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When we think of Vermont birds, we think of bobolinks over lush meadows of spring or of the chorus of thrushes at twilight on wooded Mt. Mansfield. We think of songbirds, of land birds. For the state of Vermont consists almost entirely of land. Of its nearly 10,000 square miles, only 340 are composed of water.

Yet anytime from early May far into June, if you approach the small cluster of The Four Brothers islands, only about three and a half miles off Shelburne Point in central Lake Champlain, you'll find yourself in the midst of a scene reminiscent of the ocean shore. The air is filled with gulls. In a white cloud, thousands of screaming birds mill about your boat. They comprise a nesting colony of ring-bills that has been increasing year by year for more than a decade.

Three and a half centuries ago, on the spring day when Samuel de Champlain discovered the lake that bears his name, he was accompanying a party of Hurons and Algonquins, then at war with the Iroquois. A naturalist as well as an explorer, Champlain noted the wildlife he encountered. The fact that he was impressed by the number of gulls he saw at the time is reflected in the name he bestowed on one of the principal rivers flowing through northern Vermont and emptying into Lake Champlain. He called it La Mouette, the French for gull, a name that in succeeding years became corrupted into Lamoille.
Fluffy baby ring-bills develop a wanderlust early and very soon hazard attack by their neighbors to reach the water's edge. Then they go on alone to explore this new, wet world. First they learn to float and swim. Only later, when their pinions have grown and strengthened and white feathers have replaced their spotted fluff, will they try flying.
Today, a county as well as a river bears this name. Two centuries after Champlain, it was John James Audubon’s opinion that the ring-bill was the most abundant gull in North America. In appearance, it suggests a smaller herring gull—the bird usually referred to as “the seagull”—but the dark band that completely encircles the yellow bill of the adult distinguishes it from the larger bird. Its flight is more buoyant and airy than that of the heavier herring gull. The ringbill, also, is more likely to be found inland, on lakes and along the larger streams.

During the days of the atrocious plume trade, in the latter years of the nineteenth century, when millions of feathered creatures were slaughtered to provide milliners with decorations for hats, the wings of these gulls were in special demand. By the time they were finally protected by the Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918, their numbers had been vastly reduced. It has been only in comparatively recent years that their dramatic comeback has been achieved. Now it is estimated that eighty or ninety percent of the gulls on Lake Champlain are ring-bills. At some season of the year, these birds are found virtually from coast to coast as well as along both the Atlantic and Pacific shores.

At the Four Brother islands, it is the largest and most central one that the gulls have chosen for their nesting

Each family on the island has its own and fiercely guarded nest area. At left, adults fly in from a foraging trip.
area. The colony occupies the northeastern half of this eight-acre island. Here the land is higher, open and grassy, free of trees and bordered on the east by a cliff. The nests are densely concentrated but a few feet apart, each pair guarding against intrusion of its territory by either adults or young. Almost always the ring-billed gulls establish their nesting colonies on islands. There the eggs and young, two or three in each nest, are safe from foxes, skunks, weasels and other land predators. Also on islands civilization is less likely to encroach on the birds. Ring-bills far more quickly than herring gulls desert their nesting areas when they are disturbed.

James D. Stewart, biologist of the Vermont Fish and Game Department, has kept the Four Brothers gulls under observation for a number of years. He has seen their numbers grow from a few hundred, in 1949, to "a conservative 4,000" today. Each year a few herring gulls raise their young around the perimeter of the ring-bills' nesting area. Their eggs are laid two or three weeks earlier than those of the ring-bills. A flourishing colony of black-crowned night herons occupies the treetops of a smaller, more wooded neighboring island.

It is during their nesting period that the gulls, like other birds, are most active in gathering food. Parents of some species travel staggering distances day after day while feeding their young. In the course of a single day a chimney swift may fly as much as 100 miles gathering insects from the air for its brood. The white pelicans nesting on islands in the Great Salt Lake in Utah make hundred-mile round trips to fish in fresh water in order to supply food for their hungry young. Over Lake Champlain the gulls are on the wing all day long and far into the evening, alert for the minnows and small smelt they carry back to their nestlings.

The diet of the ring-bill is infinitely more varied than that of the herring gull. Both are scavengers as well as hunters of living food. But the smaller ring-bills wander

*Baby gull, which has strayed from his own nest area, receives a tongue-lashing from his exasperated parents.*

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Sunrise sentinels perch precariously on a dead tree while others, below, fly off in search of breakfast.
inland over fields and meadows, sometimes hawking about like swallows to snap flying grasshoppers and beetles from the air, at other times following plows to obtain the insects and earthworms that are brought to the surface. Through their destruction of agricultural pests, these birds are of considerable economic importance. They often follow ships miles from land to feed on refuse thrown overboard. Along the shore, they occasionally run about in the manner of sandpipers, picking up small crustaceans from the wet beach. Often times they assemble in screaming flocks at town dumps and in the West they have been observed feeding along highways on ground squirrels killed by automobiles. This versatility in securing food is considered a mark of the ring-bill’s intelligence.

After the nesting season is over the members of the Lake Champlain colony break up into small flocks, leading a more leisurely life, using rocky points and shoals as resting places. At such times the white birds are often seen ten or a dozen miles inland. Some wander forty or fifty miles from the water of the lake. They may sometimes be encountered flying over fields in the very shadow of Mt. Mansfield and the chain of the Green Mountains. During the summer many move northward along the St. Lawrence River and into Canada. But with the coming of winter the birds turn south, frequently following the waterway of the lower Hudson River to the coast.

Thousands of nestlings have been banded at the Lake Champlain colony. These bands have helped trace the winter movement of the gulls. Some have been found as far away as Florida and even the Gulf Coast of Texas. But when the ice breaks up at the end of winter the gulls come drifting back. In the warm days of May the Four Brothers islands once more take on the animation, the sound and movement, the special interest that is imparted by their city of nesting gulls.

Thousands of gulls darken the sunset sky above the Four Brothers.
COINING MONEY to make money was a legal, private enterprise in Vermont just as it was in Connecticut and New Jersey. The Vermonter who “made a mint” lived in Rupert, and his name was Reuben Harmon, Jr.

During the period of the confederacy between the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution in 1788, mints were established in these three states-to-be by individuals who petitioned their respective legislatures to grant them the right to coin money. All coined copper pennies.

Evidence points to a scarcity of small coins throughout the country at that time, and in Vermont, so far from the business centers, doubtless this was felt most severely. The independent republic of Vermont authorized coinage in June 1785. Connecticut followed in October of that year and New Jersey in June of 1786. Massachusetts also established a mint that October but it was conducted by the government itself, not as a private enterprise.

The United States mint was not established until 1792, and a hodgepodge of foreign gold and silver was in circulation, most of it Spanish-made in Mexico. Since these coins were generally acceptable and local silver mines were non-existent, no state silver coinage was done in the North. Much of the copper used probably came from Granby, Connecticut, (copper was not mined in Vermont until 1793).

Upon his petition, Vermont’s General Assembly granted Reuben Harmon the exclusive right to coin copper within the state for two years, beginning July 1, 1885 and the period was later extended. Under the act security was required, and a bond of 5,000 pounds was executed to Ira Allen, state treasurer, with another Rupert man and two Dorset natives as bondsmen.

After much expense in erecting a small building in East Rupert and considerable delay in obtaining the necessary machinery, Harmon got his mint into operation. It was located on a small stream, now called Hagar Brook, which crosses Route 30 and empties into the Mettawee River. An Historic Sites marker now indicates the spot.

The sixteen by eighteen foot building was constructed of rough clapboards and was left unpainted. At one end stood the furnace for melting the copper and machinery for rolling the metal into planchets (discs ready to be stamped into coins). In the middle was the cutting machinery, and at the other end the coins were stamped. The dies were pressed by means of an iron screw attached to heavy timbers above, and these were moved by hand with the aid of ropes. Sixty coppers per minute could be stamped, although usually only thirty were made at once.

The mint building is still standing, but was moved a couple of miles north some years ago to what is now the Graf farm on Route 30 south of Pawlet. Here it has been used as an undistinguished outbuilding. The owner, Robert Graf, remembers as a boy finding a few coppers when it was moved.

There is no record that any of the machinery was saved. It appears to have been destroyed in about 1800, when it was found in the woods on the side of Rupert’s Mt. Antony, where, people believed, it was being used by counterfeiters.

Because of the expense of getting started, Harmon in 1786 requested a two-year extension and was granted a total of eight years by the Assembly. During the first three years he was to be free from paying compensation to the state for the coinage privilege, but after that he was to pay the state two-and-a-half percent of all the copper coined. As it turned out Harmon never had to pay the state anything, since his mint ceased operation before the three years were up.

Harmon was not alone in the enterprise. Several other men moved to Rupert from New York and Connecticut to become associated with him. Among them were two goldsmiths and a William Buel from New Haven whose father was connected with the Connecticut mint (which discontinued operation in 1787). Buel brought with him the original dies used by his father and these resulted in Vermont’s second issue of 1787–88. It was very similar to the Connecticut coin and entirely different from the original Vermont issue.

Thirty-five varieties of Vermont coins apparently were struck at the Rupert mint, and a thirty-sixth may have recently come to light. The Bennington Museum, with the most complete collection, has the thirty-five varieties and a total of ninety-eight on display. The Vermont Historical Society has twenty-seven varieties in Montpelier. Private collectors in the field include General M. S. Newton of Brattleboro who has twenty-five varieties. Thus the concluding statement about the mint in Hemenway’s “Vermont Historical Gazetteer” published in 1868 seems rather ironical now: “Specimens of Harmon’s copper coin are now rare if to be found at all.” Since colonial coins are rarely sold on the open market today and are found primarily at coin auctions, it is almost impossible to assess their worth. But according to the 1963 Yeoman’s “A Guide Book of U.S. Coins,” which lists only twelve varieties, the Vermont coins
A selection of Vermont pennies from the Vermont Historical Society collection, is displayed against the original Vermont legislative act of 1785 which, noting that Reuben Harmon had purchased a quantity of suitable copper, granted him the right to mint coins. The manuscript act is reproduced by courtesy of the Secretary of State.

range from $9 to $250 depending on condition and rarity.

The Vermont cents were poor in workmanship and crudely designed. The dies, cut by the aforementioned goldsmiths and by William Buel, had distinct patterns for the first and second issues. Those minted, under the first contract, in 1785 and 1786 were most appropriate to Vermont for one side bore a rising sun behind wooded mountains with a plough in a field below. The legend read VERMONTIUM RES. PUBLICA (The Republic of Vermont). The reverse showed an eye within a small circle from which twenty-six rays, thirteen long and thirteen short, radiated with the long intersecting a circle of thirteen stars. On this side the legend read STELLA QUARTA DECIMA (The Fourteenth Star). This legend indicates that although Vermont considered herself an independent republic she had aspirations of becoming the fourteenth star in the federal flag, which she did six years later.

The coins under the second issue (1787-88) bore variations of a bust in profile and the motto AUCTORITATE VERMONTENSIUM (By Authority of Vermont). On the other side was the figure of a seated woman and the legend INDE * ET * LIB (Independence and Liberty). The reason for such a complete change in design might be this: A bust was the more traditional device and was used on Connecticut coppers and on British half-pennies. Vermont coin so designed might be more acceptable in neighboring states and gain wider circulation.

The number of pennies coined and put into circulation is unknown, but it was not more than Harmon could dispose of in very limited quantities to a sparse and scattered population. The last were issued in 1788, only three years after the mint was started.

"Making a mint" must have turned out an unprofitable venture for the Rupert resident. But Reuben Harmon Jr. never could have continued to operate his mint for the allotted eight years anyway. Vermont ceased to be a republic and became the fourteenth state in 1791, and the United States mint was established the next year in Philadelphia to issue American coins.
Traffic wavered on busy U.S. 5 one sunny day last August. Travelers gaped at the sight of a kilted band—bagpipes skirling, plaids flaring—advancing briskly across “Islandside,” a long, verdant meadow in Barnet.

Scotland the Brave, wailed the pipes, drums giving smart accent to the tempo. Many a Barnet oldster swallowed hard, Cock O’ the North, Highland Laddie, Bonnie Dundee. Sandy-haired youngsters of the town, blue eyes goggling through the fence of the drill field, felt a fast tick of the heart; their first swell of pride in ancestry... Scottish ancestry.

This was Barnet’s birthday—the Bicentennial of the granting of its charter in 1763. And it celebrated last year in the
way that rural Vermonters note their sentimental anniversaries.

A parade from Barnet Village, led by a band, wound its way down an old Indian trail, now expanded to a major highway, to “Islandside” by the Connecticut River. Ancient conveyances, still able to wobble on old wheels, had been dragged out of cobweb-draped storage under barns. Late into the night before, in many a barnyard, men and women had trimmed them up with greens or flowers, crepe paper or bunting. Some drawn by old plow horses, some by oxen, bore townsfolk who, dressed a little self-consciously in costumes of another age, posed in tableaux depicting events, scenes and institutions of the past. Ver-
Bearded Celebration chairman David Warden visits with Governor Hoff and Barre Highlander, Christine Smollet.

Mont's governor was there, too, perched on the back seat of a convertible in celebrity style. Beside him, Dave Warden, young, slender, energetic chairman of the Bicentennial sat under a tall beaver hat, receiving comments from the spectators on the luxurious red beard he had grown for the occasion; he is the 6th generation to live on the farm established by Scotland-born William Warden. Venerable descendants of ancestors dating back to Barnet's wilderness days rode proudly together in the most elegant cars the town could provide. Among the distinguished were former U. S. Senator Ralph Flanders, a Gilfillan descendant, and Alfred Mays, Clerk of Barnet, England's Urban Council, come to pay the respects of the world's only other Barnet.

The three-day observance was filled with festivities in which most of the town's 1500 inhabitants took part. There were Scottish drills, dances, stories and songs. But the bagpipe has no past in Barnet; no native has ever fast-fingered a strathspey or would know a drone from a chanter. So the band had to be imported for the occasion.

Not all of Barnet's present and future belongs to the Scots, nor does its past. When the township was granted by Benning Wentworth to 65 proprietors in 1763, the Scotsmen who were to settle here still were under English domination in the homeland. They were not to hear of Barnet for another ten years.

A small settlement was started here in 1770 by the three Stevens brothers at the foot of Stevens River Falls. The Scots entered the picture four years later.

Scotland had been seething with discontent from the beginning of the 18th century when the English Act of Settlement in 1701 had excluded the Stuart family from royal succession. Defeat in the battle of Culloden Moor ended all attempts at a Stuart restoration. Peace and order prevailed thereafter, but not contentment.

Now began a mass emigration from both the highlands and lowlands of Scotland, lasting well into the 19th century and until whole areas of the country were depopulated. Against this background the United Company of Farmers (for the shires of Perth and Stirling) was formed. It sent as agents Alexander Harvey and John Clark "to go over to America to examine Grounds on said continent for their Behoof."

After many months of looking at land in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and some astute bargaining with one of the Stevens proprietors, they bought 7,000 acres on the west side of Barnet on October 9, 1774 at 14 pence an acre. Factors leading to the choice of Barnet were the good land at a favorable price, the fact that another Scottish company had recently bought land and started settlement in neighboring Ryegate and that much here reminded them of the misty glens, sparkling tarns, dark forests and masses of hills at home.

Clark returned to Scotland and is lost to history but Harvey settled in Barnet. He held many public offices and was "sober, virtuous, obliging and honest." He soon married and in time begat thirteen children. Many in Barnet trace their lines back to him.

Once the purchase was made, Scots began pouring in: John McLaren, Claud Stuart, Robert Brock, Andrew Lackie—stonecutters, weavers, carpenters, soap- and candle chandlers. There was hardly
pioneer days passes Stevens River Falls was made 1770 in Barnet.

4-H Club Indian maidens from Barnet Village assemble to march in the parade. Much of the town took part.

The floats and main parade wended Barnet Village’s streets to the “Islandside” meadowland by the Connecticut.
a farmer among them, yet all who stayed on became successful farmers.

When the American Revolution broke out in 1775, the migration of Scots to Barnet was thwarted by the British authorities at Boston. Some returned disheartened by the next boat to Scotland; others hopefully waited out the war in Nova Scotia. Those who did make it through to Barnet espoused the rebel's cause thoroughly, the British being their adversary of old. They joined the local patrols and helped to man the Barnet blockhouse. In 1777, ten Scotsmen from Barnet and Ryegate under the command of Col. Frye Bayley of Newbury took part in a raid on the Hudson River, sinking eleven boats and two scows bearing provisions to Burgoyne's army. Of these Scots, Col. Bayley said, "They would keep their posts 'til sunrise without a murmur. They were fine fellows who knew how to obey."

At the war's end, Barnet was unscathed. Every week saw new arrivals from Scotland, come to build their "city" across the sea. From Balfron and Kippen, Glasgow and Aberford, from Dundee and Argyllshire, from many of the towns in the shires of Perth and Stirling. They came on their own resources, too; there is no evidence that the United Farmers, that had purchased the land, gave them any financial assistance. Some of the young unmarried men worked out passage before the mast, while others were furnished the money for the trip by Scots already settled in the town, and they paid back the advances in work.

Roads were poor, transportation costly and primitive. The possessions they brought with them were those that could be crammed in a few trunks.

Many walked all the way from Boston to Barnet. Bartholomew Somers, later known as "Red Bart" for his red hair and to distinguish him from the two other "Bart" Somers in the town, attempted to run the distance. A youth of sixteen when he disembarked at Boston, he started on a dead run for Barnet, believing it to be close by. It took him a week on foot.

Many paused at the older settlements of Haverhill, New Hampshire, and Newbury "to learn Yankee ways" before moving on to the Barnet frontier. They seem to have learned well from their hosts, who accepted these honest and
industrious folk readily. There was friendly communion between Yankees and Scots from the first.

Soon all the land in Barnet was taken up. Virgin forest was hacked down and burned to clear land for cultivation. Indians, French and English were no longer a threat to peaceful existence, and the frontier moved on, past Barnet.

Wood was plentiful and cheap, and with up-and-down sawmills plying on stream, they could abandon the mouldering cabins for new and larger homes. With stone aplenty in the fields one might expect a miniature Scotland, dotted with snug stone houses such as they had left behind in the highlands. But wooden frame and plank houses were cheaper and quicker to build and were warmer, sufficient reasons to duplicate the prevailing colonial style. Two or three stone houses were built in Barnet of which only one, “Kilfasset,” remains today. Befittingly restored, it is so charming that one regrets there were not more nonconformists.

Just before the turn of the century, William Gilkerson built it for his future bride, Agnes Somers of Cambuslang—a home such as they may have dreamed about as young lovers in Scotland. Its weathered walls of field stone and ashlar are three-feet thick. A fireplace graces each of the four corner rooms on the first floor. The two flues in each gable end converge upward and toward each other to rise at each end above a long, pitched roof into broad, short chimneys. Deeply recessed windows have small-paned sashes flush with outside walls. The great kitchen fireplace is framed in paneling of mellowed pine.

As they prospered, the Scots sent back to Scotland for treasures left behind. James Galbraith on one trip brought back five brass works clocks, one of which is still in good working order on the old home farm in East Barnet now occupied by his great-grandson, Ora Bailey. A grandfather’s clock from Scotland, whose ticking was heard by the first McLaren to be born on the farm, still tolls the hour for his great-great-grandson, Merrill McLaren.

Some of the young men sent back to Scotland for their brides, and as recently as World War II, Barnet-born Elden Gilfillan brought his bride back from Scotland. In all of Barnet today, there are only two whose speech has the tang
of Scotland: Mrs. Gilfillan and Mrs. Annie Welch of West Barnet, both Scotland-born. Although the Scots continued to migrate to Barnet until the 1850s—after which the opening of the West presumably offered greater opportunities—not even the oldest Barnet resident can remember ancestors who retained the accent.

What remains in Barnet today to recall old Scotland? The family names for one thing—the Barnet telephone directory reads something like the census of 1790—Brock, Blair, Gilchrist, Harvey, McLaren, Somers, Stuart, Warden... And then there is the look of Scots in the framework of their faces, in frequently-recurring red hair. For some there has been no break in the blood lines, and most are predominantly Scotch.

Dairying is the principle employment, and there are no industries remaining in Barnet that are uniquely Scottish, but Scots are said to have introduced oatmeal mills in town. During the terrible, barren summer of 1816 oats was one of the few crops to survive the snows and frosts. The famished came to Barnet from all surrounding towns to buy oatmeal.

Few sheep now graze on Barnet hills, yet at one time they outnumbered the Scots, manifold. One bit of fare, then as common in Barnet as in Scotland, no longer graces the table. This is haggis. Although Burns devoted a whole poem "To a Haggis," in praise of "the great chieftain of the puddin' race," the writer can devote only one word to it: "ugh!" For those who will not let fastidiousness stand in the way of acquiring a new taste, the recipe is available to those who write to VERMONT LIFE. Whatever the popularity today of haggis, good Scotch barley broth and oat cakes are still favored at Barnet supper tables.

Enter any of Barnet's three Presbyterian churches and Scotland does not seem far removed. The oldest, at Barnet Center and built in 1849, is the third since 1788 to occupy that most beautiful site. An ancient graveyard clings to the hill which falls away from the church. In this day when so much is made of separation of church and state it is surprising to learn that the voters at a legal town meeting in 1784 unanimously elected to have the Presbyterian form of worship. Not only that, but special assessments were levied on all taxpayers to help support the Presbyterian minister until 1801, when other denominations began to organize in the town. The first established minister, as well, received 340 acres of free land.

David Goodwillie was this first minister to accept the call. He was one of three recommended by the Associated Synod of Scotland. His remarkable ministry lasted from 1790 until 1830, when his son, Thomas, succeeded him and held the pastorate until 1867—a total of 78 years for father and son. This church was known in its early days as the "Seceder” church, the Associate Presbyterian having seceded from the established church of Scotland in 1727. Today it is no longer sternly Calvinistic as in the early days, when wayward members were "compeared"—rebuked before the congregation on the Sabbath, but today’s late arrivals do hazard the disapproving glances of the congregation.

The former parsonage, built in 1790, is the second oldest house standing in Barnet. Its restrained colonial style and long, pitched roof is reminiscent of Scotland. Still known as the Goodwillie house, it was used as an underground station for runaway slaves, and has a false chimney base in the cellar.

The Covenanter church, officially the Reformed Presbyterian Church, is located at a sparsely-settled crossroads in a western part of Barnet known as Mosquitoville, not because of the pesky insect, but because surveyors so named it for the diminutive size of the settlement. This church is very Scotch in tradition—very Calvinistic, and the building, erected in 1831, is most severe in style, with no steeple or bell. Historically Covenanters accede to several strong prohibitions: no instrumental music in
The United Presbyterian at Barnet Center is the oldest of three Scottish churches in the region. It is the third built since 1788 on this most sightly location, and was erected 1849.

the service, no hymns, no holding of public office involving an oath to the Constitution, since this might hinder free criticism of evils in the civil government. Even the exercising of the franchise is disapproved, but no longer forbidden. Members tithe.

In place of hymns, psalms of the strictest orthodoxy are sung in the Covenanter Church. The pitch is taken from a tuning fork. Until recent years, members were required to present an identifying token in order to receive communion.

A walk through any of Barnet's older cemeteries—all so scenically located that a poet must have picked the sites—emphasizes the Scottish past. "Born in Scotland—Died in Barnet" is repeated again and again. Here and there a stone bears the chiseled thistle of the Highlands. In the Barnet Center Cemetery lies Mary Page between her two Scottish husbands, both from Aberdeen: Here is William Johnston who fought as an American soldier in battles of the Revolution, witnessed the execution of Major Andre, and captured a British soldier, Alexander Emsley, who later became Mrs. Johnston's second husband. Here, too, lies buried the great-great-grandmother of Alexander Gilchrist of Barnet Village. As a young girl she watched the battle of Culloden Moor in which her father fought. And in the West Barnet Cemetery, on that lovely hill that his wife picked for a burying ground while gathering brush, rests Claud Stuart who had himself fought in the famous battle. Under the pines in the McIndoes cemetery is buried Silas Kelly whose wife from the Scottish Highlands spoke only Gaelic. His stone credits him with soldiering in the unrecorded War of 1813.

None alive today can recall Silas, but some do remember his son, Rob Kelly, who shares the family plot in McIndoes with his wife. He would have buried his horse there, too, but community indignation prevented it.

Perhaps the most winsome touch of old Scotland is the pretty little brook that splashes down through the wood to flow under Route 5. A sign calls to the attention of the passerby, "Water Endrich," named long ago by a sentimental Scot for the stream of dear memory in his native Balfron.

Thanks be that the Scots never realized their dream of building a city in this pastoral countryside. But here in Barnet, County of Caledonia—the old Roman name for Scotland—their hope of improving their condition and securing better advantages for their children was fully granted.
The name of this event is misleading. It's not a coon trial at all. Except for an occasional anxious moment when the hounds jiggle his tree, the coon is obviously bored with the whole affair. Nor are the dogs under any particular stress. They're doing what comes naturally and they're having a ball. It's the owners, the tense, knuckle-gnawing, tooth-gritting owners, who suffer.

This trial took place in a wooded pasture. First order of business for the officials was chopping down some trees to make room for the hole in which to set a tree that had been chopped down and tugged across the pasture. That done, the coon was placed, cage and all, high in the tree.

The race began. At a signal from a judge the Dragman trotted away from the starting line, dragging a sackful of coon droppings. Next, some hounds were brought up. At another signal they were released on the scent... the object of the race being to see if the Dragman with his headstart can reach the coon tree before the hounds catch him. (Somebody tried to tell me that's not the point of the game at all, but with my own eyes I saw it, so I know what I'm talking about.) The Dragman won that heat by a nose. By the fourth heat, however, the bottom was worn completely off the sack, and the Dragman, too, so both were replaced with fresh ones.

The dogs have two more chances to win, though. First dog to cross between the two line judges is Line dog, and first dog to reach the tree—and bark up it—is Tree dog.

One dog loped in. Ignoring the dogs leaping at the coon tree, he trotted to another tree. "Hey, dog!" drawled someone behind me. "There ain't no coon up that tree!" The dog shinnied the trunk and disappeared among the branches. "Haw!" snorted someone else. "He ain't gonna take your word for it!"

In another race the hounds found the tree all right. But they leaped at it silently while owners and spectators waited breathlessly for the winning "tree bark." One hound jumped too high and landed on his neighbor. His unhappy cushion promptly voiced his disapproval. "That wasn't a tree bark, that was a fightin' bark!" bawled an owner. "It was a bark just the same!" retorted another. The judges settled it. No Tree dog.

The job of judge, I'd say, is about as thankless a task as Town Meeting Moderator. "You decide everything as fair as you can," commented one old judge sadly, "and it's a cinch you won't please more'n two people at a time."

End of the event. I'm told, is a free-for-all. Among the dogs, I presume. I'm sorry I couldn't stay longer. I wanted to see the part where the losing owners fed the judges to the hounds.
Will he bark? First hound to do so wins Tree Dog award. The coon is bored.
The varied greens of rolling fields and woodlands, the rich blue of cloud-tufted skies and of shining water—these are the colors of a Vermont summer's day.

The cool tones would be tiresome all alone. But here too, are warm accents which complete a picture and delight the eye. Even translated to black and white the mind can sense them.

Here is the soft pink of May's apple blossoms, the meadow carpeted in the transitory dandelion's yellow. Even man's own handiwork complements the scene. The simple lines of old buildings stand out in clean white against the trees and sky.

Along a lake shore the tenacious green cedars top the rugged stone, which itself glimmers tan and dark red in the slanting sunlight.

Not always must nature's beauty be defaced by human's presence. Here an old mill dam forms its own quiet pool and flashing waterfall below. The staunch wooden bridge, arched across, contributes more than sentiment to the scene.

An old country lane twists out of sight in the woodland's edge, beckoning the leisurely explorer toward a cool and quiet place of remembered beauty. Nearby the broad new highway rolls easily along the sightly, high contours of a wide river valley. This, then, is a picture of a Vermont summer's day, shown on these and the following five pages.
About this picture

Ottauquechee River Bridge,
North Hartland—winston pote

Winston Pote, Lancaster, N. H., came upon this typical Vermont covered bridge by accident when he and his wife stopped by the railroad station to eat lunch. While digesting scenery and sandwiches, the weather cleared. This telephoto shot, taken with a 5 x 7 Linhof camera on E-3 Ektachrome, resulted. The setting was 1/25th second at f.22. The old lattice-truss bridge was rebuilt nine years ago by the state highway department.

Prints for Framing
This is the last published in a series of four large seasonal color pictures which have appeared in Vermont Life. Unfolded prints of the scene, with no backing type matter, are available at 60c each plus 20c postage and handling. Previously published are: Autumn, First Snow on Camel’s Hump, Huntington—Stephen Warner; Winter, Burke Hollow—Winston Pote; and Spring, Sugaring, Pleasant Valley—Winston Pote.
Town road,
Bethel—
HANSON
CARROLL
Interstate 89 and U.S. 2 near Bolton Gorge, Waterbury

D. Wiedenmayer for Vt. Highway Dept.

SUMMER 1964 • 33
VERMONT LIFE'S CALENDAR OF Summer Events

NOTE: All dates are inclusive. This data was compiled last winter, so is subject to change, and not complete. Write Publicity Director, Vermont Development Department, for detailed information, supplementary free list and highway map.

CONTINUING EVENTS


April 4: Pownal: Race Track Opens
To Dec. 1: Bennington-Battle Monument.
To Sept. 1: Orwell-Museum (exc. Mon.).
To Sept. 15: Ferry-Chippman Pt.-Wright
To Nov. 22: Ferry-Larabee's Pt.-Ticonderoga
To Oct. 15: Barre-Maple Museum
To Oct. 31: Graniteville-Craftsmn Ctr. Tours (Mon.-Fri.) Quarry Tours, 8:30-5
To Sept. 7: Burlington-Beach Campsite
To Oct. 15: Brownnington-Old Stone House
To Oct. 17: Chester-Art Guild.
To Oct. 18: Proctor-Marble Exhibit
To Oct. 20: Shelburne-Museum
May 28-Oct. 31: Manchester-Skyline Dr.
May 28-Dec. 30: Lake Champlain Ferries-Burlington-Port Kent, N.Y., Grand Isle-Plattsburgh, N.Y., Charlotte-Essex, N.Y.
May 29-Oct. 12: State Parks
May 30-Sept. 7: Websterville-Granite Quarry Tours (exc. Sun.), 8-5
May 30-Sept. 30: Green Mt. Forest Areas
May 30-Oct. 15: Morrisville-Museum
June 1-Oct. 15: Fairlee-Maple Museum (closed Tues., Holi. & Nov.).
June 1-Oct. 15: Bennington-Museum (closed Jan., Feb.).
June 1-May 30: Greensboro-Vermont Folk Art Ctr. (Mon.-Fri.) Quarry Tours, 8:30-5
June 23-Aug. 25: Barre-Stock Car Races, 2:15
July 6-31 Barre-Maple Museum

RECURRING EVENTS

Apr. 2-Nov. 20: Reading-Historic House (Thurs.)
May 23-Sept. 6: Lake Bomoseen-Fleet Series
May 30-Sept. 7: Grafton-Historical Society Museum (Sun. & Hol.), 2-4; Bristol-Band Concerts (Wed.), 8
May 30-Oct. 10: W. Townsend-Baked Goods Sale (Sat. & Sun.)
June 6-Oct. 3: Brownsville-Suppers (Sat.), 5:30
June 7-30: E. Poultney-Hist. Mus. (Sun.), 2-5
June 14-Sept. 6: Burlington-Band Concerts, Battery Park (Sun. exc. Aug. 23, Sept. 1)
June 20-Sept. 13: North Troy-Jay Peak Chair Lift (exc. Tues.)
June 23-Aug. 25: Barre-Band Concerts (Tues.), 7:45
June 24-Aug. 19: Brattleboro-Block Dance (every 2nd Wed.)
June 25-Sept 6: Dorset-Caravan Theatre (Thurs.-Sun.), 8:40
June 28-Aug. 31: Grifton-One Man Group Showings, Westover Gallery
June 29-Aug. 24: Brattleboro-Band Concerts (every 2nd Mon.)
June 30-Aug. 25: Walden-Hot Dish Suppers (every 2nd Tues.), 5:30
July 1-Aug. 30: Calais-Kent Museum (Wed.-Sun.), 2-5
July 2-Aug. 30: Stowe-Summer Playhouse (Thurs.-Sun.), 8:30
July 2-Sept. 6: Weston-Playhouse (Thurs.-Sun.), 8:30; Sat. 3
July 3-Aug. 7: Middlebury-Foreign Language Dramas, 8
July 3-Aug. 16: Marlboro-Concerts, Pablo Casals (Fri., Sat. 8:30; Sun. 3), Reserv.
July 4-Aug. 29: W. Charlestown-Band Concerts (Sat.), 8:30
July 4-Sept. 7: Lake Dunmore-Races (Wed., Sat., Sun.)
July 5-31: Springfield-Art Exhibit
July 5-Aug. 2: Middlebury-Concerts (Sun.), 8
July 5-Aug. 30: Manchester-Music Series (every 2nd Sun.), 8:30
July 6-Sept. 7: Woodstock-Summer Theater (Mon.), 8:30
July 8-15: Winookski Park-St. Michaels Players (Tues.-Sat.), 8:30
July 12-Aug. 9: Winookski Park-Concerts (Sun.), 4
July 13-Aug. 3: Burlington-UMV, Austin Institute Lectures (Mon.)
July 19-Aug. 16: Calais-Old West Church, 2 (2nd Sundays)
July 26-Aug. 4, 19, 23: Plainfield-Haybarn Concerts (Sun.), 8:30
July 26-Aug. 9, 23: Manchester-Chamber Music, 3:30
Aug. 16, 19, 22, 26, 29: Bennington-Concerts, 8:15

SPECIAL EVENTS

MAY
28 Barre-Vermont Philharmonic
29-31 So. Woodstock-GMHA Rides
30 Monkton-Chicken Barbeque
Irasburg, Peacham, Rochester-Memorial Day Dinners. Burlington-UMV, Baseball, 1
30-31 Lake Bomoseen-Sailing Races
31 Barre-Stock Car Races, 2:15

JUNE
6 Enosburg Falls-Franklin Cty. Dairy Festival, 9-10
13 Woodstock-Alumni Day
14 Bellows Falls-Alumni Parade, 2
25-27 Weathersfield Ctr.-Antiques Show & Sale
26 Brandon-Garden Club Show, 2-8
26-27 Burlington-I.O.O.F. Conclave
29-July 12 So. Woodstock-Pony Clinic and Trials
30 Middlebury-Golf Championship

JULY
2-4 Pittsford-Craft Fair, Summer Festival, 10-9
2-5 Stowe-Tennis Tournament
3-4 Woodstock, Readsboro-4th Celebrations
3-5 Brattleboro-Tennis Tournament. Corinth-Bicentennial Celeb. Bristol-County A-Fair
14 Bellows Falls-Alumni Parade, 2
13 Woodstock-Alumni Day
9 Ryegate Corners-Strawberry Fest. St. Albans-Field Day & Horse Show
10-11 Newfane-Field Day & Horse Show

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11-12 Grafton—International Motorcycle Scramble
14 E. Craftsbury—Bazaar, Barn Dance
15-16 North Hero—Antiques Show, 11-9
15-17 St. Johnsbury—Craftsmen’s Fair
15-18 Orleans—Golf Championship
16-17 Barre—Sidewalk Art Show
17 Townsend—Sale & Supper, 3-5:30
17-19 Stowe—Gymkhana. So. Woodstock—GMHA Trials
18-19 Essex Jct.—Horse Show
18-26 Westminster—Art Show
19 Putney—Old Home Day
21 Pittsford—Street Fair & Supper, 2-5. Weybridge—Bazaar & Supper, 3-5
22 Addison—Auction, 10
23-25 Stowe—Juried Craft Show, Sale
24-25 Wallingford—Summer Smorgasbord, 5:30-7:30
24-26 Montpelier—Horse Show
26 Hyde Park—Chicken Barbeque, noon. Woodstock—Small Bore Rifle Tournament. Stannard—Old Home Day. Richmond—Round Church Sv., 11
30 East Corinth—Supper, 5:30
30-Aug. 1 Woodstock—Rotary Carnival
31-Aug. 2 Swanton—Annual Town Summer Festival

AUGUST

1-2 So. Woodstock—Horse Show. Londonderry—Old Home Days.
3-5 Springfield—Golf Champ.
4 Brandon—Square Dance Festival, 7:30. Thetford—Hill Village Fair, 2
4-7 Manchester—Antiques Show
5 Morgan—Bazaar & Dance, 2-9. Newport—Sugar Supper, 5
5-7 Newbury—Cracker Barrel Bazaar
5-8 Woodstock—Antiques Show
6 Peacham—Bazaar & Tea, 2:30-5. Cavendish—Sugar-on-Snow Supper, 5:30-7. Craftsbury—Shakespeare Play, 8:15
6-8 Woodbridge—Addison County Field Days
7 Canaan—Sugar Social, 7. Greensboro—Shakespeare Play, 8:15
7-9 Bradford—Exposition
8-9 Burlington—Tri-State Golf Match
9-16 Stowe—Tennis Tournament
10-16 So. Woodstock—Horsemanship Clinic
11 Randolph Ctr.—4H Day, 10-3. Wallingford—Auction
12 Danville—Community Fair. Grand Isle—Supper & Sale. Rutland—Holstein Show, 10-3
14-15 Lake Dunmore—Lumberjack Roundup
14-16 Woodstock—Antique Steam Car Meet.
15-16 Malletts Bay—Race Weekend
17 Arlington—Flower Show, 2:30
18 Craftsbury—Old Home Day
18-20 Weston—Antiques Show
19 Bristol—Flower Show, Bazaar
19-23 Barton—Orleans Cty. Fair
20-23 Hartland—Fair
21 Manchester—Jazz Concert, 8:30
21-23 Stowe—Antique Car Rally. So. Woodstock—GMHA Rides
22 W. Bridgewater—Wilderness Camps Fair, 2-9
23 Woodstock—Small Bore Rifle Tourn. Springfield—4H Horse Show. Wallingford—Horse Show
26 Addison—DAR Pilgrimage. Barnet Ctr.—Turkey Supper, Bazaar, 5:30
27 Ludlow—Smorgasbord, 5:30. E. Corinth—Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30
27-30 Lyndonville—Caledonia Cty. Fair
29 Ludlow—4H Horse Show. Charlotte—Pony Club horse show
31-Sept. 5 Essex Jct.—Exposition

SEPTEMBER

2-5 So. Woodstock—GMHA Rides
5 Walden—Beef Barbeque, 5
6 Barre—Stock Car Races, 2:15
6-7 Lake Bomoseen—Sailing Races
6-12 Rutland—Fair
7 Sheffield—Field Day

Heigh-Ho,
Come to the FAIR!

I t’s the New York World’s Fair we’re talking about—because VERMONT LIFE is there too, waiting with a very special surprise for visitors. We’re there in the Vermont Building, which you can see at left just behind the pentagonal clump of trees.

The whole New England States exhibition, a $4 million complex, is a two-acre, tree-shaded oasis adjoining the Unisphere.

Come along to the Fair and visit with us—on your way up to Vermont.

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Vermont Technical College represents Vermont's answer to a problem posed by changing times: how to provide Vermont young people with the necessary variety as well as quality of educational opportunities so they can—and will—combine the satisfaction of their own job ambitions with filling a real need in Vermont for technically trained specialists.

Under its present name the college is new, less than two years old, for it became VTC only in mid-1962. But its size and lustiness belie its apparent youth, and with reason—for it is that young in name only. Before 1962 it was for five years Vermont Agricultural and Technical Institute, successor to the 46-year-old State School of Agriculture; and it stands in Randolph Center, near the geographic middle of the state, on a site which has been devoted to education since 1801 when the Orange County Grammar School was chartered.

But background, tradition and location tell nothing of the college today, how it came to be what it is, its aims and how it serves to fill a gap in Vermont's educational program. The answer to what VTC does, and why, must be sought in the socio-economics of the modern world of which Vermont and its young people are a part.

Understanding is helped if one can remember what things were like half a century ago, before World War I. Always predominantly rural, Vermont then as now keyed its educational system to the times. Despite the inventiveness and mechanical genius of many of its people, despite the mills and machine tool shops, the Vermont economy was dominated by agriculture. More than three-fourths of the people lived on farms or were definitely farm-oriented. And farming then and for much of another quarter century was little different from what it had been for a long, long time.

True, it was thought at the time that mechanization had progressed pretty far. Horses hitched to such 19th century developments as the mowing machine and reaper had replaced a great deal of age-old hand and muscle work; but a dairy farmer did well if production per man reached 75,000 pounds a year and it was just beginning to be generally realized how valuable science could be as a supplement to muscle, manual skill and experience in "dirt farming."

It was that realization which led to the founding of the State School of Agriculture, primarily a vocational school for youngsters who planned to farm. There were courses for both high school graduates and those who had not progressed that far and the emphasis was on the "practical" rather than on the academic or technical: on acquiring knowledge of the latest methods and the skills to apply them.
Agricultural Technicians get practical experience in repair welding of farm machinery.

For three or four decades that seemed to meet the state’s need for a school filling the gap between the towns’ public schools and the university, so far as farming was concerned. Young people who felt—or whose parents felt—that home farm experience was enough went right to work from school. The College of Agriculture, at the University of Vermont in Burlington, served the needs of those relatively few who had the qualifications and the desire for the academic and scientific opportunities. In between, the State School at Randolph Center occupied an educational niche that was obvious and long seemed important.

It is well to keep in mind the fact that in the early 1900s only the few—mostly headed for one or the other of the professions—went to college; even high school graduation was a little out of the ordinary and formal education ended with eighth grade for most. The youngster who was not headed for either college or farming went job-hunting direct from grade school. Above the level of common or unskilled labor—for which there was much need in those days—that meant an apprenticeship, formal or informal and whether called by that name or not. One became a machine operator by first helping and then operating a machine, a plumber, printer, electrician or other skilled artisan by the same learn-while-working process.

Changing times, however, have brought changed educational needs no matter what field of activity a young person intends to enter. Whether called mechanization or automation, something has hit business, manufacturing and farming which puts more emphasis than ever before on skill and brains, on the “why” as well as the “how” of doing things.

With even greater proportionate need at the top, or professional, end of the scale has come a marked—and for many, cataclysmic—decline in the opportunities for the untrained, the unskilled, the under-educated. The ferment over school dropouts is but one evidence of the widespread recognition of the trend, of the inescapable change that has occurred. In Vermont, as throughout the nation, a high school diploma has more and more become a prerequisite to job-finding, with the push ever upward and with farming no exception to the rule that technical knowledge (and the ability to apply it) is an ever greater factor in achieving real success.

Particularly since World War II there has been recognition of the place technology holds in virtually every field of activity from farm to factory and from office to outdoor

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Highway Technology class is immersed in a physics lecture, right, given by Instructor Byron Angell. Below, Mechanical Technology student Ken Paradisi of Island Pond turns metal shaft on a Monarch lathe. Highway Testing Laboratory is at lower right. Instructor is Ned E. Herrin, Jr. and Ralph Burrington of East Burke the student. On opposite page Instructor Gordon B. Graham supervises Electrical Technology students checking amplifier circuits.
The story of the shift from an agricultural vocational school to a modern technical training institution begins at least as early as the 1940s when the trends, both in farming and in technology were accentuated by the war. The farming trend involved changes great enough to warrant being called "a revolution." Fewer but larger and much more mechanized farms were on the way to producing as much or more with an efficiency never before possible or even dreamed of. Fewer and fewer people worked on the farm—but more and more were needed in farm-related work: testing, transporting, processing, selling, servicing farm supplies and farm products or providing advice, technical assistance and controls through government or private agencies.

In virtually all these related tasks, as in farming itself, technology became as important as in so many other fields of activity where changes similar to those in farming, if not always so obvious (in hindsight!), were also occurring.

Thus the need or demand for what the State School of Agriculture was doing declined to a point where, by the mid-1950s, fewer than 50 young men were enrolled. The low point was 35 students in the fall of 1956—inevitably leading to talk of closing the school.

Meanwhile, however, considerable thought had been given to the state's need for technicians—a classification of work then new to most people and still unfamiliar to many. Surveys undertaken by the State Department of Education in the post-war period indicated that many Vermont companies—especially those in the Springfield-Windsor area—needed a number of young people whose training enabled them to use, understand, test and apply scientific equipment and processes: technicians, in other words.

Definitions of "technician" are numerous but varied and often lengthy. It's easier to tell what a technician does than to try to pin a label on the term. Yet even that presents complications, for there are technicians in many different fields, and even in the same field the work they actually perform may be as seemingly unrelated as sitting quietly before a drafting board or climbing around some of Vermont's rugged landscape in charge of a surveying party.

The simplest explanation of where the technician fits in is to say that his work lies between that of the engineer and the craftsman. He is more than the latter, for his job calls for knowing the "why" as well as the "how" of creating a product, be it gadget or bridge, or of performing a service.

But he is not an engineer, either, equipped (and expected) to design, to turn dreams into realities. In the words of the Vermont Technical College catalog, he is "proficient in his selected field, having a sound working knowledge of the mathematics, basic science and technological principles involved—and able to express this knowledge linguistically and graphically."

The engineer is, or at least is supposed to be, a scientist. The technician, as a person trained to apply that science, helps to free the engineer from tasks he can—but should not have to—do by taking over certain of the routine operational work; the testing and the checking.

Technical training is not new in this country or abroad. It came about originally, with the rise of the machine age, in order to help the artisan, the skilled craftsman, better himself through better understanding of the principles rather than just the practices of his craft. What has happened within the past half century—even the past 25 years—is a virtual explosion of engineering, electrical, mechanical and agricultural science which has left the world short of engineers and multiplied many times over the need and demand for those who can intelligently and understandably apply his science, his plans and discoveries in ways that enable the craftsman to produce the desired result.

The need for technicians has developed in Vermont just as it has throughout the nation—and Vermont Technical College is the state's answer to that demand at the same time that it is the answer to the desire of young Vermonters for the kind of training that will fit them for the work that is available here . . . and elsewhere.

So VTC is new, as Vermont institutions of higher learning go. It is the youngest of the state-operated family of institutions of beyond-high school education. But just as the Grammar School in its day, and the State School of Agriculture for most of this century's first half, met a clear and obvious educational need for Vermonters of those times, so does the College fill a gap in today's statewide program. As the postwar surveys showed, there is need for technicians—and a desire of many young people to get the training so that they can fill that need. The demand comes not alone from the machine tool makers but also from highway engineers and builders, from many firms in the electrical and electronics fields—and there are opportunities for employment and self-employment in the rapidly growing "service" industries: maintenance and repair.
of the ever-larger number of increasingly complex home, household and business machines and gadgets.

But as so often happens, surveys such as those of the 1940s get made and are then "filed for future discussion when other matters are less pressing." It took a spark, touched off by U.S. Sen. George D. Aiken, to light up the opportunity enough for the Legislature to see and act.

That spark came about because the Senator, in the course of an inspection trip in the fall of 1956 to the still-unfinished St. Lawrence Seaway which he had been so instrumental in bringing into being, was asked to address the student body of the New York Agricultural and Technical Institute at Canton, N.Y. While there, he and his party took occasion to see and hear what that kind of institution was doing and what work its graduates were engaged in—and where.

The upshot was the decision to suggest that the same kind of institution be set up to serve Vermont and its young people. That suggestion, that spark, set the machinery in motion during the 1957 legislative session that brought about the change from a vocational school of agriculture to the type of school that could deserve the name of "Vermont Agricultural and Technical Institute."

The course in agriculture was altered and upgraded and, in the fall of 1957 another added—in highway technology. The prompt increase in enrollments would alone have shown that the change was justified to meet a real demand; and succeeding classes, with electrical technology started in 1958 and mechanical technology added four years later, have been successively larger. From 35 to the present total of 250 students in the College in less than eight years is growth which could have occurred only if the courses offered, as they do, something young people find will meet their educational needs for the field of work they hope to enter.

How well the courses meet those needs may be judged by the record of cooperative and permanent employment.

Between 80 and 90 Vermont employers—manufacturing and business firms, contractors, creameries, farmers, and state and federal departments and agencies offer "learn while you earn" work to students during the 11 weeks each is required to spend in practical field work during his two-year course. Many times this has led to the offer of a full-time job on graduation, but beyond that the College receives many more offers—including a number from out of state—than its graduates can fill: the product is in demand!

Graduates of the Institute and College—the Class of 1962 was the first whose members earned the degree of Associate in Applied Science—are employed by state and federal agencies in Vermont, by private firms and individuals in all parts of the state, and some are self-employed—besides a number who hold jobs in other states; and virtually all are successfully handling work for which no other comparable training is available in the state.

The Vermont Highway Department has perhaps the largest number of graduates on its rolls, with some from the earlier classes already holding more responsible positions. The Connecticut department also has several highway course graduates. Agricultural technicians are helping to maintain the quality of Vermont milk through their work in creameries, as herd testers and in laboratories; and the roll of manufacturing firms and utilities for which VTC-trained technicians are working—in these days when electricity and electronic controls play a part in virtually every process—reads like a who's who of Vermont business.

The first class in mechanical technology will be graduated this year with the sixth group to receive diplomas or degrees. By this summer VTC will have sent some 400 young people—all but a few of them Vermonters—into an increasingly science-oriented world equipped to make science meaningful and helpful and economically productive to the state in which the majority are finding jobs and making their homes.
WITH NATIVE WOODS AND
PRIDE IN THEIR WORK,
VERMONT'S MAKERS OF
Furniture
MAINTAIN A TRADITION
OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
by JOHN HARRIS
and MURRAY HOYT
Photographs by Mr. HARRIS

IF YOU entertain a deep longing to
possess solid wooden furniture like
the pieces handed down in the families
of early Vermont settlers—and an awful
lot of people do—we bring you good
tidings. Even if your ancestors had the
incredible misfortune to live somewhere
besides Vermont, or if they did live here
and had no furniture to pass down to
you, take heart. Definitely all is not lost.

We have just returned from visiting
and photographing ten of the concerns
throughout the state which concentrate
on the production of early American
style furniture or adaptations of it. If
you cross the palms of these companies
with silver, together with an occasional
bit of green folding money—not very
much at that—you can own the kind of
furniture Uncle Fred and Aunt Matilda
might have handed down to you if they
hadn't both been so heavy.

Frankly, we were pretty impressed.
Some of these companies have been
manufacturing wooden furniture or
other articles of wood, under the present
company name or an earlier one, since
the beginning eighteen-hundreds. If you
bought some of the furniture we saw on
this trip, you would have pieces sturdy
enough for the New York Football
Giants' dressing room. These pieces
might even have stood up under Uncle
Fred and Aunt Matilda.
One of the companies—Vermont Hardwood Inc. of Readsboro—grew out of Readsboro Chair Manufacturing Company, and the sign over the office door says that 1801 was the date of the company’s origin. A few Johnny-Come-Latelies on the list started in the 1860’s. Pretty obviously no company is going to last anywhere near a hundred years unless it gives outstanding value to the customers.

The first pioneers produced very rough furniture indeed, because they had to build it for themselves in time stolen from farm and other work which literally kept their families alive. Their skill and tools were limited, too. Later, wandering craftsmen began to travel from place to place to make custom pieces on order, and the quality of the furniture immediately took a tremendous leap upward. These men had both the skill and the tools, plus a deep pride in the pieces they turned out for the householder.

Next the cabinet-makers began to set up shops in the growing towns, and customers began to come to them. In 1849 there were 126 cabinet-makers registered in the state as compared with only 22 dentists, 7 printers and 2 bakers. Later still came the furniture manufacturing companies.

The early versions of the ten companies we visited produced, besides furniture, rough and planed lumber, washboards, corks, erasers in the ends of pencils (Henry T. Cushman of Cushman Furniture in North Bennington invented them), mirror frames, silos, tubs, water tanks, wooden parts for farm machinery, wagon and buggy frames, “a child’s sleigh beautifully constructed of native pine with steel runners and a pushing bar at the rear,” wheel spokes, artillery caissons and shingles.

They had, as we have said, a fierce pride in their product. This pride has been passed down from generation to generation and is mirrored in the quality of much of the work turned out by these
companies, big and small, today.

"We try," Charles Davison of Davison's Furniture in Waterbury, told us, "to maintain the fine tradition of cabinet-making in colonial times even though we must use modern machinery and methods."

Two of these Vermont companies work in heavy pine; Drake-Smith of Bristol and the Townshend Furniture Company of Harmonyville. Vermont Furniture of Winooski uses some pine and some rock maple. The rest of the companies all work in hard woods.

Baumritter is the largest of them all. This company turns out much of the Ethan Allen line of maple and birch products in its Beecher Falls, Orleans and Randolph plants. Beecher Falls, the largest furniture plant in Vermont, employs 876 and uses an estimated 6,000,-000 board feet a year to produce a weekly output of 27 rail carloads of furniture.

Beecher Falls Company records show that the pay scale in 1896, one year after the present company was organized (excepting executive positions), ranged from 25c to $3 a day. A far cry certainly from today's wages. The plant superintendent got the $3. The company history says there was one exception to this scale; a man named Nicholson got $4 a day. "His duties are unknown except that he must have been just about the most important man in the plant."

The Cushman Furniture Company, mentioned above, is at present the second largest of the companies. It uses only yellow birch in its colonial pieces, and employs 225 in the making of them. Its furniture is displayed for sale in the "Old Stone House" in North Bennington. This is the house in which Henry Cushman, the founder, married his sweetheart Eliza in 1867, one year after he had founded the company. They had one advantage over modern brides and grooms; no provision for furniture had to be set up in their budget.
The third company in size is Vermont Furniture Company, Inc., of Winooski. As matters go in Vermont furniture manufacturing circles, this is a brand new company; it wasn’t started till 1910. It was organized as the A. E. Richards Co. and something of the pride of product and workmanship of the Vermont craftsman, the near-reverence for texture and grain, still shows in the paneling of the president’s office.

Each panel is made up of two adjacent cuts from the same log, one turned upside down and matched with the other so that the grain forms a symmetrical pattern on either side of the joining. And each of these patterned panels forms a natural picture of some sort. One is, for instance, the face of a dog; one the face of a man. Anyone who knows wood and understands the infrequency of such half-pictures which may be doubled and made into whole pictures, is awed at the thought of the months, even years, of examining the center cuts of all logs in preparation for the paneling of that room.

A. E. Richards has left his mark on the company in more ways than just the paneling of the office. Nowhere on the building does the present company title appear. The only sign on the building is the A. E. Richards Co. sign, looking much as it must have half a century ago.

At the other end of the scale, the Old Bennington woodcrafters are the smallest of the ten we visited and, despite the title, the youngest. They are a two man operation, and started practically yesterday, in 1956. They come the nearest to matching the old time cabinet maker and his apprentice, of any of the companies. So much so that you’d almost expect them to be advertising in the vein of the eighteen hundreds. “On Route 9 in Old Bennington, Robert Nadeau and his journeyman, William Turner, will continue to turn out cabinet work, tables, chairs, etc., etc., of the highest quality. And they will do bespoke work at the lowest prices.”

“Bespoke work” in the old days was, of course, work done to order. This company originally made only Shaker reproduction furniture, but later widened their line to include all early American pieces. Today they hold the distinction of being the only authorized maker of Shaker furniture in the United States. They received their license from the Shaker organization itself.

In between the largest and the smallest, the other hardwood firms each has its specialty. Vermont Hardwood Inc., the firm that grew out of the 1801 Readsboro Chair Company, manufactures an immense variety of chairs, most of which are sold to other companies for inclusion in their Early American catalogs. It is one of the few concerns where the rushing of chair seats is still done by hand; the chairs made with the most modern equipment, the final touch still applied by skilled artisans.

Sweat-Comings was started in 1894 in Richford where Herbert C. Comings entered into an association with I. J. Sweat. Mr. Sweat’s construction business found little building work in the winter, and to keep the men employed, Mr. Comings undertook to build one thousand bedroom suites including bed, dresser with mirror frame, commode and night table all for $6 per suite, fifty cents under the going wholesale price. When the contract had been filled they found that his costs ran about $5 per suite. The two men huddled, and the present company was formed.

They were destroyed by fire in 1907, by flood in 1927. But the company still produces bedroom pieces, of rock maple now, and is one of the few companies in the state that is still owned by the family which founded it. A third generation Herbert C. Comings guides it today.

Davison’s Furniture once retailed their work nationally. But they have since reduced their staff to seven, and they now make a limited but fine line of maple pieces which are sold directly through the factory store. The finishing of these pieces is done by hand, and Davison himself designs the thirty-five to forty items of dining, living, bedroom and occasional furniture which they handle.

The Hale Furniture Company of East
Arlington was started by Henry Hale to produce chairs, a year before Fort Sumter was fired upon. It now employs 165 people to turn out 100,000 pieces of rock maple dining room furniture each year. Martin Hirsch runs the firm today; he and his father, an Austrian furniture maker, barely escaped Hitler's storm troopers in 1941 and came to this country to continue the work they knew so well.

In pine furniture, the Drake-Smith pine tree symbol appears on more than 80 different pieces made in Bristol and tailored to fit living room, dining room and bedroom. The wood used is soft, richly grained, and the finish is rather dark. The Drake-Smith line is very striking, and highly thought of in the furniture world.

The Townshend Furniture Company of Harmonyville is the other company that works in pine. Larry Lisle, the owner, produces “Early New England Reproductions” which come close to authenticity. Recently he has begun producing a new line called “Pioneer Furniture” to recognize the changing patterns of modern living. In manufacturing he uses pine stock often two inches thick and thirty inches wide.

It's not hard to buy Vermont-produced Early American reproductions. A letter written to any of these firms will bring you a catalog, or a list of places that handle the line if the furniture is produced for certain retailers.

When you go to a factory store you see and thoroughly examine personally the pieces you buy before you buy them. There's likely to be a considerable saving, too. Seconds shown us by Drake-Smith had flaws so minute that we weren't able to find them unaided.

A Vermont furniture trip to visit these factory outlets serves two purposes. It allows you to examine and buy the furniture you may need and want, and it is a fine excuse for a vacation trip. You'll poke around the back areas of the state, and between stops you'll be exposed to some fairly gorgeous scenery.

So if Uncle Fred and Aunt Matilda didn't, you still can.
THERE ARE MANY SUCH TUCKED-AWAY PASTORAL VALLEYS, BUT FEW SO SIGHTLY AS

Upper Hollow
IN STRAFFORD

Story & photographs by HANSON CARROLL

A chain saw buzzed like a trapped fly on the north hill. Someone across to the west was trying to catch a horse, and below I could hear the rumble of casual business at Varney’s store. You looked at the Hollow from any direction and the eye was pleased.

I’d been here since early morning fishing the Ompompanoosuc, remembering now that a local boy three years ago had caught a 23-inch trout. But the fish seemed in unanimous agreement this day to ignore the lures. Then, caught up by the sounds, I became aware of the valley itself, which to Strafford’s 680 residents is known as Upper Hollow.

Indeed it appeared now as more than the land’s cupped hands through which

Left: A pasture view to the south. Above: To north, Ralph Brown’s farm. Right: Kibling Cemetery, eastward.
Upper Hollow has its classic example, above, of Vermont's continuous farm architecture.

Frank Brown, left, at 93 is Strafford's oldest resident.

Wooden bridge, below, leads to the Duane Lawrence farm.

Right: The beginning of Upper Hollow appears to the westward.

this stream flowed. I noticed not one but two white steeples. High on the hill to the north were two red barns. A bridge covered the river below, and here children were playing in the water—reason enough for my fishing misfortunes.

Soon I was carrying my camera around the Hollow, using it the way a dowser is guided by his mystically-attracted forked stick. Standing here on an open hillside, waiting for the right light to come, I felt conspicuously placed. Even the people passing in the valley below would slow down, their eyes attracted by this idle figure as they would be by a herd of silhouetted deer.

I met few people to guide me over the hills. But George Bassingthwaight at 78, I found, not only has the longest name in town but the longest memory. He is known as the town historian, and
can rattle off facts from the time of Strafford’s founding in 1761 to the high point of its growth in 1930. There were two first settlers here—Frederick Smith and James Pennock, but one of them gets the credit. Since this always has been a farming community the laurels go naturally to Pennock. He was the first to turn the land.

Lower Hollow was once the name by which Strafford’s lower village went, and this is now the center of the town. Here in 1799 was built the White Meeting House, which is considered one of Vermont’s three most beautiful old churches. It was built by local craftsmen and the money came mainly from the sale of pews. Various denominations worshiped here for many years, but now the church is used mainly for town functions.

A tree-shaded village green stretches below the Meeting House on its little hill. Beyond to the south, past a trim little town library, stands the former home of Strafford’s first citizen. United States Senator Justin Morrill is called the father of the Land Grant College act. The old home is now maintained as an historic site.

As in many other parts of Vermont Strafford’s allegiances were divided during the Revolution. Relatives of James Pennock, along with other Tories, were driven from the region.

There’s a section in the east part of town called Pulpit Rock, and women and children fled here for shelter during the fearful days when Indians, Tories and British were expected. The great raid in 1780 took place just to the west in Royalton and Tunbridge.

At a section called Old City Falls there is a park-like glade traversed by a tumbling stream, and here the scenery rivals Strafford’s hilltop views.

At dusk I drove toward home, my idle rod rattling in its case on the car floor. I passed the town dump, and noted that it commands a spectacular view to the east. But in Upper Hollow, I concluded, even a dump must have a view. It simply can’t be helped.

This is the Hollow looking south, as the Merle Stones see it from their farm.
THE PLINK OF NEW PEAS
IN AN OLD TIN COLLANDER,
A Sound of Summer
TO RIVAL THE CICADA’S DRONE
by LOUISE ANDREWS KENT
Photograph by HANSON CARROLL

There is something to be said for a climate that produces a symphony orchestra that first gets this instrument correctly played will really have something. Perhaps, indeed, it will have Mrs. Appleyard, for who else has a tin pan of proper size and resonance, the skill to open pods with such a sharp staccato pop and to run them, allegro ma non troppo, into the pan so musically? She plans to wear black velvet with a large white apron and look rather like a benevolent penguin.

In the meantime she will, as usual, be cooking peas within half an hour of the time they are picked. If you drop in some day, you may find her fixing

PEAS AND NEW POTATOES IN CREAM
To serve eight you will need:
Half a peck of peas
2 quarts of tiny, freshly dug potatoes
a small onion, finely minced
½ lb. of salt pork or beef suet, diced
1 cup of thick cream No seasonings

Shell the peas. Do this outdoors where you can watch the humming birds flashing in and out of the larkspur spires. Scrub the potatoes well but do not peel them. Have water boiling in a fire proof casserole big enough to hold both peas and potatoes. Drop potatoes into just enough boiling water to cover them. Cook them about 20 minutes while you are trying out the pork or suet cubes (Mrs. Appleyard prefers suet) until they are a delicate straw color. Skim them out and cook the chopped onion in the fat until straw colored. The potatoes should now be done. Don’t cook them too long or they’ll be mushy. Most of the water should have cooked down the sink. Add salt next winter just before serving.

Blanching is a process often recommended but not by Mrs. Appleyard. She says, the salt used only makes the vegetables tough and rubbery, and that when you pour off the blanching liquid, you pour vitamins, minerals and flavor right down the sink. Add salt next winter just before serving.

Shell the peas, drop them into half a cup of boiling water. Cover. Cook four minutes after water boils again. Put them in the jars with the liquid evenly divided. Set the jars in cold water for three minutes. Put on covers, wipe jars dry, freeze. When you cook the peas next winter, you will need to add very little water. They will taste almost as if they just came out of the garden.

Do this as often as you have time, strength and peas hanging among the leaves. You will not regret it.

If you make several plantings of peas, you can still be eating them when corn is tasseled out but the time arrives—alas—when you come in with the last picking and a sparse one at that. This is a good moment for

FRESH PEA SOUP

1 cup of shelled peas
2 cups of jellied chicken stock
2 T. flour
1 T. onion, finely minced
½ t. paprika
1 cup heavy cream

Put the peas and the chicken stock into the blender and blend to a velvety green puree. Toss the onion in the butter until the onion is soft and transparent. Do not brown. Work in the flour and seasonings over very low heat. Blend it with the puree. Simmer the mixture five minutes. Stir in the cream. If soup seems too thick, add a little milk. Heat until it just starts to bubble around the edges. Sprinkle with minced parsley and chives. Serve with toasted Montpelier crackers. In hot weather try serving it well chilled.

When peas are over, Vermont pessimists (what other kind of Vermonter is there?) begin to shiver and say grimly, “It won’t be long now.” Actually snow seldom falls in August but it is twinkling up there at night along with the Aurora Borealis in a rather sinister way. Still, Mrs. Appleyard thinks, there is something to be said for a climate that produces a vegetable so appealing to all five senses as peas—the shining green of the pods, their satiny texture under the fingers, their fragrance while they are cooking, their sweet and soothing flavor and that happy tintinnabulation as they strike the pan.

Any orchestra that needs this percussion instrument—and peas for supper after the concert—will please let Mrs. Appleyard know at once. She has to get that apron ready.
On Vermont Eating Places

The traveler, sampling his way through Vermont, will find that in the roadside restaurants and the diners and the village eating places, the food is for the most part undis­tinguished, but good. There will be an occasional play for custom by proclamations of “fried clams” or “pizza,” but Vermonters are usually willing to let those states to the south and east whose shores are washed by the salt ocean specialize by proclamations of “fried clams” or “pizza,” but Vermonters are usually willing to let those states to the south and east whose shores are washed by the salt ocean specialize in the sea foods, and the more heavily populated and sophisti­cated places to the south and west offer the exotic and highly seasoned dishes. These are the places that are kept in business by the traveling public, the truckers, the salesmen, the passers­by and the workmen, and one can suppose that their aim is to stay in business and at the same time turn an honest dollar, rather than to cater to the palate of the gourmet.

There will be no leaning towers of pizza, few gargantuan prairie schooners, charcoal broils or barbecues found in Vermont, no signs such as the one I saw on the outskirts of Houston, Texas, “BEST BARBEQUE IN THE WORLD OR ANYWHERE ELSE,” but the food served in these unpretentious places will be palatable, the surroundings clean, and the service good.

Actually there are three general categories of eating places in Vermont, of which the roadside and village restaurant is the most lowly. Here one finds the lowest prices, the minimum of attention to surroundings, and the most limited assortment of dishes to choose from. Above this level one finds the city restaurant, country eating places which cater to the carriage trade, and the hotel dining rooms. I suppose this layer is the most important one of the three gustatory strata, for here one will find consideration given to surroundings, there will be a large variety of offerings on the menu, including some ex­pensive dishes and imported wines, and within this group probably the largest amount of business is transacted.

At the very top are those places of grande cuisine, places which cater to the gourmet, a type of eating place which is hardly to be found outside of metropolitan centers, but which nevertheless can be found in Vermont. Here the chef has been trained in Europe, the service is personal and flattering, the meats are cooked to order and rushed to the table direct from the fire, the salads are mixed at your elbow, and below stairs there is a wine cellar containing noble vintages along with the current offerings of the best of the fine French vineyards.

Once, some time ago, I saved a page from Hal Boyle’s Notebook called “The Restaurant Revolution,” wherein he announces an upswing in the quality of food served in public eating places across the land. He claims that the traveling tourist in the old days needed a stomach pump as much as a tire pump, and I think I know what he means; still I am not certain that I entirely agree with him. With the advent of frozen foods there came a move towards uniformity, now none of the roadside “Bide-a-Wees” are as bad as the worst had been, but, neither are the good ones as good as the best of the old ones were.

At any rate, in the rural areas, particularly in Vermont the old “Greasy Joe” type of place never really got a toehold, and while in general regional cooking and dishes are becoming unfashionable and hard to find due to the national trend towards standardization, based on frozen foods of all kinds, there still remain in Vermont plenty of places where one can enjoy good home cooking and native dishes.

Hal Boyle offers as a test of what to expect in the way of food in an eating place, the temperature of the water which comes along with the tea bag. If it is not boiling, get up and get out! Well, I know of a place in Vermont where at least eight varieties of tea, including my favorite Lapsang Suchong are listed on the menu, and if you should ask the waiter to bring your tea to the table in a bag I’m sure you would be politely told that you would have to go elsewhere. At any rate, this delightful Inn gives confirmation to Boyle’s test, for along with the boiling water and carefully selected teas, the very finest of foods are delightfully served in an incomparable setting of mountain and forest.

My own test of excellence is not as serviceable as Mr. Boyle’s, since it does not have universal application; one has the right always to expect hot water for his tea, but he may reasonably have to make exceptions to the rule of the cloth napkin. Nevertheless, when I sit down to a meal in a place where I will be required to pay a good price, I expect there will be cloth placemats or a tablecloth on the table, and, even more important, cloth napkins. For my part the vogue for paper napkins is insupportable; these insist on resting on the floor, they wad up into little balls, and for one who wears a moustache as I do, they are enough to drive the soup eater to depart, never to return.

Having satisfied myself as to the napkins, I will settle back in anticipation of a good meal, but I will be disappointed in this if the soup that is served comes from a can, and if nothing but hot breads—sweet, soft, and crumbly—appear in the bread basket. The taste for this type of breadstuff is far from being universal, and the diner has the right to expect an al­ternative choice which will not consist of the typical unsub­stantial and tasteless factory-made white bread. I expect native fruits and vegetables to be served when in season, sweet corn and salads in particular, and if, along with other shortcomings, the meal ends with bakery-wagon pie, I will sadly pay the bill and depart, never to return.

I recently discussed this matter of good eating in Vermont with a young man who runs three hotels here, each one of
which serves a different purpose and has a different flavor, and we found ourselves pretty much in agreement on most points, but he insisted that Vermont was no place for fancy foreign menus or dishes. It was his contention that people should not come to Vermont for foreign cooking. Then as his guest I enjoyed the very finest possible luncheon of fresh native calves’ liver and bacon, (a rare and noble dish) and this gave more support to his argument than could have been found in any number of words.

But, as the French say, “let us return to our muttons.” There are hundreds of unpretentious eating places in Vermont and most of them are good. Some of them make a specialty of home-made soups and pies, and most of them offer good coffee and hamburgers freshly ground from top-round cuts of good Western beef.

Be warned that the roast beef on the menu is not going to be carved from a five-rib standing cut of prime ribs. It will in all probability be pot-roast, brown and tender, but there is nothing at all wrong with serving of good pot-roast. I have patronized one diner along Route 22a where Lake Champlain

Harvest supper at Granby.
The Postboy has been interrogating the U.S. Pacific Fleet on how the Fleet Oiler Passumpsc came by its name. Ship names are given by the Chief of Naval Operations, it turns out, who may be swayed by members of Congress sending in discreet suggestions. The Passumpsc’s name was chosen back during the last war, and its sponsor’s name is lost to history. Oilers by custom are named for continental United States rivers, Press Chief Gerald Boling tells us. Among Passumpsc’s sisters is the Fleet Oiler Hassayampa, commemorating an Arizona river which seldom sees any water at all—unless it might be Goldwater.

A sign outside the London premises of B. F. Stevens and Brown Ltd., at 77 and 79 Duke Street, advises that the firm maintains a “Vermont Gallery.” This name (which in good British fashion no longer applies—the gallery having been converted to office space some time ago), testifies to the Green Mountain origin of Benjamin Franklin Stevens, a native of Barnet, (See “Highland Birthday Party,” page 16), who ventured to London in the 1840s and founded the book and art firm in 1864. Today, a hundred years later, B. F. Stevens and Brown is still doing a brisk business, much of it with American libraries and collectors.

Without even consulting the Postboy the U.S. Postoffice department has discontinued stamping the hour on postal cancellations. Identification of the Mystery Picture winner now becomes a mystery itself. A suitable reward, therefore, is being readied for the best solution to this new dilemma. Bear in mind not all subscribers receive their copies at just the same time, nor should distant readers be doubly penalized for living so far from Vermont.

MYSTERY PICTURE

The first correct identification received of this historic building, now a storage shed, postmarked after midnight May 25th, will win a special prize. Residents of the town of location are disqualified. Please use postal cards.

Winner of our Spring issue Mystery Picture, the old mill at Waterbury, was Charles J. Kilbourne of Plattsburgh, N.Y.
Come on in, the Camping’s Fine!

There are all sorts of wonderful Vermont vacations to try. But have you given any serious thought to camping out—since your Boy Scout days, that is?

The woodlands and lakesides are full of forest recreation spots and Green Mountain National Forest areas, too. And these quiet camping areas abound with tucked-away log lean-tos and tent sites.

Here’s an exciting opportunity to get back to nature—but not too far back. You don’t even have to rustle up the campfire wood any more.

Not many kinds of vacations, anywhere, turn out to be so much fun—and for the whole family too—so healthful, so relaxing and so very inexpensive.

Does it sound interesting? The park gates are open now, waiting for you.Clip, fill out and mail this coupon if you’d like the full story. (And don’t miss the message on page 58).

Vermont Development Department
Desk VL, Montpelier, Vermont

Sirs: Please send me the following free Vermont material:

☐ New Forest & Parks folder
☐ Official Highway Map
☐ Other (list below):

__________________________________________________________________________

Name_________________________________________
Street________________________________________
City_________________ State_________________ Zip__________
“How can you publish that beautiful magazine for so little a year?”

Ladies trill these encomiums all the time, while we blush and Aw Shucks them away modestly.

Men don’t say it often. They’re more apt to tote up costs, and realize we’re on borrowed time. They cough discreetly and turn to talk of Montpelier’s political climate.

The Postboy and his confreres, then, take this space for a distasteful facing of facts.

Think about ink, for example, in four colors. It costs close to $3 a pound now, and we seem to use it by the tubful. Everything’s the same. Those readers forced to live on an income will know what we mean.

Delivering Vermont Life to you—all the steps from making punch card records to dropping pristine copies in letter boxes—this is where we must recover more funds. Fifty cents a year, to be exact. Newsstand prices will remain unchanged.

This new service charge (which we think is a nicer term than “price increase”) will be added effective August 25th.

One bright note:

Until that date we stand ready (eager in fact) to accept at the old, “how-can-you-do-it” rates an unrestricted number of new, gift or renewal subscriptions as entered above.
Slowly climb the moon-touched mountains
up their stairway to the sky.

SAMUEL MILLER HAGEMAN  Silence