or harmonize with brush handles and other details, they must be produced time after time with no variation. And color can be affected by many factors.

Above: Drewes & Shaw, Development Eng’r. Douglas Gregory.
Right: Packing fibres for overseas shipment is Charles Novak.
Below: Walter Calhoun with Erwin Reichert and Fark DuPriese puzzles over wiring of German extruder secured for experiment.
Synthetic fibre has expanded in use throughout the brush-making business to a dominating place. Fine brushes are still made with natural fibre, as they all were in the beginning. But natural fibre is not predictable. It is fine in quality one year, very poor another. And the quantity available varies from year to year. Synthetic fibre's popularity has grown as it has proved itself durable, dependable and available. Polymers has capitalized on this popularity and has greatly extended the use of synthetic fibre. Shaw and Drewes have taken a good product, made it better, and brought about its wide acceptance.

Polymers' machines have been designed all the way by Gilbert Shaw. He holds many patents on both his machines and his processes, even one on the packaging method used by Polymers. The finished brush fibre is encased in a wet tubing of cellulose which then shrinks down to hold the fibre firmly in place for shipping.

Shaw and Drewes divide their responsibilities. Shaw is the designer of machines and originator of manufacturing processes. Drewes is in charge of production, finances, and plant personnel. Each man runs his section of the business, but all major decisions of policy are made only by joint consultation. It has proved an unbeatable combination.

Engineers Gregory and Shaw carry on development program in laboratory which was once the entire plant.

### GOING ON

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Vermonter Life
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Town</th>
<th>Event Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 4</td>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>Chicken Pie supper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 4</td>
<td>Burlington</td>
<td>Turkey supper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 4</td>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>Vt. Hand Crafters' exhibit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 4</td>
<td>Woodstock</td>
<td>Vt. St. Men's Ch. Golf T.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Newport</td>
<td>Youth Mu. Camp concerts, Fridays at 8, last Sat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Woodstock</td>
<td>Music For Youth, Jr. concerts, Sundays at 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>SVA concert (3:30)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Language School concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Woodstock</td>
<td>Garfield Pilgrimage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Burlington</td>
<td>Senior Citizens' day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Garden Pilgrimage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Newport</td>
<td>Maple Sugar Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Shelburne</td>
<td>Museum Garden Tour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Malletts Bay</td>
<td>Dog House cruise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>E. Charlestown</td>
<td>Auction and Band Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>So. Wardsboro</td>
<td>Food sale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Burlington</td>
<td>Garden Pilgrimage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>PTA bazaar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Westminster</td>
<td>4th An. Art show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Lang. School concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Plainfield</td>
<td>Hayharn Theater concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Lake Dunmore</td>
<td>Handicap Sail races</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Stowe</td>
<td>Trapp Family Sing week</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Lake Dunmore</td>
<td>Lumberjack Roundup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Wardsboro</td>
<td>A. Z. supper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>W. Barnet</td>
<td>Bazaar &amp; supper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Bennington</td>
<td>Internat. Su. School</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Wallingford</td>
<td>Trapp Family Sing week</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Chelsea</td>
<td>Old Home day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Brattleboro</td>
<td>Sidewalk Art show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Ludlow</td>
<td>Fletcher Farm open house</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Round Church pilgr. (2:30)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>Coolidge pilgrimage</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Lake Dunmore</td>
<td>Handicap Sail races</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Lang. School concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>SVA Concert (3:30)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Malletts Bay</td>
<td>Regatta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Plainfield</td>
<td>Hayharn Theater concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Woodstock</td>
<td>Vt. State Women's Golf T. Gala Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Barnet</td>
<td>Chamber Music Con., UVM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Burlington</td>
<td>Vt. Hand Crafters' Exhib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Castleton</td>
<td>Sugar on Snow, Home day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Barton</td>
<td>Cracker Barrel Art Ex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Newbury</td>
<td>Cracker Barrel Bazaar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Craftsbury Comm.</td>
<td>East Hill Players</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>Agri. Field day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Peacham</td>
<td>Church sale &amp; supper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Stowe</td>
<td>Steak Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Greensboro</td>
<td>East Hill Players</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Canaan</td>
<td>Sugar on Snow party (7)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Sutton</td>
<td>An. Community fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5</td>
<td>Malletts Bay</td>
<td>Sail Races to Essex, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: This list necessarily was compiled last January and is incomplete. We suggest you write for additional dates to the Vermont Development Commission, Montpelier, Vt.
It took a man from down country to show a lot of people in Vermont what they'd been missing all these years—the joy of sailing as a family sport.

Eleven years ago Bill Hazelett, who had spent most of his life in Connecticut and Cleveland, sailed into Vermont (via Lake Erie, the St. Lawrence and Richelieu rivers) and decided to stay.

There were people who said he shouldn't have done it. He had a good job in Cleveland, vice president of the Jack and Heintz company. You'll never get anywhere in Vermont, they said.

But Bill was tired of city life, where everyone was pushing everyone else around, where in a 10,000 unit development each house was like every other and not a single shade tree was in sight, and where, most important of all, weather was a nuisance.

"It was either too hot or too cold in the city. Where it was just a bother in Cleveland, it was a thing of beauty in Vermont," Bill said, settling back to talk about his favorite subject.

"Here we can take advantage of the weather, we can enjoy nature the way we did as kids, before we got all our inhibitions. In summer there's swimming and sailing; in winter there's skiing—all at our backyard. What more could you ask?"

Not long after he had established residence on Stave Island on Lake Champlain, he opened the Tick Tock Shop in Burlington, which now employs eight watch repairmen on an incentive plan. All are physically handicapped.

Bill himself was an engineer, a graduate of Cornell and was working on a watch-cleaning machine before he went into the repair business. In fact, the design of an hair spring and escapement of a watch is quite similar to the design of his latest invention—a flexible ski binding, sold for the first time in the country last year.

But sailing was his first love, and it didn't take long to realize it was being neglected in Vermont, right on one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the East. Bill was keeping his 23-foot auxiliary cruising sloop, Stardust II, on the lake, but there weren't many others.

"Children especially," he said, "weren't learning to sail. They were playing tennis, learning crafts, but were
neglecting this most ancient skill.” By that time, too, Bill had his own family and he was concerned that young David, now six, and sister Suzy, four, were confining their activities indoors.

And as Bill’s family grew it was becoming impractical to commute from the city to Stave Island with supplies and equipment, so Bill and his wife, Dawn, did the next best thing. They bought a house right on the lake shore of Malletts Bay.

Then Bill got another idea—the one now famous at the Malletts Bay Boat Club—of teaching seamanship to juniors. And he didn’t have the slightest trouble recruiting pupils for his course. Since his program began three years ago more than 30 youngsters each summer learn the lore of the lake and how to captain her waters.

With their sailboats for schoolbooks, these youngsters now liven the shore with their cries of “Hoist your jib,” or “Your sails are luffing,” as they make Lake Champlain their classroom.

Bill’s junior pilots range in age from six to 16. He taught the class himself, assisted by Dawn, the first year. Classes were held twice a week and most of the instruction

Above: The 18 Dutch boats cost $500 each, measure 12 1/2 feet.

Left: The Hazelett family breakfasts aboard the Stardust II.
Left: Patty Wright and Ellen White, the instructor’s daughter, furl sails after lesson. Boats came in kit form, are of moulded plywood, sloop rigged.

Right: Bill Hazelett and friends aboard Stardust II on Lake Champlain. She is a 23-foot auxiliary cruising sloop.

Below: Youngsters race for the finish line in course set up by instructor.
took place out on the water. But last summer when floods struck Connecticut where his father had a plant, Bill placed the job in the hands of Tom White, superintendent of schools in Grand Isle county at the time, and headed for Connecticut.

Tom, and others who donated their time to teach the youngsters, used power boats to get around as they shouted instructions to the children who were manning their own sailboats.

The first year sailboats were borrowed from the University of Vermont and St. Michael’s College. But the following winter, because of the success of the classes, parents decided to chip in and buy boats for the youngsters—Indian Scout boats, the official youth boat of the Royal Dutch Yachting Society.

The boat is strong but light with a hull of four-ply marine mahogany, a modern sloop rig and wide comfortable decks. Her bow is beautifully curved and she looks like a miniature yacht. Best of all, she is easy to handle and either kids or parents can sail her with no trouble at all—and plenty of room.

A benefactor of Camp Holy Cross on Malletts Bay liked the idea so well he bought ten of the boats for the campers. After they were imported from Holland, they were assembled during a slack season in a Burlington manufacturing plant.

This summer, though Bill sired the project, it will be in the hands of the Malletts Bay Boat Club. The registration list is longer than ever and meets and races are already planned.

Although sailing was fine for summer, Bill hated to see the lake go to waste in the winter. Gazing out of his front window at the frozen water, especially on a moonlight night, he had another idea and that’s how he began ice-boating.

“Friends still shudder at the thought of us up in Vermont freezing to death. They think we’re living in the dark ages with no communication with neighbors for miles. I guess the difference is that we take advantage of the weather in Vermont,” he smiled.

The Author—Ann della Chiesa (pronounced kee-ay-za) is a Montpelier native and UVM graduate of 1952, is now Burlington Free Press feature writer and photographer and woman’s page editor. On first sailing assignment she was drenched and almost washed away—chose a mild day for these Champlain photographs.
During June you may happen one Sunday to be driving on a fishing excursion along Route 7 in southern Vermont. As you roll along enjoying the peaceful stretch between Bennington and Manchester, you are suddenly awakened from reverie by an unearthly rumble which seems to avalanche from the mountain into the valley. You wonder if the heavens have suddenly unleashed a new phenomenon. You proceed with caution keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of danger.

Suddenly you go through a left bend and there in front of you, at the foot of Mt. Equinox, the country comes to life in a pageantry of gay colors, flags, banners and people revolving about what you think at first to be toy automobiles. You park on the side of the road, alight from your sedan ready to investigate when an unexpected, deafening roar accompanied by smoke of a peculiar odor and color makes you almost jump out of your skin.

From the cockpit of the culprit, a scarlet contraption on four wheels, project an egg-shell white crash helmet (adorned with large goggles) and two gloved hands waving their approval. A man in white coverall standing inches from the thundering exhaust end, wears an angelic smile as though he were enjoying the best of Mozart.

A distinguished gentleman in dark Bermuda shorts and matching knee socks walks toward the car and with a brisk motion of the arm lowers a green flag. It is as though he has closed the contacts of a detonator for at the very same instant man and machine blast away from the starting line, attacking the high grades of the Skyline Drive, leaving behind the notes of screeching tires and a barrage of blue smoke.

You learn from the crowd that each year in June, Mt.
Equinox plays host to the members of the Sports Car Club of America, exposing its flank to the assault of the speedy little machines which, one at a time, ascend the peak racing against the sweeping hand of a stop watch.

Your next door neighbor had driven the family to the top of Mt. Equinox during last year’s vacation. You remember his telling about the 5.2 miles road, spiralling like an unruly ribbon to the 3,816 ft. summit and that the climb lasted some 20 minutes. You remember the kids describing the 36 sharp elbows and the ten hair-pin turns where daddy had to use first gear and how the radiator made funny noises and threw up steam like a pressure cooker.

And, you wonder—how can a car make any speed on such a road even though it is a powerful underslung sports car. But when the loud speaker announces that the red
Maserati that you had seen at the start has reached the top in 4 min. 53.5 seconds at a speed better than 60 mph, you are convinced that they must be using an alternate route.

So you wander amidst the sports cars, waiting in line for their try at the hill. You recognize familiar machines like Jaguar, MG, and Austin Healey, you glance at their dashboards casually for you have seen them before in your town, but down the line are many whose lines are totally strange to you. There are Ferrari, OSCA, Cisitalia, Alfa Romeo, Mercedes, BMW, Morgan, HRG, Lotus, Lancia, Porsche, etc., etc. You scrutinize their cockpits and dashboards, finding an impressive array of unfamiliar instruments. Some gauges are labelled Huile or Olio, others Eau or Acqua, speedometers are calibrated in kilometers per hour and you are beginning to feel lost in a foreign land when, on your left, you recognize a Thunderbird and a Corvette also bearing large numbers on their sides. A chill runs down your spine: the lineup is complete; America is also represented.
Drivers and mechanics (some are even girls, and mighty pretty at that) wander around helping one another with a final tune up or just comparing their times chalked up the day before during practice. You talk to some of these drivers and you are delighted to find them glad to answer all your questions. You are amazed to learn that the most powerful of these racers are equipped with engines not even as large as the one in your sedan, and that all cars must go through a rigid inspection to make sure that they are in top mechanical condition. The motto of the Sports Car Club of America is: “Sportsmanship demands safe driving.”

You feel better being there when you learn that every precaution is taken to make the event safe for the spectators as well as the drivers, and that at each turn on the course there is a safety team composed of a flagman, an observer, and a marshall to signal the cars upon the condition of the road and see that spectators are watching the race from a safe vantage point. Having heard that the cost of several of these machines run well into five figures, you
What happens when a sports car hits a corner too fast?

Series shots by John Smith show that unlike a family car it doesn’t usually turn over.

inquire about the purse of the champ. But the little boy next to you says they race just for cups and trophies.

The loud speaker announces a two-hour lunch recess and that the hill will be open to traffic. You hitch a ride from two young lads in a convertible and up and up you go convincing yourself that they are using the same road described by your friend at home. Here are the flag stations. Spectators are safely seated under the trees high above the road enjoying a grandstand view. Looking behind, at the splendor of valleys and mountains all around you understand why so many people have brought along their cameras. The air gets refreshingly cool, you fill your lungs with the pine fragrance. At the top you try the buffet lunch at Skyline Inn.

Late in the afternoon, you hike down a ways and join a group of spectators at one of the S turns. You marvel at the speed and the manner in which the cars enter and leave the sharp turns and how quickly the drivers can shift gears in order to keep up their speed. As the afternoon event nears its end, you’re already able to recognize most of the makes on sight and in many instances by just the pitch of the screaming engines. It is time to go home and you just remember that you played hookey from your favorite stream.

This year’s National Hill Climb of the Sports Car Club of America will be held at Equinox June 16-17. The Drive, featured in our Autumn 1949 issue, is open May 1 to November 1. The fee is $3 per car.

THE AUTHOR—Alix Lafontant, senior mechanical engineer in instruments’ development at Eastman Kodak, finds time to write and photograph for many sports car publications. Incidentally, he drives a Jaguar.
Slow sign on pavement doesn’t apply to Bill Lloyd in his Italian Maserati. He established a new record.

PBX Special screams toward the summit (right). Modified Crosley engine is one-fifth size of Chevrolet 6.

Henry Rudkin’s Bandini (below) isn’t really a toy.

Below Right: Owner-driver makes last-minute, delicate adjustments on Cisitalia engine’s carburetors.
I N V E R M O N T  T H E S E  S U M M E R  D A Y S ,  o n e  m a y  g o  o u t  t o
the theater almost any evening and choose either
comedy, drama, classics, Broadway hits and new
plays—all at a price far below the New York theaters.
Vermont's four summer theaters are located in Weston,
Poultney, Dorset and Winooski Park.

Some twenty years ago at Weston the Community
Club first engaged Harlan Grant, head of the Boston
Conservatory of Music's drama department, as director-
manager to produce a series of Summer plays. This well-
established group plays in a former Congregational church
on the village green.

In Dorset a community theatrical group which had
been operating for 28 years had made a rustic theater out
of two old barns and produced plays there until eight
years ago. Then they engaged the Caravan Theater group
from Westchester County, N. Y. to produce a series of
plays, now so successful a Fall season is sometimes added.

Newest of the four is in Poultney. Three years ago
John C. Hurd located for his theater group the beautifully-
equipped new auditorium of Green Mountain Junior Col-
lege. The Poultney Players' season begins in late June.

For ten years drama graduates from Catholic University,
Washington, have presented a six-week season during the
summer school of St. Michael's College, Winooski Park.
This group, known as Players Incorporated International
Repertory Company, for five seasons has also made an
annual tour of this country and last year played in Korea.

At both Weston and Dorset the groups are composed of
professional players, apprentices and occasional guests.
At Poultney the regular players' group is sometimes aug-
mented by local talent.

One of the season's treats at Weston is the appearance
of Mr. Grant in a comedy part. At Dorset Mr. & Mrs.
Fred Carmichael, joint producers, appear regularly in all
kind of roles. It is characteristic of their Caravan Players
that plays are cast for the season in advance and each mem-
ber is given a chance to play different types of roles and
work on different aspects of the productions.

Light summer fare is usually chosen by all four theaters.
At Winooski particularly the plays are almost always
sure-fire hits. Mr. Grant at Weston also tends to the
popular plays with an occasional serious drama such as
The Crucible. More of the serious and controversial plays
are presented by Mr. Hurd at Poultney—Streetcar Named
Desire and Summer and Smoke for example. At Dorset, in
addition to modern comedies, classics such as She Stoops
to Conquer and several new plays are produced.

E N D
Left: Pegeen Rose and Mina Hamilton in Dream Girl rehearsal at Caravan Theater in Dorset.

Above: At Dorset, Director Fred Carmichael in technical rehearsal with Pegeen Rose and Jeanne Mackenthun, again in Dream Girl.


Right: Director Harlan Grant at Weston outdoor rehearsal, Actor Michael Winston (left) and Stage Manager Gary Shafer.
Poultney’s Green Mountain Playhouse opens a 10-week season June 26th. The Weston Playhouse opens its twentieth season June 28th and runs for ten weeks through Labor Day. Evening performances are (8:30) Thursdays through Sundays with a Saturday matinee at 3. Evening performances are given Mondays at Woodstock. The Players’ season at Winooski Park opens July 10th and runs through August 18th. Performances Tuesdays through Saturdays are at 8:30. The Caravan Theater at Dorset opens June 22nd and runs through September 2, a Fall run uncertain at this writing. Performances are Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays (8:30). Performances are expected to include: Dial M. for Murder, Time Out For Ginger, Pygmalion, The Little Hut, Susan and God, White Sheep of the Family, The Curious Savage, Sing Out Sweet Land, The Late George Apley, Happy Time and Jane.

Top: Backstage Wayne Berry arranges lights for the Caravan performance of Dream Girl.

Left: Set designer for The Crucible, Annabel Keeley working on flats at Poultney

Left Below: At St. Michael’s Playhouse each summer twelve apprentices study with Players, learn to whip up their own costumes.

Below: Also at Winooski Park, Howard Lord and Henry Sutton help load up for one of The Players’ 35,000-mile road tours.
Above: Lunch time finds the Green Mountain Players at boarding house. Discussing current play are the leading man, ingénue, stage manager, character lead, properties man and second leads.

There is always a prayer just before curtain each night at St. Michael's Playhouse. The priest is Rev. Maurice Boucher, S.S.E.
In her Weston Playhouse dressing room Barbara Dexter makes up for performance of The Fifth Season.

Left Below: Audience at Dorset’s barn-constructed Playhouse goes outdoors during an intermission.

Below: Susan Richardson presides at Caravan Theater box office.
Above: Celebrated knee-bathing incident in Sabrina Fair, Edna Hurd playing the title role at the Green Mountain Playhouse.

Right: Peg O'en Rose in rehearsal scene of Dream Girl, at Dorset.

Below: St. Michael's The Players comes from Catholic University drama department graduates. Here are three veterans in Dighton's Happiest Days of Your Life.


The Mind in the Hills

The remote isolated Vermont village where I played and dreamt for ten years (my first) was as far-off, insular and lost in time as it was in geography. During those infant years of the 20th century I might just as well have been living during the 1860’s. From 1900 to about 1906, while doubtless my parents took several trips to the nearest city of 8000 souls, it was a singular once-a-year event for me to be allowed the long all day 14 mile trek each way by horse and buggy to the great metropolis. As in 1860, there were no telephones, electric lights, central heating or plumbing. The exotic artifacts of the clamorous world outside never penetrated our quiet little pocket in the hills.

Life in this small hamlet in the hills went on, from every point of view, moral, spiritual, economic and social, exactly as it had for nearly 100 years. There were no changes, little or great. People, because of sheer necessity, continued to get along with little. As in the days of the pioneers, home industry prevailed. What a man could not buy he usually made. If there arose a pressing need for anything, he had to go without unless he could make it. To live a man depended on his native ability and ingenuity. Self-reliance and rational self-sufficiency were the dominating values of this secluded world.

Yet men were many-sided. As an example, my grandfather ran the saw-mill, the grist mill, extensive logging operations in nearby towns, helped my father in the store, raced horses at the country fairs, had a farm, raised food, and in his spare time worked as a carpenter. Such versatility was not uncommon. The process taught men to get along without superfluous gadgets and ephemeral pleasures and values. While the core of life was hard and its shell austere (austerity as you remember having once been aptly characterized by Doctor Johnson as a proper antidote to indulgence), life was not sterile and empty in spite of the many yarns told about the sparse and lean fare of the inhabitants.

You probably have heard the one about the Minnesota man who came back to Vermont to visit his brother and one morning went out to look at his brother’s fields. He asked his brother, “How are you getting on, John?”

“Well,” John said, “we manage to get along and that is about all.”

“Well, John,” his brother replied, “I don’t wonder that you are poor. If I had a man in my employ who would reap a field of oats and leave as much standing as there is in that field yonder, I would discharge him at once!”

“Why, Bill,” John said, “that’s the crop!”

Calculation and Dream

Yet, in one way, it was just this lean fare that resulted in the Vermont virtues of frugality and prudence.

While these men had to be jacks of all trades, at least each was his own boss and his time was his own. He had not then been forced to regulate his life, as many other more effete New Englanders had, by the factory whistle. He still had time to think in. In fact his was still, even though he inhabited a village, a rural life. Thus he remained closer to the vagaries of nature and the odd, ornery vicissitudes of human nature. To get by he had to be one of the most adaptable, versatile, tolerable, ingenious and rational men this country has yet produced.

His life was not cluttered by the million and one outside stimuli that harass us today and beat upon our consciousness like hail on a tin roof. These men could think because their lives were not constantly bombarded by the machinery or progress such as telephones, radios, television or aircraft and automobiles. I have seen my grandfather sit in my father’s country store from 5:30 to 11 at night when the mail usually arrived from Montpelier and talk with the other men gathered around the pot-bellied stove. Few places today where men just sit and visit! The talking today as well as some of the thinking, is done for them. I have also seen my grandfather bring up a pan of Greenings from the cellar and sit all Sunday afternoon at home, hardly saying a word as he pared and ate. There had to be and was time to think, as well as talk.

And above all, these men lived by a stoical code of meeting what came with a curious resolution of fortitude and grace, so beautifully illustrated by the old Vermont saying that “there’s only been one storm that never cleared up... and that’s this one.”

And so what did all this add up to? Well, to create a non-Einsteinian equation I submit:

Dream + calculation = invention.

To Be Contrary In

There is no more able young writer in Vermont today than my colleague Ralph Nading Hill who will not mind, I think, if I quote from his book Contrary Country. He writes that “there are those people of independent spirit born and raised in Vermont who go out in the world and make a trail marked with rebellion. Then there are those of independent spirit born elsewhere who wish to live in the Green Mountains because they find Vermont a good state to contrary in.”

It is, I suspect, this ability to be dubious, wary and contrary, and yet in constant rebellion, that we should add to my equation to make the point. So let’s add it and see what we come up with.

I think we come up with some accounting for the astonishing number, per capita, of the men of genius and the ingenious men raised in Vermont. As I have written elsewhere we exported most of them but some stayed.

For example I still remember, sitting in the store (that institution which was as Dr. Wilson says “pivotal” to the life of the country) old Wareham Chase, a very old man then. A casual glance by an outsider would have revealed what looked like a poverty-stricken, shiftless person in overalls and wearing a long white beard. Yet this old man, lost in this little pocket of the Vermont hills, both as to time and space, tinkered nights and days when he had time and invented an electric motor, the model of which is now in one of our Vermont museums. And, while facts reveal that another Vermont native, Thomas Davenport of Brandon did actually invent the first electric motor, he did so only two years before Wareham Chase invented his. And neither knew of each other. Each concocted the thing out of his own mind.

These old-timers were not as lost as you might think. They were not idle dreamers. They dreamt and dreamt but at the same time they calculated. While this word calculate has bad connotations today, then and now in Vermont it can mean working and figuring on something and keeping at it with a purely Jamesian pragmatic objective until it does work. They dreamt, but they never “let on” what they were dreaming until they could prove it by works!

These contrary, stubborn, calculating dreamers concocted, created or invented not only the electric motor (twice) but the most unrelated list of things you ever
heard of such as: ruled paper, hydraulic pump, first rifles with interchangeable parts, the steam calliope, steel plough, refrigerator car, carpenter square, geographical globes, time lock, platform scale, laughing gas, the horse rake and heaven knows what else that never got recognized or accredited.

And this mind in the hills also came up with no small number of significant ideas which resulted in the first seminary for female education, the first normal school, and the first engineering college, in America. And a whole parcel of unique notions such as two of Vermont's greatest female education, the first normal school, called by him "Complex Marriage," about which, a little reflection may suggest, there is nothing too new.

The Moral of the Story

That greatest of 18th century minds, whose understanding of early America has never been surpassed, Alexis de Tocqueville, has a most pertinent paragraph that should be quoted here as sort of an apology for my notions. He writes:

"There is one sort of patriotic attachment which principally arises from that instinctive, disinterested, and undefinable feeling which connects the affections of a man with his birthplace. This natural fondness is united with a taste for ancient customs and a reverence for traditions of the past; those who cherish it love their country as they love the mansion of their fathers. They love the tranquility that it affords them; they cling to the peaceful habits that they have contracted within its bosom; they are attached to the reminiscences that it awakens... it is a kind of religion."

Yet it is not all sentiment and faith. There still exists in Vermont today the pervasive spirit of individual enterprise and individual effort. Whilst this may be old-fashioned and out-moded, original thinking, it seems to me, can not yet be done by a bloc or a committee. It is, we hope, still a lone process. While recent history proves that it took thousands of men to bring about the results of the Manhattan project and of Los Alamos, it was the original seminal mental power of one man, Einstein, that started it all.

This good climate of opinion and public attitude, most conducive to individual thinking, is still working in Vermont. There is this... and there is also still some actual room to think in. While our present population is 377,000, this has not grown much for 50 years (not in quantity I mean) and the whole state is thus about as big in numbers as the city of Memphis, Tennessee. Thus, we could hardly be called crowded.

Vermont is still a good place to be contrary in. The climate of opinion has not changed too much from the time when it produced those men of genius. It is still working in Vermont.

Nor can I dismiss lightly the demolishing theory of Richard Hofstadter in his recent... and very perspicacious book The Age of Reform. Here the author describes what he calls the rural myth. This was the feeling that everyone born and raised in the country was somehow noble, honest, able and lofty in both sentiment and action. As false, of course, as the colloquy that everyone in the city is wicked, sinful, immoral and snobbish.

Dr. Hofstadter declares that, "much of America still longs for... indeed expects again to see a return of the older individualism and the older isolation..."

This is, of course, true. Much of America can still long to evoke the mood and spirit of the individual... and in vain. And for a very simple reason: if the word much means the majority, the rather potent truth is that creative thinking and individual action are and must be confined to the minority. There are a few today and God willing, will always be a few, no matter how much "progress" we make, who must be what Dr. Reisman calls inner-directed. These are the individuals who seek a climate favorable for their thinking.

I may be unduly sentimental... unduly motivated by de Tocqueville's patriotic allurements to the land of my birth, and even wistful. But I daresay I am not alone in believing that Vermont today is a good place for a man who seeks to grow a little independence, with room in both space and time for some thinking, and for being a bit contrary in, and for dreaming in, and for doing some Vermont calculating in.

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"There’s only one place to live and that’s Vermont," said the gentleman gravely. “I know,” agreed the little girl intently, "and when I get big I’m going to move to Vermont.”

Although years of training as craftsman and effort as artist intervened, her geographic aim was achieved by Nancy Wickham, a potter whose work has won international praise. At home and at work in Woodstock since 1949, she recalls vividly the pledge she made to herself in that long-ago conversation.

The gentleman happened to be the governor of Vermont (Nancy was too young to care about his name), and the occasion was the ground breaking for a dam near Waterbury in the ’30s. With her father, Nancy had been hiking on nearby Camel’s Hump. Since the countryside that day headed for the damsite, the hikers were close behind. During a lull in the ceremonies, Dad introduced himself and the young New York girl to the chief of state. The governor then gave his well-remembered advice.

Washington’s Birthday seven years ago provided her turning point. With characteristic energy, Nancy had taken a week end for skiing from her growing Workshop in New York’s Greenwich Village. Between runs on Suicide Six she and her fiancé, Walter Boyd, spied a vacant brick blacksmith shop and house in the center of Woodstock. The place was for sale, they learned.

Toting up their resources, the couple squeezed out a down payment. Nancy moved up in April, and the Vermont Workshop was launched. Walter followed in October, they were married and he shortly put his engineer skill to work at Springfield, 40 minutes away.

Capsuling events makes it all sound too easy. The prolonged effort to find a pottery technique of her own, which provided the reputation to move away from the city and still sell, is a rougher chapter which puts the story in truer form.

Nancy Wickham was one of a few Americans who were asked to show their pottery at a recent international festival at Cannes; she has won three prizes at National Ceramic Shows in Syracuse and her work is owned by the Museum of Modern Art and museums in Newark and Cleveland.

It took five years to win her first prize, at 24. In 1942 she answered an ad placed by a woman in Pennsylvania who said she could teach pottery-making in one week. Nancy stayed nearly a year as an assistant, learning how little she and teacher really knew. Alfred University in upstate New York is the M.I.T. and Ecole de Beaux Arts
By Michael de Sherbinin

Photographed by Hanson Carroll

Pottery can be made in several ways. The Wickham pottery uses casting, jiggering and throwing. In casting, liquid clay is poured into plaster molds; when it dries and hardens slightly, the bowl or pot is removed. Jiggering is the system used to manufacture plates and other objects. Clay turned on a wheel is fashioned by a form pressed on the rotating material. Lastly, throwing is the process of the craftsman, the inert clay lump given form as it whirls on the potter’s wheel.

To these beginnings color is added and the pot is carved or roughened by the artist. With the addition of a glaze solution the pot is ready for kiln firing, which hardens it.

All these operations have intricate technical sides—the chemical makeup of the raw clay and the slips (solutions) which color it, the temperature of the kiln and the time the pot bakes, adding up to infinite combinations of material and timing. At Alfred University all aspects are explored, so the course is part scientific, part crafts-oriented and part design-directed.

Nancy has said, "I threw hundreds of pots and used almost to cry with rage at the lifeless quality of them all. . . . Any one of the people around me could have made them."

A year of study took all the money she had, so Nancy went to New York as a designer in a pottery factory. After two years of concentrated experience she decided the time had come to open a place of her own. An old Greenwich Village structure which had been Aaron Burr’s stable (“George Washington’s horse slept there,” says Nancy) was the first Workshop, and it doubled as home.

Sleeping on a balcony overlooking shelves of pots, Nancy put in 18-hour days throwing on her wheel. Her first customer, in early ’47, was a distinguished old gentleman renowned in the pottery world. He took a
long look around and said, “It’s amazing how many different techniques you use—such a variety of color and form. There are so many pots, and none of them are really bad. But,” he concluded, “you’ll forgive me, there’s nothing here that’s very good either.”

Hard as it was to admit the truth of this judgment, Nancy agreed with him. As she has described her early work: “I had been jumping from one idea to another, trying to find something, and had failed to discover the best thing to do with one glaze and one clay.”

The next months were given to steady work with one black clay and a mat (rough, dull) glaze. When she found “the best thing to do,” she won her first National Ceramic prize, that fall. Persistent experimenting had shown how to do what she terms “the most natural thing” with a black clay that is fired at a low heat (2000 degrees), the design rubbed or drawn in color. The subdued, rough-textured pieces with a “ring” like stoneware have set her apart as a creative artist. Her pottery containers do not try to compete with the natural beauty of fruit and flowers they hold, but set off nature’s hues, she points out.

The prize was won, but the bank balance was low. Exhibiting another of her talents, Nancy systematically analyzed the business. She decided that pots and vases were all well and good, but what people were infinitely more anxious to buy—in a house building boom—were lamps. Skilled as craftsman and designer, she turned to dimensions and technical problems of lamps, developing pleasing and practical forms while designing kiln shelves and other production needs.

The next year the Workshop flourished in New York, and her reputation was made. When the move to Vermont
came, many city friends turned to and helped set up a pottery studio in what had been a blacksmith shop in the brick barn at Woodstock.

"Vermont," Nancy says, "is a magical word. Almost everybody in New York dreams ideally of getting to the country, so all kinds of people helped." They worked on the 1812 house with 14 rooms and replaced expensive experts in putting up the kiln.

The first years were a continual rush, and things haven’t changed much in 1956. In 1949 Nancy used to load a station wagon full of lamps and drive them to the city Workshop to sell. By and by she added a tasteful gift shop stock in Woodstock, so the place now features much attractive merchandise and hand-crafted work along with a selection of distinctive Wickham lamps and pots.

The shop takes a lot of time, though, even with two able helpers to sell and occasionally help in the studio. The showroom pulls the Workshop through spells of no pottery-making which occur as Nancy strives to fill her other roles as mother of two small children and housewife. "A craftsman needs a business to depend on," she says realistically. The place also enables acquaintances to come and see her work, perhaps buy a gift or two, "without the obligation to comment" on the pottery. She thinks it takes time for some people to get used to her creations.

Her work is sold almost entirely in Woodstock nowadays. "People come to Vermont to buy," she says. She has almost cut out sales through wholesalers because an unpredictable work schedule may keep her from meeting a delivery date. "The baby sitter’s car gets bunged up; the children get sick," she explains.

Nancy’s husband, Walter Boyd, keeps an amused but perceptive eye on the operations of the shop. He checks the books and gives advice on management. Walter, 35, is a graduate of M.I.T. and now heads an engineering section at Bryant Chucking Grinder Co., a Springfield machine tool firm which employs 750.

The Boyds “keep busy.” His responsible job causes Walter to get up shortly after 5 a.m., to get to work at 7. He gets back to Woodstock about 7 p.m., just in time to tuck in red-headed John, who’ll soon be 4, and Elizabeth, now 2½. Despite this schedule the couple recently worked out plans for an intricate and impressive revision of their kitchen, in a try to win a national magazine contest. And Walter is scrutinizing blueprints for an ice boat he is thinking of making.

Nancy ticks off the aspects of her many-sided life: Mother, housewife, artist, craftsman, pottery workman, buyer and gift shop manager. She sums it up with a comparison to the precision vaudeville acrobat who bounces up and down on a bedspring-like apparatus. “It’s like living on a trampoline, do you know what I mean? I go up in the air as one person and often come down as another.”

Whatever may be the trampoline acrobat’s opinion of his life, it seems to agree with Nancy.
"The Hampshire Grants . . . abound in the most active and rebellious race of the Continent."

Gen. John Burgoyne, 1777